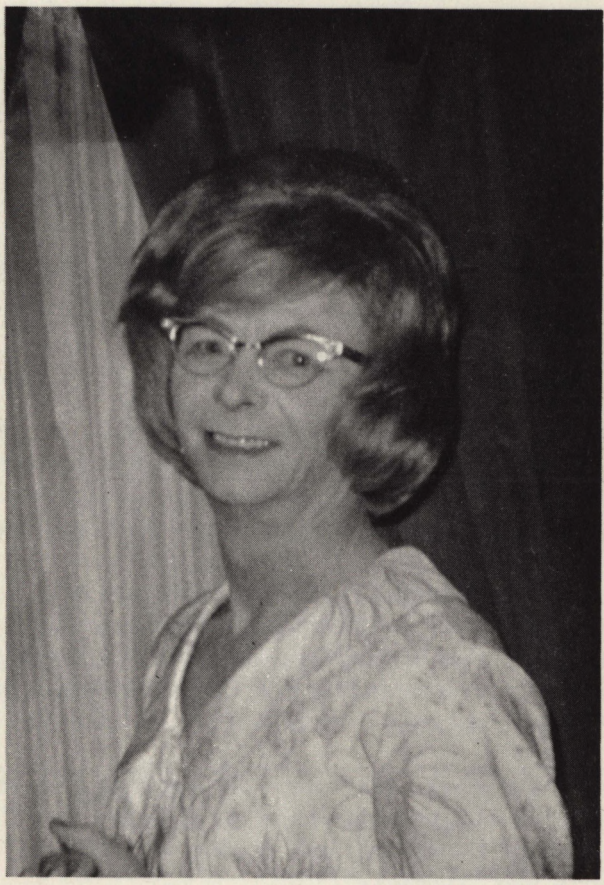


Sq, STD
HOT
T73

TRANSVESTIA



No. 45, 1967

Purpose of Transvestia

The customs and attitudes of our society while recognizing and allowing great freedom to the female in the expression of the masculine side of her personality are largely blind to and repressive toward the male who discovers the feminine aspect of his total self. Feminine expression in the male does not imply sexual deviation. This magazine is dedicated to the needs of the sexually normal individual who has discovered the existence of his or her "other side" and seeks to express it.

TRANSVESTIA, therefore is published by, for, and about transvestites to provide them with:

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

By means of fiction, articles of opinion, true experiences, etc. Its purpose is to help its readers to promote:

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

Its policy is to limit its scope of coverage and interest to the field of the heterosexual transvestite. Without condemnation or judgement of any kind the fields of homosexuality, bondage, punishment, fetishism and domination are left to others to develop.

TRANSVESTIA has, and will continue to serve as a means of gathering information in its chosen field and to aid, by any means available, the dissemination of knowledge of the field to further the understanding of it by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials.

Loneliness, fear and self condemnation have too long been the lot of the transvestite. It is hoped that *TRANSVESTIA* can, through knowledge and sharing with others, bring self acceptance and happiness.

"When you make the two one . . . and when you make the *MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE* . . . then shall you enter the kingdom" A "saying of Jesus" from the "Gospel According to Thomas".

CONTENTS
TRANSFESTIVAL

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES
Literary Editor



- 2 OVER THE YEARS- COVER GIRL
11 FAMILY COMMENTS- A WIFE'S WORDS
16 A DAUGHTER'S THOUGHTS
18 A VERY GOOD MAN- POEM
21 ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK- FICTION
41 MUSING- ARTICLE
45 TEMPORARY HEROINE- FICTION
53 BOOK REVIEW
55 SUSANNA SAYS.....
64 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR- READER'S REPLIES
78 VIRGIN VIEWS
86 EDITORIAL EMANATIONS
90 PERSON TO PERSON

© Copyright 1967
by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

All rights reserved. No part of this
book may be reproduced without written
permission.

VOL. VIII NO. 45

JUNE, 1967



OUR COVER GIRL

Over The Years

by Julie (13-M-7) FPE



These hands, this heart: These hands, when those of a lad did all the things that caused panic and frustration to his mother. This heart, when then of a lad, coupled with these hands, did the things that caused happiness and serenity to his mother. Do you get the picture? Even in those days, as I look back now, I can see a complete dual personality in myself.

Now I don't mean to write a book on my life history, and make it sound like the life of nearly every one of you, but then if I'm truthful it will sound like just that, so I'll try to slip around and cover only a few of the things that may cross my mind at the time.

First, and for the record, I did have TV tendencies long before puberty. Even before school age, at my first recollection of events, I longed for the role in life of the little girls known to me. At the age of six I asked my mother to let me go to a church Halloween party wearing girls things. I even described then things I wanted to wear to her, and she did borrow some for me, from a friend of the family; nearly exactly to my discription. I don't remember why, but we didn't get to go to that party, and the clothes were returned. That was probably the first in a long series of heart breaks I was to know.

I don't think I was a sissy as a boy, and every boy in town was my pal. Our home and back yard was the gathering place for kids of all ages. But then, in the second grade of school I had a bar of soap that I brought from home, hidden in the wash room so I could wash my hands after recess, since no soap was provided. At this time too, I was my mothers little helper. She taught me to cook, sweep, dust, sew, and all the other little things a mother would teach her daughter. I was the second and last child, having a brother two years older than myself. He was a better pal to our Dad, and I was Mom's little helper.

Things went on like this for the next several years, always dreaming and wishing, but no actual dressing; except I finally got big enough to fit into Mom's size four and a half shoes, and then I really clicked up a storm. I don't remember her objecting.

My high school days were an extremely happy time. I didn't have to study hard and managed to get by very well with an A-, B+ average. I went out for everything available, except sports. I was in the band, glee club, chorus, class plays, musicals, class treasurer for three years and everything else except the GAA (Girls Athletic Assn.). After graduation I returned as a post grad to get more science and business math.

It was during high school that I had my first date - that was for the Junior-Senior Prom. I dated regularly after that, none too serious but fun. During high school days too, I bought my first pair of heels. In a town of our size, that was no easy chore. These I kept well hidden and they lasted for many months.

I enrolled next in our State University, but only lasted the first year. It was during the depression and money was not plentiful enough to sup-

Transmedia

port my brother and myself, and a part time job would take time needed for study, so we both dropped out, after his third year, and my first year. Naturally, no time was devoted to dressing then, since my brother and I shared a small apartment which, like our home, was the campus gathering place for friends and campus hams - radio amateurs.

Back home again and in to the family business, no important incidents. At the age of twenty two I married the daughter of a prominent business, political and social family, and I suppose I was happy. Being close to so much fine apparel really brought out my desires, suppressed for so long, and caused a lot of trouble. This marriage lasted fourteen years and produced on child, a daughter who was eventually completely brain washed against me. After several near break ups, we drove to Alaska to try to make a last go of it; but several thousand lonely GI's at the AFB seemed to provide more excitement than I could, so the end was close at hand. It was also at this time that the Christine Jorgensen story was in all the newspapers and that really shook me.

Except for the fun of hunting and fishing in Alaska, and the many friends I made there, the venture was a total flop. Our marriage broke up after one year in the Territory; it wasn't a state yet. I put our daughter on a plane enroute to the states, and in the hands of the Travelers Aid. I quit my job and started driving home while my wife took a later flight out.

Before leaving our home, a brand new house in a new sub-division which I had bought when we first arrived, I bought a case of a popular St. Louis beer and started down the Alcan highway. Every hour or so I would crack a can and so kept pretty well oiled all the way to Edmonton, Canada, there the brew ran out. There I got a cabbie to get me a fifth of rye for a ten spot, for it was Sunday, and no bars were open. I slept on a bed that night too, for the first



The Domestic Touch

Transvestia

time on the trip.

I had made up my mind to persue the course of Christine, so headed California way. I started on the upper west coast and called every medical Dr. and hospital from the North end to San Diego, with no results except embarrassment and ridicule. Only once, in Los Angeles did one medico give me any words of sympathy, or constructive advice. His words were to not do anything radical. He must have been reading my thoughts, because I really meant to get rid of my masculine part, or destroy the entire being. He made his point and I continued on. San Diego didn't have any good words either and my fifth ran out there, so I decided to go on to Mexico to see Dr. Brinkley, who I had heard of on the radio for a long time. After finally arriving there, I only had a flat tire, and information that the Dr. had died some time before. So I continued toward the mid west, and my home town.

I arrived there in the middle of the night, looked over our business, a partnership now, with my brother and continued on to Chicago, leaving no note as to where I was going.

Chicago had more ridicule for me than California had had, so I hung one on a little harder and returned to my home town and business; not that I was in any condition to work, but I was home. I did not have any home to come to (my parents were then dead) but I was in my home town.

Eventually I did go back to work and was beginning to act, and look like a human being, and making goo goo eyes at a waitress in a near by cafe. We married, fought, bought a farm home, and had two fine boys for our efforts. Although my first marriage was no doubt doomed by my TV actions, this one was doomed for no reason of mine, nor TV. It just couldn't work, so after another nine years, I was again single, only this time I obtained custody of

our boys; a god send if there ever was one.

Now as the old philosopher once said, every man is entitled to one good dog, and one good wife. Well, I had a good dog long ago as a boy. A thoroughbred of mixed ancestry, who would stay with me and listen to all my troubles. He was the first to hear of my inner desires and tender nature. I have a good wife now too. A sweet and loving creature who not only knew of "her", but accepted "her" even before we were married. With her I also obtained two more sons, and one daughter, hers by her previous marriage. We do have an extremely happy family.

By way of correspondence with other TV's, through exotic ads, I learned of TRANSVESTIA, and of course began to buy copies as soon as I could, and joined FPE. At this time I was like a new person and began to see and understand myself as a new person. I picked a Femme name and made arrangements to meet some of the other girls. My first opportunity fell flat, as I was not able to attend a Christmas party at Frans, even though I knew our beloved Virginia would be there, and the departing Gisele, who was enroute to Germany. However, some three months later I was fortunate enough to meet some of the girls at Barbaras' with our Theta president Fran, and Marie, and their lovely wives.

Life took on a new meaning for me than, and I knew for sure that I wasn't the odd ball kook that I'd always suspected, but a member of a new and exciting society that I'd never known existed.

I made my debut in the name of Corinne, a name picked at random from a magazine; not knowing that a certain person by that name was a leading lady in the breakup of my wife's previous life. So a new name was to be selected. This time she assisted and we came up with the name of Julia; Julia Arlene, and for good measure a surname of Mahlany: Irish

Transvestia

through and through. This occurred on the thirteenth of March, marking a birthday of a new and happy person.

Cautiously, and carefully, I have broken into the lives of our young ones. It wasn't hard for them to see me in a house coat, - I didn't have a bath robe, then house slippers, and then low heels, and later higher heels. It wasn't much different either when I appeared in a shift type house coat and then a dress. I have found that young people can adjust to almost anything as long as it's above board and honest.

Since this break through, I have explained my behaviour to the children one at a time and haven't lost the respect of any of them. I can and do dress to an extent every night and never have to run for cover everytime I hear a member of the family coming. I don't make any attempt to hide my mail nor our coveted book, TVia, as I don't need to.

My wife attended her first meeting with me and met the girls at the Columbus Seminar last year, and really enjoyed it. She can be regarded as grade A in anyone's book. She assists me in every way she can, in mannerism, dress and make up, and she is a pleasure to be with.

For statistics, I am 5' 4", 110 lbs, blond with blue eyes. I have my ears pierced and haven't shaved for the last four months; plucking I have found is nearly as easy and much smoother. I wear a size 12 dress, and size 6 shoes. My wardrobe is adequate, but not over-flowing. My GG and I share most things including shoes, underthings, accessories and most dresses, although she does better in a size 10.

My life has been much brighter since the advent of TVia, and my new found family. I don't go out except to meetings, but I'm not particular who knows



More of Julie

Transvestia

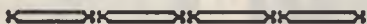
about me. After all, I sincerely believe it's God's will that I'm so blessed.

Blessed I am too, for living in an age when by the efforts of Virginia and others, I can come into my rightful place as a complete person; masculine and feminine, with the joys of both.

May I say to all my sisters among you, Don't force your way among your friends, but don't pass an opportunity to bend an interested ear. Don't be ashamed of your thoughts and your deeds, for they surely were emplantd within you by a being far beyond your comprehension. Enjoy your complete personality and radiate your love of life to your loved ones. Be honest with your self and your loved ones, and they'll love you for it.

These hands, wrinkled by the toll of years and toil of earning, have brought me honor and our livelihood. This heart has brought me and mine an insight into the prospect of a much happier way of living, and loving, with complete harmony with myself and others, now that I've accepted my complete being.

My heart is with you all. My hands are available to any and all whom they may assist. -- May I help you?



INEZSQUIB:

1st TV: "Where have you been for the last two weeks?"

2nd TV: "In jail."

1st TV: "Oh, my, did someone "read" you?"

2nd TV: "No, just the opposite. I was standing on a street corner when a lady rushed up with a policeman and said, "That's the beautiful woman who did it." I was so flattered, I admitted it."

Family Comments

A Wife's Words

Dear Virginia,

I begin this letter with many thoughts running thru my head. I have so much to say, I hope I can say it without confusing you too much.

Julie's and my family consists of 4 boys - 16-10-9- and an 8 year old, and a 14 year old girl. The three oldest are my children from a previous marriage and the 2 little boys are Julie's by a previous marriage. But we seven are a very lucky family. Happy and contented are we. I have no reservations when I say happy. I've loved my Julie from the beginning. I knew of the TV desires and went along with them. I tried to understand, but I think it may be something that grows on you. I felt I knew how Julie felt and tried to make her happy. I didn't mind the frills, nylons and heels, and I did enjoy her company. There was only one drawback - and it was my fears of anyone of our 5 children finding out or even seeing Julie in a dress, heels and hose.

Naturally, my fears went to Julie and with fear of being "caught" there is the mad scramble to get to the other room and this made a sick and depressed Julie. There were many occasions like this and Julie finally became blue and depressed. One blue mood followed another until she was nearly sick. Nothing I could say or do would help. Then we both began to realize the real source of her trouble. The fear of being caught. Every squeaky door or foot step on the

Transmedia

stairs brought the old jump and scurey and guilty feeling. Not that there was anything to be guilty of - but when you have to hide or hurry out of sight it adds up to the same thing.

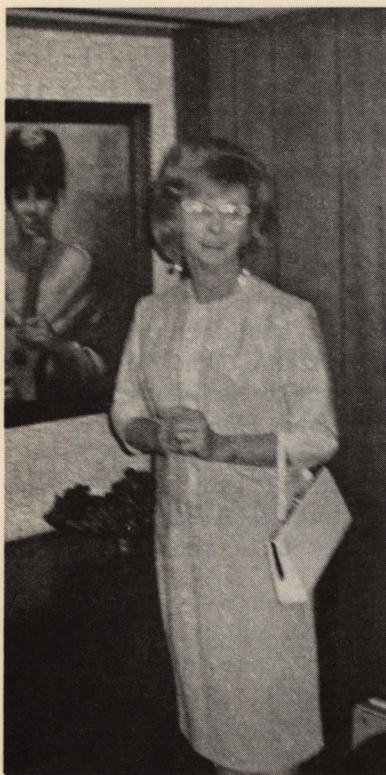
I didn't want the three older children to lose the respect they had for their dad. (Step-dad, I should say.) He is so good to them and loves them very much and it would break our hearts for a barrier to be between any of us. I didn't want his two little boys to feel "funny" about their dad either. So with all my fears and worries it was I who put the barrier up.

I wouldn't hurt Julie for the world, but still I was hurting her. She felt the kids ought to know what TV is and her desires for such. Not me! I was dead set against it. But time went on with one blue mood after another until Julie began to really be ill.

Finally we took the bull by the horns little by little Julie came out in heels and didn't run. Or she "broke in mom's new shoes" and clowned around until the time was right for a discussion. (I should say that we are the same size so Julie can wear my shoes.)

First, I believe it was with our daughter. She was understanding about it and felt that if her father wished to wear dresses and heels and so on, it was ok by her. The boys didn't mind either - nor did or do they dislike Julie now. The oldest boy is not one for nylon sheets or a nylon pillow slip or anything similar. But, if that is what Julie likes it is fine with him.

Now, it is just routine for Julie to appear and do the dishes or iron or just relax with the family. It's a wonderful thing to be able to relax. So all my fears of a comment to a friend at school or one of our friends were only in my own head. When Julie



Still More

Transvestia

appeared and was relaxed, then I was relaxed and we carried on ordinary conversations. The whole household was in harmony and contentment. Let's face it. I was hurting Julie more than anything or anyone. I'm so glad now that all 5 kids have seen Julie, because she is expected around often and no one is surprised or embarrassed. Most of all, Julie is contented and has settled down to normal living.

Along with dresses and heels go some small brush rollers and stick pins. I can't stand them but Julie adores having her hair put up. (and we get several for such a short hair style as men wear.) This and ear rings, a bracelet and lipstick, are just a part of our family life. Julie is just a member of the household. A time or two, we've even enjoyed her sandy blonde hair hat with bangs and flip hair style. I guess really this should be more often.

My feelings for other wives are that if you have a TV husband and love him and have children or step-children, and you love them- then do tell them and explain TV and his desires. They may grasp and understand more than you give them credit for.

There is something else I'd like to mention right about here. That is - all of Julie's little considerations, and her helpfulness and understanding of me are more than most men ordinarily have. My Jim is a very wonderful person and my Julie has qualities I've never seen in any man before. I do believe it stems from his desires to be like us G.G.'s. Proud of Julie? And do I love her? Yes Mom's! I certainly do! With all my heart. It seems we share a love I didn't think possible in humanity. I've a trust in Julie that's real also. I know when "he" leaves he won't step out on me and that he will return. Because he wants to come home - to me and the family (and yes - I guess Julie usually comes too. Ha.) Do I mind Julie's coming? Not in the least. I'm always glad to see her. You know, it's

Transvestia

strange, but it's as though an 8th member of our family came home. My husband is one person, but Julie is an entirely different personality and I'm proud and fortunate to know her.

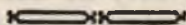
I must tell you of an incident that happened not long ago. The children and I were in church. We left Julie home, where she spent the morning doing dishes and being the lady of the house. A couple of our closest friends came to see us. Bob got to the door just in time to see Julie flit into the bedroom. They left and later Bob really gave Jim the dickens for having a "woman" around while I was gone! What to do! His love for me was strong enough he wanted them to know the truth. So he told them his story-complete with Transvestia and the rest. Bob's reaction? He was glad it wasn't another woman. He and his wife felt that if Jim wanted to dress it was his business. We are still friends and we have no secrets. Jim took the chance of losing 2 dear friends yet we could have anyway - if they had thought he was entertaining women. Dark secrets just don't help anyone. I just wish everyone would accept the Virginia's, and the Julie's and others I have met, and give them their place in this world. I've never in all my life met any warmer, more sincere friends than the ones I've met thru Phi Pi Epsilon (our social organization - ED).

Our home is open to our TV friends and their wives and children. We live on a Merry-Go-Round - what with fishing and swimming and all 5 kid's activities. There are many more little fun details, I could go on forever. One last thought just popped into my head - that some may wonder about our love-life. There never was or ever will be a more beautiful and sincere love life as husband and wife than the one Julie and I share. We feel and share the problems of the day, and Jim is every bit the husband I need. My wishes and desires - he knows and shares. We are alike in so many ways and again I say, I feel it's the TV in our lives that has made understanding

Transvestia
and contentment.

I am looking forward to meeting more TV's and their wives. Do share the fun and thrills of frills with your family. They will appreciate being "in" on things.

Sincerely,
Julie's Wife



A DAUGHTER'S THOUGHTS

Dear Virginia,

Although I've never met you in person, I feel as though I know you already. Mom and Julie speak very highly of you. They told me about the swell meeting and the great time they had. The pictures that were taken were real sharp.

Jim and I talk about TV quite a bit. He thought it might be nice if I wrote you and gave you my feelings and thoughts on it. It's hard to begin, so I'll just write what comes to mind and hope you can follow. Ok?

I've read letters and stories in the books that are published, and the one thing that bothers me is the family fear. It's hard for me to see why all the guys who have families keep TV a secret. From the beginning Jim has just come right out and told me about it. There are no secrets about TV between us. I realize he took a great risk in confiding in me and I respect and admire him a great deal for it. I can't help but feel that if the children do resent the actions of their father, it would be easier on them if the father himself told them. It just seems if there is enough love there shouldn't be any need for such secrecy. I guess other families just aren't as lucky as we are. I hope I haven't bored you and I hope you can kind of understand how I feel. TV makes these certain people sort of special. They

are different and I think God intended it that way.

Thank-you for being such a swell person to Mom and Jim.

Yours truly,

Jan (Julie's step-daughter)



Above:

Fran (49-C-1) FPE
The Executive Secty.
of FPE



Left:

Fran and Gisele
(13-J-2) FPE
The New Field Coord-
inator of FPE

A VERY GOOD MAN

Anonymous

I must confess that I love to dress
 On occasion as a woman.
Of course I'm a man - but you must understand
 A man can be a woman.

I see you're alarmed but I ask what's the harm
 Of an innocent masquerade?
Would you be quite shocked to see me frocked
 And disguised as a ladies' maid?

Or dressed for town in a lovely gown
 As the wife of a country squire?
To be quite serious I just get delirious
 Over fancy female attire.

My mother you know just loved to sew
And used me for her model
Some boys love milk; for me it was silk
 Though not, of course, from a bottle.

Instead it was draped about my shape
And made into elegant dresses
I was nearly five before deprived
 Of long and girlish tresses.

Mother was dear but I greatly fear
 She rather wanted a girl,
I recall her despair when she cut my hair
 It had such a natural curl.

And so I was taught and often sought
 To adopt the female role
I am still a man but I change when I can
 Femininity is my goal.

Yes, I'm still a man and a very good man
To that you must agree
But when you have seen you'll know what I mean
When I say I can be a "she".

My dear you are kind to say you don't mind
My being a woman tonight,
It may seem strange to watch me change
But nevertheless quite a sight.

I'll look rather silly and willy-nilly
So promise not to laugh
Now, off with my shirt; I'll soon wear a skirt
But first I'm off to a bath,

And then I must shave as nude as a slave
I'm seldom ever so clean
First, panties of lace I pull into place
So pretty they're fit for a queen.

I feel so sprightly when girdled tightly
Secure from waist to hips
A maidenly bust is really a must
And then there are frilly slips.

Now over my toes I roll seamless hose
And garter them at the thigh.
I can never refuse a pair of shoes
With heels so thin and high.

They make me wince but I love to mince
In a dainty female way
And now for my dress which I think you'll confess
Makes me look so lovely and gay.

It's a cocktail sheath; I can hardly breathe
You'll have to help me zip
Mmmm...it's in place; now for my face
Here's lipstick for the lips.

And things for my eyes that will double their
size

Not to mention powder and base,
Fragrant perfume from the French fills the room
And I snap my earrings in place.

Of course I will wear a switch of hair
Topped with a pretty bow
The veil is flimsy; the hat is a whimsy
It's quite stylish you know.

And a purse to clutch is very much
The feminine thing to do
I'm afraid I'm in love with kid leather gloves
I have a pair that are new.

I feel quite stunning; perhaps even cunning
I'm now a woman you see
I can gossip and chatter and talk silly patter
With other ladies at tea.

I can toy with my necklace and be quite reckless
When out on a shopping spree,
I can be vivacious and even flirtatious
And free as fancy free .

They'll say, "She's cute" and "I love her suit"
When I high-heel down the street
As demure as a lamb I'll answer to Ma'am
And take the gentleman's seat.

I'll slacken my gait and patiently wait
For the man to open the door
When asked to dance (dare I take the chance?)
The man will guide round the floor

Submissive and pretty; passive yet witty
And still you must realize
That I am a man and a very good man
Though dressed in a woman's disguise.

Adventure In New York

Anonymous

One time when I was in New York some years ago, I went into a fashionable store and bought a complete lady's outfit. The sales lady was very kind and allowed me to try on the complete outfit. I modeled it back and forth in the dress department and received many favorable comments. Finally having assured myself that I had selected the best outfit, I returned to the dressing room and shed my feminine finery and resumed my own male clothing. As I left the dressing room I was approached by a lady who had seen me as a girl, and who had asked a number of questions, apparently very much interested in my impersonation. She was a handsome woman, about my own height, and extremely well dressed. It was evident that she was a woman of wealth, for it showed both in her clothes and manners. She had all of the earmarks of the rich woman.

"I want to congratulate you on your impersonation," she said to me. "I have made quite a study of female impersonation; in fact, it is quite a "hobby" of mine. I think you make 'a remarkably good looking girl."

I thanked her, and said that it also was a hobby of mine, and that I did it for my own amusement, and from time to time dressed up as a girl and went as such to parties and masquerades, and had taken feminine parts on the amateur stage. We talked as we walked along, and went down together in the elevator, she telling me of men she had met who were

Transmedia

good impersonators, both on the stage and in private. She had known Julian Eltinge and Bothwell Browne and others. She had made it a point to meet them and to study them and their methods and got a great kick out of a good impersonation. As we left the store on 42nd street, she asked me if she could not give me a lift in her car, which was waiting in front of the store, with a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel... The car was a splendid Cadillac Limousine, another evidence of her wealth. She was wearing expensive jewels, and a valuable silver fox neck piece. I told her that I was staying at the Biltmore, and she said she would be glad to take me there. I could see that she was very much interested in me, because of my successful impersonation of a woman, and we chatted about the subject as we rolled along. She said that I did very well, but that there was room for improvement. My figure and make-up could be bettered, with expert assistance. Would I care for her help and suggestions? I, of course, told her I would be delighted to have her help me, and she said she would be delighted to do so. So I asked her to come back to the hotel that afternoon for tea, at 5 o'clock, and we would talk it over. She said she would be glad to come.

She met me as agreed, and we sat together at a table and listened to the music, and I told her about my experiences at impersonation, and she told me about men she had met who were good impersonators. She said that a man who could do a good feminine impersonation gave her a great kick, and she was kind enough to say that she thought that I was unusually good at it. Would I care to go that evening to her home, bring along my outfit, put it on and let her help me with suggestions? Naturally I told her that I would be delighted. She said she would send her car for me at 8 o'clock. After she left, I went to my room, shaved closely (though at that time I had a light beard, which did not show through my make-up). I was excited at the prospect of again donning my feminine finery with her help, and ate little dinner,

waiting eagerly for 8 o'clock to arrive. With my things all packed, I awaited the call of her car. Promptly at the appointed time it came and I drove in state to her home, which was an elegant apartment just off 5th Avenue, in the Seventies, which I knew was an exclusive location, inhabited by the wealthy. The chauffeur carried up my suitcase, and I rang the bell. It was answered by a shapely maid in uniform and a cap, and I entered. My friend, whose name was Grace B-- greeted me warmly, and told the maid to take my bag to my room, and unpack it. She had a lovely suite of rooms, beautifully furnished in the best of taste and again I was impressed with her wealth. She took me to the drawing room, where we had a highball. She had me stand up beside her, to compare sizes. We were of about the same build, though in her high heels she was taller than I, but I could see that with flat heels, we would be about the same height, and we weighed about the same, for she was rather large for a woman, though I was by no means a large man.

Looking me over critically, Grace said; "Do you know, I think you can wear my clothes. How would you like to let me try some of my dresses on you?"

"I would love it," I said, "but how about the waist? Yours is very small."

She had a fine, slender figure, and obviously was well corsetted.

"Don't worry about that," she said. "We will experiment. All you have to do is to put yourself absolutely in the hands of Anna, my maid, and myself. Are you willing to do that, and let us dress you up?"

I told her I would be delighted to do so and she could go as far as she liked with me.

"Anna," she said, "used to be an actress, and is an expert on make-up, and she too, has known some

Transvestia

who do female impersonations, so you need not mind her, nor me, either. Just relax and put yourself in our hands, and let us turn you into a woman. You will be surprised and pleased with the results, I am sure."

In a few minutes Anna came in and announced that my things were unpacked, in my bedroom. Grace told me to go in and put on my lingerie, corsets, stockings, and slippers, and then to ring and she and Anna would come in. I went to my room, which was a lovely lady's boudoir, with several full length mirrors. I quickly undressed and donned my silk chemise, lace trimmed panties, stockings and slippers, as instructed. And then I took from the bed where Anna had lain out my things a corset. It was not my corset but a strange one. Long, heavily boned and as I could see at a glance, smaller than the one I had brought. No doubt it was one of Grace's corsets, which she wished me to wear. She wanted me to try to wear her dresses and so had furnished me with one of her pairs of stays. I recalled her narrow waist and knew that I was in for some very tight lacing if I was to duplicate her figure. The idea pleased me, for at that time I was a corset "fan" and got a kick out of tight lacing and wanted the smallest possible waist. I was thrilled at the idea of being laced in by Grace and Anna. It would be a new experience. Before that in my impersonations, those who had helped me dress had always demurred at lacing me too tightly. Thinking that a man should not be too tightly corsetted and I had never insisted, thinking that they would think it strange if I wanted to be tightly laced. But this was different. These women would be eager to lace me in----and I was eager to have them. So I hooked the corset around me, the laces being well let out so that I could clasp the garment about me without a struggle. I hooked the six strong garters to the tops of my stockings and was ready. I must confess that I felt rather foolish in my feminine undies and corset without a wig or make-up. I was half man and half woman and was a



Bashful
TV? Guest

Frances

Any
Bites



Tea anyone?

(46-B-1) FPE

with Sharon
(42-W-1) FPE



Transvestia

little embarrassed at the idea of having Grace and Anna see me in that state. However, I summoned my nerve, rang the bell and soon Grace and Anna came in. I felt myself blushing, but they took no notice and were very business like. Anna adjusted my corset which I had not put on exactly right, not quite being in the center, and then she and Grace started to lace me in. I had often worn a tight corset, but I realized that now I was to know what it meant to be really tightly laced in, if I were to wear Grace's dresses, and attain her waist measurement, which I wished very much to do. So I decided to make no complaint no matter what they did to me. I was in their hands. Grace laced me in several inches until my waist was as small as it had ever been before, but the corset was far from meeting at the back. I was told to walk around a bit to get my body adjusted to it, and then I was told to lie down on the davenport, face down, - which I did.

"That relaxes your muscles, which are in use when you are standing up," said Grace. "Now relax, and we will do the rest."

I had never thought of that, but I found that it was true. As I lay there on the cushions, holding fast, Grace and Anna proceeded to draw in my corset strings, inch by inch, while I drew in my waist to make it as small as possible, and expelled my breath, helping all I could. I could feel my waist growing smaller and smaller, but it was a pleasant sensation although of course very uncomfortable. At last they stopped.

"There you are," said Grace. "I knew we could do it. My corset fits you perfectly, and you have my figure, and are all ready to try on my dresses."

I was laced so tightly that I had difficulty in getting up from the davenport, so Anna laughingly gave me a hand, saying that few men had such nice curves, and I should be proud of my figure.

I inspected my waist in front of the mirror and could not help but admire my hour glass figure, which was so fashionable at that time. I was severely compressed, but happy to have such a small waist line, and eager to try on Grace's clothes.

I sat on a backless chair in front of the glass, and Anna proceeded to make up my face and neck, while Grace busied herself making up my arms, shoulders and back with liquid white, putting it on thickly but smoothly, and then powdering me heavily, rubbing the scented powder in with her hands until my skin gleamed a lovely rosy white. I watched Anna with interest as she made me up. She was indeed an expert, and I was getting pointers in the art. I had thought that I knew something about feminine make-up, and I really did, but Anna was a master, and had the art of all the little touches and refinements that made a wonderful difference. She even took a pair of tweezers and shaped my eyebrows. Each eyelash was carefully beaded and mascaraed, in the end I had a lovely rose-petal complexion that many a girl would envy, with just the right amount of rouge and lipstick and powder. I didn't look like a man made up, but like a girl. Never had I dreamed that I could look so pretty. And then came the crowning glory - my hair. My lovely blonde wig was carefully adjusted on my head. Grace and Anna fussing with it, arranging it, replacing hair pins. To make it stay solidly in place with no chance of slipping, it was fastened down at the edges with spirit gum, which made it look exactly like my own hair. I must admit that the result was very satisfactory and that I really looked like an attractive woman.

"You look stunning," said Grace. "Nobody would possible imagine that you are a man. Don't you think you look nice?"

"Yes", I said. "I would never know myself. I never before have had such a good make-up or such a good figure, thanks to you and Anna."

Transmedia

"You make a fine woman", said Anna. "You should go on the stage as an impersonator. I have seen many of them who are not as good looking as you are and I know a lot about them."

They now went on with my toilette. I donned a bra, with small pads. My tight corset had crowded up my flesh so that my bust was several inches larger than normal. But I needed the pads for the rounded breasts. And now I was ready for my dress.

First, Grace and Anna put on me a three piece street dress. It fitted to a "T". A pretty hat was pinned onto my golden locks.

"Now you are ready for the street", said Grace.

"But I would never dare to go out dressed as a girl", said I.

"We will not go out tonight." said Grace. "But I am sure you could walk the streets and pass unquestioned as a woman. Sometime you must try it."

After I had worn the street dress for a while, I took it off and put on one of Grace's afternoon frocks. A very pretty one. With it I wore a large picture hat.

"You look very sweet in that," said Grace. "If I were a man, I would sure "fall for" you."

I thanked her as I surveyed myself in the mirror, and had to keep reminding myself that that girl I saw reflected was really myself, so perfect was my make-up, figure and dress. It was thrilling, as you will readily understand, for never before had I had such a wonderful make-up and such a slender figure, with it's tiny waist line.

But the best was reserved for the last, an evening gown. That would show my figure to the best

advantage, and my whitened shoulders and back and snowy arms and bust.

Grace brought out a lovely creation of black lace over a cream silk foundation, and she and Anna slipped it over my head, being very careful not to disturb my hair and make-up. It was form fitting, tight in bodice and over hips, bringing out to perfection the lines of my figure. It was extremely decollete, and my white made-up flesh looked very nice, in sharp contrast to the black color of my gown. A light blue satin sash was clasped very tightly around my waist, fastened with a diamond pin, and it brought out and emphasized the smallness of my waist. Grace now brought out her jewel case. She had a lovely and valuable collection.

"I think diamonds will be the proper thing for you." she said. And she put on me a pair of gorgeous diamond earrings, a diamond necklace, bracelet and rings, until I was all a-glitter.

"You may go now," she said to Anna. "Breakfast at nine."

Grace now gave me a lesson in feminine deportment, how to walk, to sit down, to rise, to handle a fan. I watched her as she did these things, and copied her as best I could. I learned that heretofore I had over-acted the feminine role, swaying my hips too much, in an exaggerated manner, and with hand on hip. She showed me how to act naturally as a refined and cultivated lady, easy and graceful. I soon caught on, and she was satisfied. At least, my steps were short and ladylike from the start, for in my laced-in state, and with my high heels, it was utterly impossible to take long, masculine steps.

Grace now excused herself and went in to her room. I sat down and picked up a woman's magazine and studied the fashions. I was enacting a feminine role, and I found that I was feeling feminine--absorbed

Transvestia

in the part. Grace was gone for a long while, and I wondered what she was doing. Left alone, I became acutely conscious of my constricting corsets, which I had forgotten up to now. The pressure was terrible. How much longer could I stand it? But I forgot all that at the vision I saw entering the room, from Grace's boudoir. For it was a man - at least in appearance. But I knew it must be Grace. She had put on my clothes, and had covered her hair with a close-fitting man's wig. She had removed her make-up and taken off her corsets, and she really made quite a respectable looking man. I stood up to greet her, both of us laughing heartily. In my high heels, I was now taller than she, in my shoes. She was about my size, and my clothes fitted her very well, though there was a slight bulge at the chest, where her breasts protruded in spite of her binding brassiere.

I must admit that I was surprised at her transformation, but all along I had suspected, from her interest in female impersonation, and her actions, that she was a woman who was somewhat "different". And now I was sure of it.

"If you can be a woman, I can be a man," she said, with a laugh. "How do I look? Isn't it fun, with the sexes transposed?"

She strutted like a man, and gave her voice a deep masculine tone. I pitched my voice as high as I could, in a ladylike tone, playing the game, though I didn't know what it was to be.

"You are a very handsome man," I lisped, with a smile I tried to make coy.

"And you are one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen," said Grace and she really sounded like a man, as well as looking like one.

Naturally I felt immensely flattered, and a

Transvestia

strange feeling came over me. I suddenly felt feminine, as though I really was a girl in the presence of a man.

"Come and sit down beside me," said Grace, and we seated ourselves on a sofa. Her arm stole around my slender waist and with the other hand she took mine, held it tightly, and pressed it. I was being made love to as a girl. It was a new experience. Mine was the passive, feminine role. I sunk myself in it and yielded to Grace's masculine caresses and for the time being actually felt myself to be a woman with a man. It was not long before Grace had me in his--I mean her arms, and our lips met. I am sure that I had all of the reactions of a woman being kissed by a man and I must confess that it was glorious. It almost made me wish that I really was a woman, beloved by a man.

In the intervals of our love-making, Grace confessed that she was a transvestite and loved to dress in masculine guise, and she had spotted me at the store also as a transvestite, and so had become interested in me and wanted to make my acquaintance. She said that, while she liked men, yet she liked most of all men in feminine dress--men who played the part well and really looked like women when dressed up.

I will refrain from going into details of what happened between us next. Suffice it to say, that, with the help of Grace I undressed--and how glad I was to take off that corset--and donned one of her fluffy lace trimmed and beribboned nightgowns, and, with her help, also, I took out my hair pins and let down my hair and brushed it. It looked very pretty, I thought, draped over my shoulders in a golden shower, over my dainty night dress. I kept on my make-up. Grace retained her man's wig, and put on a pair of men's pajamas. And there we were. Man and woman, but with the sexes reversed. It was a strange role for me to play, the passive, feminine

Transvestia

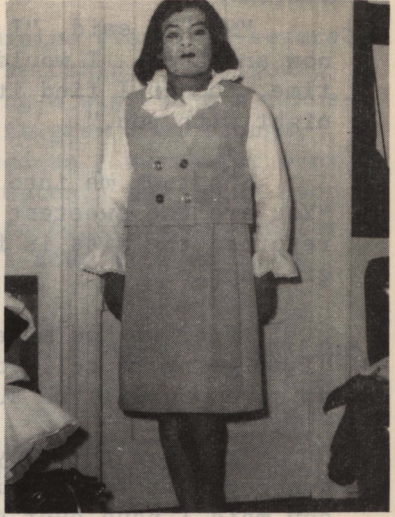
part, but I was immersed in the role, and found it lovely. I will draw a veil over that night, except to say that Grace made a very satisfactory "husband" and she assured me that I was perfect as a "wife". It was the first time that I had played the role of a woman in bed with a man - and yet, not a man, which made it perfect. For, after all, I was a man -- and Grace was a woman, in spite of both our disguises.

The next day was Sunday, so "Husband Grace" said we would sleep late and take breakfast in bed. When I awoke, in Grace's arms, I still felt feminine, as I was aware of my silken nightdress and my long hair about my face, and on the pillow. Without waking Grace, I slipped out of bed and surveyed myself in the glass. My make-up had lasted remarkably well, all excepting the lips, which needed attention. I applied lip-stick, making a cute cupid's bow of my lips, then a touch of rouge, powder and perfume. I brushed my hair, then crept back into bed. Soon Grace awoke, still in her masculine guise.

She rang the bell for Anna.

Feeling very embarrassed I asked her what Anna would think to see us thus in bed. Me as a girl and she as a man. I would feel very silly and ashamed to be seen thus in bed in a woman's night-gown with hair over my shoulders and make-up on my face and with Grace beside me in men's wig and pajamas.

"Don't worry about Anna," said Grace, with a smile. "She saw you as a girl last night, and she has often seen me dressed as a man. In fact, I make a practice of it, and when at home dress as a man most of the time, as I prefer it. I wish I were a man. And I think you wish you were a girl, in spite of all the drawbacks, for you take readily to feminine apparel and do not object to tight corsets, high heels and all the rest of it that goes to make a woman uncomfortable. You love it, just as I love wearing masculine clothing. Confess."



Janis - Ind.



Paula 54-M-2

Transvestia

"No," I said, "I only like to dress as a girl now and then. I wouldn't want to be one all the time, though I find it nice, especially after last night with you."

She took me into her arms and kissed me, saying, "You are the sweetest girl I have ever known." I returned the kiss in full measure, and felt like a girl again.

After we had made love for a while, Grace said, "I am going to tell you a secret about Anna, and I am sure you will be surprised. She is a man."

"You don't really mean it," I said. "I never suspected it for a moment. She is as feminine as any maid I have ever seen. Surely she can't be a man. With that face and figure."

"Anna is a strange case. She really is a man. She - I mean he -- was for a long time on the professional stage as a female impersonator, and a very successful one. I saw him in his act many times, and admired him greatly, it being, as you know, my hobby. I mean female impersonation. I made his acquaintance some time ago, and we often dined together. He was only earning fair pay at his work, and it was a hard life, playing vaudeville twice a day and moving all over the country, and, if fully booked, only working 40 weeks a year, with 12 weeks without salary. Besides there were disagreeable features in connection with his work; people often ridicule a female impersonator, and look down on them, and make unpleasant, insinuating remarks. Of course, he was hardened to this, but still it was very unpleasant. It was that he should come and work for me as my maid, and I would pay him more than he was earning on the stage, and supply all his clothes. The only stipulation was that he was to dress and live as a girl completely, wearing no article of male attire at any time. He was to serve as my maid----and companion. He accepted eagerly.

Transmedia

He was so used to wearing feminine clothing--several hours a day---that it was no hardship. He allowed his hair to grow, first wearing a wig, then a transformation, and finally, when it grew long enough, his own hair. He has now lived as a woman for over two years, and is perfectly content, and looks upon himself as a woman and plans to continue as one for the rest of his days. He will stay with me as my maid as long as he wishes."

"But how about his beard?" I asked. "His face is as smooth as a woman's."

"He had the hair permanently removed a long time ago, not only his face but the rest of his body where it shows. He looks quite nice in an evening dress, and is hairless, of course. I hear him coming now with our breakfast trays. Look him over carefully, and see if you can pick any flaws in him as a woman."

In spite of what Grace had said, I admit that I felt rather foolish to be sitting there propped up in bed on a lace pillow, in a woman's nightgown, wearing feminine make-up and with hair draped over my shoulders, and with Grace in male disguise beside me. If it had been anybody else except "Anna" who was coming in to see us in that way, I would have hidden in shame. But knowing that Anna was a man made all the difference in the world. It was with curious eyes that I now closely examined Anna as "she" came in with our trays, and greeted us with a "good morning" and a pleasant smile. If Grace had not told me, it would have been impossible for me to believe that Anna was a man, for he was completely feminine in every visible aspect. His face was pretty with a nice complexion, though, now that I looked closely, perhaps there was a slight trace of masculine coarseness, but no more than thousands of woman have. His features were regular, his teeth nice and he had a pleasant smile. He reminded me of the familiar figure of a lady's maid on the stage--a French maid,

Transmedia

for he wore a chic maid's uniform, a lace cap on his dark curls, and a little lace apron. He was not tall and his feet looked small and dainty in their narrow high heels. His hands were small and white, but what struck me most forcibly was his figure. It would have done credit to any French maid, it was so dainty and he was wonderfully corsetted, a waist that could not have measured more than 18 inches--the same measurement that I had had for a few hours the night before, and thought so uncomfortable. I marvelled at it, to think that this man could go for years laced into an 18 inch corset all his working hours, and trip about on high heels, apparently happy and at ease, and perfectly at home in feminine attire, with his own long feminine hair.

It was all right, I thought for a man, like myself, to lace up and put on high heels and dresses and play the part of a girl for a few hours, but to think of doing it all the time, day and night, year after year seemed almost too much for a man to stand. But, of course, he would get used to it, just as women do. But I thought it unfortunate that he had to be so tightly corsetted and wear such high heels. But Grace told me afterward that she insisted on it, and that it was a part of the contract. He didn't mind. In fact, he liked it.

I watched him as he tripped in with our trays and served us. Every move was perfectly feminine, and so was his voice. His pretty brown hair under his lace cap was nicely waved and curled. I judged that it would reach well below his shoulders. He really was amazing, such a perfect girl--and yet a man. It seemed incredible.

"Anna" said Grace, "I am sure you wont mind because I have told my "girl" friend here that you are not what you seem. Because "she" too, is not what "she" seems. You have much in common, both being "girls" of a peculiar type--that is--men--girls. Mr.---is naturally very much interested in you, and

would not believe it when I told him you are a man."

"No, I don't mind his knowing it, and I am sure he will not betray me, being a female impersonator himself," said Anna, in a typically soft feminine voice.

"How do you like living as a maid?" I asked, "Don't you dislike wearing tight corsets, and high heels all the time, and skirts, and having to dress your hair, and take care of your complexion, and all the rest of it?"

"Why should I?" he replied. "I have dressed as a girl for years. It was my business on the stage and I am sure more at home in women's clothing than in men's. It would feel terribly strange for me now if I just put on men's clothes. I would hate to wear trousers, and flat heels, and have my hair cut short. No, I like being a girl, It is the only life for me. You make such a pretty girl, why don't you live as one too? Miss Grace is rich, and perhaps she would give you a job as a maid or companion too."

"Yes", said Grace to me, "If you will come and live with me as my feminine companion, I will buy all your clothes and pay you well. But you would have to abandon completely all your masculine clothes for good, and I would require a small waist, like Anna's."

"I couldn't do that," I said, "but I want to remain your friend and see as much of you as possible. I have a good position at home, and a family and many friends. I couldn't very well suddenly disappear and become a woman, with you. That would be impossible."

"Well," said Grace, "come and see me as often as you can get away. Spend as much time with me as my feminine companion as possible. I have many

Transvestia

dresses for you to wear, and I will make a real lady out of you."

I spent that day with Grace, in feminine attire, and then had to resume my male clothes and go home.

But I returned as often as I could escape from home, and had many wonderful times as Grace's "wife".



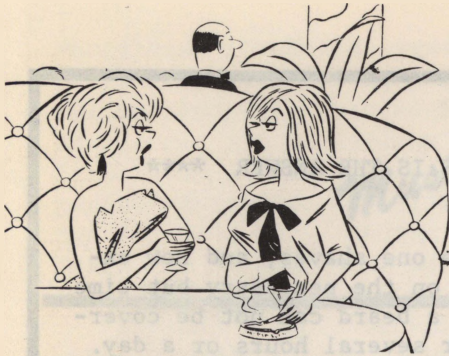
Left:
Sandy 5-S-16



above:
Wilma (32-T-6) FPE



Left:
Joan (32-F-5)



"Would you believe it? I told my wife I liked the feel of silk and nylon next to me so she went out and bought me a nightie and some panties. Well, one thing led to another and...here I am."



"Oh I wouldn't worry about the boss finding out, Max. But please stop referring to me as your 'buddy'."



"Who was that big woman in our yar yesterday, Henry?"



"O.K., George, I'm convinced. You can come to our next TV party. I think you'll pass without being read."

*** ELECTROLYSIS IS THE ANSWER ***

No matter how close one shaves, and how expertly one can put on the necessary but time consuming make-up, a beard can not be covered successfully for several hours or a day.

YOUR BEARD CAN BE REMOVED!

Your skin will be smooth, lovely and hair-free forever!

I am using the blended method of combined electrolysis-thermolysis with Air-Flow, the latest equipment of its kind. It is safe permanent and Air-Flow is a method that cools and desensitizes the skin for greater comfort.

I am an understanding person and am constantly working on many TVs. My office is quiet, private and all contacts are held in confidence.

GIVE YOUR FEMME-SELF A CHANCE--

To have a smooth, hair-free skin. She deserves it and will thank you for it.

Call for free consultation appointment
No Obligation!

MARTHA PRINCE
Lic. Reg. Electrologist.

5225 Wilshire Blvd.
Corner La Brea Suite 408
Los Angeles Calif. 90036
WE 9-7616

Musing

Gail (35-H-5) FPE

This is from a TV of long understanding but who only recently became aware of the existence of Transvestia and FPE. She applied only a few weeks ago for acceptance in the sorority and awaits the decision.

All of us love feminine clothing. If we didn't we most certainly would not be cross-dressers into their lovely attire. There may be many other factors which enter into our full personality expression, but you could never divorce dresses and beautiful lingerie from a TV any more than you could a beard from Frederick Barbarossa and still have the essential product.

But this girl wonders further--down deep and everything else being equal, would't we really want to be a girl, if that were possible? I am a realist and know that I never could be, by wishing by surgery, or by anything but a miracle which isn't going to happen. I am a man and I accept that side of me and very often enjoy being one because I know this realization is the only practical one. Almost daily and for periods as long as feasible, I dress like, act like, feel like and look like a girl. The joy that I receive from this never grows old but even stronger as the days go on. I am careful and realize that I must exercise due surveillance on the circumstances of the hour but I never feel guilt or shame in any of these transformations or even in habitually wearing panties under my male attire. Incidentally I do wear panties or a panty girdle at all times. Except for a couple of pairs of male shorts, which I must

Transvestia

keep on hand, I own no others and cannot even remember the last time I had them on for it has been years. And, in this, as I said, I feel not the slightest bit of shame or guilt.

So I return to the query---All things being equal, who of us wouldn't rather be a girl? If by a simple will act, or by the twinkling of an eye, or by drinking a specially concocted potion, we could be instantaneously changed into a female, without painful surgery or any indefinitely drawn out process, who of us wouldn't chose that? Now this hypothesis is physically, psychologically, biologically and every other way impossible so why even mention it. After all our greatest peace of mind comes from being realists, taking things the way we find them, not the way we want them. Isn't that one of the prime aims of Transvestia, of FPE and of everything Virginia has dedicated herself to. Some of you girls are married and happily so. You wouldn't want to change that. Many, and I should hope most, are reasonably happy in their jobs, their surroundings etc., as a man, and you'd better be because that is all you are, so practically you must face up to it. But I think that all else taken into account, we would jump at the chance to be a real lovely girl, surrounded constantly by everything feminine, without pain of taunts, without fear of unjust law and narrow conventions of society, just all the time---in the car, in the kitchen, in the bed, on the street, at work, at a party, in the bath, ever and always---a girl.

Now I for one wouldn't want to be suddenly changed into a female of my age. Too much of the vanity and excitement may have already passed. While I am wishing, I might just as well wish that I would be a beautiful, curvaceous thing of 21. I wouldn't want to come to a sudden change of life and the fun all gone. As it is, when I dress, I dress accordingly, not as a glamour girl, a college coed, a beauty queen or a teen-age scatter brain. That would

be all out of proportion. I attempt to dress as befits a lady of my age, smart, elegant, attractive, but that's all. But if there were a potion able to change me, let it take me back to 21 and 38-24-37. I could then even wear some of my present bras, panties and slips but if I would try to get into a dress or a skirt measured for a 24 waist, I would break out like grey-hounds at a race track.

Now all of this may sound to my readers like I miss the whole point of FPE, perhaps as if I do not quite grasp that my greatest present FP joy is appreciating the feminine by frequent journies from the masculine, that the one compliments the other. Believe me girls, none of you are more aware of this than I. I am only musing with my pen. My brain reels at the thought of it but it brings me rapidly back to reality and dumps me squarely in the lap of my complete self. Then it picks me up again and reminds me that I have all of you, so wonderful, so solicitous, so desiringly feminine like myself, so much a union of one another, accepted FP's at peace. How unbearable it would be, and has been for me through many years, to think of ourselves as being lonely individuals without ties with other people. We are grateful that we can really "come alive" when we are doing things with like minded friends who share the same interests--girls of a heart, not left apart, soaring ahead at peace.

Inezsquib-

A Tragedy in a TV Household - -

A beautiful, brand new dress - too small for you and too large for your GG.



B
O
B
B
I
E



32

T

3

FPE





Temporary Heroine

Renee' (56-G-3) FPE

I was enjoying my vacation for a few days, after a school year during which I had worked hard. I was resting at home, reading a book, when the phone rang. As I was alone in the house, I answered it. It was the director of a theatre, and he wanted me to play a part in a play he was about to give.

The girl who was supposed to play the leading role had had an accident and broken her leg. The play was scheduled for the day after. He was trying to find someone to replace her and could not reach anyone knowing the part because that play was not often given. He knew that the same play had been given in our college a few weeks ago and he had inquired there as to who had played the leading female part. They had given him my phone number, and at the same time told him that in our college all the female parts were played by the boys themselves.

I told him that as an amateur performer, I could impersonate a girl for our college's audience, but for a public presentation in the big city, by a company as well known as his, I might not appear as good a performer as he would want.

To that he answered: "I was told that you were very good in the play and that you can impersonate a girl in a very convincing way. Anyway, if you are free, this afternoon, come to the rehearsal. Doing that, you will be a great help for me because I cannot postpone it."

So, I went there. The other actors were not in the know of my coming. They were surprised to see a

Transvestia

young man replace the girl with the leading part. The director explained the whole thing to them. Some laughed at it, thinking it was a joke, others said it would never work for I did not look like a girl at all. He said to them that if they wanted to give the play, they had at least to give me a chance to rehearse with them and see what I could do.

We started to rehearse and as I had my part still fresh in my mind, I could concentrate on my acting and tried to give a good performance. While the play was going on, their opinion changed. They found I knew my part very well and that I was playing it very naturally. At the end, they were satisfied the way I was doing and asked me to stay with them and permit them to give the play on the next evening. The director said there would be another rehearsal after supper.

The only complaint came from the young man playing the leading man. He said: "I have nothing against a boy playing the leading girl's part, but I lose all my composure when I declare my love to a boy and hold him in my arms. The least you could do is to dress him as a girl so I will be able to feel more natural." The director said he was right and that that would be settled before next rehearsal.

He took me to his home for supper where I met his wife and his daughter. They were thrilled by the way he had resolved his problem by replacing the girl by a boy, in the play. He told them about the remark made by the actor with the leading male part, they laughed at it and said he was right wanting me to be dressed as a girl. They said: "We will look after that matter right after supper." They asked me to talk about the parts I had in our college plays and the way I was dressed for those occasions. I had to describe in all detail the costumes I had worn. They wanted to know what tricks I used to achieve a good-looking woman's breast. I explained

to them that there were many ways to do it, but I was too shy to explain the details before them. They noticed this and they did not insist.

After supper, the wife asked me to go with her to her bedroom where she handed me a panty-girdle, a slip and a pair of nylon stockings she asked me to try on. She went away and closed the door. I was used to those garments so I had no trouble getting them on. After the girdle was on, I fastened the stockings to the garters and I stepped into the waist type slip. I opened the door and she came in. She had me try on her shoes. They were too small so she asked her daughter to bring in a pair of hers. I tried them on and they fitted nicely. They helped me with a bra, filling the cups with falsies that the girl had.

Then I started trying on dresses. The lady's were too large and the girl's too small. We were then in trouble, finding nothing to suit me. They called the director and told him about our problem. He said: "Why not have him try a two piece ensemble?" That we did. I tried on one of the girl's skirts and one of the lady's silk and lace white blouses with long sleeves. The result was marvelous, both garments suiting me right. I appeared quite natural as a girl.

The lady asked me if I could do my make-up myself, I said I was able to. I took place on the bench facing her dressing table and used her make-up things to pretty my face. They watched me and found I was very good at it. The girl went to her room and came back with a pretty, long-haired, brown wig which she put on my head. Now I looked like a real girl. Her mother gave me a pearl necklace. She handed me a pair of gloves and a handbag to complete my transformation. They asked me to walk around the house to see if everything was alright, and they were satisfied with the result. The director saw me coming through the kitchen where he was reading

Transvestia

the paper. He was both astonished and satisfied at my appearance. He said: "Now I am sure you will be a very pretty girl on scene and your companions will not complain any more about you. You look so perfectly like a girl. Come with me to the apartment of the girl you are replacing. She will be glad to know you and will give you helpful hints about the play."

We drove to her place. She was sitting up with her plastered leg on a chair. She was glad he had found someone to replace her and especially, a young man, so she would not have to worry about being replaced by another girl who might have tried to steal her place in the company. She had at home the costumes for the play. She asked her mother to remove them from the wardrobe and show them to me. She asked me to try them on, but the director said we had no time to do so because we were expected at the rehearsal. She asked me to come back the morning after.

My companions were glad to see me dressed as a girl. The rehearsal went on and was found satisfactory by the director. They congratulated me on my good appearance and assured me I would be a very attractive girl on stage.

Next morning I went to the girl's home. She had me try the costumes. They were a little tight on me, but she said this would make me look more sexy. All the costumes were beautiful, ankle-length gowns made of satin, velvet or silk. The corsages were very tight on me while the skirts were large and filled with heavy, thick crinolines. The play showed how a family lived in the beginning of the century. I had to wear a large straw hat covered with a large and fluffy veil made of nylon lace. Under my gowns I had to wear large crinolines made of starched cotton richly ornamented with satin ribbons and lace. Under that, I had a garter belt and mesh black stockings. My feet and legs were imprisoned in white knee-high leather boots with high

Transvestia

heels. The corsages of the gowns were well filled by a well padded bra. The sleeves were puffed at the shoulders and I had three pairs of long gloves the same color as the gowns. A wonderful long-haired blonde wig dressed in the style of that time, completed my transformation.

Her mother who was helping me with the costumes told me she was astonished at the fact a boy could look so much like a girl. Her daughter who had seen other transvestites at the theater told her that I was the most natural she had seen.

In the afternoon we had our last rehearsal and I had brought with me my three costumes which I wore. The director had hired a hairdresser and a make-up artist for the girls in the play. We also had a lady to help us dress and change costumes. As soon as I arrived, she helped me with my first costume and then I was taken to the make-up booth, to be prettied. It took the girl about an hour to have my face changed into the one of a beautiful girl. At last, I had so much make-up on my face, my eyes, my lips, I could hardly move the muscles of my face, or move my eyes bearing long false eye lashes, thick eye shadow and eye liner. I hoped I could get used to that make-up because my face was feeling embarrassed. The hairdresser adjusted my wig and replaced a few curls. I was ready to give my part. I rejoined my companions who were amazed at my good looks.

The last rehearsal went on and was successful, and afterwards we all went to supper. We ate little and chatted together waiting for curtain time which came at last. The play went on normally. The director was satisfied and the day after, in the paper I read that a new actress had been born and promised a great future. I laughed reading that, because I knew my future was to again enjoy my vacation after the play was over, in a couple weeks.

Now that I was known all over the town, I had

Transvestia

to receive reporters and the director asked me to act naturally like a girl so they would not notice I was a boy. For that, I had to be always dressed like a girl, even at home for the reporters might have come there to interview me. In the beginning, my mother did not like it, but I explained to her that it was not for long and she understood, letting me go around the house dressed in girl's clothes, wearing make-up and a wig. My father did not see me like that, because when he came back from work, at night, I had already gone to the theater and, in the morning, he used to leave before I got up.

My mother had told him, though, what was going on. He did not like it either. So, to prove to them that I was doing something good in the play, I invited them one night to come and see me acting. They both liked my acting and my father liked the beautiful girl that I was on stage. After the play I sent for them and they came to see me back stage. They congratulated me and kissed me, and were very proud of me. My father said: "You look exactly like your mother when she was your age." She replied "Do not lie, I was not so pretty as that." - She wanted to carefully examine my costumes and told me how lucky I was to wear such beautiful gowns and accessories. I took off my costume and put a plain dress on to go back home with them. They both told me they were glad they had a boy but they were also glad they had for a while such a beautiful girl.

The play lasted two weeks. After that I took back my masculine clothes and enjoyed the rest of my vacation. I had liked my experience in the big city's theatre and I felt I was more experienced for more female roles in our college's plays.

AND, DID YOU HEAR the one about the sultan who left a call
for seven in the morning????



"But Sir, think of the novelty of having a baritone receptionist!"



"After heaving cargo all day in that hot hold it's divine to get home and slip into something more comfortable."



"Bill, your a real doll. I think your idea is going to revolutionize the Men's Loan Department of this bank!"



"It' Vince! He was the captain of our company but he stayed over in Africa after the war and kind of got caught in the spirit of a new world!"



Two English Sisters

Myrtle

Sheila H.



Theresa (30-M-2) FPE

Marjorie 55-R-1

Book Review

Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

I WANT WHAT I WANT, by Geoff Brown. Publ. by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London; price in UK 25s (US equiv. = \$3.50). 226 pp, 1966

This little novel presents, in very effective first person style, the story of a young transexual. That there is some autobiography in it seems very likely - a first novel often contains a personal element, and the private life of a TS is so closely described as to have put some of my friends who tend that way into ecstasies. Be that as it may, I found the book both fascinating and disturbing; the former because "Wendy" does all the things a mid-range TV like myself does - and disturbing because these things are done for all the "wrong" (from my viewpoint) reasons! Dressing, making up, going out and passing are all viewed as means to an end - THE operation - and the delight felt in them is always tempered with that yearning, instead of being its own end and fulfillment.

By every test I know, Wendy is a TS; and yet she does NOT get operated on. One try, one rejection by a sexologist - and she gives up. She has by no means exhausted the ways for getting what she wants; but she makes no move in any of the obvious directions. With a capital of \$1500, all she does is to live for a few months as an unemployed girl; acquire a boyfriend in a "don't touch" relationship; lose him; and make an inept attempt at suicide. The book ends here, dazed from an inadequate dose of gas and aspirin, falling down the stairs to certain exposure and disgrace.

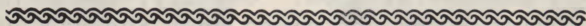
She is still only 21 at that point, so there are

Transmedia

many possibilities in her future - but somehow Wendy seems to lack the over-riding determination of the TSs I have known. This puts her in the group I call "quasi-TS", who talk a lot about an operation but always have some pressing reason not to do it "yet". Whether these people are TS or TV, I do not know; but they certainly do NOT "want what they want"!

That little word "want" is a bomb. Perhaps a TV with full developed duality is the person most aware of this, but even the ordinary non-TV is always being pulled in opposing directions by conflicting desires. "Want" can mean anything from a vague desire for a million dollars to the raging compulsion that makes an addict break windows with his bare hands to get the drug he "wants". In my life, the desire to be a girl is balanced by a stronger desire to remain a man. The effect is periodic flashes of femininity which result in dressing - just as I will succumb to the calls of hunger and thirst no matter how much I "want" to finish whatever else I am doing. For that matter, if the author wanted to be Wendy, he wanted something else too - because his portrait on the book jacket shows him with a BEARD!!

On the whole, this book will interest the TV for the look it provides into an alien world; the TS for the obvious reasons, and the quasi-TS as a source of the self-torment they seem to thrive on.



WHO ASSIGNS THE ACCESSORIES, ANYWAY?

A girl for you, a boy for me;
Just the way it ought to be!
But sure enough, the dimpled cheek,
Golden curls, petite physique
And long-lashed eyes are lavished on
Not little Jennifer, but John.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Susanna Says....

Hi, everybody:

I am still reeling from the Virginia-Sheila debate that flared in TVia #44. Both arguments sound good. I think I'll adopt Virginia's viewpoint on week-days and Sheila's over the week-ends. What do I really think? I'll get into the act one of these days, but right now I am living a fascinating TV page of my life....As I hinted in TVia #44, there loomed in the horizon a method to destroy facial hair which was not based on chemicals (such as Nair), neither was it based on female hormones (as we know from our friends who are taking massive doses of hormones - the beard just sits there as unconcerned as ever). It's not based either on the waxing systems that just yank hair off its follicle. And finally, it is not electrolysis which literally "fries" the hair and unfortunately also its surrounding tissues, leading in many cases to scarring.

So, if it is not any of these things....What is it? For a better understanding of the process (and I am writing this while the chemist who discovered the method looks over my shoulder while I type - to make sure I explain this thing correctly) let us review briefly what makes hair grow, specifically the beard. As we know hair is made of cells, cells which are specialized. Their job is to get together and manufacture hair, in the same manner that kidney cells, for instance, get together to make a kidney. Facial hair in men commences to appear in puberty in the form of light fuzz. It takes anywhere from 5 to 10 years for this facial hair to become adult. And by this I mean tough, dense and ugly. Each hair grows from a follicle which is the living por-

Transvestia

tion of the hair. The follicle receives from the blood stream the nutrients it needs to continue manufacturing hair and to stay alive. Our chemist friend was able to determine exactly what nutrients the follicle receives. He then looked for and found enzymes which counter - block - this nourishing operation in the follicle. These enzymes are contained in a solution which, when applied to the bearded area, actually causes the break up and eventual destruction of all hair tissues -(hair tissues only) without affecting the outer skin in any way.

My friend had tested successfully this solution on arms, legs and chest. It worked. The question was: would it also work in the case of a full grown beard, which is by far the strongest hair of the human body? A test had to be made. And guess who volunteered! Just to think of a "no-beard" situation without having to keep on with the tedious plucking operation which I initiated some two years ago, was enough to send thrills up and down my waist cincher. So...we started. We decided to try it first on a relatively small area, and one which offered the greatest challenge: immediately below the lower lip and down to the tip of the chin. The treatment is taken nightly and at the time of this writing I've been faithfully complying with instructions for two weeks. Results? The area treated shows the following: 1) about one third of the total number of hairs has ceased to appear. 2) Those that do appear (and I continue to pluck at least once a week) are finer, not as thick as the others, 3) About 50% of the black hairs have turned colorless. 4) The only side effect has been an occasional sensation of warmth underneath the skin which is being treated. No pain, no irritation, no swelling.

One corollary to half the hairs turning white has been a noticeable reduction in the standard bluish cast which we so intensely hate. In view of all this, our chemist (his name is George, by the way) will extend the treatment to the whole beard

starting next week. Based on past experiences (arms legs, chest) it should take about six weeks to complete the process. Between us-girls - even if it should take six months, this would be the most fabulous thing that has ever come into the life of a TV. In short, the best way to describe what happens to the hair in this process is: 1) paralysis (growth stoppage.) 2) disintegration, 3) re-absorption of broken cells into the blood stream. In this manner, the nutrients supplied by the body have no follicle to feed and - theoretically- it would take another 5 to 10 years for the body to create new follicles and restore eventually the vanished hair. This, of course can be avoided by periodic applications of the solution.

Let me emphasize that this is at present in a strictly experimental stage. I am the guinea pig - and as such I will faithfully keep you all posted as to developments.

Anything else? Oh, yes...the resort is once again open. Pamela from Canada, and Daphne and Leona (new Canadian TV) have just contacted me regarding Casa Susanna. As usual I'll be going there Friday nite & returning to NY Sunday nite most of the year until October or early November. Last week-end had a delightful non-TV guest at the resort. The kind that every TV dreams of meeting. A little old lady (about 80 years old) who is a customer of Marie's. To her, anybody wearing a dress and lipstick has got to be a woman...what else???. So she accepted Pamela one hundred percent, this despite the fact that Pamela cannot shave her arms and shows a luxuriant forest of black hair down to her hands. But our little old lady was convinced she was dealing with a girl and that was that. Pamela? In seventh heaven!

Reading VARIETY, the show-business weekly, I've run into several intriguing tid-bits which I am sharing with all of you girls: An ad about Ulysses

Transmedia

Productions, Paris, France, announces a movie entitled TEENAGERS...and among the facets the movie deals with the ad mentions: miniskirts and long hair...feminine underwear for boys...---could it be that our long hair hippies and beatnicks are actually wearing what many of us wear? Does the teenage rebellion reach that far? And if so..how long before the boys will adopt complete feminine attire? In that case, I propose to join the hippies!

And here's more from "Variety". A play is being shown in Paris at the Theatre Montparnasse.... entitled "The Architect and the Assyrian Emperor"... The Variety correspondent says: "This comedy is an enigmatically Freudian piece about two inhabitants of a desert island and their complicated psychological effect on each other, including transvestism, the exchange of identities...and whatnot."

More? As you know, the Royal Ballet of England has been performing in New York. And of course on opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House the audience was treated to the classic "CINDERELLA" as the Royal Ballet has been doing it for years. The two ugly sisters are played by men! Here's what the Variety reporter, Robert Landry, had to say: "That Sir Frederick Ashton, the director of the Royal Ballet, personally donned skirts and wig and starred in the opening night at the Met, cannot escape some lifted eyebrows. There is an element of shock, from which the beholder never fully recovers, to see Ashton, alongside Robert Helpmann, sashaying around the stage as Cindy's two mincing sisters. In part the reaction relates to the hokey status here of female impersonation. America has no tradition of pantomime as in the United Kingdom with the inevitable male "dame"." (End of quote) So, there we are. Even as sophisticated an audience as the kind who'd go to the Met to see the Royal Ballet, lifts an eyebrow at a man in skirts. What a long, long road we have to travel before there will be some sunshine for TV's!

Transvestia

As if to compound the above commentary, the recently defunct World Journal Tribune ran a long article on a new movie to be released sometime in the near future. The headline reads: "Controversy will reign when "The Queen" appears." "The Queen" --according to the columnist is "a film that documents the life of the male transvestite". "This is no small budget, quickly or poorly improvised underground movie--says the WJT columnist--in fact some very respectable and experienced talents have lent their services to its production. What's more it's been in preparation for nearly a year. The only underground thing about it is the subject itself." ----There follows a description of the recent "beauty pageant" held in New York's Town Hall, which, by the way, was strictly a drag queen affair. From the rest of the article it becomes pretty obvious that the movie has very little, if any, to do with transvestism...it's all about drag queens. And unfortunately, the producers in their abysmal ignorance are attempting to present this to the public as a documentary on transvestites.

So much for the showbiz treatment of TVism... Now back to our world...The feud about slacks and bathing suits is picking up steam...The latest contributors have been Diana Joyce (Cover Girl on TVia #42) and Bonnie from Illinois. Bonnie--thank goodness, takes my side of the argument. Quote: "For my part - even when a TV can pass in slacks, I can't imagine why she would want to. I wear pants day after day all week. To wear slacks isn't much of a change. Everything I do or wear must be as feminine as possible." --So thanks for the ammunition, Bonnie. You are a doll.

There is however, a itty bitty bone I'd like to pick in your letter. You say in part: "In the not too distant future, I hope to have a business I can run as a woman. The snag is, after two or three years as a woman, how thin would it wear? After three days, I am very reluctant to take my brother

out of the closet, but there is a whale of difference between three days and three years." I think you are putting the cart before the horse. If you are planning to have a business which you hope to run as a woman, and if you have the freedom to do as you please, don't you think you should try first to see how it feels to stay as a girl for a few months? If--as you say--the most time you've spent dressed has been three days, I'd think that a lot of planning and actual practice would be necessary before launching yourself into business as Bonnie. Think very carefully about problems such as beard, voice, mannerisms, and so forth.

Diana Joyce definitely votes in the negative when confronted by my position regarding slacks, swimsuits and marriage. She sends me a picture of herself in a bathing suit taken on a Mexican beach. "No one laughed at me--she says--and my wife, who isn't the easiest person to please, thought that I looked very well and was not a bit worried nor ashamed to be seen with me.....I really can't say that I'm a living doll in it but I thought I'd give you a little ammunition for your column". Diana Joyce, you are a living doll, but a sneaky one...Notice that in the picture the light comes from behind and the entire front, including the face, is in shadows. Diana Joyce does not mention the fact that the beach happened to be as sparsely populated as the Sahara desert (this of course I assume, just to make her mad.). As to the picture of herself in slacks which she promises to send me, I appreciate the thought, but I much rather have one of her in a nice dress.

Diana Joyce gets really serious when it comes to my objections to TV's getting married. She accuses me of making a statement that is too "all inclusive". "After all--she says--you really don't know that many TV's, do you?" Well, of course I don't claim to know every TV there is to be known. But still, I've personally met around 200 TV's and have corresponded rather extensively with another

150 approximately. This gives me a total of some 350 TV's I've known in the past 15 years. And believe me, there are not two dozen married TV's whose transvestism is NOT a big problem at home. That leaves some 300 who are forever moaning their lack of freedom to dress at home, and saying how happy they are when the wife has to take a trip or go to the hospital so they can dress in freedom. The other 25, not included in this statement, are the bachelor TV's who just chuckle every time they hear the married ones' lamentations. Diana Joyce then proceeds to admit: "If I had known what I was going to have to face before I had gotten married, I, myself would have gotten married anyway. I must be fair however, and say that I don't know whether my wife would have." And, my dear Diana Joyce, this last observation contains the fly in the ointment. When I talk about the troubles of the married TV's I am not referring exclusively to HIS troubles. I have very definitely in mind THE WIFE'S troubles. Cross-dressing is to us a source of joy, pleasure, ecstasy, or whatever, and in itself it compensates for the heartaches and problems it creates in our lives. But most TV wives, even if they go along with our dressing, admittedly, cannot possibly receive as compensation an equal sense of joy. So in the best of cases the wife is shortchanged. Why should we - knowingly - cheat her out of her full share of married joy? Let me describe a mute scene that took place not long ago at a TV party here in the East. There were several couples. Among them a TV and wife who were socializing for the first or second time in their lives. I watched the wife throughout the evening. She smiled, but it was an uncomfortable smile, she was tense, ill at ease, and trying not to show it. Then, towards the end of the evening, her hubby went upstairs and half an hour later returned in his masculine uniform. You should have seen that girl's eyes! How they lit up! How she reached to him as if saying you have come back!..

I was also taken to task in no uncertain terms

Transvestia

by a TV wife here in New York - our charming Marietta - who told me that anti-marrige statements such as those I made in a recent column are harmful to the mixed up TV...and that I should have a little more sense of responsibility. To her I must say that if because of my column, some TV who's planning marriage should reconsider -- my feeling would be that I have done some unsuspecting potential wife a big favor. If, on the other hand, a TV does get married, at least he will do so well aware of what he is getting into--and at least will know that this is something serious, not to be treated lightly, and that it should be carefully handled to insure at least a fair degree of married happiness. But above all, I'm delighted with the response to Virginia's and my constant prodding for written reaction. This is the kind of ammunition that keeps the magazine going along paths of true TV participation. We'd like more - much more--of the same. And remember that a columnist must take some times extremist positions in order to elicit a response. When everybody agrees with what you say, you have a nice quiet, contemplative situation. Beautiful for a Sunday afternoon, but awful when it comes to making an interesting, lively publication.

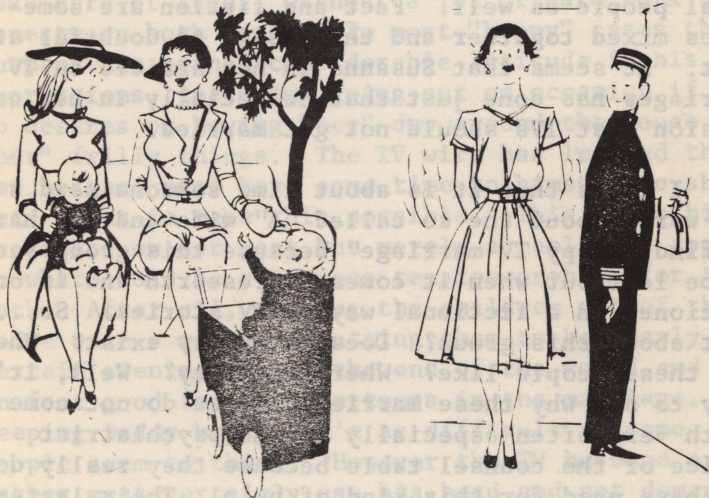
THINGS I COULD DO WITHOUT: TV's who ask you for advice and when your advice goes against their real desires they get mad and say that you are not a true friend...The TV who insists on wearing in public clothes that are out of fashion....The TV who'll shorten her skirts to a couple of inches above the knee (fine!) but insists on wearing three inch heels! (Such a combination is OK at home, but not in public)The TV who'll always apologize for having developed a pot belly and a thick waist line but won't do a thing to keep her figure trimmed down....(why apologize?)....The new "tent" style in dresses... (ugh!).... The TV's who have learned to adopt only one pose when having their pix taken (how about experimenting with a few different poses, huh?....)...

And so, we come to the end of another session of chit-chat and sundry gossip. I'll be digging some more dirt for next issue...in the "mean" time.. love to all from

SUSANNA

Editor's Note:

In Susann's column in TVia #43 she made a lot of observations about marriage and TVism. As she suspected it would, her article brought forth some comment from readers. It is too bad that the copy didn't reach Chevalier in time for the following issue, #44, but here are the letters:



Letters To The Editor

READER'S REPLIES

Many facets of Transvestism have been explored these past few years and certain data has been gathered. A great deal of material has been furnished by TVs themselves and, as is always the case in research, some generalizations have been made on the subject. A lot has been said about the problem of self-acceptance on the part of the TV and the attitude of the wife of the TV and much progress has been made along these lines of marital adjustment. However there is a certain amount of fantasy in literature written by most TVs and a distinct lack of thorough research on the subject of transvestism and it's ultimate problems by non TVs and professional people as well. Fact and fiction are sometimes mixed together and the result is doubtful at best. It seems that Susanna in her article on TV marriages has done just that, especially in her conclusion that TVs should not get married.

I guess that it is about time someone said a few words about the so called "A" wife and the hard to find "happy TV marriage" because this group seems to be left out when it comes to research and is only mentioned in a fictional way in TV stories. So... what about this group? Does it really exist? What are these people like? Where are they? Well, it's easy to see why these married couples do not come forth very often especially to the psychiatrist office or the counsel table because they really do not have need for this kind of help. Their letters seldom appear in the pages of TRANSVESTIA because they are too happy to take time to sit down and

write about their marriage. When a letter from a happily married TV does appear in print it is usually not believed by the readers or is considered to be fictional. In other words the TV and GG who are happily married don't often come around because they simply do not have a strong motive to do so. They are far too busy living and enjoying their lives.

I personally know of dozens of these people who are just not supposed to exist at all. I have met these people on a purely social basis and not as a counsellor in time of trouble. These "well adjusted TV couples are interested in meeting TV couples with whom they will have other things in common such as social status, careers, etc. Sometimes they are willing to help another couple but usually they are too busy living their lives and going their own ways. TVism isn't the only thing in their lives. They met the problem head on, made adjustments in the marriage concerning the husbands desires and went on to the next problem, facing it together. These men and women are mature adults that realize their love for each other is a beautiful thing but that it doesn't take care of itself without a lot of hard work and honesty on both parts. In most "happy" cases the husband has gained considerable latitude in his femme expressions, including going out on occasion if he so desires or having "her" day around the house in "her" frilly things. The TV wife has learned that her husband must have some time to himself so she sets about to make this possible. This is no big sacrifice on her part but merely a realistic approach to what could be a serious tension problem for them both. After all, getting the children out of the house once a month or putting them to bed early on certain evenings isn't the end of the world and is in fact good for both partners in the marriage. Keeping Daddy happy isn't as difficult as some people seem to think. However the TV husband and father must certainly use his head and not demand special arrangements when they are impossible to provide.

Transmedia

Successful TV married couples have learned to look at each other as human beings first, as the married partner second and as members of society last. They want to make each other happy and have managed to do so regardless of the odds against them. Isn't this what love is all about; to make him or her happy? These GGs have a mature love for their husbands which doesn't diminish the minute he puts on a dress and a wig. These women know that it is still their husband under all that "stuff", even if he thinks that he is a "living doll" at the time. No one is fooling anyone even if they use a femme name for "hubbybelle". Does it really matter? The wife is simply doing her job, taking care of her man, so he can relax, express something very important to him, and then get back to his everyday role as provider, protector, lover etc. When the femme-session is over the husband many times will take "wifie" out to dinner and dancing so both have a little "fling" and both feel better about it. Perhaps it isn't always as simple as I have pictured it to be, but why all the fuss by both husband and wife when a little effort here and there will bring them both happiness. "A" couples have faced the truth together and turned a problem into a way of life.

There are of course many "troubled" couples that just can't seem to reach any kind of a solution with or without outside help. I have met and worked with dozens of these so called "C", "D" and a few "Z" cases along the way and must agree with what Susanna says about wives hating it all and TVs dreaming up all kinds of situations for the "girl within". But the vast majority of these marriages were in trouble long before the wife was told about TVism. If the marriage is on the rocks, so to speak, TVism certainly won't bring it together, but a good shot of honesty on both parts can't possibly make it any worse than it already is. The basic problems with bad TV marriages is ignorance, (sexual, and social), selfishness and immaturity with occasionally a re-

Transvestia

ligious problem on the part of the wife as the stumbling block. When these problems exist a lasting love and devotion can never be established no matter what hubby wears for clothing. It's surprising just how many marriages are merely a matter of convenience and when something becomes inconvenient it's all off. The divorce rate speaks for itself and all of these men can't be TVs.

Well, back to the matter at hand, should TVs get married? I say of course they should if they are so inclined and willing to compromise a bit on a lot of thing including TVism. Who should they marry? The woman must be secure in her feminine role, a lot are not you know, and be mature enough to accept problems as life may deal them out. She should be informed about her guy's TV desires beforehand but if she really loves him it won't make a bit of difference to her. But at least she will have had a chance to back out before hand. So an intelligent, rational girl must be picked. They make the best wives anyway, TV or not. Then the TV husband must take care of her better than she has ever been cared for or will ever be so loved. She is a precious person but so is he! So if the single TV wants to stay single that is his business. However most of the single TVs that I have talked with tell me that their true dream in life is to find that "certain girl" and ask her to become their wife. Without this hope a normal man would have to be extremely self-centered and very easily satisfied to live his life out alone. After the femme-self has been perfected to the ultimate "she" may get a bit tired of looking at herself in the mirror the rest of her life. That is if TVism is the only problem in the personality of the individual. If you are a TV and nothing else except a normal fellow, marriage will offer just as much to you as anyone else if you plan to work hard at all the things your wife will deserve and hope for in a husband with a bit of "ladyhood" thrown in.

In conclusion I must state that TVism and mar-

riage are compatible as has been proven by lots of couples that I have met. To be a TV and be married is really no different than to be a fisherman, hunter, golfer or a lot of other things and still be a husband. Most other "hobbies" require a lot of time away from the home and can be quite expensive. Many "A" type women that I know consider TVism the best of many different means of relaxation available to their husbands. These women are mature, adult females who may not fully understand all that makes their man need to "dress" or express himself but know that it can't hurt anyone if commonsense is used. They are happy because their husbands are happy and their relationship with that fellow who lives with them is far greater than most women will ever know.

In my own case I wouldn't have my life any other way than it is, although I make a few small sacrifices in femme living, I don't know what I don't do that most single TVs I know can do. To share your life with someone else, both the good and the bad parts of it, is what marriage is all about. To be a Daddy of two beautiful children is a pretty big reward for not being able to own a dozen hairpieces instead of only one. To have your little girl climb on your lap, put her arm around your neck and say "You're my pal", even when you are all decked out in your latest femme-outfit, is a pretty wonderful thing to have happen to a TV Dad. I know cause it has happened to me several times. I am Daddy to her and I don't want to be anything else because her child-like approach to me and the femme appearance I may be trying to achieve at the time is really very simple and honest. You see I am her daddy and nothing else, I will never be anything else to her and I don't want to be. Her mother has told her that Daddy "dresses" because it makes him happy and relaxes him and that's good enough for my pal and the other members of my family too, including me.

When my wife and I go to a TV party I don't

have to hold my "girlself" down because my GG is present. I may not giggle, swish around or dance with another TV but I don't know any women that do those things either. To be accepted by a group of understanding GGs and join them in conversation is really living. They sure don't hold me down but only compliment the femme-feeling I enjoy. After all aren't we trying to emulate the best of femininity and "femmehood"? To do so you must be near them at least once in a while. Their charm, warmth, and natural loveliness is what makes GGs truly beautiful and is the part that is really worth copying. So all in all I guess it's who you know and who you spend your time with in this TV land of ours that counts the most. I wouldn't trade a month of my life for a whole year as a single TV because I would miss too much of the good life. Each to his or "her" own but let's have a cheer for the many couples that won the battle and lived happily ever after, instead of just concentrating our attention on those marriages that didn't work out.

Fran (49-C-1) FPE

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial by what is contrary." -- John Milton,

Areopagitica, (1644)

A number of years ago I read that deathless phrase for the first time and adopted it as my guide for dealing with life.

I can think of no better rebuttal to Susanna's provocative, and it seems to me, hopelessly wrong

Transvestia

statement advising unmarried TV's to stay single. I can think of nothing more hopeless, more futile, more sad than the single TV facing a future that holds none of the promises nor pains of marriage.

To begin with, marriage for the TV is a long, unrelenting Hell-on wheels-- but so it is for nearly everyone. TVism is the source of trouble on a day-to-day basis. If the wife does not object, the husband is driven by periodic spells of guilt and concern over whether he is or is not fulfilling his role as husband and father, the effects of his desires on his family and so on.

Some comedian once said--"It's no wonder they say your wedding day is the happiest of your life: it's the last day your single..." Is he kidding? I also remember reading another statement that said: "There's two kind of fools in this world: those who marry, and those who stay single."

The best authorities today advise against a TV marrying. The TV is incapable (they say) of the depth of feeling necessary to create and sustain a meaningful relationship. It is a needless burden to put on a relationship that is so very hard to maintain anyway.

I couldn't agree more. On the other hand, equally good authorities also say the only hope for a TV in life is to find an understanding girl and marry her. And a double amen to that.

However well documented Susann's argument may be from her standpoint--it is a false argument (*Ad Hominem*, to you students of logic) because as long as there is one case that is successful--just one, mind you--then it is worth going after, because without it....

There has been a remarkably successful religion banging around for the last couple of thousand years

that has banked everything on just one case...and you can't get much higher authority than that.

Now it seems to me that the TV, by virtue of his ability to phantasize, would qualify as something of a romantic - a dreamer - a person, who, - if he dares - could stake his soul on a single roll of them spotted cubes. It also is quite likely that he isn't quite sure what he's going to do if he wins. So change that argument, Susanna. Erect all the arguments you can against the proposition of marriage --cite all the bad cases you can think of--but don't close that door, because there are some of us who have Made It. I only know one other TV couple well and several more casually. But on the basis of what I've seen, a TV marriage stands as much chance as any other. Maybe more--because once that girl accepts the TVism, the chances are high that the marriage will weather the lesser storms.

Marriage is a sharing--a mutual admiration society, a world of two and only two people--against the rest of the world--all the platitudes apply.

Every married TV knows the frustration, the hopelessness, the despair, the countless tears that go into the seemingly endless task of convincing and converting his wife. How enviable the single TV acquaintance who can say--"Why I dress every night when I get home--I spend only the time I have to work in masculine clothing--". Is that what it's all about? Then I feel sorry for this person who can never know the absolute thrill of coming home after one of Those Days--to find your wife has drawn a hot tub with the good bath salts and has your favorite gown laid out for you and you ask--What? Why?--and she says quietly, "I thought you would like it." Never mind that she has (and believe me, this story is true--) already that same day, coped with one case of Mumps, one broken arm (different kid), one frozen water line, a gas stove explosion (minor damage fortunately), and had her own work day fragmented by

all the above events (she also works eight hours a day). And you cry, because nothing else can express the feeling. And perhaps you, too, would quietly put the gown back in the closet and the lingerie--because you've found something so far beyond that there's no comparison.

TV's have children like a lot of other people. But the problems are worse. You feel guilty, you're afraid of causing them permanent damage if they find out, you're concerned with your image, you're afraid they'll tell the neighbors. A single TV most likely won't have this problem--certainly won't have to live with it. The single TV won't face the shattering experience of having spent two hours carefully getting dressed, striving for that just so appearance and having achieved it, steps out to have his oldest child say--"Gee Dad, you look funny."

But he also won't be able to overhear his oldest child, within a few days, saying to the next door neighbor--My dad can do anything. And again you feel that funny tightness in your throat and a little blurredness in your vision, because not only can you look like a real live lady, but you can also put the wheels back on a toy truck, re-solder a loose wire in a toy robot, and make him his very own toolbox--all on the same day. And suddenly the whole business appears inconsequential (remember the three days you spent sitting in a hospital corridor while you waited to see if a little boy's shattered skull would heal after his babysitter had hit a tree with her car?) A single TV doesn't have all those things to face--doesn't have to make the choice - (because there is no choice) when he goes out to buy a new outfit--and instead, with the money he's saved for a year--buys a bicycle.

But then, the single TV won't know the feeling of having his son throw an arm around his neck and say, very solemnly, with no prompting, "It's okay with me if you want to wear a dress." At that moment

there's nobody with high enough authority to challenge the acceptance from an eight year old boy. And you know why the trouble and pain in bringing him along for eight years was worth it and that you really aren't going to have to worry a lot about him, whatever happens. And you made him....

Now I must admit to not having met nor known even a fraction of the Married TV's Susanna must have. But perhaps I have met a proportional number of married couples in general. And their problems are the same. Susanna says the wives would rather their husbands were drinkers or gamblers--HAVE THEY EVER BEEN MARRIED TO ONE? HOW DO THEY KNOW THEY WOULD?

Virginia also says a lot more understanding and planning should go into the situation before marriage (remember we're talking of single TV's, so those of you who are already married are excluded) and that if the girl doesn't show some sign of understanding and adjusting, then she is not good wife material--and so for the groom as well, as hardly needs saying. But let me warn the single TV--the girl who says she's willing to accept may not be--after all, if she's a woman at all, she's sure she can reform you. Secondly, there's no such thing as a perfectly compatible marriage--and the inevitable disharmonies that occur focus on the most outstanding faults--usually the dressing in the case of the TV.

I think a good--and a realistic way to assess the situation is to ask yourself-- do you "live" for the moments you can dress--and those moments alone? If so--don't attempt marriage. In fact, forget about much of anything, because that isn't living.

On the other hand, can you have a depth of feeling for another person that your greatest joy in life is seeing that person happy? You gotta prime the pump--don't you see--because whatever you do for

Transvestia

that person rebounds onto yourself. You won't need to come home raving about that dress in XYZ's window and how much you'd like it--because she has already gotten it for you--because it would make you happy. There'll never be a lovelier dress for you, not ever.

Marriage is not a 50-50 proposition: it is at least 95-95. You find that out when that longest of long nights comes when you finally come to realize that you simply cannot live another day in a role that you can't stand. And the girl you blurt this out to--the girl who has given you two sons--the girl who has unwittingly and often unintentionally destroyed all your illusions, holds you in her arms and says, "Very well--I'll help you to achieve whatever you want. I'll support you while you make the changeover (socially if not physically, but in either case), I'll do anything if I can make you happy," then--if never before or since--you know what you have and what a fool you are and how lucky because in the dirty, filthy business of making your idiot's progress across the face of this idiotic world, you have found the one thing that gives it any meaning at all--a woman's love.

Jeri (49-K-3) FPE

I was awfully surprised to see Susanna's arguments against marriage for you TV's. It seems pretty silly to me because things don't have to work out that way at all.

Sure, it's hard. But if you want to, you can blame everything up to and including the weather on TVism. Maybe some people do. I think the whole thing is, you've got to make up your mind that it will work. If you decide it won't--well, it won't and there's no point in going through the bother in the first place.

I'm not saying it isn't hard. It's something

Transvestia

you have to work at and work at all the time. But that's what marriage is anyway and there's too many really important things to worry about to spend much time on the TVism. It doesn't bother me in the least, and in a lot of ways, I kind of like it.

The main trouble I find with all TV's including mine is that they all want to sit around feeling sorry for themselves. Well, go right ahead if it makes you happy, but there's no good reason for it, and don't expect a lot of sympathy from us.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that a TV marriage is a marriage first and a lot of other things before the TVism come in--or it had better be.

Sincerely,

Nicci (Jeri's Wife)

UNWANTED HAIR
PERMANENTLY REMOVED

By special Electrolysis-themolysis method

BEARD * BODY * EYEBROWS

Special rates on beard removal
Complete Privacy, no embarrassment
Mention TRANSVESTIA

Call for Free Consultation Appointment
670-8608

RONNIE SAMUELSON R.E.

6238 W. Manchester Blvd.

Los Angeles, Calif. 90045

In Westchester Prof. Bldg.

(Next to Cannon's Pharmacy)



IF YOUR BOYSELF WEARS GLASSES
YOUR GIRLSELF NEEDS THEM TOO.
GIVE HER THE CONSIDERATION A LADY DESERVES
GET HER A PAIR OF BEAUTIFUL FEMININE GLASSES.

We offer complete optical service
at reasonable prices. Over 300 styles,

CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT

ASK FOR ELLIOTT AND SAY THAT YOU ARE A
FRIEND OF VIRGINIA.

We have private fitting rooms and are understanding
of the needs of TVs. No embarassment or complications.

D.N. Morley- Regal Opticians
2026 West 6th St.
Hubbard 33950

Courtesy Parking 4 doors east at Union Station

HAPPINESS IS TO BE
ALONE AT HOME
WITH ALL YOUR
MOTHER'S DRESSES



Gerda FPE-NE

Virgin Views

by Virginia

Well, the last week of April found Virginia galivanting around the country again. As many of you know Gisele who was our lovely Cover Girl on #32 has returned state-side from her overseas duties and as she is to be the new Field Coordinator for Phi Pi Epsilon and as Fran our Executive Secty. was to have a welcome home party for her, it seemed that it would be nice if the three of us got together to plan out some of the future activities of FPE and get ourselves reacquainted. So Fran suggested that Virginia come back to the occasion.

To begin with I arranged to fly to Minneapolis to have a visit with Dr. Hastings, head of the Psychiatry Dept. at the Univ. of Minnesota where they are running a transexual clinic as they are at John Hopkins. We had a very pleasant hour and a half or so together after he had invited me to come early for the staff conference luncheon. The subject was mammoth obesity which was interesting but had little to do with TV, but by an amusing twist of fate the program chairman told a joke at the end which had some significance for us and which I pass on to you here.

It seems that two men were getting dressed in the locker room after a golf game and one observed the other trying to wriggle into a woman's girdle. He watched this for a few moments in puzzlement and then said to his friend-- "What's up John, are you having back trouble lately?" "Oh, no," said the friend as he continued to struggle with the garment, "my back is fine". The first fellow paused a moment having gotten nowhere with that approach and then said, "Well, you must be getting a little flabby

around the middle, uh"? But the man with the girdle patted his belly and said, "Heck no, I'm as trim as I ever was". So the first man finally decided to be direct about the matter and said "Well all right then, why are you trying to put on that girdle?" His friend smiled kind of wanly and replied, "Can you think of anything better to do with a girdle that is not your wife's but which she finds in the glove compartment of your car?"

I laughed considerably over this and told Dr. Hastings that I thought that it was just a case of a tricky excuse by a TV trying to break out of the locked room stage. But we had a nice conversation together and he asked me a lot about TVism and its distinctions from TS as I saw it, about my own history and about the efforts of Chevalier, the Foundation, FPE etc. He is a very kindly and understanding man and I feel that a good relationship was started there which could be drawn upon by any TVs in the area who felt a need for an understanding doctor. They are not at present doing anything with TVism as such but are spending most of their efforts in the gender identity field on transexuals.

Giving credit where credit is due, Dr. Hastings was not entirely unfamiliar with our field because Sally 23-W-1FPE, one of our more active workers, who lives in that area had already had correspondence with him and offered him the cooperation of our group in that area when it would be useful. I appreciate Sally's taking the initiative in this matter and give her full credit for it, I just went through town and wanted to solidify the thing further. I wish there were more of you who could see your way clear to doing something constructive with medical, legal, religious, counseling or other persons or groups. We have gotten the ball rolling slowly but it needs to be pushed by a lot of us and not just by a dedicated few.

I had one interesting bit of personal satisfac-

Transmedia

tion in Minneapolis. My first wife, the one who divorced me because I was a TV lives there. She has talked to me a lot by long distance about our son and his problems, so I told her I was coming to Minneapolis but as Virginia if she wanted to come out to the Airport and talk. She wrote back and said it would be easier if I would come to her apartment for a bite of supper which I did. It gave me something of a lift to be able to know as a matter of fact and not of bragging that Virginia is a much much better looking woman than Charles' first wife. Tall, slim, with a nice figure (I made a special point of that) with a sharp dress and a newly dressed wig, I looked very presentable and the contrast was very obvious. To know that I am able to beat her at her own game considering what was done to me was a real satisfaction.

Well, from Minneapolis it was on to Madison for our get-together. Gisele and Cynthia, her wonderful wife were due to arrive from Chicago about 8 PM. When it got to be 10 PM and they still hadn't gotten there we became worried. Then about 11 they burst in and gave us all the news about the Belvidere and Rockford tornadoes of April 21. We hadn't had either radio or TV on and hadn't known anything about it but they had had to drive right thru the area--after the tornadoes had gone by of course. So I missed those and apparently missed again as the day I returned to L.A. there were newspaper stories about tornadoes in Minnesota.

Saturday nite we had one of those wonderful parties that a group of TVs can have where everybody had so much fun just being themselves. There were about 12 TVs, and 7 or 8 GGs. The affair went on till about 4:30 in the morning and the time never dragged believe me. People can surely enjoy themselves when nobody is trying to live up to some sort of a social image and being careful not to do or say something that would "lower" their position. The usual heterosexual parties--I should say hetero-

genderal parties--are not nearly as spontaneous or as genuine because all the men are trying to be their "true masculine" selves and the wives are equally putting on a good feminine show and unless the participants are very old and good friends the strain shows. This is, of course why alcohol is almost a must at such gatherings as it relieves the strains that get set up by the artificial posturings and image projections that go on.

Sunday nite I drove to Chicago with Gisele, her wife and sister-in-law. While Gisele's brother went to work on Monday I called up station WBBM in Chicago that one of the group in Madison had told me about and ended up with an invitation to appear on the Jerry Williams show the following Friday. Monday afternoon I flew to Bloomington Indiana to the Inst. for Sex. Research and spent the next 3 days there, talking with staff and graduate students about our subject. They are all very swell people and I had a fine time. Arrangements were made whereby I will be able to use the Library facilities to do a book on TVism someday when I get my numerous other projects cleared up. So that was time well spent. The Institute has tried to get grants to do a regular study of the field of TVism, but were turned down--get this-- because the field was too small, not enough people were involved. If we can ever work out a poll of incidence in the population I am sure it is going to surprise a lot of people. I have the mechanism all worked out to do this but it will require raising several thousand dollars to cover just the printing and postal expenses since the poll would mean nothing unless done on a large initial population. Do we have any well-to-do readers that would like to donate the Foundation some money for such a project?--Not to me or to Chevalier but to the Foundation. I don't mean all from one person but donations earmarked for this particular project.

From Bloomington I flew to Indianapolis for about 3 hours just to do a tape for possible TV

Transvestia

release over the Faith Levitt show on WISH-TV. I don't know yet whether the powers that be will permit its being shown. I was due to go to Youngstown Ohio for a radio show there the following day, but before I left I had gotten a letter from the producer that due to circumstances beyond his personal control they would not be able to have me as a guest. Of course, this only meant that the blue noses higher up the chain of command had thumbs downed the whole thing. It was probably "too controversial" or too "non-conforming" or something for the dear people of Ohio. Isn't it unfortunate that it is always just the ones that need enlightenment most who get the least of it, but of course that is why they need it so badly.

But of course, it is an ill wind that blows no good and it was because of the cancellation in Youngstown that I was able to arrange the WBBM show in Chicago which was much better as it was a bigger station and covered a much larger area. I had to get out of bed at 5 AM to make an 8:15 date at the station what with the time required to get prettied up and to drive into Chicago from the suburbs in the early morning traffic. But the accompanying pictures prove that I made it. Gisele's brother took the day off from work and accompanied me as chauffeur, cameraman, and general assistant on the day's adventures. He took the shots accompanying this report. Jerry Williams handled the subject cold turkey with only a copy of the lecture leaflet and a copy of TVia to key him in before hand. He was very nice, very polite and very interested in it unlike so many of these interviewers who try to boost their own stock by trying to outwit and overawe the guest--people like Joe Pyne. The show was a great success--it seemed to me and the calls that came in were interested. We only got one of those "Virginia, do you believe in God?" type questions. Interestingly, one of the calls was from a woman whose husband was a TV and they had been happily sharing the subject for the past 20 years. It added

much to the program because the listeners thereby had proof that there were others "out there in radioland" who felt as I did and so I wasn't just a unique voice out of nowhere.

Since I got home I have received at least 60 letters from people who heard the program all of whom will be sent the leaflet and the price list and I hopw we will find many more of our sisters in the area because of it. Certainly even those who had no tie ins with TVism either personally or through relatives will now know more about it than previously. This is the way we get the news around. As a result of that show I have a letter from WOC in Davenport Iowa to do a telephone conference call type of interview for them on their Bob Allard "Contact" show. He listened to the WBBM show and then wrote me. I have just arranged this for Wed. June 15th, 8:30 - 10:30 Centraltime, for those of you in the quad-city area. So one thing leads to another. I would be willing to appear on other radio or TV shows around the country to spread the work, but the only trouble is that they don't usually pay anything and the "Friendly Skies of United" are not so friendly as to let you fly them for free. But if there are some good shows in your area call them up and suggest the program, maybe some of them have a budget to bring people to the station. This is one of the ways in which YOU can help too.

After the WBBM appearance we paid a call on PLAYBOY magazine (no I didn't sign up as a bunny, I had forgotten my tail and ears in Calif. and they wouldn't accept me). I think we will have something going with them thru the Playboy Forum a couple of months from now. If and when this appears you will have an opportunity to write them your ideas too.

The final act of this busy day was to go to the offices of the National Insider. One of their editors had called up the station while I was still

Virginia Visits the Windy City



At the Door of the Station



Tourist on Michigan Avenue



Transvestia

there and we made an appointment. I will be doing another article for them too in due course. Frankly squeezing these things in between TVia issues, trips, lectures, Wives Book, clipsheets and the mail is getting to be a bit of a problem. And of course those of you who have written me and hope for a reply are unhappily furthest down the priority list. But I do the best I can and maybe it will all get done-- especially if I could give up such personal disipations as eating, sleeping, visiting my folks and occasionally seeing friends.

So that was my sortie into the middle west, it probably will never be the same again. I was very glad to see so many of our girls. Wish I could make it more often. But I must also thank my 4 hostesses, 2 in Madison, 2 in Chicago for making it all so comfortable and pleasant.

Bye for now,

VIRGINIA



"Have a nice time waddy"

Editorial Emanations

I. TVISM IN MONTREAL: Virginia plans to go to EXPO in Montreal and in preparation asked one of our girls in that city to ascertain the local attitude on TVism. The Exec. Secty. to the Montreal Chief of Police wrote back; "Transvestites may not fear of being inconvenienced provided their conduct is normal. One has the right to dress as he wants but he or she must not use the impersonation for illegal purposes."

This broadminded attitude should be an encouragement to us and particularly to any of the girls planning on "doing" the fair this year. Thanks to our sister Pauline for finding this out for us.

II. THE UCLA PSYCHOLOGY TESTS: Quite a few of you who cooperated in taking and returning the tests I sent out for Dr. Bentler of the UCLA Psychology Dept. have written to ask, "How did I do", or "What were the results of the tests"? There is no attempt made to "grade" anybody on the tests and as names were not asked for (although sometimes provided) there is no identification of any individual in the results. As for the group results, these will not be forthcoming for sometime. In the first place as soon as this issue is mailed out I will be mailing another batch of the same tests to enlarge the total number of responses. My thanks as well as those of Dr. Bentler to those of you who have cooperated so far and a hope that those who will receive this next batch will be equally helpful in filling them out and returning. The results will make up part of the contemplated book that Dr. Bentler and I are going to do but book writing takes a long time when it must be sandwiched in between his teaching duties and my editorial and publishing activities. Never-

theless such tests will help in the establishing some sort of guidelines and basic information about the subject--something that has not been available before.

III. MY QUESTIONNAIRE: While we are on the subject of tests etc. there is the matter of my own research questionnaire which formed the basis of my Hawaiian paper 2 years ago to the psychiatrists. That has not been published yet primarily because I would like to have 500 or more subjects in it to report on. This is a nice round, fat, impressive number of cases. I had 390 in the Hawaiian paper and have gotten in about 60 since, but I need about 50 more. If some of you still have them around please do your bit by filling them out and returning them. If other, newer readers have not received a copy and are willing to contribute please ask me for one. But make it clear that it is the Chevalier questionnaire and not the UCLA test you are asking for. When I get the necessary 500 or more and other tasks are cleared up I will prepare the paper for publication. It ought to knock their eyes out. You will be interested to know that the National Inst. of Mental Health--the source of most research funds--refused a grant to the Inst. of Sex Research (the Kinsey Inst.) to do a job on TVism on the grounds that there weren't enough TVs to make it worth while. This is the attitude we've got to change and this paper will help, so do your part.

IV. PLEASING EVERYBODY: Well, you cant win! Some readers complain that one TVia is too much like another and then we run in the Nature vs Nurture debate and get hit in the head by some because it was too theoretical, too long, and took space that could be better devoted to fictional material where they could live their vicarious lives. In the beginning, TVia, myself as Editor, and all my readers were, so to speak in grammar school as far as the subject and open expressions of it in print were concerned. But today we are a split community with some newcomers

Transmedia

still in the grammar school stage, others in a more advanced high school stage and some at college level and it is rather difficult to keep all groups happy in the same magazine. So you will just have to all realize that there are a lot of different tastes and needs to be served and that I have to spread interests around.

V. PERFECTION???? I still get gripes from some of our more perfectionist and possibly professional writer types about typo and spelling errors in TVia. It is certainly desirable to have things perfect and if I took 6-8 months to get out an issue like certain other publications there would be a lot of time to do it up perfectly. But this is the 45 time in 8 years that the readers have gotten an issue. Not always on time but always issued. And Chevalier Publications still consists of only those same three people me, myself, and I. I think most of our readers would rather have an issue every two months and put up with a few mistakes than have it perfect every 4 months. It takes all the time I've got even without the old business of my brother to keep all the projects going so please understand and forgive the imperfections.

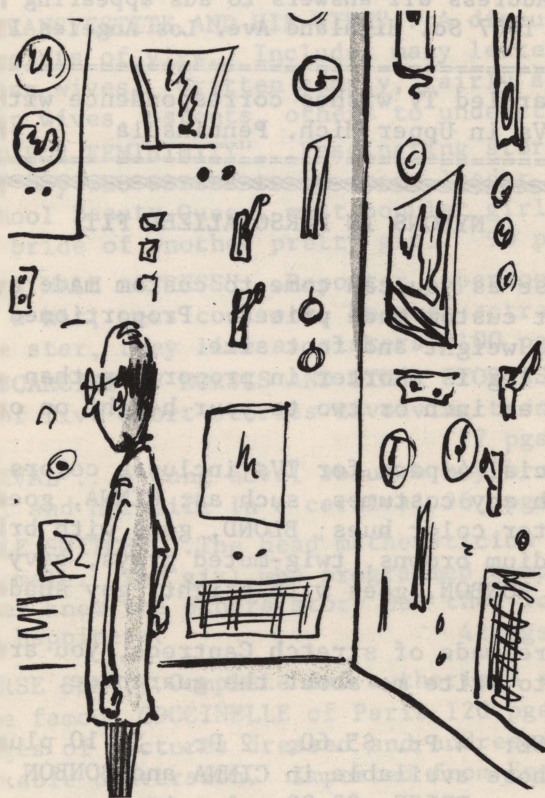
VI. PICS OF CHICAGO TRIP: In Virgin Views I mentioned pics of my trip. However as of the time of writing this they have not been sent to me so they may not make it for this issue. If not I'll put 'em in #46.

VII. TV MOMENTS IN ADVERTISING ITEMS: Some have misunderstood what I was after here. I'd like ads in which by intention or accident something feminine is imputed to men--just for laughs. Not just attractive feminine type ads--there are millions of those. Slips that pass in the night re: TV is what I am after. Send some.

VIII. FEMME GLASSES: Notice an advert. in this issue for an understanding optician. While they do not

advertise for mail order business if you can get your masculine prescription, a picture of the kind of frame you want and a measure of the distance between your pupils (look into the mirror with a ruler) and the width of your head across the temples and send it to them I expect you could make a deal. They are nice guys--I get my femme glasses there and persuaded them that other TVs could use their services. When you visit or write them mention TVia.

VIRGINIA



IT SAYS, IT WANTS TO BE CALLED BY
HER FEMMENAME "IBMA".



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANS-VESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT" 1407 So. Highland Ave. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

=====

22-G-1 Married TV wishes correspondence with other
TVs in Upper Mich. Penninsula ESTHER

=====

NYLONS IN PERSONALIZED FIT

As close as you can come to custom made nylons without custom made prices. Proportioned to height, weight and foot size.

A GG's leg is shorter in proportion than a TV's so add an inch or two to your height on order.

My special 4-pack for TVs includes colors to go with any costumes, such as: CINNA, goes with new water color hues; BLOND, goes with bright and medium browns, twig-muted grays, navy and black; BONBON, goes with bright, gay shades.

Hose are made of stretch Cantreace, you are invited to write me about the guarantee.

PRICE: 4 Pr. \$5.60; 2 Pr. \$3.10 plus tax
Panty hose available in CINNA and BONBON

PRICE \$2.99 plus tax

Inquire about special group discounts.

BONNIE BcCALL Box 201 Glen Ellyn Ill. 60137

Publication Policy

PRICE LIST

"TRANSVESTIA"...A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published six times a year in even numbered months. Per issue \$4

"CLIPSHEET"...News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books. Published four times per year
Single copies \$1.50, 4 for \$5

"TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"...16 page short stories with transvestic themes. Published irregularly but about 4 times per year. Single copies \$1.50, 4 for \$5
SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE"...A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand \$3

"FATED FOR FEMININITY"...Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. 90 pgs. illus \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS"...Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. 100 pgs. illus \$5

"THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES...A collection of five short stories involving transvestism
77 pgs. illus. \$5

"CARNIVAL"...A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival 96 pgs. illus. \$5

"DOUBLE SWITCH"...The head mathematician was a man but not a male. The girl who programmed computers was not. Neither knew the others story but they found out and found happiness.
42 pgs. illus. \$3

"REVERSE SEX"...Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous COCCINELLE of Paris. 120 pgs. of story 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Imported from England \$4

"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR"...This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school \$4

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSVESTIA (except Nos. 1,2,4,6,7,8) are available. Every issue is new until you've read it. Many wonderful stories, articles pictures are in these issues. Reduced rate of 6 issues for \$20

Back issues of CLIPSHEET and of FEMMEMIRROR (Now discontinued but about 30 issues available. It was a 15 page monthly newsletter). Can be mixed, 6 for \$3

MERCHANDISE

SPECIAL BRA...Has inflatable polyvinyl inserts. These are removalbe, can be worn in any other bra \$5

JELLY KIT...Ingredients and instructions for making a special jelly to fill inserts. Gives natural flow, softness, weight and bounce of normal breasts. \$5

"PHANTOM PHANNY"...Foam plastic pads sewn into pink rayon covering. Shaped and tapered to enlarge derriere to more feminine contours. Wear under your girdle \$5

"PRETTI PANTIES"...If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a must. Nylon, lace trimmed, pink ribbon threaded thru lace and bows. AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty and practical Size large, medium; color blk.white \$4

WIGS...We do not stock wigs but have made arrangements to supply high quality wigs at less than going prices.
Oriental human hair mach. made reg. pr.\$150 ours \$85
European human hair mach. made reg. pr.\$225 ours \$150
Oriental human hair hand tied reg. pr.\$235 ours \$165
European (Spanish) human hair hand tied, best quality available reg. pr.\$350 ours \$250
50% deposit with order, balance prior to shipping.

Order all items above directly from

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS, BOX 36091 LOS ANGELES 36, CALIF

Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, case histories, poems, pictures--all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than 2/3 of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.
2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of suitability and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit the correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for a time and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. Members of Phi Pi Epsilon need no further application and may use the service by paying the regular rates.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.

Ask for rates.



© Copyright 1966 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
Box 36091 - Los Angeles 36, California

All rights reserved. No Part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.