

TRANSVESTIA

SC 810
H077
T73



No. 34, 1965



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:

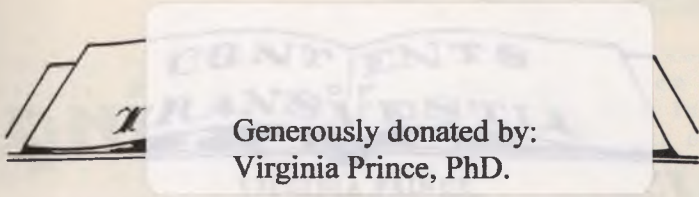
UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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".



Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES
Literary Editor

THEA VYNCENT
Ass't. to Editor

-
- | | |
|----|---------------------------------|
| 2 | Adventuring With Ann |
| 16 | The Flame--Fiction |
| 33 | Medical Comment--Article |
| 37 | Sheila Takes Inventory--Article |
| 41 | The Loss Of Envy--Fiction |
| 47 | Dorothy's Diary--True Story |
| 53 | Helen In Wonderland--True Story |
| 56 | Free Loader |
| 58 | Two Highspots--True Story |
| 62 | Troubles Of A TV Girl--Poem |
| 63 | The Inexcusable--True Story |
| 67 | What To Wear--Article (con't) |
| 71 | Defense Fund |
| 74 | Susanna Says |
| 80 | Virgin Views |
| 86 | Editorial Eminations |
| 90 | Person To Person |


Copyright 1965
by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

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



Adventuring With Ann

Ann Mailo (10-M-2)



As the girl handed me the wig she had just finished styling, my hands shook, my pulse raced, my heart went pitty-pat, and the lump in my throat threatened to choke me. I could hardly wait to get home to try it on! Well, dear readers, you all know the wonderful feeling. This tremendous fascination and satisfaction we get from sharing these precious moments with our GG sisters. I am one hundred percent FP and have been for 21 years, sharing many wonderful and many less wonderful experiences with my brother.

How did it all begin? Many people have asked me this question so I guess I ought to have a stock answer to give them. But I don't. I do know that I have no childhood memories of sex at all. I mean, really none. I've heard and read about children exploring the world of sex at young tender ages, about many types of activities which supposedly go on while children play, about other youngsters who "discover" their parents in action, and so forth. Nothing like this ever happened to me.

I did have a very stern father. He was a perfectionist, even his friends say, and

Transvestia

certainly he didn't hesitate to punish me often and severely. I'm sure I was a little demon, but then I was a boy, wasn't I, and aren't boys supposed to be full of "snips and snails and puppy dog's tails" and lots of mischief? I remember quite clearly getting my bottom walloped terribly when I was eight years old and happened to be late arriving home the day the photographer had come to take the pictures of us children. Of course, I had been off somewhere playing and completely forgot about that old photographer. But I will never forget now! In fairness, I don't believe my father was a sadist or such, simply a stern and impatient man who didn't realize how he was molding his children.

The very first memories were a strange awareness and emotion which pulsed through my young body, aged 11 or 12 or so, while looking at lingerie and underwear ads in a mail order catalog. One thing led to another, I guess, until I was secretly trying on my mother's unmentionables when no one was around. Why did I do it? Again, I don't know. Perhaps association of the visual stimulation from photographs to seeking further stimulation from the actual materials. Somewhere I missed the connection that it was or should have been the female that was the stimulation, not what she was wearing. But sidetracked I was and have been ever since.

During high school and after this my interest in femininity was growing. I slowly built a wardrobe. Girls this is literally the truth. I sewed from an old pair of pajamas my first bra, and made my first high-heeled shoes from an old worn-out pair of shoes I had, using crude wooden heels to get me up off the lowly earth! I laugh about this now but I was dead serious at the time. Of course, they looked awful as you can imagine but love is blind and I was in love with femininity.

Time after time I tried to quit. I had the usual fears about being a homosexual. I read everything I could read anywhere about unusual sex practices. You all know that there isn't much in print in legitimate libraries about transvestism. The closest would probably be Havelock Ellis and that is how many years old? Even the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature doesn't offer much. So I continued to develop and then go through the agonies of



"WELL, I'M OFF FOR
AN EVENING!"

A LITTLE PRE-PARTY WARM UP



MIDNIGHT CLEANUP



AND SO TO BED
AFTER THE PARTY



ALL OF A SUDDEN
THE PHONE RANG



"OH, HELEN, I'D LOVE TO
COME, WHAT TIME?"



"I MUST LOOK PRETTY."

"NOW WHAT WILL I WEAR?"

Transvestia

self-evaluation when I would discard all my treasures and "go straight". Let me tell you that it was not until 1964 that I finally realized that I can never reform and that I will be a femmeperson until I die.

My father was a pastor so we didn't have much money. I worked at odd jobs for spending money since I was 12, and on finishing high school entered college at age 17. I had a partial scholarship, but had to have a good job to earn enough money to go to the private college I attended in the middle west. I got a job, believe it or not, as an attendant in a state mental hospital. I can see the reactions now from any GG's who are reading this: he's wacky because of his exposure to the nuts there. Well, far from it.

At the college, membership in a fraternity was almost mandatory in order to have any sort of social life. I managed to get bids from two top national fraternities and accepted, pledged and was initiated by one the oldest and best-known. Wonder how many of my fraternity brothers are also my sorority sisters now? Would be fun to find out, wouldn't it? My transvestism, though caused me several anxious moments while living at the fraternity house, but I don't believe I was ever actually discovered. I had plenty of close calls, however, when I either had to undress in lightening fashion, or make a wild dash, fully dressed, for the bed and cover up to my ears and pretend to be sacked out! If any brother had ever jestingly ripped the covers off I would have been scandalized and, I'm sure, ejected from both fraternity and college.

Occasionally I attended classes with delightful undergarments under my blue jeans and sport shirts. More rarely I would sneak out late at night for the solitary stroll, fully dressed even to falsies underneath, but with masculine outer clothes. The development of my confidence occurred much more slowly than with many of you, I'm sure.

My brother had a ball during college, though, dating dozens of pleasant young things, always studying them, while enjoying them.

I joined the Marine Corps reserve in a program to be-

come an officer, and spent eight rough weeks at Parris Island at the Marine boot camp one summer. So here is one gal who has been a "leatherneck". I decided that too many Marine officers were getting shot in Korea, though, and abandoned the effort after that one summer. The draft got me on graduation and I joined the Army for two years. I am amazed that I was able to complete the two years duty and receive an honorable discharge without getting court martialed for something.

One of my problems is that I have always resented authority. Was this due to my disciplinarian parents? Probably. The closest call I had in the Army was once when my fellow basic trainees, who resented me for some reason, gave me a traditional "GI shower", a humiliating experience done late at night where you are forced to scrub yourself with heavy scrub brushes while they stand around and jeer and laugh. I guess it is supposed to wash the whatever-it-is-they-don't-like-about-you out, but it only made me mad. I was an FP all during my Army stretch, keeping my "civilian clothes" (so I said) with a friend. Had she ever opened that suitcase she would indeed have discovered some "civilian" clothes! I finally got an honorable discharge, which I really thank God for, and through a quirk in the regulations, was completely free of the usual reserve obligations most draftees were saddled with.

I got a fine job in 1954, my first after college and Army, and in the spring of 1955 married a wonderful girl. That fall I decided to return to college on the GI bill and get a second degree. She got a job and was to help earn the income so we could do it. Naturally I continued my avocation when she was not around. Foolishly I kept my cherished necessities in an unlocked container in what I thought was an out-of-the-way location. She discovered them, demanded to know what was the meaning of it all, and so I dressed and showed her. No wig, no makeup, a real caricature you can be sure. She was appalled, we separated shortly thereafter, and were divorced less than one year after the hitching ceremony. Dear reader, I knew so little about myself then. That was long before the world had Virginia or TVia.

I dated lackadaisically for a time, quit school, got

Transvestia

a sales job, and was pretty morose. Again I tried "kicking" the habit but as we all know it didn't work. I did find one fierce flame, and sexually had some very satisfying experiences with her, but she was 13 years my senior. Maybe I should have gone ahead and signed up with her, but perhaps it was destined not to be. We are still friends and I see her occasionally. I think someday I may tell her all about Ann. I believe she would understand.

My job progressed surprisingly well and I was offered a promotion and a transfer to another Southern city. I accepted with pride and enthusiasm, and was soon up to my neck in my new sales work. I think this and the above-mentioned affair strengthened my masculine side because I was soon hitting it off beautifully with several young things in the new city. One of them at the office became particularly fond of me and in an off moment we decided to get married.

I did attempt in a stumbling way to tell her before we got married that I was a transvestite and something of what it meant. I'm sure she had never heard of such a person and did not really understand what it was all about.

Differences in education, interests, intelligence, backgrounds, the realization of the mistake I had made, and probably other reasons made me flee the marriage after a few months. I quit his excellent job, turned over my entire savings, home, furnishings, virtually every possession I had to her and left. The flight, the confusion, the many emotions all caused me to go through a terrific depression. I look back on it today and realize that it was a form of mental and psychological breakdown. It resulted in virtual complete unemployment for about 18 months. I drew unemployment checks, worked at dozens of odd jobs such as delivering telephone directories, ushering in a movie, washing cars, etc., etc.,. All very mundane and none worthy of a person of 150-plus I. Q., college graduate, and so forth.

While all this was happening I met my present wife, an angel living among men if there ever was one. She often says she doesn't think I love her, but she is the greatest thing that has ever happened to me in my life. I met M. while I was in the final throes of obtaining my



"HOW DOES THAT SONG GO?"

JUST PUTTERING AROUND THE HOUSE



CURLED UP WITH VOGUE

JUST ANN RELAXING

Transvestia

second divorce. She knew I was going through mental hell, and for some reason decided to be the motivator to get me back on my feet. We were engaged for more than a year, during which time I slowly began to regain my self-confidence and began to work toward getting a better job. From a \$9,000 a year position to unemployment checks is a shattering experience, and she proved to be a rock to which I could cling. Some time after I met her I told her about my feminine desires. I was still at the stage where I thought I could be "cured" and she decided that with her help I could be. How wrong we were. I know now, as I said before, that I can never change and I will never again attempt to. Unfortunately, she still thinks if I just "make up my mind" I can and of course this leads to arguments and ever worse. Had I only met Virginia and discovered TVia and FPE before this marriage! As it is, I am determined to try to make this marriage work but it is a real job since my wife thinks I deceived her by telling her I would try to give up my desires. Since I have not been able to, she regards this as reneging on my promise to try. What my wife doesn't know yet is that I was truthful at the time because at the time I thought I could, but now I am just as truthful when I say that I never can because now I have arrived at the correct awareness of the fact that we can never abstain - an awareness that took me a long time to reach. I believe that what is to be will be but that we can have some effect on the course of our lives. Rather like the philosophy expressed on a little card a friend of mine carries in his billfold and produces on request: "I believe in predestination, but drive carefully; you might bit a Presbyterian!" We have to try to mold our lives within the overall frame of life and within which we have some leeway.

Who is Ann today? I am my brother's sister. The development of my femme personality has come about entirely as the result of reading the philosophy of the dual personality expressed by Virginia and others in our magazine. I really regard this as the best, most practical, and safest from a mental health standpoint of any approach to our problem. Last year, after 20 years as a practicing transvestite I acquired my femme name. This seems a simple step, I'm sure, to some of our more experienced sisters, but it made a real difference to me. I find, too,

Transvestia

that by developing a separate personality for Ann, it takes a real load off my brother's mind and life. Lest you think it's easy, it is not. I, as Ann, am virtually an embryo compared to my brother. I have so much to learn. Since my brother works and earns the living for five other people plus me, his life takes most of our time. But by letting me develop, as Ann, when he does need to relax and turn aside from the masculine cares and troubles, he finds a world of adventure waiting for him as I grow. You've watched a child develop? You know how much pleasure teachers get from watching students develop? It is very much this same keen pleasure he gets as I mature and grow. Like the first wig, which I mentioned above. We both got a wonderful charge out of it. He and I physically, because we both share the same body. I as any girl would, with a pretty new hair-do and the chance to be prettier. He as himself seeing me so happy. After all, he provided the wherewithal so I could have the wig; Ann doesn't work or earn a single cent!

And the dual-personality bit is great fun in so many other ways, too. It does a great job of relieving the guilt many of us have. After all, how can he be guilty when she is the one who does all those things? For those of you who have thought it was a weird approach, ask your psychiatrist. I'm sure he would agree that transference is one good way to avoid mental problems. As for one or the other personality dominating. I think this can be controlled if you analyze your approach carefully. After all, most of us are FPs because we like to be so, and would really not choose to change completely. We know as a practical fact that no matter how skillful the surgeon we could never be a complete female. We could not bear children, nor could we nurse a baby no matter how beautiful a pair of breasts we might develop. Since we could not be and do these things, the only rational approach, it seems to me, is to enjoy the best and most of both worlds. In order to do this, why not be practical and let one person (or personality) enjoy each? Frankly, too, my brother enjoys his libido too much to want to give it up!

Now a little bit more about me. I'm 34 years old, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weigh 170 pounds, have fair complexion which tends to freckle when I get too much sun, I'm bow-

Transmedia

legged, have rather knotty muscles in my legs, wear size 12 wide shoes (some brands I can be fairly comfortable with 11 EEE's) wear 20 Tall or 38 dresses, a 38 C or 40 B bra filled out with Chevalier's little do-hickeys, have auburn hair and a wig which almost perfectly matches even though it was ready-made and not custom-matched. I do not own many clothes. I am trying to build a wardrobe of good quality, sensibly styled garments. I know virtually nothing about make-up, as my pictures probably indicate. I like to sew and am pretty good at it. My brother, angel that he is, bought me a dandy automatic zig-zag machine last Christmas that does wonders...when I have time to use it! Sewing, in case you've wondered, is very easy. In fact, it's almost like building model airplanes: do step A, then B, then C, following the easy-to-understand directions that most patterns give. You can't go wrong, either, in using the color combinations and material shown in the pattern catalogs. I even make clothes for my brother's wife. This cuts down on the complaints when I get new things!

I dearly love fine music. We are fortunate to have four classical music FM stations in our town so I listen all the time. Music hath power to soothe the savage beast, (even girly beasts). I also like to cook, and I help my wife often with main courses, salads, baking and even the works. Anyone for lemon meringue pie? (You can diet later!)

My brother has a good sales job, travels all over the South, but has some personality problems. He has a difficult time accepting authority. This has caused him to have eight jobs in the past eleven years, not counting the slew of things he tried to do during the 18-month depressed period he went through. He even caused his wife to lose one of her jobs. He supports a child by his second wife who lives with her, his wife, a wonderful four-year old child by her, a mother-in-law and a dog. He loves his wife dearly, but I sometimes think he loves himself more. In spite of me, he knows he must have a wife to meet his masculine needs. Sometimes he is not able to satisfy her, and he is seriously considering hypnosis as a solution to this problem, because he knows that he must be able to, is obligated to, make her life happy or he cannot preserve his marriage. He feels if he does



INSIDE
AND OUTSIDE
WITH ANN

Transvestia

improve that aspect of his marriage, M. will better accept me. Currently she despises me, calling me a creature, a pervert, crazy, sick, etc. She did finally agree to let me live, but only away from home. So, I accompany my brother on some, not all, of his business trips, securely folded into a suitcase. She vows I can never meet their son, and I don't have any particular urge to meet him.

I have decided to tell my mother, my brother's real brother and the older ex-girl friend about me. I am not attractive enough or skilled enough to pass, and so go out only rarely, such as Mardi Gras, or returning home from a friend's house at night. I do not feel that it is essential to chase around dressed all over the countryside just in order to be an FP. Nor do I feel we must permanently be closet cases. We can enjoy such experience as parties, resorts like Susanna's, visits to friends' home Mardi Gras and many other experiences where we can be with people and yet not in public danger.

I have already gotten a world of good out of TVia, Virginia, and most of all, FPE. I have met many other FP's and have gained insight and experience from each contact. The more FP's I meet, the more I learn about myself. I am beginning to understand more about why I am an FP. I'm sure that I am seeking to a certain extent the affection and attention I never got from my father, and that I am the means to this end for my brother. Women are attractive and desirable to men, therefore I can be attractive and desirable and in a sense satisfy this need of attractiveness and desirability which my brother, as a man, cannot display.

In FPE, too, I get so much pleasure from meeting and helping FP's. Have you ever been the first FP another has ever met? It is a great feeling, to watch them discover that you too are really fairly normal, do not have a lot of far out ideas and in short are no more of a weird than they are.

I am convinced that only through FPE are we going to be able to make one dent in this world of misunderstanding we live in. Right now I am working diligently on a project of public education in my own state. If this pilot project is successful, I hope to expand it. I am

also working to build a chapter of "Southern belles" so we can have a home group to welcome all you other girls when you're down our way.

The future? Personally, my brother and his wife are going to have a soiree this fall in the form of a costume party and I am going to attend. I'll let you know in a later report how this turns out. I am going to devote a lot of time to educating outsiders on what an FP is. I intend to translate some of the more important articles from TVia into Spanish and German. I am going to try to help develop with Sheila and others a better screening test for FP's. I am going to try to better myself in all the feminine ways. I am going to help my brother work hard to make his marriage stick. I am going to try to develop and eventually hope to manufacture and market, better products specifically for FP's, such as shape-makers, wearing apparel, cosmetics, etc. I am going to continue with the facial electrolysis I've been having, since to my way of thinking our beards are our single biggest drawbacks, even worse handicaps than our voices. I am going to work hard to discourage other FP's from making the big switch, since I feel that our having both world's makes our lives so much richer, more fun and interesting. Last but not least, I am going to work hard to get legal acceptance or transvestism or at least legal recognition of transvestism per se and the difference between it and homosexuality.

A mountain of tasks ahead for Ann? Ah, dear reader, this is "Adventuring With Ann"! It is also what makes my life interesting. And don't forget there are two of us to do all this work: me and my brother!

Any of you that want to join in these adventures, however, can start by joining FPE. Collectively we can to places and do things.

T H E E N D

BATES ANN MAILO 10-M-2

--FPE--



The Flame

Kathy (5-P-4) FPE

It was Saturday and I was watching the College Football game of the week on our color television set and was so wrapped up in the action that I did not hear my wife enter the room.

"Ed', she said as she dropped her armful of packages on the sofa and placed her car keys and purse on the coffee table. "What time will the game be over? We don't want to be late for the party and it will take at least an hour to drive to Tom and Harriet's place."

"It should be over in about an hour, Adele," I replied, "but you can get dinner ready and by that time the game should be over."

I had forgotten completely about the Halloween Eve party that we had been invited to by friends from our home state whom we had not seen for many years. We were looking forward to this evening.

I had recently been transferred from our Denver office to Los Angeles to complete a project for our firm and I had been working extra hours to complete it.

Our competition was the largest industrial planning firm in the country and we were just establishing a reputation. We were to present our proposal this coming Monday.

The game was exciting and it seemed like only a few minutes before Adele called me to the table and we were enjoying her good cooking.

As Adele cleared the table she asked, "Ed, aren't you the least bit curious as to what costumes we will be wearing this evening? I know that you were too busy to help me select them but I have been busy too, getting situated in our new home!"

To be honest, I had given it no thought at all. Adele had always been capable and I had assumed that she would select interesting and original costumes for us. I was more than content to leave the selection up to her.

"Of course, I am curious", I replied to her inquiry, "and unless I miss my guess I will be a pirate, cowboy, or if you really wanted me current--a spaceman! Which will it be?"

"None of them", she replied and for the first time I could see a smile beginning at the corners of her mouth. "The rental agencies had absolutely nothing to choose from and I was much too busy these past weeks to work up something original so I decided that we would have you go as a girl and at the same time save the money that a costume rental would cost!"

Noting the look of consternation on my face, she continued on, "We are almost the same size except you are a bit taller and you have a bigger foot. I bought a lovely dress for you which can be altered after tonight and which I can wear afterward. For myself I will go as a glamour gal of the roaring 20's and can use one of my old dresses with proper accessories to make an attractive costume. Aren't you proud of me for saving you all this money?"

"Frankly, no!" I replied, I would have preferred something more conventional, but I understand that you did your best with the time you had. However, if you lend me one of your wigs, it won't be too bad at that and after

all it is Halloween".

We decided that I was going to be as authentic a young lady as possible and Adele insisted that I shave very closely and also not to stop until I had reached my ankles. She suggested that I get dressed first, since she did not know how long it would take her to get me ready.

"O.K., Adele," I answered her suggestion. "Get me the dress and I will put it on so you can get started."

"Ed", she retorted, "if you're going to go as a girl, you will go all the way from the skin out. We decided on being authentic, didn't we?" And with this she handed me a waist cinch, panties, bra, and nylon hose.

I had been married long enough to know how to put on these items and soon they were in place. Adele assisted me in attaching the garters to the hose and looking at the flat bra, she inflated two small balloons and stuffed them into the cups to create a more feminine outline.

The cinch had taken in my 30 inch waistline to a neat 26 inches and looking in the mirror I liked the illusion I created.

I walked over to the bed on which Adele had placed the blue sheath dress with 3/4 sleeves and wide oval neckline and as I reached for the silky material, Adele stopped me.

"I can see that you haven't been paying too much attention to me when I am getting dressed. First, put on this slip and then we put your makeup on. The dress goes on last!"

I sat down at Adele's dressing table conscious of the feel of the nylons as I crossed my legs and the impression, slight as it was, of the lace hem of the slip on my knees.

With great speed and with professional movements she applied base, rouge, powder, mascara, then shaped my mouth with lipstick and outlined my brows. The effect was more realistic than I had expected.

She handed me a pair of black leather pumps which

Transvestia

I struggled into and then helped me get into the sheath. As she zipped up the back I felt like another person was locked in the dress. She then placed her "going out wig" on my head and helped me put on the rhinestone necklace and earrings which were to complete my outfit.

"You can wear my costume jewelry watch and I have a pair of gloves that will just match your outfit!" She said as she stood back to look me over. "Now if you will keep yourself busy I will get myself ready". And with that she gently pushed me from the room.

As I started toward the living room, the doorbell rang and without thinking, I went to answer it walking slowly because of the unaccustomed highheels I was wearing. Two cute youngsters---one goblin, one witch greeted me with "trick or treat", and without saying anything I handed them each a bag of goodies that we had prepared for this Halloween.

"Thank you mam," the children shouted as they rushed off to their next victim and for the first time, I felt a blush coming to my cheeks.

This routine was repeated several times while Adele prepared herself, and after each visitor who failed to see anything but the lady of the house, I enjoyed my role more and more.

When Adele finally came out she looked truly like the Queen of the roaring 20's and was cute as a button, "Hurry Ed, we are late now". And saying this, she handed me a black leather purse into which she had placed my keys, cigarettes, and other items I normally carried in my pockets as well as a compact and lipstick.

As Adele entered the car I noticed how gracefully she swivelled into the driver's seat and I imitated her movements as I entered the car. "I am going to call you by your first name this evening maybe we can keep your identity a secret for a little while", Adele informed me.

My full name was Marion Edward Hale and I had always disliked the Marion part of it. I always signed my name M. Edward Hale and most of my friends called me Ed.

We could hear the sound of music and conversation

Transvestia

as we approached the door and rang the bell of Tom and Harriet's apartment. A gypsy greeted us saying "Follow me please and do not talk. We want to keep our identities secret as long as possible."

We followed her into the bedroom and she took my coat and laid it on the bed and then she and Adele went in to join the party. In order to give them time to disassociate themselves from me, I busied myself in front of the mirror and without thinking adjusted my dress so that it looked better and lifted the sheath to adjust my garter belt.

If I had expected the other guests to throng about me and seek to identify me, I was disappointed. Everywhere they were engaged in animated conversation in groups of two and three.

Tom came over finally and offered me a drink which I accepted since without pockets I did not know what to do with my hands. "You look familiar, but darn if I can place you", he exclaimed. I had no intention of being silent all night and quietly told him who I was and finally saw his disbelief give way to recognition.

"Why you old son of a gun, if you hadn't opened your mouth I would never have guessed who you were", he finally said. I could not understand why this statement should have pleased me.

The slow recognition of my friends added zest to the evening and soon we were reminiscing about old times. I did my share of the talking and forgot completely how I was dressed. Looking back, everything seemed normal and natural to me.

As we were leaving Adele remarked, "Marion, you made a tremendous gal and I was surprised that it took the others so long to recognize you but even more surprised that your every move and gesture was typically feminine. Are you sure you have not been hiding something from me?"

I assured her that she had nothing to worry about and that I had no secrets but also told her how much I had enjoyed the evening.

As we approached our home we could see that the sky was lit up and suspected that some youngsters had started a bon fire to celebrate this evening. But as we turned the corner and finally saw what was happening both of us just stared in consternation and disbelief.

Swarms of firemen were pouring streams of water into what remained of our apartment house. You did not have to be a fireman to know that this was going to be a total loss. Finally we noticed our landlord talking with one of the firemen and we got out of the car and walked quickly over to him.

Everyone was so excited that no comment was made as to how I was dressed and he told us what had happened. Some teenagers had started a fire which had gotten out of control because of the high winds that night and before the firemen could arrive from another fire they had been called to, the entire building was in flames and all they could do was prevent it from spreading to other properties nearby.

Our apartment was totally destroyed with everything we owned but I was thankful that my briefcase with my project worksheets was safe in the trunk of the car. It represented months of work. I was not looking forward to the task of refurnishing and replacing which I knew would have to be done and was grateful that we had always carried enough insurance so that we would be in a good position financially.

We had no choice but to go to a hotel for the balance of the night and while I parked the car, Adele made inquiries about rooms. The only thing available was a suite of three rooms which we had no choice but to accept.

"Do you ladies have any luggage?" Asked the desk clerk ringing for a bell boy. I shook my head still dazed by the recent disaster and Adele told him of the fire. He expressed his sympathy and had the boy show us to our rooms.

I was despondent thinking about our situation..strange room, no clothes except that which we were wearing, stores closed on the weekend, and all the things we would have to do.

Transvestia

It was Adele as usual who saved the day. "Ed, be grateful we were not home when the fire started. We could have been injured or worse. Don't worry everything will be all right when morning comes. Now let's get some rest and we will talk things over in the morning."

We removed our dresses and hung them neatly in the closet since we had to protect our now limited wardrobe. We removed our makeup as best we could and as I glanced in the mirror I could notice that slight traces remained on my face.

"Darn Adele", I stammered, "What in the world will I use for pajamas and what will you sleep in?"

"I can see you're not used to being a girl," she sighed obviously trying to cheer me up. "We can sleep in our slips tonight and tomorrow we will get other clothes."

When we arose the next morning, I suggested that Adele go down and bring up some breakfast since there was no room service in this hotel and I did not want to go out in broad daylight dressed a la femme. She refused quietly but firmly.

"Don't be foolish. You can't stay in the room all day. You get dressed in your underthings and I will go downstairs and buy a razor and some toiletries. After you shave, we will BOTH go down and eat in the dining room and judging by last night, if you let me order for you, no one will know the difference. Just pretend that Halloween lasted a day longer this year."

This was soon accomplished and Adele once more applied makeup to my face while I sat quietly garbed only in bra, panties, slip and hose. The dress was put on and the wig adjusted and we were off to breakfast.

Unlike last night, this was different. I was uncomfortable as the waiter pulled back my chair and assisted me in getting seated. I did not have the comfort of darkness this time and although we sat in a far corner of the dining room I could notice the other patrons glancing at us.

"Adele," I said, "I must look like an odd ball to these

people, the way they look at us from time to time.

"Don't be silly," she replied, "their's is a natural reaction to two good looking girls like us. As far as they are concerned, you are just another chick to be looked upon."

When we returned to our rooms after breakfast, we decided that since we could do no shopping and since I had no choice but to stay dressed as I was, that we would stay in the hotel and browse through the shops and dine there. Unfortunately none of the shops that were open sold clothing and were designed for tourist.

The day passed quickly as we had lunch and dinner in the hotel and in between shopped the small shops in the foyer. What amazed me the most, was that after the first few minutes of being dressed as a woman that I reacted as one and to anyone watching us, we appeared to be two women enjoying a vacation at the hotel.

It looked like a long evening but when we approached the desk to get our room keys, the clerk suggested that we might visit Chinatown and perhaps there we might be able to find some stores that could supply us with needed clothing.

We drove down to Chinatown and in one of the quaint shops, Adele bought us each a matching mandarin robe and gown. They were beautifully embroidered and of pure silk. Although expensive, Adele felt it would be better than having to sleep in our slippers again. Two pairs of mid heel mules with chinese embroidery on the upper portion completed our purchases. We did not stay too long since I was not accustomed to walking so much in high heels.

Once back in our hotel room, we quickly put on our new nightclothes and I could feel my skin tingle as the silk caressed my body. The mules were much more comfortable than walking around in bare feet or high heels.

"Marion," Adele finally said, "come let me show you how to rinse out your undies since you will want to be fresh when you go into the office in the morning." Helping Adele, I was aware that I had never appreciated nylon so much.



*I know its the fashion, but it does
nothing for you, George.*

After we had removed our makeup, Adele began to comb out my wig so it would look half decent the next day and I began to study the material so it would be fresh in my mind when I saw Phil Sims in the morning.

"Marion", she remarked, "it just doesn't look right for you to be sitting there with your boyish bob. What if a bellboy were to come to our room?" She then proceeded to wrap a chiffon scarf around my head in a turban style.

We talked over our plans for the next day and decided that I would get my business with Sims over with as quickly as possible while Adele would go shopping for clothes and if time allowed, an apartment for us to live in. She also would call the insurance company and present our claim.

The next morning Adele took particular pains in applying my makeup since she felt I would be less conspicuous if I looked as feminine as possible when she had finished she remarked "Marion, I wish that you could do this yourself since I have so much to do myself. It is difficult enough preparing one woman but two is almost impossible."

We had a hurried breakfast in the coffee shop and for the first time I was fascinated by the lipstick ring on my coffee cup and of my red enameled nails as I lifted my cup to my mouth.

Without thinking, I duplicated Adele's actions as she removed the excess lipstick from around her mouth with Kleenex and then touched up her lips. Gathering up our purses, we paid our bill and left for our trip into town.

The closer we got to the office, the more uncomfortable I became, what would Phil say? Would he fire me? Or think me queer? Still the contract meant everything to our company and I knew that I had no choice but to keep our appointment.

None of the other employees had yet arrived and Phil was working over his desk as I approached him from behind. "Here it is, Phil," I said holding out the papers of the completed project. "I would like to brief you on it as quickly as possible and then I want to get away for the afternoon."

Transvestia

He turned and looked at me and I could see the shock and disbelief in his face. His eyes took in my pointed high heeled shoes, sheer nylons, dress, jewelry, makeup and purse.

"My God," he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing dressed like that?"

I explained the Halloween party and the fire and then asked him, "would you have preferred that I had taken the day off and bought respectable clothes and possibly lose our chances for the Rutlege contract? You told me you were presenting it to them late this afternoon and it will take several hours to ready you for this meeting.

"Ed, you are right," he conceded. "The important thing is to get the contract. I will admit I am glad that you came, even if you had to come dressed as a Ubangi. Let's get to work."

We worked all morning on the Rutlege project, skipped our lunch but had sandwiches brought in and by 4 p.m. we were finished with our work.

As Phil put the completed outline in his briefcase, he said, "Ed, you did a terrific job with this project and since there is nothing really rush for you to do at the office, why don't you take off for a couple of weeks and get your house in order. You will have plenty to do to just replace the things that the fire destroyed!" His suggestion made sense, and I accepted his offer.

Adele should be arriving soon to pick me up, and forgetting how I was dressed I started down the hall towards the men's room in order to freshen up. As I was closing the door behind me, I could hear one of the girls in the office inquire, "who is the woman with Phil Sims", and made a quick decision to enter the heretofore forbidden territory of the ladies' room. I was much relieved to find that the powder room section was separate from the other and sat down before the mirror, touched up my makeup and returned to my office.

Without thinking, I leaned back in my chair and put my feet up on the desk but the sight of my nylon clad legs quickly brought me back to my present condition and I

assumed a more ladylike position.

Adele arrived about 5 p.m. and as we left the office I could see that I had been finally recognized by association since Adele had often visited at the office before.

"What took you so long?" I inquired, "we have one good break, Adele, since Phil said that I could take off for the next two weeks so that we can get organized."

"Marion", she replied, "you know that you just don't go into a store and pickup and buy the first thing you see. There were so many things I needed that I just did not realize how quickly time had passed."

Although I had heard the usual jokes about women shopping, I had never realized before now how true they really were since I had always been too busy to go shopping with Adele.

While driving back to our hotel, Adele told me of the many purchases she had made and as she outlined the items, I could see by the expression on her face how much pleasure she had derived from her shopping spree. She concluded by saying that after dinner she would have to buy some cosmetics and under things.

"Hold on, Adele," I interrupted, "what did you buy ME? Dresses, skirts, blouses, capris are fine for you, but you don't expect me to stay dressed this way forever, or do you?"

"Marion," she replied, "I didn't have time to shop for you and I was not certain as to your sizes, however, we can rectify that this evening."

We dined in our room on the "Take Out Dinners" we had purchased on the way home and when we had finished Adele announced, "it will be a pleasure to wear some fresh, decent clothes again and I think I will wear one of the shirtmakers since I will probably be trying on clothes all evening. YOU have been wearing the same clothes for three days now and I suggest that you wear the other shirtmaker which at least is fresh and will be more comfortable than the sheath you have been wearing." It never

Transvestia

occurred to me to make any objection.

Fortunately the stores were open late this evening and as we passed thru the cosmetic section, Adele stopped to pick up some lipsticks. While she discussed shades and brands with the salesgirl, I stood quietly by. This was all Greek to me and I was amazed when the salesgirl applied various shades of lipstick to the thumb area of Adele's hand so that she could better judge how they were for her complexion. After Adele had purchased several items including lipstick, powder, rouge, pancake, the salesgirl asked her if "her friend" would care for anything.

I was surprised when Adele answered, "what would be a good shade of lipstick for her and what would you recommend in the way of powder, base, rouge and mascara for her?"

Adele's previous experience was duplicated for me now. Lipsticks were applied to my hand as were various shades of other cosmetics and even I could see that some shades were better suited for me. I was even more surprised when Adele actually bought those items which blended best with my complexion.

Before leaving the cosmetic counter several interesting scents in perfume and cologne were sampled by applying them to the wrists and then smelling them. This differed from the way I had previously purchased these items for Adele as gifts--smelling them from the bottle. Again I was astounded when after selecting a cologne and perfume for herself, she bought the same items for me in a scent that I had indicated I liked.

"Why did you make the purchase for ME?" I asked. "I would have stopped you but was afraid to say anything for reasons that you know."

"I acted impulsively," she answered, "I thought it might be interesting to see how you would know with proper make-up which was selected for your complexion rather than mine and the cologne will make the picture even more realistic. Even with your improvised makeup and clothing, you have looked more feminine than many girls I know. Fact is, Marion, I would like to see how you would look in a properly fitted outfit as well."

Transvestia

"OK, Adele, now if you don't mind, I would like to buy a suit and get back to normal....But, it would be interesting to see myself dressed with the same attention to detail that you display all the time."

We approached the elevator and Adele inquired as to what floor suits were on and was told the fourth and we got in and soon we were there.

As we got out of the elevator, I could see that we were in the women's and misses department and it dawned on me that the elevator, starter had made a normal assumption and assumed we wanted women's suits.....

Adele said, "as long as we are here, let me look at some suits since I will need at least one." Rather than waste time, I agreed.

After Adele had selected three suits with my inexpert assistance, the salesgirl asked if I would like to accompany her to the dressing room and Adele answered for me by saying, "come along Marion, this way. I won't have to bring the suits out to show you and to get your opinion."

Adele put me to work assisting her in making the numerous changes but none of the suits seemed to suit her. She called in the salesgirl and asked her to bring her some others to try. The girl returned shortly carrying three suits on one arm, and one suit on the other. She gave the three to Adele and handed me the other saying, "my dear, I thought that this suit would be just perfect for you with your coloring."

The girl left and Adele began trying on the suits she had brought in. "Marion," She said, "why don't you try on YOUR suit, while you are waiting for me. You did say you would like to see yourself properly dressed, didn't you? Come on now, get started?"

I unbuttoned the shirtmaker dress and stepped out of it and hung it on the rack. I slipped into the skirt and zipped the back zipper and then put on the jacket. The jacket fit just perfectly but the skirt was a bit loose since my hips did not conform to the usual feminine measurements. The coloring of the suit made me look good.

Transvestia

While I was admiring myself in the mirror, the sales-girl returned and Adele handed her the burnt toast suit she had chosen and the girl turned to me and inquired, "how do you like the suit you have on, it really makes you glow?"

Not really wanting to waste any more money, I replied speaking as softly as I could and yet loud enough to be heard, "the jacket is perfect and I love the style, but the skirt is much too loose".

"If this is all that is wrong, we have no problem. I will call the seamstress and have her fit the skirt to you. You can decide whether you take it after you see it pinned up."

Soon she reappeared with the seamstress who pinned the skirt, tapering it to the knees and letting the hem down and making the skirt to the proper length. Adele broke in, "she will take it, but only if you can have it altered before the store closes."

Normally alterations would take several days but after Adele told her of the fire they promised to have it ready for me before the store closed.

While waiting, I accompanied Adele into the lingerie department which was on the same floor and sat idly by in the fitting room while Adele tried on bras, girdles, garter belts, slips and gowns. I watched her with interest as she faced the mirror and posed in various ways, regarding herself critically before making a decision. She asked me to wait while she took the items she wanted to buy out to the counter and possibly to select more things for herself. I was content since wearing high heels for such a long time was not something I was used to.

She returned and handed me a matching set of bra, panties, slip, "time we bought you something, Marion, try these on", she ordered, "they will go nicely with your suit."

They fitted perfectly and I noted that my size was 36B, panties size 5, slip medium. Adele handed me a high waisted girdle which was really a waist cinch on the top and had me try it on. It accentuated the feminine

lines that my new clothes demanded and made the clothes fit much better. While I was getting dressed, Adele made several other purchases including the items I had just tried on and loaded with packages we returned to the suit department and picked up my suit which was now ready. Before leaving the store, we stopped at the shoe department and jewelry counter and we bought items here for BOTH of us. It took several trips to bring all our purchases from the car into the apartment and I enjoyed myself opening the packages and putting the various items in drawers and closets.

Adele placed two full length nightgowns and two fitted housecoats on the bed, suggesting that we remove our makeup, get into them and get some rest.

I selected a pale green bodice fitted gown and a white print housecoat. I had no choice in selection of the mules since only one was in my size.

After I had put on these items of apparel, Adele exclaimed, "Marion, you look just delicious, however, the bustline just is not right and spoils the entire effect. We will correct that right now!"

She then brought out two plastic bags and inserted a pink tube in the small end of one of them and began inflating it and did the same to the other. As they filled, I could see that they were what women sometime refer to as "falsies" and were a very realistic facsimile of the real thing. She opened the fitted housecoat I was wearing and placed the falsies into the bust portion of my gown.

"You can use these in your bra, also, instead of the ballons.. Those were fine for Halloween, but were not intended for long use. Now go take a look at yourself in the mirror", she said.

I was extremely pleased with what I saw and with the addition of a turban around my head it would have been impossible for anyone to recognize me as Ed.

Adele suddenly turned to me with a questioning look and said, "Ed.....I mean Marion, be honest with me. Tell me how you enjoyed this evening shopping with me?"

(Continued in *Transvestia* # 35)



Standing BARBARA LAURA BETTY SYLVIA
 13-S-3 35-S-2 22-G-2 FE-B-3
 JUDY FRAN
 49-E-1 49-C-1

Sitting LYNNE JEAN ANN MARGE MARY ANN
 49-F-1 13-V-1 13-H-1 35-J-2
 CATHY MARIE
 38-N-1 14-K-2



Same Girls in Afternoon Session
 You pick them out from above.

MIDWEST SEMINAR-BETA, THETA AND DELTA
 CHAPTERS-FPE

Medical

Comment

Dr. X

I am a physician in private practice. I am not a transvestite and have never discussed the problem with anyone who was. However in recent years I have been consulted by the wives of two transvestites for advise as to how to cope with the problem and diminish it's threat to their marriage. Since I knew almost nothing of the subject I consulted the medical literature and got some limited information. However I obtained the most practical information by reading TRANSVESTIA, having come across it by chance through a reference to the publication in a medical newspaper. Despite the fact that my knowledge of transvestism is almost entirely "Book Knowledge" nevertheless good medical practice requires a vast understanding and experience with the workings of the human mind, so that I believe that I am qualified to present certain observations and opinions. These are based in great part on the facts presented in the case histories and upon the hopes and dreams of the TV as expressed in the fiction. The following therefore is written as objectively as I know how for whatever interest and value it may be to the reader.

The thing that impresses me most is the magnitude of the emotional force that drives the TV to follow a course that can lead to great personal humiliation and loss for himself and family and for which he also pays a considerable price in guilt feelings. To overcome this the TV is greatly desirous of acceptance by his wife or girlfriend and by society as a whole. Such acceptance is obviously difficult to obtain. Society as a whole is geared to reject any suggestion of femininity in a man. But studying transvestism has made me aware of the ridiculous extremes

Transvestia

to which some people can carry the distinction between what is masculine and what is strictly feminine. However, even the individual wife who really wants to understand has a difficult time because she is thinking in female terms while the TV is a male trying to identify with femininity. As a male he shares a shortcoming common to all men, namely that he really doesn't understand women. (There are a few exceptions).. He is trying to identify with his man's concept of woman and is therefore trying to identify with a woman who really doesn't exist. The things which he craves most in his femininity are not that important to his wife so that as a woman she cannot comprehend how they could be so desirable as to justify the disrupting influence they have on their lives. The average woman likes nice clothes and wants to appear attractive, but to the good wife her role as a wife and as a mother are much more important. Yet nowhere in all the fiction which portrays the TV being able to assume the feminine role in appearance, in domestic chores or business occupation or even as the passive partner in the sexual role, nowhere is there any expression of a desire to assume a maternal role. The woman likes nice clothes for the appearance they create, but she gets no thrill or particular tactile pleasure, (and I have inquired of feminine, fashionable women), out of putting on or wearing feminine clothes. There is much written in TRANSVESTIA about the thrill of wearing frilly lingerie or nylon stockings. But such ecstasy is unknown to the woman and it is therefore hard for her to accept the idea that such pleasures exist for her husband to such a degree that they must threaten her relationship with the man she wants to love and respect and which even may endanger the emotional stability of her children. She can't understand why the girdle and high heels that she can't wait to take off are such a source of compulsive desire to her husband. In her sex relations where the spiritual pleasure plays a greater part in her pleasure than it does in the man's pleasure it may be difficult for her to feel that she is submitting to her aggressive lover when she has a mental picture of him in feminine clothing, emulating a feminine figure and mannerisms. His activities interfere with her concept of his manliness and his feminine side does not coincide with her sense of orderliness and puts most of it's emphasis on only one aspect of femininity. I suspect that were it possible for a man to be transformed

into a beautiful female, to live a life as a woman leads it that many TV's would be tempted. However, I'm sure that most of them would be very disappointed, and would long to be men again. Society and nature put many restrictions on women that men would find it difficult to adjust to. When you say you honor women by wanting to be like them you must remember that you are selecting those aspects of femininity which appeal to you and discarding the rest. A woman cannot do this and may have difficulty accepting or understanding the concept of the woman that you are trying to portray.

Much has been written speculating as to why a man becomes a transvestite. All I can do is speculate too. It seems logical that environmental factors are the most important. And since the personality is to a major extent formed in the first few years of life it is most likely that the parents, or those adults who act as parents for the child, are the prime influence in this development. I believe that the child evolves the idea that being a girl is a better deal, or at least in his particular situation he would be better off as a girl. How many in their case histories state that their father was the dominant figure in their household and that the mother played the feminine passive role. But appearances can be deceiving and it is difficult for an adult to look back to his pre-school days and evaluate his thoughts or the emotional climate of his house at the time. A seemingly passive mother may still subtly dominate her masculine husband getting her own way, pushing him beyond his capacities, criticizing him in front others, making him spoil her and withholding her physical love. She may at the same time 'seduce' her young son towards femininity by overprotection, being overdemanding of his love and acting as the martyr in any family dispute. She may use illness to get sympathy and get things done for her. The emotional climate of the house may be such then that the father seems to do all the work and the mother gently, femininely pulls the strings and gets the most attention, benefit and credit. It may be this way, or to the young boy, only seem this way. In any event he identifies with his mother and therefore with the feminine. As a child he is influenced by these events. As a completely dependent person he is acutely aware of the emotional climate of the house. He can't analyze it or his reactions to it and as an adult he

Transvestia

can no longer recall the details. So he is influenced but he doesn't know how.

The above are thoughts that occurred to me as I read through the pages of TRANSVESTIA. They are not presented as facts but as ideas that seem logical to me. Their value and their validity is for the individual reader to decide. I do not view the plight of the TV without compassion. I sense the urgency and the magnitude of the emotional force which drives him. But I think this force is so strong as to tend to make him selfish. In seeking acceptance from his wife he may forget that her psyche, her social pressures and her prejudices may compel her to reject his transvestism with a fury equal to his need to pursue it. He may be required to have as much understanding as he hopes to receive.

NOTE: The physician who wrote this article is a regular subscriber to TRANSVESTIA. He is not a TV but he has had occasion to counsel several TVs and their wives, thus he became interested in our point of view and literature. His contribution of this article is appreciated but as he did not wish to become involved professionally he asked that his name not be used.



TV MERCHANDISE

Don't forget the three items Chevalier has available to help you in the personification of your femmeself.

1. The bra and jelly kit for realistic falsies. Bra with removeable, inflatable inserts and makings of special jelly to fill them with plus complete directions.....KIT..... \$10. 00
2. Phantom Phanny to help round out the derriere for more natural contours. One size medium, one color pink, one price..... \$5. 00
3. Pretty Panties... cute little nylon briefs with a slit front like a fly. Lace trimmed and with ribbons, feminine yet comfortable and convenient too. Large or medium, colors - black, white.. \$4. 00

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS, Box 36091, Los Angeles

Sheila Takes Inventory

Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

The story really starts before I was born, because my family had been calling me "Elizabeth" for quite a while. Not that they were terribly disappointed when I arrived a son apparently 100% male. The date was the same day World War One started. If you want to be nosey, look it up! As a clinical sidelight, I didn't start breathing for quite a while; the doctor, having exhausted all conventional methods, gave me a hypo of household ammonia and that did it. (I've been suspicious of doctors ever since). He blamed the Somnoform (twilight sleep) anesthetic he had given my mother.

There were no playful sisters to launch me into TV. My only half-sister is 15 years older than I and about half my weight, so all I learned from her was that teenage girls have all the advantages over pre-school boys! Nor were there any other TV influences in that little South-western town! TV was strictly my own idea. The first memories of dressing up are vague - probably deliberately forgotten out of guilt feelings. Just old clothes in the attic - I could fit into my mother's dresses.

My father died in 1928, the next year I got the mumps, which stopped the development of my left testicle. This probably set what had only been wayward impluses before into real motion; from that day. As a girl I am definitely left-handed. About this time my "brother" named me Ann - a pun, and sort of a mean one, as that is the second half of his name. Truly, I've lived the part of a second class citizen, a permanent minority ever since. I suppose we all have.

Our outside life went on smoothly enough - dates, dances, etc., during high school; very interested in girls,

Transvestia

usually one at a time, but on the whole an overly quiet person, too inclined to withdraw into a private chemical laboratory. My brother's mind was set by then on Chemical engineering and he has never even wanted to change it. I, on the other hand, had no plans at all; except to dress up whenever possible, always in borrowed things and not very often at that. And so on to college

The first year, I made a significant purchase - a lipstick, which we carried at all times. Being now a woman of property, I selected my own name and became Sheila. 18 years later, when I first had occasion to write it down, I realized I didn't know how to spell it! A few more possessions, and I began to develop a personality of sorts - not a very nice one, but definitely different from that of my serious brother. Any bright young engineer would avoid driving a car all over Pasadena, as I did one evening in 1933, wearing full make-up, jewelry, oleanders in the hair, and not much else! (Los Angeles, perhaps but not Pasadena). I really scared him that night. Which was probably what I wanted most to do. While at that time I'd never heard of a secondary personality of opposite gender, it was important to me to impress him with my separate individuality (I'd read Jekyll and Hyde, but the relationship to that pair only dawned on me recently)

College ended in graduation, without honors but without disgrace, in the middle of the depression. No jobs offered, so he went East for graduate work. I disposed of my possessions - a pitifully small package - and went into retirement for quite a while. He met a wonderful girl in New York; they were married and I was left out in the cold. What a prize package she got! The famous Herbert Philbrick's wife had it easy, with only a Communist spy, an FBI agent and a respectable business man in one body. It may be of interest to state that he and I were both virgins at marriage and that there has not been any infidelity in 25 years, so she could have had it worse.

Surprisingly, the next four years went quite well. But when his wife got pregnant, Sheila came back; wiser, tougher and considerably more determined than before. I began to accumulate things at once. There was a little world war on, but my brother was ruled essential, so I missed being drafted. I became an artist at improvising

costumes out of hotel furnishings, with the few cubic inches of make-up and jewelry, my brother could carry around. I thought I was pretty hot stuff! I'm glad I took no pictures then, because by my present standards I was a slob.

After the war things started to go sour. Our peaceful co-existence turned to bickering - and sometimes outright warfare. Finally, in 1952 he scared me right out of the picture - for a year. Then I was back again, more cautious but stronger. We did something then that I've never heard of another pair doing. My brother and I signed a "peace treaty"! Part of it was a meticulous list of our personality differences, which still makes a lot of sense. The result was gradually decreasing suspicion and growing friendship. Though we've had some jurisdictional disputes". I think we got along better than many ordinary brothers and sisters in spite of my feeling useless and frustrated.

And so I thought I was getting to be quite somebody. Then two years or so ago I acquired my first copy of TVia, and began to wake up from that happy dream. It's painful but healthy, to find out how you stack up against others of the same kind; I found myself in pretty sorry shape. I was living like a mouse; my taste in clothes was beneath contempt; and even among our egocentric kind, I was outstandingly selfish and immature. I just about went out of my half-a-mind.

To save myself, I fell back on a trick my brother had learned over the years - I took an inventory. This meant listing the assets as well as the liabilities, and I was re-assured to find that I had a few which contact with people like Virginia and Susanna might help develop. Several odd facts stood out!

- 1- I'd been over protected by my well-meaning brother, and flattered into a false position. I'm no "Tempest Storm" after all, darn it!
- 2- If I were on my own, I couldn't earn enough to buy lipstick, let alone groceries.
- 3- I've been doing his writing for years, he hates

Transvestia

to write. but i love it. This explained why writing was sometimes so difficult and other times so easy.

So, there were the facts; all that remained was to translate them into action. As a first step I took a walk in the downtown district, dressed in my very best. I left my car with the engine running, parked so that I could have been a mile away in 60 seconds! Probably everybody "read" me, but at least I knew I had guts enough for the next step. I'd been out in the car often, but to walk among people who knew me was new and frightening and proved something to me.

The next step was for my brother to lunch with Susanna's brother and that wasn't frightening at all! I could not have picked a finer person to consult, and went home walking on air. With my only child safely married and a thousand miles away, the time was ripe to tell my brother's wife what she had married 25 years before. Sounds easy? It took three weeks of false starts to speak the simple sentence I had composed! Somewhere I read this "You make your whole life into a little roll - and then you shoot the roll". I did - and won. I've learned since that it was not on my own merits, but because of her love for my brother, that she decided to be tolerant.

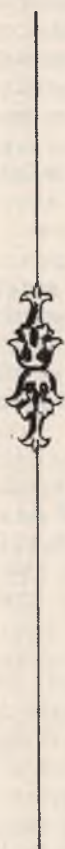
Tolerance, in this case, hardly conveys the picture. In a few weeks she started buying me clothes; in a few months, making them. This was, I'm afraid, partly a tribute to what an eye-sore I was dressed in the garments I'd selected on my own! At any rate, I began to have some standards, and learned much that I'd never guessed about such arts as sitting, walking and smoking (lady-style). While my dear, sister-in-law has indicated that someone develops a selective poison that only kills TV sisters, I'll get one of the first doses, I think she is beginning to have some respect for my willingness to improve.

So there you have me - a reformed witch, if I may be a bit figurative. However; unlike the unfortunate Susan of "Bell, Book and Candle", I did not lose everything; my spells still work (if I use plenty of strontium - 90) and where her cat Pyewacket deserted her, black cats come all the way across the Hudson to see how I get away with it.



The Loss of Envy

Robin (33-B-4)



I suppose I would have made up my mind sooner or later. Actually the decision was reached at a piano bar where I became quite envious over the blonde pianist. She looked so soft and comfortable so at ease. I found myself longing to be that delightful girl. The thought lingered. I rejected it. The thought returned in another form. "Some other girl then", it seemed to say. Really this notion was quite persistent. "Well why don't you try it?" The thought demanded. It was really quite dominating and I found myself more and more submissive. Soon I was in earnest conversation with myself. Shortly a plan was being worked out.

Now to be perfectly honest this wasn't the sudden thing I have led you to believe with my opening remarks. I previously had enjoyed feasting on lingerie ads. I was one to walk slowly past women's shops staring at all the goodies. I enjoyed commenting to myself over the things a particular woman was wearing. Frankly I was no novice at these things. Accordingly as the plan was worked out there was at least some substance to it. Furthermore I was single and had an independent income, thus eliminating some complications.

The next day I sauntered into a woman's

Transvestia

apparel shop with the frame of mind that there was nothing unusual about a man purchasing feminine things no matter how intimate. I had rejected any thought of inventing a little story to fit the situation. I simply announced to the sales lady that I wanted to purchase a slip. She asked for the size to which I confessed uncertainty, since I had no idea as to what sizes slips come in. Then she asked me if the size she wore would be about right. "No, more my size would do it." And I said this with the coolest sort of nonchalance.

"Oh, then that will be size 36". With that she slipped behind a counter and produced several delicious slips which she delicately displayed on the counter one by one. "The lace on this one is so lovely." She spoke happily. "It is very popular." And as she carressed the slip I had the most maddening desire to don this lovely bit of lingerie then and there and concern myself with explanations at some other time. However, I managed a, "yes it is lovely I shall take it." She refolded the filmy garment tenderly, and while so doing asked whether there would be anything else.

With composure I replied, "yes, there is, I would like to see your panties." "It amused me to think of another connotation to this reply. Now I was acting with confidence and really enjoying the experience. This was indeed a delightful dividend that I hadn't included in my plans.

Promptly she withdrew the requested articles from a shelf saying off handedly that a size six would do. Again I was confronted with a delicate array and allowed myself to reach for one with particular appeal. She approved with a beautiful smile, and I set it aside and selected another. "These will do just fine."

By this time we had established a magnificent rapport, so that it seemed quite natural for her to ask if I cared to look at bras. I did and again we went through the previous procedure as she announced this should be about the size I think you will want. She suggested that I might consider falsies after we had decided on the bra I did with deliberation and concurred with the articles she recommended.

Soon we had a garter belt and stockings.

It took longer to select a dress, a simple black dress which she commented was basic to a girl's wardrobe. She insisted that I bring it back should I be dissatisfied, or the fit not perfect. By then there was complete cooperation between the two of us and a silent but knowing understanding. This shopping trip had turned into a memorable experience, and there wasn't anything to fear at all. Furthermore there wasn't a thing about it that was against the law. I enjoyed my philosophical approach to the situation and was determined to maintain this philosophy for the things that lay ahead.

This philosophy did an excellent job in purchasing a pair of black pumps. I simply directed the clerk to find me a pair that would fit me. Admittedly I was more at ease than the poor clerk who was more used to other things. Nevertheless the method worked fine and I turned up with a nice fitting size 8.

Before acquiring a wig, I took the trouble of locating a catalog, calculating the measurements desired, then entering a shop that specialized in wigs. Again I simply announced that I wanted to buy a woman's wig. Whereupon, before there could be any reply, I produced the desired measurements. Nothing seemed out of order and I looked upon my little stratagem with a triumphal grin. It was simply a matter of hair styling from there. This was a matter the wig expert and I discussed at length. Coloring matched my complexion, that is brunette with just a hint of grey. (I had no intentions of being a glamor girl). We decided on the styling after some debate and the next day I picked up my most carefully considered item. Early in my planning I had decided that the wig more than anything else must look not only authentic but part of me.

After all that had gone before, obtaining cosmetics and costume jewelry was only a trifling matter.

The image smiled back at me from the mirror. We were both pleased and we continued to smile, congratulating ourselves on a job well done. Nothing was done in excess. We had achieved our goal of naturalness.

Transvestia

We were terribly pleased.

I minced over to my dresser, picked up my purse, then gracefully, without exaggeration, returned to the mirror for a final smile. Then with a little skip from somewhere deep within, the woman confidently left her refuge.

She walked the seven blocks to the shop where she had made her first purchase. How much fun it was to hear the little heels clicking and notice the skirt sway ever so slightly. The world seemed so rich and so full. She loved all the people she passed even though they paid little or no attention to her. Well that is the way it was planned. Too bad it was late so she could not tarry along the way, but the shop would be closing soon.

When she entered the shop her favorite sales lady was waiting on another woman, so she eased over to a dress rack and began sorting through the size sixteens. My but it was hard to decide. "This red one is cute but it is so bright. Perhaps this yellow one with the full skirt. No. Then this green dress, even though the neck is a little low."

She held the green dress to herself in front of a mirror.

"Isn't it darling?" The voice came from the sales lady who was not disentangled from her customer who was departing. "Why don't you try it on?"

And so the green dress disappeared into the dressing room and soon reappeared on the new woman.

They both agreed it looked lovely and once again that satisfying rapport between the two was in operation.

After the new dress was wrapped the sales lady remarked that the simple black dress they had previously selected was just the thing and presented a most attractive appearance.

"Yes I adore it the woman said. For that matter every thing was perfect. I am very happy that I selected

your store and have every intention of being a regular customer."

The sales lady exuded radiance, and the two talked happily as they selected more lingerie.

"Your hair is lovely" the sales lady commented.

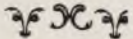
"Oh, thank you, that is nice of you. By the way, you will be closing soon?"

"In about five minutes."

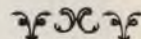
"Perhaps you would like to have dinner with me, I know a cute little restaurant near by."

And so the two dined together and spent a remarkable evening. It was such a good investment for the new woman too, since through the sales lady as time passed, more feminine companions were added to fill out her new world. The sales lady remained her fondest friend. It was a very happy and most rewarding world.

Even at the piano bar where the decision was first made, feelings were different and thoughts more serene. The blonde pianist looked as lovely as ever but there was no envy now. After all they were sharing the same things



-----FOR SALE-----



Need a wig and a bargain at the same time? Here it is. A warm brown color with slight reddish cast. Brand new, all human hair, already dressed. This piece has never been worn, nothing wrong with it, but color not right for the very fair skinned owner. Worth over \$100, as it is a ventilated, hand tied piece, but offered at the price of a wefted, machine made wig so owner may obtain money quickly to purchase a wig of more befitting color. Take it for \$75.00. Send money order with order. If not satisfactory return within 10 days in same condition for a refund. Please place this order through - CONTACT, 4924 WEST PICO BLVD, LOS ANGELES 19, CALIFORNIA.



VENUS
IN
FURS



BOBBI
32-T-3
OUR
COVER GIRL
ON
TVia #22



Dorothy's Diary

Dorothy - Canada

The earliest transvestic episode that I remember occurred when I was about fourteen, and happened to be alone in the house one day. There was a pile of fresh laundry awaiting ironing, and on top of it, a pair of pink bloomers belonging to my mother. I could not resist picking them up and fondling them, and was seized with a temptation to try them on. Taking them to my room I slipped out of my other clothes and pulled them on. The feel of the soft silk against my bare body was delightful, and I soon discovered that it was sexually stimulating as well. This first experience was but a brief interlude, and I quickly returned them to the laundry pile, but it started a desire that has never been completely overcome.

On later occasions when I was alone I tried on other feminine items from my mother's wardrobe. At that age we were about the same height and most things fitted me well enough for the effect to be gained. I well remember the real thrill I had when I was able to experience the tight embrace of a corselette and the clinging silkiness of my own silk stockings, which I had taken the precaution to purchase in case I put runs in any borrowed ones. With high heeled shoes, and some padding in the bra cups, I preened in front of the mirror, and began to feel the secret delight of feminine form. I was becoming bolder now and taking things from her drawer when she was out to try on. Perhaps she guessed my interest, for one day when we were having a small party and playing

Transvestia

masquerades, she suggested I dress in some of her clothes while she wore mine. She soon had me in stockings, shoes, a hat and dress and somewhat embarrassed me by pointing out to the others what a charming girl I would make. I was too shy to say much. To this day I do not know whether she was trying to indicate approval of my acts or whether she was trying to shame me out of them.

Upon leaving high school, I enrolled in a college and moved to the city in which the university was located, arrangements having been made for me to stay at the home of a young married cousin who lived there. I was a rather shy youth, and with the heavy load of study which the course entailed, had little time for recreation or feminine company, although I did attend the occasional dances and social gatherings. Perhaps this helped to divert my natural urges towards fantasies and feminine fripperies. There was no lack of the latter in my cousin's wardrobe, and as she and her husband often went away at weekends, leaving me with the house to myself, there was ample opportunity for me to investigate at my leisure.

I was not slow to take advantage of this and it was now that I became a fully fledged transvestite and dressed as completely as possible as a woman. By studying the labels on my cousin's clothes and trying them on, I was able to determine the sizes which would fit me. My biggest trouble was with bras, as hers were too small to fit my chest. (She was a 34-B), and I finally plucked up courage to buy a 38-B in a small out of the way store, along with some other lingerie. Although I found I could squeeze into her shoes these were also not quite the right size, so I purchased a pair of high heeled pumps in a size and width larger, and tucked these away along with the other articles in a locked case in my room. I had also obtained a snug fitting rubber panty brief which I always wore when I was dressing up.

Many an exciting afternoon was spent dressed in panties, garterbelt, hose and heels, in front of the mirror experimenting with make-up, and I soon became reasonably adept in it's application. I had also obtained a cheap wig, and this with rubber falsies under the bra, completed the picture of femininity that I was trying to

Achieve. I was also able to practice walking with steps daintier than my normal ones in the high heels and was soon at home in them, and loving the lift they seemed to give.

Now that I had a complete wardrobe, I took to venturing forth on short walks, always at night, keeping to the shady side of the street and away from street lights. I found quite a thrill in the tap of my high heels on the sidewalk and the rustle of silks and taffeta against my legs. There was also the element of danger if I should be discovered which added extra spice to the excursion, and on more than one occasion I risked discovery by visiting the corner drug store to make a small purchase of cigarettts or lipstick, and got away without comment, which convinced me that I could pass as a girl if I did not have to talk too much. My transvestism reached a peak at this time, and I dearly wished that I could mingle with real girls and be accepted as one of them for I enjoyed this secret feminine personality that I was letting come to the surface. I had no desire to seek out men when dressed in feminine costume and no latent homosexuality became evident at any time.

After completing college, and becoming established in a position, I finally became engaged and married. I underwent a complete purge before marriage, getting rid of all my feminine things. I did not dare tell my wife of my secret interests, and firmly resolved to forget these tastes so that for years I led a perfectly normal married life. I think in the early days of marriage I was able to sublimate my yearnings by buying feminine fripperies and lingerie for my wife, and enjoyed seeing her wearing them. The urge never entirely left me though and I would occasionally wonder how I would look in some of her things.

Gradually I slipped back into the habit of trying on lingerie and stockings when she was out of the house, and then staeted acquiring my own feminine apparel again, so that now after more than ten years of marriage I am a fully fledged "Femme" again, and I must admit still savouring the delights of cross-dressing.

When one reaches the forties after some years of

married life, the marriage bed often grows cold for other interests of home and family have developed for the wife. It is at this dangerous age that many men engage in extra-marital affairs and other women become attractive. I found myself, instead, endeavouring to create a secret femme-personality that I could mould to my own desires, for this girl would grow out of me. Liking what I liked, and so "Dorothy Roberta" was born.

My reading during her development sent me delving into literature on the problem and solutions of sexual anomalies, for I was beginning to feel that I was a bit of an odd-ball. Not until then did I come to realize that transvestism is a form of behaviour not at all uncommon among men, and that it is a harmless diversion. This was at least reassuring, and I found that there were publications available which dealt with the subject at some length, and in which others described their experiences. Great was my delight when I finally discovered TRANSVESTIA, the wise counsel of Virginia, and the fascinating articles of the many contributors. I now feel that I belong to a group that is different, but not at all abnormal. While I have no interest in change of sex as a permanent condition, I enjoy shedding the mantle of manhood occasionally, and letting the other half of my personality have free expression. This gives a feeling of both stimulation and relaxation, and if there is one other thing that would add to it, it would be the opportunity to meet occasionally with other FPs and to dress and make up with them, and be accepted as one of them. Perhaps through the medium of TRANSVESTIA I can do just this.

Dorothy Roberta





The Honest Cop

Tecla (38-M-2)

Through the teeming Saturday afternoon crowds at a large shopping center, an irate woman elbows her way toward the policeman standing duty near the main entrance. "Officer! Officer! You must stop that man!" she shrieks. He looks in the direction she frantically points but sees only a rather large woman easing herself behind the wheel of her automobile.

In reply to the policeman's puzzled look, the lady, now quite beside herself with indignation cries: "that's him! That's the man! He lives next door to me! I suspected him of being one of those 'oddballs' for a long time and when I heard his car pull out this morning, I decided to follow him and be sure. Now you let him get away!"

"But he didn't seem to be bothering anyone, ma'm," smiled the man in blue. The woman had him by the lapels now. Her face was flushed. She screamed: "Bothering anyone INDEED? He's a menace to the whole neighborhood parading around that way! I've seen him at nights on his patio when he thought no one was looking, sitting around out there in a dress and nylons and high-heeled shoes---and goodness knows what he had on underneath, the way his figure was twisted! I want you to come right now and arrest him!"

"On what grounds", asked the officer gently.

"On the grounds that he was wearing the clothes of the opposite sex and that he has done so in the past and will probably continue to do so in the future unless we DECENT citizens can do something about it," she continued in her high pitched voice.

"Alright, ma'm," he said, "but first, we'll have to stop at the station house and book you."

Since quite a crowd had collected by this time, the woman's face reddened to the point where some feared

Transvestia

serious physical disaster as she gasped: "On what charge?"

The policeman paused for a long moment as he glanced down at her, taking stock of her tight slacks stretched taut over a too-generous buttock, the "stylishly-dirty" loafers, her bulging "T" shirt and short cropped unkept hair. The curious onlookers understood his broad grin as he said: "On the same charge."



"So? What's wrong with your Office BOY being Cover GIRL on a national magazine?"



"Why is it that you're the only girl in the office with whom he likes to have man-to-man talks?"



"All the other guys on campus are going out for football. All except my fraternity. We're swingers!"



Helen

in

Wonderland

Helen Roberts

I arrived in the suburban shopping center just South of Providence just before noon on Monday morning. I eased my wagon into a parking space and stepped out. In the center of the Plaza where I stood I was surrounded by seven or eight of the finest ladies' apparel shops in Rhode Island.

The names emblazoned on the Facades were those long established houses made prosperous by serving the fashion conscious women of the state for many years.

One salon had particularly attracted me and I strode across the square to window shop. The rain was coming down ever so lightly leaving a jeweled mist on my black turtle neck sweater. I caught my own reflection in the store window as I approached the shop. Six foot, blonde crew cut, 180 lbs. Black navy sweater, dark pants and black shoes, Every inch the sailor.

I was captivated by the lingerie confections in the window. Here was no display of tricot and lace. These were a wonderful array of colorful candy striped and prints in a thousand different designs. I have never in my life seen anything like it. How deliciously impractical.

I was rudely awakened from my ecstasy by laughter from across the street. Six construction men were eating lunch on the curb. I had let my guard down and the

Transvestia

world had seen in my eyes the open admiration for these lovely things.

My courage left me and I fled. Their coarse comments ringing in my ears.

My heart was pounding and I was a wreck, so I ducked into a cocktail lounge to try and compose myself.

I had saved for so long for this shopping trip and now it was ruined. My nerve was gone, or was it? I ordered a stiff shot of Dutch courage and tossed it down.

I left the dimly lit lounge and walked down the street again window shopping as I went.

Plucking up such courage as I had left, I pushed open the door of the largest ladies shop in town and stepped inside. I was assailed by many sensations. The soft rugs underfoot. The smell of cosmetics. The shape and form of femininity on every side.

Looking around I saw the lingerie department and I started toward it when it occurred to me, "my God, what shall I say, and how shall I say it?" Before I could recover my whirling thoughts into some semblance of order the voice of a mature saleslady broke in, "may I be of assistance, Sir?" And, as if I were a detached observer, I heard the most feminine voice issue forth from my own body saying, "yes, you may. I'd like to select some lingerie". "Something in white antron with a generous lace trim".

"Is it a slip you are interested in?" I heard her say.

"Yes", I replied, "but I would also want is as part of a complete ensemble".

There, I had said it! Another moment and I would have lost my nerve again. I steeled myself for the word of rejection, the command of dismissal that was sure to come as a result of my boldness. To my blissful relief came the words "right this way, Sir".

We went to the lingerie counter with all it's little

bins and boxes crammed with all manner of things designed to make my heart flutter.

I spent the next 20 minutes in Heaven on Earth matching slips and panties until we finally got a perfect match that I liked.

The saleslady and I had become quite friendly by this time and my fear and nervousness had disappeared. I mentioned that we hadn't selected a matching bra as yet. She had to go to another counter for that. So I waited impatiently for her return.

In the meantime, a woman in her thirties came over to the counter and stood there waiting for service. She looked at me expectantly. I answered her unasked question in a soft voice when I said, "I'm waiting for a saleslady too". She gave me that odd look as much as to say, "you are?"

When the salesclerk returned carrying three bras, the woman spoke up quickly telling her that she wanted a slip and that she was in a hurry. Looking at me again as much as to say, "I'm a woman and this is my territory you don't belong here."

The salesclerk replied, "certainly, Madam", as soon as I finish with this "lady" I'll be with you. Realizing her slip she apologized profusely. I quickly put her at ease.

Then she spread the three bras out for my inspection. Choosing a lace trimmed, nylon model with lace trimmed straps, I held it up to the light and said to the woman, "this one is charming, isn't it?" The woman didn't reply she just glared at me, and I didn't quake or shake or anything. I just laughed at her.

The clerk added up my bill. Glory! \$20.89 for panties, slip, and a bra. But I didn't care, they were just what I wanted.

Obviously enjoying the woman's impatience, the clerk asked sweetly if I would like them gift wrapped? "No", I replied softly, "you have been so very nice that

Transvestia

I won't trouble you". She placed them in a bag after I had paid her and said quietly, "so it's like that is it? I smiled weakly, clutching my prized possessions and said, "yes, do you mind?" Her eyes twinkled and she replied, "no, not at all", and in a whisper, "I don't blame you, I wear them too."

ARE YOU A FREE LOADER?

Maybe you hadn't thought of it that way. Are you one of those who, when first discovering TVia couldn't wait for each issue and was so thankful that such a publication existed and "how I wish TVia had been around 5-10 or 25 years ago"? Probably you are because most all readers have expressed those sentiments. Secondly, were you also one of those who wanted so badly to meet others by correspondence and even more in person? And did you qualify for Contact or join FPE and get your desire for such contacts? You Did? Fine. But finally, are you now one of those who, having achieved her hopes and desires finds the magazine no longer as necessary as before and who has either stopped subscribing completely or perhaps is sharing it's purchase with another? Many of you are in this group and if you are please think

In most cases none of the contacts and friends you have made would have been possible without the existance of Chevalier, TVia, and little old Virginia beating her brains out devising ways of finding people, introducing people and putting FPE together for everyone's mutual pleasure and help. TVia wasn't started for the purpose of making a profit through some has come over the years. It was started as a service idea and it still is. But it has it's own financial legs to stand on and when many of you cease to support it or share that support with others it becomes increasingly hard to do all that has to be done. At the present time Chevalier's subscriptions just barely pay a secretary's salary, the post office, the printer and

miscellaneous costs. They do not begin to pay me for my time and effort. I'm going to be frank and honest enough with my readers to say that I think I have worked hard enough and long enough and done enough for all of you to merit your continued financial support so that I can go out and find the thousands of sisters as yet undiscovered. I can't do it entirely on love. Many of you are quite active in FPE or in your own little groups of whom you have met through the activities of Chevalier Publications. Yet you do not continue to support activities which gave you this freedom. Is this fair? Isn't it a kind of free loading? I don't like to sound like I was cadging drinks but I face some real financial decisions. The gross sales of Chevalier dropped \$7000 between 1961 and 1964. This is largely due to the fact that I can't find new readers as fast as old ones drop away as they do for various reasons, from death to disinterest. Moreover finding new ones means advertising and this in turn costs money, so it's a vicious circle.

I'm not asking for any pity, sympathy or charity just support and appreciation of our activities. I think value is offered for value received don't you? How about it. Those of you reading this are still subscribing, so this is a rather premature statement, but some of you are sharing and most of you know others who have dropped by the wayside. Howabout giving me a hand up by pointing out the situation to those who have kind of let their support slip a bit... ?

Moreover, if you have become acquainted with any TVs from "outside" please acquaint them with TVia and urge them to subscribe. If I cannot build the subscription list back up to warrant printing as many as I do I will have to reduce the press run with resultant increase in costs. I am reluctant to do this but I can't afford the continually rising inventory investment. Your understanding is appreciated. VIRGINIA



a Trans-Action
**TRUE
STORY**

Two Highspots

HALLOWEEN PARTY

Charlene (3-H-2) FPE

I could hear the music as I walked up to the open door. When I reached the door I could see inside part of the room. I checked the room number. It was M.P. 103, "This is the right room", I thought. So this had to be the "Devils-N-Dames" (a square dancing club at ASU) halloween party. Through the door I could only see one group of people square dancing. One thing bothered me, I could not see anyone in costume.

I did not expect square dancing at the halloween party but then I was not too surprised. I remembered the night the club members voted to have the party. It was also decided that it should be a costume party. Looking into the room again I still could not see anyone in costume. I thought "perhaps I am at the wrong party". No, that could not be. I checked the room number and it was correct. After I had recognized a few people inside I knew I was at the right place. Still I did not see anyone in costume. I was positive that everyone was to come in costume..

I thought to myself, "if no one else is in costume how can I explain myself if I go into the party dressed the way I am? No one has noticed me, yet. I could leave and go home now if I wanted. But that would be chicken. Maybe some other people that I could not see from outside were in costume. I would just peak my head into the doorway and take a quick look. If no one was in costume and no one saw me I would just leave. What if some one saw me and no one else was in costume? Well, I would just have to take a chance that others in the room were in costume. I decided to go in.

I got up my courage and entered the room in as lady-like a manner as possible. The first thing I did after I had entered the room was to find out if anyone else was in costume. Looking to my right in a section of the room I could not see from the doorway. I saw many people

in two squares dancing. Most of them were in costume. What a relief. Now I felt a little more natural in my costume.

I took a seat along the wall. No one seemed to be looking at me. It wasn't until the dancers were ending the dance they were doing when I came into the room, that I thought about dancing.

After they exchanged partners, some left while others joined the dance. I noticed there was a man's place that was not taken in the far square. I ventured over to that square. When I was about three feet from the girl that would be my partner she said "can you be a boy in this dance?" I stopped dead in my tracks. That meant that my costume was better than I had anticipated. So I replied in my highest voice "I'll try".

Perhaps I should explain my costume. I had on a pair of girls black flats because high heels would make me too tall. Also I was wearing a very full black cotton skirt and white blouse separated by a very wide black belt. On my head I wore a brown wig. My lips were painted with lipstick.

By the end of that dance the people in the square I was dancing in knew I was not "for real" but they still didn't know who I was.

More fun came in the next dance. That night there was a lot of cutting in on the squares. One time when I was cut out of a square I cut right back in, only I was dancing the girl's part. It got most confusing for some people. Just when they were used to a big girl dancing the boy's part I would switch and dance the girl's part. After switching to the girl's part it was like learning how to square dance all over again.

The most asked question was, "who are you?" I made them guess. Some never did guess my real identity. Everyone had fun that night, but especially me, Charlene.

MARDI GRAS TIME

On February 20, 1962, my friend, Jack and I left for the Mardi Gras. I lived in San Diego then. After three days of steady driving we arrived in New Orleans. It was raining. I hoped that it would stop. To have the parade called off because of rain would be disappointing. We found a place to stay on Tulane Ave., about 12 blocks from downtown. On the 25 of February we did some sight seeing of New Orleans. In the French section there is a place called Pirate's alley and artist will paint your picture for you. The 26th. was the big day. After breakfast I went back to the room and changed into my Lilac checked dress, but it was so cold that day that before I went downtown, I changed into a full cotton skirt and sweater. I had to take a street car to the center of town. It was my first ride on a street car as a girl. The ride down town was uneventful. I soon found out that I could go and do most anything as a girl. I had free run of the town.

One time in the morning when I was on St. Charles St., I over heard two women talking just after they had spotted a boy dressed as a girl, but who was not convincing, "you will see a lot of that here". I was only about four feet from them. I don't know if they saw through me or not, and I didn't ask them.

I walked up and down the streets, ate in the restaurants and just had a good time. Later on in the afternoon when I should not have been as convincing, I felt some one playing with my hair. I turned around and the woman who was playing with it then asked in a round about way if it was a wig. She was not sure if I was a man or woman. Later on I got her to take a picture of me with my movie camera.

One place I went into for a coke the woman could

Transvestia

tell I was not a woman after I said something. She told me that I made a nice looking girl though, and that made me feel good, Anything I wanted to do I could do it as a girl that day. In the afternoon a strong wind came up It was fun to walk into the wind with yards of cotton skirt blowing around my legs.

Was I the only one dressed as a girl? I stopped counting the boys dressed as girls when I reached about 35. How many more were dressed up so that I couldn't tell I don't know. Maybe one of you who is reading this article was there. Every one was having a good time. The whole city seems to get into the act. I saw whole families in costumes and getting into the parade. I was talking to one girl and she told me that it cost each person riding on a float one hundred dollars.

After eating dinner downtown, I took a street car back to the place where I was staying. Jack had disappeared early in the morning.

There was a night parade so I changed into my pink dress. It's a Jonathan Logan dress and has a full skirt and long sleeves. The only thing I didn't like about it was it was too short. I like to have my skirts below the knees.

So off I went to the night parade. This time I went down alone as Jack did not want to see the night parade. There were not as many people out at night down town. Later I found that most of the people were in the French quarter, so I went there, but a girl alone does not belong in the French section by herself, so I didn't stay long.

Mardi Gras is like having some one say you can dress any way you want to and do anything you want to so long as you do not hurt others. The whole town is opened up.

What does it cost to go to the Mardi Gras? Getting to New Orleans will vary for every one, but plan to spend at least \$20. a day for a room. The price is the same all over the city. Food is good and not expensive. Public transportation is good too. I think I had more fun at the Mardi Gras than anywhere else. Next time I go I will stay in one of the down town hotels as it won't cost any more

The Troubles of a TV Girl

My job is full of problems, I shall relate a few
Of the more peculiar things I am supposed to do:
And if I could just take and quit whenever I get sore
My brother sure would have to hire a dozen girls or more.

He used to think that I was dumb, and that was bad enough
But now he knows that I can write, and things are REALLY tough!
He dumps a stack of numbers in my lap and lets me know
They've got to be a neat report in just a day or so.

Whatever bunch of bums he joins, they make him Secretary
And you can guess who does the work - and her name isn't Mary!
So then they pat him on the back and say he's doing fine -
I'd like to slap his silly face, except it's also mine!

He just loves to experiment, but wouldn't hurt a cur
So when he needs a guinea-pig, it's "OK, I'll use HER".
When he took up photography, a model's all he needs
So who spent hours posing in a string of dime-store beads?

By nature I'm a party-girl - a poetess - a witch
And all this extra typing makes me scratch where I don't itch.
Sometimes I really do catch up and think that I am through
And then comes mail from Chevalier: Virginia wants some too!

So when at last I get to bed, to rest our weary body
I have to tell him stories, just like Queen Scheherazade
Since if I don't, we'll NEVER sleep, I try to weave a spell -
At least he can't take off my head if they don't turn out well.

The way his dirty friends can talk makes Fanny Hill seem mild
And then there's broken finger nails, which simply drive me wild.
All this just simply goes to prove what you have surely known
The poor hard-working "girl Within" has troubles of her own!

SHEILA - 30-B-2-FPE

The Inexcusable

Patricia (56-W-1)

Many years ago I was starting to "come out" in public and make my debut. It was in an European country and as they did a lot of cycling there I bought myself a lady's bicycle just to be able to use it in skirts as well as in trousers. Of course I had been preparing myself for using this means of locomotion, and I must say I was quite excited the first time I decided to wear a skirt on the b'cycle and take a little tour. Needless to relate I took the side roads of the town where I was living to get from one point to another. In this case from my abode to that of a friend whom I thought I would visit and who knew of my liking for girl's clothes. I got there alright and found her at home. We had a very pleasant evening, and I prepared to cycle back by pretty nearly the same route as I had taken going.

On the way back I had become quite confident in myself as I suppose my friend had imparted quite a lot of this in me by her kindness through her belief and interest.

As I said "Good-bye" I thought the return journey would be quite uneventful, and so it was to begin with but I took a calculated risk. I was a little past the half way mark home when I came upon a road which had been closed for about a hundred yards. It would have saved me five or six times that distance to cycle through it although it was closed, and this had been done to it that afternoon.

Transvestia

I had been surprised in going to my friend's place that this road which had been used during the afternoon had barriers across it. So seeing no traffic on it and an inviting place to get through on the sidewalk, I entered the boomed-off zone. It was past midnight and all was quiet as I mounted the bicycle again. I kept my eyes skinned of course for any sign of the law and had hardly got on when I saw the all too familiar blue uniform of a member of the local constabulary.

I dismounted quickly and pushed the cycle by the side of me just as if I had been doing that all along. Had he seen me pedaling the cycle at most twenty-five yards which I had ridden before I got off? That was the question uppermost in my mind as he approached. I could hardly turn around and go back, no that was impossible, so I proceeded as though he had not seen me, and tried to look innocent. I don't know to this day if I was successful in this matter, but I do know that he looked at me as he now was drawing quite near. This of course was not surprising as the street was otherwise deserted. Would he ask me anything? I hoped not, I sincerely hoped not because you see I was suffering from a small cough, and this...well this is just a thing you can't pitch like a voice. It was impossible to make a spontaneous reaction to the cold night air anything other than a muffled "GWUFF". Feminize it? How could I? I had tried many times before and such a thing had been impossible. Quite impossible, as feminine however, as my exterior seemed, my innards (as far as my throat was concerned) were definitely masculine. The cough had the last word about that. And I am sure always will with anybody's body...if it is not feminine.

By now the policeman was almost up to me, he smiled as he saw my face. I cast my eyes down a bit and tried to blush but could not. I felt not really silly but somewhat useless. He didn't say a word just gave a sort of half hearted salute as he passed.

I could hardly believe my luck. I started to sigh and as I drew in my breath to do so the cold night air tickled my throat, and...yes you guessed it....I coughed an unmistakable masculine cough.

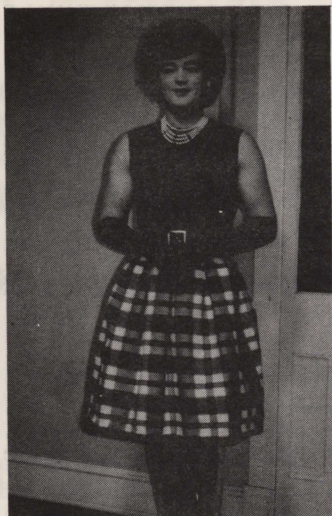
This I knew was the moment then I had to act, another cough was on it's way I could feel that so as I was by now at the end of the "road-up" portion, I jumped on my bicycle and pedaled away not suspiciously fast, but downright determined that the next time I went out I would not have a cough. And neither did I, I just put another petticoat on underneath to celebrate the occasion, and, who knows, to give me an added feeling of confidence?



MEETING OTHERS IN YOUR AREA

The first requisite for meeting others in your area is to join PHI PI EPSILON, FPE for short. The first step in doing this is to have purchased 5 issues of TVia through CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS--news-stand purchases do not count. We want to know that you know us that well from our own records before an application will be sent. This applies to past issues as well as future ones and some money can be saved by using the "6 for the price of 5" (\$20) deal on back issues. After your application has been returned filled out it will be reviewed by me, Virginia as President and by Fran the Executive Secretary. If approved the applicants will be notified and told how to contact the Councillor for her region.

Councillors in each region will help get chapters started when enough members are found living close enough together. For those who are already members and are anxious to contact the Councillor for their region, write to Fran Connors, Box 1391, Madison, Wisconsin, and ask. As our Executive Secretary she can start things going for you.



JEANETTE



SALLY-43-S-5-FPE



MARGE-13-H-1-FPE



BETTY ANN

What Shall I Wear?

Beatrice (33-B-2 FPE)

Underpinnings

ALL authorities agree on one fact - when a dress (or gown or suit, etc.) is fitted on a designer's model before being presented to the press and store buyers, the model always BUT ALWAYS, wears undergarments in keeping with the style of the costume. It is this fitting which determines the shape in which the costume reaches you, the consumer. Bearing this in mind, you can now see why a fashion can perform for you at its best, only when it is worn over the appropriate undergarments.

16 Questions about your Foundation Wardrobe.

- 1- Have I the right bras to accompany all my neckline styles? Scoop, bateau, cowl, square, VEE plunge, strapless, low-back, halter, etc.?
- 2- Do I need a long-line bra? If you wear a size C cup and measure more than 26" at the waistline, when buying a strapless bra, you will look decidedly better in a long-line bra.
- 3- Have I the right style bra for wear with sweaters and fabrics that cling? You want to look for a cup that gives a gently rounded, high bosom. Too low a cut will not give you the smooth line you want. And a pointed cup shape will make you look years behind, in the fashion picture. Be sure to wear a full slip under all clinging fabrics.
- 4- What colors do I need in my bra, girdle and slip wardrobe? Definitely white first, then duplication in black.

Transvestia

- 5- Have I need for a play girdle for wear under shorts (1), or bathing trunks (!!)? Do I need a long-leg panty girdle to wear beneath stretch pants, Jamaicas Bermudas and slacks?
- 6- Do I buy my girdle for length? Do I need a 12" length or a 14" length? (The fuller the thighs, the longer the girdle should be.)
- 7- To control and conceal thigh bulge, do I buy a girdle with six garters? If it has only four, do I buy two more garters at the notions counter and sew them on?
- 8- Which makes my waistline and midriff look slimmer - a high or low rising girdle?
- 9- Do I always try on a new-style girdle before buying it? (Some do! Believe it or not. Read the back-issue)
- 10- Because I wear a larger than size 38 foundation, have I tried the all-in-one lightweight foundation garments?
- 11- Have I tried garments made of featherweight fabric?
- 12- Have I treated myself to a pair of all-in-one panty-stockings?
- 13- Have I tried a waist-cinch?
- 14- Have I a bra with attached dress shields? If not, do so immediately in both black and white.
- 15- Heaven-forbid - but if I were in an accident and have to have my outer garments removed, would I be concerned about the appearance of my undergarments?
- 16- Do I always read labels before laundering garments?

A minimum wardrobe of foundation garments should include: 1 all purpose girdle (to be worn with snug-fitting abbreviated matching panties.) One long-legged panty-girdle for slacks and sweaters and sheaths. One light-weight short panty girdle for sportswear. Two day-

time brassieres. For evening; strapless, backless and ultra low-cut bras as required by my evening gowns.

It is also practical to own one complete wardrobe in black to be worn under dark clothes and another in white. And it is a lovely luxury to add to these other sets to match costumes in pale blue, beige or navy.

Since most of my readers will in all likelihood fall in the category of being - shall we say - under-endowed -- in the hip area, (bust padding being sooo o o easy with Virginia's special weighted inserts, and not really a problem), your basic thought in fitting garments will be to fit the waist and shoulders first. Then pad the hips to suit. There are a number of "fanny-helpers" on the market. Fredricks of Hollywood has some, so do Macy's in New York where they offer Nemo's "Fancy That" for about \$12.00. Other sources can offer much the same at varying prices. Of course, you can always make your own from any one of the foam products available in sheets form from 1/2" to 2". If you do make your own, be sure to feather the edges for smoothness of fit. Pads Properly placed under your girdle, can make an extremely realistic figure. Remember a really classic figure is one with hips about 2" larger than bust, and waist 8 - 10" less than hips. Hence you would be wise to pad some, and then have someone check for good proportion, or get some candid camera shots of yourself, from front, side and rear. If you don't look as full as you'd like, then add some more and repeat the process. When you find you can fit a stock size, stay with it.

To interject a personal note, it was one of my biggest thrills ever to overhear three other women talking on a park bench one day and as they looked me over real good, I heard one of them say: "Gee! What wouldn't I give for her figure!" Meaning poor little old me!!!! 'Twas all I could do to restrain a smile and answer that 'twas all pure foam rubber.

Caution is always a good watch-word. Generally don't have your bra too aggressive. Bosomitis doesn't make the woman, rather does chic, or if you really care - Elegance.

Chic is a little less studied than elegance and a

Transvestia

Little more intellectual. It is an inborn quality of certain individuals - others cultivate it. Chic is only perceptible to those who have already acquired a certain degree of civilization and culture and who have in addition both the leisure time and the desire to be part of the elite.

It is a gift of the Gods and has no relationship to beauty, nor to wealth. Perhaps the best way to describe this quality is to say:

The Kennedy family has Chic, but the Truman's and the Johnson's do not.

The late Queen Mary of England had Chic, but Queen Julianna of the Netherlands does not.

Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo have Chic, but Rita Hayworth and Elizabeth Taylor do not.

Being fashionable is a disease. Don't run the risk of finding yourself an addict. There are those who buy every new style and fill their shelves with every new hat. If a designer comes out and says that this season the Chic lady will wear rain barrels, instead of a dress, she thinks: "It's new". And runs out and put in a stock of fetching rain barrels.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going out and buy a new hat. I understand that Mr. John has just come out with some new creations that are, in the local patois - real gassers.



Please note that Issues No. 4, 6, 7, 8 and 12 of TRANS-VESTIA are not out of print. The supply of other issues is also low. Those who want to fill in early issues had better do so while they can. Please do not ask for any of the above issues as it makes it difficult keeping credit records while waiting to hear from you again as to what you want in their place.

DEFENSE FUND

I am really surprised and disappointed at the slow response to the appeal made in the last TVia and in the MIRROR for contributions to the DEFENSE FUND.

While I thank those of you who did respond, I'm going to run over the matter again for the rest of you. One of our number was arrested in New York about a year ago on an old 19th century law involving "painting the face". He was found guilty. Since the case involved constitutional issues of freedom of expression the American Civil Liberties Union entered the case as a friend of the court. Money was raised at that time for appeal through the proper channels in the New York courts.

The New York Court of Appeals refused to review the case because of its similarity to one previously heard. This therefore exhausted further action in New York and opened the door to a direct appeal to the United States Supreme Court. To do this one has to present a Writ of Certiorari which is a request to the court to hear the case. There are considerable expenses involved in doing this. This activity is in progress. IF the court agrees to hear the case there will, of course, be a further expense for the actual trial.

Every one of you should realize that our chances of getting a case to the Supreme Court were never good and here is one made to order. IF the court reverses the New York law it will in effect reverse ALL laws in ALL states having to do with the freedom to dress as one wishes. Is there any other way you could spend \$5 or \$10 to greater potential advantage for your TV enjoyment? We all have the law to worry about over and above social prejudice. We can't do anything about

Transvestia

the latter very fast but we can about the former and this is it.

We have no way knowing that the court will hear the case and of course no way of predicting that if they hear it the verdict will be favorable. But surely this opportunity is worth supporting by every TV that reads these lines. Some of us are able to do things for the cause of greater understanding, tolerance and freedom in open ways such as publications, lectures, articles and counseling, public entertainment or in dress, etc. Many others, due to circumstances, are very limited in what they can do. . . . yet it is these very ones who, being the most limited, need the change of climate the most.

Obviously, even a favorable opinion by the Court would not suddenly entitle everyone to walk out in a dress and if it did there would still be considerations of family, business responsibilities etc., to consider. However, a review by the court and a favorable verdict would be the beginning of an attack not only on repressive laws but on social ignorance and prejudice, too. It was the school integration decision of 4 or 5 years ago that started the change in the social climate that has brought about so many integrating changes since. These have not been without violence and suffering, but they have come about. By the same token greater freedom for the male to express himself must also start from a focal point. The negroes have achieved progress by their actions AFTER some legal and social sanction had been obtained. The same will go for us, but we have to get the sanction first. Don't get me wrong! I'm not advocating any protest parades or a sitdown in skirts in the mayor's office. All I'm saying is that the attitudes of people begin to change slowly when a thing previously considered illegal is supported by the law. So. . . for everyone's benefit please do your part. Send your contributions to Chevalier marked DEFENSE FUND. Do it and do it now!



BOBBIE WEAVER-5-T-8-FPE



GINA-44-S-1

"SUSANNA

SAYS..."

Hi Everybody:

Here we go again. This time Susanna writes with a feeling of guilt. But since confession is good for the soul I must explain. Sure enough I missed last TRANSVESTIA. This has happened only twice in the entire life of our magazine, both times because of a terrific accumulation of work. This time however, there were other factors which make me feel guilty. The truth of the matter is that I had no time to write for TRANSVESTIA but I did manage to write an article for THE LADDER, the lesbian magazine. It is the second such article that I wrote for the girls. The first one published in the May issue under the title I HATE MEN.

In this article I tried to show our lesbian friends that just as they rebel against the official definition of femininity that society has imposed upon women, so do we rebel against the official definition of masculinity imposed by society on all men. The lesbians accuse men of having invented a standard mold or ideal into which every woman must make herself fit (whether she likes it or not). She must be somewhat helpless, must look up to a man, must be eager and willing to accept motherhood, mustn't be aggressive, etc..... I simply pointed out to the readers of THE LADDER that it is women who have invented today's Masculine Role. Women insist that we fit ourselves into a pattern which they themselves have created for us. Women are the ones who have decreed that men must stay within the rigid frame of that mold while women keep for themselves all the freedoms they want. (Slacks are so comfortable, they say, that's why I love to wear them). As you well know, all hell breaks loose when a man dares

say: "skirts give me such a feeling of freedom, that's why I love to wear them". That's why my article in the lesbian magazine was entitled I HATE MEN (for being so stupid and allowing themselves to be kept within the bondage of that synthetic Masculine pattern). I finished by saying that the TV is the only one who is actually rebelling against the artificial definition of masculinity.

I was extremely pleased later on when I received several congratulatory messages from the readers of THE LADDER. Some of them just hadn't thought about there being unfairness for men in our present society. This led to my meeting several lesbians and sincere friendships have developed. I learned for instance that what most people think of when a lesbian couple is mentioned turns out to be false in a good percentage of the cases. The idea that the masculine lesbian goes around in masculine type attire, short hair and no make-up simply isn't true. There are lesbian couples where not a shred of what is usually called "masculinity" exists. Here are two people extremely devoted to each other and worshipping the feminine. They are mutually attracted to each other's femininity.

In this respect I found that it is extremely easy for a TV to be in a lesbian group. They like the fact that we are also rejecting at that moment all traces of masculinity and eagerly bringing out as much femininity as our personality can muster. "See", one of them said to me - "now you understand how disgusting masculinity is for me. When you dress up you are disgusted with those muscles and heavy features, so am I, I adore smooth limbs, soft features, long hair, sweet perfume, jewelry, etc...." And then I saw an unexpected similarity between the lesbian and the TV outlook. They have turned their backs on the world of trousers, neckties, beards, heavy voices and biceps - so have we. They are intensely drawn towards the feminine - and so are we. At the beginning, when the symptoms first appear, they are afraid and confused, so are we. When they find out what they are, most of them fight it at first, so do we. They are then consumed by feelings of guilt, So are we. They long to meet others like themselves but they are afraid of exposure and blackmail, so are we. Many think that marriage could be a cure for their condition, We also

Transvestia

feel the same way. And many do get married and find out that marriage does not cure their condition even if they should have children. And so, in order to be themselves, they must resort to lies, and cheating, and at being happy when their husbands are to be away for a day or so. How many readers of TRANSVESTIA find the exact mirror replica of this lesbian problem, in their own TV lives? We do have many problems in common and perhaps this explains to a large extent the warm friendship that I have established with the group I am talking about. Let me add that the picture of the "butch" lesbian leering at other women in a bar and eager to pervert any pretty girl she sees is greatly exaggerated. Those are a minority among lesbians, just as the "swishy" homosexual who "cruises" theaters, bars and streets looking for "trade" is a minority in the larger world of the homosexual. As a matter of fact, these obvious types are thoroughly disliked by lesbians and homosexuals alike. They feel that the street walker and the bar lesbian are the ones who have created a feeling of disgust in society in general towards all lesbians. We, as TV's can say the same thing for the "drag queen" who has created instant distrust among the public towards any male who wears skirts.

So much for my new circle of friends. As I said, I do feel guilty for not having written my column for TVia because of time pressure while I did find the time to write for THE LADDER. You will forgive me, won't you? Anyway, it felt good to my ego (which as you know is monumental) to see my name in another "minority" magazine. Now back to the TV world.

The highlight of the last few weeks has been once more, Casa Susanna. Our new country place is really looking nice now. A one acre lake has been built and it should be a marvellous place for fun, with boating and swimming, "a la femme" of course. The only trouble is that there's a draught and the spring that feeds the lake resembles now a TV about to step outdoors for the first time...it barely flows, and the lake is only half full. There is also the barn. It used to be a rickety old place, now it has taken on a new look....redone on the outside and the inside....There a perfect spot to build a little stage and maybe start our theatrical weekends again.

Hope to make the conversion next year. The only thing we have placed in that new barn is (and excuse the expression) a pool table. I know it is not exactly a feminine game, but we've had quite a few week-ends of pool in high heels. It's fun...like anything one can mention as long as we are wearing dresses. New TV's have appeared on the horizon aside from a few of the old guard. Daphne from Toronto is still the most enthusiastic visitor at Casa Susanna and she has already made three trips on three different week-ends. It's a long, long drive and I am still amazed at the lengths we can go in order to satisfy this burning urge of ours. There's another TV in Toronto, by the name of Cynthia, who is slowly warming up to the idea of coming with Daphne for a week-end. She is still deathly afraid of passing through customs and having all her pretty things examined by the customs inspectors. Daphne manages very nicely, but Cynthia is simply afraid. I plan to take three weeks vacation this year and spend them all at the resort. This has given some of our friends the opportunity to plan for a longer stay.. and again Daphne leads the parade with one full week there ending on Labor Day.

Another female impersonator show has opened in New York, at the Crazy Horse Club....I haven't seen it, but the first reports from friends who have are definitely negative. The show is poor in talent and the place is poor in service. There is however, a definite trend towards more impersonator shows in many night-clubs. There are quite a few in Brooklyn, for instance, and I discovered two impersonators working in a night club, some 15 miles away from our resort. I am also told that you find them in several Summer resorts in the Catskill area. Dorothea, from Chicago, tells me there are at least half a dozen clubs in the area presenting femme mimics. Personally I have been idle for about two years and I've decided to do something about it. My dancing is terribly rusty and will have to take ballet lessons for a while to limber up, And by the way, the ballet teacher I will be studying under tells me that every TV should try at least a few basic lessons in ballet....It is amazing what they do to limber up and to teach you gracefulness in your movements. As a test, a ballerina stood in front of a mirror with me standing right behind her, a bit to the right, and she proceeded to elevate her right arm from

Transvestia

knee level to a high point above her head...then I joined in the motion, and you should have seen the difference! It took my complacency several notches down! My arm was bent at the elbow showing an angle that shouldn't be there, my hand was breaking too much at the wrist again presenting a sharp angle, the result was angularity, a typical male quality. So Susanna began to work to erase those angles, and believe me, it is hard...the teacher says it takes a lot of practice until you can make that motion as it should be...and that's only one of many problems connected with graceful fluid motion. It is not enough to put on a skirt, we have to know how to "wear" it gracefully, otherwise we'll always impress others as awkward entities that have no business climbing into clothes we don't know how to wear.

And that's about all for now, my dears...hope you are all busy thinking of Fall and Winter...fashion time is coming!!!!

Love - Susanna

P.S. - Just a couple of days ago the NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM published a column which should stir the hearts of every TV, Inez Robb, in her syndicated column says in Big CAPS that " Fashions hem in males". I won't transcribe the whole article but just a few quotes will suffice: ".in many parts of the USA, a man caparisoned in even a dash of women's finery is subject to arrest as a transvestite, whereas a woman in a Brooks Brothers suit, with findings to match, goes scot-free as an example of present and future chic.The dictionary firmly establishes the fact that transvestism is bisexual. Webster's succinct definition reads: "adoption of the dress, and often behaviour, of the opposite sex". The situation seems monstrously unfair when fashion arbiters are urging sister to wear pants morning, noon and night, and the man-tailored two-pants suit for street wear is already in the wardrobe of many women. If all the women wearing pants on the public streets were arrested as transvestites, detention camps would have to be built to relieve the overcrowded jails. But let a man put on a skirt, other than a kilt, and in jig time he's trying to get up bail money. If this nation believes in equality of the sexes let it extend freedom of dress to men, all holds and penalties barred. In a day when clothing is becoming

interchangeable, it isn't fair that one sex is more equal than the other, boys, man - if you can - the barricades." So writes Inez Robb.....and a loud amen is echoed through out the land from thousands (or is it millions?) of TV throats....

SUE

PHI PI EPSILON NEWS

As announced in last month's MIRROR, FPE is being given a new infusion of leadership. Since I cannot do all of the things that I want to do in the time available and cannot therefore give FPE all the time and attention it deserves, I have asked Fran-49-C-1, the Founder of the Theta chapter to take over the reins as Executive Secretary. She is being ably assisted by Sheila-30-B-2. Since Sheila, through business, travels a great deal she has assumed the title of Field Coordinator. Between these two girls they have re-organized the councillor setup, and divided the country into regions with a councillor and deputy for each. The formation of chapters in various areas will therefore be aided by having someone to coordinate the activity.

With this new arrangement things should make real progress. Security will still be a prime consideration so that none need be concerned that things are becoming more lax from that point of view. Its just that these two girls, not having all the rest of Chevalier's activities to keep track of as I do, will be able to devote more time to making FPE what it was intended to be in the first place. I hope that the present members will extend every cooperation to Fran and Sheila and the area councillor appointed, and that those who feel that they are ready for FPE will qualify themselves to receive the application and start on the road to joining this sisterhood for the benefit of all.

VIRGINIA

12 Virgin Views by Virginia

Whenever it comes time to write an editorial I not only have to sit down and think up a subject but then ask myself whether it will be interesting enough or important enough to my readers to write up. Lots of things may interest me but may be either too far out in left field for many of you or also something that you are just plain not interested in. I would appreciate some comments and suggestions regarding the context of past editorials and suggestions for future ones. I don't write these just to fill up pages in the magazine. I try to select topics that have interested me and which may interest some of you and to try to provide challenging thoughts that you can agree with or disagree with, but which will make you think a little to do either. So how about some feedbacks???

. * . * . * . * . * . * .

Several correspondents at one time or another in the past have brought up the question of what are we really doing when we femme dress. For almost all of us in the beginning and for many still, dressing in feminine attire was an erotic experience because we were "experiencing" a woman. We did it not by physical contact with a female from the outside but, so to speak, by getting inside her "skin". Clothing, that which is seen by others, being a symbolic skin.

But as we grow older by age and older in trans-vestic experience this aspect of the pattern grown less important. Since femmepersonation can and does go on into advanced age--we have several members in their 80s--when erotic expression is no longer strong and perhaps impossible, it follows that there are other motivations beside the erotic.

One, of course, is the symbolic union with a woman. In a normal relationship, between a male and a female the attraction a female exerts on a male is more than sexual. In the lower animals the instinct for copulation and reproduction of the species is the motivating attraction force bringing the two sexes together. In mankind, however, this strictly biological drive has been overlain, complicated and diversified greatly by all manner of psychological and sociological factors. This accounts for the variety of ways in which perverse erotic satisfaction can be obtained such as the various fetishes, sado-masochism, the sexual thrill of starting fires, etc. So there are psychic factors involved in the attraction of the female for the male. These exist simultaneously with the physical and they can exist separately from it. Doubtless they are involved in the attraction for feminine clothing since it is claimed by some that they have simply been offset or displaced from a living person to those things that represent and symbolize her in our culture, such as clothing, adornment, cosmetics, hairdos and mannerisms.

But isn't there something even more than this? In our two valued culture which has practically no neuterism in it, that which is not masculine is feminine, and that which is not feminine is masculine. This is not to say that there are not all manner of things belonging to or expressed equally by both males and females, but belonging to both is not the same as be-

Transvestia

longing to neither which is the essence of the neuter of non-genderal condition. In crossing the border therefore, into "femmeland" we are leaving our native territory and invading another and different territory. Now in a geographical and political sense people leave one country and go to another too. They are said to emmigrate from one and they immigrate to another. The poem about the Statue of Liberty says something to the effect of "send me the wretched masses of your teeming shores----" The implication being more on getting away from the misery existing in Europe than in coming to the supposed wonders of America.

So the question is posed---in entering femmeland are we doing so to enter a wonderful new world or are we attempting to emmigrate (at least temporarily) from the problems and hardships of our native area? There is the old adage that, "the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence". If it was green enough on one side the extra greenness on the other would not be attractive enough to warrant the trouble of going around, under, over or through the fence. So it comes back one way or another, I think, that we are emmigrating from "masculand" more than we are immigrating into "femmeland". Why? Surely this is still a patriarchal culture (for a few more years anyway), and according to women, men have all the advantages in being "first" class citizens instead of "second" class as they feel they are, so why leave it?

At this point I am reminded of the common saying made about New York, or San Francisco, or even Los Angeles--by people from somewhere else---"It's an interesting place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there." Transexuals DO immigrate to Femmeland--permanently. They take up residence there. But FPs visit, enjoy for a time and return whence they came

to visit again on another occasion. When one is traveling on a vacation it is not only to see and enjoy the sights of the place you visit, but you take a vacation in the first place to "get away from it all". Away from the worries, frustrations, problems, expectations, fears, and the general inadequacies of your ordinary life. On vacation people from the east go west and westerners go east; beach dwellers go to the mountains, and uplanders go to the ocean; those from hot climates go where it's cool and from cold ones to where it's warm. In short, everyone goes to a place that is quite different in some degree from the place he normally resides. This is not simply that they hate their lives the other 48 or 50 weeks a year, they don't, they enjoy their homes, their friends and often their jobs. They have their roots sunk in their homes and community and in most cases like it that way, but it's still nice to have a change they say, to get away from the humdrum and see how the other half lives. Its just variety relaxation and contrast.

Doesn't this analogy therefore, cover pretty well the "vacation" that we take when we seek change, relaxation and contrast by leaving "masculand" for a while and taking our ease in "femmeland"? Many a professional man would call this an "escape" but that is a rather harsh word with condemnatory overtones. Escape implies getting free from something permanently or running away in the sense of making a getaway. No, the fact that we return like the vacationer removes the stigma of the "escape" charge. This is really the essence of the dual personality concept. In leaving our own everyday personality for a time we do learn to live as a stranger in a strange land gradually until we are no longer strangers in that land. Not, perhaps, as at home in it as those who are natural born citizens of it, but surely as frequent visitors to

Transvestia

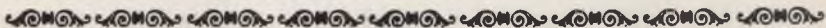
it we know a good deal about it's highways and byways, it's customs and points of interest.

But let us not be taken in by those who don't understand, who say we are "escaping from masculinity" with the implication that we are unable to face the challenge of it. I think our statistics show that we face that challenge pretty darn well----at least as well, I should say, as any other segment of the population. But masculinity today is a very narrow concept, with sharp lines demarking it from femininity and great fear on the part of most men lest they should inadvertently step over the border and thus be accused of something that they are not guilty of. Thus the restrictions on free expression by men today are much more marked than most men realize. They are much more prisoners of their gender than they think. Those of us who, through one circumstance or another, have learned something of what lies outside the walls are better able to understand these limitations of customs and conformity. We are better off in the broader sense (no pun intended) than they are because we have learned to breach the wall, to partake of the forbidden, and to realize that being a human being means more than just conforming to the local, temporary and arbitrary dictates of our contemporary society. Appreciation of colors, textures, materials, ornamentation, design, cut, odors, tastes, attitudes, philosophies, feelings, and personal expressions that have been masculine in the past and will be again, certainly make us non-conformists but it doesn't except to the narrow minded and over conforming person make us perverts or depraved persons.

Of course, saying all this we must remember that it is not just the clothes per se that we are adopting and enjoying. It is the inner humanity of the women that

wear them and which they represent which basically attracts us. We run towards this in order to partake and enjoy it for a time as a fascinating change and contrast from the requirements of masculinity that society foists upon us the rest of the time. We run from masculinity only as a vacationer leaves this country to spend a summer in Europe. There he is unfettered, not required to abide by the same customs, rules, and feelings as at home. Yet having enjoyed this sojourn abroad he returns home. . . . to a place he really loves, but better able to deal with the day to day problems because of the change, the rest, the relaxation. If he can bring back to his home, his job, and himself something of what he has learned about life as it is lived by those he has visited and can integrate it into and use it in his everyday life he will have truly gained from the experience. So, can we gain from our vacations in "femmeland" if we will.

VIRGINIA



"Look, I don't mind having a TV for an older brother; all I'm asking is 'what happens when I get big enough to wear your hand-me-down clothes?'"



"Hello Charlie! Hope you don't mind my barging in like this, but you said it was your TV night and my set just blew out a picture tube."

Editorial Emanations

I: BACK ON THE BEAM: This issue reaches you late but not as late as #33. I sincerely apologize for the delays that struck us with the June issue of both TVia and the Mirror. The reasons are too complicated to go into but believe me I did all I could but it wasn't enough. Part of it was labor problems with the printer, but even so I didn't get the magazine copy to him until the day it should have been ready for mailing.

I certainly can't blame any of you for wondering what had happened when your items didn't come. And I don't mind your writing to ask. I do mind those who write and accuse Thea and myself of being four-flusher of bilking people out of their money and "gloating to ourselves as we make out another bank deposit". Such cracks have been made. In the latter case I just upped and sent back what money he had coming to him. I work too hard on this whole thing to have to put up with that. If I haven't proved my honesty and my dedication to this cause by this time I never will and we might as well call it quits. Circumstances have in the past, and may in the future, put a crimp in my activities but if it is possible to get TVia and our other publications off the press we will certainly do so.

II: MY THANKS: In line with the above but on the other side of the ledger may I take this means of extending

my real deep appreciation to the 10 or a dozen of you who took the time to write me notes of encouragement and appreciation. It helped me a great deal to know that some of my friends felt concerned enough to do this. I do thank you.

III: THAT NEWSPAPER STORY: As many of you know, one of the by products of my divorce and the persecution that I am going through was an article in one of the Los Angeles papers headed, "He Gives Lectures as She". It also printed my picture (male) and real name, business etc. It mentioned that I published TVia, Fated, etc., etc. This much can be taken as good advertising. Although many people I am associated with professionally and in a business way saw the article and while I am sure that some of the smaller minds among them found it necessary to boost their own ego by making snide remarks about me, on the whole everyone has been surprisingly nice about it. The most general comment was; "well that's your own private business". Since this is the second time that I have been "exposed" and since I have "exposed" myself to possibly 5000 men in the Service Clubs where I have lectured, I was not too concerned for myself. Of course there were parents, son and business associates to be concerned about, but all of them took it calmly too. So it wasn't such an ordeal as many of you might think would be the case if it should happen to you. I don't recommend it, but you could stand it, if it happened. Anticipation is already greater than realization, whether for good or evil.

There was one unfortunate aspect to the article however. That was the contention that I had an income of \$2500 a month. If I did I think maybe all this hell I'm going thru would be worth it, but it is not. The court appointed auditor who went over all (and I do mean

all) of my business and financial transactions and came up with a clean bill of health for me, that I did not make that kind of money and that there was no substance to the charges of concealing community property. So there it stands for the time being.

IV: TWO KINDS OF TYPE: You noted in the last issue in this that there are two kinds of type being used. When our regular typewriter was out of our control we had to use another one. We finally got the original one back, but in the meantime decided that the borrowed one made neater, clearer, more legible and less crowded pages, so I have made a switch and will use the type you are now reading in the future. This doesn't mean that everything will be in the new type face for quite a while, however, as there is a considerable back log of already typed material waiting for publication, but gradually this will be used up.

V: WE NEED MATERIAL: The Clipsheet has been delayed like everything else of course, but #20 will appear shortly after this issue of TVia. However, the amount of material submitted for the Clipsheet is falling off, so if you wish it continued please send in those items of interest that you run across. This is a particular request to those in other countries or in the less populous areas of the U.S. as material from your areas will have been seen by fewer people and therefore be more interesting. THE MIRROR too, is your publication depending in large measure on your contributions of letters, hints, experiences, etc. It's interest to you is in direct proportion to your interest in it.

VI: PUBLICITY FOR THE CAUSE: Those of you in need of ammunition for telling others about TVism may find some help in the article I wrote for the

Magazine of MODERN SEX. It is in the June issue-- marked on the cover, Volume I #7. It is on pages 36 to 47 and is titled, "The Love of Feminine Clothing by Men" by C. V. Prince. I thought I'd let you know about it. This is the current issue on the stands now.

VIII: MORE PUBLICITY: Don't be surprised if you find some publicity about me and TVism in your morning paper about the first of September. I am going to give a report on "390 Cases of Transvestism" to the Western Divisional meeting of the American Psychiatric Assoc. in Honolulu. This report is based on the questionnaire which many of you answered about a year ago. It will be no surprise if the story is picked up by the science editors and given some play. If it is, well and good, there could hardly be a better forum from which to give it. It will bring the subject out in the open with scientific authority behind it, and dignity too in view of the occasion.

I do not know whether I will have permission to publish the paper separately since it will go into the Journal of the American Psychiatric Association, but if it can be done I will run off some more mimeograph copies and make them available for a small sum. The paper is 16 pages long with 7 pages of tables so it is too much to run in TVia. I am sending about 100 copies to the meeting to be handed out to the audience. I hope that between this stratagem and having it published that I can really make an impression as to the reality of dual personality and that one can be a proper woman even if one is anatomically a male. Wish me luck-- this is my big ambition and it is for all of you as well as for me. I will give you a report on the event in the October issue of TVia.

VIRGINIA



Person To Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to members of FPE and to those willing to fill out a personal information form which will be sent on request. Address all answers to adds appearing here to: "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

32-S-16 TV aged 42, would like to correspond and meet others, eastn Penn. So. N. J. PATSY

31-N-1 Are there any other TVs with an ileostomy operation want to correspond? All letters will be answered. MARY ANN

30-S-4 FP married to undrstndg wife 26. Like to correspond & meet other TV's in N. J. and metro. N. Y. area. TERRI

**HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY
By ELECTROLYSIS THERMOLYSIS**

FACE - ARMS - LEGS - BODY
EYEBROWS AND HAIRLINES SHAPED

Complete privacy with respect
and understanding of special needs
for transvestites. Have many re-
ferences from satisfied T. V. s.

Robert + Martha PRINCE

LICENSED ELECTROLOGISTS
5225 WILSHIRE BLVE, corner LA BREA AVENUE
LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA
Tel. Webster 9-7616
or 939-7616

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST

- "TRANSESTIA"... A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1 st of even numbered months at \$4 per copy.
- "FEMMEMIRROR"... A 16 page newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Published 15th of each month at \$1 per copy. Yearly subscriptions 12 for \$10.
- "CLIPSHEET"... News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50 per copy Yearly subscription \$5.
- "TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"... 16 page short stories with Transvestic themes. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50. Yearly subscription \$5.

SEPARATE BOOKS

- "THE TRANSESTITE AND HIS WIFE"... A Discussion from Both Points of View"... includes 26 pages of letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives and parents understand.....\$3.
- "FATED FOR FEMININITY"... Fascinating story of a high school boy who wants to be cheer leader and ends up as school Beauty Queen and eventually as the bride of a beautiful girl. 90 pages, illustrated.....\$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 pages, illus. \$5.
- "THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES"... A collection of 5 short stories involving transvestism. 77 pages, illustrated.....\$5.
- "REVERSE SEX"... Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous Parisian personality COCCINELLE. 120 pages of story, 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Book imported from England.....\$3.
- "CIRCLE OF SEX"... In interesting discussion and arrangement of the various male and female sexual and psychological types around the face of an imaginary clock showing the subtle spectrum of sexuality and gender from the dominant male thru the many variations to the ultra-femme female and back again.....\$2.75.

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSVESTIA from #3 to current issue are available at reduced rate of 6 for \$20. Select any issues needed to fill out your library.

Back issues of Mirror and Clipsheet (as available) are offered at 6 for \$3 and may be mixed as desired.

MERCHANDISE

SPECIAL BRA...Has inflatable polyvinyl inserts. Largest size available is 36B in Bra, but inserts are removable and can be placed in any other bra of your choice...\$5

JELLY KIT...Special chemical components for making the jelly used in the inserts.....\$5

Use of this bra and jelly kit makes possible a very realistic bust that has the proper size, weight, softness and movement of the natural bust. Instructions describe how to insert the jelly, to make possible the bounce, and to simulate cleavage. A real must for realism.

ORDER BLANK

It will help in record keeping and avoiding errors if you will tear out and use this blank for your order.

To Chevalier Publications

Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, California

Name _____ Code No. _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

I enclose \$_____. Please send me the following in a plain sealed envelope via 1st Class Mail.

_____ \$ _____

_____ \$ _____

_____ \$ _____

_____ \$ _____

_____ \$ _____

_____ \$ _____

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 $\frac{2}{3}$ 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 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. Member 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 1965 by CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
Box 36091 - Los Angeles 36, California

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