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TRANSVESTIA



NO. 19-1963

The Intent and Purpose of Transvestia

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

TRANSVESTIA is published by, for and about Transvestites for the purpose of providing a center about which people interested in the field may gather. Its pages will provide Entertainment for the initiated; Education for those who see evil where none exists; and Expression of opinion both lay and professional. Discussion, sharing ideas and experiences all lead to greater understanding of any facet of human behaviour.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to provide information both to and about Transvestites and Transvestism in order to broaden the understanding of this form of personality expression, not only among those interested in it, but by friends and relatives who may find themselves indirectly involved.

TRANSVESTIA also serves as a means of gathering information as well as disseminating it. Medical science has no adequate means of contacting and interviewing enough Transvestites who are reasonably well adjusted to their problem and not complicated by other psycho-social behaviour patterns to form any well considered opinions about the subject. This magazine has and will continue to provide research material to further the understanding of Transvestism by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials

KNOWLEDGE	is the beginning of	UNDERSTANDING
UNDERSTANDING	is the beginning of	ACCEPTANCE
ACCEPTANCE	is the beginning of	PEACE OF MIND
PEACE OF MIND	is the beginning of	HAPPINESS

But unhappiness, loneliness and fear have too long been the lot of the Transvestite. It is to be hoped that TRANSVESTIA can help through knowledge to bring understanding 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."

The above is a "saying of Jesus"
from the "Gospel According to Thomas."

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Virginia Prince, PhD.

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TRANSVESTIA

VOL. IV. No. 19

FEBRUARY 1963

Through The Looking Glass

by Gloria (38-A-1)

I guess my story is different simply because it is true to the "pattern" laid down by Psychologists in general, and no other TV that I know follows this pattern at all. I wore dresses till three or four years old, my hair in long curls till six and one half years old. But, so did half the infant boys of that period. I wore "sissy" Buster Brown hats and suits (patterned after a "bad boy" comic strip), but so did many other boys in our small town. And, I find that I have almost no recollection of all this. After all, I did not know whether I was a boy or a girl, nobody told me!

I remember my neighbor and playmate, with his straight "dutch bob" he made a perfect Buster Brown, while my own "naturally curly" hair did not make for perfection. My little friend succumbed to "infantile paralysis" at five, I remember him in his beautiful casket, I could not understand death. I remember my mother combing my curls with resulting pain, her twisting the hair around her finger to fall in a perfect curl, my getting them caught in the belt of the old treadle sewing machine, and most vividly of all the trip to the barber where I was shorn of my long curls midst tears and cries of protest. Each Auntie received a curl, the forelock with its white ribbon intact, joined mother's keepsakes, I have it today, as soft and silky and as perfectly curled as it was that fateful day fifty five years ago.

I never had many close friends while growing up through the first six grades of school, and no girl playmates whatever. Consequently I was shy around girls, speechless and bashful to the nth degree. But I always envied them their pretty frocks, their lighthearted camaraderie, their skipping games, jacks and playing house, all of which were denied me as a boy. I think, from my earliest recollection, I would have much preferred being a girl.

Dad was a "land salesman" in my youth. One of a group who took rail cars of local farmers (all farmers were rich in those days) to far away New Mexico, the Texas Panhandle, Missouri, the Dakotas, Florida and even up to Starbuck, Canada, selling that new land in large tracts. Mother and we boys (I had one baby brother now) followed in those primitive trains, stopping at those early day railroad restaurants and hotels. Naturally I changed schools often, and did not make many

fast friends, that process entailing many fist-fights to prove my worthiness. So I grew up shy and introverted, I had playmates only in my dreams.

At ten, two boy playmates and my brother and I discovered an old trunk full of mother's old things, and we "dressed up". I was the mama, in a long skirted black silk dress. My brother the baby in one of my former red dresses (trimmed with white ric-rac) that I dimly remembered wearing. This experience left a lasting impression. I had my first remembered sexual stimulation.

Nothing else memorable occurred 'til my Junior year in high school (other than an occasional attempt to dress in mother's things which were much too small by now). Then I took the part of a French doctor in a war-time skit put on by our class in school (it was now 1917, and we were at war). Many ladies in the audience remarked "how graceful" I was (a doubtful complement for a 17 year old boy), but one which made me realize for the first time that I was different from the other farm boys in that community, this thought was to disturb me for many, many years, together with my ever present desire to don women's clothing, a desire frustrated by the lack of things my size and the lack of opportunity, which did not make the longing less.

In the summer of 1918 I tried to enlist, first in the Air Corps and then in the Navy but was rejected because of my height (6'1" and 169 lbs.), and enrolled in a small college in the Twin Cities instead, having a six month scholarship. Wouldn't you know, they put us all in the Army, training as officers to replace the vast number of second lieutenants who died as a result of the popular G.I. sport of shooting them in the back in action. Fortunately the Armistice spared me this fate. However, we never had a uniform or a barracks for six weeks, and drew Army pay. Our evenings were our own, and my buddy and I did not miss a vaudeville show during that time. I was very impressed by the numerous female impersonator acts which were on nearly every bill, especially those in which the "girl" was a pretty boy lavishly gowned. Most were the "comic" type though, funny but not too interesting for me. I saw most of the big names of the time, many who later became famous in the movies in later years. Of course I was impressed and thrilled beyond words by these gorgeous "girls" but was powerless to imitate their roles even if I had dared try. Instead I worked hard and long for the next ten years, to the point of exhaustion, trying to suppress this compelling desire which I did not understand and of which I was so ashamed.

So passed the next ten years, I worked as a gray iron moulder to



AGE 2 YEARS



AGE 4 YEARS



AGE 6 YEARS



AGE 53 IN 1952 AND LIVING IN
A TRAILOR

GLORIA AT VARIOUS STAGES

finance a business course and a home study course in architecture, then worked as a carpenter to prepare myself for my chosen profession, that of a building contractor. I had accumulated a fine line of equipment, a lovely home and several thousand in the bank when I met and married a lovely girl some ten years my junior. We were blessed with two lovely daughters, and though my lovely wife proved to be fanatically frigid, our marriage lasted for ten hectic years, during which I had started in the manufacturing business, and had finally become a practicing transvestite.

A couple came to our town and promoted a "mock wedding" held in the high school gym as a hospital benefit. I was not in the cast, but my best friend was and got gloriously drunk the night of the show. His aunt had dolled him to perfection, he was gorgeous and I was almost overcome with excitement upon seeing him in all that finery. The very next week the spring mail order catalog arrived, and miracle of miracles, they showed five dresses and a tailored suit in "Tall Gals" styles, along with slips, hose and size 10 shoes. I lost no time in ordering a black crepe dress with a jewelry neckline, a slip, girdle, hose and black patent ankle strap heels. I ordered a wig from New York from an advertisement in Billboard, makeup I garnered from the dime store and my wife's surplus (she had gone on one of her month long visits to her mother). Finally the things arrived. Typically I waited for everything before even trying them on. At last the fateful day came.

It was Saturday afternoon, the factory was closed, I was alone with my treasures. I set a long mirror against a post and retired to my private office, showered and started to dress. I laid out the lovely things on my desk and started to follow the same routine that I use today, first the bra and falsies, then the girdle (with a large towel for hip accent), the hose and shoes. Then the makeup and jewelry and finally that most important accessory of all, the lovely and most important hair piece. I recall thinking "how familiar all this is, it is as if I had done it all before, that I was emerging into an identity that I was meant for, it was so thrillingly natural. I have had this feeling so many times since, a wonderful feeling of realization, of finally meeting and joining my true self.

I examined myself in the small bathroom mirror and stepped into the large assembly room of the factory, and walked rapidly toward the upright mirror ahead. Never again will I have such a thrilling thrill! All the years of desire, frustration, longing culminated right here. I went clicking across the cement in my high heels thrilling to the unfamiliar restraint of my tightly drawn hose, the confine of my



GLORIA



AND MORE GLORIA

girdle, the lovely swish of my taffeta slip, and the glorious feel of my new found hair as it bounced and swayed against my shoulders as I walked. I neared the "Looking Glass" and beheld a glamorously tall and radiant "girl", with a joyous smile in her coquettish eyes as she pirouetted with flying skirts. I then realized that I had walked right through that "looking glass", right into "never-never land", that my life would never be the same again, that I was "hooked" but good, and that there never would be regret. I had found what I was looking for, my search was finally ended. That night I spent my 38th birthday with my newly found twin whom I then named Gloria. What would have been a very lonely time became a most joyous one.

Events followed in rapid succession. World War Two was on in Europe, we were in the midst of "Lend Lease", my product was classed as a luxury and materials were hard to come by. I found myself unable to continue since a conversion to war work was impossible. I liquidated my business at a fraction of its worth and took a job with a competitor in the East who did have a war contract. My wife figured that I was "finished" and sued for divorce, the fourth time in ten years. (She never knew of my "hobby"). I found myself roaming the country, drifting from job to job, town to town, working at my trade of engineer, in ship-building, aircraft, and after Japan surrendered, in farm machinery. After Germany collapsed and materials were again available I revived my former business. For seven years I had carried Gloria in two locked suitcases, from job to job, place to place, dragging out the sad looking, badly wrinkled things when the urge became unbearable.

Then I met wife #2, a curvacious blonde divorcee, Irish as Paddy's Pig, with a disposition and temper to match. So passed seven more hectic but never dull years, seven separations, five divorce actions started. My business had prospered after a bad start and I was suddenly a wealthy man. My sweetie pried the locks from my suitcases, dragged out the badly wrinkled and mildewed (and now out of style) things and confronted me with them. I told her my story, an experience I don't care to have ever again. A kind of armed truce began, with myself on the defensive. Then, after six years of marriage, she seemed to become suddenly understanding, brought home a black satin nightie, suggesting that I wear it, followed by two pairs of high heeled shoes, and dresses as she could find them, we purchased a wig on one of our visits to Chicago. I was overjoyed at this unexpected co-operation and made the most of this golden opportunity. However, my joy was short lived, my darling had gotten fat and sassy, and lacking grounds for divorce had decided to use my hobby to blackmail me into giving up everything I had. She invited her family and

friends in to see my wardrobe of feminine things, told everybody who would listen about my proclivity, building up, I think, to having me committed to an institution as being insane. I was spared this fate by her attorney having some small conscience. I prudently left the state for a time and a divorce was finally granted. Thus ended another episode in my life.

We are still friends, strange as it may seem. I just can't hate one who was so dear to me. She now sends gifts of furs and bits of jewelry to her "sister Gloria". I just received some lovely "Eisenberg" earrings for Christmas. I returned the compliment with a set of Studio portraits like those shown here (together with the desired advance alimony check).

Now I was through with dames forever, no fooling! I threw myself into my work, expanding the one factory to three with a resulting increase of income, I traveled a lot caring for my business. Then, one night in Chicago, I stopped into a "Showbar" featuring girl singers, just for a creme de menthe after a heavy meal. There I met a lovely girl, one of the entertainers whose singing I much admired, we became acquainted, I met her family in the wee small hours. On succeeding visits I renewed our acquaintance, it blossomed into love, a wild kind of high-school type romance, uncomprehensible to me since she was just half my age. Raised in a small town, winning amateur contests led to a professional career whose glamour had paled. She wanted a home and a husband away from the city, even with a "traveling salesman" which I told her I was.

I played it safe this time, told her about my "twin", Gloria. Showed her pictures, sparing no details. She rather liked the idea, it was interesting and different, she had worked with female impersonators both square and gay and felt she understood. So we were married, and have enjoyed six wonderful years together.

Gloria had the run of the house, her own room with bath and wardrobe, an understanding wife who reads a book and popped her gum while Gloria swishes! Yet, something was lacking.

Then one day I noticed a small notification in a quasi-medical publication that I had taken for years for the articles on transvestism. "A privately printed magazine for Transvestites was being published on the West Coast". I lost no time in getting the details and received issues 1, 2, and 3 of Transvestia, and started a running correspondence with one who was to become a valued and trusted friend, Virginia, the editor. So another chapter of my life began to unfold.



GLORIA MANNING

AS SHE IS TODAY--GOWNS BY JOHN AARON, WIGS BY MARIE

On a business trip to the coast I met Virginia, my first TV (really unbelievable) and her spouse, who have sacrificed so much in time and money and yes, reputation, in their devotion to helping we poor mixed up, frightened and lonely people understand ourselves. My wife and I have since enjoyed their hospitality and friendship while out there, and count them both among our most valued friends.

A short time later, while in New York, I met the incomparable Susanna, having dinner with her and her lovely spouse, Marie. The next evening we went to their lovely apartment, an unforgettable experience, my first time dressed in front of others than my wife. An experience not at all as I had imagined, just a lovely evening with two other "girls" (I met Gail there), chatting girl talk, changing dresses occasionally, enjoying Maries' wonderful cooking and understanding hospitality. I have since met many more of our girls and find them all interesting and wonderful people.

I do not go "out on the town" except to such gatherings, since I am 63 years old, 6' 4" (plus heels) and 225 lbs. and I present quite a lot of "woman" to the eye. I have been married three times and have eight grandsons by this time. My only regret about the whole thing is that I missed my girlhood through fear and misunderstanding. I owe so much as do we all, to our understanding and crusading friend, our editoress, of TRANSVESTIA.....THANK YOU VIRGINIA!

Tall Tales

by Carlene (25-J-1)

It's all over now, but as I gaze upon my handsome trophy gracing my mantelpiece, I can't help reminiscing.

My adventure started like this. I was attending a Tall Clubs Convention in Miami, and was sunning myself on the beach, when I noticed a beautiful damsel staring at me. While I was getting some refreshments at the Root Beer Stand, she came up and introduced herself. Her name was Edwina, and I could tell by the tone of her voice that she was a dominating person and usually got what she wanted.

We made a dinner date for that night, and over our cocktails, she explained her plans concerning me. It seemed that at the previous convention she had had the beauty queen title practically sewed up, but due to some crooked judges and behind the scenes shenanigans, she lost the title to another girl. Since that time she had evolved a plan of revenge, needing only the right person to carry it out. As she outlined her plan my eyes grew wide with wonderment, and I started to leave the table saying that she'd picked the wrong boy. However she said "Sit down lover boy, you might not know it but you're just the man for the job." Something was so compelling about her that I meekly sat back down at the table. Her plan was to dress me up and enter me in the contest, hoping to win it. I did not move as she went on, being by now completely under her spell.

Briefly, the physical qualities that caused her to choose me are that I am well above average height, but am thin and my features have a definite feminine cast. It was these attributes that caused her to choose me for the role. I told her that the only time I had worn women's clothing was during some college theatrical productions. She said that was something to work with, but that we would have to work very hard to win the contest. She gave me the address of her apartment and told me to report there bright and early at six a.m. the next morning.

As I lay in my bed that night, I tried to act casual about the whole thing, but I could not repress a shiver up my spine. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could pull it off and with this thought I

turned over and went to sleep.

The alarm clock rudely interrupted my slumber at the appointed hour and I rolled out of my bed in a trance. In a few minutes I realized what I was doing up at this early hour and I feverishly put on my clothes, hopped in my car and made it over to her apartment just in time. She ushered me into her apartment, handed me a cup of coffee and said, "You'd better enjoy your coffee because we have a busy day ahead of us." After I'd finished the coffee she said, "Go into the bathroom, take off your clothes and shave your entire body with my razor, which you'll find in there." I went in the bathroom, took off my clothes as she had ordered, and started shaving off all my body hair. When I had just about finished I happened to glance at my shaven, legs. How pretty they were with all the hair removed. I could sense they were limbs of power now instead of just props to hold pants up. My reveries were interrupted when she said, "Hurry up in there you're taking too much time." I emerged from the bathroom clad in just a towel and she walked around me giving me a very close study. Finally she pinched me and said, "Mmmm, honey you'll do, but definitely." She stated my name would now be Valerie Baldwin and I would be introduced as a friend of hers from the East.

Next she handed me a silken supporter which gave me a feminine contour. Edwina said then, "Put on these panties, I can't have you running around my apartment naked. These scanties were of highest quality and had black lace edging. I got an electric tingling all over my body as I stepped into them and I thought to myself, well I'm on my way into a strange and wonderful world.

Then I got the biggest surprise of my life. She handed me a box and said, "Open it, it's for you." I opened up the box and inside were a pair of the most realistic falsies I've ever seen in my life. They were made of a plastic substance that felt just like skin, and were filled with a kind of jelly that gave them just the right feel. With trembling hands I attached the special adhesive tape to my chest and then placed the falsies to my chest. They feathered out almost perfectly to my skin, but a little grease paint and powder were needed to make them undetectable. Believe me after this operation was completed I had a better looking chest than Marilyn Monroe, a perfect 38C. She said, "Those falsies really make a difference," and all I could do was nod my head, I was so excited. I then put on a bra that matched the panties, it was a little tight, but the tightness forced my falsies and chest upward to give me a very realistic cleavage. Then I walked over in front of her mirror

and looked at myself, honestly, I looked like I had been to Denmark and gotten the full treatment.

Next, she got out a tape measure and measured my waist, which measured 30 inches. She said that's too big and I have just the item to bring your waist down to the proper level. Before I knew what was happening she had placed a waist nipper around my waist and said, "Hold onto that bedpost Valerie so I can put the pressure on these laces. When she had them almost tightened up she placed her knee in my back and gave one final tug. I almost swooned from her brutal lacing but she took some of the pain out by saying, "Be brave Valerie, you have just got to have a smaller waist and it'll help you to know I've got you down to a perfect 25."

After that I put on some nylons, attaching them to the waist nipper. They really set off my beautiful legs and I thought to myself what have I been missing all these years. She said then that this day I was going to dress like any ordinary smart female and that I wasn't going to wear anything exotic, because we had to do a lot of shopping. She opened her closet and told me to pick out an outfit. I picked out a beautiful beige shirtwaist dress. She said that I showed excellent taste in selecting that particular dress as it was her own personal favorite. As I was getting the dress out of the closet she went over to her dresser and got a matching slip for the outfit. I put on these clothes noting how perfectly they fit me and then she came over with a pair of high-heeled bone pumps which were needle-pointed and had a cute little bow on top. I tried them on and although they were a tight fit I could get into them. She walked me around the room a few times and after that I was able to manage myself although at times I felt like a babe taking its first steps. She then instructed me how to walk in high-heeled shoes and emphasizing that I should take short steps, and also that I should swing my hips and mince a bit as I walked, being careful not to overdo it.

After a morning of instruction and correcting my errors she had a sumptuous lunch at her apartment although I couldn't eat much because of the pressure of the waist nipper, anyway I had to go on a diet and lose some pounds so this was a good place to start. With the end of the meal she stated that I was ready to go downtown with her to do some shopping, as there were many things I needed in order to win. Before we left she made up my face with street makeup, just enough to let me pass as a woman. Putting a scarf on to cover my

short hair, we went down and got in her convertible and drove off to those wonderful shops in Miami.

She said I had nothing to fear from the clerks as they were all old friends of hers and they all knew what was going on. First things first, so we went to a hairpiece shop. We were greeted cordially by the shop owner and were escorted into a back room where the fitting was to take place. We went into the room and were immediately surrounded by many beautiful wigs in an amazing number of coiffures. I lost all my shyness in that moment and for the next few hours I had the time of my life trying on the different hairpieces. We finally decided on a long blonde wig in the pageboy style. With the wig on my head I felt so different, so feminine with the long tresses caressing my neck.

Now that I had long hair like any other girl, and a figure second to none, I lost the rest of my residual shyness and put all my enthusiasm into my new role. Edwina noticed the change in me and stated, "Now Valerie, you really aren't sissy enough to like the clothes you're wearing." All I could do was blush and she turned away with a satisfied smirk. The rest of the day seemed to pass in a whirlwind, with one shop right after another, each more exquisite than the last. I went around in a spell, the feelings, the perfumes, the beautiful clothes, all my senses were overwhelmed. We arrived back at the apartment in the late afternoon, our arms loaded with boxes of clothes, formals, swimming suits, dresses, lingerie, shoes-the works. As I gazed at all the clothes I could only think what an exciting time it was going to be to wear this wardrobe.

After we got settled down Edwina said, "Now the hard part begins, you must not only think, talk, act and look like a woman but in your own mind you must be a woman." In the next week you are to forget you ever were a man, understand?" I nodded in agreement, not feeling very masculine anyway in the clothes I was wearing. She said that it is not easy to be a woman, but she thought I had the necessary qualifications or she wouldn't have picked me. She said there were five items that I was going to have to perfect in order to be a convincing female: (1) makeup, (2) dress, (3) voice, (4) feminine idiosyncracies and (5) confidence in my new role.

I went to sleep that wonderful night with my head reeling from the new sensations I had experienced the previous day. When I awoke at the first insistent sounds of the alarm clock, for a moment I forgot where I was, and all I could do was revel in the gossamer

nightgown that encased my body. This mood was interrupted by Edwina who pushed me out of bed, stating that I must not lose myself in my mood, but there was much to be done before I could be allowed any personal indulgences. We had breakfast clad only in the thinnest of nighties, and while Edwina outlined the day's activities, I noticed that I felt no embarrassment in my strange attire.

My mistress felt that experience was the best teacher so she let me select my outfits for the day and put them on myself. As I put on my lovely selections all she did was comment on my taste, correct obvious errors and help when I needed it. That day I tried on the various clothes to check the effect. I felt like the Queen of Sheba all day, as each garment had a new feel and it was amazing how each garment changed the person in it, namely me. Towards the end of the day I tried on the various swimsuits that she had bought. We finally selected the white strapless suit as it contrasted nicely with my tan and really did things for my figure. As I saw myself in the mirror, I was almost overcome with a feeling of ecstasy and I thought if the judges liked it half as much as I liked it, then the contest was already won. The suit also had a built-in girdle that kept my waist down to 25" and the bra was engineered to make me overshadow Jane Russell like she was my adolescent sister.

The last thing we tried that day was the array of formals we had. Always in the past when I had attended a formal dance I had had in the back of my mind a certain feeling of jealousy toward the lovely girls who were the center of attention in their beautiful dresses. Well now, the tables were to be turned (I hoped) and I was to be the attraction for a change. They were all so lovely that it was hard to make a choice but we finally decided on the apricot colored one, which had a bodice in the front which dipped slightly and was held up by two tiny straps. An outfit indeed calculated to make men's hearts beat faster, but not any faster than mine. With the main selections complete I fell in an exhausted, contented sleep.

That night I dreamt that I was in the horn of plenty but instead of spouting forth the bountiful harvest, this particular horn was issuing forth satins, silks, laces and other soft garments and I was blissfully floating in perfumed air completely surrounded by the garments that I had learned to like so much, in such a short time.

The days before the contest passed faster than any I had experienced in my life. I cannot remember too much about each individual

day and I surely cannot recall what was taking place each moment. All I can recall is that I was sinking in a vertigo of pleasure and toward the end I abandoned myself completely to the pleasures of my existence in feminine clothes. I didn't care what anybody thought about me, even Edwina, as my life had been changed and I knew I would never be the same again. All I wanted now, was to wear my beautiful clothes, to be admired as a beautiful woman, and most important win the contest for my beautiful mistress who had made all of this possible.

Finally, the day of the contest dawned. Of course my feminine nature was not quite ready for the big event, but I forced down my doubts and made ready as best I could. As I put on my clothes I hummed a soft tune, it was all second nature by now. I selected a soft tailored suit for the first day. It had a white contrasting blouse and the coat was cut in somewhat boxy lines that were the finishing touch. The skirt was short enough to show off my lovely feminine legs, which tapered down to my high-heeled pumps which matched the rest of my costume perfectly. Thus attired, I felt confident that I would make a good impression on my first day.

That morning, accompanied by Edwina, we went down to the convention booth to sign up for the beauty contest. With so many other tall people about, I quickly forgot to think about my height and blended in with the rest of the girls that had entered the contest. Already I noticed many glances in my direction, envious ones from the ladies and interested ones from the men. We were given our instructions that morning by the judges and I noticed that the contest consisted of an interview that afternoon by one of the judges, then the competition in evening gowns, followed by the bathing suit finale after which the winner would be chosen.

In the afternoon I went to the interview, and believe me it is a lot more fun being interviewed as a girl than a boy. My judge was a retired old businessman, who looked harmless enough, but you can never tell. I came up and introduced myself as Valerie Baldwin, then took the seat he so kindly offered me. As I sat down I crossed my legs in a feminine fashion, and I noticed his interest rising at this act. In fact, he tried to hide his confusion by scratching the back of his head. He asked me questions about myself and I replied as best I could in my most feminine voice. The conversation went along smoothly and I laughed at his tired jokes, and tried to make him feel like a man as best I could. I noticed that every time I

shifted position that his eyes followed my every move, it was another thing that Edwina had taught me that was very effective. As the interview ended, I felt that I had made quite an impression and this was confirmed just as I was leaving the room, when he asked me for a date after the contest. I replied that I would consider it a privilege to date such a handsome man, and would look forward to it. I thus left feeling that there was at least one judge who would be in my corner during the contest.

The next afternoon, Edwina and I went down to the dressing room where all the girls were preparing for their debut in formals. We arrived carrying all of our stuff, it was so much that we could hardly see around it to our table. We finally found our place and I quickly stripped down to my unmentionables. Edwina handed me a different bra, "Here take this, it'll hold you up better." Then she dressed me up in a complete change of lingerie saying, "You'll do better if you feel good from the skin out." I said "It's a shame to cover this lovely lingerie with clothes, but for the sake of fashion I'll sacrifice myself." "You're sure you want to make this sacrifice," smiled Edwina, "After all its only a \$500 formal." "Well I guess I'd better put it on, after all people would be shocked if all the other girls came out in their formals and I came mincing down the stage clad only in lingerie." Then I stepped in the formal, while Edwina fastened it on, then I whirled around in front of the mirror. As I looked into the mirror I said to myself, can this lovely creature that I see in the mirror really be me, it doesn't seem possible. All the girls were then lined up and handed numbers before their entrance. I noticed that they were all such lovely girls, and that it would be a long, tough road to the crown. Then one by one they were ushered onto the stage, and finally it was my turn. As the spotlight hit me I turned on my 1000 watt smile and glided out on the stage propelled by some unknown force. In the middle of the stage I stopped and posed for the people in the crowd and the photographers, then I glided over the other end of the stage. As I reached the wings, I heard a deafening roar of applause and I wondered if it was for me. The results were not posted so all of us girls spent a few nervous hours preparing for the finals.

I could hardly wait to get into my bathing suit, but Edwina made me pose for her in my formal until she was satisfied. Then finally she relented and I began to put the bathing suit on. Believe me, it was a supreme thrill to first draw the elastic garment up my girlish shaven, tanned legs, then stretch it up from the

bottom over my beautiful breasts and finally have Edwina zip me up. Oh, there's nothing like a bathing suit to show off your figure, and if you haven't got one, you're better off in something else. With everything ready now, Edwina inspected me from head to toe and said that I had a perfect feminine figure.

Finally everybody was ready and everyone was lined up for the final event. At last it started and one by one they strutted across the stage, each one in turn holding the spotlight. Even though I was one of them, I could not help noticing how lovely they looked, each one with youth and beauty showing to the world that they were females and proud of it. Now it was my turn on stage, I made a graceful entrance, and walked with my shoulders thrown back, showing my charms to the world. My high heels made a satisfying click click on the hardwood floor as I walked across the stage.

How strange, I thought to myself, before my transformation I was noticed by nobody, now I was the center of attention. It's really amazing what a slight change of attire can do. A few minutes later the last girl had finished and we all crowded around the wing awaiting the announcement of the winners. Then almost in a trance, I heard the judge say, "Miss Valerie Baldwin, will you please step out and receive the first place trophy." Almost overcome, I nevertheless made my way to the center of the stage where I was given the trophy surrounded by the rest of the beauties. As I stood there, I noticed Edwina in the crowd crying softly with tears of happiness and I knew that she was just as thrilled as I.

The next day, I reluctantly prepared to leave Edwina's apartment, but just as I was getting ready to put on my clothes, Edwina came in and saw what I was getting ready to do and said, "Get rid of those ugly clothes and put on this dress. You think I'm going to let you get away after all the work I've put in on you and especially after the wardrobe I bought you?" Humming softly to myself I slipped into the dress. Life can be such a lark I thought, once you get on the right track.

Carlene

"IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT THIS OFF MY CHEST"

The TV said as she unhooked her bra and removed her falsies at midnight.

Just Desserts

by Jo-Anne (5-T-3)

"I simply can't imagine where the money goes to," said Mrs. Plum as she thrust an almond cream into her mouth and chewed it up with rapid movements of her angled jaws. "How can you spend so much money at a little old grocery convention? And perfectly good money, too," she amended as though there were, in some slyly deceitful way, another kind which when spent by other people didn't cost so much.

"My dear," said Mr. Plum rather more patiently than one would expect after all these years. "It costs money to attend conventions. Why, there's a thousand things. You'd hardly guess."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the imperious lady assaulting the wintergreen mints with a dental clatter. "The company should furnish you with spending money since all you use it for is to drink and carouse with your dissolute friends while I slave at home."

Mr. Plum sighed which was the response most satisfactory to his wife. "Why, do you know," she said, "how difficult it is to be a housewife? Do you know how much work there is in washing curtains and cleaning rugs? Just look at those and imagine." She had at the rum centers with gusto.

Mr. Plum looked at the unwashed curtains and the uncleared rugs with the bits of cellophane candy wrapping on them. "No, dear," he said. "I can't imagine."

"Well, it's time you learned. We can't afford to send curtains to the cleaners like other people. And I have to work around the house in cotton dresses; if you only knew how awful cotton makes me feel! I should wear silk all the time."

Mr. Plum, a paragon of self-control, did not make the obvious observation that since Mrs. Plum did very little work about the house she had very few cotton dresses; and, correspondingly, that since she felt she ought to wear silk all the time, that is what she usually did wear.

"You should be made to stay at home and slave about the house

in a cotton dress," said Mrs. Plum polishing off the last of the bon-bons, "while I go off and enjoy myself at the convention." And having done away with the last lemon drop, she got on to her face the exact expression of one who has just thoroughly blown their nose. "That is what we will do," she said. "I will make you stay at home for a week and work in cotton dresses while I attend the convention and accustom myself to spending money in the shops of a distant and romantic city."

"Oh, dear me!" said Mr. Plum. "It would never work. I am all packed and ready to go and the produce manager is waiting for me at the corner. Besides, there are a thousand things. You'd never guess--"

"Fiddle and twaddle," said the lady. She brooked no argument since argument appeared as insolence to her. "I will pick up the produce manager and use him as my guide. Do not worry about a thing."

Accordingly, Mr. Plum was dressed in a cotton dress and made to walk about in a pair of "sensible shoes". He was made to sit quietly as his wife painted and powdered and lectured him. "Now you will see," she said, "what it is like to be a poor housewife. And just so you don't try and weasel out of anything I am taking your clothes with me--ALL of them!" After taking Mr. Plum's clothing, and all of their money from the cookie jar in the kitchen, she snapped a spiteful admonishment at him concerning the curtains and drove off, blotting the last bit of chocolate from her thin lips.

Mr. Plum, an adaptable man, resigned himself to what was inevitable and spent an awkward day in a cotton dress which did not fit right. He was relieved that night to be rid of it and to slip into a nightgown. The gown was sheer and feminine and it made him feel strangely giddy. At least, he reflected, it was not awkward. Wearing the gown to bed, however, unnerved him and as soon as he arose in the morning he covered both himself and the gown with a long robe of quilted satin. But the robe, swirling about his legs as he moved through the kitchen, only unnerved him more.

After the third cup of coffee he accepted the fact that he couldn't wear a robe all day. But he also knew, with a certain defiant acceptance of his position, that he would NOT return to that ill-fitting cotton print and those horrible shoes. Caught squarely in this dilemma he cautiously slid back the folding doors of the first of his lady's closets.

"Plunge right in, Plum," he murmured. "You're in this for a week. You might as well be comfortable." His first selection was a blue linen jumper which he slipped over a rather sterile white blouse. The fit wasn't bad but the excess fabric bunched up in the place which breasts would normally have filled, looked quite out of place. He knew he would have to wear a padded brassiere to make anything fit correctly. It took a moment to get used to the idea but he accepted it as he had accepted the necessity for wearing panties (even though he tried not to think about it). This done, however, he discovered what fashionable women have always known--that the cotton blouse and the jumper drawn tightly over the lace and satin mounds was just too girlish to be borne. "I am nothing," Mr. Plum said to the mirror, "if not mature." The blouse went and the jumper with it.

The next selection, a sleeveless and pleated dinner dress, left him feeling like a complex of bare angles. It was not his dress. But he grew more expert as he passed down the rows of shaped satins and pleated silks and finally, although it took several hours, he felt well done up in a peach taffeta skirt topped by a long sleeved white silk blouse. As he viewed himself in the mirror he noticed that though the body was surprisingly graceful and attractive, the face was still the sorrowing maze of lines that he knew so well. The solution to that problem was so obvious that Mr. Plum's hand hesitated only a little as he reached for a lipstick. When he had finished the rather inexpert job of makeup he draped a scarf about his head and critically viewing himself in the mirror said, "Making the best of a bad thing isn't bad by half, if I do say so myself."

On the second day, with a resolution that came from being resigned to his fate (at least this is where Mr. Plum self-consciously imagined the resolution to come from) he changed dresses several times and he spent the whole evening in a pink satin cocktail sheath. It did wonders for his eyes. He had to cinch himself quite tightly into an all-in-one to make the dress fit. As he moved he felt the cool satin grip his ribs and his stomach in an unyielding but friendly clasp. He became used to spike heels in twenty minutes or so and he shaved his legs without ever pausing to consider where the decision to do so had come from. The thing that most surprised Mr. Plum was the sudden realization of what it meant to be really "dressed up".

"No wonder women are clothes-happy," he trilled in a new tone of voice with which he had been experimenting. "It's such an EXPERIENCE!"

The next morning as Mr. Plum in an exquisite black lace sheath rehung the curtains, there was a knock at the door. Mr. Plum's heels tapped daintily as he walked. "Good morning," he said fluttering his mascara'd lashes as he opened the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Plum," said a strange gentleman. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Naples de Facto, an insurance man."

"I am afraid you shall have to talk to my husband about insurance," said Mr. Plum.

"But it is in your husband's behalf that I am here, that is, I represent the company for whom he works. I fear I am the bearer of sad news."

"Oh?"

"Your husband, madam, has met with ill fortune."

"Ill fortune?"

"The illest. His automobile was involved in an accident with a gasoline truck."

"Oh, dear me!" said Mr. Plum clutching at his rubber bosom as femininely as he could. "Was there--?"

"Nothing. Only his clothes which were thrown clear. That is how we identified him." Mr. Plum looked sorrowfully at the floor admiring the way the sunlight made his nylons glisten and Mr. de Facto looked piously aloft. "I am sorry to be the one to carry such sad news," said Mr. de Facto, "but then, the lot of those who toil in the service of their fellow man is oftentimes hard." He placed a reverent hand over his heart. "There was another gentleman in the car with your husband. It was the produce manager who worked with him at the grocery. They were traveling together to the convention. But for some reason they were traveling very slowly."

"Poor old George," muttered Mr. Plum. "He wasn't much in green leafy vegetables but I certainly wouldn't have wished that on him."

"What did you say?" asked Mr. de Facto.

"I said, 'they probably stopped along the way to do some carousing or to seek out illicit love', those philanderers!"

"An excellent word, philanderer. I will have to write it down and use it in any future cases of this kind."

"He was always using these conventions as an excuse to carouse with his dissolute friends. But then, I don't have to tell YOU what goes on at conventions!"

"No, indeed," said Mr. de Facto fondly. "But since your late husband was a philanderer you are probably glad that he got his just desserts. His goose was finally cooked, though it might not be my place to say it."

"I hope the goose was well done."

"To a crisp," said Mr. de Facto.

"Then you're sure it was my husband?"

"No doubt about it. Otherwise we couldn't pay you all the insurance."

"Insurance?"

"The company doesn't advertise its generosity but they carry quite a large accident benefit on their employees. You're going to be well off, Mrs. Plum." He pulled an envelope from his coat pocket.

"Oh," sighed the widow Plum feeling a sudden and delightful need for a lemon chiffon cocktail dress recently on display in a local shop.

"You're going to have enough money to invest in a little business," said Mr. de Facto. "Perhaps a little grocery of your own."

"Not a grocery," said Mr. Plum. "Why, there's a thousand things. You'd hardly guess! But a little dress shop now--"

"It looks like a lucky thing for the dress business that your husband is no longer in the grocery business, if you'll allow that," said Mr. de Facto. "I think you will be a success at whatever you try."

"Thank you," said Mr. Plum.

"There is one other thing; I still have your husband's clothes.

I will dispose of them for you or I will return them to you although I don't know what you would do with them." Mr. de Facto smiled. "A lady as lovely as yourself certainly couldn't wear any of them. You would look silly."

"I would feel silly, too. Especially since I'm going to be spending all my time in a dress shop." She giggled sweetly and her new voice was under perfect control. "Now if you would care to stay awhile I will fix you a cup of tea and also serve you an excellent nougat of which I have just become extremely fond."

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

I dreamt I dwelt in a silken nest

Prettily edged with lace.

I trembled with joy just to be at rest

In such a lovely place.

I stretched and yawned like a pussy-cat

As I sat up and slipped into my heels

The girl in the mirror me as I sat

And I thought, "How lovely it feels".

My make-up is done, my curls all in place

My bra feels bouncy yet tight

My panties are pink and frothy with lace

Everything fits me just right.

With necklace and earrings flashing allure

A wee lady's watch on my arm

I'm a beautiful girl so shy and demure

And full of true feminine charm.

I was dancing along, this mood to convey

When my heel became caught in a crack

Falling shattered my dream--I awoke and I lay

A man--home, in bed on his back.

Kathleen 39-B-3FPE

Alcohol and Transvestism

by Madeleine (5-N-5 FPE)

Are you going to have a hangover in the morning? Or is it now morning and you are suffering with a hangover? This article is primarily for you if you answer yes to either one of the above questions. If you can answer no, read on in the event you have a friend that you might be able to help.

I am a transvestite and probably one of the luckier ones, as I have a wife that has known my problem for eleven years and at this point I shall add, she has not only known of this, but has understood and accepted it much better than I did until about two months ago, when I started to grow up. When I use grow up here I do not mean as a transvestite, I mean as an adult who has finally emerged from adolescence, because two short months ago I was still very immature.

You see, I would get the desire to express myself as a transvestite, but whether I would or not would have no bearing whatsoever on what would follow. Not having considered that all of us have both a feminine and masculine side I would be overcome by a feeling of guilt and would resort to alcohol to cover it. Reacting normally to over indulgence, I generally became quite obnoxious or ridiculous depending on the mood I happened to be in.

Let me try to clarify the above two moods by starting with the obnoxious. First I would become quite overbearing and extremely intelligent, the latter only in my own mind. I knew everything. Of course, this has led to both giving and receiving a punch in the nose on occasion. When the bars closed I would head for home, walk in and, to prove how masculine I was, I would generally awaken my wife and let her know that I had a snootful and with the use of language that was not in the least warranted, insist that what I did was my own business and ask

what she was going to do about it.

The ridiculous drunk is very similar to the obnoxious drunk only in this way, I would generally arrive home earlier and proceed to tell my wife that she didn't understand me. Feeling generally very sorry for myself, I would belabor the fact that she could not possibly understand the emotional strain that I am undergoing in an effort to avoid expressing my feminine nature.

The obnoxious and the ridiculous behavior both have one thing in common, which I think you can readily see. Both are attitudes assumed by a stupid and immature child.

Now you are probably saying, sure it is stupid for him to drink, but he has a wife that understands. You are probably consoling yourself at this very moment by saying if you had a wife that understood your feelings that you would never need a drink. Let's go a little deeper into this and see if you would leave alcohol alone. As I stated earlier in this article, my wife has known of my transvestite desires for eleven years and I have been a drinker for a good part of these eleven years. In a mood of remorse following over indulgence, I have sat down and tried to logically justify my actions to my wife. Sure, I told her, you say you don't mind my being a TV, but you are only saying this because you have to and besides you want me to quit drinking. Trying to further explain my actions I said, you accept these actions because you are my wife, but do you realize if anyone else found out that I wouldn't have a friend in the world? My wife argued this point with me by saying that people in general were a lot nicer than I gave them credit for and that the majority of them probably had little oddities of their own, so what gave me the right to feel that I had to be the utmost in perfection.

There is a lot of good common logic in what she said, but not being a mature or logical person I was unable to see this.

About eight months ago, I came in one evening and our neigh-

bors were visiting us, we were supposed to play cards this evening, but it had slipped my mind. I had stopped to have a couple of drinks on the way home, don't get ahead of me though, I wasn't drunk or even feeling good. I had just had a couple of drinks.

The husband spoke up and said "You know, if you are going to be late, you should give your wife a call, she has been worried to death that you were going to come in half loaded."

His wife stopped him by saying "this is none of our business, but you have such a wonderful wife and she worries about you a lot more than you think."

My wife was standing and I told her to sit down, taking a chair for myself, I said "You know I am glad that I am late as this is as good a time as any to see who it worried about what and why." Then and there in about as blunt terms as I could use I told this wonderful couple that I was a transvestite."

Reaction? Yes, I got reaction!

The husband said "so what? Do you expect the world to come to an end," then he added, "to the best of my knowledge this is a desire to dress in feminine garments. Although I don't understand it, I can't see why it should upset you so much."

"My gosh" his wife said "he (indicating her husband) likes to arrange flowers, loves to dance and cries like a baby in a sad movie, but he doesn't get drunk every time one of these feminine sides of his nature comes through. Now come on and let's play cards."

This should have been enough for anyone, but it wasn't for me--I continued to drink and feel sorry for myself. As a result of this, I started to lose my friends. My neighbor's wife continued to visit with my wife, but they quit visiting when I was home.

"You see" I told my wife, "now that they know they don't want

to have anything to do with me."

Two months ago I came across the first copy of Transvestia that I had seen. I read it through from cover to cover. I wrote to Virginia and Barbara and received two more copies which I also read from cover to cover. Then came the dawn, it wasn't the lack of understanding on the part of my wife or my friends, it was myself. I was the one unwilling to understand, I was prejudiced, I hated me, and above all I was my own worst enemy. I was afraid to unlock the door and show my true personality.

Do you drink? Stop a minute and look at yourself in the mirror. Are you looking at Rose, Barbara or Helen, or are you looking at Tom, Dick or Harry? It doesn't really matter which you are looking at though, as they are both you and they must learn to live together and enjoy each other's company. Rose probably has many wonderful sensitive traits that Tom should have and would admire if he would look at her objectively. It isn't the need of a wife, girlfriend or just friends to understand Rose, ... Tom must fully understand and accept her without shame or guilt. Once Tom has done this, then he will be able to intelligently introduce her to his wife or fiancée and, as with so many things, if they are presented intelligently they are more readily understood and accepted by others.

I don't say Rose will be understood and accepted by everyone, as a matter-of-face, she will probably only be understood and accepted by a very small minority. However, above all others, the first person that has to accept and understand Rose is Rose herself...but she must be equally accepted by Tom.

You must remember, ignorance breeds fear and fear in it's turn breeds hatred and when one acts while under the influence of hatred, he is very apt to act quite stupidly.

I am not saying you should quit drinking, I think alcohol can be quite enjoyable if one uses it as it was intended. So take a drink to be sociable if you want, but don't drink out of a feeling

of shame or because you feel guilty. Think about that drink before you take it, if you are going to take it because you are ashamed of Rose, for if that is the reason, then you haven't reached maturity yet.

Remember this, what you have been throwing away on booze could buy Rose some lovely dresses or other items of apparel that I am quite sure she would appreciate. I believe even Tom will be proud of her, once she has been allowed to fully express herself.

If I can help you, please feel free to write me.

Madeline

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article entitled, "My Friend Bernie" was written by a friend of "Madeleine's" and is published to show other fearful and guilt ridden TVs that there are friends of "his" who can also be friends of "hers". His article makes a fitting complementary article to this one as it sets forth the same problem from the point of view of a non-TV observer. We know for a fact that we have others in our readership who are strong drinkers. Some have found themselves and peace of mind through A. A. others are still fighting alone. It is the hope of the Editor, of Madeleine and of her understanding friend that the publication of this dual case history may prove of help to others who are also fighting the war on two fronts--Alcohol and TV. May it help them win on both.

My Friend Bernie

Anonymous

Why is it so strange to find out a friend of yours is a transvestite? How are you supposed to act? I didn't ask myself these questions when I first found out my friend was a TV. but now I have to. Bernard still can't believe he was able to tell a man and woman about his problem and find that they did not turn their backs in disgust. His TV friends have been telling him how lucky he is to have friends that understand and how they wish they had friends they could go to. I find it very hard to believe that understanding "straight" friends are that hard to come by. Could it be that it takes more courage to admit to your friends that you are a TV than it is to admit it to yourself? Bernard didn't exactly come up to us and admit his problem with a clear head. There was plenty of hell preceeding this.

We met Mary and Bernard a little over a year ago. They moved into the apartment next door to us. I heard from other neighbors that he was a drinker and only for this reason we didn't become friends right away. We would nod a hello and that would be it. My wife and I had had our share of drinkers back east and couldn't see making friends with one out here. Then all of a sudden we were friends. I don't know how it started but we didn't find him so bad. We didn't even think of his drinking as he didn't come near us when he was "under the influence". We even planned a weekend in Las Vegas. We had a good time, even drank a lot but no drunken sessions. That is not until a few weeks after we returned home.

I came home after an engagement one evening and heard a lot of noise as I entered the courtyard between the apartments. I soon found the noise to be coming from my apartment and also from Bernard. When I walked in, there he was with a bottle of Vodka in one hand and a water glass in the other. He was so sickening drunk it wasn't funny. It was plain that his wife and mine were not having an easy time with him. I was ready to blow my top, but knew that would get me no where so I sat down and tried to talk to him, trying to get him to his apartment and into bed. He only got louder and louder and the girls were getting more upset. He started to talk without making sense. He kept telling me he had to prove he was a man. As far as I was concerned, all he had to do was pull down his pants to prove that, but he felt he had to destroy something or someone to do so. He kept clinching his fist at me as though I was his victim, but then

realizing what he was doing he would say he didn't want to hurt me but he had to go out and beat up someone. Then the more I tried to talk to him, the more violent he was getting. With all the noise, we soon got a visit from the manager. They thought we were throwing a loud party and our neighbors were complaining. This quieted Bernard for about three seconds and then he got louder.

I finally managed to get him out into the court with some tall talking and almost got him into his apartment when he decided to put on a wild session in the middle of the court. That included pushing and slapping me all over the place. Our neighbors who thought we were having a loud party were looking out from behind their drapes and not one of them offered help.

The girls were terrified, crying, trying to talk to him and since he was almost twice my weight I was trying to do some fast talking myself. Finally he grabbed my wrists and I felt he was going to break them in half. I don't know what made me say it, but I came out with, "Don't let me beg you like a woman, straighten up and go to bed." With this he said, "You're not a woman, I am!" and then he seemed to lose all his strength and allowed me to lead him to his apartment. My mind tried to work fast to figure out what he meant by this. My first impression was that he was a homosexual, but I didn't think he would be acting like this if he were, most of them are proud of the fact. Then I thought he may have had a desire to be a woman but really couldn't imagine in what manner. My only knowledge of TVs was from "Psycho" and needless to say, that did no justice to the transvestites.

When I got him into his apartment he started to get wild again and began throwing punches at me. He threw me on the sofa and started swinging. At one point I ducked fast enough to have him go flying into the wall and more or less knock himself out.

We sat up for a long while with his wife as the poor woman was half out of her mind with disgust. We managed to console her as best we could but when we left her we couldn't sleep worrying about her more than him. We had left him sprawled out on the couch and couldn't care less if he ever woke up.

He did wake up and started drinking all over again but this time out of shame for what he had done to us. He felt he had to drink to get courage to apologize. My wife and I went out that evening and came home rather late. His door was opened and my wife told me to go see if everything was alright. When we walked in, he wasn't as stoned as the night before but still a little sloppy. He made his apologies but I was very cold and he kept talking trying to soften me up.

He knew he had to tell us why he did what he did. Then he blurted it out, "I am a transvestite, do you know what that is?" I told him I did but not clearly. He liked to wear woman's clothing he said. Then I knew what he meant the night before when he told me I wasn't a woman, he was. I told him what he said to me and he tried to deny it. He said he never told anyone and couldn't believe he told me. I told him he didn't or wasn't in any condition to do any real explaining that night and as long as we knew, he may as well give us the whole works.

After telling us of his anguish with this problem and answering our questions, he seemed surprised that we didn't get up and walk out on him. He was surprised we didn't look at him like he had a rare disease. Both my wife and I asked if any cure could be had and he said definitely no, so we told him why the hell didn't he learn to live with it. He was ashamed, disgusted, lonely and filled with a lot of self pity. I told him I would be willing to help him all I could but without the booze. That wasn't solving the problem.

I let him know I felt more sorry for his wife than I did for him. This poor woman had to live with this man knowing what he was, but completely ignorant of just what it was all about. You could see when we talked to her about it, she didn't understand much. So we had to convince him we couldn't care less what he was as long as he didn't hurt us and we had to try to help his wife understand more than she did. I told him whenever he felt this desire, he should submit to it with no feeling of guilt. I was willing to have him send his wife and child over to our apartment so he wouldn't have to sneak off to a motel. I tried using as much common sense as I could but I was actually groping in the dark as I hardly knew anything about the subject. My wife and I had looked it up in books but found very little so had to resort back to common sense.

Bernard was very happy, in fact thrilled to death that he had finally told someone. I hoped that the fact that he had told us would be a big help to him in facing the problem but he still went on with his drinking.

We learned how he started as a TV and the different things he tried as a cure which were quite unsuccessful. He told us of trying to seek out a religion for peace of mind. This man and his wife went through years of hell with this problem. Except for doctors, no one knew, he dared not tell a soul, for fear of being called a queer, for fear of losing his friends and family. But he did lose them, not as a TV but as a drunk. My wife and I did not turn against him when we

found out about his transvestism but we were turning against him when he continued to drink, inspite of all the talking we did to him. I remember many nights we only got a couple of hours sleep trying to convince him that drinking wasn't the solution but it seemed all in vain. We had had it, his wife had had it, other friends who did not understand why he drank had had it. He was losing everything. His wife wanted a divorce, she looked like she was ready for the psycho ward. We just started to be as cold as anything to him but none of this seemed to phase him, at least not at first.

Then one day he came home and announced that he thought he finally had found his religion. That he and his wife would become Catholics. He seemed to change a little and we tried again. But even with the religion he wouldn't face his problem and resorted to drinking again. This time he used any excuse he could because he knew we would no longer accept the excuse that he was drinking because he was a TV. Some of his excuses and performances were really academy award stuff and if I had an oscar in my hand, I would have banged him over the head with it.

Bernie and his wife were supposed to be baptized in a short while with my wife and I as sponsors. With this new phase of drinking he was going through I didn't think it would ever be. It got to the point where the only reason we would sponsor their baptism was because of his wife. If he decided to jump off a cliff or drown himself or whatever way he planned to kill himself, at least, being of some faith, she would be able to get some help.

Again we wanted no part of him. We just treated him coldly and stayed as far away as possible. During the days, the girls saw each other but at night each stayed in her own apartment. It just seemed that it was never going to get better. We wanted to be Bernie's friends and we tried to help him but his drinking forced us apart. Some how he finally realized he was losing the only family and friends he had left. He didn't know where to turn or who to go to. He knew we had lost all respect for him and he had to stay away.

Then one day he read an article in "Sexology" by Charles Prince and this changed his whole life. Contact was made and Bernard joined the "sorority". Here he met many men just like himself. Most of them had had lots of troubles in their lives too. This made him finally realize he was not alone with this problem. He was told the same thing psychiatrists had told him in the past and more important, he was hearing the same things my wife and I had been telling him all along. This knowledge that he wasn't alone was the start of his being

able to accept himself as a TV.

He is a new man now and I only regret that he wasn't like this when we first met, we could have avoided so much heartache.

As I said in the beginning, all his new found TV friends have told him he is very lucky to have friends like my wife and me. He almost lost us, not for being a TV but for the drinking which we couldn't accept. Now that he has straightened himself out we are very good friends. We help him in anyway we can with an understanding heart. My wife alters his feminine clothes and is even making him a dress for his feminine counterpart.

Bernie's TV friends wanted to meet us and see what makes us the type of people we are. We met two of them, one night, in dress and I was told it was very unusual, for a TV to entertain two other TVs in dress in his apartment with two "straight" people included. I was surprised to hear this and still find it hard to believe "straight" friends are hard to find. Don't get the idea my wife and I are going out to put on a campaign to put a TV in every friendship, we aren't the soap-box type, but there are a lot of people like us in this world and the only way to find them is to look for them. Maybe some of your friends are like us and only fear and shame prevent you from finding it out. If your friends and family truly think anything of you, they should accept what you are. If not, I wouldn't want any part of them.

Our friends are not limited to just one TV and his wife but include all types of people. We don't look down on anyone unless they try to hurt us. Our motto is "Live and let live and the hell with society". We don't like it when people try to psycho-analyze us to try to find out what makes us tick. We enjoy life, appreciate our good fortunes and love people. One of the secrets of accepting an oddity is to ask yourself how you would feel if you were in their shoes? What would you expect from a friend? I wonder how many TVs would accept a friend with a problem greater than his.

Ed. Note! This is the kind of a friend to have, and there are more of them around than most FP's realize. Some of our number have, during the past year told of their activities to friends. When they were able to do so without apology and guilt but with interest and reasonable explanation they were usually successful. Many have written in about these experiences. One must use wisdom in selecting the friends to tell and some moderation in the telling, but it can be done and it is much more fun to have some understanding friends around.



VICKY 13-W-5



21-T-1



EVELYN



DIANA JOYCE 32-H-4

My Story

by Sadie (38-S-1)

I am fourty-four years old. I can't remember back far enough in time to when I wasn't drawn to girl's things or to the time I wasn't struggling against these desires. Maybe this in itself defeated its own purpose by drawing attention to it.

I, too, spent my time before the big mirror in mother's room. But, in my case, when I was dressed in my own clothes I kept telling myself what a goodlooking boy I was and how silly I looked in a dress.

My home life was happy. No one could have been more in love than my mother and father. The dealings with my brother and I were as they should be. We were raised as boys with no long period in dress as infants. I don't know where or when I discovered girl's clothing.

We lived in a country town. Just one row of houses along each of the roads with the woods coming right up to the back of the lots and at the back of nearly all houses, a trash pile. Each home had its own dump at the edge of the woods. Some times I discovered that a lot of women's clothes were just thrown away on these trash piles. I guess it's natural for kids to pick dumps for treasures, I know we all did. So somewhere back there, I started carrying the women's and girl's things I found off to the woods. If there were other boys with me I'd pick up the things as if I were looking for something under them and place them aside were I could come back for them later.

Hollow logs and large flat rocks or the space under fallen trees were my hiding places. At these places I'd remove my own clothes, place them in hiding, and dress in the girl things. I'd then take a short walk. But with the rain, dew, mold, and bugs they never lasted very long. Often I'd find I couldn't get my head and shoulders back out of a dress or slip and would tear it to remove it. Also, I'd usually be gripped with shame and remorse and would vow never again and would destroy everything. But the old urge would be back shortly whether there was anything to wear

or not. And, this, in spite of my well laid plans to reform.

My mother had a younger brother living two doors away. My aunt was the worst house-keeper I ever saw. I don't know her age but she couldn't have been much older than I. She had married young and had three children. A girl about four years younger than I and two younger boys. Mother had remarked that she was young enough that she still wanted to play.

Every dish in the house would be piled dirty in the stove, table or in the sink. Only enough would be cleaned for the meal at hand, then only minutes before being used. They then remained dirty until the next meal.

My aunt spent her day reading a true story magazine or visiting about the neighborhood. My uncle had a story he used to tell how the housewife wasted her day then suddenly noticing it was nearly time for her husband to get home from work would grab up a blanket or coat to cover her and tell how sick or what a splitting headache she'd had all day. It's a sure thing he knew what the score was.

Her washing was handled the same way. In a room off the kitchen were all the dirty clothes as well as parts of several weeks wash. Only the things being worn were ironed. It couldn't have been any other way but that sooner or later I'd turn up here for things. My aunt was shorter than I but, for the most part, her things fit me. I couldn't wear anything of my cousin's but her bloomers. These fit me skin tight but were more available than my aunt's.

I really got quite brazen about stealing things. Sometimes I'd have a message for my aunt from mother. I'd notice where something was on the way in and snatch it up on the way out with her right there. Or if she were out I'd have more time and could pick things over with more care.

Now, even in an untidy house like this, this couldn't go on forever without things being missed. My cousin's bloomers were missed first and she was punished several times. I'm thankful that I never saw it. But I did hear my aunt and mother talking about it. They thought my cousin was removing ~~them~~ away from home and losing them, as I guess she had done when much smaller.

My aunt was more provoked with her than ever because she thought she was lying about it.

However, it wasn't long before my aunt noticed her things were missing too. Again I heard bits of conversation. I wasn't allowed to stand and listen when my folks were talking to anyone. This time they were blaming a family up the street with five girls and more or less a hard time making ends meet.

It was a sure thing my play house would come down about my ears. I was really worried. I was on sort of a Bloomers Anonymous program checking off the calendar for every day I could manage without sneaking out to the woods. I was very pleased with myself if I managed one more day this time than I had the last. Sometimes I could manage a week, but if it proved anything at all to me it was that three days in a row was usually the most I could hope for.

Then, from somewhere, I hit on the idea of taking the bull by the horns and going to my aunt, telling her all and asking her to keep my secret and help me stop. Time after time I made up my mind. I'd even get near her sometimes, but I'd always pass up the chance. But it became a real thing with me. The more I thought of it and the more I fell, the more I told myself it was the only thing I could do before I got caught red-handed some day.

So it happened one day I was more determined than usual. I went right to her house and called her by name but there was no answer at all as I went through all the downstairs calling her. I must have thought that she wasn't home and, so thinking, found myself braver than ever. I stopped calling but I rushed right upstairs. There wasn't anyone in the boy's room or the girl's room.

I must have been getting braver by the minute. There in her bed still asleep was my aunt. All that built up bravery carried me three steps out into the center of her bedroom floor. There it left me, terrified. There was nothing I could do. I couldn't turn and leave for fear she'd wake and see me. I couldn't go on and tell her after all. The longer I stood there the worse it was. I was caught. So, after what seemed like forever, I told myself that the only way out was to go on and tell her. So I took the other steps and shook her gently by the shoulder.

I had to rush right through it before she started talking and my courage again left me. So I told her how for a long while I'd been taking her clothes and how I just had to tell her. She didn't understand and wanted to know why I was selling them. I told her that I was wearing them and that I didn't know what was wrong with me but try as I would I couldn't stop. I couldn't tell anyone else and would she please help me stop the habit.

All she said was not to worry about it anymore. Just run along and come back to see her that night after she'd had time to think about it.

I didn't need a second invitation to get out of there. It was over and an awful relief, but I had all kinds of fears all day long. What if she told my folks or anyone else? Most anything could happen--and it did in my mind that day. I just wouldn't go back again and I did drag as it was time to go. But I was afraid she'd come for me and then it would come out. As far as I could tell she hadn't told anyone. If I waited much longer I'd have to go to bed.

She put me right at ease. During the day she'd made a list of the missing things and she went over it and asked me if I had them. It was surprising how long a list it was when everything was written down.

Then she took me up to her bedroom. She had things layed out on the bed and told me to undress and put them on. I told her that I didn't want to wear them and that I wanted to stop. She said that I didn't understand what was wrong, that I couldn't help it if I was a sissy and that I couldn't fool myself that she'd never heard of boys wanting to wear girl's clothes. Some of her things had been missing for more than two years and if I'd been trying not to wear them as I said, I should have proved to myself by now that I wasn't going to change. I couldn't go on stealing things and having others take the blame only to destroy them. Didn't I have any idea what all those things cost? It was best for me to realize that I wanted to wear girl's clothes and I could come over and dress in her clothes any time I wanted to and I could pay for the things I'd already stolen by helping her with the housework for which she'd allow me fifty cents a week. That doesn't seem like much these days, but it was more than I had ever seen then.

Even more so when I could only give odds and ends of time.

When I had changed, she brought my cousin to her room. She told her that it was me that had been taking the things and that I was going to work out paying for them and that as long as I did they'd keep my secret. My cousin reminded her mother that she'd been spanked. My aunt said I was too big for her to spank if I fought her. I agreed not to fight it. I don't know if my aunt would have so duplicated my cousin's punishment without her prompting. I hadn't been whipped at home for some time and never over the knees and on the bare flesh. There had been six spankings at home, but now there were only two. After the second time, my cousin seemed to be satisfied and just lost interest.

My aunt didn't surprise me at all. I had to do all kinds of housework at home as did the other boys where there weren't girls in the home. I had been afraid that my cousin would say something or tease me but she never did. My aunt was quite a tease, but even she didn't tease me. After the first few times she didn't even go with me while I changed. If someone came in unexpectedly I could step down into the cellar or to the stairway upstairs.

I don't know if you could call housework womanly back then or not. Those were the days of the handpowered washing machine, crank wringer, and scrubboard. It was even before Brand X and ordinary detergent. Just a few soap powders and lots of yellow bar soap and elbow grease. But it gave me a lot more chance to move around in a dress than I'd ever managed on those short walks in the woods.

As I said, my aunt just didn't seem to pay any attention at all to me. But there were some pleasant changes as things got cleaned up and straightened out. It was as if it gave her a place to start. She did more and more of her own housework. Over and over, the dishes would be done by the time I got there. I'd at least start the washing Sunday evening and my aunt then could hang out a line full first thing Monday morning right up there with the most ambitious wives in the neighborhood. Now my uncle was saying how much better she was doing and I think this helped her interest too.

Electric lights were quite new. Most of my school homework and my aunt's housework had been done by coal oil lamps. But now

nearly everyone's house was wired. Surely other of you readers will remember those old living room ceiling fixtures. A big frosted fish bowl in the center with some sort of a painting on it and four matching shades hanging at the corners. They hadn't had theirs long before I broke it with a mop handle. That time she didn't worry at all about my being too big to spank.

My aunt dressed like the girls in my class at school. That is, she didn't wear a bra and she rolled her stockings. In school a girl never left her seat for any reason but she'd stop and pull up her stockings. In the hallways between classes they were always bobbing up and down or else running to catch up with their girl friends who had kept on walking when they had stopped to pull up their stockings. So, I had never worn a girdle. I had found corsets from time to time and mother wore one but they were always too big for me.

Of course, I had to work with my father when he needed me and I was not in school. About three miles from our home was a summer colony where the very wealthy from a nearby city spent their summers. Often when opening a summer home, mother would be house cleaning. Dad would have a job there at the same time and very likely get a job for me raking the lawn or cutting the grass.

So it was one spring that the cleaning women were working in the house of a neighbor of ours. They had set the trash from the house out off the back porch in the same place I was making my pile of trash from the lawn. And there right on top was what looked like a brand new girdle. It looked just right for me. I was careful all day to see that it didn't get covered up or out of my sight. There was no way I could see of getting it home or hiding it somewhere else without Dad or the cleaning women seeing me.

At dinner time I asked Dad if we were going to take the trash to the dump. But he said no that there was a truck coming for it in the morning.

That was fine. I could go back that night and get it. But my aunt had something special for me that evening. She seldom asked me to stay, but I asked her to be excused to go and get it. I have forgotten what she wanted but it was important to her and she thought I was carrying this sissy business too far. She

thought I'd like to be excused from time to time to do something with the fellows or to date, but here I wanted to walk out there three miles in the dark to get a girdle. Didn't I ever think about going out on dates with girls? Several of the boys in my class were dating.

She had me undress and I thought she wasn't going to let me go. But it was just to put on bloomers and stockings so that I could put the girdle on and wear it back rather than try to carry it back in my hand.

When I got back, I guess she was sorry that she'd been so cross with me and asked if I thought of her as my best girl and that was why I wasn't interested in the other girls in the neighborhood. When I took off my shirt and pants, she burst out laughing because she said that I should have put the girdle on under the bloomers instead of over the top. That was, of course, the idea I'd gotten from the catalogues. She said that I really didn't really know anything at all about girls after all. I don't think that she planned anything to happen but she was so carried away with her humor and my shyness that she undressed completely.

I had never been kissed by a girl before and, still teasing, she took my head in her hands and kissed me. It would have been easier through the years if I could have blamed my personality differences on this improper indoctrination, but I'm afraid my aunt found a very willing pupil.

I was troubled though. I expected that she would talk to me about it, tease me, scold, punish, or even express approval. Instead, there was just a request for her nightgown and I was excused.

Her attitude toward me was different, however. I don't mean that she allowed me to indulge myself more or showed more interest herself in my interests. It was rather an attitude of over-protectiveness. She had always complained of having to spend the nights alone with my uncle working nights so much of the time. So arrangements were made for me to sleep at her house.

My aunt didn't discourage my joining in things other young people were doing, but if it were church or a class party or even boy scouts, she would be on hand to walk home with me.

Of course, the incident was to be repeated from time to time. But not with the frequency that one would expect with the unlimited opportunity.

I had nearly finished high school when my uncle lost his job. I had no inkling that he was planning to move his family to the Middle West. Nor did I learn of the discussions going on between my uncle and aunt and my father and mother. They wanted me to go with them either then or join them after I graduated. Mother was willing and thought there'd be much more chance of my finding a good job. But Dad was dead set against it and he won out. And so it was that I was not to learn of their plans until it was time for them to pack.

My aunt packed a suitcase of her clothes for me. She explained to my folks that she just didn't have room for it and she'd like me to keep it for her until she sent for it so that if I were reasonably careful I could keep them right in my room at home.

Jobs were hard to find in our area but I was lucky finding one to go to right after finishing school. It didn't satisfy me and I only kept it three months. Again I was lucky to go right on another job the next day. But I was only to stay at home eight months before taking a job in another state slightly over 100 miles from home.

So I guess you could say that this ended the childhood of my life and the next years should be grouped by themselves.

I boarded with a widow, her daughter just entering high school, and an old maid school teacher. They were very nice to me. I made no effort to help with the house work--even to cleaning my room. But I did always make my own bed and carry my dishes from the dining room to the kitchen when I had finished eating.

In a new area where no one knew me at all, I thought I'd try to act more normal, over-come my shyness with girls, and date around. I bought a motorcycle and had the use of the ladies car with whom I boarded. She did everything she could to help along any romance she thought might be in the offing.

She provided me with little inexpensive gifts for my girl friends like home-made candy, but I wasn't very successful. We

would remain friendly but one or two dates was about all I could manage. I sometimes thought I was not forward enough.

This was also a rural area and even more of a farming country than it had been at home. Homes were even fewer and farther apart. I had, of course, kept my aunt's suitcase with me. I could dress in my room, then slip on my outer clothes and go out. I could then take off my pants and shirt after getting into the woods. Shoes, of course, could neither be worn nor carried very well and presented something of a problem.

But fine sleep wear was no problem at all. I'd been afraid to wear a nightgown at home for fear Dad or Mother, or even my brother, would look in on me during the night. Now, of course, there was no one to bother me.

I was to stay there four years before coming home to enlist in the Air Corps. Barracks life did not easily lend itself to such pasttimes and so the next few years were nearly free of it. I began to think that by the time I was discharged, I'd be free of the habit. I was surprised to find out how differently than me the other fellows felt and lived. There was a newspaper account of a fellow who had been picked up in woman's clothing working as a bar maid. It brought comment from every corner.

There were periods of relapses on my furloughs, but then I'd call around on the different girls I'd known before enlisting. I was still writing to about twelve. So it was that I got back from a furlough to receive a very scolding letter from a girl who had learned that I'd gone right from calling on her to another city to see another.

She said that she had planned for a long time that we should marry and she thought now it was time I settled down and married her as soon as I could get another furlough.

I had dated this girl perhaps less than any. Of course, I just never had thought of marriage at all. But this direct approach reached me and I was all full of plans. In very short order we were married.

Her background was very much like mine and, excluding sex, we got along very well indeed.

Somewhere within the past few months I've read that there seems to be some foul scheme about to persuade men that the most important thing is to satisfy their wives. Anyway, it is true that what I read assumed that it was the wife that would be frustrated. The book couldn't have been written about my wife. She had been raised on a dairy farm and was just as gentle and shy as a dairy cow in heat. This fit in pretty well with her attitude about it. She seemed to feel that there was only one purpose for intercourse--that being conception--and any other attitude was sinful. In fact, her manner of suggesting intimacy was, "I want a baby."

She was not interested in foreplay which my reading had led me to believe was so important to a girl. Nor would she engage in the casual kiss or caress common among married people. And, of course, mouth contact that I'd engaged in with my aunt was unthinkable to her. We were a long while achieving conception so that it was three years until our first baby arrived.

I was sure now that with the difference of being married, I'd overcome my desire for women's clothes. But it was otherwise. Sharing the same dresser with her, everytime I went for something her clothing would be there right in front of me. So I took to slipping on her things for a while each day that I was working the 11 to 7 shift.

Then there was the day that she wasn't working--just out. When she spoke to me, I was in girdle, panties, stockings, and was just reaching for her housecoat.

When first married, I'd learned that she was very much annoyed by my sleeping naked or in my shorts. I had grown to like taking a bath in water just as hot as I could stand. This would make me perspire so at the slightest exertion that I wouldn't dress but flop naked across the bed covered only with a towel until I'd cooled off. And, thirdly, she didn't like my O.D. underwear. I had thought I could use these things to get me into her clothes and had made a suggestion here and there but it had never gotten farther than the laughing and joking stage. But I'd given it such a good try that she now saw through it.

Her father had a cousin with a boy about her age. I knew

the boy but I didn't know he had a problem. My wife now explained to me how he had been caught several times stealing things from clothes lines. After trying to correct it for several years, they had given in and let him dress at home. She wouldn't believe I'd just started and kept questioning me until she'd learned about my aunt.

She got off letters to both my aunt and her cousin and though I was permitted to wear her things she couldn't have really ever been said to understand. She objected to my wearing a bra or trying to create the impression of breasts and, all in all, considered it sort of childish. There was some of the tease in her, however. After letters had passed back and forth for awhile, she bought three pair of bloomers which by that time of course weren't at all common.

It wasn't at all uncommon for service men to help their wives with house work. Nearly everyone used the self-service laundry and dishes were usually rushed through so they could get started with whatever was planned for the evening.

Anyway, I had helped my wife with the laundry. She was left to hang it up while I went on to work. I'd have taken it down when I returned but it was dark and I didn't realize it was still out. In the morning the three pair of bloomers were missing as were two other pair of panties. She thought I had taken them and wouldn't believe any different. She took me over her knee and spanked me. It was silly my letting her, being so much bigger than she was, but when she grabbed hold of my arm with such a strong firm hold I just melted. It wasn't until a neighbor had things missing from her line when I was with my wife and she knew I couldn't have done it that she believed me.

In some ways, I had really enjoyed her spanking me. I don't think she ever realized that, however, I was troubled that it would become apparent to folks outside that I had lost my place as head of the house. But, somehow, my wife seemed to separate this from the rest of our relations together. If we should be asked out, for example, she would never accept but would say they'd have to ask me.

My wife was much smaller through the shoulders than I, and shorter, so I couldn't wear her slips, dresses, or nightgowns.

Her shoes were also much too small. The housecoat I've mentioned was possible because it didn't have sleeves. We decided that we wouldn't buy anything for me but some kind of shoe that wouldn't look so out of place, but she did keep some sort of a garment that I could get over my shoulders.

With the war over, I re-enlisted and our family came along. With the arrival of our second girl, my wife still planned on a larger family--but that was in the future. Her children consumed all her time and interest. I was not to miss our interrupted personal relations so much as her lack of interest in her personal appearance. Her taste in clothing had always been on the plain side anyway, but her indifference to her own dress meant that I, too, didn't have nice things to wear. I couldn't arouse more interest no matter how I tried. I started buying her gifts that I myself would like, but she was not pleased at all and I began getting things just for myself. This wasn't wise as I was carried away once I'd started and I was inclined to buy more than I should. I would have thought she would have fussed about it but she didn't. I'm happy that I was able to realize this and keep myself in check as well as I did.

She didn't wish me to leave the service but I thought it best. I have often wondered if it wasn't that she was afraid I'd cause her embarrassment among her friends and family at home. We bought a home and I took to fixing it up. My plans called for two rooms on the back upstairs retained for myself when the children became older. I only managed to get the living part of the house refinished for my wife was "called home" suddenly, and without sickness. In this day of wonder drugs you don't expect a person to go to the doctor with what seems like a slight cold at ten and be dead before supper time.

So, being left alone so suddenly with two such small children, I didn't see how I could go on. The well-intentioned women of the neighborhood rushed in to do what they could. I thought they would tear the house upside down. By asking nicely just to be left alone for a day or two, they left.

The only thing I could see to do was to get an elderly housekeeper, and go back to being completely male. I couldn't manage then, I knew, with any female apparel around. So I gathered

up everything in the house and either sold it to the junk man or burned it. This time I tried hard, but it wasn't working.

I didn't try to keep anything beyond the one wearing. Since it was so hard to get anything, find the chance to wear it, and then dispose of it and keep working, there weren't many times available. Folks kept suggesting that I marry again. I didn't see how I could. I kept thinking how I did have to make other provisions for the children. But surely any woman would expect a manly man which I didn't wish to be again. So I finally decided to just not do anything or make any plans. Just wait and see and not run from something if it should come my way. In the meantime, I could finish off those two back rooms. I went to the lumber yard and got the lumber and plaster board.

Sadie--Penn.



Don't be surprized, Dad. This is the outfit I'm to wear in the Fraternity Follies next week. Bill's the Director and he wants me to get into the spirit of it.

George there may be different, But how often can you find a man so much like ourselves? Georgia is so understanding of a woman's problems in life.



GLEND A 52-8-1



JANICE
5-W-12 FPE





MARSHA--Calif.



SANDRA 32-T-5

Acceptance Via the Stage

We have read a good deal in our magazine about how we should inform others of our desires to wear the clothes made for the female sex. One of the easiest and most satisfying I have experienced, is the art of pantomiming.

About twelve years ago, there was a group in my church that called themselves the Young Oldsters. We meet every third Saturday evening for dinner and a program. Each spring we would put on our annual show and all talent was taken from the group. After having a run of Barber Shopping, Gay Nineties and etc., it was decided we do an all pantomime show. Myself and a couple of 200 pounders were elected to do the Andrew Sisters "Bushel and a Peck". Little did they realize they were giving me a part close to my heart. We rehearsed, worked hard, got into costume and before we knew it were on stage. It must have been successful as we were asked to repeat it several times. I also did a single that was well received. The building we had our shows in was dismantled for a new educational unit, and that ended our shows. It also ended my public appearances for ten years. Shortly after that I had one of my periods of reformation and started giving away my wardrobe losing many beautiful items.

A few years later, I started another wardrobe with the purchase of a pair of Black Patent Pumps. Soon other items were added and my new and present wardrobe took shape. Five and a half years ago I moved into an apartment by myself. This I had hoped would let me wear my clothes oftener and longer. It wasn't long before I discovered that neighbors wanted to be friendly and one never knew when there would be a knock at the door. In spite of this I managed to get dressed quite often. It is amusing to me now, as the one neighbor that was so friendly took the pictures I am enclosing of me at my performance this spring, which I will relate later. Speaking of rebuilding my wardrobe, I find the holiday seasons the best. Saves a lot of explaining, and the sales people are always ready to help to satisfy that little woman.

This spring I was asked to revive my act for a Veteran's group annual banquet. This was all I needed to perk up my spirits. Here was an opportunity for me to appear in public again. Surprising as it was I hadn't forgotten the words to a couple of songs, and all they

needed was some polishing up. With the purchase of a new dress, shoes and other items I was all set. I was so encouraged with the reception I received that it was there and then I decided to continue with this means of wearing my clothes in public. I even dressed at home and drove out to the eating place. I checked with a local Police detective whom I know real well, and he said he saw no harm in it as long as I was going someplace to entertain. Following the performance I drove over to this former neighbor of mine to have him take pictures, which he agreed to before hand. To my surprise they received me with great interest and I must have been in their home at least three hours.

This summer I was to return to a University near my home for the second year of a course I am taking. It was the duty of the second year class to furnish the entertainment, and I wasn't quite sure whether my act would fit in or not. I took my outfit with me, however, and was accepted for the performance. More rehearsing and I worked hard as I had to put this thing over. Came the night of the presentation and I walked into the room where the others were. I almost started a riot as they had no idea what I was going to do. Also the real girls of the class gave me plenty of attention, and how. Came show time and surprising to myself I was never calmer. I was completely prepared, my dress, shoes, and lingerie fit me perfectly and had complete confidence in myself. The music started, I was there in front of a dead "Mike" performing the best I knew how. It was a thrill to hear the applause I received. Complete acceptance of my impersonation, the songs, my performance. A couple of the powers to be complimented me highly for keeping it clean and entertaining. I have always believed that in keeping a thing of this type in good taste would get one a lot further than bringing in the seamy side. I was told there were 247 persons admitted to the room. After the performance I mingled with the audience and chatted still with my outfit on. I think a lot of people appreciated this as they could have a closer look at me, and I was having a ball. I feel now I don't have to apologize for my act, and I can accept any invitation that comes along this fall or winter. As a matter of fact, I already have one invitation for September to appear before the local Women's Business and Professional Club. And I am told there are lawyers, doctors and others among them. The only problem I have with this one is getting out of the apartment in the early evening hours.

In the event any of you Gals might be thinking of something like this, let me make a few suggestions. Get records of good female singers and learn the songs well. I like the ones you can belt out, and a good even rhythm. Don't think you can slide by, you'll have

other things to be nervous about. Try and get the audience with you from the start, and you will have a good time. Pay attention to your wardrobe, I believe in trying to be as feminine as possible. Act feminine and I have the feeling they will get the message that you have worn your clothes before. When I am asked how I can walk in my slim high heels, I reply, that takes a lot of practice too. And one last thought, give it all you've got.

Edwina

"As I appeared at the performance," Edwina



"SUSANNA SAYS..."

Hi, everybody,

Have a very Happy New Year! And what does a happy year mean to most of us? What a question! The opportunity to express our other self as often as she wishes (which would be overdoing things, I'm sure) and to find dozens of nice people who'll accept her with open arms. Let us hope some of this fabulous wish becomes a dreamy reality. As we start a New Year I think we should all take stock of what we've left behind and make a nice brand new list of resolutions. The last time I dared jot down a list of criticisms regarding TV attitudes and behaviour, many of my wonderful friends clapped in feminine delight as long as they did not think the criticism applied to them--among the rest, there was unanimous huffiness at Susanna's cattish remarks. Let me state right here and now that whenever I have something catty to say about my friends, there's nothing coincidental about it. I most certainly have particular people in mind whenever I unsheath a journalistic claw. Where would the fun be if people could not see themselves mirrored in the printed page? That's what gossip columnists were made for. Of course one cannot name names, but one can hope that the identity of the victim will be easily guessed, not only by the victim herself but by as many of her friends as possible, no?

So, among my own resolutions I find one which must be kept: keep scratching away in the hope that TV's will reach the point where they can have a good laugh at themselves once in a while. This goes to several friends who seldom, if ever, burst out in a good laugh. The moment they doll up, zoom! A curtain of seriousness descends upon their carefully madeup features and you can't get them to crack a smile even if you tickle them with a feather. They say they are ecstatically happy, but, for Heaven's sake, they surely don't act like it. Not long ago we had a fairly large get-together in New York. We also had some non-TV guests. After the party I heard more than one remark from the latter to the effect that "the TV's gave the impression of lacking in pep and vitality". Or: "when women get together for a hen-party the most noticeable thing is their laughter--these TV's seemed to be lacking in the most basic sense of humour." Of course this does not apply to everybody. But I'm sure some of our friends will find themselves among the culprits.

Another matter which emerges over and over again in all TV meetings is that of trying to act the part we feel we are portraying. This may seem repetitious--I've written about this point many times, but there are some stubborn friends who absolutely refuse to give an inch of ground when it comes to expressing femininity. For the sake of illustration, let's say that one of us is a cowboy by profession. He sleeps many a night on the rough earth with his boots on. He knows cattle and horses like the palm of his hand. He rolls his own cigarettes and even chews tobacco. The nearest thing to a perfume is the smell of a stable. Let us say that he is a TV. (Although I can't for the life of me imagine such a thing!) He buys TVia from an old uranium prospector and, oh joy! he meets other TV's. They invite him to a meeting and he soon realizes his fears are unfounded. No one will make fun of him. They all understand his lack of experience and are eager to help him. After 3 or 4 sessions, he begins to catch on. He exchanges his horse-hair wig for a good one. He learns make up technique. He buys the right size clothes and shoes. And before you know it, he suddenly proclaims he has reached perfection. From that point on, nobody will ever convince him that nobody ever reaches perfection--not even the Casablanca travelers often so beautifully endowed by nature..Do we know any TV's who fit this picture? Quite a few, no?

The rest of the group, who are well aware of the tremendously long road ahead before one can even begin to purr with satisfaction give forth a veritable barrage of subtle and not-so-subtle hints, to no avail. Let's say we are looking at a movie on television. Bette Davis is walking across the screen. One TV says "Gee! doesn't she walk beautifully?" Our cowboy friend agrees most enthusiastically. "She certainly does!" Then comes our hint. "Would you be a doll and bring me a glass of water?" Our friend goes willingly into action. Lumberingly he emerges from the chair, legs apart. The spine is curved forward, the shoulders jump ahead as if they had an important rendezvous to keep between two falsies. And the glass of water reaches our hand preceded by the majestic thump thump of pumps which were never designed for such crushing activity. So the subtle hint didn't work. We try a more direct approach. "Look honey, you look terrific, but when you walk you remind me of Rommel's tank corps withdrawing from El Alamein." At this point you get either a withering look of annoyance or a meek, hurt look. Most likely you have lost a friend and nobody will ever get you a glass of water. Posture, gestures, walk, voice inflection, here are the 4 greatest problems for most TV's. I say they are the greatest because for some unfathomed reason, they are the 4 elements most persistently ignored by the TV's themselves. We stubbornly refuse to see their tremendous, vital im-

portance to the entire "moment of truth". If we spent in any of these 4 elements one half of the time we consume in glueing a pair of false eyelashes or overstuffing the front of a dress, we'd have a much better chance of "passing", or at least of making a realistic, pleasant impression among our friends. Some TV's will swear that no one can read them. Their overwhelming and final proof (so they think) is the fact that they have not been picked up by the law and have not detected any raised eyebrows among the dozens and dozens of plain citizens they meet in the streets, stores and restaurants.

Let me be just plain nasty here. One of our greatest weaknesses is our tendency toward self-deception. Our eyes see in the mirror what we'd like to see, not what other mortals see. So you move about the city and you are still out of jail...what does that prove? It proves that 1) you are fairly passable and some people can be fooled 2) others read you but don't give a hoot. 3) others read you but are more interested in making a sale than in creating an embarrassing scene on their premises 4) others read you but think you are a harmless nut and just shrug the whole thing off. 5) others read you and have a good chuckle. You make a good story to tell when they get home in the evening. It might go like this: "You know, honey? I saw the damndest thing today at the restaurant..." Here I was sitting in one of the booths when this big boned dame sits down across from me at a near by table. I give her the usual cursory glance you normally give people..Then, something strikes me as odd...the dame has a neck just about twice as thick as mine...She's dressed kind of fancy, well groomed you might say, nice hairdo, but you should have seen that neck! She catches me staring, so I quickly glance away. Impolite to stare, you know...A bit later I notice with the corner of my eye that she's removing her gloves...wow! You should have seen those hands! So I take a fast peep at her feet, and sure enough, they match the hands in size! So, I say to myself: there's a hefty dame. And I forget all about her for awhile. But then I notice she's getting up, probably going to the ladies' room...You won't believe me, honey, but the guys in our army platoon moved more gracefully than that dame. A little later she's back at the table..I could tell she was coming 'cause I could hear the klomp-klomp coming near..then she sat...stiff as a board..nothing feminine about her I assure you..and at that point I began to wonder..maybe she was a he..but still..I could have been mistaken..until she spoke to the waiter, then I was positive I was not mistaken. That was a guy. Did I do anything about it? Of course not, why should I stick my neck out..besides, he could have been an actor..or God knows what..maybe an escaped convict, dangerous, you know..so I finished my meal, paid the bill and walked out."

Sorry, my friends, to sound so mean. The "girl-within" is supposed to be sweet, kind, gentle, dreamy. But even if it happens only once, every twelve months, somebody has to pour out a bucketful of cold, merciless realism, just to remind ourselves that the world is not entirely made of pretty clouds and blue skies. .there's also mud and hard pavements under our feet. What I cannot understand is that we all know what we should try to achieve. We know how vital proper posture, gestures, walk, voice inflection are. Many TV's at least try to improve. It is not easy, we all know that. So much so, that society has even established "Finishing schools" for Gee-Gees ("G.G." is an expression which I like better than the RG tag. "GG"=Genetic Gal. This is more scientific sounding, more impressive perhaps, than RG. "Real " Girl doesnot convey what it should inasmuch as many of us, Susanna among them, consider ourselves quite "real"-imperfect, true, but still real. Moreover, "GG" sounds cuter.) These "Finishing Schools" prove that even "G.G's" can stand a few lessons in posture, gestures, walk and voice production. So if they need them, imagine how much more WE need lessons and practice and rehearsing and criticism!!!! The problem is that anytime I feel like assuming the role of a teacher (which I am not, for the simple reason that I'm still going to school and have a lot to go before I can even hope to graduate) the target of my friendly, constructive criticism will, in many cases, stab me with a condescending smile which says: Susanna you are a jealous, mean, catty, intolerant conceited, vain, insufferably egotistical female-animal-that-barks...

So, all I can do is shut my somewhat-big mouth and peck out on the typewriter all these incredible, unrealistic fantasies of criticism that could not possibly fit the perfect status achieved by some of my TV friends.

Any more bones to pick as we start the New Year? Yes indeed! Some TV's seem to be a bit confused when they talk about Full Personality Expression. The way they see it is that when "the girl-within" is expressing herself there should be no attempt to curb "the man-within" from expressing himself at the same time! After all--they say--why can't she smoke a cigar if he feels like it? Why shouldn't she get involved in a heated argument about the superiority of Joe Louis vs. Sonny Liston? That, to me, is making an unholy mess of everything. I feel we must keep the two facets apart, wide apart, as far away as possible. If we allow "him" to express himself through "her" then we are going to create a horrible caricature which is neither fish nor fowl. Or should "she" sneak in some of her traits when "he" is around. I'm afraid his reputation won't be worth a plug nickel around the office. That is why, whether it is scientifically correct

or not, for purely practical purposes, I find it most helpful to think and talk as if two different entities were occupying one single body. I know that this philosophy can be attacked with many solid arguments, but I don't care. It is very useful as a practical tool, as a guide, to prevent Susanna from being nothing but a "man in skirts".

Let us, for heaven's sake, strive to forge a nice, clean cut, real person out of "the girl-within". Let's give her a personality of her own. If possible let's give her even different tastes than those of "the guy-within"...maybe even make a Republican out of her, if he is a democrat!!!! Do I make the point? I know I'm exaggerating a bit, but that's the general idea. If we insist on "we-still-are-the-same-person all-the-time", then, if the guy likes to fool around the garage cleaning the engine of his car every Saturday afternoon all he'd need to satisfy his TV urge would be to put on a dress, high heels, a wig and makeup and go right down the garage to clean the car, and walk, gesture and talk as if nothing had happened...same guy, same tastes, same activities, the only difference is the dress and the makeup. Why go through all that trouble then? To me that's not TVism. That's just being a guy in dresses, no more. Now, don't get me wrong. I certainly don't expect us to drop every bit of our drab, everyday personality and perform a miracle of transmutation. Of course there'll be a good many personality bits hanging around, but even those, I insist, we must redecorate, give them a different hue and intertwine them with the new, unused ones which are the trademark of "her" personality.

For the sake of examples let me mention Vickie who would never dream of soiling her fingers in the type of work her "otherself" normally performs to make a living. Or, you'll never catch Susanna writing an analysis of the present political situation--phooey! She'd rather take needle and thread and shorten the hem of that old skirt hanging in the closet.

The real fun about being a TV is in the CONSTANT IMPROVING. To look, act, talk and even think more and more like a true "GG". Not like "a woman"--this makes no sense, but rather bring to life and impart radiance, color and vitality to that particular girl we feel is waiting inside. As Siobhan says: "A successful TV must rely on personality, intelligence and charm rather than on looks." The personality is already there but we must polish it, shape it and vitalize it. The intelligence, well, we hope it's there. We can't do much if it isn't. But charm is something you can't buy, nor are you born with it. That's something you have to work at and work hard. What's really difficult to achieve is a sincere form of charm. Anything else

would be just plain phony. And that's the way TVism does enrich both personalities: hers and his.

I guess that's enough sermonizing for awhile. Let me be sweet for a moment. THINGS I LOVE ABOUT TV'S...the quiet restful serenity of Kathy & Vickie...the self assurance of Buff...the little girl look of Karen...the bubbling enthusiasm of Gail (Connecticut)...the total acceptance of herself shown by Jessica, Beatrice, Denise (Chicago), Norma, Barbara and Helen...the exquisite taste of Anita...Roberta's sense of humor...the biting sarcasm of Gail (NY)...Virginia's dedication...Carol's gentle friendliness...Siobhan's realism...Felicity's feeling of accomplishment...Irene's and Fiona's femininity...the eagerness of Debbie, Bobbie, Robin and Lucille...Lucienne's unselfishness. I could go on and on..you know something? Every single TV I've ever known possesses some wonderful qualities...I guess that's what makes them all likeable...but..let me be catty once again: I HATE: extreme caution and extreme lack of caution...hairy chests worse than hairy arms (these are bad enough)...TV's who can't have a pix taken without having to lift the hem of the skirt (those gams are not as sensational as you think, gals! and besides, how many "G-G's" have you ever met who will pose like that (nice "GG's" I mean). TV's who simply MUST list in great detail every single garment they happen to be wearing when they sit down to write...(most of us are pretty well acquainted with feminine attire, you know)...TV's who don't give a hoot about their posture, gestures, or walk...(it takes so little effort to at least try!))..

INTERESTING PEOPLE I'VE RECENTLY MET: Gina and Marietta. Charming TV couple. Marietta is by far the top TV wife I've met..not just understanding..not just kind tolerance..not just being helpful..but she LOVES it! Wouldn't want Gina to change, ever..absolutely marvellous! She cooks a terrific goulash..Gina is indeed lucky and a very realistic TV..and there's also Wendy..very nice TV, worth cultivating..Debbie, ditto..Ingrid, just spent a week with us..out every day..believes in improving..scored a beautiful TV victory by fooling for an entire evening one of our more experienced sisters. Ingrid passed herself off as a Swedish school teacher recently arrived in the USA. The nearest she's been to Sweden is Brooklyn...everybody had a ball that evening...there's an apartment house in Brooklyn Heights where the superintendent is a TV, two apartments there have been rented to TV's..surprising, isn't it?..Gloria's Xmas picture just beautiful...and speaking of Xmas..let me be cheap and use this column to say thanks ever so much, in Marie's name and mine, to the dozens and dozens of friends who sent us cards..I never got to send a single card out this year..you see, it happened this way: I had set

aside \$25 to purchase a batch of cards, but as I was reaching the corner of Madison Avenue and 60th St...something incredible happened.. I saw a nightie-negligee combination in a window..pale blue..so..I happened to walk in..and I just happened to ask for the price and my size..and you know what?..Susanna got an extra Xmas gift that day!! sorry (me, big liar)..but you know how it is..bye for now dears, and I do mean. a Happy TV Year to all...Love, Susanna...

P.S. A good, practical system to find out how much rehearsing and practice you need is to pretend someone is going to take your picture. Stand in front of a full length mirror and strike up a pose. Does it come easily? Do you know what to do with your hands? Or do you feel like a sack of potatoes? If you have to struggle like mad to achieve a half-way feminine pose then you surely need practice! Lots of it! Do the same thing sitting down and getting up. Does the image in the mirror look graceful? Or does it look like King Kong's daughter sitting atop the Empire State Building? Look at the girl on television.. see how she walks and moves about the room. Then march in front of your mirror..see the difference? If you don't, then you must have had too much vodka...cut it out! A friend of mine compiled the most fascinating scrap book I've ever seen. Not a single TV or impersonator in the pictures!!! Just page after page of "GG's"..gals..one section of gals standing and walking, dozens of different stances and poses.. then another section of women sitting down in arm chairs, sofas, inside a car, at picnics, etc..then another section of girls at a table, eating, drinking, smoking..he would study carefully each pose, each stance and copy it carefully in front of a mirror, over and over, until it clicked..it came naturally. Silly? If you think it's silly, then you might as well get back behind a locked door and read Popular Mechanics. Of course you don't need a scrap book like that if you have a wife who co-operates, or a good friend who's willing to help..we need criticism, we need advice if we are to live a TV life that is esthetically satisfying to ourselves as well as to those we come in contact with.

And another thing. No matter how difficult it may be, do your best to learn to zip and unzip yourselves in and out of any dress. Do not expose yourselves to the possibility of having to either rip a good frock to pieces, or as it happened recently to Gail (NY) having to phone some friends at 3 o'clock in the morning and organize a salvage expedition..imagine 3 or us dashing in a car to Gail's apartment just to liberate her from a beautiful new dress she would have had to wear forever if we hadn't come to the rescue! On second thought, did Gail really appreciate our prompt help? Hmmm!

Report on the October Gathering

In TVia # 18 I suggested that if enough pictures and material were submitted it would be made into a booklet and sold to raise money for the Foundation. Unfortunately, in this instance, as in several things we have tried, co-operation was not what might have been expected. As a result, there was not enough material for a booklet. However, I felt that those of you who were unable to attend would still like an "in" to some extent on the goings-on so I decided to put it in TVia.

I would like, at this point, to thank the three girls who were kind enough to submit pictures, which are reproduced herewith. These three were Gloria (our Cover Girl this time), Carol 32-Q-1 FPE, and Lucie 32-B-4 FPE.

The gathering itself took place Oct. 26 and 27th. Some few of us arrived on Friday. My wife and I had left L.A. on Thursday morning, had a 15 min. meeting with one of our group between planes in Chicago, and had been met at the airport by Doris (32-G-4) who took us home where we had a very nice dinner put forth by her very nice wife. After dinner Doris (it was really Don) drove us into the center of N.Y. where we met Lucienne (31-L-2 FPE) who drove us over into New Jersey and to an apartment belonging to Joan (31-L-1 FPE) where we stayed that night after an all too short visit with Joan and wife. But we had a good night's sleep thanks to them and their hospitality. Friday morning we did a few errands and business calls and then Lucienne drove us up to the Resort. It was beautiful driving through New Jersey because it had snowed lightly during the night and the trees, fields and houses looked like they do on Christmas Cards, all with a gentle white cover of snow. We arrived in the late afternoon and found Marie and Susanna hard at work getting things organized for the hoard of joyous girls expected the following day. Water had to be turned on, heating gas checked, blankets distributed, beds made and on top of that some dinner had to be arranged. But between them with help from Cindy and a few others all was organized. After dinner we sat and talked awhile, as usual. Also as usual most of those who arrived during the evening stayed up and talked to the wee hours, but Doreen and I decided that the next two days were going to be strenuous anyway and a little sleep would be in order, so we retired. Thus we were not on hand to welcome the arrival of Bobbie (13-D-2 FPE),

Denise (13-F-5 FPE), Fran (49-C-1 FPE), Diana (51-M-1 FPE) and Marie (14-K-2-FPE) of the Chicago chapter of FPE. They arrived about 8 A.M. in the morning having driven about 700 miles to get there. They miscalculated their "flying time" a little and were later than planned, but they made it.

Next morning there were the usual collection of sleepy eyed girls in various states of costume ranging from the masculine to the fully garbed feminine with a lot of in-betweens. Marie and Cindy presided at the stove with the eggs, coffee and such. They cooked so much those two days that I'd say they really felt at "Home on the Range". New arrivals came in all morning and were assigned beds, etc. But by about 2 o'clock all but a few late comers were there and had gotten into femmeattire and we had our meeting in the Wigwam, as Susanna has named the big buildings that she uses for meetings, night clubbing, etc. Susanna opened the proceedings with a welcome to all, especially our two psychologist friends who were there as observers and the 10 or 12 wives also present. She then turned the meeting over to Gail (32-W-4) as Chairlady. After some remarks Gail introduced me, Virginia (I never got around to giving myself a code number), and I gave the talk reprinted in the following pages. After the talk there was a discussion period in which many things were talked about. Lucienne proposed a gathering of wives after the main meeting broke up to talk over some of their problems. This was held and appeared to be instructive to all.

After the formal meeting there were a lot of group conversations and then the girls drifted off to get ready for dinner. As usual Marie put on a nice dinner for us all which we enjoyed among much gaiety and talk. There was quite a gang to feed too, something over 60 TVs about 12 wives and half a dozen or so interested "non-members". In regard to the latter it is worth noting that Annette (12-F-1 FPE) and wife Gail had driven all the way from Idaho and had brought with them a couple who were very close friends but not TV. These two fine folk had a real ball with us all and the next morning when I asked the husband what he thought of "us" he said that as far as he was concerned there was nothing to "think", that all he saw was a bunch of people doing what they wanted to do and having a wonderful time--just a bunch of "happy people" as he put it.

After dinner we all drifted back to our rooms to dress in our prettiest gowns for the evening's entertainment and when ready we gathered in the Wigwam again. The place was aglow with rhinestones and alive with the rustle of taffeta and swish of satin as all the girls both FPs and GGs (Susanna's new and cute term) showed off their finery. And



THE DUTCHESS



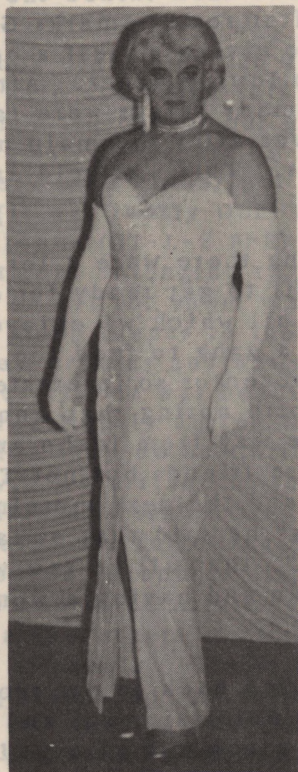
ANITA



LEE



JAQUELINE



GLORIA



FRAN

WE HAD A FASHION SHOW

it was cool enough for furs too. We were then treated to the evenings entertainment some of which is pictured in the accompanying pages. First we had a Fashion show with Anita, Gloria, Bobbie, Fran, Lee and others whom I can't remember as they showed what the well dressed FP will wear (if she is given a chance). The evening was masterfully handled by Denise of Chicago who, unfortunately, had to appear masquerading as her brother since it had not been feasible to bring along an outfit. He introduced all the people and acts and kept up a running fire of comments which added much to the pleasure of the evening. Diana from Chicago gave an unaccompanied monolog, Bobbie and Fran sang to records. Then the New Yorkers took over, Susanna gave us her usual fascinating Spanish dances, Gail repeated her famous "To Keep My Love Alive" number and Karen, Gail and Jessica combined as a trio to sing to records. Cindy gave a harmonica solo or two, and Irene and Fiona from Toronto brought down the house with a rendition (meaning to tear things up) of the Swan Lake Ballet (otherwise known as the Duck Pond Jump), it was really a very cute take off on ballet and everybody enjoyed it immensely. The Piece de Resistance of the evening, however, and the act which wound up the performance was the trio again, Gail, Karen and Jessica singing to a record of "There's Nothing Like a Dame." The amusing thing was that the recording was a male trio and it was really something to see these three beautiful girls singing like crazy and these deep male voices coming out. The payoff was the last line which goes down to a real bass voice and pretty little. Karen belted it way down, it was a real panic.

After the entertainment proper we just sat around, danced around, talked around, had refreshments and generally visited like mad till people finally began to drop out from 2 A.M. on. I think I passed out about 3--from fatigue not drink. Next morning about 10 saw the clan beginning to gather in the kitchen again in all sorts of clothing from negligees and nighties through various houscoats, dresses etc. and some already back in male attire ready for the long voyage home. About 1 P.M. we had a meeting of the membership of FPE present plus those who had voiced an interest in it and expected to join. We discussed the organization of chapters and what they could and should do and various other matters. Then as we broke up the group began to dress for going home at the end of one of the most remarkable weekends in history, one which none of us who were present will ever forget. How lucky our group is that Marie and Susanna have this wonderful place where such a meeting could take place--all of us extend our thanks to them, not only for the place but for the care they both took of us in the line of beds, food and all the rest. I am sure that never before in history have sixty some true TVs, a dozen or so wives and a couple of professional men met together for such an occasion. While



KAREN
GAIL
and
JESSICA

Singing

"There is Nothing
Like a Dame!"

(Except a TV
of course)



IRENE and FIONA of Toronto
Perform "Swan Lake Ballet"



BOBBIE of Chicago Gives Out

WE HAD ENTERTAINMENT TOO.



A COUPLE OF FEMALE-TYPE JOURNALISTS



COVER GIRLS
ANNETTE #5, GLORIA #19, SUSANNA #12



More of the
Entertainment

SUSANNA 32-V-1
Danced
DIANA 51-M-1
FPE
Monolog



we didn't accomplish any particular thing we did all get to know each other, and people who had only been names and addresses before suddenly became real flesh and blood. This is an important factor in a band of people whose tie to each other is such a personal type of thing. I am very glad that I could be present and I thank the FPE members for their contribution to the trip. I feel that valuable things were accomplished, misunderstandings cleared up, and close bonds established.

Because I feel that those of you who could not attend this gathering would rather like to get the spirit of the occasion I am taking the liberty of reprinting here the keynote speech which I delivered there. Perhaps even those who were present may find some more meat in it when they can read it more leisurely than they could listen that memorable afternoon.

"TAKING STOCK"

This gathering is probably unique in history. Other groups such as A.A., Synanon etc. have met to discuss and plan, and TVs have met to enjoy, but never in a group this size to consider themselves as a group. I am especially glad to see so many GGs among us, wives, friends, and interested spectators. And even more significant is the presence of two distinguished psychologists. We hope that they will learn much about people like us and be able to do their bit in enlightening their professional colleagues.

Now let us survey the situation. I put my own story in TVia #17 so that you whom I have not met would have more knowledge of me and how and why TVia got started. But TVia #18 will mark the end of our third year. What has been accomplished during these years?

Apart from improvement in the magazine through experience and greater circulation two main things can be credited to the magazine: (1) Many closets have been unlocked and their occupants freed. (2) Many TVs learned that they are (a) not alone in their feelings, (b) that to love cross-dressing does not necessarily make them homosexual, (c) that they need not feel guilty and ashamed (d) that they can and should accept themselves as they are (e) to live with it and stop fighting it (f) to acquaint wives, parents and friends with the nature of their feelings and (g) to meet others and to express freely on a social level--here at the Resort and in groups elsewhere as in Alpha and Beta chapters of FPE and other groups. This is all very fine but where do we go from here?

We now have two problems before us, first, how to find those as yet undiscovered TVs, and second, how to explain and enlighten other non-TVs about this activity and its basic philosophy. Work toward both of these goals has been started by Chevalier Publications-- (a) Through the magazine itself by advertising, and letters to professional people, and (b) through the evolutionary interaction of ideas of subscribers on the one hand and myself as Editor on the other, by lectures and leaflets passed out, by Susanna through her activities here in N.Y. etc.

Now we have a Foundation. The important part of our articles of incorporation were printed in TVia #17 page 56. So the Foundation is set up. Practically all the cost of doing so, together with all other activities to date have been paid for by the dues of F.P.E. members, less than \$100 having come from donations. (This was true at the time, but upwards of \$400 has come in since.) And at this point may I interject that one-half of my expenses on this trip were paid out of these funds. This was not done arbitrarily, but by permission. A letter was sent to all FPE members requesting their judgement on the matter. About 75% of these responded and 100% who did said yes. More than that, gifts totaling about \$50 were sent me personally for trip expense. This was a very heart warming gesture of appreciation to me and I take this occasion to publicly thank those who made these gifts.

But now that we have a Foundation, what do we do with it? Before discussing this question, however, a word about the philosophy of the TV movement is in order. This has been developing with me over many years. You have watched it evolve through my Virgin Views editorials. But the next step is a revolutionary one. Not necessarily for those individuals who have arrived at the same point independently, but for the majority of TVs, the public and, with apologies to our professional friends who may take some exception, to the medical and psychological fraternity.

We need a new pair of glasses to see things from a new point of view. Since (1) TVism has long been identified with homosexuality by lay and professional people alike, and since (2) homosexuality is at least in most cases a psychosexual deviation not from a social norm but from a biological one, it has been in the past and largely still is, classified as a type of mental illness that needs description, classification and treatment, like alcoholism, drug addiction, etc. When not related to overt homosexuality it was claimed by Stekel and others to be "latent" homosexuality at worst and a "paraphilia" similiar to fetishism, masochism and narcissism at best. While it is



More of the Audience
and Everybody Having
a Good Time Watching
the Entertainment





Some of the
Audience at
Resort meet-
ing.



true that fetishism, masochism and narcissism are present in transvestism, it is also true that they are present in some degree in all "normal" people too. But because psychiatry was a growing science, all patterns of behavior slightly out of the ordinary were considered proper things to study as "deviations" and that is where we are today. Personally, I do not regard myself or any other heterosexual Femme-Personator as emotionally or psychologically ill. Moreover, those persons who may have other neurotic conditions on top of TVism may be ill in spite of the TV but not because of it.

What then is this condition that all of us so enjoy? In my opinion it is a rediscovery of something that has become "lost" in the multiplicity of human cultural regimentation. Briefly it is this: In the great majority of non-human species the behaviour of the sexes in all matters not related to procreation are pretty much alike. "Male" and "female" describe anatomical and reproductive differences. The words "masculine" and "feminine" have no meaning in most cases. Gender, whose key words are masculine and feminine, is almost entirely a human concept and manifestation. Unfortunately, in human cultural development we have tended to take the total of all possible traits, interests, behavior patterns, and activities that are NOT related to anatomical sex and reproductive processes and arbitrarily divided them and assigned these to males and then called them masculine and those to females and called them feminine. That this is a cultural fallacy, is arbitrary and generally psychologically destructive, since it goes against the inherent natures of people, is attested to by the facts that in other cultures and other times in history almost everything assigned in our culture as masculine or feminine has at one time or another been the opposite.

Margaret Mead, the famous anthropologist, has shown that a number of the traits so widely taken to be inherent in the male and called masculine are, in fact, not male-related but are due to our patriarchal society. Thus aggressiveness, decisiveness, competitiveness (in non-sexual matters) are qualities of the dominance of a sex in the social organization, not in the sex itself. In a matriarchal culture, the female would have to decide, dominate, compete and be aggressive in the process of "running" the society, its culture and institutions just as the male generally does today. Further indication of the falsity of this arbitrary division is evident in all the tests and devices which psychologists come up with to measure masculinity and femininity "indexes" in each sex. They therefore give lip service to the presence of masculinity in the female and femininity in the male but when it comes to practical and actual expression of this (at least on the part of the male) they raise their eyebrows, get out their old-

type glasses and start to work "helping" the individual to "get back to normal"--to "adjust himself to society" and, if possible, to stop being what he is. This is why I say we need new glasses for a new look.

Our Foundation can provide these glasses if it gets some money to do it with, some professional assistance and support, and some effective organization and program and willing help from FPs themselves. It can support research academically and internally which can learn more of the nature of this form of expression and, it can publicize this information to the lay and professional public--particularly to legal, police and judicial persons.

FemmePersonation as we know it and show it is not a perversion, sex deviation, anomaly, obsession, or similar terms denoting that "something is wrong". (This is not to deny that cross-dressing as an activity may not occur in persons who for other reasons may have to be classified by any of these terms or others but I am talking about persons in which cross-dressing is the only or principal "unusual" behavior pattern.) It should be made clear that "statistically uncommon" is not synonymous with "psychopathological" and "culturally unpermissible" is not necessarily "morally reprehensible". All a true TV or FP is doing is to seek to express some of the values and traits which, when they were drawn from the common human supply depot, so to speak, were arbitrarily assigned to the female. The world will be a much better place when a rearrangement of values takes place. It is already better because of the emancipation of women who are now able to contribute talents and abilities to the social order which they were previously forced to suppress. When men are free to do the same without hinderance or persecution the world will indeed have made a long step forward and more will be gained for all.

The world may not understand us, but before we can expect it to, we must understand ourselves. We must not only learn about causes but must develop an awareness of underlying motivations within us which help bring about FemmePersonation and find a rational place for them in the general scheme of things. The FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION is the mechanism through which much of this can be accomplished, but it will require the financial support and general co-operation of all if it is to do anything worthwhile. Remember that the job we undertake is not for ourselves only, it is for those who remain undiscovered, lonely and fearful and more than that it is for those as yet unborn. The task is large. Ask yourself if your life would have been easier if TRANSVESTIA and the Foundation had existed when you were 18 and found out about it?

This then is, as I see it, the philosophy underlying our "cause", the problem we have to tackle and the instrument to tackle it with. May this be only the first of many such meetings. I thank you.

Note: This appeal for funds to support the Foundation resulted in a very generous donation of \$250 by Gloria (38-A-1) made at the meeting and a number of smaller contributions which were mailed in later.

"BREAKING THE CODE" and FPE MEMBERSHIP LIST

Many times it has been asked what the code meant and various readers have indicated that they had "figured it out". It is not difficult nor is it intended to be very secret. I devised it in the beginning as a means of avoiding the use of names but of being able to quickly find names in the file from the code number. Thus this simple system. The first number is the number of the state in which the subscriber lives in alphabetical order (see below) the initial is that of the last name so that I could tell where to look in the card file, and the last number is the number of persons whose last name begins with that same initial in the order of their addition to our files. Thus 32-J-8 might mean the 8th "J" (for Jackson for example) who lived in New York state. FPE of course indicates membership in PHI PI EPSILON. Below are given the states and their "order numbers". Foreign countries are preceded by "F" for foreign, and an "E" for England for example. Canada being so close and having a number of subscribers has her provinces numbered alphabetically after the states series.

1. Ala.	15. Iowa	29. N. H.	43. Tex.
2. Alaska	16. Kans.	30. N. J.	44. Ut.
3. Ariz.	17. Ky.	31. N. Mex.	45. Vt.
4. Ark.	18. La.	32. N. Y.	46. Va.
5. Calif.	19. Maine	33. N. C.	47. Wash.
6. Colo.	20. Md.	34. N. Dak.	48. W. Va.
7. Conn.	21. Mass.	35. Ohio	49. Wis.
8. Del.	22. Mich.	36. Okla.	50. Wyo.
9. Fla.	23. Minn.	37. Ore.	51. Wash. D. C.
10. Ga.	24. Miss.	38. Penn.	52. P. R.
11. Hawaii	25. Mo.	39. R. I.	53. Alba. Can.
12. Ida.	26. Mont.	40. S. C.	54. B. C. Can.
13. Ill.	27. Neb.	41. S. D.	55. Ont. Can.
14. Ind.	28. Nev.	42. Tenn.	56. Que. Can.

Following are code numbers of those who have joined FPE as of this date. Several others have been accepted but have not paid dues as yet. Note: 1963 dues of \$6 are now payable by present members.

1-G-1 Betty Ann	5-W-5 Fran	21-D-1 Lois	35-G-1 Fran
5-A-2 Ruby x*	7-C-1 Judy	21-G-1 Maxine	37-B-1 Jeanne
5-B-3 Diane	7-C-2 Carol	22-R-1 Lucille	37-P-1 Olivia
5-B-5 Barbara Jean	7-S-1 Gail	22-S-2 Karen	38-H-1 Brenda
5-B-6 April	9-C-1 Jean	23-M-1 Myrtle	38-O-1 Jean
5-B-7 Denise	9-C-2 Ruth	25-D-2 Dorena	39-B-3 Kathleen
5-B-10 Donna x*	9-E-1 Helen	25-J-1 Carlene	43-H-1 June
5-D-1 Betty	9-K-1 Mary Kay	30-B-2 Sheila	43-P-1 Linda
5-D-6 Joan	10-P-1 Elsa	30-L-1 Joan	43-Z-1 Loretta
5-F-3 Georgia x*	10-S-1 Joan	30-L-2 Lucienne	44-C-1 Hilda
5-F-4 Rita	12-F-1 Annette	30-P-1 Joan	45-G-1 Lois
5-G-1 Jeanette	13-B-2--	32-B-4 Lucie	46-H-1 Eileen
5-G-3 Margo	13-C-3 Jackie	32-B-7 Sally	47-B-1 Thera
5-H-2 Alice x*	13-D-2 Bobbie	32-G-6 Doris	48-I-1 Marilyn
5-H-4 Ann	13-D-4 Barbara Lee	32-M-4 Felicity	49-C-1 Fran
5-H-5 Kathy	13-F-5 Denise	32-M-5 Joan	49-F-1 Lynne
5-H-11 Debbie x*	13-H-1 Marge	32-N-2 Connie	49-K-3 Geraldine
5-J-1 Karla	13-M-1 Edwina	32-P-1 Barbara Ann	49-R-1 Angela
5-L-6 Milly	13-M-5 Ann	32-S-1 Wilma	51-M-1 Diana x*
5-L-7 Louise	13-S-3 Barbara	32-S-13 Beverly	51-W-2 Marsha
5-N-1 Mary	13-W-4 Irene	32-Q-1 Carol	52-L-1 Iris
5-N-2 Marcelle	13-V-1 Jean	32-W-1 Betty	54-L-1 Joan
5-N-4 Wilma	14-K-2 Marie	32-W-3 Elaine	55-J-1 Dominique
5-N-5 Madeleine	15-N-1 Marilyn	32-W-8 Kathy	55-S-1 Irene
5-P-2 Sheila Ann	16-B-1 Jane	32-W-9 Ella	56-K-1 Juno
5-R-4 Billie	16-K-1 Heidi	33-B-2 Beatrice	
5-S-8 Veronica	20-H-1 Betty	34-Z-1 Donna	
5-W-3 Nancy	20-L-1 Flo	35-B-2 Rita	

x* Has moved from state of registration

Many of the above have been enabled to meet others in their own areas. Others would like to but there are not enough members in their states. Getting TVia on newsstands in a city is a good way to increase readership in the area and thus potential members. But whether you have a group going or not remember that your dues are helping to carry out the work of the Foundation for the good of all, otherwise it could not be done.

"VIRGIN VIEWS" — by VIRGINIA

I shall not have much of a column this issue because so much space has been devoted to the October Gathering and because the reprinting of my speech there serves the purpose of an editorial.

I would, however, like to add a few words to what Susanna has had to say in her column. First off, I approve wholeheartedly of her term "GG" instead of "RG" and will use it hereafter. But most important is her comment about the masculine talk and behaviour left-overs in the femmepersonality. I agree very strongly and thus the title of this piece...clothes do not make the girl, personality does.

Some of you have not liked the word "FemmePersonator" because you were more accustomed to "transvestite", yet it is exactly in what Susanna comments about that the difference lies--it is a matter of personality. One may like femmeattire and wear it well, but if he does not act the woman portrayed, that is really bring her to life to the best of his ability, he remains a man in woman's clothes, which is to say a male cross dresser. The biggest jar I had at the gathering was the realization of how few made any attempt to change their voices--not to a simpering falsetto, but merely to a slightly higher but much softer way of speaking. It is not difficult to do and makes the femmeself so much more real.

In the beginning none of us is a real femmeperson, but as we live longer and accumulate a little history of femmexperience the "girl within", as Susanna calls her begins to emerge as a personality in her own right. While she has to use her brother's physical body to move around in, there is no reason why any more of his behavior patterns and character traits than necessary should be carried over. The real strength and beauty of FemmePersonation lies in the ability of the individual to open the door to a new attitude toward life, to express another part of the totality of human experience, to feel a distinct difference between the femmeself and the everyday man-at-work self. This cannot very well be done if the femmeself is going to talk with his voice, walk with his gait, smoke his cigars, and argue in his ways about things interesting to him. This is a transvestite only...a cross dressed male, not a new feminine personality.....

VIRGINIA

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

I. THANKS: Again in this spot, your Editor wishes to thank all of those who so thoughtfully sent Christmas cards to her, and most particularly to those five special girls who remembered her with little gifts. Two of these came in the form of money and I would like to report that this went toward a large and beautiful jewelry chest to keep all my diamonds, emeralds, and rubies (?????) in. I do want to thank all of you for both cards and gifts. It was just too much extra work for Joyce and I to try to send out cards, so our Season's Greetings were included in #11 of the Mirror which I hope you all got.

II. APOLOGIES AND EXPLANATION: Every mail brings plaintive wails as to "where is my copy of Male Actress" which I ordered X months ago? Dear friends, it is now finally and completely in the printer's hands, but sandwiched between the Mirror, this issue of TVia and the rest of his business I doubt it will be ready for distribution for several weeks yet. This venture has been dogged with various trials primarily of incompleteness and having to find someone to finish it, which JoAnne (5-T-3) finally did, and to whom I owe many thanks, and then of artwork. My previous artist was not able to help this time and I had to find someone else nearby who could, would, and was "hep". This too took time but was finally achieved. I wish Barbara had not been so premature in her announcement of it last fall. It had to be printed on the new Descriptive Price List sheets when they went to press and, this, too, implied completion, but it won't be long now.

III. NON-RECEIPT OF MAIL: This is a recurring problem to us. We take considerable pains to check and double check orders against payment, payment against both cards and cash sheet, and shipments against orders so that we may be sure that we are not at fault. Yet there is a small but continuous stream of wails.. "where is my ??? which I ordered way back when"? Sometimes the lack of receipt is due to expiration of subscription without knowing it, sometimes the postoffice returns it to us because the person moved or closed a box and doesn't seem to recall this himself. Oftener the shipment does not come back to us but does not get delivered either. At this point we are a little baffled because, considering the feelings of our subscribers about security, we cannot go to the Post Office and register

a complaint. This would involve a postal interview at the recipient's end which would not be appreciated. This being the case, we just have to put up with it and be sorry.

IV. APOLOGY TO OUR CATHOLIC READERS: It was called to my attention that on page 55 of TVia #17 in the discussion of the religious affiliation of our readers, I referred to the "feminine diety". I should not have used this expression as Catholics do not regard Mary as a Diety. I apologize for this careless use of words. I was referring of course, to the great reverence and devotion accorded the Virgin by Catholics and the place she holds in the Catholic faith.

V. PLUG FOR THE FEMMEMIRROR: The majority of those who read TVia subscribe for the Mirror, but a number do not. I would like to suggest that you do. I do so because the Mirror is our "inner circle" newsletter. It goes only to subscribers while TVia is sold on Newsstands. Since the Mirror is "in the family", as it were, we can write in more personally, excerpts from letters, comments, answers to questions, etc. that would not be quite in order in a semi-public magazine as TVia has now become. Sometimes there are things we should like to say to all of you that we don't necessarily want to say to others who might see TVia but not be one of us. So, if you can afford that \$1 a month, I think it would be a good investment. Joyce is primarily responsible for it and she is doing a very nice job. It is now published in the same page size and style as TVia but is only 11 pages long--a "between us girls type of thing". Try it.

VI. PAYMENT FOR MANUSCRIPTS: Up to the present, all contributions to Chevalier have been made gratis. This has enabled us to get started and to grow. Largely it will remain this way, but the time has come when some compensation to authors should be made. So on accepted manuscripts submitted AFTER Feb. 1, 1963 a payment of \$1 per page from 10 to 50 pages and 75¢ a page over this will be made. Articles less than 10 published pages will continue to be gratis and for the good of the cause. Payment will be made IF AND WHEN material is published and based on printed pages. This amount is not large, but is intended as a gesture of participation and encouragement. It will be paid for fiction, true stories and articles, but not for letters or case histories. The Editor reserves the right to shorten, delete or rearrange material as deemed necessary, not to save money, but to avoid padding and unnecessary verbosity. I hope this will encourage some of the more reluctant authors.

COMMERCIAL PLUG

About once a year a publisher is entitled to a sales pitch in his own publication, so this is the time for Chev. Pubs. to do one. Sometimes the nature of various publications is not clear to newcomers and old comers may have forgotten, so please note below.

"THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE". Many wives of our readers are already understanding and would not need this book. Consequently we did not print nearly as many of them as we do of TVia. I suggest therefore that those whose wives do not understand or those unmarrieds who expect to be someday get this book for future use before it gets sold out. The residual demand after those who need it have gotten it probably will not warrant reprinting. For those presently unmarried but planning--PLEASE do not make the old false assumption that marriage will erase TV and therefore you need not tell your intended. It literally only works about 1/10 of 1% of the time, I know of only one case where it did, so be prepared.

"BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA". The constantly increasing readership makes it necessary to print more copies of newer issues of TVia, and space for storage is at a premium. Back issues of #3 on in full size are available in limited quantity. They will not be reprinted so if you want a full library take them while you can. Price was reduced to 6 for 5 or \$20.00, take your choice or ask for the leaflet "What Has Gone Before" which gives the general contents of each issue noting articles of special importance of interest.

"THE CLIPSHEET". This was conceived as a means of keeping everybody's scrapbook well supplied with material. We have some of each of these still around too, and would like the space made available. These will not be reprinted. Reduced price of any 6 issues \$5.

"THE FEMMEMIRROR". These too will not be reprinted. We did not have any way of estimating the demand so we overprinted on some early issues. As an "interior houseorgan" of the TV movement it will not be reprinted and is no longer sold on stands, so fill up your reading material, get handy hints, save a bit and help us clear the space by completing your set. All issues available but not in the same quantities. Price reduced to 6 issues for \$5 and if you want, you may combine them with THE CLIPSHEET in any combination you want and still keep the price at 6 for \$5. Thank you. Circulation Dept.



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13-W-5 Married FP, 31, undrstndg. wife. Wish corres. & meet
other FPs in Chicago area, corres. to all. VICKY

=====

32-B-7 FPE Married, 26, like corres. other FPs, all letters, ans.
Possible meet others in 100 mil. Binghamton N.Y. SALLY

=====

32-N-2 FPE Married FP wants corres. & contact other FPs partic. in
western N. Y. state area. All answered. CONNIE

=====

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TRANSVESTIA is published about the 1st of even-numbered months at \$4 per copy. ALL back issues are available. Nos. 1 and 2 are in 1/4 page photoreduction at reduced prices. All others \$4 each.

TV "CLIPSHEET" is published the 1st of each odd-numbered month and consists of reproductions of newspaper and magazine clippings both old and new sent in by readers. Its purpose is to provide material for scrap books that might not otherwise be available. Price \$1 an issue or \$5 per year of 6 issues.

The FEMMEMIRROR is published monthly on the 15th and consists principally of excerpts from letters, suggestions, discussion of questions of interest, news notes etc. It is a newsletter for FemmePersons. Price \$1 an issue or \$10 per year of 12 issues.

NOTE:: As an inducement to save a lot of record keeping, those who wish a full year of each of the 3 publications above and will pay for them all at once will receive one issue of TVia free. Price of 6 TVias, 6 Clipsheets and 12 Femmemirrors--\$35. Save \$7 over regular price. This offer applies only for 1 year IN ADVANCE. Back issues of TVia available any 6 for the price of 5 when ordered at one time (6 must not include #s 1, 2 or current issue) \$20.00

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Plastic "Head" Wig block and Clamp to hold block ea.	5.00	\$

Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Case histories, true experiences, fictional stories, articles of opinion, poems and pictures are welcome. The greater variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited on this basis:

1. Material is offered for publication without compensation and for the benefit of all.
2. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
3. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off color material will not be published and therefore should not be submitted.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES:

For the protection of the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it has become necessary to limit the ads and answers service of the magazine to those who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for a free personal information form. Fill out and return with \$5 registration fee. When accepted this money may be applied against ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. If not accepted it will be returned.

Members of PHI PI EPSILON are free to advertise and to reply to ads without further application and at regular rates.

RATES: \$2 per ad per issue for up to 5 lines. Replies \$1.

No replies or other material intended for remailing should be sent to Chevalier Publications or to TRANSVESTIA itself. Address all such mail to "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Los Angeles 19.

GOODS AND SERVICES ADS also accepted, rates upon request.



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