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Transvestia



Volume IX

No. 53

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "other side" and seek to express it. The magazine provides--

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

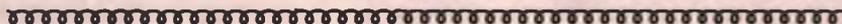
to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

in place of the loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANSVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this magazine.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.



THE COVER DESIGN

The cover design symbolizes the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides - mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) - the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being - not all masculine - mind and reason, abstract and unseen - and not all feminine - beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"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".

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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VOL. IX NO. 53

OCTOBER, 1968



Leading Lady

Life With Paula

Paula 30-P-2 FPE

Two can-can girls in flounced skirts, sleek black tights, three-inch heels and half-masks — a perfect disguise for a Halloween party. Paula in a rented wig managed the heels with aplomb and was thrilled to find that she passed until we stood up and unmasked. The compliments and comments during the evening were heady, the heels addictive and Paula was off and running.

It all began in 1928. A son was born to a moderately well-to-do family who owned their own business and — as was still common at that time — employed a German maid who “lived-in”. Like many immigrants, she had brought along a large box which was stored in the attic. One afternoon when I was about five, the neighborhood gang playing in the attic, found it was full of underwear, and we all tried it on as a gag. That was the start of Paula, as the clothes seemed to have more fascination for me than for the others. The only other lead towards her feminine development was that our Mother kept my hair long, though this was definitely out of style for little boys of my age group. The long hair had to be defended, so many fights with the other boys resulted. This was not quite as rough as it might have been, since I went to a private day-school that was attended principally by older girls — but the boys were four to one in our class.

When I was seven, my best friend's sister realized that we both were about the same size as THEIR maid, and induced us to dress up completely at least once, perhaps more. I only remember clearly that everyone thought Paula was a very good-looking girl, but there was no great, compelling desire to repeat it. We did experiment with the German girl's underwear several more times, but I do not recall any particular enjoyment of it. And that was

the end of Paula until college, though she invaded my dreams a good many times in the intervening years.

At 9, I went to public school where I became a strong and active sports participant, with no evidence of TV tendencies. About the time I entered prep school, I grew very fast, and at 14 was a full six feet tall. There were others in the class almost as tall, but I was unrivalled for strength, and became Captain of both the football and basketball teams. A torn cartilage at the end of the football season of my Senior year forced me to drop basketball that season, and kept me out of college football. Swimming was all right, and I made a Varsity letter for that in my freshman year.

Paula came back to life when we discovered toga parties at college; once as a gag I wore a girl-friend's kilt to a Scottish regimental party. Then Paula discovered an old corset of Grandmother's that gave a for-sure girly-girl figure, front porch and all. She became quite fascinated with this new development, and TV became a major hobby – though I had met my present wife by that time.

She was not my first girl-friend, as I never had any trouble getting dates. In fact, I was considered to be “almost too handsome (or pretty)”, and took full advantage of it in that I had my pick of the girls. However, this one was the first I really took seriously, and so we were married. She was tolerant of TV at first, and made Paula a dress for our first Halloween party together. I came as a “flapper” in a short, cheap wig, full set of underwear including girdle and stockings, and Cuban heels. I created quite a sensation – but since then I have seen a movie taken at the party, and Paula really left MUCH to be desired in portrayal. But it was a big adventure, and so was the purchasing of the “equipment”.

After the second Halloween, mentioned earlier, Paula began to build up a wardrobe in secret, as my wife's tolerance was limited. One day, though, she went along with a little joke: I suggested I dress and we stop in on one of our neighbors. This went over so well that HIS wife induced him to doll up as Mae West – which he did fantastically well. And then the host's Father dropped in – and there we all were, sitting around in a little house with no place to hide! The father didn't ask a single question or make any comment, so we all sat there carrying on a rather strained conversation for quite a while.



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The third Halloween, in 1956, Paula came as a Victorian lass in a long cotton dress my wife had made, and the rented wig. It was not nearly as effective as the previous appearances, and something of an anti-climax. In addition, my wife began to feel we were overdoing it, so that was the last Halloween for Paula. By this time, though, the desire to dress was thoroughly aroused, and she began to collect a larger wardrobe of stockings, used skirts, second-hand sweaters and a \$6 Dynel wig – all in a secret box in the attic. (What WOULD we do without attics?)

About this time began the literature search we almost all go through. I dug up Havelock Ellis' treatise on Eonism, bought a copy and re-read it. After that, Cauldwell's book was a let-down, and even Hirshfeld's was just more of the same; \$12.50, that could have better been used elsewhere, wasted! Finally, after about two years of this, I hit upon TVia in a Times Square book-store. It was one of the early ones that carried Susanna's address and phone number, yet I hesitated to make any such contact. Instead, I set to working learning photography, with Paula as my ever-willing model. I went the whole way on black and white, developing and printing at least 1000 prints. (I don't bother with this any more, as I know now a developing lab can't possibly study each picture and couldn't care less anyhow. Also, having tried Paula's pictures on some store clerks I find they will hardly believe it's the same person). Of course, this made quite a bundle, so eventually my wife found some of them and those vanished forever, but without any battle.

When I felt I had Paula polished up enough, I did call Susanna. She invited Paula to the Resort, and we made a date for the next week-end. I drove all the way up to that area, but got lost and had to phone for further directions. Whoever answered the phone didn't know Susanna, and was pretty gruff about it. I was about out of nerve anyhow, so home I went – 200 miles. That was my only attempt to meet another TV until Virginia held her "open-house" in New York the Fall of 1963. There I got to meet Jody, Felicity and Sheila, plus Sheila's wife Avia. We all compared pictures, and I found Paula was not so far out of line as I had feared.

Before I made further contact, Paula "just didn't have a THING to wear", so I really went shopping. It turned out you can purchase quite openly without any great embarrassment, just by being confident and saying they are for your own use "at a party".

The clerks become very sympathetic and helpful – in many cases, they get a big kick out of fitting a “lady” who is 6-3 and 195 lbs. Finding a suitable “costume” seems to be quite a challenge.

Paula’s wardrobe includes four or five pairs of shoes that I bought after trying on in the store. I have been told by several clerks that it is not unusual for a man to come in the ladies’ department shopping for size 11½C’s. One woman customer watched the whole procedure, then asked me: “Is THAT the new style for men – what are we coming to now?”

In spite of my height, a Tall-Girl’s size 18 dress will fit reasonably well. Pauls’s 39-29-41 dimensions (when properly padded) are not in bad proportion, though the waist generally has to be taken in about two inches. There are many styles in which the sleeves are hopelessly tight, so sleeveless dresses are the best bet; even those will give trouble unless the arm-holes are a bit larger than usual.

I wouldn’t want to give the impression that just any TV can walk in just any store and get this kind of treatment. First, I take care to patronize the city shops where the clerks are apt to be somewhat sophisticated, and try to size up the person in which I’m confiding. Second, my appearance is so overwhelmingly different from the public image of “effeminate” that it seems to wipe out any qualms the clerks may feel about dealing with an off-beat customer.

After all these preparations, Paula’s opportunity to “come out” in TV society had to wait until my wife went to spend a month with her family. The first visit was just with Sheila and Avia. They were constructively critical, but encouraging, so next week-end I went to a full scale TV party at another girl’s home. Next week-end at Sheila’s, and the following one at the other home and by the time my wife got home, Paula was all used up for the time being, and ready to go back into hiding. Since then she has made many parties, gaining from interaction with the other ladies, and her confidence has risen so that she really IS “up to standard”. Confidence, of course, leads to adventures.

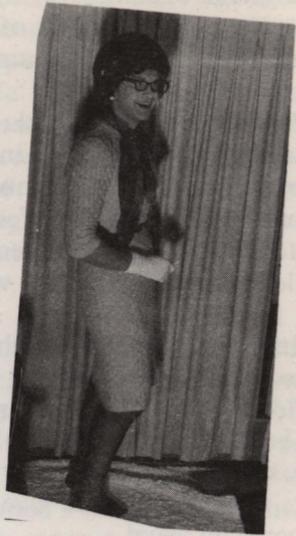
Once I took her wig to be cleaned and set, giving the clerk the usual pitch and showing her Paula’s lovely mug-shots. She was enchanted, and we were both looking forward to the return visit



VERSATILE

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GIRL





NEVER LOOK BACK!



TOPLESS YET!



**ALWAYS LEAVE
'EM LAUGHING**

to pick up the results – but when I walked in there was one of my wife’s friends – a near neighbor, who greeted me by name! The clerk didn’t realize anything was wrong, and was a little distressed when I just paid up, excused myself and never went NEAR there again!

Another time, Paula elected to go home dressed. That was fine till I noticed in the rear-view mirror a car following – and realized that a girl alone, driving slowly through the center of town at 2 AM, might be expected to have an ulterior motive – which I did NOT! So, around the block we went without losing him, then a devious route that even led across a state line – and finally just pulled in our driveway, where Paula pulled off her heels and left them behind as she rushed barefoot into the house. The would-be seducer was left sitting baffled at the curb, and is still probably trying to figure out what went wrong.

The latest escapade was a visit to a Merle Norman salon, where I requested some advice on make-up. The result was a demonstration – on ME, in male clothes! The girl was most enthusiastic, even the manager joining in, and did such a fine job that I didn’t have the heart to wipe it off – so I drove the 20 miles to Sheila’s in full bloom. It was an odd feeling, but Avis was the only one who spotted it. Then another problem: my beard had been bad enough at the salon, and was now intolerable. Sheila assured me her electric-razor would remove the whiskers and not the make-up. She was right, so “Miss Norman’s” paint-job lasted the whole evening including the long drive home. (As a safety precaution, my hostesses are always primed when I set off into the dark dressed, to explain to some over-zealous cop on the phone that I was at a masquerade party with them and didn’t have time to “clean-up”.)

As you can plainly see Paula has developed into quite a creature. She is even beginning to become somewhat of a lady. On a recent visit she lost her brother’s watch. He couldn’t find it anywhere and he certainly wouldn’t think of looking in a lady’s purse, but there it was, safe and sound.

Seriously, however, Paula is still quite juvenile. She is tremendously proud of her huge but “perfect” body and legs. She thinks she could win all sorts of beauty contests and gets bolder and bolder in her adventures. Here is where Paula thanks FPE. She



PAULA THE BLONDE



PAULA THE BRUNETTE



has had a chance to see and weigh other's adventures and misadventures. She has had a chance to see that others are at least as attractive as she is and don't cause such a great ripple. FPE and the magazine have brought Paula to the surface and given her brother a new dimension. Repeated conferences with Avis and other TVs' wives hold out a hope that a meeting of Paula's brother's wife and other TV wives could bring about some acceptance of Paula if it only be that she could stop hiding from her GG.

Paula and her brother would both like to publically thank Virginia, the magazine, Sheila and Avis for the help they have so freely given and to express the hope that some day I may return it. Paula thinks this is what FPE should be about.



NO - - - THAT'S MY SON TOM. HE'S SPENDING HIS VACATION AT SOMETHING CALLED AN "FPE" RESORT



TRINA — N.Y.



KAREN 21-F-2 FPE



To Catch A Thief

by Helen Fleming

Janice was ready for a refreshing bath after seven games of bowling, walking from the bowling alley through the park where she narrowly averted losing her virginity to Ted (because some people came upon them) and after a tall soda at the corner drug store, she really felt exhausted, and her emotions were keyed up from the heavy petting session.

She was twenty-one, and yet a virgin, which was rather amazing even to her, because she was a very passionate girl. She had been on the brink numbers of times in the past, and many of the boys were confident that it was just a matter of days before she would give in and go all the way. It never happened, however, as each of them managed somehow to do something at the last possible moment which stiffened her resistance, and caused them to be left suffering. It wasn't her fault, really, and she regretted each event sincerely, but Janice was a high strung filly and the moment of her surrender just had to be perfect. Rumors had begun to be spread about her being a tease and accusations of her being "les" were common talk around the factory where she worked. It wasn't true.

As she stripped off the damp, perspiration soaked clothing, Janice shook as she thought of Ted's touch on her naked flesh. She-breathed a hope that the kids who disturbed their petting by the swan pool, would be tormented by red bugs and fleas or some other plague. Of all the boys she had gone with up until this time, Ted had pleased her more. There was something about him that set off the sound of faraway bells in her ears and when she thought of him during the day, it was easy for her to drift off into the most pleasant daydreams.

Her nights were filled with dreams of passionate embraces and

long soul stirring kisses that left her shaking and drained of vitality until he stopped by her apartment each workday to take her to work. His gentle smile and sparkling eyes performed a miracle on her every morning without fail.

As she stepped easily into the tub filled with warm sudsy water, and buried her trim but shapely figure in the rich lather, she sighed and vowed that the next date with Ted would be "it". She just had to know the felling of being "all woman", after so many frustrations and mix ups of the past few years.

There was Jim, who had his chance with her and muffed it by being too bold and "manly". He had decided on the fast approach because Bob North had flunked out with the slow, gently "I'll marry you later line". The torrid touch of his hot fingers under her girdle top had turned her off instead of "on". She didn't understand herself what made it happen. She was ready to pull it down herself, but when his hands pushed her dress and slip up "Brrr"! It was almost a knock down "drag out", but he took her home puffily and never spoke to her again. Frank, Bill, Tom, Harry and Al resigned from competition also. After a while it was just Ted who vied for her affection and everything else that she had to offer.

As she completed her bath she took up the injector razor laying on the wide side of the tub and using the bathcloth which she had heavily soaped often, she effortlessly shaved away the light hairs from her tanned legs. They were very beautifully shaped, and she was justly proud of them, envied by the girls and admired by the males. When she had completed this, she turned to the rack and placed a bathing cap over her beautiful wavy hair which hung shoulder length and turned under. A brisk shower and then she rinsed out her lingerie. Still dripping (she hated to towel off after an exhilarating shower) she slipped on a terry cloth robe and stepped into her scuffs. Her clothesline was at the back entrance to her apartment and she had a ritual that she religiously followed. She would take in the undies she had washed the previous night, and hang out those she had worn that day.

The bra she had hung out the night before was there, and so were the hose and slip, but the pink lace panties were not. Puzzled, she looked on the ground and then about the little porch, thinking they may have blown off the line. They were not to be

seen anywhere, and she wondered what had happened. This wasn't the first time some of her lingerie had come up missing recently, and she was thinking "could it be some young girl around here is taking it?" Her thoughts had turned from men to missing clothing, and she began to total up the items she had missed recently. A favorite baby doll set of black nylon which Ted had given her for her birthday; a blue lace filled waltz length gown; and a yellow one that she had dearly loved too. At least four pair of nylon satin panties in pretty feminine shades, two brassieres, several pairs of stockings and a slip or two. All in the past six months too! Should she call the police and report it? "If they wouldn't dwell on so many details I would," she thought, "but I can't look men in the eye and discuss colors and sizes of my intimate apparel".

She closed the door with a sigh of resignation, and a silent promise to hang a line in the bathroom if the thefts continued. She didn't like her pretty unmentionables hanging in the bathroom, especially since her dates often used it when they came to call or brought her home at night. She kept a very neat place and was a bit on the finicky side about cleanliness. It was one thing she admired about Ted. As she thought of his neatness, his clean fresh "smell", his tender but strong arms, she shivered and smiled wickedly. "I'll know more about you, honey boy, after our date Friday night", she thought, and her stilled passions slightly warmed up. "What will it be like," she asked herself, "to really be loved by a man?" Ted was a man, and this she couldn't doubt after tonight's experience. She had touched him "there" and she knew that he was as stirred up as she.

After a glass of ice water, she slipped into the new baby doll that Ted had picked out for her. It was of the prettiest pink she had ever seen, and had more ruffles and lace on it than any garment she owned. He had insisted on replacing the one she had mentioned being stolen. His choice so suited her as she slipped into it, that she easily pretended he was there watching her put it on. She turned around admiring it herself, and acting as though he was leering, remarked both to herself and anyone within hearing "How does it look, lover boy?"

She didn't hear the sigh of satisfaction, that escaped the lips of the one she was addressing, nor did she hear the soft sounds of him removing the black panties she had just hung on the line. He left the pins on the porch and stuffing the still damp panties in his

pocket he eased out on the sidewalk and walked hurriedly to his car. He smiled as he squeezed the soft nylon in his pocket, and as he drove he caressed the garment that had been on his date of this evening.

“What would Janice think of me, he wondered, if she knew that I was the one who had been stealing her underclothes?” Ted was a transvestite, a cross dresser, an all male young man, who thrilled at the touch of soft beautiful lingerie. “I guess she would ridicule and humiliate me, but I can’t help it. Besides that, I always give her more than I take.” “If I only knew her reactions, in advance, I’d marry her tomorrow. Somehow. . . . I must marry a girl who will understand my difference.” Ted’s face was shadowed for a while by his intense worry, and then he brightened up over the prospect of wearing the filmy panties that he had removed from the line after peeping in on Janice through the small hole in the corner of her curtain.

Friday night found them together again, and this time they had a ball at a carnival. The excitement of the night, a few screwdrivers, and some close snuggling had both of them wound up by the time she invited him in. Ted entered happily and as she fixed a drink he sat on the sofa looking over the pictures and art objects that filled the living room so tastefully.

She sat beside him and as they sipped along on the heady drink, he mentioned the coming Wednesday night, hoping she’d be available. For a moment she hesitated and thought for a way to bring up her plans and she took a long slow sip of the screwdriver to firm up the right words.

“Ted, honey, I have got plans for Wednesday”. She allowed him to frown and show his unhappiness, “but”, she continued, “they could include you, I just don’t know how to put in words what you’d have to agree to, to be included”.

The truth was, she had for a long time been a member of a local society, and they had planned a charity fund raising idea. It wasn’t a private club deal, but the town needed to add a wing to it’s orphanage, and the women had somehow agreed to have a “beauty pageant” that was “different”. All of the society members that were married pledged their husbands to participate in this “womanless beauty contest”. She had been urged to enter

her boy friend, but she had been too backward to mention her plans for that night, much less ask him to dress as a girl for a beauty contest. He leaned forward, and as she told him about belonging to the woman's group, and what the benefit was for, and what the benefit was, his mouth hung open in shock. Seeing this, she said, "Oh, but Ted, I didn't mean that I expected you to dress up like a woman. That was their idea. I just wanted you to know where I was going. If you wanted to, you could just buy a ticket and sit our front and watch. But, If you think you could be in it, you'd get to be with me while it was going on, up until the time came for you to parade. But honestly honey, I couldn't ask you to do this for anything in the world. You are so modest anyway. But with your slim body and thin features, you would make a very pretty girl".

As she said this, he gulped, and nearly strangled on his screwdriver. The red of his blush crept up and covered his partly receded hairline, as he considered the possibility of him walking out in front of men and women, dressed as a woman and trying to act like one, publicly at that! She tried to change the trend of thought to ease his embarrassment, but he overcame his redness and asked: "Do you actually think I could be made to look like a girl?"

She kissed him fully on the lips and said, "Honey, you'd wow'em so that you would take the prize".

He asked what it was and found out that it was a \$100.00 outfit of women's clothing to be given to the wife or girl friend of the winning beauty contestant. "I'll do it!", he said, confidently, "if you'll help me to dress up".

She laughed and said in a tender, passionate and hopeful voice, "I will if you'll let me pretend all the way there, and back, that I am you and you are me".

"It's a deal", he agreed huskily, and they stood up together to kiss and embrace as if a great plateau in their lives had been reached.

They talked for a while about what he would wear, and since he was her size they opened the closet where she kept her party frocks and best dresses. She went down the line of pretty things

until she stopped at her favorite, a bouffant creation of frills, bows and lace in "hot pink". "How's this for a starter?" she asked.

"It's as pretty as you are darling" "or almost so, anyway," he replied. Opening the shoe section, she asked if he'd like to choose the shoes, and he selected, wisely, a perfect matching pair of pink pumps. The heels were a full 3" high and ideal for him, they fit exactly.

He felt six inches taller as he tried them on for size and looking down on her, he said "These things really get you up in the world, I ought to wear them all the time. It might help my inferiority complex".

She laughed at his joking, and said cattily "You might see someone that you'd like better than me if you were any higher up."

He laughed good naturedly and clumsily maneuvered himself around the bedroom in the pumps to try to get the hang of walking in them. While she fixed another drink, he continued to walk and turn, twist and strut, and adjust himself to the very high heels. When she came back into the bedroom, where he was looking in the mirror at his feet, sans socks, in the high heels, she giggled and whistled lowly. He clomped noisily over to where she stood and took a sip kissing her even as he swallowed the last drops. "I'll bet you had just as hard a time walking as I have had, the first time you ever put on heels too," he remarked, and she agreed that she had.

As he sat down beside her on the bed, he began to remove the shoes and she asked if he'd like to try on the rest of the outfit with the high heels. "You mean, from head to foot right here in front of you now," He asked?

"Sure", she said, "after all, Wednesday night you'll be there in front of hundreds of people". "Yes, he countered, but they won't know who I am, and you do". A little coaxing and he agreed to become a girl for her eyes alone. The decision made, she began to pull lingerie and all sorts of things from everywhere. It was something she had wanted to do for a long time, to a boy, but she had always been afraid of embarrassing her dates. This was the perfect occasion to do what she had long wanted to do and she

The persons advertising below are all competent electrologists who are well acquainted with TVs and their problems and who have worked on many of us. All have private facilities. Call the one closest to you for an appointment. . Mention TVia or Virginia.

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wasn't going to miss it.

When she had assembled the whole works on the bed, it dazzled him, and thrilled his transvestite heart to it's inner wall. A honey blonde wig just like her own hair, beautifully set and sprayed. The pink dress, lacy pleated slip, padded bra, high rise panty girdle, pink nylon satin panties, hose and pink pumps, gloves and purse. There were appropriate side effects all laid out to be put on him, the bracelets, necklace, earrings, a watch and an identification anklet. She had her makeup kit opened and was selecting the shades of makeup that would be suitable for his mouth, eyes and cheeks. He felt his pulse quicken as his eyes devoured all of this dreamy happening. It dazzled him, and thrilled him. Any moment, he expected to be awakened, and feel let down.

It just couldn't be real. But he found that it was in a few moments, for she urged him into the bathroom where she removed his shirt and undershirt with his help, and let them find a resting place in the corner. Breathlessly, almost, she soaped a washrag and told him to raise his arms. Not knowing what she wanted, he just obeyed and stood still as she soaped the hairy area and then she quickly shaved away, not speaking nor stopping until under both his arms there remained not a sign of a hair. "Take your trousers off now, darling, while I change the razor blade", she said softly, kissing him fully on the lips as passionately as she could. He didn't know what she was going to do next, but the removal of that mannish hair under his arms felt so good that he just sat on the commode seat and did as he was told. She waited until he had sat down again with only his jockey shorts on, and then knelt in front of him, taking one ankle and stretching out this leg she quickly soaped it from toe to shorts.

"You mean you're going to shave my legs too?" he asked. "Certainly, darling, we can't put nylon hose on those hairy legs (ugh) and besides that, you would never look feminine while that hair stayed on your legs." With this she zipped off the hair before she spoke again to tell him to stand up.

He looked at his now feminine appearing gams and to tell the truth he felt ecstatic. He had to kiss her for providing such a thrill, and when he did she almost delayed completion of what they started. It really did something to her, to see Ted standing there in just his shorts with legs devoid of hair. The thought that he was

doing this for her made her love him that much more.

She looked over his body and saw that there was little hair on his chest, but it had to go too, and it did without a protest from him. "Now baby", she whispered, "Go out there and strip off those shorts and slip into that pair of panties".

She remained in the bathroom while he did this, and he thrilled more so than he ever had, as he pulled the filmy undies up his shaven legs and snapped the elastic into place. "Okay, Jan", he called out, "Come on".

As she came out gasping delightedly at his appearance, he started flushing, but she stopped it with a long hug and kiss. Facing him, she held out the well padded bra (one she didn't have to wear, incidently) and as he slipped his arms into the straps she hooked it tightly around his chest without him having to turn around. It brought more arousal to the surface and they had to struggle against an impulse to delay the dressing again. When control was again established, she handed the girdle to him, and stood back to watch him struggle into it, her eyes showing sparkles of amusement and happiness. When this snug fitting item was in it's proper place, she assisted him in slipping the hose on and attaching them to the girdle's hose supporters.

Bending from the waist with his arms outstretched she pulled the slip down so very excitedly over his waiting flesh. Next came the dress and this garment really brought on his emotion but she only laughed and said, "Down girl", and he laughed with her while she zipped him in. It made him feel so very feminine, when the zipper went up his back and she fastened the hook into the eye at the neck.

"Sit here on this vanity bench", she directed, and he meekly obeyed. It's a good thing, he thought, that they don't have to test my pressure or heart right now. The face makeup was deftly applied, then the lipstick, which she blotted carefully and then kissed. She tweezed many of the eyebrows away, ignoring his "ouches" and "that's enough's" until his brows looked sufficiently feminine. She fixed his eyes next and the mascara and shadow were expertly applied. The effect sent spasms of emotion shimmering through her body, and he wasn't lightly affected either, after a look in the mirror. She next performed a miracle on

his hands. Instead of short, well groomed nails, there were brightly enameled long nails. They looked so becoming on his fingers that he already dreaded having to remove them later. While he admired this, she was busy on his toe nails, painting them the same gorgeous shade of red as the false fingernails.

While they dried, she fixed them both another screwdriver and he just stared at the creature in the mirror. His dreams were coming true this night, he knew for sure. Soon she was back fitting on the heavenly honey blonde wig which really set off the fireworks in both of their emotional systems. "Down Girl" she had to say a half dozen times, laughing and fighting her own emotions at the same time.

The pumps came next and before she could begin to put jewelry on him, he began to shake all over with excitement. He was positively stunning, she thought, and his mind was saying silently, over and again, "This is it, this is it". For a few minutes he struggled for composure and at last regained it so she could add the few remaining items.

The results were beyond both of their imaginations, and he was so happy that he began to weep. It took massive effort on her part to calm him down and prevent him from "ruining his face". They put their painted lips together in passionate exchange of kisses and "pecks", and she had him stroll through the apartment for quite a few moments while she sat and watched.

It wasn't long, and after few corrections, she had him walking very femininely. She instructed him in sitting, and arising, and then announced that she wanted to take him out for a drive. He protested, but unsatisfactorily, and soon they were sitting in his car and she was behind the wheel. Oh how wonderful he felt and he touched the hair, the nylon encased legs and his padded bosom, affectionately. She talked so enthusiastically and convincingly, that his fears were soon allayed and he intensely enjoyed the ride. When they pulled in at an all night spot where they had curb service, he wasn't even nervous as the girl took their order for a sandwich and beer.

Their little repast over, she suggested that they return home and time it was he that wasn't quite ready to go. Nevertheless, they were soon back in the apartment and she reminded him that

she would be Ted, Wednesday night to and from the benefit "beauty pageant". "In fact", she said, "I am right now, since you are certainly more girlish looking". She removed her outer apparel and in bra and panties she went over to the closet from which she took a nylon top and stretch denim pants that ended at her well rounded calves. She slipped into these and fixed up a drink. They drank them both, with only sighs emanating from their lips. Never, each of them thought simultaneously, have I been any happier in my life. It was to each of them, another plateau in life that had been reached.

"Ted, honey", Janice spoke softly, How do you feel right now?

His voice was filled with emotion as he said, "Like I'm four clouds above cloud nine" and mine is equipped with air conditioning, cable television, push button gadgets of the latest design and furnished with the best money can buy!" "Baby", he continued, "If we were married, could we do this once in a while?"

"Sugar", she answered, "If you will answer yes, I'll ask you to marry me right now, and I promise I'll dress you up like this as many times as you can stand it". Without extra words being added, exchanges of troth were pledged then and there. There followed embracing and kissing and then the next sounds were zippers, quick breathes, and others that are familiar to all true lovers.

When he re-entered this trouble packed old world again, several hours later, he was a changed person. His clothing was no longer that of the fair sex. He had his old shirt, trousers and shoes on. Beneath them however, were nylon panties and her girdle that he insisted he wear until Wednesday to become adjusted to it. He went home reluctantly to bed and sailed into dreamland on his cloud 13. "Who cares", he asked himself, "If four above cloud nine is 13?" It's higher up and better.

Needless to say, when Wednesday night came, the beauty contest was a secondary objective. The primary one was their own now torrid romance. They floated, drifted, sailed and coasted through the pageant which he won going away. After the congratulations, she announced their engagement and there was much good natured bantering.

“Who’s going to be the housekeeper and who’s going to be the bread winner?” was asked most of all.

Janice looked sincere as she answered this question “Well I can say this, beside this beautiful thing standing here, I look like a Long Beach Lifeguard.”

On their wedding night, he filled his cup with love until both were beyond another stirring, and then they talked about their lives. At that point, he confessed, that he had been the lingerie thief who had plagued her. She told him solemnly, “Well I hope you have gotten used to feminine garments, because you are going to spend a lot of time in them”.

“Good”, he replied, as he kissed her goodnight and turned over to go to sleep, “And if that true, you’ve got yourself a man for life”.

“Uh, uh, baby” she replied, “I’ve got me a man and a girl, and yowee, what a bargain that is!”

* * * * *



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Some Thoughts

Cathy 38-N-1 FPE

Philosophy – the study of truth or principles underlying all knowledge. More specifically for our purpose – the philosophy of a particular subject: TRANSVESTISM.

From the acorn grows the mighty oak and so a discussion of such a complex ideological expression as transvestism must also have an acorn, or philosophical premise on which to base subsequent theory. My premise is that God created man in His Image and Likeness. I feel that “man” in this case means mankind which also includes the female of the species. Accepting this, subjective logic quickly will embrace the theory that mankind derives a potential for a dual expression at the very minimum on a social basis and I firmly believe it so. Some, of course, seem to have a capacity for dual expression on a Sexual level as well.

Whether you subscribe to the theory that ones’ primary sex is determined at the moment of conception, or 7 days hence, science has definitely established that the potentiality of each and every one of us is to develop in either direction sexually. At the moment the chemical decision is reached, the embryo usually heads in only one direction in it’s sexual development.

However, once the child is born and is capable of responding to external stimuli, we may encounter preferential GENDER expression. It need not of necessity follow that all boys must be rough in manner or coarse in speech or constantly dirty. Gender expression in the form of outgoing love, gentleness, quietness, appreciation and respect for others and even cleanliness may be observed (or NOT) in many children of both sexes. What we, the parents of these children, DO in general with this expression in our BOYS is the parting of all logic and reason due to our culturally

inherited "double standard." We begin to say that what is right and good and virtuous for our daughters is NOT right and good and virtuous for our SONS. Yet both sexes were created by an intelligence far beyond our capacity to comprehend, and in the Image and Likeness of an apparently sexually androgynous Spirit!

This double standard seems to cause us little concern over the tom-boyish actions of our daughters, but woe be the boy who prefers a coloring book or helping mother in the kitchen to a rough and tumble game of commandos. We begin to worry that our little man is a sissy. So Dad takes the situation in hand and states "I'll make a man of him," pursuing the mistaken idea that what Western culture requires in conduct of the male denotes him a MAN. So father pushes this unfortunate child into a world of unbalanced and forced masculinity; a world into which the child may not fit and one which may terrify him, forcing him deeper into femininity as a refuge where life is more sweet and quiet, less demanding and more suited to his temperament.

If father succeeds, (this is success?) what becomes of the precious ethical virtues this child wishes to express? Our culture admonishes that a male must be strong, courageous and aggressive, for the more gentle virtues are reserved and held to be the exclusive property of the female. Today there are many women in the world who display strength (of character only, as the accident of birth gives most males the edge physically) courage, aggressiveness, and who are more than capable of competing in our so-called patriarchal society. There are thousands. They have always been there, but have heretofore been suppressed in their MASCULINE expressions by the fearful males who teeter so precariously on their perch of pseudo superiority.

Women therefore are capable of and do express many of the so-called masculine traits. And some men who are unafraid of public opinion become leading fashion designers and hair stylists. A feminine profession? Certainly. But they need be no less MALE. It does not follow that one must be a homosexual in order to express this inborn femininity. (The predisposition to feminine behavior is a theory propounded by a leading authority, and while I concur I cannot take credit for his thinking.) As a matter of record, most homosexual males abhor the female and the femininity she represents.

Completing my little circle, we once again arrive at the inevitable philosophical axiom, i.e., we are all, regardless of sex, endowed by our Creator with the potential to express ourselves in a social sense as TOTAL human beings. But, in this culture, this totality of expression is only condoned in the female. Therefore our society and several others, finds itself confronted with persons who MUST express femininity; males, who because of bigoted attitudes must don the apparel and assume the complete appearance of the female in order to express this important side of their personality in a fashion acceptable to society, provided they can pass as female. Of course, it isn't necessary to "pass" in public, only gratifying.

A person who possesses a strong feminine component, be he male or female, is usually endowed with a sense of aesthetic appreciation. It follows that some of us (males) would appreciate the feel of silk, nylon, satin and lace, but it also follows that what truly FORCES a TV to complete his appearance as a FEMALE is the fact that these attitudes and appreciations are not acceptable while entombed in the standard masculine role, not even to HIM as a result of his own cultural conditioning to the contrary.

I believe we desire to share the world of feminine expression because of three things:

- 1) We are created with the potential
- 2) We are pre-disposed to express this potential
- 3) We have found, because of this pre-disposition, that there must be more for men than total masculinity.

We have found a very basic philosophical truth, though I'm sure few of us have thought of it quite this way. We are exhibiting a part, our potential for Oneness with God.

INEZSQUIB:

"You're no gentleman!" cried the TV when a sudden gust of wind swept her skirts around her head and a bystander laughed at her distress. "And I can see you're no lady," he replied, adding panic to injury.

Research Reports

by Rona 56-B-1 FPE

Somebody ought to write a properly researched book or paper on TV in history and in other societies, maybe complete with foot and note disease, which is a common academic ailment. It won't be this baby, because life is too short. But I set down, for the record, a few scattered thoughts, and examples from scattered sources.

The roles of the sexes are of course basically determined by nature, but they do vary enormously in different societies. This has been studied and documented in depth, by Margaret Mead and umpteen other authorities. The classic book in this field is the oddly named "The Golden Bough" by Sir James Frazer a tome of 19th century scholarship, but to be seen around in abridged reprint form. And the fascinating book is "The Mystic Rose" by Ernest Crawley, again readily available. And of course once one gets into something, she gets to chasing up other works referred to, and the difficulty is in knowing where to stop before being indelibly branded as an expert and an egghead. That is a fate I would not wish on my worst enemy.

The topic of TV crops up again and again in such books. The "primitive" societies, namely, those which have not been so fat-headed as to hitch their happiness to expressways, IBM, and the mass media, had all sorts of ways in which they recognized the basic man/woman relationship. They were not necessarily similar to ours. Why should they be? Ways of life are relative; we happen to live in one particular society at one particular stage of its growth. We have no reason whatsoever to assume that our way of life is a fixed and absolute quantity. It just ain't so. Our customs

and habits differ from those of our grandparents, and no doubt the 21st century will have its own ideas. So if anyone tries to sell the idea of the sacred American way of life, with its cherished tribal fetishes, such as the one-family house on its own so called "private" lot (which of course is about the least private place on God's earth) and all the other peculiar tribal gods of ours — tell him to go get his perspectives straight.

My favorite example is that of the Trobriand Islanders, off New Guinea. Among them, it is strictly taboo for boys and girls to eat together, before marriage. They can gorge themselves together once they've got their marriage licenses. No doubt one might observe boys and girls sneaking off into the woods to shave a surreptitious banana, thinking themselves no end of devils — but as for sleeping together — that's all in the deal, and strictly a matter for private enterprise, in or out of wedlock. No doubt they would regard a Fred Harvey restaurant as a sink of shameless vice.

Of course, by and large one has to conform to the customs of one's own society in its own time and place. That needn't mean simply running with the herd and leaving out the chance of having some original thoughts of one's own. Actually, ours is an excessively conformist society, but lots of people have taken the nickey out of that. I take the "Ticky Facky Box" song — "and they all go to university, and come out just the same." How uncomfortably near the mark the author was!

Now in other times and places, religion and magic were a normal and essential recognition by man, that there are some things that not even the Rand Corporation can sort out. And in this field, works like those of Frazer and Crawley are strewn with snippets about men (and women) exchanging roles and/or clothes, as part of the ritual of life. Sometimes it was permanent, like the case of the Lydian priests who dressed as women for sacred reasons. Sometimes it was temporary, and denoted no loss of masculinity. Quote—The Masai in East Africa and the Neorocean Jews, whose bridegrooms shared the bride's trousseau for a certain period after the wedding, as a sort of symbol of union. Nobody suggested that the bridegrooms were pansies. The same thing comes up in connection with fertility rites, ploughing the fields and so forth.

For my money the most interesting case in "The Mystic Rose"

is that of Queen Shinga of the Congo, (long before the Belgian regime). She must have been quite a dame, because she functioned as King, with all the duties, rights and fringe benefits attached to the job, including a harem of TV men. She used to sacrifice one to the gods before leading the tribe into battle. One doesn't know what the men thought of the deal – they probably weren't asked. To be sure, no life insurance company would care to issue a policy for them.

Something similar happened in reverse, and much more attractively, in ancient Assyria. The last King of the Assyrians, Sardanapalus, is said to have enjoyed sitting spinning with the ladies of his harem, dressed as a woman. We shall never know more than that. I like to think that the ladies welcomed him as a guest in their feminine world; it must have been pleasant for them to be treated as people and as women, rather than merely chattels, as was too often the case in those days. Accounts of Sardanapalus himself vary. Some say he was a weakling, others that he was a just and wise ruler. The Assyrians were certainly a ruthless, brutal lot, basing their empire on conquest and pillage. He seems to have been sufficiently humane and civilized to have reacted against that, and he chose his own very humane and civilized way of expressing his reaction. He has some other relationship with his ladies than simply bed. Which is as it should be.

In history we all know (or ought to) about M. le Chevalier d'Eon and l'Abbe de Choisy, but they weren't the only ones. Sometimes, of course, TV went along with a straight inversion, as with Julius Caesar, who was said to be every woman's man and every man's woman. It was thus with Henry III of France, in the 16th century, and Monsieur, Philippe d'Orleans, at Louis XIV's court. They were plainly invertes, and as such of no interest to us.

One would like to have time to do detailed research on real TV's like Lord Cornbury, governor of New Jersey in Queen Anne's time. He was fired "for cause"; one can imagine what a small community as New Jersey was in those days, it wasn't easy for a TV to "get lost", most of all the governor. I'd like to know more about him. Maybe somebody will do a Ph.D. thesis on him.

Another historical character that I'd like to know more about is the French gentleman who turned up "en femme" at a masquerade ball, at the Court of the great Queen Christina of

Sweden. She liked him so much that way that she persuaded him to carry on thus. Now Christina of Sweden was an extremely interesting and many-sided person, and I have an idea that this episode would be worth investigating. Can any of our Stockholm friends help?

Then there was Richard Wagner who was certainly no pansy, for we know much about the women in his life, who helped set him off to write all that tortured but magnificent music. He enjoyed wearing sumptuous brocade gowns. One can see his point of view in that.

The "Saturday Book" is a delightful annual compendium of interesting things, published in London and maybe available in big-city libraries. (It is in ours). It was in the 1953 number, I think, that the British drama critic Kenneth Tynan wrote a fascinating piece on TV on the stage. It's worth looking up.

It would be great if somebody could get down to it and produce a solid authentic study of known TVs in history, not simply a half-baked mishmash, such as some available works we are too polite to mention. A sloppy mixture of superficial history and dehydrated psychology doesn't fill the bill.

I have written merely a very brief introduction to a field that demands much more serious attention, but I must now swirl out to the kitchen, in my pretty flowered house frock, and fix myself a coffee before getting down to quite different tasks.

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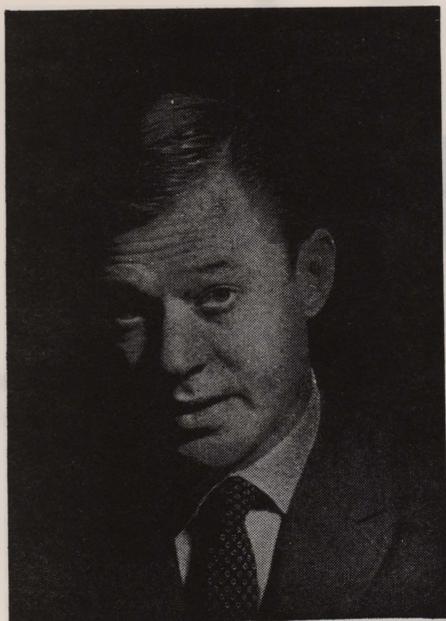


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Bridge Party

Frieda

As I stepped inside through the front door, I heard the babel of feminine voices coming from the living room. Then I remembered that it was the second Tuesday of the month, — February — which meant that it was Mary's Bridge club day. And I recalled her saying at breakfast that it was her turn to be hostess today.

I was coming home at noon because I was still recuperating from a bout with the flu, and was only putting in a half day at the office. I'd dropped several pounds, and was down to 155, the least I had weighed since high school days, 25 years earlier. On my five foot nine frame, this left me pretty lean.

Leaving my coat and hat in the hall closet, I poked my head into the living room. Choruses of "Hello, Fred" greeted me, and I responded. They and their husbands were all our good friends. When the exchange died down, Mary said, "Darling, Esther Wilson just called to say she isn't feeling well and can't come, so we're one short. It's much more fun to have two full tables. Do you suppose you could fill in? After you've had a rest? How are you feeling?"

"Much better, sweetheart." Then a wonderful opportunity dawned on me. "Let me lie down for a little while, and then —." I said with a grin, "perhaps I'll just slip on a simple afternoon frock and join the rest of you girls."

They laughed and one or two said, "Fine", or "O.K." Then Carol Drake chimed in with, "Oh, you just want to flaunt those lovely legs of yours at us again, Fred, and make us all jealous, — and I don't blame you. But we need you, so we'll take you any way you come."

Mary said something like, "Oh, Fred, stop putting us on and go on up and rest. We're just having a glass of sherry and haven't even started lunch, so we won't need you for an hour or so."

Carol's remark alluded to my only adult TV appearance. I had been addicted since early in my childhood, as far back as I could remember, and often indulged secretly. I had been thrilled as a boy to don a dress for a Halloween party, but ashamed to admit it. But about a year previous, I had gently nudged our Man's Club at the church into including a "Bathing Beauty Contest" at a benefit show we put on. I'd borrowed Mary's wig, and rented from a costumer a kind of abbreviated bathing suit, really a chorus girl's dance costume, and a pair of opera length black net stockings. For shoes, I'd screwed up my courage, walked brazenly into the women's shoe department of one of our large department stores, and bought a pair of high-heeled black patent leather pumps in my size, 8½ C. Much to my surprise as well as my wife's, "Miss Frieda B-----" had nothing but compliments on "her" realistically feminine appearance, and especially "her" legs. Frankly, I think many men's legs would look fairly sexy in wide-mesh black hose and high-heels. But from Mary's reaction I was even more convinced that she would never understand my TV-ism.

As I went upstairs to lie down, I decided that this was a chance to dress which I would regret the rest of my life if I passed up. Mary would be shocked, I was sure, but would have to go along with the gag, because I was sure the girls would enjoy it and not let her put a wet blanket on my caper. So I lay down and planned and contemplated in ecstasy, but was too excited to get much rest.

Carol came up in about half an hour, with a sandwich and cup of tea. "You will join us, won't you Fred?" she asked.

"Oh, Carol, do you really expect a lone man to turn himself over to the mercies of you seven females? That's pretty unfair odds, don't you think?"

"C'mon, now, Fred, we won't hurt you."

"Well, if you can assure me that you'll not pick on me, but treat me as just one of the girls, I'll go along."

"O.K. Fred, that's a deal if that's how you want it. Just one of

the girls it is. We'll probably be ready in 30 or 40 minutes. We're almost ready for dessert." She left with a laughing wave.

As soon as she was out the door, I bolted the sandwich and started to get ready. Stripping off my clothes, I ran my electric razor over my face to get off the morning stubble, but didn't have the nerve to touch my legs. I didn't dare arouse Mary's suspicions too far. I couldn't resist painting my fingernails, though, with hands shaking from excitement. Then on went one of Mary's panty girdles and bras, the latter well padded with nylon stockings. She is somewhat smaller than I, especially above the waist, where my chest and shoulders are broad. She wears a large 12 or small 14, but from frequent dressing in the past, when she was away, I knew what things of hers would fit me and what wouldn't. Then I pulled on two pairs of hose, which conceal the hair on my legs better than one. Next were my own patent leather pumps, reclaimed from the back of our storage closet in the guest room, followed by a half slip (a full slip of Mary's won't fit my shoulders and chest). Thus prepared, I sat down at the dressing table to make up. A base of Max Factor's Erase, eye shadow and liner lightly applied, eyebrow pencil, powder and lipstick. The result looked promising, but I could hardly wait to erase the still apparent masculinity with a wig.

For my dress, I'd decided on a three piece Italian knit suit in red and gray. It stretched to fit me, the blouse had a high neck, which concealed my too-hairy chest, and the three-quarter length sleeves of the jacket didn't look either too long or too short. I couldn't resist a wide black patent leather belt which pulled my waist in from 32 inches to about 28 inches. Then came earrings, necklace and a couple of jangly charm bracelets, all in gold. Then I carefully and fondly pulled on Mary's nice, medium length bob, wig, which I'd encouraged her to buy when they first became fashionable. At that point I heard her calling from downstairs, "Come on, Fred. We need you." and I hollered that I'd be right there.

I could only take a wonderful minute to admire myself with sheer exultation in the full-length mirror. Then I slipped Mary's furs over my shoulders, which makes their bulkiness less obvious; put a little pill box hat lightly on my hair, picked up a black patent leather bag into which I hurriedly tossed lipstick and compact, grabbed a pair of black gloves, and, with heart pounding,

started downstairs.

Stepping into the living room, where two bridge tables were set up and all the ladies were waiting, I stopped, smiled broadly and said gaily, "Sorry I'm late girls."

The chorus of surprised gasps and gushing comments were impossible to assimilate, but they were all in good humor and enjoyment, except for a frown and, "Fred, for heaven's sake!" from Mary. Someone piped up, "Well, if it isn't Freida again, with her pretty legs."

I just said, "Well, let's play cards. Where do I sit?" as I took off my furs and hat, and patted at my hair.

Mary piped in with "Fred, you're not going to stay in those silly clothes! And you'll just ruin that suit of mine, stretching it all out of shape."

Several of the girls immediately talked her down.

"Of course, Frieda can stay. She looks just darling, and you know you've had that suit for years, Mary." one of them said.

"Don't be an old spoil-sport, Mary!" another chimed in. And finally Carol said, "I told you he wanted to be treated like just one of the girls, and you all agreed."

So Mary said, "Well, alright, whatever you all want. Let's play cards."

It was a wonderful afternoon. Gradually as everyone's attention became more and more focused on the bridge game, I became more and more accepted and taken for granted. I was glad I was not at Mary's table until toward the end of the afternoon. I noticed that she couldn't bring herself to call me Freida, as the others did, but just used "honey" or "sweetheart". At least she didn't say "Fred".

As the afternoon wore on, I had occasion to move around, changing tables, going to the powder room where I could admire my reflection in the mirror and check powder and lipstick, emptying ash trays when dummy, and the like. This evoked some

nice comments, which I'll always treasure, as well as giving me the joy of walking in skirt and heels.

"Frieda, you really must have been a woman in an earlier reincarnation."

"Frieda, I wish I had your legs and hips. It isn't fair to waste them on a man."

"Frieda, you handle those spiky heels as naturally as though you had worn them all your life. It's just amazing." Of course, I had worn them in secret since my youth, but I just attributed it to the practice gained at the Men's Club show.

I carefully refrained from feminine gestures because I certainly didn't want to end up with a reputation for effeminacy. I've always been masculine and athletic, and had nothing but disrespect for the effeminate male. But that didn't stop me from smoothing out my skirt under me as I sat down, or pulling it forward then in a casually half-hearted attempt to cover my knees.

Finally, the last game had been played, and the girls were getting up to go. Then I had another idea. "Girls, let me get a picture of you all with Mary's new color Polaroid I gave her for Christmas." They all agreed, but as I had foreseen, insisted that Mary take a couple of shots of the group with me included. Then Carol, who had been particularly intrigued with my appearance from the outset, and in fact ever since the "Bathing Beauty Contest", said, "Oh, Mary, take a few pictures of Frieda alone." Several others joined the request, so soon we had a nice collection of me sitting down with legs crossed and the lacy hem of my slip visible behind them, me standing with skirt pulled up to the stocking hem in a "cheesecake" shot, me standing in a model's pose, one leg ahead of the other, toes pointed out, with furs, hat, bag, and gloves, etc.

When they had all left, Mary flopped down in a chair and said, "Darling, that was quite a performance. You really seemed to be enjoying yourself."

"Well it was fun to surprise the girls. I guess I'm just a ham at heart. If being a woman were just bridge with attractive ladies who were good company, I might almost be able to put up with the

clothes and make-up.”

“It’s not all that much of a picnic, sweetheart. I worked all morning getting ready, and now I have to clean up all this mess here and in the dining room and kitchen, set the table again and get dinner while you can get out of my things and into your own comfortable clothes. It isn’t fair.” Then suddenly she paused a moment and then with a crafty look she said, “Say, I have an idea.” Her tone turned firmer. “Since you seem to like your woman’s role so much, why don’t you clean up the downstairs and get dinner, and I’ll get into something more comfortable and relax. In fact, the more I think about it, the better I think the idea is. It’s about time that you learned to appreciate that we work hard, too. You can either do my chores and stay in those clothes till bedtime, or else you’ll find your bed very lonesome for the next two weeks, if you know what I mean!”

My heart jumped at the idea, but I was sure that opposition was more likely to strengthen her will than acquiescence. So reluctantly I feigned resistance, saying “Oh, come on, darling, have a heart.”

“No, that is an ultimatum.” she said firmly. “Take your choice.”

“O.K., you win. But I think you’re a rat.”

She laughed, and, getting to her feet, said, “Probably I am, but ta-ta, Miss Frieda. There are some lamb chops in the refrigerator for dinner.” With that, she went out and upstairs.

Ecstatic, I began to put away the cards, tables, and chairs, and take dirty ash-trays and glasses to the kitchen. There, I slipped off my jacket and bracelets, and tied a flowered apron around my waist. With utter delight, I moved from dining room, to dishwasher, got out the chops, a vegetable and potatoes, and busied myself in the feminine chores while being ever conscious of my hair, heels and skirt. Several times I took a detour through the hall, where I could pause for a moment and take a loving glance in the half-length mirror there.

After a while, Mary came into the kitchen, clad in a pullover sweater, stretch pants, and flat shoes. “Well, Frieda, how is it

going? I'm glad to see you're protecting my skirt with that apron. Are those heels still comfortable?"

"Sure," I lied. "I don't see why you girls make such a fuss about them."

"O.K., play it cool. I'm going in and have a cocktail. Why don't you hold dinner for a while and join me?"

"Fine, I'll be right in as soon as I set the table."

In a few minutes, we were relaxing in the living room. I sank into my big chair, and put my feet up with great relief, although I would have refused to admit it.

For me, it was a delightful evening. But it finally came to an end. At last, after dinner and my cleaning up again, and an evening watching television — during which I did kick off my heels and wiggle my cramped toes, we went up to bed.

Now, I still have the sharp unforgettable memory of every wonderful moment — plus the pictures, which I adore. Nor are these the only reminders. The bridge club wives and their husbands like to tease me, which I laughingly respond to but inwardly love. Once or twice they have asked Mary to bring Frieda to the bridge club again, but of course I'm at work full time, and that's out of the question, even if I could figure a way to maneuver Mary into agreeing. But I still live in hope that the opportunity may arise for Frieda to spring to life again.

* * * * *

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OUTDOOR TYPE



INDOOR TYPE

HARRIET 5-H-22 FPE

Letters to the Editor



"Dear Editor"

Dear Virginia,

It's been a long time since I've written to you but I certainly haven't forgotten you. I am way behind on TVia too and I want to catch up on that as soon as possible.

My GG still hasn't changed very much but I still have hope. She was better after our last meeting but she changes like the temperature. If you have any new suggestions please let me know.

I have to tell you about the ball I had last Halloween night. My GG lets me go to a motel once a month or so and this time I went early. It all started like this:

While working on a job in another town I decided to have my wig redone, so one lunch hour I went to a beauty parlor to see about it. The girl asked how my wife wanted it done and I told her it was for me for a party. She thought that was great and asked when it was. I told her Saturday night and she asked if I would like to come in early and let them make me up so I would look very sharp. After she twisted my arm (HA) I finally consented. She said I could bring my costume and get dressed there.

Saturday afternoon I went to a motel and got a room. Then I told the girl at the desk that I would be back later dressed as a girl if anyone wondered about a girl going into my room. I told her about the party and she said that was fine and there would be no problem.

'Then I went to the beauty parlor where the girls were waiting for me. They helped me pick out an outfit. Dark stockings, black patent leather heels, black full skirt and white blouse and I put them on. I had put on my girdle and bra before I came.

Then they sat me down and proceeded to have their fun. They did a terrific job on the make-up and then put my wig in place. Then one of them put earrings on me and another polished my nails. Were they ever surprised when they were finished!

One asked me where in the world I got such a figure. Another told me I should change to my boy shoes for driving since I wasn't used to heels (she thought), but I wasn't about to go out all dressed up without my heels.

So then Virginia, I drove back to the motel. I went to my room and checked everything over, feeling quite confident. I then walked out to the desk. As I approached the same girl at the desk, she said "Can I help you Mam?" very sweetly. Did that ever sound good. I told her who I was and was she surprised.

As long as everything was going so well, I thought I would take one more big step. I drove into town where my mother lives. She knows a little about my problem but had never seen me. I knocked on the door and when she came and saw me, she called the lady downstairs. She didn't recognize me. Finally after much talking she figured out my voice.

I told her I was going to a party and I thought I'd stop in and see her for a minute. She said I looked very nice and we had a nice long talk. She also said that any time I wanted to dress I could come to her house as long as she didn't have company. It all turned out to be a terrific night that I won't forget for quite a while.

Name withheld by request

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

My wife and I finally decided to arrange things so that we could have the weekend off, to attend the meeting in Chicago. This was the first time that we had ever gotten away from our business on a week-end. It really seemed strange not to be working. We left home on Friday night and I drove until 4 the next morning. We then pulled into a roadside park and went back into the camper for a few hours sleep. We got up at about 8 A.M. and I changed into a shirt waist dress, put on my makeup and a pair of heels. My wife set my hair and then putting a bandana on, we proceeded on our way. For some strange reason, I get a kick out of going out with curlers in my hair. I, of course, never go into any place nice or go shopping that way. I took along our credit cards for gas and when the attendant handed me the slip to sign, I thought why shouldn't I sign Diana instead of Ron, which I did. Funny how a little thing like that can give a person such a thrill.

We were making rather good time and I thought that we would be at the motel by 6 P.M. I had planned to skirt Chicago but for some reason we missed the turn and into the heart of Chicago we went! This wouldn't have been so bad but we ran into one of the worst rain storms that I've ever seen. Traffic came to a standstill. Bumper to bumper as far as you could see. We would move about ten feet and stop. This went on for over two hours. There must have been at least two hundred cars pulled off to the side due to overheating. I was quite worried because our camper is a very big one and I had visions of us stuck right in the middle of the expressway. The reason for the tieup was that all the underpasses were inundated and naturally quite a few cars would stall right in the middle of the water. We finally managed to get through that mess and find the street where the motel was. Only one little problem remained — which way should I turn? There weren't any buildings or any other indications as to which way the numbers were going. I finally decided to turn right. What a mistake! We went for about a half mile and found ourselves in another traffic jam. We had to keep going straight because there wasn't any place to turn off. We were in this jam for over an hour. I finally found a place to turn around and headed back. If I had turned left instead of right, we would have been at the motel in about a minute instead of an hour. We parked the camper in the motel but not very close

to the room because it really was crowded.

We both changed into other dresses and hoped that we would not be overdressed nor underdressed for the occasion. It still was raining very hard, so we had to wear our raincoats and carry our heels. We finally entered the room at 10 P.M. I'll not bore you with the details but we did meet quite a number of very nice people. I got grilled by a few wives and I hope that I handled myself in a very nice way. I had brought my picture album along and all seemed to enjoy it. One wife got into the corner with my wife and proceeded to ask quite a bit about me. She said that it was quite obvious that I dressed a great deal. In fact she wanted to know if I spent most of my time in skirts. When my wife told her that I hadn't had a dress on for more than three months, she wouldn't believe it.

I finally couldn't keep my eyes opened any longer and we left at about 3:30 A.M. We were going to leave then, find a roadside park and pull over for the rest of the night, but I looked around and thought that the management wouldn't know that anyone was in the camper and even if they did, I didn't think they would mind if we stayed there. Obviously, they couldn't have given us a room anyway. We took off our dresses, wiped our makeup off and fell into bed in our slips. We got up about 8 A.M. the next morning and put on our traveling dresses again. Maryann and her wife came over to say goodbye and we promised that we would see each other in the near future. I unlocked the cab of the truck and went to start it. Nothing happened. Marky went over and got Maryann. Lucky, I had some booster cables in the camper. Maryann brought her car over and with the cables, got our truck started. It wasn't acting right so I wasn't sure how far we would get. Just two days before we left home, I had had a bigger alternator put in and I thought the garage had done something wrong. I would stop at every large gas station we came to and ask them if they knew what was wrong. I had to keep the motor running all the time because I knew we couldn't get it started again if I turned it off. We finally stopped at a place that had someone who was a little brighter than the average. I told him what I thought was wrong with it, and he told me what he thought was wrong with it. He was right. The battery had a short and it wouldn't charge. He put a new battery in and we went on our way home without any more trouble. Mind you, I was in a dress through it all. Oh,

one cute thing happened. When the battery was being installed, I was standing there watching. I said, "gee that's a pretty battery." The attendant looked at me and give me that, "Another dumb broad." smile. But it was pretty, so there! Well, that takes care of the trip.

Now, to a subject that really worries a great many of us and how I have handled it. Should the children be told or should they be left in the dark? I have thought for some time that I was not giving our children a fair shake about Diana. We have a boy who is almost sixteen and a daughter almost fourteen, plus a five year old. I have felt for a long time that we were doing the kids more harm than good by not telling them about me. My wife did not agree so we did nothing but keep the doors locked and play hide and seek with them. I finally sat down with my wife and had a long talk with her. First off I pointed out that they certainly were aware that I was a little out of the ordinary to start with. I know that books have been left out at times, pictures of me not too well hidden, letters I forget to put away, etc.

Now to a very important point to consider. If you are a good parent, there shouldn't be anything to fear. Yes, but what is a good parent? That, my friends, is the real hard part to answer. I personally feel that if you are and have been a good parent, you'll just know. Sure, you can spoil a child with money or clothes, or just spoil them, but this doesn't make you a good parent, at least I don't think so. I think that if you give a great deal of yourself, give a big helping of love, mix in just the right amount of understanding, and pinch of discipline, you probably are a fairly good parent. If you are concerned with their problems and try to help solve them, speak freely about the pitfalls of too much necking without getting crude about it, etc., you probably are a fair parent. If you don't say yes to everything, just to get them to shut up and give you some peace and quiet; if you don't say no, just to say no, you may very well be a good parent. There are too many people who are small cogs in their jobs and are told what to do all the time. When they get in their little castle, they've got to show that there is someone else who has to toe the line, namely their children. I see it every day and probably you do too. Just don't be one of them.

You don't have to be a pansy but showing the kids that you are a little different than the average man sure can help. They have seen me cry after a sad occurrence. They know that I love beautiful scenery and lovely music. They know also that I appreciate, love, and try to understand them. I quite frequently ask them if anything is bothering them and can I help. I also ask them if they want to know anything about sex. I also add that if I don't know, I'll find out. I have told them more than once that I won't be shocked nor will I blow my top with any questions. I impress upon them that we both have to help each other, because I am quite new at being a parent to two teenagers. I will make mistakes but try not to repeat them too often. Now this is the point I had reached when it was decided to tell the kids.

I picked our son up from a show and on the way home I asked him if he knew that his dad was different from the average father. I could tell by the look he gave me and the tone of his voice that he sure did know that I was different. I then told him all about me. I did not say that I just like to wear dresses, I am a firm believer that I'm feminine, and told him so. I gave him a brief idea of what it means to me, some of the terrible torture I have gone through, etc. I asked him if he had any questions, he said no, but I knew that I couldn't leave it like that, I had to get him to talk about it or nothing would have been gained by my telling him. I told him about different friends of mine, whom he has met, who are TV's, I asked him if he knew about me before this moment. He said yes, but not enough that he could really be sure. He then told me that he was glad that I had come out and cleared up the whole thing.

When we stopped at the house, I looked him right in the eye and told him that I loved him and I was still the same person he's known all his life. I put my arm around his shoulder and said, "I love you very much." My son took me into his arms and said, "I love you very much too Dad." As I write this, the tears come almost as hard as they did at that moment. I gave him my story (issues 42 and 43) to read. He knows, he understands and he loves.

I found it a great deal easier to tell my daughter about it. Her reaction was about the same, though she knew a little more about me than her brother did. I had pierced her ears a month

before this. Something that she has wanted for a few years. She thought that I was a living doll for doing it. After we had a good cry with hugs and kisses, she looked at me and said, "You can borrow all my earrings anytime you want." She really is a wonderful daughter. She is always showing me something pretty in a magazine and asking my advice concerning many things. We are a great deal closer than we ever were. They have seen all my pictures but as yet they haven't seen me dressed. That will be in the not too distant future.

I can't tell you what a difference it is around this house. No longer do I have to lock the door, nor worry about the children going into my drawers. It's also a great relief to my wife, I might add.

Please keep this in mind. I am not giving advice, I am just telling you how I feel and how I have handled the situation. We are all different and what works for one is no criteria of what will work for another.

Diana Joyce 32-H-4 FPE

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I am so happy with myself and the way things have happened during the holidays that I feel I should tell someone about it.

The week between Christmas and New Years my GG and the children were out of town visiting her parents and I had the house to myself. After work each day I would rush home and change into my femme clothes and spend the whole evening as the woman of the house.

It seems that all of us have this desire to dress up and have the run of the house without the fear of someone seeing us, so you can imagine the glorious feeling experienced. I didn't have to run and hide at every strange noise. When it was bed time I would put on a night gown and wrap my wig in a bandana so I could fall asleep as a woman and wake up in the morning as a woman. Although this isn't anything new to me as I am able to sleep this way whenever I want with my wife in the same bed

next to me, she said she doesn't like it but as long as I leave her alone I can do as I please.

I have been luckier than most in that I can dress up when ever I please as long as the kids don't see, but that is changing slowly. I have been able to dress with the four year old around and nothing is said so its just a matter of time when I can convince her that no harm will be done when the two older boys know.

One night during the holiday week after I wrote a letter I put on a coat and scarf over my dress and wig and drove to the post office and mailed it. I was a little scared because I was never this far from home before dressed as a female. I had to get out of the car and walk to the box – just as I dropped the letter in the box, a car parked behind mine and a man came to post a letter and I had to pass him to get to my car. So I just acted as calm as possible and just walked normally. I must have looked convincing as he didn't give me a second look.

Now I come to the best part of all. One day I went to my brothers house for a visit. I had on male outer garments but underneath I wore a padded bra, nylons, panties, and girle which I wear often in my free time. My sister-in-law insisted that I take off my coat and stay for supper. At first I was reluctant as I thought the bra would show, but after a while I threw caution to the winds and took off the coat and had supper. Neither of them noticed anything wrong while we ate or after, or if they did, they didn't admit it.

After she had the dishes done, we sat and talked. I don't know when or how we started to talk about sex but I had an impulse to expose myself and I did. I told them all about myself and showed them the underwear I had on. They expressed a desire to see me fully dressed so I invited them over that same night. They gave me time to get home and dressed up before they came over. At first they just looked and seemed to enjoy what they saw. The sister-in-law said if it wasn't for my glasses she wouldn't know that it was me, so she gave me hers to put on. She said that made the whole make-up perfect. They stayed and talked for a couple of hours.

Later she told me how happy they were that I told them about myself. She then told me that she was also a transvestite.

She said she wanted to look and act like a man and that sexually women did not interest her. Well this time it was my turn to be surprised because she looked so feminine. She then showed me some pictures of her when she had a boys hair cut and wore a complete set of boys clothes.

I can now see why they could so easily understand my dilemma but I can't understand how two people of opposite sex could end up in the same family with the same kind of deviation. Life sure is strange and cruel.

Betty Ann 49-H-3 FPE

* * * * *

OH, TO BE LIKE –

Gerda – Denmark

Oh, to be like a girl,
With nobody knowing my name,
Feeling secure with make-up and wig,
And a mouth which is red as a flame.

Oh, to be like a girl,
Wearing gloves and a corset so close,
Walking on heels among women and maids,
Just dancing along on my toes.

Oh, to be like a girl,
Lissome and smoothe and sweet.
If I were a girl among sisters
I'd be merry but mild and so neat.

Oh, – to be like a girl,
And stay so day after day.
To wake in the morning and know it was true,
That the dream had not gone away.



EVELYN 13-D-5 FPE



Susanna Says



Hi, everybody:

My apologies for having missed last TVia. I could use one of several explanations: a) that I was assigned by the Ladies' Home Journal to interview the wives of all Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates b) that I wasn't feeling well and my gynecologist prescribed absolute rest or c) that I was too busy earning extra money to pay for my uncontrollable wardrobe whims . . . Actually, it was a bit

of all three . . . busy with the political conventions . . . wasn't feeling well (bursitis) . . . and did get extra work at home which meant extra dollars. Sorry . . . actually I was shocked to open TVia and realize my favorite columnist wasn't featured.

During my week-ends at the resort I've enjoyed re-reading the entire series of TVias from No. 1 to the present . . . this was made possible by courtesy of Wilma who donated her entire collection to Casa Susanna so that "all TV's who go there for week-ends would have appropriate reading material". It is a bit strange to read what one has written in the far distant past and to realize how one's opinions and viewpoints do sometimes change as the years go by. But my basic attitude towards TVism has not changed one bit. I still think it is the best thing that could have happened to me and if I have any choice in my next reincarnation my first choice would of course be to be born a GG and my second (if the first were an impossibility) would be

“to be a TV again”. The only difference of course would be that I would not waste my teens and my twenties’ by abstaining from dressing as I did in this present life . . . I would be a very aggressive youngster and I would TV no matter who objected. After re-reading the earliest issues of TVia I realize that basically I still believe that TVism is something to be enjoyed to the ‘nth” degree . . . life is too short to make concessions to social narrowmindedness. Where I have changed is in my attitude towards other TV’s. I used to have a great deal of patience when dealing with new TV’s. I would give them advice again and again and overlook their “violations of the TV law” hoping that eventually they would learn to do better. I mean by this their TV personality as it is reflected in their looks, behavior, etc. Today I find myself less endowed with patience. After I’ve given one bit of advice – regarding walking habits for instance – I simply quit trying if the new TV does nothing to improve himself in that department. I feel that if you are going to ask for an opinion and have no intention of doing anything about the advice once it is given to . . . then it would have been better if you hadn’t asked for an opinion at all.

Example: in many issues of TVia, Virginia, other TV’s and myself have said that when you go out you must “fit the environment” – wear clothes that will blend with the accepted fashion of the town where you happen to be – and what happens? Take our resort in the mountains . . . where most teenage GG’s wear jeans, but older GG’S go for cotton dresses . . . nothing fancy . . . nothing flashy . . . maybe a plain sweater over a plain dress . . . So what happens?, our TV friend is the kind who couldn’t possibly shave his arms (it would be ever so embarrassing, you know, if his fellow workers caught him with hairless arms – seems that his heterosexuality hangs by those hairs . . . phooey!) . . . so we go out to a friendly bar-restaurant in the mountains . . . and our friend is THE ONLY WOMAN in the entire area wearing GLOVES . . . this plus his extra height . . . makes Susanna a bit restless . . . His reaction? “Susanna is nervous because she lacks confidence in herself!”

My reaction? Some years ago I would have patiently explained to my TV friend the error of such an accessory in that particular place. Today? I use this column to unleash my feelings and hope that she is reading this issue and realizes I am talking about her. And then there are those who want to visit so

that I can give them "make-up tips". And what happens? When I see a pair of eyebrows as aggressively bushy as those of Richard Nixon, I say: "those eyebrows gotta go!" Reaction? An indignant negative answer. "I surely would look funny with plucked eyebrows at my job!" The eyebrows are "the untouchables" and no matter what a job of make-up you do on that face it ends up by looking like Dick Nixon with lipstick. So, why ask for make-up tips? We all know that you don't have to pluck an eyebrow into nothingness to make it look less obvious . . . a little trimming and a little plucking can do wonders – but there are those who just won't see it that way . . . and will always look like an irate Jupiter in skirts.

From reports received from various sources I am baffled to hear that some of our most distinguished TV friends have just about stopped dressing. Their excuse is that they have been very busy . . . This may be so, but I've yet to see an active TV without time to dress REGARDLESS of the amount of work they do. Could it be that dressing has ceased to thrill them? Has the girl-within decided to hibernate? I just don't understand it. And I become even more disconcerted upon hearing that some formerly extremely active TV's have just ceased altogether in their TV life . . . examples: Lee of NY (see early issues of TVia) – Felicity (hasn't dressed in over a year— – Joan of N.J. – and a few others . . . My reaction to all this is terribly irrational: I feel they have betrayed TVism . . . they are perhaps proving that TVism can be eradicated from one's life . . . and so I illogically resent anyone who threatens my favorite thesis that we are born TV's – or at least that there is some biological basis for our behavior. (Virginia, please excuse!) – I don't know why these things should upset me, but that's the truth. I guess I cannot be objective and impartial when I see that my TVism grows stronger and stronger as the years go by . . . somehow I tend to assume that everybody feels the same way I do. I could be mistaken in my assumption and I hate to admit I may be mistaken. Susanna is always right, you know.

And since I am in a mood to be critical . . . here's another tidbit. I had the pleasure of meeting the president of one of our Midwestern chapters. Delightful person. Her name is Irene, although I only met her brother. As she was describing to me some of the activities of her group, suddenly I heard something that I just could not believe. It seems that during the Summer

months the entire group (with very few exceptions) abstains from dressing at their monthly meetings! I am not kidding. This is actually what they do. And do you know the excuse given for not dressing? You won't believe me but here it is: it's too hot! I simply couldn't believe my ears. A TV who abstains from dressing because it's too hot! I suppose this group has discovered a haberdashery that sell sleeveless shirts with low cut necks and cool nylon trousers and open-toe masculine sandals. If this is not the case – how can they possibly feel cooler in men's attire? – I say this because I've found that Summer is the ideal season for TV's . . . a wisp of a dress . . . light feathery sandals . . . no sleeves . . . low neck . . . no socks . . . no trousers, no heavy masculine shoes, no necktie . . . How can any TV in her senses have the effrontery to say that it is too hot to dress! The make-up runs? You are using the wrong make-up, baby! Your waist cincher is too hot and uncomfortable? Cut down on those beers and you won't need that tight cincher! The wig is too hot? You are wearing a cheap wig! . . . the good ones provide beautiful ventilation to the scalp. Nylons too hot? They are less hot than socks and trousers! No my dear friends. You will have to come up with a much better excuse to explain why you don't dress at your meetings! A nasty thought: could it be that some of your GG'S are subtly brainwashing their hubbies into not dressing so often? Hmmm?

I guess I've overdone the criticism this time, but since I missed one TVia I felt I had to double the eye-scratching material I usually offer in this column. Now for more serene items: Summer has been wonderland for me this year. I was lucky to meet and befriend the local constable in the resort area. Despite Sheila's suspicion that when a TV "passes" he is simply treading on the average citizen's fear of "getting involved" and is fooling no one but himself, I can state without a shadow of a doubt that my constable has not read me – we had lunch together at my house and he told me his whole life history. He thinks I am a married woman (my "husband" is a Jewish New York lawyer – this is the story my GG told him) and several other people in town. – I have no children and I don't have to work for a living (my "husband" is quite wealthy). We have run into each other in the village and my constable is all sweetness when he greets me.

I have also befriended, as Susanna, several local merchants.

Following my own recipe for security I make a point of never going into this particular village accompanied by other TV's. One TV has better than a fifty-fifty chance of passing. Two TV'S cut down each other's chances in half. It may seem a selfish attitude on Susanna's part — but I simply will not risk ruining a perfectly nice set-up I've built for myself in that area. If my TV friends want to go into the village by themselves, they are welcome — but I won't tag along. When I go, I go alone, or with a man, or with my GG. If a TV dressed goes along for the ride . . . she stays in the car! The best clue given to Susanna as to her "passing" came from (you guessed it!) one little brat (sorry, I meant child). As I was getting out of my car in front of the laundromat in "my" village with a bagful of laundry, this little monster walks up to me and says "lady, is that the Grayson's car?" (The Grayson's sold the car to me a year ago and I use it to drive around the area for shopping purposes). I graciously (and thankfully) said yes and explained that I had bought the car from them. The brat was obviously quite pleased with himself at having recognized the car. His beady little eyes penetrated the car but did not penetrate Susanna. If you can pass "the little monster" test you are doing allright. Let this be my answer to Sheila's query in the September Femme Forum about the need to develop a method for measuring or passing effectiveness. I would also like to put in my two cents worth of comment on Karen's caper in a panel truck. Those three beers must have been potent stuff to lead her into dressing in the truck while parked in a shopping center parking lot. She should be punished by being forced to stay in masculine attire for a whole week. That'll teach her.

Gerda from Denmark spent a week-end at Casa Susanna. We enjoyed her company and exchanged interesting thoughts about international TVism. She is one of those TV's who looks TEN TIMES better in her femme-self. Her brother is just "blah". She agrees with me.

And to finish . . . here's two news items I received from South America in the last few days . . . Bogota, Colombia — A bull was transformed into a cow through the application of feminine hormones. The veterinarians in charge of the experiment were not actually looking for this result, all they wanted was to increase the production of meat with less feed. A group of veterinarian at the Colombian Farm Institute announced this sex

change explaining that the hormones were given for a long time to several calves. Of the lot only one turned into a cow, udders and all! Rio de Janeiro, Brazil – The police are searching for corpses in the Mangue Canal after the arrest of a gang of men who used feminine disguise to attract their victims to a lonely spot under a bridge. They would rob them and kill them by throwing the bodies into the Canal. – This last item is the kind that hurts when we try to be accepted. – And this is all for now, girls . . . see you in next TVia.

Love
Susanna

* * * * *

INEZSQUIB—
A young lady sings in our choir,
Whose hair is the color of Fire,
Her charm is unique,
for during the week,
He works on poles stringing wire.

* * * * *

CONCERNING OUR ADVERTISERS

All TVs want a sympathetic ear to talk to but some are overdoing it. The people who advertise in TVia are open minded, understanding people, but they all run businesses and time is valuable to them as to every other business. Some of our readers who are not interested in the goods or services often call these people even by long distance and talk their ears off thus taking them from their business. A bona fide business call is one thing, but taking up their time without being a customer is another matter. One of our full page advertisers has withdrawn her ad for just this reason. This deprives me of revenue and it deprives others of knowing of the goods and services that she advertised. There are always some who spoil a good thing for others.



PENSIVE

TEA FOR TWO

BETTY — Vancouver Island B.C.



Book Review

Sheila Niles (30-B-2) FPE



FEMALE IMPERSONATOR'S HANDBOOK, by "Pudgy" Roberts: Capri Publishers, Newark, N.J. 121 pp + 7 of photos; \$3.00 paperback, 1967.

This little book is well worth its price, even in soft-cover and even though it is specifically NOT directed (page 103) to those "who enjoy dressing and going into the streets to 'fool people'", by which the author means drag queens as well as us. He goes on to add "There is nothing wrong in transvestism. However, it is a category quite different than professional female impersonation and should not be confused with it, nor entered into, to practice any transvestite practices." As Roberts says, with charming humility, in the preface, his "ability as an author can be set aside as of little importance." This is illustrated in the above quotation, but it truly IS of no importance when compared with the absolute sincerity that glows from every page. He is a REAL pro, and well worth listening to, even when the message was not meant for us. Incidentally, he now runs a column in "Candid Press", a scandal weekly published at 2715 No. Pulaski, Chicago 60693, called "Spotlight on Impersonation". You might try there for the book too, as I never DID find Capri in Newark, 10 miles away.

His approach is refreshingly direct; by page 8 he has you taking inventory of your face and figure — and not liking what

you see! Points to correct: posture, walk, standing, sitting and what you do with those big hands! Avoid "bobbing for apples" when you mean to nod; frowning, squinting, fluttering the eyelashes, grinning, staring and so on through all MY bad habits. Then voice training (by yourself), and how to smile. (By this point, you will find you have less to smile about than you thought, but DO it).

If you survived I, Chapter II is clothes, and you do NOT know all about that, either. Even if you do, his check-lists are worth memorizing, for what goes with what, and then, the hair. Please read and believe. His charts are good, too, telling how to fit your hair style to your face . . . and its obvious faults. But don't waste your time looking for Chart C, on Fantasy Hair-do; they left it out, and probably wisely.

Chapter IV gets into cosmetic surgery; ears flattened, nose reshaped, face lifted, scars removed and bags under the eyes corrected. He insists, however, that PROFESSIONAL impersonators do not go in for breast enlargement by implant or hormones. And then, the big job of hair removal; seven methods are listed, with the merits of each. Followed by a discourse on how to make your own falsies; tricks never before published! I can see they'll work, too . . . even the address for materials. And so on, down to what to do with that embarrassing bulge, and those varicose veins.

Chapter V hits the make-up, with Roberts' customary thoroughness. Chart D sorts you out on skin color and what goes with yours; there is also much good advice on the art of "contouring" away your weak points. He doesn't miss much, either; even I, who started making up at least 40 years age, had plenty to learn. (But habit dies hard, and I need to read Pudgy three more times to get Theda Bara out of my technique.)

From here on, it's down-hill, unless you really ARE serious about stage work; costumes, acts, agents, unions and comedy are not for most of us. Chapter IX on "From Amateur to Professional" is very well put, and full of warnings; the rest is how the real winners got where they are, how to get a job and a little code of ethics which would be a credit to the engineering profession.

* * * * *

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE, by Gore Vidal. Little, Brown and Co., Boston and Toronto, 264 pp. \$5.95 Hardcover, just available in paperback at about \$1.00. (1968)

The big mystery about this book is what made the general public run it up to best-seller status. It is simply impossible for me to read it from their viewpoint, as I (and everyone I've talked with about it) knows far more about the subject than the author, and so have non-typical reactions (mostly bad ones). It is not particularly "dirty" by current standards (see below), and is not a very good story plot-wise. It may be the reaction to finding the narrator, who at the start appears to be merely an attractive young woman with rather strange fantasies, gradually revealing herself as less and less feminine. I suppose the general reader goes stepwise from "strange girl" through "Lesbian", and feels teased along as to what is beyond THAT. The mystery is at last revealed: Myra is her "brother" Myron, who apparently was a flaming drag-queen or at least swishy homosexual, converted by the transsexual operation and posing as his widow. The tawdry plot involves no more than her battle to wrest his inheritance from her slippery uncle, who runs a low-grade acting school in Los Angeles, and would last for only a few pages if not inflated by Myra's increasingly masculine behavior.

For dirty, we have but three scenes: an orgasmic party at which Myra is more observer than participant; the BIG scene (tiresomely prolonged) is in which Myra rapes the boy-friend of the girl she has fallen in love with; and a second-hand account of his subsequent sadistic treatment of a masochistic woman gossip-columnist, to prove what a woman-hater Myra has made of a formerly gentle lover. Plus, of course, casual reminiscences of Myron's homosexual experiences, and hints of the odd sex practices of her uncle. Really, just a light seasoning by 1968 standards; see your neighborhood candy store for the hard-core pornography!

My feeling was that the book had little to offer the TVia reader, and most of my TV friends who have tried it agree. The portrayal may well be accurate in the sense that this is what a "converted" drag-queen would be like; my limited knowledge of them makes this plausible. It is NOTHING like the TSs I have

seen come up from the heterosexual side; and I've seen the whole range of those, from sweet to top-quality bitch. On the unrealistic side is the complete reversal of the boy-friend resulting from Myra's prosthetic rape; I do not believe you could create a woman-hating sadistic homosexual out of a rather pleasant girl-lover that suddenly. Nor can I believe in the time-table that has her revert to a beard-growing male in a few weeks after she is struck by an automobile, just from lack of hormones. Her change in attitude is also quite too rapid; with the lack of hormones and removal of her damaged silicone breasts, she is "all man" and rushes into a marriage with the girl-friend, which can be at best on a Lesbian basis physically. You may want the paperback, just to check up on me, but NOT the \$5.95 copy! Next, we shall have it as a movie; I think it will make up quite a bit easier than, for example, "Candy". Problem right now is what ACTOR to use; they say Vanessa Redgrave, Carol Channing, Jeanne Moreau, Barbara Streisand and Anne Bancroft are bidding for the role of Myra, but who wants to be Myron? (Why show him at all?)

TRANSVESTITE, by Harry Guggenheim, Frimac Publications, Burbank, Cal. Paperback, about 95c; 160pp (1966)

Another one by a knowledgeable person who has departed from reality to spice up the story. A young TV, an aerospace engineer with a high security rating, finds himself being blackmailed on the basis of some photos. Frighteningly real, so far? He seeks help from a variety of people; most of them women, each of who seduces him into some Off-beat sexual activity ranging from the sublime to ridiculous, literally. And then a homosexual who wants to do the same, but is resisted by our "hero", and sends him at last to the right person, "a man called Virginia." Unfortunately, Virginia is murdered by the blackmailers before any help results (some readers will enjoy THAT!) and the TV, with the help of the most decent of the girls and a private detective, solves the case. It could have been worse — or LOTS better.

FROM THE TRASH BASKET

One of my less pleasant duties as Literary Editor is to scan the trash for TV stories. There are quite a few; Myra would fall

into this class were she not a best - seller. Here are five from the bottom shelf:

* * * * *

BLACK LACE DRAG and DEATH OF A TRANSVESTITE, by E. D. Wood, Jr. Private Edition Books, Canoga Park and Pad Library, Aqoura, Calif. (Probably the same?) Paperback, \$1.25 and 95c respectively. (1967) 160 pp and 192pp.

These two books are coupled as they form one long novel together, with only a change of style to mark the break. The writer is obviously well indoctrinated on TV, and many touches lead me to think he knows quite a lot more than he has read! But, his TV "hero" has some oddities that simply do not jibe. He is, for a start, a merciless killer for "The Syndicate", a Cosa Nostra type protection racket. Second, he is willing (though not anxious) to sell himself by the night to a rich homosexual, whose murder by another precipitates a crisis in "Glenda's" life. Third, he wanted the money to finance a transsexual operation, though his virility is such as to send TWO experienced call-girls into ecstasy, and that is NOT like any TS I've heard of. But, he loves his clothes with a passion that is true to life; his personality-change is quite convincing to me, and the last thrill of his life as he goes to the electric chair is the sight of his own lipstick on a cigarette he is finishing. I'll skip the details mostly from murder to chair (he dies for the one killing he did NOT commit!) except to say that the second killer, placed on his trail by the "Syndicate", is a caricature of a TV - or of a drag queen, equally - whose presence does much to spoil these books. But they DO have a good plot, and you really do get to hoping something will save Glen.

THE SATIN PRINCE, by Lee White, All Star Books, North Hollywood, Cal. Paperback, 155 pp, 95c (1966).

This one IS much worse; how far down does this sewer go, anyway? Hero is a business-man who suddenly finds himself with the TV urge (no prior history). He gets "help" from a dress-maker, who puts him in touch with a "TV" who promptly seduces him; they both are seduced by the dressmaker (a GG), and round we go! Blackmail from a homosexual on the office staff; a grand fight when the hero and "Mary" are attacked by

some young toughs, and defeat five of them though encumbered by dresses; finally a drag-orgy that defies even my flexible credulity. Then the hero is spontaneously "cured"; he wants no more of dressing, and returns to his ordinary life.

* * * * *

THE MAN FROM PANSY, by Don Rico, Lancer Books, New York, paperback 224 pp, 60c (1967)

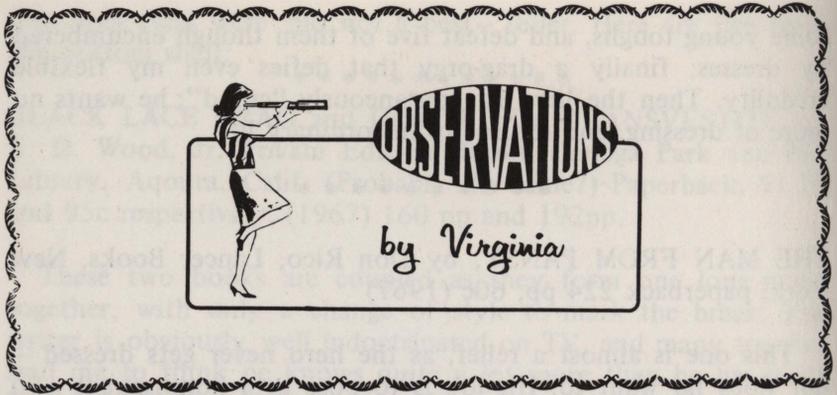
This one is almost a relief, as the hero never gets dressed — nor does he want to. His job is to pose as a homosexual who has been "busted" out of the US Counter-Intelligence for misconduct. The idea is to penetrate (as a disaffected G-man) the enemy spy ring. He succeeds, despite suspicious investigation that tries again and again to get him to reveal his heterosexual weakness, and while HE doesn't dress, practically everyone else does . . . and a lousy job they do of it, too. He solves the case; it is a lovely GG strip-artist who is running the ring. There is supposed to be a sequel, called THE DAISY DILEMMA, but I've not bought it; after all, 60c is still worth saving! So, save.



Mary Nielson 5-N-1 F.P.E.

It is time some recognition be given to one who has taken over much of the detail work at Chevalier. She is your mail handler, shipping clerk, note writer, accountant, manager of the complaint department and general "Girl" Friday for Transvestia. The two of us comprise the "staff" of Chevalier and do all that is done here, and that is considerable. Mary made the big decision last January and has lived as Mary ever since. It has been the happiest time of her life she says. I appreciate her help and hope that you do too.

VIRGINIA



In TVia No. 52 I printed the story of two important turning points in my life under the title, "My Goal Achieved". Perhaps I should have capitalized and underlined "MY", because the events were peculiarly my experiences and were not printed with any sort of implications of "go thou and do likewise".

I have received a number of comments concerning this article some being very complimentary of me for my forthrightness and honesty but more being critical of the wisdom of writing the events up. I didn't quite know what to make of this until I got one letter from a very old friend, parts of which I reprint here so you will understand why I am writing this little epilogue.

"Most of your readers think of you as something special and even idealize you. They think that you are everything good about TVism and are the ultimate in FPism and pure in all ways. What your article has done is to plant a great deal of doubt in their minds as to just what you are. In your recent articles you have stated that you have found this new freedom in having your own home, letting your own hair grow and getting it styled and living as Virginia most of the time. When all this is added to your story of running around in the nude, kissing a man, having him hold you and the other things, no matter what the occasion, I think that a lot of people think you have gone off the deep end. Their reaction is one of fear, disgust and, perhaps even more important, envy. I would think that the GGs who read it would all be set back at least two ratings because you have given them

proof that TVs just don't want to put on a dress to express feminine feeling inside them but really want to go much further and this is what they fear most.

What you have done here is to go further than any TV ever has and in effect share your innermost feelings with the public. This just can't be done without doing harm to many people because, as you know, people just don't go this deep and tell others about it. Every TV, if he is honest, would much rather be a girl than a man. If he could be born over he would do just that and be a girl the next time around. I like to express both sides of my personality and enjoy the best of both worlds. Now if a wife reads your article she would naturally ask her husband what his feelings were and he would deny all and in fact denounce you for your experiences. So I think you will get a majority ridiculing you and your article and perhaps justly so.

In my opinion, I think the article was a big mistake and that you should be more careful in the future. As you continue to explore and develop Virginia you must keep your findings in very general terms. People just won't understand what you mean either from ignorance or from deep down resentment because they cannot have those experiences themselves, nor will they admit that they would like to have them. Your enemies now have lots of new evidence to knock you with in that most of them are not truly TVs and wouldn't know what you were trying to say."

Well that pretty well lays it on the line but I feel I am entitled to a few comments. 1) I would be broken hearted if I felt my article would have done damage to any TV and wife relationship. I have certainly spent too much time and energy trying to help in this area to want to do anything to increase difficulties. If I have I most certainly regret it. I would also point out in this regard that if I still had a loving wife by my side I would not be exploring the world, as I am, but fate decreed otherwise. 2) I don't know if the writer of this letter is correct in her first lines about the attitude of others towards me but she used the expression "the ultimate in FPism". Curiously that was really the whole point of the article in describing my goal and its achievements - to point out that the logical end of TVism in NOT homosexuality or

transexuality. My present position is as far as you go on this train — the gender train — but I had hoped that my experiences would have reassured readers in doubt about the logical end point rather than to disturb them further. But then, I know who and what I am and have no fear or guilt in that direction but others do not know me that well so perhaps “just what I am”, and have I gone “off the deep end,” I can only say that while continued development in any area of life takes you further from the beginning, it is a matter of degree not of kind. I may have gone further down the track than anyone has before as she implies but its the same track. I haven't jumped the rails. I trust that my 9 years of effort in promoting self acceptance, the enjoyment and expression of both sides of ones personality, the release of the “girl within” without guilt and trying to teach that Sex and Gender are not synonymouse will be to my credit. 4) My mistake lay in continuing to share my own personal insights, ideas, experiences and feelings with my readers as I have done for 9 years. I should have stopped to realize that just as the letter writer said, there is a limit to what you can share with others. My enthusiasm for my discovery of the true reality of Virginia was so great that it clouded my judgement. So while I don't in any way apoligize for what the article said, I do agree that it was probably unwise to publish it. 5) I would like to emphasize that during the nude marathon I WAS Virginia both to myself and to the rest and as such was treated like all the other women. What was done was not a wild party but part of the whole purpose and experience. Those who saw more in it than that are projecting their own outlooks and problems onto me. Any who were disturbed or upset by the article will, I hope, go back and read it again and try to get the message. It was important for me and could be for you — not in the experience but from the significance of what was accomplished. Doubtless my friend was right that I did go further than any TV has before, but going and relating what I found could be a service to all of you if you considered that I was exploring the whole phenomenon of self identity. Because I have gone, experienced, and related, YOU don't have to go, achieve the same understanding of the true nature of our mutual interest, I'm still TV not HS or TS.

VIRGINIA

Northward

Ho

Virgin
Views
by Virginia

Well here we go again. Seems like two travel reports in 3 issues is kind of overdoing it but I hope at least some of you will be interested – besides it saves me from having to dream up another topic.

The May trip was truly a public relations trip with a little personal interest thrown in, while this trip was the reverse – a vacation trip with some PR work thrown in. I flew to San Francisco on Sept. 4th, checked my bags at the downtown air terminal and walked over to KGO radio and did a 1½ hour interview and call-in program with Alan Spann. It went very well and we got a number of interesting calls. After the show I went next door and called down to the lobby a fellow with whom I had gone to high school and later had roomed with for two years while in graduate school in Berkeley and San Francisco. I told him over the phone only that I was an old friend. He came down, looked around and saw only a lady that he didn't recognize and was sort of bewildered. I called out his name and he came over with a puzzled look and said "Do I know you?" I said yes and began to drop hints from our past and finally asked after his mother using a pet family name. From this he tumbled that Virginia was his old room-mate. I reminded him that he and I together had won a YMCA track meet when we were both members of the same boys club. It was a strange meeting. He is actually about 2 years younger than I am but he is now bald, paunchy, double chinned and in general more elderly looking than this girl. He was surprised to death at the revelation. I gave him a copy of the leaflet to digest and we parted still good friends. (I hope).

Next morning I had to get up at 5 AM to dress, eat and get

back over to KGO-TV to do the "A.M." show. They had managed to get Dr. Karl Bowman to whom (together with Dr. Benjamin) I had dedicated the "TV and Wife" book to come down to the station and join in the interview.

That afternoon, I went over to Oakland to KTVU-TV where I did a TV show with the same Alan Spann from the day before. This show is released during prime evening time and goes through other stations in about 6 states so we got this part of the world covered too. Quite unrelated to this but mentioned here in connection with geographic areas – the Alan Burke show which I did way back in March has been released in as widely separated areas as Phoenix, Ariz., Corpus Christi, Texas; Grease Point, Mich.; Philadelphia, Pa.; and will be seen in Tacoma, Wash. on Oct. 20. Also I learned just before I left on this trip that it had been repeated again in August in New York. We really got some mileage (both literally and figureatively) out of that show.

On Friday, I decided that inasmuch as it would be impossible to have anything done to my hair during the Alaska trip, I would have to get it put in order in S.F. So big as life (though only half as natural) I called the City of Paris beauty shop (in one of the large dept. stores) and made an appointment. Like any other woman I had a shampoo and set and conversation with the operator. It is hard to get them to make a combable "do" these days without teasing the hair but I got her to do it. Her only comment was to ask why I had cut the little sideburn hairs in front of my ears so short. I told her that they were a little coarse and stubbly and that my electrologist had told me that if they were taken out by electrolysis that they would grow back in soft and fine. This satisfied her and we got along fine.

I had a meeting with 10 of the local girls (as their brothers that is) plus one lovely and understanding wife in my hotel room and we went on till wee hours. The conversation was the usual but it was interesting and livened up a bit by the presence of "Robert" who is our opposite number, namely a female TV living as a man. Very interesting person indeed.

Saturday noon I was driven to the airport by one of these friends and took off for Seattle. This is always an interesting trip as Mt. Lassen, Crater Lake, Mt. Shasta, Mt. Hood, Mt.



THE WASHINGTON, OREGON, IDAHO GROUP FPE

Marilyn 47-I-1, Virginia 5-P-1, Annette 12-F-1

Vicky 47-G-2, Florence 47-R-1

Jennifer 37-M-1

Brendalyn 47-B-3



Vicky 47-G-2 FPE

Marilyn 47-I-1 FPE

Norma 54-H-2 FPE



Florence 47-R-1 FPE



Vicky 47-G-2 FPE
with Gate Crasher



Annette 12-F-1 FPE — First Cover Girl
and friend (studying menu)

Adams, Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker stick their snow capped peaks up out of the valley floor every 100 miles or so. They are not in a range but just isolated volcanic peaks all by themselves, white and glistening in the sun. When we arrived in Seattle about 4:30 p.m., I was about the last to get off the plane. I had expected to be met by Marilyn's brother Dick but not seeing him at the gate, I started to walk to the ticket counter to see if he'd left a message. A woman kept looking at me and then began to walk along side of me. I was about to ask her what was wrong when she said, "Are you Virginia?" When I admitted this, she introduced herself as Ceil, the girl friend of Florence (47-R-1 FPE) who was waiting for us in the car. After getting the luggage transferred from United to Alaska Airlines we went to the car, met Florence and were informed that the local girls were having a party at a nearby motel and that was where we went.

I was much surprised to see the group, particularly to see Annette our very first Cover Girl on TVia no. 5 and her real great GG-Gail all the way from Idaho. I was honored as well as pleased that they had come. All those who had wives (everybody but Marilyn and Virginia) brought them so it was a grand turn-out and we had the usual picture taking and talk fest that characterizes such get togethers. Marilyn was afraid that because my plane didn't leave till 8:30 I wouldn't get a dinner aboard so she ordered a nice sandwich and milk for me to gulp down at the party between flashbulbs. Finally time came to leave for the airport and there were so many last minute goodbyes etc., that when I did get to the airport I had to run all the way to the gate and just made the plane. Somehow my flights always seem to leave from the end gate and it's a half days hike to get to them.

The flight to Anchorage was on Alaska Airlines which is something out of the ordinary as flights go. The interior decor (as of all the ticket offices and agencies in all the cities) is done in red and gold in Gay 90's style. The stewardesses dress accordingly too - red velvet miniskirts and black mesh hose and heels - very cute. But most unusual of all is that all of the in-flight announcements about seat belts, no smoking, put up your tables and raise your seats, and we have just landed at--- etc. are all written in the meter of Rob. W. Services poetry.

For Example:

Now fasten seat belts please and settle back with ease
and get ready for your flight
No smoking friends, 'til takeoff ends
Just watch the message light

Listen for locations of the exit stations
There are seven by actual tally
There's a cabin door both aft and fore
And another in the galley

Now if you'll raise your sight-there's a reading light
And air vents in each aisle
Or you can button press for the Stewardess
For service with a smile.

----- and more of the same.

Ironically they did serve dinner after all and so I had it on top of Marilyn's sandwich. This was a gastronomically inauspicious beginning and made a good contribution to the 7 lbs. I gained on the trip.

We arrived in Anchorage 9:30 their time but it was 11:30 by getting up time in S.F. so I was really ready for the hay upon arrival at the hotel but had to take time to put up my hair in curlers as I had to keep the set I'd gotten in S.F. for the next two weeks. This is fun the first couple of times but soon becomes just a woman's chore to be done. Sunday we "did" Anchorage and saw the results of the 1966 earthquake and they were considerable. Both there and elsewhere around S.E. Alaska it certainly left its mark in cave-ins, landslides, lateral and vertical displacements, etc. In the afternoon we toured out to Portage Glacier and took a cold and drizzly ride up a ski lift At Mt. Alyeska. It was foggy and damp but it certainly would have been beautiful in the sunlight.

Next day we flew to Nome. We stopped only long enough there to go into the terminal and pick up a Parka. Since I was wearing a red capri suit, (sorry Susanna but capris or slacks are highly appreciated up there so I wore them most of the time - see pictures) I naturally picked out a red parka and it made a very snappy looking outfit and I drew several compliments. We got back on the plane and flew another 250 miles or so further north to the Eskimo town of Kotzebue above the Arctic Circle.

It was interesting but a far cry from the general idea of how eskimos live — snow, igloos, etc. It is just a village of bleak and mostly unpainted and rather dilapidated buildings altho some of the government and public buildings were quite new and modern. We got a certificate for flying over the Arctic Circle. The pilot warned us that we were going to cross it and then made the plane take an artificial bump which he informed us was due to crossing the circle. We flew back to Nome for the night.

I had gotten acquainted with another middle aged couple and a single woman on the flight in from Anchorage and to Kotzebue and return and had sat with this woman on the bus etc. So it was somewhat amusing to discover that she and I were assigned to the same room at the hotel. Altho this is amusing to relate actually there was nothing to it as both of us were modest enough to retire to the bathroom for the more personal stages of dressing. However, it was a different experience and would not have been possible if I had been wearing a wig. As it was we carried on quite a conversation while I stood in front of the mirror in my nightie and robe putting the curlers in my hair for the night.

That night we all had Reindeer steak for dinner in the expectation that it would be something different. In actuality it tasted very much like beef sirloin. The next day we drove back into the hills about 30 miles to the claim of an old prospector and his wife. We all panned a few pans of gravel and most of us got a few specks of gold to bring home as souvenirs. Not worth anything but interesting because we had panned them out ourselves. My description of Nome is, "the most densely populated junk yard on earth". This is because people live there, but there are no trees, bushes, flowers, sidewalks (except a dilapidated board walk on the 5 block main drag). People don't paint their houses and what ever they don't want in the way of old boards, pipes, cans, broken machinery and misc. junk is just tossed into the side or back yards. The place therefore, resembles a junk yard with people. I guess it must be something about the arctic or the pioneer spirit or something. The people are very nice, friendly and interesting but they just don't seem to operate by the standards of the "lower 48".

Well, back to Anchorage and the next day on to Fairbanks. This is where Alaskaland is (see photos) which was



Kotzebue is an Esquimo Town about 150 miles North of the Arctic Circle. Pants and Parka were proper costume



Cold Enough For A Heavy Sweater But Tuberous Begonias Thrive Near Anchorage

ICEBERGS IN PORTAGE LAKE NEAR ANCHORAGE



LADY SOURDOUGH PANS OUT HER "FORTUNE"

built for the Centennial last year. It was officially closed for the season when we were there but as we were a tour they took us around it. It is a small scale Disneyland but interesting. Really Fairbanks is not worth the trip. The only thing memorable about it is its up and coming University of Alaska and the 50cent fares on the town's bus. I think I'd have gone to Dawson City of gold rush fame in place of Fairbanks if I'd known about it. Well next day we set off for a 2 day bus drive down the Alcan highway to Whitehorse. The scenery was impressive but too much of a sameness hour after hour. The only interesting thing about this trip was that our driver was a very friendly sort and had song sheets stowed away. As I was sitting right behind him he appointed me choir master. So, with the mike in my hand I stood in front of the bus and led the singing in my glorious (spelled goriest) soprano voice. But it was fun and I got along O.K.

When we got to Whitehorse the second night we were all ready for a good meal which we did get, but I was forever set against the place by being charged, would you believe — 50 cents for a glass of Ice Tea! On complaining to the maitre d' he tried to tell me that they shipped in the tea all made up. Men give me a pain sometimes the things they think they can palm off on a woman. Next day we boarded the Whitehorse and Yukon narrow gauge railroad that runs down to Skagway. It follows the old goldrush trail of '98 and you can still see it in places worn into the hillside. This railroad is rather remarkable in that it is about 100 miles long, and was built in a year and a half in 1899-1900 with only men, horses and dynamite. No tractors, bulldozers etc. in those days. It is carved right out of the side of the canyon in places and is steep so the train goes very slowly. Our boat had had an accident in Vancouver before coming to Skagway on that trip so instead of being ready for us to board at 6:30 when we arrived we had to wait till 11 P.M. I had paid for single accomodations and I got a stateroom for one that you could hardly turn around in let alone stash a bag. So, since we were not full to capacity, I asked the purser if he could switch me, which he did. So I had a 2 person cabin to myself for the trip which was great.

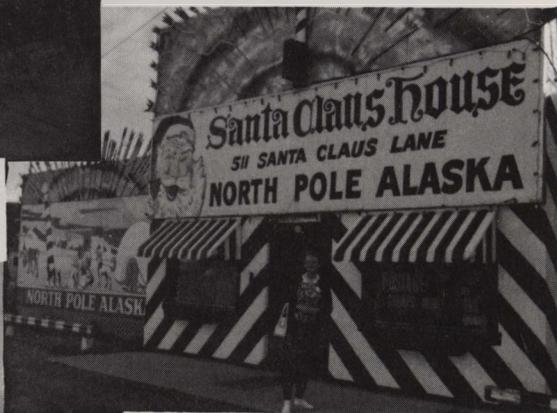
Meals were sort of rough, however as I drew 3 retired English teachers for table companions. English was hardly my favorite subject in high school so we soon exhausted our common

THE STATE OF ALASKA



**ALASKALAND IN
FAIRBANKS**

**UNIV. OF ALASKA MUSEUM
FAIRBANKS**



**The Old Boy and Mrs.
Claus Were On A
Vacation To The
South Pole When
We Dropped By**

**Me And The
Mendenhall Glacier
Juneau**

ground there and each meal was something of an ordeal to keep conversation going. The highlight of the trip was the fact that in the hat designing contest I won first prize — see pic of the famous chapeau. They provided crepe paper and yarn in various colors and scotch tape, staples, scissors etc. and we all took what we wanted and made up something. Mine was symbolic of Alaska with green forests, white snowfields, trading beads, etc. and a totem pole in front. I told them that it was designed by Princess Lily of the Dashe tribe and that after her local success she went on to New York to seek her fortune and found it under the name of Lily Dashe' so the little story added to it. Anyway I was quite setup by this foray into feminine activities and I got a lot of compliments on the hat.

On the way from Skagway to Vancouver we stopped for several hours each in Juneau and Ketchikan and took tours in each city. The inside passage is interesting but it was overcast and foggy most of the time so not as pretty as it would have been in the sunshine. I arrived in Vancouver and got situated in my hotel and then went down and did an evening TV taping on Canadian Broadcasting which went over well and I hope we caught some of the local girls. Next day I managed to take in a couple of sightseeing tours of the city and must say that if I was going to leave L.A. of all the cities I've seen I'd move to Vancouver. It pretty nearly has everything and is beautiful besides. I had time in the late afternoon to make contact with a local magazine distributor and worked out a deal with him so if we don't have customs trouble we'll have distribution in western Canada, which will find a lot of us. Three of the local girls came to my hotel room that night including Betty (pics on page 61) and her very nice and understanding girl friend so we had a good visit.

Next day another of the local readers came to get me at the hotel and drove me to the bus station with a little sight seeing of the north shore on the way which was appreciated. Took the bus downtown which drove out to the ferry dock and bus and everything went over to Vancouver Island and then drove about 30 miles into Victoria. Got settled in my hotel and then was picked up by a psychiatrist friend whom I'd met in Hawaii at the convention 3 years ago. Who kindly took me on a little sightseeing tour of the Victoria area and then to his home for a nice dinner. In the evening he had arranged for 4 of his

**SALMON
STREAM
IN
KETCHIKAN**



**THAT'S THE
NAME OF THE
BOAT — NOT ME**



**ONE OF MY BOY
FRIENDS — I'M GET-
TING INTEGRATED**



**JAPANESE GARDEN
IN VANCOUVER
(Skirts for a change)**

professional friends to come over with their wives and so we had a kind of informal professional seminar on the subject till about 1 A.M. I hope I was able to shed some new light on their understanding of the matter.

The following day having a little time, I walked down Victoria's main drag and found a little lingerie-corset shop. Thought I'd see what they had to offer that might be different to what we had in the states and went in. I didn't find anything in the lingerie line that I could use but they had a slew of bras on display and I thought I'd see about getting a sleeping bra. I really take a 38 but I couldn't find any 38As so I took a couple of 36As into the dressing room figuring that I could always buy a bra extender in the 5 and 10. I was in the process of trying one on when the sales girl unceremoniously pulled the curtain aside and came in to ask if she could help me. This was unexpected but I could do nothing but play it straight which I did and told her that I couldn't find a 38A and that nature really hadn't done too well by me and that was the size I needed. So she said she'd look for me. In a few minutes she returned with the only 38A in the house and helped me slip it on. Much to my satisfaction I filled it just nicely and thus had the pleasure of being fitted for my first bra. All young maidens have to have this experience so even tho I was a little late for the chronological aspect of maidenhood, being nearly 56, my development was quite "maidenly" to so on the grounds of "better late than never" I got quite a kick out of the whole thing. Of course it added to my self confidence just that much more that I could carry Virginia off under that intimate a situation.

Sunday evening I took the ferry Victoria to Seattle and had a pleasant trip. I was met at the dock this time by Marilyn's brother Dick as planned and escorted to the hotel. In addition to a gathering of some of the group at the hotel one night while I was there I was treated royally by several of the "brothers" being driven around and taken to lunch or dinner. I want to extend my thanks to them and also to Brendalyn and wife who had me over to Brennerton for dinner.

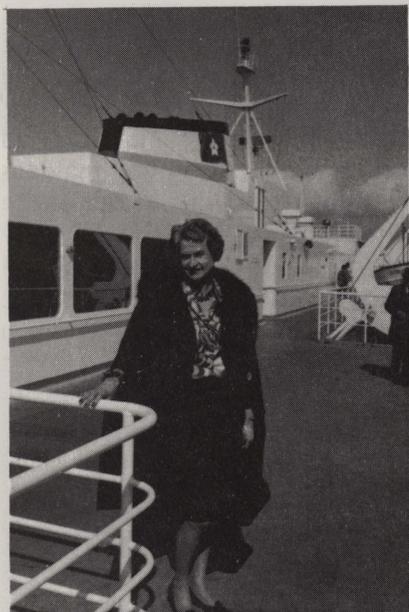
Having called up the Asst. Police Chief and learned that there was no law regarding cross dressing in Seattle I made an appointment to see him at 10:30 on the way to the airport on



**MY 1st PRIZE HAT
ABOARD SHIP**



**HARBOR ENTRANCE
VANCOUVER**



**LADY TRAVELER
ABOARD FERRY
VANCOUVER TO
VICTORIA, B.C.**



**FAMOUS BUCHARTS
GARDENS - VICTORIA**

Wed. When I got there he took me into his office and with a twinkle in his eye said, "I've got a staff conference across the hall where the captains of the various divisions meet, I haven't told them anything about you, would you like to talk to them?" I was temporarily stunned but decided why not. I might just as well indoctrinate the whole department as just one. So we went in and he introduced me in very general terms and I talked in very general terms for about 5 minutes before I revealed myself and then I had all the brass in the palm of my hand for 30 minutes. So this was some kind of a high point too. It always makes me kind of shiver to think of the changes of the last 7 or 8 years. Here I was talking to the whole top brass of a police department in a strange city 1000 miles from home and doing it as Virginia. 7 years ago I'd have died of fright revealing myself to some local patrolman on the beat. There must be some kind of progress being made.

Well then it was off to Portland for the last stop of the trip. I was picked up at the airport by the brother of Donna 37-B-4 FPE who was my much appreciated chauffer during my visit and at whose house I stayed. Thanks are also due to his lovely wife who not only took me in but had a whole Oregon gang in the next night. But on the night of my arrival I did a 2 hour show with one, Fenwick, a bearded, middle aged hippie type with whom I had a very good interview. Altho I was only on for 2 hours the program ran 3 and one of Donnas friends who listened to the last hour of it said that most of the calls coming in were related to my interview and that Fenwick did a pretty good job of explaining my point of view to the callers, so I guess my 2 hours were well spent.

Thursday was a hectic day as we had to get up at about 5 A.M. to take the wife to work and to be at the Dept. of Psychiatry of the U. of Oregon Medical School at 8 A.M. They had me 8:30 to 10 for what they call "Grand Rounds" of the Department which means the weekly seminar for faculty, interns, residents, and medical students. We had a real sharp interchange. At 11 I had to break it off temporarily to rush over to KGW to tape a 15 min. interview which covered things pretty well for so short a time and then back to the med. school again to see a filmed psychiatric interview between a doctor, a female impersonator and a butch lesbian. It was quite interesting but was naturally in sharp contrast to what I had presented earlier.

As most of the medical student audience had waited over to see the picture and Dr. Pauly asked me to comment on the film, it provided a wonderful opportunity to contrast the comments, attitudes, strivings, etc. of the impersonator with the TV and thus drove home the point doubly well.

That night we had a meeting of a lot of the local girls at Donnas house giving me a chance to get acquainted with new ones and renew acquaintance with old friends like Olivia 37-P-1 FPE and Fiona (formerly of Australia); who was our third Cover Girl way back back in Issue No. 8. Of course we didn't get to bed till about 2 and that was a long time from 5 A.M. plus almost continuous talking all day. I was really shot.

Noon on Friday I boarded the plane for L.A. via S.F. and arrived home to face the pile of mail and problems that had accumulated during my absence in spite of the best efforts of Mary to keep on top of them. Thus endeth this odyssey . . . about 4000 miles of travel by plane, bus, train and ship, 6 radio and TV interviews, 2 professional seminars, and 4 group meetings. Somewhere in all that there was supposed to be a vacation.

VIRGINIA



"Now, first off, I want you all to forget I'm a man."

Editorial Emanations

I. OTHER ORGANIZATIONS AND PUBLICATIONS: I'm a little uncomfortable about making the following comment because I know there will be some who will say, "Virginia wants to hog it all" or "who does Virginia think she is holding her and her activities up and putting others down?" Oh, I can hear the comments alright, but I feel a certain obligation to speak out anyway and take the "slings and arrows" as Hamlet said.

There are a number of other publications and/or groups which have sprung up in this country and abroad which purpose to cater to the interests of TVs. And they do. But simultaneously they cater to the interests of a lot of other types too. It isn't up to me to act as a judge on the activities of other types of people and I specifically deny any intention of doing this. However, I must point out to the readers of TVia that when you become involved with organizations or publications or people that cater to a large variety of "interests" you lay yourself open to possible complications. You are all aware that the word "transvestite" is used by some people to include all who cross dress whether they be true TVs, TS, HS, bondage lovers, masochists with a humiliation kick, punishment addicts, or others. Thus under the heading of "transvestite" you may in fact be dealing with any of a variety of other types. Unfortunately the police and postal authorities take an even dimmer view of some of them than they do of TVs. Several times in the past, otherwise genuine TVs innocent of any real wrong doing have become involved with authorities because of their connections with less savory characters thru letters etc. I speak here from bitter personal experience 9 years ago. But I learned from this and have done my best to protect the security of individuals and the identity and composition of our group (both as readers of TVia and as members of FPE). Some of these other

operations do not share this concern for those who contact them and do no screening. As a result there is a degree of hazard in making such contacts. I do not care to name names lest I be accused of running various persons and activities down for my own benefit. I simply say be warned and consider the various possibilities. Some people like to keep letters and make little books of addresses etc. If trouble comes to them those letters and books become source material for the dragnet of the authorities.

Recently in England exactly this happened. Some person got into trouble and all of the name and addresses found with him were then contacted by police or postal authorities including some of our sister FPE members over there. They had ventured into contacts thru other sources and a number of them got burned. It is a rather traumatic experience to say the least and some of our U.S. sisters have been innocent victims of being on other people's or groups mailing lists and have to undergo investigation and questioning. Do what you please, but do it with awareness of possible complications.

II. LARGE SIZE SHOES: Rita 13-N-1 kindly mentioned the name of Niernans of 17 N. State St., 16th Floor of the Stevens Bldg. as having a catalog of shoes to size 13. She tells me they will also arrange private fittings if an appointment is made with one of the Niernan brothers in advance. Seems they supply all the ladies shoes to the Chicago Lawyers Club show which is put on every year.

III. TIME AND IMPATIENCE: Please remember that FPE membership applications or communications have to come thru Chevalier. I can neither spend my time nor FPE's money mailing each communication to Fran separately. They are allowed to accumulate for a week or 10 days till there are enough and then sent Registered Mail. At her end Fran can't drop everything to process them either. She is a very busy executive with a responsible job and a family and makes her contribution to FPE out of the goodness of her heart and her dedication. So things will get done but please be patient. After all most of you have waited years, so another month won't be so bad.

IV. ADVICE: Readers all the time write asking for the names of doctors for hormones, dress shops, beauty parlors, or other establishments in their city that are understanding etc. They also

ask for all kinds of personal advice on makeup and this and that. I'd love to be able to provide all this information and I'd love to have the time to take care of everyones needs and loneliness but I don't have either the time or the information in most cases, so please don't disappoint yourself by asking things we can't supply you.

V. PUBLICATION DATES: I informed everyone several issues back that I was having to abandon the fixed publication date of the 1st of the month. With travels (I didn't get back from Alaska till the day this issue should have appeared and this being typed on the 14th) and other delays it just isn't possible. I have said before—send in your subscription and wait, you'll get it when it is available. If you are concerned that your order was actually received and recorded, enclose a stamped self addressed post card and I will return it acknowledging receipt of the order. We can't take the time to tell you "No. ??? is ready, send in your sub." I've never knowingly cheated anyone yet so trust me.

VI. BACK ISSUES AGAIN: The 6 for \$20 back issue deal is really "1 free with 5" thus it cannot be cut in half as 3 for \$10. Moreover back issues means just that, the current issue is not a back issue and is not includeable in the 6. Again a reminder that back issues are being exhausted. No. 26 and No. 31 are now gone with many others left in very small numbers. If you want 'em, get 'em!

VII. SALES TAX AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE: Will California subscribers please remember the 6% sales tax on all of our books and merchandise. Periodicals like TVia, Mirror and Clipsheet are not taxable, everything else is. And will our Canadian subscribers remember that there is about a 9% differential between Canadian and U.S. funds. On top of this, personal checks on Canadian banks bring me a service charge from mine. Simplest solution is to buy brown foreign postal money orders at your P.O. The exchange is figured in. Thanks.

* * * * *

*Show me a milk man who wears high heels and
I'll show you a Dairy Queen!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines frustration
as a transvestite in a nudist colony.*

Playboy.



Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANSVESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT"

(383-W-2) FPE Single, age 21, law student in Southern University. Interested in Corresponding with other TVs anywhere.

KATHLEEN

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

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

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BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for at least 5 issues and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for five or more issues. Acceptance is dependent upon approval of an application form and by a personal interview with the applicant's area councillor. Members of FPE need no further application for use of the Person to Person service and may do so by simply paying the regular fee.

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