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TRANSVESTIA



NO · 10 · 1961

***** THE INTENT AND PURPOSE OF TRANSVESTIA *****

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

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

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

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

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

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

"When you make the two one,.....and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE--then shall you enter the Kingdom."

A "saying of Jesus" from the "Gospel According to Thomas."

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TRANSVESTIA

o-o Vol. II No. 10 o-o

AUG. 1961

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FROM PATIENT TO DOCTOR
by Charlotte

Editor's Note: Charlotte is our Cover Girl in this issue. Her story was so long and interesting that the first part was printed in TRANSVESTIA #9 and is concluded here.

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My life went along most happily after that until a little after the first of the year. Each day brought increasing pleasure in my clothes, appearance and authenticity,, in fact, I reveled in it. Then, one morning, I was scared half to death by Mother's remark that since I had been co-operating so well in keeping quiet she did not think it necessary that I dress as a girl any longer, and that I could get a haircut too. This news made me want to die. Instinctively I put my hands up to protect my hair while my brain fairly spun trying desperately to think of some way out. I was badly hindered by a foolish fear of admitting my real reason. I must have sat there for minutes before I thought of an answer that seemed plausible, then, I said, "That's fine, Mother. But goodness, think of all the money you have spent for my dresses. Don't you think it would be better to wait until I have had some use out of them?" Then I sat with my heart stopped--praying.

Mother gave me a most peculiar look before she answered. "Why that is a thought, Charlotte. It would be a waste of all your pretty things, so I guess we'll wait a while longer. You can't possibly go to school before next Fall so it does not make any difference that way, and it will keep you quieter."

I couldn't help a deep sigh of relief. But that didn't make me any more obvious...my distress would have been apparent to a stranger. As I now consider it I am sure that Mother was on a fishing expedition. She certainly got her answer if she was.

The rest of the Winter and Spring were heavenly, though they flew by terribly fast. I lived, slept and ate femininity, grudging anything that interfered. Of course, I lived a very sedentary life broken only by the beginnings of my public acceptance on the times Mother took me out with her.

Then about the first of June, the doctor gave me a clearance. I was to be allowed a fairly normal life except that I was to permanently avoid anything strenuous. With a whole lot of new cotton summer frocks there was no possibility in my mind of reverting to masculinity; and Mother, knowing me full well, didn't suggest it.

With that clearance a new phase of life started. Patsy, a daily visitor during my confinement, took me under her wing and I spent much of the summer with her, engaging in all the foolish but important activities of a junior teen-ager. From her I acquired a world of know how and confidence appropriate for a girl my age. And from Mother, with freedom to go with her at will--I learned poise and social confidence. It was a simply wonderful summer. Patsy was still of the group that considered boys superfluous so I didn't acquire the feminine viewpoint toward them--that came later. One thing though, Patsy took every opportunity to thrust me into positions where I had to use every bit of acquired femininity. Sometimes it made me simply furious, but it was wonderful training though more severe than Mother's protective lessons.

As summer drew to a close I looked forward to school--for some unknown reason never thinking of it's implications. Then the whole thing was thrust most horribly upon me only two days beforehand when Mother arrived home with some boys clothes and announced that I must get a haircut the next day.

To some this would seem a return to normalcy. To me it was the second greatest blow of my life--Mother's death last year being the other. I spent the evening in tears--begging Mother to let me stay home another year or to go to school as a girl. But, of course, it was impossible and the next morning Mother cut off my beautiful hair and I changed to trousers. I could dwell on the agony endlessly, but it is really too personal and ever painful.

School, after it began, was in the nature of an antidote. By paying close attention, forcing my mind off my sorrow, I could forget it for periods. And it was in those first few months when my sorrow was so sharp that I developed the habit of close attention that has made school easy for me ever since.

However, whenever I let my mind wander I would return to the one subject, and I felt then, as I have ever since, like a fish out of water when wearing trousers--horribly self-conscious and uncomfortable.

Patsy was almost as disconsolate at the loss of her girl friend as I was. Walking home together one day, about a week after school started, she suggested that I could wear dresses after school. Somehow I hadn't thought of that possibility and I jumped at her suggestion, then my short hair completely dampened my enthusiasm and I told her it was impossible. But Patsy couldn't be stopped that easily and when we got home she suggested it to Mother. When Mother brought up the same objection over hair Patsy pointed out that lots of girls wore theirs almost as short as mine, and that also there were such things as wigs.

I hadn't thought of wigs - what a wonderful idea - this offered, it seemed, a solution to my problem. Mother thought over Patsy's ideas for a moment, then said to me, "Since you are back in boy's clothing I think it best you wear nothing else. But you can do as you like John. But if you look grotesque with short hair I won't stand for it."

I remember her words so clearly - with their assumption that I would return to dresses at every opportunity. And she was so right. I flew to my room and in moments was feeling normal for the first time in more than a week. With Patsy's help I worked on my hair. Fortunately, Mother had not cut it too short and it's rather ragged appearance helped too. So, by fluffing it out and brushing it we were able to make me look quite presentable. Mother examined the results and announced that it was passable. What a blessed relief it was - though in a way it made the absence of my shoulder-length hair all the more painful.

That started the pattern that I have followed ever since. Every moment except for school I wear dresses and am happy as can be. School hours would be hell did I not concentrate and I never feel happy in trousers. One thing however, when I dress as a man I do so entirely. Lingerie



CHARLOTTE



under men's clothes seems a travesty - either all or nothing has been, and I'm sure will continue to by my attitude.

The years needed to finish grammar and high school went quickly and by hard work I picked up time so I was ready for college when I was 17. During these years Patsy and I were constant companions, and except for school I was ever her girl friend. My dual life became second nature. Vacations were unalloyed bliss, though at the end of every summer I had the heart-rending experience of having my by then passable hair shortened.

Mother constantly aided me - and in time she almost forgot that I was a boy for she only saw me that way for moments in the morning and evening. I've always had more dresses and nice things than any girl could possibly need. They are irresistible, and were to Mother too, both of us bought for appearance, not for necessity. And thanks to Mother my taste is excellent. I've had several wigs in my life but never have liked them. Uncomfortable, hard to arrange and ~~looks~~ ~~for~~ and utterly betraying in case of an accident. Instead, keeping my hair as long as possible and roughly cut and with the aid of a few pin curls I can create a becoming and natural effect. Fortunately, now that I am grown, I look better with my hair upswept than any other way, so it ties in with my preference for my own hair. In this connection, I have learned by observation that even though a woman's hair be very short, just as a man's is, no one gives it a second thought so long as she be otherwise feminine. Let her have short hair and dress in a masculine manner and she is immediately cataloged--but nothing could be further from my mind than masculine appearing clothes. This I have never been suspected of being a lesbian.

As Patsy and I grew up there entered the masculine factor. At first I couldn't understand her increasing interest in boys, but as time went on it became clear. Patsy, of course, never thought of me as a boy, but rather, almost as her sister, thus her confidences in me were many and long. A few times over the years I double dated with her, my escort always a boy who didn't know John. Though there was

Though there was a thrill to these dates, because of the accomplished deception, I was well aware of the stigma that would attach were I detected and so I avoided most of them. There never was nor has been any sexual stimulation connected with men other than the satisfaction I get from seeing a man eye me appreciatively--but that isn't sexual--it is simply confirmation of a job well done.

As I entered my final year of high school I determined that I would go to college with Medical School and beyond that Veterinary school as my goal. There was a little college in our town, but it was a poor one in both senses of the word. No place to prepare for the terrific competition for entrance to graduate study. So we planned to move to Y., upon my graduation. There were excellent college facilities there and a Medical School as well. During this final year of high school I did a little female impersonating as such. Always as an amateur, with no pay, I attended several women's club meetings, or gatherings of that type, and after the meeting mingled with the women as a woman before unmasking myself. In doing this I always wore a wig with my own hair combed down--otherwise I would have to resort to some other more embarrassing proof of my deception. In the three or four times I did it there were usually only women present, and although some did become irritated--largely at themselves--most thought it a good joke. The few men that saw me, with one exception, also took it as a joke. That one exception started in hot pursuit, but fortunately I was able to avoid him knowing his intentions well.

The lack of criticism, on the part of both men and women came, I feel sure, from my perfectly natural femininity. Mother, and Patsy too, ever nipped in the bud any tendency toward exaggerated mannerisms or appearance, so I appear a perfectly natural woman. Too, I have worn feminine clothing so much that it is masculine clothing that causes me trouble--I never feel or look natural in it.

Perhaps it would be appropriate to add a bit on my physical appearance now that I am grown. I am tall for a woman, 5'10" and though I am terribly slender, my height makes me appear so. Fortunately I have a light bone structure and the

sedentary life my heart has forced me to live has resulted in little or no muscular development. Of course, since dedicating myself to feminine life I have watched my diet carefully and only indulge in exercises calculated to improve a feminine figure. My skin is quite dark without particularly giving that impression and wonderfully free from blemishes. My hair is light brown, grows very heavily and fast and is naturally very curly. Eyes are a decided blue. And then, thank God, my body is not a bit hairy. Years ago, Mother purchased a home depilatory outfit, with me the pained but pleased victim. I now have no hair on face or chest as a result. And, as I said, that on arms and legs is very slight.

My figure, aside from lack of bosom, is quite passable, a bit slab-sided to be sure, but there are many worse. A full skirt or one with hip emphasis gives me a decidedly good appearance. Despite hours of exercise of every suggested kind, I still have no bosom at all. Man's inventiveness, however, has provided for that shortcoming. I purposely skipped by introduction to these devices at about the age of fourteen. It was screamingly funny looking back on it now, but at the time, despite my whole acceptance of things feminine, and my desire for same, it was most embarrassing. Mother and Patsy didn't help a bit either. My legs are by far my best feature. They are very good in fact--much too good for the rest of me. I can always infuriate Patsy by comparing them to her own not at all bad ones, but mine are better. I am fortunate too in my voice. While low it has a feminine timbre largely because of Mother's insistence. It has never caused comment as unsuitable for a man either. Strangers talking with me on the phone invariably call me, "Mam".

My introduction to other things that a girl meets as she grows up such as girdles, hosiery, high heels and long skirts, came in the natural course of events, thrilling me just as they do any young girl. Mother, of course, as a matter of education gave me a thorough grounding in intimate feminine matters and customs. A lack of such knowledge would have been very dangerous to me, and it is now

second nature and my more intimate feminine friends envy my lack of cramps and other accompanying discomforts. To simulate them would be foolish in the extreme.

Back now to the account. After high school we sold our house, bought one in Y---, and moved there the latter part of the summer. My life in X--- had been so quiet that about the only wrench was leaving Patsy. But our friendship was built on such solid ground that it has never wavered. We correspond weekly and see each other frequently as our homes are less than one hundred miles apart. Patsy, whom I left behind in school, is now a sophomore, while I more than finished my junior year in college and am now a freshman in Medical School.

College didn't particularly change my habits. Knowing practically no one in Y---made our home life quieter than ever. The work was easy and as the college hours were not so long I had even more time for femininity. However, I did join a fraternity and with it came some social life and much more contact with girls - from the masculine point of view - than I had ever had before. I had dated, when unavoidable, in high school, but it always interfered. In college I had about one a week. I was utterly naive with them in one way while from the other point of view they were screamingly transparent. A girl may fool a man completely and continuously when she won't fool another girl for a minute. I was that other girl to all intents and purposes. At first I was more than a little uncomfortable - but in a short time I realized how foolish I was not to take advantage of my superior position. I soon found that I liked girls and had a lot of fun with them. Generally they returned my feelings though I have found that I must watch myself to keep from unconsciously embarrassing them by too pertinent remarks. One great advantage arising from my ability to so thoroughly understand them has been that I can quickly sort the genuinely honest ones from the far larger group of silly superficials. My decided preference for the honest ones has in a measure curtailed the transitory idle pleasures of dating, but has been offset by the lasting benefit of knowing real people. I have even had a few dates with Patsy - thoroughly enjoying myself

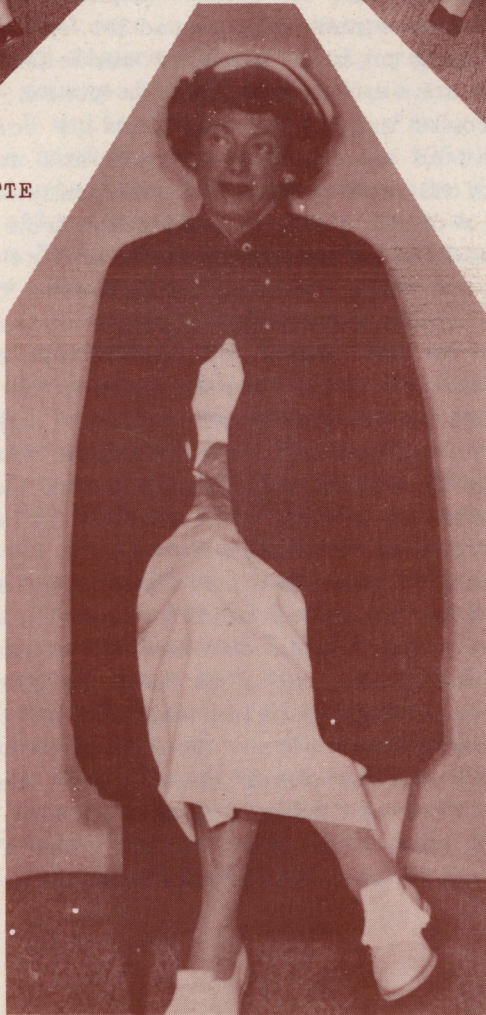
with her. But she refuses to take me seriously as a man, maintaining that she likes Charlotte much better. One thing I am sure of--the sexual normalcy of my desires. I am a woman in everything but that one essential - at least on a part time basis - but lacking that essential I am certainly not going to try to act like one in anything remotely connected with that essential. Every time I think of it I wish I actually were a woman - nothing could be better. But, unfortunately, I'm a man, so in the only thing that justifies sexual differences I am and can only act as one. This is all very confusing I know, but it best sums up my sexual attitude. A mixed up one, surely, but one of basic soundness insofar as I am concerned. I know that my life could be subject to great criticism by a casual observer, but I know too, that there is nothing sexually reprehensible about me and thus I retain my self respect. Awareness of criticism, real or fancied, made me do no more impersonating after we moved to Y--, and I gave the matter no more thought until quite recently, but more of that later.

I do not know what would be worse than to have my feelings with a physical constitution that made public appearance impossible or a constant risk. Probably nothing could be worse than that combination. Had I been so unfortunate as to have that combination I should probably never have entered into my now all engrossing feminine life. But should it have happened I think that I should have suppressed it completely. Nothing could possibly be worse than the secret, horribly frustrating, life that some people like myself must lead. Far better, I think, forget it--one would be happier I'm sure.

College was easy and the years went quickly. Then last fall, with no warning at all, Mother died. She was too young to die, but it happened and I was left suddenly and utterly alone. Made so much worse by the fact that I had no other family and few really close friends. Dwelling on it still makes me cry and serves no purpose. Had it not been for the E---s, who came as soon as it happened and our lawyer who was also a close family friend, I think



...AND MORE CHARLOTTE



I should have lost my sanity - I can't write more about it now.

I continued with school - for lack of anything better to do - leading a lonely life indeed. Somehow my loneliness made me turn even more, if possible, to a feminine life. Our empty house was bad enough for me as a girl - impossible as a man. I lived there until this Spring when the house was sold and I could gratefully leave its unpleasant memories. Then, on a temporary basis, I took a nice apartment.

Early last Spring I saw an ad that bid fair to change my life. It was from a woman who gave intensive instruction in acting with an emphasis on female impersonation. I saw it by the merest chance and only noted it casually. Then the idea began working on me. I could successfully impersonate a woman - having done nothing else for years - and by making it a business I could make a living from it too. So I wrote this woman and received a very considerate and understanding response. There followed quite a correspondence and she began sending me mail-order lessons, largely from the actors point of view. I made plans to leave Y--- and go to her for personal instruction just as soon as Mother's estate was settled. One thing this woman never was able to understand was that I was proficient in the basics of impersonation. Perhaps it was largely a matter of different points of view - her's from the professional actor's - mine from the natural one. Of course I have never met her and thus she cannot realize that for all intents and purposes I am a woman, with many friends that know me only as a woman. To continue a moment I should point out that after moving to Y---where we had no friends Mother and I had to make all new ones. Aside from school, where I developed one group of friends, I lived solely as a woman and Mother and I made our new friendships with me exclusively in that role. So I've been subject to close observation for years to the point where I never even think of having to practice deception. Too, I have often met persons anew who knew me in the other role. That is something I try to avoid, but it is not always possible and even in those circumstances I have been successful. The fact that Charlotte and John look alike has caused the creating of fictitious

cousins bearing those names to supply a logical answer to those who have known me both ways.

My ability to get by under such circumstances is due, I think, to two factors: First, as a woman, I am so wholly and naturally one that no possible thought of deception occurs to a person's mind, and secondly there is the quite apparent effect of increased age. Charlotte looks a good deal older than John. As John I look younger than my actual years because of hairlessness, the smooth complexion resulting from years of care, and my generally somewhat frail appearance. As I said, as a woman I look older. I have never been able to decide quite why - perhaps it is my features, a bit heavy for a woman of my actual age. I am a large woman which might aid the effect, but my figure is certainly young and supple. Though I am not the youngest one in my class in Medical School, I'm just past 21 as I write this, I am the "baby" of our class.

(Ed.Note: This history was written in 1951)

My more personal friends from the feminine side guess my age at about 28. I greatly fear that I shall look a middle-aged hag by the time I am 35. (Which she doesn't 10 years later as the pictures show..Ed.)

To return to my account: The woman was so very nice and helpful that I had things all arranged to leave Y---, late in April or May, before I mentioned it to my lawyer who was also at that time my guardian. He is, as I have said, an extremely close friend, and is one of the very few who really knows of me. Though he doesn't wholly approve of my feminine life, largely because he feels I sometimes take foolish chances, he is, nevertheless, most understanding and always ready to help. When he learned of my plan he forthwith objected using as his grounds that I had only a short time left to finish the school year and that it would be foolish to throw it away by dropping out. His arguments were so logical that I postponed leaving on that basis alone. Not once did he even hint the authority of his guardianship nor point out the other disadvantages. Had he done so I might have reacted differently, but an appeal to pure reason always moves me and I cancelled the trip.

So I stayed to finish the school year - working hard on my correspondence lessons. But during that time my attitude changed largely, I think, because of my teacher. She, while in a sense defeating herself, forever endeared herself to me by pointing out that the professional impersonator is bound to be smeared, the public, being unable to distinguish between cause and effect, tar everyone with the same brush, So few people will ever put a strangers good, and I was a stranger to her in most ways, above personal gain. She did it repeatedly, to the point where I became embarassingly indebted to her.

Largely through her I was able to see beyond the self created glamour of an impersonator's life - to realize it wasn't what I wanted. It was at best a wholly artificial life, unsuccessful unless the deception no matter how authentic was revealed. What I wanted, and still want more than anything in the world, is a life wholly feminine. With the opportunity to discard everything masculine, to let my hair grow again, and live happily ever after. So I changed plans again, still to go the woman to acquire acting proficiency and polish - but to aid my life as a woman - not impersonator.

School drew to a close. I was packed, had what I didn't need stored, and was ready to leave when a bombshell descended upon me. As I said earlier, I always planned to study medicine, and took pre-med in college. But competition for medical school is so tough that I doubted if I had a chance even after graduating, let alone before I had a diploma. But there it was in the mail -- a notice that I was accepted for entrance into Medical School.

Here was a wonderful and wholly unexpected opportunity, but on the other hand, accepting it meant a complete change of plans -- plans for a life I really wanted. Hard work and little opportunity for my beloved dresses. With only a week or so to make up my mind I was in a horrible quandary. After thinking about it a day or two I went to my lawyer. After all, he had made this opportunity by persuading me to finish the school year. When I presented my real problem to him he heart me out, then had me tell him all the pros

and cons of both courses, and finally, refused absolutely to advise me one way or the other.

Wrought up as I was, such advice or lack of it, was terribly frustrating and I found myself tearfully begging him to help. But he firmly refused, pointing out most truthfully that my whole life depended upon the decision - one that I alone could answer - and that if I were influenced I would always have distressing doubts.

I was horribly unnerved as it was, and his refusal to help made it ever so much worse. Simply furious at him I went home and had a good old-fashioned crying spell. The next few days were repetitions, I stayed to myself, feeling at times that I was loosing my mind, alternating between spells of tears and anger, so mad at the lawyer I would cheerfully have killed him. His ears must have burned continuously those days. But my anger at him did give me an outlet for emotions that otherwise might have caused me irreparable harm. During my lucid spells I vacillated back and forth, but I finally arrived at my decision - I would go to Medical School. The alternative was every so much more appealing, but I didn't have enough money for more than a few years of feminine idleness, then where would I be? That same money would, with extreme care, see me through Medical School. Then I would be prepared to earn a living, whereas a pleasant feminine life would end with me stranded and without training of any sort.

Once my decision was made there arose a host of new problems. I felt terribly foolish over my anger at my lawyer - his refusal to help had been wise - and I had to make a difficult apology. But he proved to be as nice as I had known him to be, laughing it off and endearing himself to me more than ever. Writing my teacher about the change in plans was most difficult but her answer was most kind and understanding with no rancor over the loss of a pupil.

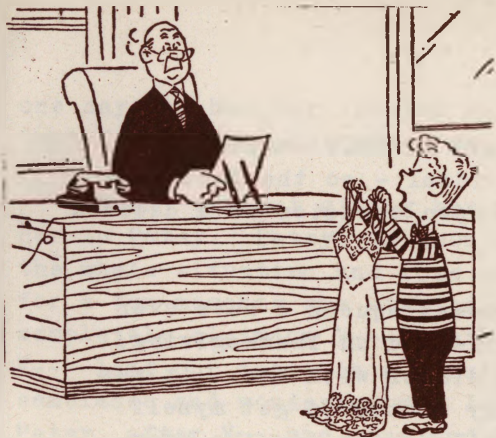
Thus, my conscience cleared, I scurried to prepare myself for school. My apartment was too expensive so I had to move. I found an inexpensive one which provides quiet for study and is situated so that no one can see the comings

and goings of alternately a man and a woman.

Moving and all the attendant problems kept me rushing right up to the start of school, I arrived there breathless and haven't had time to catch it since. No one can say that Medical School is pleasant. I don't find it as hard as reputed, but it is a gruesome gloomy study. My first introduction to anatomy and cadavers made me horribly sick and succeeding days were little better. Had it not been for my partner on our corpse I doubt if I would have made it. I finally got my stomach under control, but even now, with more than a quarter behind me, my stomach writhes at the start of each days dissection.

A bit about my partner. Much of Medical School work is done on a team basis, and by alphabetical happenstance mine proved to be a girl, V---. There are four girls in our class - three of them serious drab females, intent, uninterested in themselves, embarrassed, and the constant butt of crude jokes. V--- is the exception. She is much the prettiest, has a wonderful sparkling friendly personality, dresses so well, and always looks as if she had just stepped from a handbox even when she is up to the elbows in our cadaver. She's unquestionably the most popular person in our class and I am the envy of everyone. Too, through my intuitive knowledge of females I know she is the most sincere and honest I have ever met.

V--- is my ideal of femininity personified. Just what I would be if I could choose to be a girl in another life. Though I don't always, because of my insight and thought processes, get along with girls in the social sense I can, nevertheless, do beautifully with them on a comradely basis. That ability plus the fact that V--- is so nice and my ideal type would have assured that we got along well together. But added to that there is a strong personal attraction toward her that she apparently reciprocated. We got along beautifully from the start and in short order were the best of friends. I soon found myself, by choice, studying with her and taking her out as often as my limited budget would allow. This in the face of the fact that it curtails my already limited feminine life - and that I by choice do so - has given me much



"DAD, HOW COME YOU HID YOUR THINGS IN MY CLOSET, DON'T YOU WANT MOM TO KNOW?"



"LIPSTICK, POWDER, PERFUME..GOLLY, GEORGE, IF I HAD ALL THAT STUFF AT HOME I'D QUIT THE BASEBALL TEAM TOO!"

"The boss is quite a TV fan."



S-o-o I like your clothing - as your husband who has a better right?

for thought. However, being with her is full compensation. Certainly I am no girl's masculine ideal - so the fact that V--- will study with me and go out upon occasion is a decided compliment.

She was the cause of the narrowest squeak I have ever had. It happened the long weekend we had on Thanksgiving. Patsy had come up and I was having dinner with her. It was one of the few opportunities in many months to get myself really dolled up, and I had spent all day on it, the knowledge that I was having dinner with the ever-critical Patsy making me redouble my efforts. I am sure that I never looked nicer than I did that evening - wearing my most becoming dress, an utterly classic grey wool that has a red fleck in it--so with it I wore red pumps, hat and accessories.

Patsy was delighted with me and we were having an extremely pleasant time eating in about the best place in town. We hadn't seen each other in some time so were engrossed with our conversation when I idly turned, I suppose because one senses another's stare, to see V-- sitting at a table near us with some man I didn't know. I have been in the same situation many times in the past but never with my guard down as it was that night - being so engrossed in my chatter with Patsy and seeing a person I liked so well. So I smiled broadly at V---, who was observing me closely, and started to wave before I could catch myself. When I did I became utterly confused - something I had never done before - and Patsy, fortunately for me, noticed it almost immediately. Her old habit of protecting me in the real pinches came to the fore and not knowing anything about it she got a coughing spell that enabled me to get hold of myself before V---, with a puzzled look on her face, came over to our table in response to my wave. She was the soul of tact and at the same time her wonderful friendly self - saying that she was sure she knew me though she couldn't remember my name. For once I really had my brain in high - Patsy couldn't help me further as she didn't know what it was all about nor had she ever met V---. What a horrible spot, but I got out of it with the old "cousin dodge", explaining to V--- that I was John's cousin, Charlotte, and that I had been with him at school

one day and had her pointed out to me when it wasn't convenient for John to introduce us.

Then, without giving her a chance to reply, I introduced her to Patsy. Patsy, as soon as she heard V---'s name, placed the whole situation and rose nobly. Inviting V--to sit down for a few moments she started to chatter sixty miles an hour completely claiming V---'s attention while I gladly sat mute. V--- left our table in a minute after remarking at John's resemblance and wondering why I had never mentioned myself. Patsy, after V---had gone and I had explained my slip, gave me alternate hell and laughter, but I was so uncomfortable and mentally embarrassed at my act that I hardly heard it. When we left V--- nodded cordially to us little knowing what a turmoil I was in.

It took all the courage I had to go to school the next Monday and face V---. When she first saw me she gave me the devil for never having told her of or introduced her to my cousin. I passed it off by explaining that I rarely saw or thought of Charlotte. V---accepted this explanation, but has since repeatedly remarked about our resemblance and has vowed that she wants to know Charlotte better----over my dead body. The remarkable thing is that V--- despite her thorough knowledge of me, never connected Charlotte and me. I guess it was because of the strange surroundings and Patsy's magnificent help. V--- is smart enough to do so and I wish I were sure in my mind that I had heard the last of it. That only happened a week or so ago, and since then V--- hasn't failed to remark about us every day and to say that she wants to know Charlotte better. If she presses that too hard I don't know what I shall do. The strange thing about it is that though I know V--- is as sincere and honest as any person I have ever known, and that she would never betray me if she knew, I cannot bear the thought of her having to know about me. I classify her right along with Patsy, my lawyer, and my teacher as people who like me for myself alone and who could overlook my idiosyncrasies, but I just can't stand the thought of her having to know. It almost makes me sick to think of it.

There had been way too much of V--- in this, for she has no real part in my account, but my experiences with her have been so interesting, nerve wracking, and recent that she naturally bulks large in my mind. She too, had her bad moments at the beginning of anatomy, but conquered them, and in the face of such appealing femininity the masculine portion of my make up shamed me into doing it too thanks to her.

But feminine life is still all-important and every available moment is spent that way. Getting up in the morning I usually dress completely - make up and all - fix and eat my breakfast as a woman and then tidy up the apartment. If hurried I slip a negligee on over my gown and eat that way but it is never so satisfactory. Then a hurried change, and off to school. I practically never get back before five - then a bath and unless I'm going to V---'s to study, or out with her or someone else that knows me as a man, I dress most carefully. Such things as nail polish, etc. are out of the question so I must offset their loss by careful makeup, hair arrangement and dress. Then about half the time I fix my own dinner, the rest of the time I eat out. Sometimes by myself, at others with friends who know me as a woman. Then, except on weekends, I almost always return home to study. My feminine friends are puzzled by my refusal to do things with them on weeknight evenings any more - I dare not tell them of Medical School so I have invented a story that I have taken on typing on a contract basis and that I must work it in the evenings as well as days. Week-ends and the occasional school holidays are exclusively feminine. However, when I moved into my little quarters I had to cut down drastically. So I gave away literally dozens of dresses - the ones that didn't fit well or were unbecoming. Ordinarily I would have, in time, altered them to my satisfaction for Mother made me a skillful seamstress, but now with neither time nor room it has been best to give them to someone who can use them - though parting with them is heart-rending. I have one fur coat of my own - a very nice muskrat that Mother gave me several years ago. What a wonderful Christmas gift that was - how I longed for it and how I love it. I don't think I'll ever part with it.

I think I've written enough - too much in fact for this is so long. I have tried to outline the feminine phases of my life to date and think that I have done so as far as the main points are concerned. This is such a terribly intimate account that I should die if it were connected with me, hence the use of different names, but you are free to use it. To the normal understanding person my life, and this account would, I know, seem utter drivel or worse. But others like myself will understand how sincere it is. You can understand it because of the sincere understanding person you are, your friendship for me, and your work with others like me. Thus I give this story to you knowing that no confidences will be betrayed.

Ed. Note: This account was written in Dec. 1951 and ends appropriately for that time. However, knowing that the readers of TRANSVESTIA would be interested to know what transpired since 1951 I asked the Doctor through whose kindness this history was made available to me to bring the story up to date. With Charlotte's knowledge and consent this was done but the part following is told by the doctor about Charlotte and therefore is not in the first person. To continue then-----

The two years that followed John's entrance into Medical school were really nothing but a constant repetition of his account of the first few months. Nothing but a steady grind with only evenings and weekends, on a very limited basis when he could snatch a few moments of the solace and comfort that his dresses brought him. To make it worse he was working on an accelerated basis, attending school in the summer as well as during the normal school year. This, plus the fact that the quality of his work allowed him to carry a heavier than normal schedule allowed to finish his junior year just two years and three months after he started.

During this entire time V---remained his constant companion. Though she had not originally intended to study on such an accelerated basis as John, she found herself doing so just because he did. He practically became a member of her family - greatly relishing the friendship and affection that her parents lavished on him. At times they seemed to occupy the position

of his parents and one of the hardest decisions he had to make during this period came about when they suggested that since they had ample room in their home he should live with them rather than alone in his apartment. He ended by refusing, but with real regret. He would have loved the warmth of a home life but it would have totally ended Charlotte and she was still as important in his life as ever even though she had little opportunity to appear as compared to the old days.

Nevertheless he continued to wear dresses at every opportunity and, knowing the pitfalls, he was extra careful as to appearance and actions - fearful that lack of opportunity would lead to slips. This was in reality a groundless concern. His Mother and Patsy had so indoctrinated him with femininity that the risk, if any, was greater when he was wearing his natural clothing. Too, he had a deep sense of the real meaning of the word "lady" and always acted so much like one that there was no occasion for any suspicion.

Senior year in Medical School is a great change from the grind of basics of the first three years. The emphasis is on clinical work with much less in the way of formal classes and there is a great relaxation of the tensions for rarely is a senior medical student dismissed. Thus John had more time for Charlotte than he had had in the past two years. Too, some exceptionally fortunate investments of his tiny estate had created some extra money for Charlotte. So she blossomed with new clothes and the time to wear them. But, then he began to pay the penalty of his deep friendship with Virginia. When not with her he felt uneasy and at the same time he resented her interruptions of Charlotte's life.

Finally he came to the conclusion that he must have both - that is, Charlotte and Virginia - and began to make elaborate plans to bring about their meeting on a logical basis. There had been the one accidental meeting three years before, but no accident would answer again for Virginia knew that Charlotte lived in the South.

He worked out a plan announcing some time beforehand that he had been invited to the E---'s in X--- for Thanksgiving. This much to Virginia's distress. Then with everything

planned and arranged, he told Virginia with much apparent distress, that Charlotte, his cousin, was going to be in town the day after Thanksgiving for the first time in years and he would be unable to meet her for a visit between planes.

Virginia, just as he knew she would, came to his rescue. Stating that she would be glad to meet Charlotte and amuse her for the few hours of her stay. And to his expressed doubts she firmly stated that she remembered Charlotte perfectly and would not have the slightest trouble recognizing her. So the day before Thanksgiving John left - supposedly to go to X---, but actually he drove in the opposite direction to the next town that had a plane back to his home. There in the seclusion of a quiet motel he spent all Thanksgiving day transforming himself to the most perfectly groomed woman possible.

Early the next morning Charlotte, looking as well as she ever had in her life, took the plane back for the fateful meeting with Virginia. Even though he had planned and rehearsed this meeting until he was letter perfect he couldn't fight down the increasing nervousness as the plane neared Y--- and by the time it landed and he could see Virginia waiting for him he would have given anything to be out of the whole business. But there was no choice - he had to get off the plane - and so, feeling as tense as he ever had in his life he walked off the plane doing his best to keep from looking at Virginia.

Apparently his nervousness didn't show as strongly as he felt it for Virginia came up and introduced herself without any apparent hesitation. And, true to her fine character, she was just as nice as she could be. So much so that he could feel his tension dissolving - in fact he soon felt so relieved that he had to be careful not to go too far. He had wisely planned only a three hour layover between planes and when Virginia asked what he wanted to do suggested that he wanted to take advantage of shopping in Y---'s nice stores. This proved a wise choice for two young women can always kill any amount of time shopping and provide a subject of impersonal common interest. Most of Virginia's conversation was about John and it was so wholly complimentary that he found it unbelievable.

When they returned to the airport his plane was more than

an hour late so there was nothing to do but go into the restaurant for coffee and more chatter. While sitting there, across from Virginia, his attention was diverted watching a plane outside and after a moment he turned back to find Virginia looking at him with a most puzzled expression. His heart nearly stopped! Was he detected? But there was nothing to do but express concern by asking Virginia if she were well. It was nothing, Virginia explained, but her amazement at the likeness between and John and Charlotte-as though they were twins.

This made John's temperature rise like nothing else had that day. He did his best to pass it off but Virginia's continued quizzical glance made the final departure welcome. Arriving back in the town where he had prepared himself, he packed up and drove back to Y--- as Charlotte, for there were still two days of that weekend left and he certainly wasn't going to waste them on John - particularly since he couldn't see Virginia till Monday.

It was well after dark when he drove up to his garage apartment. As he got out of his car he was surprised to note that he had left lights on, but dismissed it by remembering the many things that had been on his mind when he left. Getting the bags from the car he carried them upstairs and let himself in. He walked through the little hall into the living room and there sitting in a chair was Virginia. He was thunderstruck. Virginia, of course, had a key to his apartment but what was she doing there. And, despite the concealment afforded by his lovely lavender tweed suit and perfect accessories he couldn't get his mind to working so that he could continue the pose he'd used all day.

Virginia looked him up and down with a frosty stare then exclaimed, in a cold cold voice, "I guessed you'd be arriving about now. Just what is this all about? What are you trying to pull on me?" He had never seen her angrier. Not knowing quite what to answer, though his mind raced dizzily, he stood a moment longer and then his subconscious feminine training took hold and without even realizing what he was doing he took off his fur, hung it in the closet and then, after removing his little lavender hat, stepped to the



NANCY--Calif





ANITA, GLORIA, AND SUSANNA



CARLENE--Mo.

mirror and fluffed out his hair.

Virginia, observing all this but not understanding his mental processes, icily commented, "You don't have to show off. I know you look a dream, but what about me"? Surprized he glanced at her and saw tears. Then his mind meshed and he remembered their closeness for mere than two years, their complete understanding, the fondness he felt for her which he knew particularly from the way she'd talked about him earlier that morning, she reciprocated and he realized that through his ineffectual efforts to introduce her to Charlotte he had hurt her terribly.

For a long moment he paused in thought, then sitting down beside her he began to talk - telling her in complete and thoroughly honest detail of every phase of his feminine life and his feelings about it. Not once in more than an hour that he talked did she take her eyes from him and only once did a fleeting smile replace the serious look on her face. That was when he described his embarrassment the time he'd been with Patsy and almost betrayed himself when he unexpectedly saw her across the room. He ended by explaining to her that torn between the compulsive need for dresses and her company too he had evolved the morning's meeting as an introduction to Charlotte. He had planned to have Charlotte move to Y--- and become a fast friend of hers and in that way he could have both of his wishes at once. As his final sentence he appealed to her for her understanding.

As he finished Virginia rose, and picking up her coat, exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so confused". As she started for the door he went with her only to be told that she wanted to leave without further contact with him.

The sound of the door shutting behind her and of her footsteps going down the stairs seemed to be taking her out of his life forever and as he turned, and saw his image in the mirror, he felt a positive hatred for the girl he saw - she was responsible for all his troubles and the loss of the thing he loved most. He couldn't get undressed and remove all the careful grooming quickly enough. And for the first time in years went to bed without a nightgown.

It was almost dawn before he finally slipped into a troubled sleep and when he woke about noon it was to face as grey a future as had ever plagued him. Finally he got up and dressed avoiding any suggestion of femininity, and then just sat there in his apartment not knowing what to do. So complete was his discouragement and despondency that he found himself considering suicide on a serious basis.

It is impossible to tell what might have happened with his mental state had it continued, but soon he was brought back to reality by the sound of footsteps on the stairs. He went to the door with no idea of who it could be. But there, to his complete surprise, stood Virginia with a perfectly natural smile on her lovely face. He stood there dumbfounded blocking the doorway until she asked, "Aren't you going to let me in?"

He came to his senses abruptly and muttering an apology he stood aside full of apprehension as to the purpose of her visit. There was no doubt that she was nervous too and as he sensed it his fears grew. Then she asked, "Where's Charlotte? From what you told me I thought she was always here weekends!"

Her voice had a brittle, tense quality that limited his reply to a senseless mumble. But it served a good purpose as Virginia was apprised of his mental state thereby and gained the confidence she needed to get over a difficult moment. Suddenly reaching out her hands she took both of his in hers and drawing him to her she kissed him - a long kiss full of sympathy and understanding. Then stepping back at arms length but still holding his hands, she said, with tears in her eyes, "Since I started in Medical School you've become the only friend I have. That's terribly silly for every girl should have a friend of her own sex too. Do you suppose that Charlotte and I can become friends too?"

All of the pent up emotions and frustrations of years blew out of him in one great sigh and grabbing her he returned her kiss with such fervor and thanks as no kiss ever before contained. Then, setting the pattern that has continued ever since, Virginia said, "You know, I'd love to have dinner with Charlotte, could that be arranged?"

Though full of questions he could only reply that it could be but it would take time. Virginia smiled, said that would be fine but to have her hurry and pushed him into his bedroom.

Though John hurried all he could there was a compulsion within him that he should look his best - and under these circumstances that was an absolute must - so it was more than an hour before he opened his bedroom dorr and stepped forth wearing a very becoming deep blue damask shirtwaist dress. Though sure of his appearance he was anything but sure of the reception. Virginia goggled - as do all who have seen the transformation it is so utterly unbelievable - then greeted him as Charlotte with no reference at all as to his real self. And that has been their relationship ever since - after their marriage. Virginia maintains the fiction of the separate identities as completely as if it were actually two people, and has never been within sight, deliberately of course, when John was making the change from one to the other.

They went out for a very late dinner that evening-chatting as two girls do but nevertheless on a somewhat strained basis of two acquaintances who were not the good friends that they later came to be.

As time went on, Virginia, with deep understanding, came to realize the importance of John's feminine self in his life. She also came to the realization that it wasn't just a pose on his part but that Charlotte was a very real person. She accepted that person as a friend and equal and has never allowed any friction to develop between John, Charlotte and herself. Really the relationship has been suprisingly good even after ten years of marriage.

John, for himself, was fonder than he knew of Virginia and he had much hesitation concerning their future relationship both in school and outside. But to his vast relief Virginia acted toward him as she always had despite her ripening affection for Charlotte. For him the arrangement was perfect. He had by some miracle, managed to maintain his wonderful relationship with Virginia and could at the same time wear dresses when it was appropriate.

On this basis John's senior year passed with utter rapidity. It was during this time that he started dressing as a nurse quite often. Physically he made a most attractive one and his knowledge made it easy to pass as one professionally. So with the fiction that he was a nurse on private duty he could avoid questions and still the uniform allowed him to go and come from the Medical School and Hospital as he pleased. So when Virginia's hours were different from his he often called for her that way. Too, he admits, he got a tremendous amount of pleasure from the successful deception of people he knew. Of course, he had to continue the fiction of being "John's cousin". Nothing else could explain the facial similarity.

It was perfectly natural that John and Virginia married toward the end of their senior year. It has been a most successful and happy marriage and they have done a remarkable job of overcoming the more than average amount of difficulties in their marital set-up. When they graduated they arranged to intern together. It was then that I met them. The first year of internship led to a second. With a fine record in school and as interns it was easy for them to obtain residency appointments in one of our really great institutions. They are there now but within a short time will have completed their work and as members of the Board of Internal Medicine will have no trouble at all establishing a practice or getting positions they want.

Have you all heard about the Chinese Boy who wanted to become a Chinese Girl? He saved up all his money to go to Copenhagen. Of course everybody in the little village knew about it and they all wished him well when he left. In Copenhagen he got the full treatment and in slit-skirt and rice-powder complexion returned to the village. A big celebration was arranged for "her"-- firecrackers and all. Across the street at the entrance to the village was a big banner--"WELCOME SPADE COOLEY". (Spayed Coolie to you).

o-o-o NO ESCAPE o-o-o
by Janett

Ed. Note: In TVia #8 the first part of this story appeared and readers were invited to send in their own conclusions to it. Unfortunately none of you rose to the challenge, so this is Janett's own ending.

"It's Joanne. Guess What? I can hardly wait to tell you. I'm going to enter the Miss America contest, isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You sound so enthusiastic, Don, but then how could I expect a man to understand. Do you know that girls dream of these things but seldom ever get a chance to be part of it?"

"I guess you're right, sorry I didn't bubble all over."

"Silly", Joanne drawled, "You might before it's all over - with all those gorgeous girls in their luscious gowns."

"I've told you before that I've had my share of gorgeous gals. It's only skin deep, Joanne, so whatever happens in the contest don't be disappointed because you have other things."

"You generous boy! Do you think I'll take a back seat?"

"No, honey, you really have it stacked. It's just that... well, you know."

"Lammie pie, I know what you mean. Here's a smooch for you." The phone receiver screeched.

"Save it for later, honey. I'll be over tonite--O.K.?"

"Course, and I'll have a lot of new things to show you that I've been buying today. Too bad you can't shop with me."

"You know that I would like that, but I'll see you, bye".

"Don," she lowered her voice with intimate meaning, "you are still going to wear the blue lace trimmed panties I gave you, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am."

"D-o-n," her cooing voice continued, "I mean for you to wear them under your male clothing all the time. Now about the matching bra, you can..."

"Joanne, I have got to get ready for work. See you tonite."

I had planned on wearing the blue panties, but it seemed that Joanne had a psychic influence over me, or was it her

amateur psychology that had diagnosed a weakness in my masculine makeup? Whatever it was, I was sliding along the path she had cleared for me. It did feel daring and I had a satisfaction of pleasure in knowing that I had hidden beneath my male clothing dainty blue panties. I even went so far as to wear the bra under a dark colored shirt. During the day it was a thrill to know and feel the smooth feminine finery that as a male was forbidden fruit to enjoy.

I went straight to Joanne's apartment from work. It had been a rather sultry day and seeing Joanne standing in the doorway, in a fresh cool green shirtwaist dress with rows of ruffles down the front, was to me almost as refreshing as a cool dip in the green surf.

"Doll boy," she threw her two arms around my neck. "Here's that telephone kiss I sent you."

She almost took me off balance before I managed to get us both seated on the sofa. The coffee table and two easy chairs in front of us were loaded with silken clothing, boxes, hats, gloves and other delectables that would gladden the heart of any girl. Joanne began wiping at the lipstick that she had just stamped on my lips.

"This comes off, but I'm going to put some on you that will make you as attractive as any girl." She jumped up and held in full length a new lilac filmy negligee. "You like it?"

"I approve of everything. I just hope you're not trying to make me jealous of your lovely things."

"Don't be silly, Donna. You know that I'll share them with you - you lucky boy. First you must want to bathe after a hot sticky day's work. Besides you must be nice and fresh to try on our new things."

Joanne's bathroom was as feminine in taste as she was with her appearance. The pinkish peach walls and tile around the shower and wash bowl matched all her accessories, and she had a lot of these. From the color of the lights down to the shade of her toothbrush handle she had planned with careful thought. Then why shouldn't she, it was much of her business as a consulting layout designer to give artistic advice to many top advertising agencies. When I turned on the shower

I almost expected pink spray to come out. However, I managed to satisfy myself by using a large pink perfumed bar of soap. After singing six choruses of my favorite song, I stepped out of the shower and into a large pink towel marked "hers". As I was drying myself, Joanne opened the door a crack and held out a handful of filmy clothing.

"Here's fresh panties and bra to wear under this new negligee that you admired." I took them from her hand. "You can also spray yourself with some of that after bath lotion from the large pink atomizer on the counter."

"Thanks, I'll reek like a sponge dipped in rose petals."

"And after we are through you will look like Venus.

Betty, a friend of mine, is coming over in a minute."

"What! Hey how about..." I was cut off by the closed bathroom door. What new escapades was Joanne planning by bringing in a girl friend to expose me to. I had the panties, bra, and negligee on and was looking around the bedroom for slippers when I heard the door bell ring.

"That must be Betty," Joanne called. "Do you hear, Donna?"

"Yes, I'm looking for some slippers. What do you want me to wear while Betty is here?" I was trying to sound casual but my innerself was trembling with fear and another part of me was equally excited with the thought of having another girl-to-girl relationship.

"Silly. Wear your underthings and negligee. Don't worry, Betty understands. And please pad your bra like I showed you. Take the cotton from the cabinet under the washbasin."

She was right of course, the whole feminine effect was missing without a well rounded bust to fill out the negligee and give an eye-pleasing contour. I stood there just behind the bedroom door and hoped that my uneasiness was not as transparent as the negligee that I was wearing. I could hear the high pitched chatter of the two girls as I took several deep breaths to help bolster my strength to go through the door. I was to say the least highly nervous but still not afraid to open the door and go out.

"Hi!" I managed to speak calmly and stand there as if I were only another girl.

"Betty, I want you to meet my friend, Donna", said Joanne.

"Hi, Donna. Joanne has told me a lot about you. It's a pleasure to meet you." Betty's warm friendly tone meant fully what she said and this gave me more confidence.

We three girls had a delightful time taking a few drinks, telling a few good girl jokes to each other, and preparing a tasty Tamale pie for dinner. By now we were all as congenial as old old friends - a different kind of friendship than men enjoy with women; this was an acceptance of me as one of them, yet we could all not completely forget that I was still something special. After dinner their enthusiasm was obvious in their desire to dress me in Joanne's new clothes.

We adjourned to the living room and Joanne anxiously removed my negligee while Betty hastily drew all the drapes.

"Hey, you girls look serious," I said as I stood in the center of the room in just my panties and bra.

"Don't be silly, Donna, you're just one of us, but you had better quickly put on this tight panty girdle so as to keep a girlish shap!" Joanne laughed and threw me a rubber pantie brief.

"Let's start with the bathing suit as long as we are down to only panties and bra. Leave your pantie girdle on. Here, I'll take off your bra." Betty matter-of-factly unhooked and removed my bra, while Joanne brought over a stunning white arnel triacetate jersey suit. I easily slid into the two small leg holes, fastened the neck halter and the garment was fitted. Its smooth material next to my bare skin gave me goose pimples all over my body for the first minute. I couldn't wait to get a look in the mirror at myself. I stood in front of it and admired a body that I, in my wildest thoughts, could never have dreamed of.

"I think it's fine, Joanne. It is very flattering on you, Donna, especially against your attractive tanned legs." I had shaved the hair off my legs two days ago, I was aware that my legs were as attractive as any girl's.

"That fits fine, now girls, let's get started on a real dress-up," said Joanne. "Take the suit off and put on this padded longline foundation."

experiencing the highs of feminine dress-emotion. I don't know what more to say other than it is such a satisfying pleasure that I don't want to give it up. Look how this dress swirls." I began twirling to show the snowflake petticoat.

"You make a charming figure, Donna, and you pass the test." Joanne continued. "Now, how would you like to go to a club meeting with us?"

"I'd love to, but do I have any shoes that will go with this outfit?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, the shoes", said Betty. "Here's a 'bow belle', a white dressy little pump with tapered toe and a knotted bow. The heels are only $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high so you won't be too tall."

"What club are we going to and do you think it's safe?", I asked.

"Silly boy, of course. Besides you are going to join the 'Society of equal rights for girls," said Joanne. "After all we have indoctrinated you into this position."

"Do you think the girls will accept me?", I said.

"Of course they will. More than thirty will be girls just like you, and the rest will be real girls who are sponsors like Betty and me."

"You mean," I gulped, "there is a society where girls dress and show off their boy friends in feminine attire?"

"Why the surprise - you enjoy it don't you" asked Betty?

"Sure but.....I wouldn't guess that it was so organized. Does the Miss America contest have anything to do with this girl's society", I asked?

"Yes, I guess we girls sort of lured you with femininity. The truth of it is, we have our own Miss America contest with you men as contestants, and you are going to be Joanne's and my entry," said Betty.

The two girls looked at each other approvingly, then studied the reactions on my face. Joanne was the first to speak.

"Well, Donna"?

The impact of the situation was beginning to crystalize in my mind. "I'm flattered with your attention, and I enjoy it, but I can't help wondering if I'm not getting into something over my head," I said.

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"It's time for you to let your emotion run your life, Donna. We are only a part of the plan in showing you the way. Within our membership you will meet many other men who fit into the highest ranks of our community." Joanne received Betty's nod of approval, then continued. "You see, we are all intelligent members who firmly believe in equal rights for both sexes. In other words, what's good for one sex should be enjoyed by the other. You remember how I feel about men who give little thought about the emotional satisfaction of women, well, we have found that once a man has discovered an emotional value he is more able to give emotional satisfaction to women."

"You understand," interrupted Betty, "that the feminine dressing of men is the fastest and most effective way of bringing about emotional equality of the sexes, and subsequently from this will come women's equality in a man's world."

"That's our present approach and it may end up that way." Joanne nodded her agreement.

"I couldn't help thinking, "it just might".

As we three girls clicked along the pavement together, I couldn't help looking forward to the excitement of the new club, but I couldn't help wonder as I passed men along the street, which man might be the next new member of the "Society".

The End.

Ed's. Note: Even though none of you volunteered to continue the story from where Janett left it in #8, there is still plenty of room to enlarge from this point. Various ones of you could write up some of your own ideas of what happened in the Society, who did Donna meet there and what were their stories of how they came to be members. Write it in the first person if you want and tell what happened to you. You don't have to be a professional writer. Collaboration like this on stories can be fun and knit us closer together, so how about some contributions. This is an interesting story idea and should be capable of almost infinite variation. Those of you who like to read fiction should be able and willing to contribute some--remember this is a cooperative enterprise as far as material goes. If you don't keep me supplied TVia will die on the vine.!

ON SUCCESSFUL IMPERSONATION

by Lorraine

Although I have been practicing TVism for 12 years, it has only been in the last year that I have indulged in full dress and makeup, and not till the last 6 months that I have occasionally ventured out as a woman.

I have found that no matter how much you may feel as an honest-to-goodness woman or how much you may think it is necessary to know and watch for, you will learn some of the most important things only after you make an appearance or two in the outside world. Only then do you encounter situations and "tests" that can really help make you the lady you want to be.

As "ladies" some TVs are perfect....some are more successful than others. But I think most--and certainly this includes the author--not only can but want to be more successful. I hope that TVs who make marvelous transformations will give the benefits of their experience to others. Every hint or help, trick or tip that can be given will be appreciated.

As to dress and makeup, the beauty and glamour magazines are a great help. Newspaper columns also give useful information and advice. Two excellent books, which your library probably has are, "The Home Book of Beauty and Charm" by Sally Young, and "Dress Smartly" by Mildred G. Ryan.

Whatever your size or the type of your features, do not despair. Experiment constantly with cosmetics. You will soon discover what is best--what will give you the maximum in Feminine appearance. Know that hard, masculine lines can be softened or rounded by a skillful, judicious use of lipstick, powders and eye creams. How to apply cosmetics and what garments to wear or avoid are explained in the best publications. If you have thin legs, for example, powder them with light talc or apply a light pancake makeup. Don't wear black stockings for black makes things seem slimmer and also emphasizes skin imperfections. Wear light, seamless hose.

For outdoors, dress according to the times. This may seem unnecessary to mention, but the fact is that just as

some older women dress like teen-agers and evoke unfavorable attention and comment, so do some TV's tend to do likewise. Youthful pinafores, hair ribbons and sashes are adorable--but on the male approaching fifty--well! What is worn underneath doesn't matter except that it may affect the silhouette of the outer garments. Perhaps, like myself, you enjoy wearing bloomers as an alternative to panties. O.K. But, unless it's in the privacy of your home, or at a costume ball, avoid extremes such as exceptionally high heels, unusual rubber garments and hobble skirts.

If you have abilities which enable you to become a professional impersonator, fine. Then there is the opportunity to wear rich furs, sequined gowns, and general theatrical costumes. It's nice to be admired. I suppose everyone, especially a woman, wants to be. But the last thing a TV should want is undue attention. To overdress or dress "theatrically" off-stage---outdoors---is a sure way to court trouble.

Living the life of the fair sex, of course, means more than donning their clothes. It means the acquisition of a different code of behaviour. Courtesy, for example, has it that a gentleman makes way for a lady, opens doors for her, etc. One of my own errors as a "woman" in public was a tendency to stop and allow women the right of way--as I do in my masculine life. Again, in dancing, the woman follows--etc. Things like this are what the TV should be doubly conscious of. He needs to be alert--flexible--so that he will come up with the right behaviour for whatever occasion arises.

In our dresses and skirts we play a role. As TV's we are playing the role of a female. Those of us who are true TV's have a psychological constitution that already gives us some talent for this kind of acting. And this talent, like other kinds, can be developed. Though we may never become a Julian Eltinge or a Francis Renault, why shouldn't we learn our "lines" as well as we can?

o-o-o LABOR OF LOVE o-o-o

I work in Lady's Lingerie--I mean I clerk there; now you see?

Loving beauty as I do, I get to model quite a few
Adorables for customers to see which sweet each one prefers.

While I like girls whose figures meet
The trim demands of each lace sweet
I do enjoy their sighing on
Each delicacy they're trying on.
But being female, I prefer
Men customers...to see them purr
Over some slight bit of fun
(And here's the way it's usually done!)

I hand it to him, tell him to
Hold it up on me. "See through?"
I ask, good humoredly...then place
The fabric up against his face.
"She'll like it...thats the way it feels
All over her". His blush reveals
He likes it. Then I make a "slip"...
"What is your size", I ask. (I'm hip!)
"I mean...", I stutter, "If she's right
For you she's just your height."
He grins. "How did you ever guess
I...she wears a sixteen dress."
"Then", I say, "before you buy it
You yourself can put on...try it!"
"Do many men do this?" "You know",
I reply. "It just goes to show
That some men have some spirit too."
"Oh I'll tell you what let's do...
"I deliver this - and more -
To your place, from stock in store,
Plus other things you'll need to see
Now it looks. I'll do this free.
Tonight at eight!. Your street and phone?
And do see that we are alone!"

I work in Lady's Lingerie. That is I clerk there by the day.
But evenings, with the guys I've met, we play in Lady's Lingerie.

In TVia #9 it was indicated that considerable space in #10 would be given over to passing on various ideas and ways of accomplishing things if enough material was sent in. Unfortunately although many did send in material...and these contributors are hereby thanked....there was not enough submitted to organize any real systematic discussion. Consequently, I have simply put in the material as submitted first and at the end have taken the liberty of discussing the whole field myself. There are many among us who would like to know how to do a better job of impersonation and who do not have anyone to guide or correct them. Since TRANSESTIA is the source book in our field it appears desirable to make this issue as complete as possible in the area of "How to do it" so all material received is passed on. Some of it may be contradictory as no attempt is being made to edit it for content and what one girl thinks is a good idea another may not. The readers therefore can draw what conclusions they wish. I hope that the ideas expressed here will prove helpful to all you girls.

STOCKING PROBLEMS.....Carol

Here is a list of common hosiery problems and possible cures:

Never put on your nylons while standing. When you bend your knees to sit, the extra pull may cause a run.

When your stockings tear at the top hem, there is too much pull from your garters. Wear longer stockings and be sure the elastic in your garters is in good condition.

If the trouble frequently occurs in the leg portion, your stockings are probably too loose-fitting, and, therefore, easily snagged. You may be wearing hose that is too sheer for your daytime activities. Buy a heavier denier yarn or higher gauge.

If your stockings tear when you bend your knees, they are too short. Get a longer length.

A break in the heel is often caused by rough shoe linings. Wear shoes with snugly fitting heels and buy hose with heel reinforcement except for dress-up occasions.

Runs in the toe section are caused when the stocking foot size is too short. When the damage occurs above the toe reinforcement, it's usually because the foot size is too long, and the stocking is folded over.

30 deniers show the longest wears, averaging 230 hours until failure, compared with 150 hours for the 15 denier dress sheers. So girls, buy and wear your hose with care.

An addition from Virginia: Sharp toenails will start runs very easily as will small snags of nails that are sharp and catch the threads. When filing toe nails make sure that all such hazards are eliminated by taking an old pair of stockings and wiping them over the toes in both directions. Any projecting bits of nail will reveal themselves by catching in the nylon and can be found and filed off.

Another little trick that not only saves hose but is more comfortable is to grasp the toe of the stocking and pull it forward beyond the toes a bit, then put the shoe on. If the shoes are open toe types the loose stocking can be grasped again as the toe appears in the opening and pulled a little beyond the toe as the foot slides the rest of the way into the shoe. Stockings tend to stick to the shoe bottom as the foot slides in until they pull tight around the toes. This means that in walking there is a constant tension on the toe nail and this can, on occasion, make the nail bed quite tender. Loosening the stocking by pulling the toe out a bit not only takes this tension off but lessens the chance of the nail wearing through.

A TRICK TO USE WHEN BUYING CLOTHING.....JERRIE

Lest anyone hesitates to go into a dress shop or specialty store to buy dresses, lingerie, etc. here is a suggestion. Grow a small mustasche or a little goatee for a few days before. This will preclude any suspicions entering the saleslady's mind. After selecting the items say to the clerk, "And please put the sales ticket in the package in case she doesn't like it. This has worked very nicely for me.

o-o-o BUYING USED CLOTHING o-o-o
by Olivia

Some of us who have champagne tastes and beer pocketbooks have had to settle for buying most of our major purchases at the Goodwill or Salvation Army stores. This is quite a different kind of buying and there is quite a knack to it. Most sizes are not marked and the clerks have little idea of what the size of an article of clothing is.

I first started buying at such stores when my children were quite small and I was also looking for clothing for them. If you are bashful about buying in such a store, invent yourself a child. Ask to see what clothes there are for a boy size 4, for instance. Pay a dime for a boy's undershirt or a quarter for a pair of slacks, then ask where the women's foundations are (or whatever it is you want if you haven't spotted it yourself) and comment that you want to buy your wife something while you are here. The clerks will only think that you must be a fine father and a good husband.

The handiest measuring rule I have found is my own hand. The last good corselette I bought was almost new--a \$17.50 value originally, and I paid 49¢ for it at a thrift store. From my mistakes in the past, when I bought items too big or too small, I know corselettes must measure 24 inches from the middle of the bust to the bottom. When I stretch out my hand it is exactly 8 inches from the tip of my thumb to the tip of my little finger. Thus a corselette must be exactly three stretches of my hand if it is to be the right length.

When I first started buying girdles I made several mistakes in judging length and waist measurements, but at 29¢ a piece you can afford to make mistakes. My first dresses were from the Goodwill "As Is" department (the last stop before being thrown out.) I wasn't sure whether I should be buying size 18 or 20, so I paid 29¢ each for two lovely but outdated dresses. For a bit more than 50¢ I learned exactly what size dress I needed to hold out for--for me a 20. In

Portland only Goodwill marks dress and shoe sizes, so I seldom look for these items elsewhere.

Slips almost never still have the size marked on them by the time they end up in a second hand store. Unless it is a really lovely slip I happen to see, it isn't worth the trouble. The department stores have such good bargains on new ones that little money is to be saved. Neither are used panties worth the trouble, but I have found excellent buys in undershirts and bloomers. But one can really save money on girdles, corselettes, shoes and dresses.

At least once a week I stop in at least one of the half dozen thrift stores in town to browse around. After many years of this I have yet to see a situation where there is any question about my purchases. Several times when new clerks have been on duty I have asked about children's things first and bought something my own children could use, and THEN have gone on to looking for the women's wear I wanted.

Just as in any other kind of store, as long as you are consistant in knowing what you want, and act natural about it, you will never have any difficulty. Buying in second hand stores is a sport all by itself, because you never know what marvelous buy may turn up. If you can measure quickly and accurately, you may be the winner.

For others who may have a little more money to spend but who are bashful about going into regular stores to purchase, one of our other readers has a solution. She watches the private party advertisements for clothing for sale. These are often the result of divorce or death or just outgrowing. But if you phone first, make it clear that you are not a dealer, and ascertain the sizes, types and prices of items available, you can frequently pick up some real bargains. Recent death of a wife for instance can leave a husband with a lot of expensive clothes to dispose of and if you know not only your own size but have some knowledge of quality you can often find \$100 dresses for \$20-25. This is an excellent way of picking up fur pieces too.

o-o-o DON'T BE TOO...by Linda o-o-o

There is a natural tendency among men dressing and acting as women to exaggerate movements, poses and mannerisms so as to give what they believe to be a positively feminine effect. Actually, quite the reverse may result. Women do not normally stand with one knee collapsed into the other one, do not walk with tiny steps, do not risk spinal dislocation with excessive oscillation of their behinds, do not cross their legs with a wild display of underwear when sitting down and pull their dress hems up to their stocking tops, and do not flutter their hands about like coy flappers of the twenties. In one sense, women are more "masculine" than many of us think, so that burlesque histrionics are more liable to arouse curiosity than give the outward appearance of conventional femininity. Far better to allow our skirts and heels to modify the length of stride and hip movement naturally, to observe good taste-which implies some restraint and humility- to try to be fluid of movement generally and to avoid jerkiness and sudden, strong gestures. It really isn't necessary to try so hard.

The ways that tall women use to minimize their height apply equally well to men dressing as women. Contrasting belts provide a break line, as do two-piece dresses with short jackets especially if the jacket has a bow at the front hem. Slim skirts or dresses with side pockets not only reduce height but give width to slimmer male hips. Dolman or "Batwing" sleeves, soft necklines, and large hats are good features for the tall girl's wardrobe. Any suit or dress with strong vertical pattern is elongating. As for shoes there are many very smart ones available with illusion and medium heels. Fussy styles should be avoided. Nevertheless, height in a woman is nothing to be ashamed of, and the wise person knows how to use her height to good advantage, not to concentrate on minimizing it.

A woman told me that she dusts her chest and back with talcum before donning her bra, and suggested that I copy her especially in summer, I have found this to make the wearing of a bra much more comfortable.

A nylon slip or half-slip worn beneath a crinoline will protect the skin against the harshness of the starched tulle and possible snagging of stockings.

A woman's magazine states that a slip, to be of the correct length, should be one inch shorter than the dress.

Billie Mae of Nevada says that nylon satin articles should be washed very carefully with a little Chlorox in the water, rinsed well, dried to slightly damp and then ironed on the right side with an iron set on "Rayon" temperature control. The things turn out somewhat glossy, very soft and smooth with this method. Bleach really brings out the full beauty of the material----can be used on rayon satin too. Don't use too much bleach with colored things such as pink blue, maize, black, tea rose or they will bleach out too much. The method works wonders with rayon crepes, acetates, nylon tricots, spun rayon and most any washable synthetic.

Grooming Tricks from "Secrets of Charm" by Powers & Miller.

Banish the skidding and falling earring by applying the little plastic non-skid tips over the fasteners.

Sew snap-in loops into the shoulders of your dresses and blouses to anchor the slipping lingerie straps.

To prevent blouses from coming out of skirts, wear a waist-band made for the purpose or sew one into the skirt. These are made of rubberized material available at notion counters.

Use a make-up cape to keep powder dust and combings from falling on the shoulders when making up.

Stockings will last longer if toenails are cut straight across.

o-o-o THE CLOTHES RACK o-o-o
by Billie Mae

After close to 22 years of TV'ing, I still find I'm learning more all the time about what to wear. In the beginning, I'd put on anything erotic and stimulating no matter if the things fit or looked good on me. If they didn't it was O.K. because I never let anyone see me in them. That saved me from making a scene by having too short a skirt, wrong colors, or wrong go-togethers.

In the last few years I've decided I'd better take a better look at myself. Does this look right on my build? Why have I got a whole truck load of stuff and nothing to wear? I have bought a lot of things by mail order when I thought they were bargains. There are some mail order houses that seem to stock nothing but poorly made-cheap material garments that won't hold through a couple of washings, so I've found it better to pay more for an article and better yet to buy it in person where you can inspect it for quality and workmanship, especially if you are shopping for something you'll want to use over and over again. An example would be a black taffeta, full circle skirt that I bought and which I rely on so much. The ratio of wear is about 20 to 1 or about 20 blouses to one skirt. I wear these combos at least three times per week with the same skirt. It is always in style and goes with any blouse from satin to sheer nylon and lace. Therefore, it was worth paying more for.

In blouses, the neckline must flatter your face, as with real women. Faces come in a lot of shapes on TV's too.
(Thanks to Virginia and TVia's pictures to show this fact.)

One must study to get the ability to buy the right things I find--it didn't come all at once to me. Women are always figuring how they might look in this or that. Another thing; a person must like their role in life if they are to look well groomed and neat. This goes for men and women alike.
(Ed. Note: This accounts for why the male side of many TV's is oftentimes not given as much attention clothing-wise as he should receive, while all available time, thought and money is lavished on the feminine half.)

FASHION HINTS FOR A LOVELIER YOU

by Angela

The hardest thing for one of us TV's to do is to see ourself as others see us when we are all dressed up in our loveliest things. But to look one's loveliest, even to oneself, it is important one occasionally does just that. The next time you are in front of your mirror, before dreamily gazing only at the luscious clothes, the makeup and the jewelry, come down to earth just for a moment and look critically at YOU.

What do you see looking back? What are your good points? Your weaknesses? Bony knees and bowed legs? Heavens, girl, stick to "tall" sizes and drop your hemline a bit. Steve-dore arms? Full length or $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves are in order. But look here at your profile--you've a really cute derriere! Then play it up with a bow at the back of your dress, not covering, just emphasizing. Or wear a contrasting chiffon scarf tied well back on one side, or a big piece of costume jewelry worn at one hip, or perhaps a metal link chain belt with dangling medallion, again worn asymmetrically. Oh, there's many a trick that can be used to camouflage a defect, or to draw eyes to the good features. But it might be best to start at the beginning and cover the points one at a time, rather than breathlessly skipping about...

Your feet and legs are right out there in view all the time, and many of us, at the very mention of the words, throw up our hands in despair---needlessly. Nowadays we are particularly fortunate in being able to mask foot and leg problems, what with shoes in endless arrays of heel heights, styles, colors and materials together with a variety of stockings to choose from.

Many of us, probably most, feel that the most feminine appearance can be achieved with a high heel, and, all other things being equal, this is true. But if you have rather muscular legs (thin or heavy), and you really want to conceal this, say on an evening stroll downtown for a bit of window shopping, it would be best to limit yourself to $1\frac{1}{2}$

or 2 inch heels. The "little" or Princess heel gives the slenderness of a higher heel, and the Italian type of wedgie with a 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch heel is very attractive. The owner of a wide foot can utter a happy prayer of thanks for the tapered toe style for it slenderizes wonderfully.

But, you say, what will that do for my foot which is much too long? Perhaps a modified pointed toe is best, but detailing, like bows or buckles across the vamp, or asymmetrical stitching or pleated overlays on the toe will greatly shorten the appearance of your foot. But suppose your petite feet are your pride and joy? Then by all means, darling, make people see them! You are most fortunate, for the bare back shoe, perhaps with some glitter in the plastic heel, and the dainty little T-strap or sling-strap shoes made up of just little ribbon strips of leather will be right for you--and the more sparkle and color, the more your feet will be emphasized.

It is the other side of the coin for your big sister with the size 11s--keep away from these styles unless your feet are in true feminine proportion to the rest of you. Avoid too bare a look if your feet are large--sling and ankle straps are not for you (be cautious of even a D'Orsay pump, cut to the sole at the instep.)

A woman's legs are about the only feature that is seldom covered when she is proclaiming her femininity. For many of us, our legs are the source of our greatest despair. But perk up girls, there are a number of things that can be done to turn your legs from a liability into an asset. First of all, it is tremendously important to keep your legs well shaven. And this does not mean stopping at the knee. A glimpse of hairy thigh when crossing one's legs can spoil an otherwise lovely evening.

For those of you who, for one reason or another, just can't shave, there is still much that can be done, though you have lost a large measure of fashion freedom. For one thing, if you don't shave then don't wear evening or dress sheer stockings. Stick to walking or daytime weights which will cover hair better. Another thing that will help is to attempt to match your stocking shade to your hair. A blonde or red-haired leg can wear

sunny or rosy beiges, while browns (unless quite dark) should put their confidence more in taupe shades. Black hair is, of course, best camouflaged by true or off-blacks. The lighter hair shades can usually wear the darker shades without trouble. The subtleties of stocking shades nowadays is almost infinite, and there is a shade that is right for both you and your costume.

Whether you shave your legs or not, blending the shade of stocking with that of the rest of your costume is complimentary for any legs that are less than perfect. Even shaving the legs till they are silken smooth is not the complete answer for most of us. Skinny legs are frequently a problem among us, and those that have it should thank heaven that seamless hosiery is now so fashionable. This should also be a rule for those who haven't straight legs. Thin or bowed legs should avoid the emphasis that seams, particularly contrasting seams, give.

Probably the most common leg problem among us is the overly heavy, muscular leg, or at least a leg that is lacking proper contours. This problem has been splendidly solved by the relatively new "shadowed" or "makeup" stockings. Through subtle changes in intensity of color, a too-heavy calf or ankle is slimmed down. In fact, they will bring out curves which are practically non-existent even on a thin leg. Munsingwear makes these under the style name of "Slenderella" and a few others under other names. They come in seamed and seamless styles, in proportioned lengths, in black, brown, and taupe, and cost about \$1.60-\$2.00 a pair. But they really do something for the less than perfect leg.

If one has thick ankles or large stumpy heels, one obviously avoids calling attention to these flaws by avoiding ankle and sling straps or fancy heels on stockings. Bony knees, as we said before, are best hidden with a lower hemline. This also helps conceal bowed legs.

For you lucky ones with beautiful "gams" the sky is the limit. Try contrasting your stocking shade with that of your costume (brown stockings with a black dress, or green stockings with a brown suit) or for very glamorous times, try the new "glitter" stockings with flecks of gold or silver

woven in. One way or another, make your legs stand out.

Now that we have a better understanding of what can be done for problem underpinnings, we are a giant step closer to achieving the femininity that is within us. Much else can be padded or at last concealed, but legs and feet never. But the very first step to looking (and therefore to feeling), more truly feminine is to wipe away the mist, when we look in the mirror, and really see ourselves, and not just the clothes we have on.

Another time we'll talk about the other extremities-- the hands and arms and stevedore shoulders.

Bye for now, Angelea

MECHANICAL EPILATION
AS A METHOD OF BEARD REMOVAL
by Keelynn

As a young teen-ager I decided that scraping the hair off one's face every morning was absurd. One should either grow a beard or remove the bristles permanently. Being a TV, I favored the latter course.

When I became independent, I tried the usual series of techniques for removal of superfluous hair including the purchase of a battery operated electrolysis kit. With the exception of tweezing, they were all miserable failures for reasons well known to most of us. The use of the electrolysis kit involved so much trouble as to make it worthless. Professionals at electrolysis whom I contacted refused to remove male beards and if they had been willing, charged so much as to have put their services out of my reach.

Anyone who has studied the question of permanent hair removal must, at one time or another, encountered the problem of the efficiency of plucking. Reading advertisements for depilatory waxes and even medical literature I have read contradictory statements. Some say that plucking makes the beard thicker, some say thinner, and some say no effect.

o-o-o THE PROBLEM OF THE VOICE o-o-o

By Myrtle

In reading over the contributions to TVis it would seem that some of the sisterhood have voice troubles and have to retire behind the excuse of a bad cold, laryngitis or some such ailment to conceal the huskiness which might upset their apple cart, or maybe I should say louse up the impersonation.

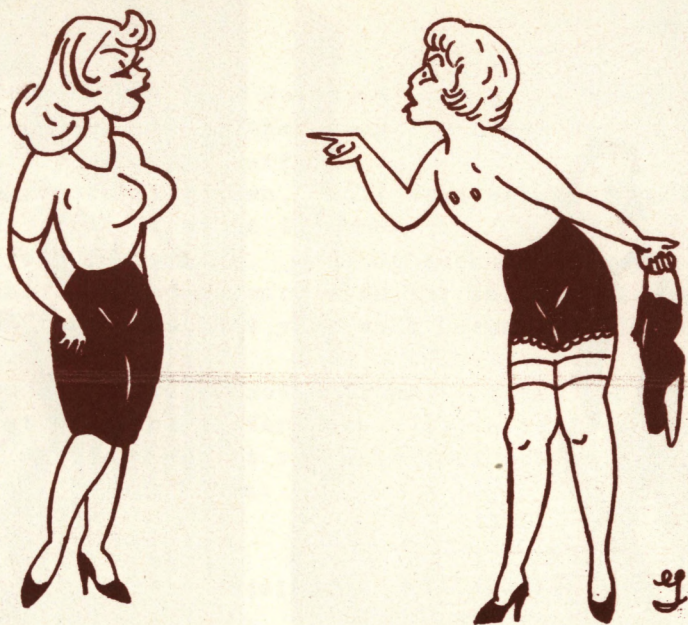
Perhaps it would help these TV's if they would WATCH another girl talk, instead of just listening to her. Notice how she talks with the expression of her face, the inflection of her voice, the separation of the syllables of her words. See how she speaks with her lips and the front of her mouth instead of the way her boy friend puts out with a dead-pan expression emphasizing his huskiness by using his throat to form his words. Notice too, that many tones of her voice are as low as his but she softens the pronunciation, slurring the end of a word ever so slightly and giving her voice a lilt instead of a monotone so characteristic of the male.

When you are out with a couple watch her expression when she talks and compare it with his and you will see what I mean. This has worked very well for me for a considerable time and I thought I would pass it along for what it is worth.

TV TIPS FROM LORETTA

For those who want to learn to walk like a model: Anyone can walk like a model, but first your legs have to be in good walking order. That means, above average muscular control and flexibility. You can boast of both if you will do as models do. Regularly perform deep-knee bends and walk barefoot around your room on tiptoes. The more rhythmic grace you achieve in these actions, the more there is in your walk.

Then the next step is in teaching your feet and legs what not to do. You will find yourself gliding around in



HELLEN! YOU've got MY falsies again!



"Any hobbies or special interests,
Mr. Jones? MR. JONES!"



JOAN of Australia



high heels in model fashion once you have eliminated these don'ts.

Never let your heel strike the ground or floor with a thud. It should just barely skim the surface.

Never let your toes flop down. Roll your weight from heels through the center of the foot to the toe.

Never slide your feet along. Pick up each foot just a little off the surface and swing it forward with the ankle well arched.

Never stiffen the knees lest your walk become a thing of jolts and jounces.

Never fail to cultivate poised motions. Other than grace, poise is the secret of model performance. It is neither showy nor yet shy. And what's more, it reflects self control, the trait that marks all lovely women.

A tip on nail care:

For those who have rough mechanical jobs that result in frequent splitting and breaking your nails, "Dura Gloss" finger nail hardener is very helpful. Put about a teaspoon of it in a cup of warm water and soak your nails 2 or 3 minutes every day for about 10 days. After this about once a week is good enough. Your nails will become very hard and strong and stay that way and your cuticles will stay soft. It is not necessary to remove polish as this product will not affect it.

A make up tip:

Up until now, I have used Revlon's "Touch and Glow" foundation base and powders. I've had very good satisfaction with Revlon products but find that their new "Contempera" is just as good as the base and powder and lasts just as long in hiding any beard that might start to show through.

It is so much easier to use and put on than the foundation base and powder is. Just pour a little on your finger tips and rub it in good. That's all there is to it. Then do your eyebrows, lashes, and fix your lips and you are all ready to go. Later on, if your nose starts to get shiny you can use the same shade of "Touch and Glow" powder to touch your face up.

I'd say that any TV that can get by with regular makeup and does not have to use grease paint to hide his beard can use "Contempera" and will be very happy with it.

MODERN MAKE UP TRICKS

by Peggie

Properly used, make up can change the apparent shape and appearance of facial features by means of shading. Examples:

1. Too round a face? Apply darker base in the area of the face where hollows should appear, under the lighter base used for the general covering.
2. Too square a jaw? The same principal; suck in your cheeks, put a dark foundation or even dark shadow in this sucked-in hollow--smooth out--then cover with lighter foundation.

Remember: What you want to emphasize you treat with light make up, and what you wish played down shade with darker makeup.

3. Nose too wide? Use a bit darker foundation down the sides with a white line down the bridge to narrow it.
4. Brows: Blot out completely; Then experiment till you find the right arc. Pluck along the outlined edges as daringly as you can. This will then be your regular arc.
5. Eyes too close together? Apply light foundation to the inner half of lids then shadow the rest. For eyes too far apart run shadow clear into nose area and do not sweep out beyond the eye itself as you would for closeness.
6. Lips too small? Build up upper lip with lipstick liner and lengthen out to the corners.
7. Lips too thick? Draw lines just inside natural lip margin. For too large a lower lip, outline with darker shade than used on upper lip fill in with shade slightly lighter than outline but darker than on upper lip. Reverse if lip is too small. Again this illustrates that darker shades receded, lighter shades protrude.

Use of a thin cream layer on lips followed by powdering them before applying lipstick will make application easier and removal quicker. Blot lips by pressing tissue between them.

Don't get into make up ruts. A TV starts fresh everytime, so, experiment, paint on new brows, try on new shades of cosmetics, use a magnifying mirror. Above all, don't overdo your makeup!

THE ART OF FEMALE IMPERSONATION
by Virginia

In an issue devoted to the art of impersonation it seems desirable to have one article going into the subject in a comprehensive way. Specific suggestions by others are being printed, but since no one else has provided an all inclusive article I have attempted to fill the bill. There will doubtless be objections and additions to what I have to say and these will be printed in future editions. We can learn from each other this way. Please write such contributions on separate paper from letters so that they can go into the material files.

Although there are many "partialists" among us--those that go for specific articles such as bloomers or corsets--this article is aimed at those whom I have previously called "Femiphiles", --lovers of the feminine in a more inclusive way. Therefore I have gone into the matter more completely than just clothing and makeup.

Let me say at the beginning that there is much that cannot be given space here, but which can be found in books on Charm. These books go into detail in all aspects of clothing, makeup, posture, behaviour, etiquette, conversation and social psychology, and those interested further are referred to such books. Two titles are given here but many more are available in most public libraries. Of course, most of the women's magazines carry articles which will prove helpful to those interested.

"SECRETS OF CHARM" by Powers and Miller--Winston 1954

"THE WOMAN YOU WANT TO BE" by Wilson--Lippincott 1942

I have divided the subject into five categories; I Clothing, II Artifices and Helps; III Masculine "left overs"; IV Mannerisms and Actions, and V Attitudes and Psychology. In order to conserve space I have written partially in outline form and partially in so-called telegraph style where possible and in essay form for the rest of it. I hope that the material presented here will be particularly useful to the less experienced amongst us and those who have not had the pleasure of a helping and understanding wife, friend or other TV to make suggestions and guide them.

SECTION I CLOTHING

LINGERIE: Panties, lace trimmed or plain, wide band or elastic leg, briefs or flare legged these are matters of personal choice about which little need be said. Some prefer bloomers--not common today, hard to find. Try large mail order houses as they cater to rural and older women and are more likely to have these. Slips and half slips--again matters of personal choice as to trimmed or tailored, rayon, nylon or dacron.

Petticoats; bouffant types. Always pretty and feminine, not always appropriate. Look best on medium sized, youngish figures and faces. Short or very tall figures should avoid them at least in public. Out of place on older women (or older TV's). If worn, only under very full skirts. To prevent leg irritation from buckram linings wear over regular slip.

Camisoles--a garment like the top part of a slip. Pretty under sheer blouses or when slip is not worn.

Chemise--A one piece garment something like a camisole and pantie made together, exceedingly feminine article, not so frequently seen as in the past. Worn when slip is not necessary as with heavy, non-transparent skirts.

FIGURE CONTROL GARMENTS: Bras--short or bandeau type most common and easiest to fit. Long line type comes further down towards tummy and helps uplift and accentuate bust when considerable avoirdupois present. Can be worn with and sometimes attached to girdle to continue control higher up. Bras come A-D cups, Don't overdo and wear more bust than appropriate to your build--generally B and C cups. Number in size, i.e. 36B is circumference of body over points of bust. Bra will be capable of stretching this far with elastic back but will not be 36 in. measured by tape measure. To accommodate greater masculine chest measurements without getting too large cup size bra-extendors can be bought at any 5-10 and sewed or pinned on to ends of bra to give greater length.

Girdles and Panty Girdles--Some like snug fit of panty girdles, some wear because they feel it necessary to retain and secure male organs. This can be done by other means (see Sec. II) if desired leaving crotch area less tightly constricted and uncomfortable. Sizes usually written on inside of

lower hem. Most TV's will require large or extra large unless quite thin or wearing no hip padding. Desirable to get type with firm non-stretch fabric panel across front. Garter panties and light weight girdles are available but give little figure control, mostly just hose support.

Waist Nippers--Garments with or without garters that are of smaller circumference in the middle than along either edge. These are elastic and boned and to do any good must be tight. To accomplish anything with the average male figure must be worn with hip padding to give relative narrowness to waist. Usually uncomfortable to wear for long periods as designed for a longer waist than male usually possesses--tend to ride up on rib cage and bones of garment press against bones of wearer.

Corseletes and Foundations--One piece garment like combination of girdle and long line bra. Obtainable in sheer elastic mesh or with degrees of non-stretch fabric and boning. For figures needing more control; garment may be almost all fabric except for elastic side panels. Worn with hip pads, can give very smooth front and feminine silhouette, enjoyed by those who wish to feel certain degree of snugness and "feminine restraint" without the rigors of lacing corsets. Sizes as for bras, i.e. 38C etc.

"Merry Widows"--An item related to corselet but does not go down over thighs--more like a long line bra and waist nipper combined. Usually strapless--not very satisfactory for TV's as garters tend to pull them down displacing bust section as there is no hip bulge to anchor against....a "sexy" article but not a very practical one.

Corsets--Many TV's are fetishists and corsets along with bloomers and extra high heels are favorites. Old fashioned corsets, not generally available but can be bought from specialized firms advertising in magazines like Fantasia and TRANSVESTIA (see ad of FINECRAFT in this issue). Can also be custom made which should lead to greater satisfaction and fit. Check phone book of your city for an address one of smaller streets. Drive by to see that it is not a big shop. Call on phone and ask if they will make corsets for men. Make an appointment for time when you can expect to be only customer. Pick up your nerve and go. Lots of men wear corsets--if that is

what you want go and get it. The corsettiere doesn't need to know your name, and if you don't act guilty or ashamed she probably won't think much of it either.

Garter belts--while not exactly figure controlling items this is the only place they fit into. Belts can be as narrow as $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches or almost as wide as a girdle and run from completely elasticized to almost all fabric. Its just personal choice.

LEG AND FOOTWEAR: Hosiery--Stockings vary in sheerness, color and reinforcement. Gauge measures number of stitches per inch denier measures fineness of thread. For ordinary wear higher gauge and lower denier will give better wear. For evening or special occasions a very sheer, high denier stocking is right. If you like to show nail-polished toes in open toed shoes, get sandal foot hose. These have almost no reinforcement at the toes and none in the heel and look really pretty. Seam or seamless is another decision. Seams make thick legs look thinner by dividing them down the middle so to speak. Darker seams are more effective than just stocking colored ones. Seamless hose have opposite effects. To avoid drawing undue attention when out in public don't wear super fancy heeled stockings. Save your opera length mesh hose for costume parties. Care of Hose--put them on by rolling between thumb and forefinger down to ankle and then pull them up the leg, don't pull from the top and force foot and leg in. Be sure foot size is correct, toenails smooth, and pull a bit of stocking out beyond toes before putting on shoes so that there is no tension over toenails. If a run starts, a dab of clear nail polish will stop it in its tracks and be almost invisible itself. Wash after wearing and drip dry.

Shoes--Here again personal choice controls, but bear a few things in mind. In public a TV wants to just be one of the girls and to avoid attracting unnecessary attention--to do so is fatal. When people look twice for one inconsistency or out of place bit of dressing they will find others and the jig may be up. So don't wear those 4-6 inch heels that you may fancy in private--they'll kill you if you walk much anyway. If you are quite tall go in for "little heels", don't wear full height heels, but don't wear flats either as they will make feet look bigger and won't alter your stride from

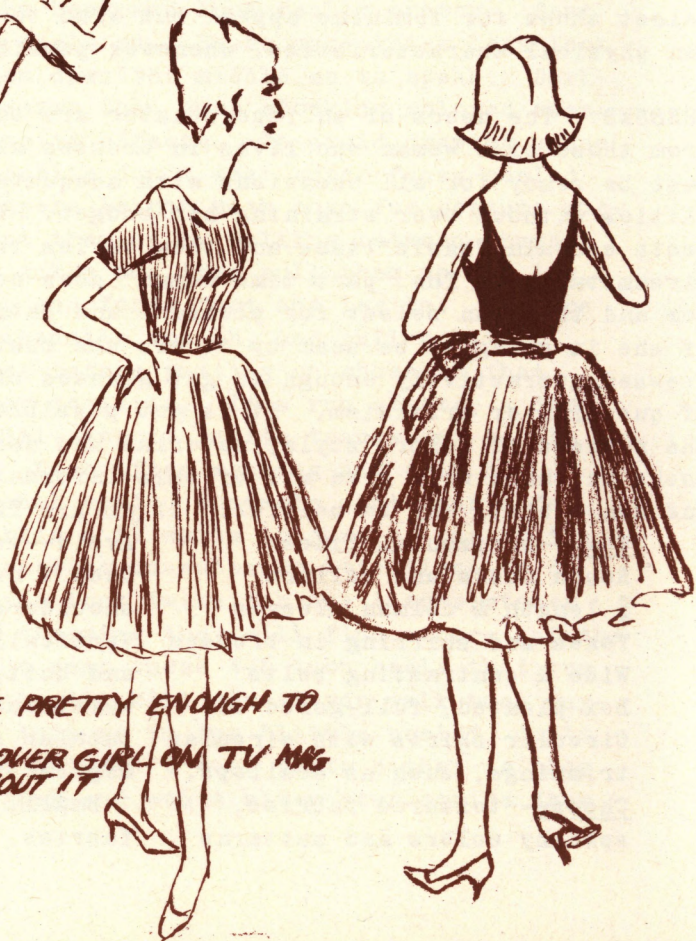
your usual masculine length. Long pointed toes are in fashion at the moment but are not essential. They undo the purpose of the high heel by making the foot longer. TV's feet are usually bigger anyway so why emphasize it. If you like spring-o-lators try to find some that come up a ways on the front of the foot instead of crossing over the toes in a small strap. This latter kind does not follow the foot when you roll forward on the ball of the foot and thus slaps the heel with each step--attractive neither to the wearer or others. If your feet are reasonably shapely, open toes and heels or sling backs show them off best. If they are not so pretty better hide them in a conventional pump. A shoe cut in a low V at the instep tends to shorten the foot as does an instep strap or a bow at the toe. Stitching and punching and detailing in general serve to reduce width. Select shoes for feminine appeal but also to improve on your own physical characteristics, whenever possible.

DRESSES: The needs of an impersonator are somewhat different from those of a woman who lives in dresses all the time. She must be ready for all occasions with adequate wardrobe possibilities without over straining her budget. Therefore she selects certain "basic" items and then varies them according to circumstances. The "part time woman" does not have this problem and thus can select for pleasure and satisfaction. But if she is going to be seen by others she must be appropriately dressed attractively enough to get glances of approval but not of question or criticism. It is not possible to go into all the nuances of color, style, material and design here. The books on charm will give all of this information but a few do and don't hints may be helpful. If you are TALL and SLIGHT--

<u>Wear</u> --horizontal lines	<u>Avoid</u> --vertical lines
Round necks and collars	Deep V necks, exaggerated shoulders
$\frac{3}{4}$ length & dolman sleeves	Vertically placed tucks and buttons, Beltless waistlines and tight tubular skirts
Yokes and shirring in blouses	Angular trimmings
Wide & contrasting belts	<u>Choose</u> --textured fabrics, Small, dainty patterned splashy colors and patterns
Box-pleated, full-gored or Circular skirts with circular trimmings, such as scallops.	fabrics, dull colors



FREDRICKA, YOU ARE REALLY DRESSED TO KILL
YES, MY WIFE PROBABLY WOULD TOO, IF SHE
HAD FOUND ME IN HER CLOTHES



YOU KNOW DEAR, YOU'RE PRETTY ENOUGH TO
BE A COVER GIRL
WELL, ONCE I WAS COVER GIRL ON TV MAG
BUT NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT IT

If you are TALL and BIG:

Wear--Deep V necks, pointed collars. Squared-off shoulders, $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves. Blouses with vertical stitching & center closings. Medium wide self belts. Medium-gored or straight skirts with center stitches or pleats. Diagonal trimmings such as pockets. Choose--Medium weight fabrics Medium designed & spaced patterns, plaids and polka dots Modest colors.

Avoid--Horizontal lines Round necks & collars. Kimona or dolman sleeves. Blouses with yolks and shirring. Princess waistlines. All-around pleats, yokes or full-gored skirts. Round trimmings such as scallops. Very large patterns or very small ones, both are out of proportion to the figure.

If you are SHORT and SLIGHT:

Wear--Horizontal and modified vertical lines, Round and Short V necks, small collars Puffy sleeves or very long or Very short sleeves. Self belts & princess waists Boleros, peplums, short jackets Draped, knife pleated, straight skirts. Delicate trimmings. Choose--Crisp fabrics. Dainty patterns, bright but subtle colors.

Avoid--All exaggerated lines. Deep V necklines Exaggerated shoulders and Elbow length sleeves. Yokes & center closings. Wide and contrasting belts. Overlong jackets. Box pleats. Massive trimmings such as huge belt buckels. Big, bold designs, heavy textured fabrics.

These cover the problem figures. If you are of Model proportions most anything currently in fashion that looks right on you is okay. (These suggestions come from the Powers and Miller book listed in the introduction.)

ACCESSORIES: Hats--These will only be a problem for those of us who venture out. Fortunately there is a lot of variety to choose from and it only comes down to a matter of color and taste. Same rules apply here as in many other matters--don't go off the deep end. Big picture hats are pretty and feminine, but the oc-

casions when they can be worn are few. Be careful about picking too young or over decorated things. Take into consideration not only color and costume but size and shape of face and general body build. A small hat on a big woman gives her a pin-headed appearance while a wide brimmed sailor on a small person makes her look like a mushroom. Hair do to some extent influences had choice but hats can be found for all hair styles. One general rule though is that brimmed hats should be as wide as the widest part of the coiffure. If you can go out and buy hats as your feminine self it isn't difficult--just be careful in removing that you don't snag your wig--but if you must buy as a man, try some used stores where they are cheap and not much lost if you have to throw them away. After several trials you'll know what suits your feminine self and then you can go into a good store and buy one for "her".

Bags--Again an item dictated by personal choice, but pick one that is appropriate to your own size, and in color appropriate to other accessories such as shoes or hat. Avoid giant bags and overdecorated or too cute affairs.

Gloves--Most TV's hands are slightly to considerably larger than women's hands therefore efforts to minimize the size are in order. Subdued colors, vertical stitching and small seams cut down size. Color should go with costume, other accessories and season. Gloves should be worn or at least carried to church, restaurants, on downtown street, to theaters, and for any "occasion". They aren't necessary for neighborhood shopping or informal occasions.

Jewelry--Since the male cannot wear jewelry the tendency of the TV when becoming "she" is to overdo it. This is understandable but undesirable--better too little than too much. Necklaces--unless you have a long face and a slim throat and are pretty feminine to start with don't wear a choker type. On a big or short neck it looks like you're choking. Let it be 2 or more inches below the collar bone depending on your build and costume. Earrings--again be careful and don't wear 3 inch long ones with a simple day dress. Smaller dangly ones or button types are proper for day. Leave the rhinestones and glitter till evening.

Bracelets and Watches--Bracelets should match earrings or necklace or at least be of same material and color--worn usually on right arm. Wrist watch on left arm. Don't overload your arms. Rings, Pins and Misc--Rings are always appropriate if tasteful. To keep wolves away buy a fairly authentic looking engagement and maybe wedding ring for the left hand--they can be gotten very inexpensively. Don't wear too cheap costume rings. Pins and hair ornaments can be worn but very sparingly unless other jewelry is removed as compensation.

MISCELLANEOUS: A well groomed woman adds touches to her appearance and variety to her costumes with the use of scarves, gay handkerchiefs, boutonniers. These can be pinned on, tucked in pockets or belts, even in bracelets but they must go with the rest of the costume for color harmony and appropriateness.

One last overall observation on clothing and appearance. Because you can go out on any main street of any city or in any big store and find an enormous number of carelessly groomed, sloppily dressed (or half undressed) females who have little idea of taste in color, fit, or appropriateness for the occasion, who do not seem to give a damn whether they look their best or not--is no warrant for a male doing an impersonation job to follow their lead. These creatures may be females but they are not ladies and oftentimes not even particularly feminine. A good TV should want to copy the best, not the most common. With any kind of a face and shape at all a TV can outperform 60% of the women he sees on the streets--beat them at what should be their own game. Even YOU can do it if you learn and experiment a little. We tend to give females as a class a lot more credit than the majority of them deserve so don't underestimate your power to do a good job.

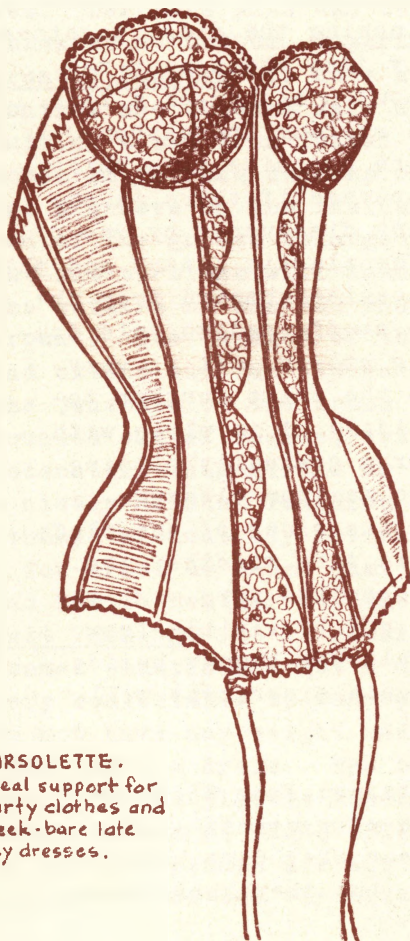
SECTION II ARTIFICES AND HELPS

RESHAPING THE FIGURE: Padding--Male anatomy differs considerably from ideal feminine proportions and must be compensated in various places. Panty girdles can be bought from Fredricks of Hollywood which have extra foam rubber pads over hips and buttocks to aid in improving the shape. Unfortunately, these are rather narrow and long and may add the finishing touch to a slightly minimal female figure, but are not right shape for the

TV *fashions.*

Women's Apparel
modified for TV's
by Barbara Jean.

CORSETS & LINGERIE



TORSOLETTE.
Ideal support for
party clothes and
sleek-bare late
day dresses.



FILMY LACE AND SATIN CHEMISE.
Snap open crotch, with brief leg.
3 1/2" detachable garters.
Ideal for everyday wear, or sleepwear.



RUFFLED SILK SISSY BLOOMERS.
Elastic waist, embroidered butterflies,
pants gently gathered into an elastic,
and ruffled and cuffed with silk and lace.
Ideal for wear at all times.

to be desired for authentic appearance. The next step up is the cheap human hair wigs costing from \$20 to \$50 which are usually made of coarse oriental hair bleached and tinted in various shades. Its human all right, but the general effect again while permissible on a woman as a cover up when others know she has her own hair underneath, do not look good enough for a TV who expects to go out in public--though they may do for home use. Next up the scale come various theatrical wigs which are machine made by sewing strips of hair across a head shaped foundation net. These are good enough for the theater where the wearer is not seen closely but usually not safe for street wear. Sometimes the strips of hair can be seen beneath ...very unnatural; the fit being standardized is not likely to be slip proof, and partings if any don't look very natural. The best of all and the most expensive are the hand made wigs where each hair is tied in to a cap piece made to your own head measurements. This fits snugly, the hair "grows" all over the head and not in strips, the parts look very real and the hair is of fine caucasian quality which can be obtained in about any shade you could want and waved and styled to suit your personal ideas and needs. Wigs of this quality cost from \$200 to \$500, which is a lot of money, but if you are to be an authentic looking lady in public you can't afford to look any less real than your sisters, so save up for one. Wigs like this were described in TRANSVESTIA #5 and pictures and charts for ordering through the magazine were supplied there. In addition, we have had ads in several issues for Marie of Fifth Avenue, N.Y. who also makes wigs.

Just as there is a tendency to overdress in clothes and jewelry among TV's there is a tendency to get out of harmony with yourself in the matter of wigs. Pony tails, page boys and recent bouffant styles are all right on young, real girls, but they begin to be out of place as you grow older. Also bleached blonde hair, much favored by TV's, is always artificial in appearance and tends to give a "hard" impression when worn on a male face which is not as soft and round as you'd like. So stick to conservative all purpose styles that would go well on anyone in the crowd and you'll be "just one of the girls".

---For Lack of Space This Will be Continued in TVia #11---

o-o-o MY SON IS A TRANSVESTITE o-o-o

Ed's. Note: Our first Cover Girl on TVia #5 was Annette and a very pretty one she was. She is doubly fortunate in having both a mother and a wife who understand the place Annette has in their son's and husband's life. Herewith we present two letters, one from the mother, one from the wife with the hope that they will both help other mothers and wives on their journey toward understanding.

My son is a transvestite! I don't believe that were I to write an article for every issue of TVia that I could find words that could adequately convey or express my total feelings when I first learned this about my son. I am no exception when it comes to being a Mother. I bore a son, known to you readers of TVia as "Annette", a beautiful child, who, from the very beginning showed that he was not only physically strong (in spite of being a premature baby) but he developed and learned much faster than other babies. At four months, he had two lower teeth and was sitting up alone; at five months he was creeping and at nine months walking. At two and a half he scared me to death by climbing to the top of a 40 foot windmill out on the farm, but he waved and climbed down again as he had gone up. At seven he gave a 5 minute speech over the radio, etc. I could go on enumerating incidents and events that have set him apart from other youngsters his age. He has constantly been an honor student.

My point in recalling these incidents, is that he has never been a sissy nor was he ever treated as one. He has a sister two years younger and he was always proud of her, good to her and very protective of her. A mother dreams of a son as being the essence of manhood; the acme of masculinity. My son showed no indications at any time that he was not all of this.

He was very busy as a youngster- there was his music, both piano and horn as well as chorus, choir and orchestra. He used to love to go out on his Uncle's farm which was used as an experimental station for the State University. He didn't go to play as he had much work that he was responsible for. Besides these he would read for hours at a time. He was a natural born leader

and usually excelled in anything he participated in.

You can understand, then, how I felt when I received a letter from "Annette" explaining to me his desires that had been a problem to him for many years. My first thoughts were of the tremendous burden the boy had been carrying all these years, the fact that he could not express his feelings in any way, since he was not free to dress up, nor did he feel he could talk to his father or mother. I have never felt so completely inadequate as a Mother as I did then--and with all the humility that is possible to be bestowed on one human being, I prayed for knowledge of this thing and cried myself to sleep that night. No wonder he was near a breakdown! If it had not been for his dear little wife and her generous help and understanding, he probably would have completely broken up.

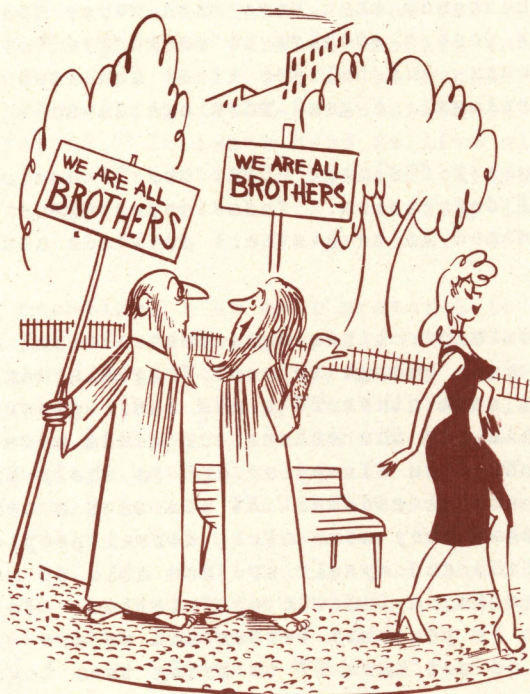
I feel that parents are completely wrong to censure or criticize the feelings of a transvestite. Our ignorance of TVism and other tendencies that exist in human minds does not give us the wisdom to criticize or make us blameless of our possible contributions to such tendencies. I had never been closer to TVism than seeing the word used in a book on rare occasions. I was frightened at first, as ignorance of anything causes a fear of it. So I made appointments with a medical doctor who was also a psychologist, and another with a neurologist. I did not get any satisfaction and practically no help from any of them. One man said that my son was probably a hermaphrodite and that it was possible that surgery might help him. Another said, "he is a very, very sick boy!"

Naturally these answers did not put my mind at ease at all. I began to search for information on TVism. It is amazing how very little I could find on the subject. So you can understand how glad I was to get a copy of TRANSVESTIA. It gave me a tremendous lift when I read of others who had the same desires; and that there is someone like Virginia who is interested enough to devote so much of her time and research to helping others and to make their problem one that can be lived with.

Since that time, I have seen Annette dressed up many times.



BIRTH OF A TV---"WONDER HOW THIS
WOULD LOOK ON ME?"



"HE'S PRETTY!"

Now this may sound crazy to some wives who do not accept their husbands TV desires, but if they would just give them a chance and try to know them instead of fighting them, I am sure they would find their husband's feminine selves quite likeable and understanding.

My husband is a wonderful person--as a husband, as a father of our two children and also as a girl friend. I wouldn't trade him for anyone else.

I would like to say that I would be pleased to hear from any other TV wives and also from any TV's who would like to correspond with a "real" girl. Perhaps in some small way I can be of help to them.

Sincerely,

"Annette's" Wife.

-----Well, there you have them, two wonderful letters from two wonderful women....women who are unselfish enough to ask, "how is it from the TV's side?" and "what can I do to help?" rather than saying, "How terrible, why did this have to happen to me?" Too many wives and parents are more concerned about themselves than they are about the TV. As Annette's mother says, TVism isn't so hard to live with if one takes the trouble to find out what is it all about, but so many wives refuse to go to the trouble.

Humanity exists in two forms and the totality of what it means to be a human is divided between them. Surely those of us who are desirous of and able to walk on both sides of the street, as it were, have a fuller understand of life than those living within the confines of one gender. Masculinity and femininity are ways of life and not just codes of behaviour. Breadth of understanding comes from depth of experience and those of us who dig deeper into the field of human experience become better humans because of it. Wives, parents and associates can reap the benefit of this too if they don't allow ignorance and prejudice to stand in the way. This is what Annette's wife is trying to express when she says, "our marriage is better and we are closer". This is what must be learned by intolerant wives...Ed.

o-o-o EDITORIAL EMANATIONS o-o-o

I. PHOTO ALBUM ISSUE: Next issue #11 will be made up of as many photos as possible. Please send in your TWO BEST pics and \$2. I will print 2 girls to a page everybody welcome but make them respectable shots and lets show the world that we have alot of acceptable girls and women among us. Bathing suit shots are O.K., but not lingerie and sexy shots, please. This issue will probably be seen by a lot of non-TV's, so let's give 'em the best impression. Don't forget 2 shots and 1 buck.

II. CLIPSHEET: Most all TV's I ever knew collected scrap books. Searching for ways in which TVia could be helpful and also for something to fill the long gap between issues, I hit on the idea of the Clipseet several months ago. I thought that by everybody channeling the interesting clippings that came to their attention thru Chev. Pubs. that everyone would get the benefit of the findings of others. To my surprise and disappointment the response so far has not been too good. I have printed 2 issues so far but the receipts even at \$1 per copy have not paid the printing bill. There is enough work in it without having to lose money besides, so please express yourselves promptly on these 2 questions: 1) Do you want the Clipseet continued at \$1 a copy, and 2) if you do do you want current stuff only or a mixture of older material out of scrap-books with current material. Majority rules.

III. THEMES: We have had a Case History, a How to Do It, and in #11 a Photo issue. Any ideas for themes for future issues? I want to give you what you want but I run out of ideas.

IV. QUESTION AND ANSWER SECTION: Several have suggested such a section, so if we get any questions we'll put 'em in #11 then I hope those who can answer will.

V. THANKS FOR THE HELP: To those who have helped and are helping, either by outright gifts or by extra payments for subscriptions, to repay the large legal expenses incurred in keeping TVia in print I say THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I can't write you all and I can't list you in the mag, but I can and do appreciate your support..I too think that this mag. is important and fills a need and that is why I found myself put to such

expenses. Knowing that my efforts are appreciated is good.

VI. SHORTER ISSUE? This one may seem 4 pages shorter but it isn't. I just stopped numbering photo-cartoon pages except those that appear in the Cover Girl story...makes it easier to plan this way.

VII. COURTESY: When you put an ad in TVia and a sister answers it, the least you can do is acknowledge her trouble in writing it. Several have complained that they answer but never hear. This is a reflection on me and on the mag. because answerers pay \$1 for this service and when they get no replies they think I'm running a racket. So do as you would be done by--acknowledge an answer if you don't want to continue the correspondence that's up to you, but don't keep an answerer dangling wondering when you'll write.

VIII. PICTURES: Questions always coming in re: pictures for printing. (a) Poloroid shots are as good as regular film. () send prints, not negatives, (c) send clear, well focused, contrasty pics. (d) color pics are O.K. but when ganged together with black and white sometimes suffer in reproduction because contrast is not as great as in black and white shots. In this and in future issues photos will be printed in sepia and on more porous paper. After experimenting in various issues with various colors it appears that sepia is best as in #5. Glossy paper does not take enough ink. I think they will be better this way.

IX. POSTAL ANONYMITY: One reader asked how he could send in money without putting his name in. I told him to send a money order made to Chev. Pubs. but with no purchasers signature and put his code number on a note with it. I can tell who, nobody else could.

X. APOLOGY: This issue just got too full for everything that should have gone in it. Susanna sent in her column but I could not get it in; others sent in extra material that couldn't be accommodated; my own article on "The Art of--" has to run over till next time. Hope those whose stuff did not appear will forgive but you can't get 100 pages of material into 80.

XI. ASSISTANCE PLEASE: It's every girl's privilege to change her mind, but when you change names please call it to my attention. Also please put your code number in a letter when signing with a girl name. I can't possibly remember the subject matter of all notes and letters I send--please remind me when replying...Ed.

OBITUARY--FRANCIS DAVID

Francis David, professional female interpreter to whom 4 pages of the book "Femme Mimics" are devoted, died in San Francisco early this year at the age of 51. He began in the career of female impersonation in 1926, specializing in the dances of India, Java, Arabia, and Hawaii, even studying ballet. His mother and sisters helped him as critics in his impersonations. Mr. David performed in most of the large cities of the U.S. giving his last performances a few years ago in Finocchio's in San Francisco. Although he left the stage, he did not leave the profession, having designed and made costumes for impersonators up to the time of his death. Originally a Texan, part Cherokee by descent, Mr. David never married. I first met him 3 years ago, and was impressed by his kind, gentle feminine yet noble and intelligent personality. KEELYN-S.F.

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71. Lonely TV, like to corres. with TVs and woman anywhere and meet TVs in MO.-KAN. area. Also interested in buying TV literature. Laura--Mo.

=====

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Now you may purchase custom made corsets and chastity belts made by the world's finest Corsettiere. Made in Satin, Coutil, Leather, Rubber and other materials. For details send for
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TRANVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Material is solicited on this basis:

1. Material is offered for publication GRATIS.
2. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
3. The Editor reserves the right to be sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when he deems it in the best interests of the magazine. Obscene pictures or material will not be published.

ADVERTISING RATES AND INFORMATION

PERSON TO PERSON SECTION: This section is intended to make it easier to make new friends--there are no other means available to TVs to get acquainted--SO USE IT! RATES: \$2 per ad per issue for up to 5 lines. Replies \$1. Send letters in open, stamped envelope to be addressed and mailed by the Editor. Give your own name and address in the letter. Answers to authors of articles or Letters to Ed. accepted on same basis. THE RESPONSIBILITY OF TRANVESTIA AND ITS EDITOR IS LIMITED TO MAILING REPLIES--NOT FOR SUBSEQUENT ACTIONS!

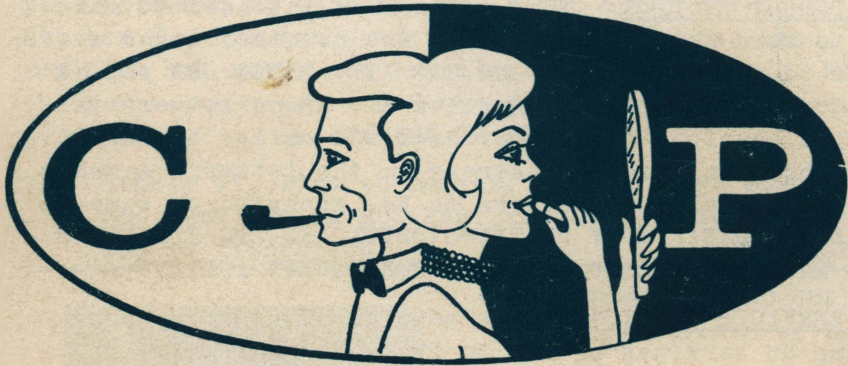
GOODS AND SERVICES SECTION: This section is open to those having items or services of use to TVs. The Editor asks that any literature or pictures to be advertised be sent in for approval before being accepted for advertising. RATES!

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