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TRANSVESTIA



No. 38, 1966

Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

by means of fiction, articles of opinion, true experiences, etc. It's purpose is to help it's readers to promote:

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

It' policy is to limit its scope of coverage and interest to the

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

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

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

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

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Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES
Literary Editor

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OUR COVER GIRL

So Shall it Be

by Marryann (35-J-2) FPE

» Late in the evening of a certain cold and blustery fall day, some four decades past, a little blue-eyed baby boy was born. And though no one else seemed to be aware of it, a little girl was born at the same instant. The paths of these two were destined to cross many times in the future.

The little boy thrived on the love and affection of doting parents and passed quickly from crib to creeper, tricycle and into vigorous boyhood to the ripe old age of five years. All this time, the girl bided her time. I recall most vividly of rising very early on a Sunday morning before my parents were awake. Like all little boys of that age, I was filled with curiosity, and as I pattered about the house in my bare feet, I chanced to notice Mother's clothing arrayed on a chair in her bedroom. Suddenly, I had an overwhelming desire to put on those soft, pretty things. In a jiffy, they were on! I was transported into a world of wonder---or was it that my "sister" came alive?

My parents awoke and saw there before them a little boy, draped in a dress far too large for his slight frame. He was completely transfixed. They couldn't resist breaking out into laughter--which still rings in my ears. Jolted back to reality, and red-faced, I shed those clothes--but they were not shed forever. From that moment on, my world was different--a girl's world.

Being an only child, I was left pretty much to my own devices. The usual "boy games and activities had little interest for me. Balls, bats and marbles

meant nothing. I much preferred to play with dolls and do what little girls did. In fact, all of my playmates were girls--from choice. Naturally, the boys my age made fun of me, their ridicule was merciless, some of them delighted in beating up the neighborhood "sissy". Their battering, taunting and teasing did not change my views, it merely drove me to adopt a solemn, poker-faced attitude, and I suppose I could have been called quiet--even moody. My parents had no idea of what I was enduring and felt that I was just "going through a phase", something every boy experiences.

The years passed in the same pattern. Outwardly I was a rather ordinary little fellow, unobtrusive, seemingly normal. Yet all this while I felt myself to be a girl, even though everyone insisted on treating me as a boy. How was I to know one could not choose one's gender? By the age of nine, I became aware that I had to comply with the wishes of my elders and regretfully gave away my favorite baby dolls to a girl my age who loved to play with me. She eagerly accepted my "gifts", as she had none of her own. She promised to be my friend, forever. This was not to be, for shortly she passed away and was gone forever. I haven't forgotten her because she was my first and truest friend.

From this point on, a different person emerged. No longer carefree, but alone, friendless and distrustful of everyone. My desires to wear feminine clothing grew stronger and at every opportunity--when my parents were away--I would dash like a shot from a cannon to my mother's closet and dresser, there to dress in her clothes and live in my fantasy world. To me, this was the way I should live. I could never understand why it was forbidden. I felt that I was being forced to live a role I did not want--these were very deep thoughts for one so young as I.

Since I had no brothers or sisters, or for that



"OLA"



MARYANNE AT HOME

matter, any close friends, I was perhaps more ignorant of sex than most boys of my age. Sex was a subject never talked about in our house---certainly not within my hearing. I knew there were boys and girls, men and women, but couldn't connect the real reason for their being different. Although I was a boy, wanting to be a girl seemed perfectly natural to me. If only someone were close enough for me to confide in, or show me understanding, perhaps most of the troubles that were to be my lot could have been avoided.

About this time, the Great Depression was in full swing. Times were hard. Money, food and clothing were the prime concerns of everyone, particularly in our home. We were very poor, having only a one-room apartment. It was a bare, dreary place that no amount of effort could make "nice". We were forced to accept welfare--which was barely enough to keep body and soul together. So it was a rare day, indeed, when Mother could buy herself a colorful new dress. For six long years we did not "live"--we existed. I had almost nothing in the way of toys or playthings. I was a lonely, solitary kid with a great big inferiority complex. You see, the people in our town looked down on families as poor as ours and discouraged their children from associating with such "poor trash". Then too, I was afraid that someone would discover my secret desires and didn't dare to be too friendly with anyone. Because of the coldness I found wherever I turned, I tried to find pastimes that I could do alone--model building, art, music, etc., which proved very interesting to me then and still are. Being ragged and poor, I was a social outcast in school and hated to go. I just barely scraped through.

Whether I was a victim of my environment, or just introverted because of my "terrible" secret desires, I don't know, but my childhood years were far from pleasant and left their mark on me.

As I grew into my teens, I had to find whatever

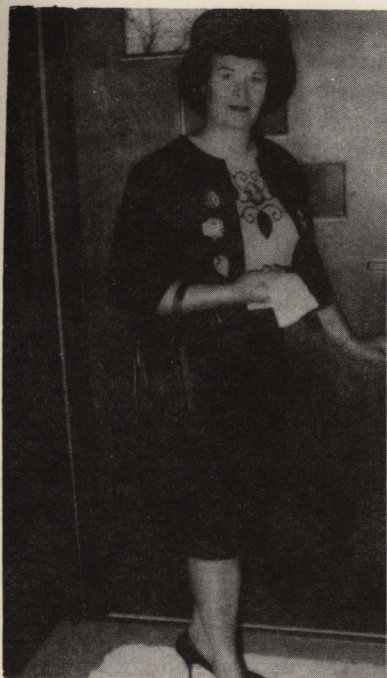
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odd-jobs I could to help with the family finances. It was usually, mean, hard, dirty work, but necessary. Work though, was distracting enough to keep me separated from most of the kids my age, so I didn't feel so much the social pariah that mixing with them brought on. I never went to school dances, parties, games, or other functions. I shunned girls because I had so social graces, couldn't dance, nor make "small talk". About the only activities I had that would bring me in contact with other people was skating--both ice and roller. This was my one means of feminine expression, for even male skaters, to show good form, must be lithe and graceful in every movement.

By the age of sixteen, I was working in the steel mills, learning the rudiments of what was to become my lifelong occupation. I have become rather good at my trade and take much satisfaction from doing things with my hands. Even though I was earning a salary at last, there was little enough for necessities, so none of the money I earned could be spent on what I yearned for most--a feminine wardrobe. Besides, I was much too uncertain of myself and much too fearful about being 'caught' to have anything of my own. So, I was terribly inhibited and withdrawn in my growing-up years.

Even as I grew into manhood, I yearned deeply for the feminine world. Many is the time that I wanted so strongly that I prayed for the Good Lord to change me into a girl so that I could be what my heart told me I ought to be. There was so little joy in being a man that the feminine world was like heaven to me. As every TV and FP knows, not even prayer can change us once we are born. My prayers were unanswered and I was as miserable as before. If wishing could make us girls, there would be no TV's, we'd all be girls!

As the ominous days of World War II came, the emotional tensions increased. I dreaded the thought



MARYANN GETS OUT
AND AROUND

Transmedia

of being thrown into close contact with other men-- few, if any had the least comprehension of what I felt, inside. Whether it was a sense of responsibility, resignation, or patriotism, I felt I had to do my duty and wanted to join the Army Air Force--hopefully, to get into the Cadets. I worked devilishly hard to prepare myself for the Cadet examinations--and passed. Then came the interminable wait for call-up. The "spit and polish" cadet training was hard, but fun. After some months, a physical examination revealed a condition that would bar me from flying. Shortly, I was reassigned to the Military Police academy for nine months of strenuous training--training which would prove to be a life-saver many times over in the ETO. My military career was certainly no picnic--the horrors I experienced will be with me always. Looking back on my three and one-half years in the Army from the vantage point of today, it was beneficial to me. I learned that I could do almost anything I put my mind to, could endure hardship, and most of all, could hold up my head as being "as much a man" as anyone. On the other hand, it was damnably hard to keep my FP secret from my buddies.

At the war's end, so eager was I to be discharged, that I let a clever sergeant sign me up in the reserves. At first, it made no difference, but did later on. A civilian again, the first thing was to find a good job. In the post-war doldrums, jobs were very hard to come by so I was forced to join the "52-20 Club"--being paid to do nothing. My interests in roller skating were renewed, and at a rink I found the girl I wanted as my wife. Without a job, or even prospects of one, and not being a smooth talker, it took me almost a year to convince her that I might be worth the gamble. Of course, during our courtship I didn't dare tell her of my desires. How could I? Like so many other FP's, I was sure I was the only one in the world. Several times I wanted to tell her, but the words just wouldn't come. Still, I found in my wife-to-be, a friend in

whom I could confide. But would she understand?

Once, after our marriage, I tried to "explain Marryann" by getting dressed--as if for a joke. In a few months she found out that I was not joking. This caused us to have quite a few words--to put it mildly; with me as the villain. We survived. After a period of time, she relented and I was allowed to get dressed for a short time on Saturday nights. As I didn't have a stitch of my own, I had to "borrow" my wife's things. Being a couple of sizes larger than her, I suppose that I looked like the very devil to her, but I felt very feminine. It was better than nothing. This "safety valve" was soon sealed off. My wife found Marryann repulsive and couldn't bear the sight of 'her'. Once more the heated arguments began, with neither giving an inch. Around this time our first child, a daughter, was born and we moved to larger quarters. Here, I again tried to get some freedom of expression. I was allowed to be Marryann only on Saturday nights and was grateful even for that.

My brief "fling" was soon to end--the Korean "police action" had begun, and as a reservist, I was called to active duty--this time into Dixie, where I was to train troops for overseas duty. My wife and daughter joined me and we lived off-base. Here, away from the depressing scenes of my home town, with a home--such as it was, and a steady job, I again became Marryann in a very restricted way. I was allowed to "dress" (or is it un-dress?) for bed, wearing only a nightie after lights out. I could also wear lingerie under my uniform. I began to assemble a "wardrobe" of my own. First bra and pads, then scavenging second-hand shops for dresses and shoes, gradually acquiring a full complement of "necessaries", but all tattered and worn. Undoubtedly I was Cinderella's poor cousin in appearance, but I was very happy just to be myself. You might say that at this time the girl to be known as Marryann really came into her own. She was quite a



"I NEED A NEW DRESS"



OFF ON A SHOPPING SPREE



"THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE STORE"

"THIS IS MY NEW DRESS,
DO YOU LIKE IT?"



different person than her brother "Bill", a girl with an identity all her own.

My days in uniform and my precious hours en-femme were, by and large, the happiest of my life thus far. I thrived in the femme world--which did nothing for my wife's peace of mind. Soon there were more arguments, more heated than ever before. I was more adamant than ever for holding my hard-won ground. She was less tolerant than ever. I have often regretted not being able to convince my wife of the purity of my intentions. We might then have avoided many harsh words. However, after two years, my tour of duty was over and we moved back to my hometown, hoping to begin a more normal family life.

Resuming civilian life also meant the return of all the old repressions and Marryann had to go underground...at least until my wife was not home. I began rebuilding my feminine wardrobe an item at a time, secretly. It was much a matter of trial and error, for I wanted so hard that often my acquisitions were hasty and in poor taste. Yet they were mine and I treasured them for what they stood for. In a small apartment there are few secrets. Ultimately, my wife discovered my "treasures" and insisted that they be disposed of--immediately. I promised to burn them, but just couldn't bear to do it. The internecine warfare raged on, and on. By now my hours of Marryann were infinitely precious and since the opportunities for her to come were increasingly rare, I began wearing "a little something" under my street clothes--panties, or slip, or hose. I still follow this practice as a token of my recognition of 'her'.

In the early 20's, news of Christine Jorgenson's "miraculous" sex change broke into print. This was the first time in my life that I knew that there were others like me. "Her" operation suggested to me that "this was the way out". Then the Charlotte MacLeod and Tamara Rees stories appeared and the sex change idea preyed on my mind night and day. I

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suppose that I conveyed this to my mate. At least she began thinking that all TV's have sex-change on their minds and were completely mad. All my arguments to justify myself as an FP or TV failed to change her opinion. So once more the battles royal raged.

We now had two children, and though it pained me to suppress Marryann, I did so for their welfare. Life is rough enough for an FP without involving others who could not understand. After living for years in my personal hell, unable to express myself, I turned to a Higher Source. I prayed fervently for guidance--- "What can I do?", "Show me the way" I begged night after night, with tears in my eyes. Was there no one who could help me and mine? Call it coincidence if you will, but my prayers were answered! One of Virginia's Chevalier ads caught my eye--could this be the answer to my problems?

Soon Virginia's answer came and a whole new world opened up for me. She assured me that I was far from alone in my desires--there were many, many other TV's in the world. She also sent me her own story and "The TV and His Wife". These I read over and over--and one day showed them to my wife. Her reaction was less than wholehearted, for it was hard for her to believe it. We did, however, reach something of a "truce".

TVia proved to be a Godsend. Each time another issue would arrive, I would simply devour its contents from cover to cover. I began to understand myself better and gained some insight from the experience of others. This is not to say that there were not many dark days---there were, but I think TVia and Virginia were my Rock of Gibraltar--something to cling to when the going got rough. I am deeply grateful to Virginia for her personal help in my search for emotional peace.

Somewhat later, I enrolled in FPE, and heard that a new Chapter, Delta, was forming in my area. How



**IN
GEORGIA**

- L. to R.**
BETTY ANN
10-H-2FPE
BILLIE
9-B-2FPE
ANN
10-M-2FPE
JODY
42-F-1
FPE



- IN FLORIDA**
FRANCES 46-P-1FPE
MARY KAY 9-K-1FPE
DEE DOROTHY
52-L-1FPE



- IN
ENGLAND**
PAULA FE-P-1
FPE
PAMELA
FE-B-1FPE
GWINETTE

GROUPS-GROUPS-GROUPS

Transvestia

much I wanted to contact others like myself! It seemed to be the most important thing to come into my life! I resolved to join. First, however, I tried a different approach with my wife. I told her quite straightforwardly, that I wanted to meet other TV's and to let Marryann see the light of day. This time her response was entirely different. After a few hours of sensible discussion, she gave me her permission. This proved to be the opening to a happier life, not only for me, but her as well.

I cannot say that I wasn't apprehensive at meeting my sisters--I was. All of my past repressions, doubts and fears came back and I was wondering if I was getting mixed up with a "gay" bunch. Of course, Marryann was very self-conscious---she had so much to learn. How well I remember my first "dress-up" meeting--there to be seen by others who are like yourself, and the shiver of realization that they are judging you at the same time you are wondering about them. I felt though that I was "home at last", and that it was perfectly natural for me to be there. My sisters must have seen a very shakey girl, neither attractive nor graceful, but they accepted me as I was--for which I shall be eternally thankful.

After a few meetings with the Delta girls, a Wive's Meeting was held and I persuaded my wife to attend with me. This was the first time in years that she had seen Marryann, saw other FPE's and met their wives. Also present were two friends of TV's, at whose home we met. The atmosphere was relaxed, my 'miseries' of past years evaporated. I was, of course, very anxious to make a ladylike impression so that my wife could see how much Marryann meant to me. Something very remarkable happened there.

Since that time, there has been a completely different atmosphere in our home. My wife has helped Marryann in so many ways, in makeup, clothes, and mannerisms. We talk openly on all matters about TV, FP and FPE. There are no secrets between us. The

reassurance I found at the Wives Meeting has opened up a whole new world of fun in just being my natural self. There is no need for any FP to fear meeting others, or to doubt the reaction of GG's meeting you. It feels wonderful! When you want very much to be accepted, the feminine component will come through and you will feel the heady emotions of genuine acceptance!

In addition to being very, very happy for having found my niche in the femme world, I have also felt a deep responsibility for my closeted sisters. I owe it to each and every one in FPE to do my share to help others.

So it shall be that I, who walks this path in the feminine world, might light one more candle to help those who stumble in the dark.

To those who have walked this path before me, I owe a debt of gratitude, for it was they who helped me far more than they know. It is through the combined efforts of Virginia and all my sisters that we can put our lives in proper perspective, to mature, and to find peace within ourselves.

I should like to close with a word to my wonderful wife. I want to thank you, my dear, for being so kind and considerate and understanding of how I feel inside. Please forgive me for all the heartache I have caused you in the past. May we go through the coming years with greater understanding of each other. May I hold your hand as we go through this--his and her world--together?

Now, to all my friends, and friends-to-be in FPE, God bless you all.

Marryann

FICTION



The Mistake

by Betty Dixon (20-H-1) FPE

» "Had I made the same mistake as so many others?" Tom Warden asked himself as he glanced out of his cell window, watching the empty street below. It was early Friday morning and according to the large clock on top of a nearby building, he had been in jail almost twelve hours.

Tom sat down on the edge of his cot and lit a cigarette; watching the smoke curl upwards towards the window, then through the bars to freedom. "If only I could do the same." He was thinking.

Another hour and he would be standing before the magistrate for a hearing. His make-up was streaked from tears and a beard stubble had broken through. He had asked the guard for permission to wash up but the only reply was a laugh and, "What do you want to do cutie, mess up your powder?" Tom would have to attend the hearing as is. The dress he had treasured so dearly was now rags covering his body his torn stockings further proof of the ordeal of the night before.

"Alright doll," said the grinning guard, interrupting his reverie, "your mouthpiece is here."

Tom had grown up with James Brandt who was now his attorney. Jim knew nothing of Tom's transvestism until he had received the call this morning

about the arrest.

"Hi Tom." Jimmy said and stood in front of Tom for a few seconds taking in the picture, then continued, "My God, you look like a wreck. I don't know what this is all about but you better start from the beginning."

Tom couldn't look him in the face but started telling a little about transvestism and the compulsion to dress in feminine attire. He doubted Jim's ability to understand but continued until he reached the story of the previous night.

"When I got home from work, I was a bundle of nerves. Getting dressed had been on my mind from the time I started working until the 5:00 P.M. whistle sounded. I slammed my apartment door behind me, tripping the latch as I did, and immediately removed all of my clothing. A little bath oil in the tub of hot water and I was feeling better already."

Tom stopped for a second then said, "I guess it's hard for you to comprehend any of this, and it is hard for me to put into words how I felt."

"Go on." said Jim.

"I put on my garter belt, hose and padded bra and slid into a soft slip, feeling the silkish material flow over my body."

Tom's heart was pounding faster and faster even as he told Jimmy of this and for the second time he looked at him. Jimmy wasn't laughing as he'd expected him to do but instead he could see something else in his eyes, kindness and understanding.

"I guess this all sounds silly to you, but believe me, it is a very important part of my life. After I had slipped on a pair of nylon panties,

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I applied my make-up and selected a dress and a pair of heels. For a while I sat around the apartment debating with myself on what to do. I read for a bit, but the desire to be out in the world was too strong. Night time came and I decided to go to a movie. I checked myself in the mirror and knew that I could pass."

Jimmy interrupted, "Knew you could pass or thought you could?" "You're right Jim," Tom replied, "I just thought I could. Now I realize that there is a great deal more to passing as a woman than just clothing and makeup, but last night neither you nor God Almighty could have convinced me of this. Well anyway, I sneaked down the back stairway and out the side entrance to the alley. I walked to the main street and headed towards the Roxy Theater being as careful as possible not to attract too much attention. This was fine in my fairly dark neighborhood, but downtown under the bright lights I was scared. I guess it was my awkward walk and apparent nervous glances that caused me to be spotted by a group of teenage boys who started following me. The closer they got the worse I felt. I was only a short distance, about one block, from the Roxy when one of the boys yelled.

"Hey mister, your slip is showing."

I started to run but in high heels I found that it was about impossible. Soon the group of five boys surrounded me. I tried to continue but they blocked my path. Then the worst thing of all happened. I felt a pull at the back of my head and turned to see my wig in the hand of one of the boys. I tried to make a break but was knocked down by one of the boys who then started beating me. The others joined in quickly until the police came and arrested all of us. We were taken before the Desk Sergeant and here I am.

Jimmy looked at me and took a deep breath.

"Tom," he said, "you've been charged with making propositions to those boys and for trying to molest one of them. Those are serious charges."

"I know," Tom replied, "but what I told you is the honest truth. I heard the boys tell the desk sergeant how I had asked them to go to my room and do all sorts of things. I heard that one little punk tell how I patted the fly of his pants. They're lying, I swear it. They're lying to protect themselves."

"I believe you."

"Thanks. Now all you have to do is convince the judge."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders then said, "I've brought you some clothes and got permission for you to get cleaned up before the hearing. You will have to hurry though, as we only have fifteen minutes."

Tom took the clothing and left for the shower room immediately, followed by the grinning baboon, his guard. During the time he was cleaning up the guard kept telling him that the judge would throw the book at him, and seemed to get a sadistic delight in hearing his own legal decision. He had already judged Tom "Guilty, as charged."

As Tom and his attorney entered the courtroom, the magistrate was just taking his seat. His gavel rapped several times and there was silence.

"Thomas Warden, Albert Leone, Robert Stough, Marvin Stough, James Snyder and Joseph Lotz, please step up", droned the court clerk.

Tom was petrified. The five boys stood on one side of the arresting officer while Jimmy and Tom stood on the other side. The magistrate swore

Transcript

them in and listened as the officer testified, followed by each boy. They all told the same story. Jimmy objected to nothing and did not cross examine the boys.

Tom had already pleaded not guilty to the charges. When the magistrate asked for Tom's testimony, Jimmy spoke up and "No testimony at this time your honor." Tom could have fallen through the floor.

The magistrate spoke: "Mr. Warden you will be held on \$5,000.00 bail until the date of your trial, January 20, 1964."

Jimmy had arranged for a bail bondsman and Tom was released.

After leaving the courthouse, Tom and Jimmy drove to Tom's old apartment. On the way Tom asked, "Why didn't you let me tell my side of the story?"

"You were going to have to stand trial regardless of what you may have said so I decided it would be best to wait until that time. The less said at this time the better. In the meantime I'm going to put an investigator on the job and see if we can get some evidence for your defense.

They pulled up in front of Tom's apartment and walked to the door. The landlady, Mrs. Carter, was standing in the doorway with a newspaper in her hand.

She spoke: "I want you to pack your bags and get out of here today, you queer." She continued after sputtering a few times, "Picking on innocent children. It's all here in the papers, including your picture." She thrust some money into Tom's hand and continued, "That's the rent you paid in

advance. I don't want your kind around here."

Tom packed his suitcases quickly and with Jimmy's help was out of the apartment in less than an hour. As they carried the last load out to the car, the crowd of neighbors began shouting obscenities as they drove away and a rock struck the back window, causing it to shatter.

"I'm sorry I got you into this mess," Tom said to Jimmy, "but I needed help". "I'd have been damned mad at you if you hadn't called," was his reply. "By the way Tom, you can stay with Gloria and me."

Gloria was Jimmy's wife. I had known her for many years and was even god-father of their first child, James, Jr. Mark, their second son, was now five already. The year and a half between the two boys did not show very much as they both grew like a couple of weeping willows in a swamp.

Leonard Cole did not look much like an investigator but Jimmy was confident of his abilities. Cole was short and squatty with a face that reminded one of Santa Clause without a beard. Even in the house he wore his hat, pushed to the back of his head. He had gone over Tom's story many, many times but wanted to hear it once more.

"It's not much to go on," said Cole, "but I'll see what I can dig up. I'd stay indoors for a while if I were you. Your picture has been on the front page of our newspaper for two days now and this just isn't that big of a town."

He was right. Hooverton was too big to be called a town and too small for the name city. Tom's story was the hottest item to hit the press for years, and everyone from the gossip writer to

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the sports editor wanted to write something about it.

"When I had called my place of employment earlier, my boss refused to talk to me but the secretary advised that my check would be forwarded." Tom told Cole.

"The whole town's gone crazy with hate and you're just going to have to take it," answered Cole. The kids who had jumped Tom were now celebrities. The story of how they bravely fought off the child molestor made good press, therefore it was taken up by the other newspapers in the surrounding area, each adding a little more for the reader's enjoyment. Tom wasn't in for a trial, but a crucifixion.

Tom was lost in his thoughts when Cole said goodby. Gloria had brought in some coffee and sandwiches. He couldn't eat but the coffee hit the spot. She had been wonderful from the very start. The first night Tom stayed, she listened attentively as he explained his reasons for dressing, and she said that she understood.

Gloria had sent the boys away to stay with their grandmother because things might get nasty once people found out where Tom was staying. "Was this the real reason?" thought Tom "Or does she want to make sure I don't molest them." Tom cursed himself for being so damned paranoid. These people are the only friends he had left in the world and now he was beginning to distrust them. He wondered if he would last until the trial.

"My name is Leonard Cole." he said as he stood on the front porch of a run down brick house. "I'm looking for Albert Leone."

"What you want with him," said a haggard old woman who blocked the doorway.

"I'm investigating the incident involving Thomas Warden and the boy."

"I'm his mother" the woman grunted. "Come in."

Albert was sitting in front of a television set with his leg dangling loosely over a chair arm. He hardly looked up when Cole entered the room.

"Who are you, another reporter?" he asked.

"No, I'm a private detective."

"I've already said all I'm going to. Can't you cops let me alone for a while. I'm a sensitive young child who was attacked by that molestor punk, or don't you remember?"

"I'm not a cop, "quipped Cole, "I'm working for Tom Warden."

"Get out of here," roared Leone. "So you're on that queer's side huh" Well I ain't saying nothing to you. Blow man! !"

Cole had gotten what he wanted. Leone's reaction was typical of his type and his face registered fear. If all else failed this could be one weapon to get to the truth.

"I'll be seeing you around kid." said Cole. "I hope you and your playmates aren't attacked by anymore 10 ft. queers." The door slammed behind him. Next stop, the courthouse.

Jimmy had already arranged for a subpoena so that Cole could get a look at the juvenile records of the boys involved in this case. After stopping at the Clerk of the Court's office to pick it up,

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Cole went to the records room where he gave the Records Clerk a list of names and told him he wanted to see their files.

"Good God," thought Cole, "so these are the innocent children who were attacked by the ogre; the two bit punks." He spent that afternoon writing down the various charges that had been brought against these boys, everything from robbery to assault with a deadly weapon. Leone's was the worse. How this kid ever spent a free day in his life was beyond comprehension. Well, it was something to start with.

"Deck the halls with boughs of holly" blared the speakers that hung over the downtown district. A block away Cole could see the Roxy theatre. He was standing in front of Tony's Snack and Lunch Bar, a dirty little restaurant which was known for its bad soup and worse coffee.

"Hi Tony," said Cole as he entered the shop, "what's good on the menu?"

"Anytime you come here gumshoe, its not for food but information." replied Tony. "What's on your mind?"

"Albert Leone." said Cole.

"Don't know nothing about that mess. I close at 10' o'clock."

"This happened at eight." snapped Cole.

"Look gumshoe the kids come here for a soda or something like that. They don't give me no trouble and I'm not looking for any. Keep me out of it." Tony was sweating.

"An innocent man in going to be convicted and sentenced for a long prison term if I don't find

someone to help him. Come on Tony," pleaded Cole, "what's the word?"

"Ah, innocent man maybe, but what the hell was he doing in women's clothes. He's better off locked up." When he finished talking he turned his back and began cleaning glasses, sloshing them in soapy water, then clear.

"I'll be back Tony."

"Don't bother gumshoe"

It was getting dark. Cole climbed into his car which was parked nearby. He watched the store lights flicker on and the multicolored lights that hung from twisted pine branches. "it came upon a midnight clear" the speakers blared. Cole lit a cigarette and thought about Tom Warden, Tony and Albert Leone. He looked over the notes again and again. He was about to start his engine when he spotted Leone and his four buddies walking into Tony's. He remained still for a few minutes then climbed from the car. He wanted to get a good look at all of them and this was as good a time as any. Cole stood on the sidewalk observing the group through the grease splattered window. "Five little punks." he thought to himself. He walked back to his car, waited a few minutes then drove off.

Tom Warden was up early and having coffee when Cole dropped by.

"You really get an early start" said Tom.

"I haven't got too much time to work on your case before the trial."

"Anything new?"

OH BOY! WHAT A MIRROR



"Not much. Only that all of the kids have records a mile long and a lot of it is for assaults."

Jimmy walked in during the conversation but remained silent until Cole had finished. "Good morning Cole."

"Hi boss. The only other thing I've got is Tony, the guy that runs that greasy spoon about a block from the Roxy. He's not talking now but maybe he can be persuaded later."

Cole threw a ridiculous salute to Jimmy then walked out. After he left, Jimmy joined Tom for coffee.

"My god," said Tom, "I forgot to offer Cole a cup."

"If he wants something he just helps himself around here." replied Jim. Cole is a funny character. He was married once but his wife was killed while he was doing a special job for the narcotic's squad. A gang killed her by mistake when they were supposed to knock him off. He hit the bottle after that and slid into the gutters. I found him again in Chicago, begging nickles for booze. That was over two years ago and he hasn't touched a drop since."

"It was real nice of you to bother."

"He's a good detective," replied Jimmy, "and they're hard to come by. Let's put it this way, Cole was a good investment that paid off."

It had started snowing and the roads already turned from macadam black to a faint white. People shuffled to and fro with their coat collars turned up and their hands stuck deep in their pockets.

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"Only a few days till Christmas" thought Cole "and I haven't even started my shopping. This was a big joke with him. His shopping consisted of one trip to the liquor store for a case of whiskey for the chief of police, Clerk of the Court etc. From there he would go to a toy store and get womething for Jimmy's boys. A quick stop at a department store and he would finish his list with a gift for Jimmy and Gloria.

Cole hopped into his car and headed for Tony's place. He still had a hunch that Tony knew plenty but that Leone had him scared.

Tony was frying up hamburgers when Cole Wa ked in. Without looking around he spoke, "I smelled you coming Cole. What you want a hamburger or a hot dog? I got nothing else for you."

"Two burgers and light on the arsenic."

Two more burgers went onto the grill. Tony finished up the others, wrapped them in wax paper and gave them to a waiting customer who paid for them and left.

"Don't you know when you're not wanted Cole."

"But I love this place Tony. I'd miss your smiling face and besides where else could I place my bets on the ponies."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'll bet the chief of police would know, or better yet, how about Lt. Vance of the Vice Squad."

"You're bluffing Cole. You don't know a damned thing."

"Don't be too sure of that." replied Cole.
"Hey by the way, my burgers are burning.

Tony flipped them over quickly. He kept his back to Cole but watched him through the cheap mirror that hung on the wall near the grill. Tony had once been slugged from behind and robbed, so he'd put the mirror on the wall to forestall a repetition. Tony watched Cole fumbling with some green slips of paper. "They look like my betting slips," thought Tony. He was shaking all over.

Alright gumshoe, what you want to know?"

"That's more like it Tony. What happened between Leone and Warden?"

"The kids spot this creep coming down the street all dolled up like a dame. You could read this cat a mile away in the dark. Leone tells his boys to follow his lead. As the creep passes the kids stepped out behind him. It was a mess. Those little punks were lying. Warden never spoke to them. I could see and hear everything from my window.

"Tony you're a real friend, and for being such a friend I'll even give the chief a gift in your name.

Listen Cole, I'm not going to appear in court over this thing. Those punks would tear me and my joint apart if I did."

Cole held the little green slips a little higher, then shoved them deep into his pockets. He tossed a dollar on the counter and told Tony to eat the burgers himself. He was about to leave when Leone and his buddies walked into the shop.

"Merry Christmas little dwarves" yelled Cole. Leone looked at him with hatred. "Hey Cop, you still working for the queer. Maybe you're one of the fellows too." Leone stood before Cole holding one hand limp with the other propped against his hip. Cole grabbed him by the collar of his leather

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jacket and flung him against the wall. The others started to move in but stopped short when Cole turned in their direction.

"Get him boys," cried Tony, "I've got twenty bucks for anybody who gets a couple of green slips from his right pocket."

Leone jumped onto Cole's back but only remained there a few seconds before being tossed across the counter at Tony. The other four kids swarmed on Cole, but found themselves meeting with a solid wall. Cole aimed his Karate chops carefully, finishing the fight in a matter of minutes.

"Merry Christmas Tony" said Cole as he stepped over one of the boys and out the door. Tony was watching him through the window as he pulled out the green slips and waved them.

Christmas Eve was a special time for the Brandts and their friend Cole. He would come over shortly after church services and watch the boys as they opened their gifts. This was his only family, and this was the only time of the year that Cole would let anyone see through his hard shell.

Cole spent the entire day shopping. He had picked up his case of whiskey and made delivery, a two wheel bike for Jimmy, Jr. and a large set of trains for Mark. He had just finished purchasing the gifts for Gloria and Jimmy when he thought of another person. Cole had come to like Tom and even though he couldn't get it through his head exactly why he dressed in women's attire, he could not resist the idea of completing his shopping tour with a matching ear ring and necklace set. He hoped Tom would not be offended but would realize that the gift was something given with an open heart.

Cole made one more stop and delivered a gift to Tony, a subpoena. They exchanged greetings, after which Tony told Cole to go to hell.

Jimmy and Gloria went to Christmas Eve services. Mark and little Jimmy were home for the holidays and Tom was watching them.

"Do you think everything will be O.K.?" asked Gloria.

MMMMMM "What do you mean?" Jimmy asked.

"Well, you know? Tom is a nice person and I think the world of him but....." Gloria stopped talking. She felt sick for even thinking anything about Tom with her sons.

Jim looked at her with disgust. "You don't have to finish, I know what you're thinking and I don't like it one damned bit. Don't be like the rest of these ignorant fools who can't see past their noses. I trust Tom as much now as I did before this whole mess started."

During services, Gloria prayed to be forgiven for the evil thought she had about Tom, but no matter what, her doubts were still there.

Mark and Little Jimmy had been tucked away for sometime when Cole arrived, his arms loaded with gifts. They sat drinking coffee as Cole told him about his progress on the case.

Cole could feel the little package for Tom against his leg. He had put it in his pocket as he still had doubts as to whether or not to give it to him. Finally he blurted out, "Tom, I've got a

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little gift for you. I hope you like it."

Tom opened the package quickly and stared a few seconds at the jewelry. "Thank you Cole, it was very thoughtful."

"You know something, this is the first time I've ever been lost for words." said Cole, who was turning a little red.

"Its very pretty. I'll always treasure it and remember the person who gave me my first feminine gift."

The rest of the time was spent talking about transvestism. Tom revealed that his feminine name was Lois and just before Jimmy and Gloria returned Cole said, "Merry Christmas, Lois and may you find happiness and contentment."

Tom wiped a tear from the corner of his eye.

After Jimmy and his wife had removed their coats. Cole suggested that the boys come down and open their presents. Gloria looked at him and said, "Cole, you're as bad as they are and getting worse every year."

"I'm just a kid at heart." he replied.

Little Jimmy and Mark made their entrance. They were sleepy at first but the sight of the packages beneath the tree made their eyes open wide. After an hour of opening gifts and playing with their new toys, the boys were sent back to their rooms with the promise that they could get up early in the morning to play again.

Tom served more coffee while everyone exchanged and opened their gifts. He had not been able to go shopping since the date of his arrest but did manage to have gifts delivered from the department

store. It wasn't like being able to hand pick everything but at least the thought was there.

Gloria left the room for a few minutes and returned with a large hat box, and handed it to Tom. He opened it excitedly and discovered a beautiful blonde wig. "You remembered what I had said about missing my hairpiece. Thank you Gloria, thank you." He was too choked up to talk anymore.

"We want you to be happy," she replied "and Jim and I understand how hard these past days have been on you. We could tell by the way you talked about dressing, so we figured that Lois should have a Merry Christmas also."

She didn't have to say anymore. Tom jumped up from his chair and took his hairpiece to his room.

He was gone for about an hour and during his absence the three friends talked about Tom's case and what he was going to do after the mess was cleared up. Jim advised them that he was going to haul Tony in for a deposition in order to get his valuable testimony on record. Cole told them about handing Tony the subpoena for the deposition which was set for December 26th.

Lois stood at the top of the stairway, half afraid to come down. She had checked her make-up a dozen times and had started down the steps almost as many. Finally she took a deep breath and said to herself, "Its now or never."

Lois was half way down the steps when Cole looked up from his coffee and gave a wolf-whistle. Jimmy and Gloria turned around and looked up. Lois was wearing a full skirted cocktail dress of blue. Her hair had been neatly combed and around her neck she wore the necklace that Cole had given her. She did her best to walk gracefully down the steps

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and as she tried to light a cigarette and noticing this, Cole placed a lighted match before her.

This is the first time she had been dressed since that terrible evening and Lois was making the most of it. She and Gloria talked about clothing make-up and walking properly. You do need some practice," said Gloria, "and maybe I might be able to help, but tonight let's just sit around and relax."

The sun was coming up by the time Cole said goodnight. The boys would be getting up soon so Lois decided that it would be best if she went to her room. Besides, she needed some sleep. "Good-night," she said "and thank you for a most enjoyable time and one of the happiest Christmases I've ever known."

Lois danced around her room for a few minutes then undressed. She had locked her door so that she could sleep in a nightgown without fear of the children seeing her. As she lay in her bed, watching the morning sun, she could only think of the wonderful time she had just enjoyed. Lois's eyes became heavy and she drifted into a contented sleep.

Tony was nervous as he entered Brandt's office at the appointed time. Cole was seated in the waiting room with another man, a court recorder, as he entered, and sat down.

"Good morning Tony." said Cole, "Glad to see that you could make it."

"I'm here gumshoe, but that don't mean I'm going to talk."

Cole patted his pocket and smiled.

Jim's office door opened and he motioned for everyone to come in. They walked through his office to a conference room where everyone took appointed seats. An Assistant State's Attorney, Roger Hart was also present.

In the next hour Tony was questioned thoroughly. There were a few times when he became hesitant, but Cole had placed the little green pieces of paper in his suit jacket pocket with just enough of them left showing for Tony to get the message. Tony told the truth.

"Alright," said Jim, "I think that's about it unless anyone else has anything else for the records" No one spoke up so the deposition was ended.

"Well Roger," said Jim, "do you still think you've got a case against Tomas Warden?"

"No. Listen Jim, I didn't want to push this thing anyway, but the pressure from the press and the public forced my hand. Warden is still going to have to stand trial, regardless of the way I feel."

"Alright, we'll play the game your way, but I want the deposition's of the Leone gang."

"You're entitled to them." Hart replied.

In the next weeks Jim and Cole were busy preparing for the Warden trial. Jim had questioned all of the boys involved in the case but they stuck to their stories. They were perfect, in fact too perfect for anyone to buy.

In the meantime Cole checked into the people who had been victimized by Leone and his friends. He had a pocket full of subpoenas and when he



LORETTA--CALIF



LINDA 20-B-1FPE

hit the right witness he would leaf through till he found the right name and make delivery.

January 18th rolled around. It was just two days before trial time and everyone was getting nervous. Tony had been guarded by the police, without knowing it, since the day of the deposition. Cole had felt this necessary, since he read the records of Leone and friends. It was starting to get cold when he decided to double check on Tony's place. He parked his car across from Tony's and remained in it for several hours, listening to the radio and trying to look at a girly magazine in the light coming from a store window.

It was near 10:00 P.M. when Cole saw Leone approach the restaurant then duck into an alley. Two other boys soon joined him. The other two approached Tony's from another direction then stopped in front of a magazine stand. The light's went out in Tony's and Cole watched him as he locked the front door. He started walking in Leone's direction. When Tony came to the alleyway Leone leaped in front of him with two of his boys. The other two at the magazine stand closed in from behind. Cole sprang from the car and raced in their direction. He could see two plainclothes men moving in at the same time. They got there just in time to see Leone stab Tony in the stomach.

You're under arrest Leone said one of the plainclothesmen. The other boys made attempts to start running but were blocked off by Cole and some policemen who had closed in the other end of the alley.

Cole waited at the hospital while the doctor's worked on Tony, until he got word that they had

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done everything they could for him. The doctor told Cole that Tony had better than a 50-50 chance of pulling through.

"Sure, Tony is a rat," thought Cole to himself, "but he don't deserve to cash out this way." Cole felt guilty because it was he who had forced him to talk, then passed the word around town so that Leone would try something and get caught red handed.

Cole left the hospital and went to Jimmy's home where he could have someone to talk to. Everyone was anxious to hear about Tony and were happy to hear that he was still alive.

"Why don't you stay here tonight Cole?" asked Jimmy.

"Thanks. I planned to do just that."

No one got a lot of sleep that night. They drank coffee and talked about everything but the trial or Tony. Finally they all bid each other goodnight.

Cole got to the hospital at 11:00 A.M. and went immediately to the second floor where Tony's room was located. He could hardly believe his ears when he heard Tony's voice yell "What you mean hot soup and juices, gimme some spaghetti." Cole ran to the room just in time to see Tony throw a pillow at one of the nurses.

The doctor's voice came from behind Cole, "Prognosis is good." "I can see that." replied Cole.

The phone at the Brandt residence rang and Jim answered it. The voice on the other end was Roger Hart.

"Leone and his gang confessed to everything, including the Tom Warden affair. There'll be no trial tomorrow and I've just given all of the facts to the newspapers. The story should be in this evening's paper."

"Thanks for the news, Roger. "said Jim." I owe you a drink at the club."

The news was too much for Tom. He laughed and cried at the same time.

When Cole walked in later with the report on Tony, he thought he had stepped into a nuthouse. Gloria and Jim were dancing to the record player and Lois was balancing a book on her head while walking back and forth across the living room. The three of them stopped, raised their glasses and toasted Cole.

"By the way Tom, I mean Lois, here is a souvenir." said Cole as he handed her the little pieces of green paper. Lois opened them up and read "Good for one transfer - Hooverton Transit Company." She did not understand what it was all about but caught the smiles exchanges between Jimmy and Cole.

That evening the newspaper had hardly struck the front door when Jim grabbed it. There was nothing on page one as he had hoped but when he finally fount the article on page 12, he was rather disappointed. The story was brief and headlined by "Female Impersonator Cleared" in small letters.

Tom cursed as he read the story. "My god, when it happened the papers ran it like World War III had just broken out, but now look at them."

"Oh, I venture to say if you would have been

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convicted the coverage would have been a lot better." said Jim. "It wouldn't have done too much good to print a big story because people are only going to believe that which they want to believe. You were convicted without ever having stood trial.

Tom had found a job in another city and was packing his clothing when Cole walked in.

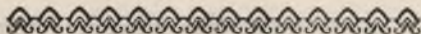
"I guess you've sort of had it with this town, huh?" asked Cole. "Its not that, its just that they've had it with me. I'll never really stand a chance to start life over again here, but I do stand a chance on the east coast."

"You're going to write once in a while, aren't you?"

"You bet I will," replied Tom, "and by the way, thanks for everything. Jim told me about the green slips of paper."

Cole smiled and shoved his hat to the back of his head. "So long Tom, and best of luck to you, and Lois."

Tom watched from the bedroom window as Cole walked down the path towards his car. When Cole was out of sight he returned to his packing. "Now where in heaven's name can I pack this dress." he thought to himself.



A Few Thoughts

On Transvestism

ARTICLE

by Virginia Joy (FE-M-1) FPE

» In his introduction to OVER THE SEX BORDER by Georgina Turtle, Kenneth Walker, a world authority on sex, says: "In every normal man there lurks a woman, and in every normal woman there lurks a man". Is not a transvestite a person in whom the hidden femininity (or Masculinity), in the case of a woman) cannot be kept hidden?

The mental aspect is important, more important than the physical, in happiness and fulfilment. We all know of people who are very happy, even though they may be blind, or crippled, or otherwise grossly deprived. Well, we have a physical problem too, but at least we don't need to have it all the time, and we can be happy even when we're obliged to wear the wrong sort of clothes and to act a role which we would rather not act.

Completeness is both masculine and feminine, and anyone who was one hundred percent masculine or feminine would be intolerable - and, fortunately, impossible.

Mentally we can be feminine for most of the time, if we wish - and if we have the strength. We can be pure, loving, gentle, gracious; whatever are the most precious qualities of girlhood and womanhood. are not denied to us if we are prepared to use them.

When Transvestism is practised solely for auto-erotic purposes it is merely fetishistic or narcissistic lust. But transvestism in which the aim and practice are the expression of one's femininity, in a pure, feminine way, as a girl or woman would express her femininity, then it is honorable and good. The proper price of dressing like a lady is to act like one. The price of femininity is femininity.

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We can know ourselves to be feminine, no matter what the world thinks. And, if our religion permits us to believe this, we can remember that it is our mind, or soul, or consciousness, which endures, even when the body is dust.

My own experience suggests that it may be best for TVs not to marry, unless their fiancées know of their TVism and heartily approve. Mere toleration is not enough. If you have not told your beloved, do so very gently, and as gradually as seems wise, even if it takes months.

For many of us discretion is the better part of girlhood, and where the law prohibits us from going on the streets dressed as we should be - then we should work to change the law.

We need never be ashamed of our femininity so long as we act and think like ladies to the highest of our understanding. Our sympathies, our charity, our understanding of other people's problems, our helpfulness to everyone, our wide compassion, should all be more than those of a typical man or of a typical woman. We are doubly gifted; we should be doubly givers.

Love the world and everyone in it. Love is the most feminine asset of all. Radiating it, we can be most ourselves - and the best possible advertisement for our cause.

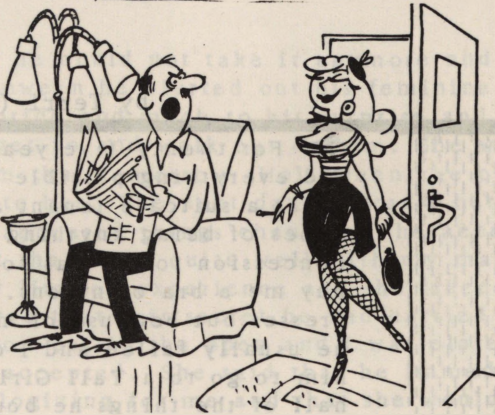
We are sisters; let's be sisterly - not only to one another (how I would love the opportunity) but to everyone. We can do this even in male attire (after all, slacks don't deprive a woman of her warm heart, or of her love of children, or of her sympathy for everything in trouble). Sooner or later, by doing as the finest women do - or even better - we shall help the world to accept us as it has accepted other "crackpot" reformers in the past - not because of their rational arguments, but because of their actions; pure, unselfish, courageous and good.

A genuine TV does not accept the conventional limitations of his sex. All progress is made by people

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who do not accept conventional limitations. At the moment, it is still widely believed that femininity is inferior to masculinity and that therefore; for a man to yearn to be feminine is degrading. This belief is slowly changing .

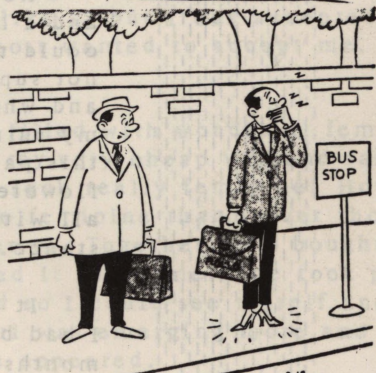
Sometimes psychologists and others who should know better pour scorn on TV's because of our desire to change world opinion rather than our own thoughts. All social reformers have had to put up with this attitude. We are in good company.



"What goes on, Son? You only lost one bet but this is the third time you've gone out like that?!"



"You sure look better as a girl, ve."



"I see you got up on the wrong side of the bed (or did he ?)"

Out of the Suitcase

by Terri (30-S-4) FPE

» For twenty-five years my brother did everything possible to suppress me. I was a suitcase tenant and never had hopes of being anything else. His only concession to me was to occasionally buy me a bra or nylons. He also tried dresses but because of my height (6'2") he usually failed and I couldn't get him to go to a Tall Girl Shop. In fact half of the things he bought for me never fitted properly.

He married a beautiful girl a year and a half ago and he knew he never could tell her about me. But he could not suppress me, I kept bothering him and whenever possible I escaped from my suitcase. I finally made it for good this past Halloween and since then have flowered into womanhood and best of all with his wife's guidance and assistance.

It all began right before Halloween. I had been bothering him for three months to let me out of my suitcase and to buy me some pretty clothes. He had kept me locked up since three

wonderful days three months earlier and I could not stand it any longer. He had to go to the southern part of the state on business and pass through a city where a Tall Girl shop is located. I won and he stopped and bought me an adorable red knit and nylons but it would be impossible for me even to try it on because of his wife. Well naturally I couldn't stand that and I worked on him constantly for two days. Oh, how I wanted to wear that red knit and it was Halloween, maybe he could convince his wife, but he said never. He had resigned himself to the fact that she never would understand. But I would not give up, I drove him crazy for those two days, I had to come out!

Finally he could not take it anymore and the night before Halloween he blurted out his feminine desires to his lovely bride and much to his surprise and to my joy she didn't get up and walk out on him. She was shocked but told him that tomorrow, Holloween, he could introduce Terri to her. The next day he was a nervous wreck but after I appeared things changed. She accepted me! She thought that I did quite well with my makeup, considering my limited experience and she liked my red knit. He was elated that this secret he had carried all these years was now out in the open and I was elated because I had been accepted. She said that he immediately had to stop apologizing for me and that she would help me to develop into a lady. She then thrilled me even more by going shopping for me with my brother, they bought me a white lace blouse and blue nightie. My womanhood was beginning at 25 and I acted like 13 but I was accepted by the person that my brother most wanted to accept me, his wife.

The next month was one filled with wonderful feminine experiences. She fixed my very cheap wig and said that I must get a new one to look really feminine! However, she made me look more feminine than I ever thought possible. She took my brother out. Together they bought me a slack set and she altered it to fit me. She took pictures of me with her Polaroid so I could see myself and watch the improvement. Terri was emerging more and more feminine each time she appeared.

For my birthday she gave me a beautiful soft black

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sweater and my own false eyelashes. She let me wear her jewelry including a pair of dangling earrings that I had always admired. She taught me makeup tricks and started me using pancake makeup and the right colors for my complexion. She criticized when necessary and complimented when deserved. What a thrill to have her tell me that I looked pretty, that I could pass on the street, (which I still have not tried and will not for some time), or that I make a pretty girl.

Now my brother walks into the Tall Girl's shop and buys clothes for me without fear. He even bought me a girdle. There was no problem because his wife knew all about me.

As Christmas approached I worked on him for my new wig. He had the money from his National Guard check and what would be more appropriate than to use this money for a wig? He hates his forced military servitude so at least it could pay for something feminine for me. Finally he got up the nerve and bought a wig for his "wife". What an improvement! She came to the rescue again and styled and set my wig. Never in my wildest dreams did I think that I could look and feel so feminine. To say I was thrilled can just barely describe my excitement and joy.

For Christmas his wife made me the happiest girl in the whole world. She gave me a black bra, pettipants, black kid gloves, perfume, a bright gay blouse and a robe that I'm still excited about. It is white and so heavenly soft. What more could a girl ask for her first Christmas?

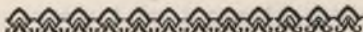
Now she is making me more of a lady by teaching me how to walk and talk. She says if I want to be a woman fine but I must be a lady. I have learned more about being a lady in the last two months than I ever thought possible.

The past two months have been simply wonderful as the Feminization of Terri has taken place. "Out of the suitcase and into Happiness". I wish that all girls could have understanding wives like my brother's. To every other girl I say don't be ashamed to try and find a girl who will understand and assist you. It is the greatest

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thing that can happen to you and the result will be a more feminine you. And you both can benefit by the increased wardrobe. What more could a girl ask for?

TERRI



ELLEN 39-W-3 FPE



ELLEN and LYDIA
7-0-2FPE



The Sport of :

THE : *TV-Motel Hunting*

by Peggy (25-E-1)

» As any of us who travel a great deal can confess, hunting for over-night accommodations suitable for TVing is a fascinating sport stay-at-homes could well investigate on their next vacation. Fascinating all right, yet quite often frustrating as well.

Adelaide is one of those girls who is convincing enough at a reasonable distance or if she doesn't have to talk too much to waitresses. This presents problems when it comes to choosing a hotel or motel that the more fortunately built may not have to contend with.

Hotel -- or motel? I formerly preferred motels because I won't drive while dressed and hotels are generally located near theaters, stores, restaurants, and so forth -- places Adelaide could walk to from the hotel. I also like the hotel as a base of operations in case I had to beat a hasty retreat from a fearful situation -- having to depend on cabs for a long ride, to a motel is uncomfortable.

But my main reason for preferring hotels was that they're cheap, in fact, fabulously cheap in view of the tremendous competition they receive from motels these days. However, it is the very fact that hotels have so few guests these days that provides my principle objection to them.

I feel terribly uneasy in hotels where I suspect the personnel know every guest. Adelaide is too conspicuous coming and going through lonely hotel lobbies populated

with old-age pensioners who gawk at her. And even if I register as Mr. and Mrs. Viger, I worry about how to explain Adelaide crawling out of the woodwork after I check in as a male....

The only hotels I feel comfortable in are those few that have entrances out of view of the desk, or the bustling big-city ones where Adelaide melts into the hubbub of guests coming and going. But even these hotels present their own problems and worries. I, for instance, am deathly fearful of my car being broken into or stolen -- even on hotel parking lots. A most embarrassing predicament if it occurs while I'm Adelaide....

So for all their advantages of centralized location; cheap (and luxurious) rooms; lots of activity and people to camouflage one's femme-limitations; hotels still cannot compare with motels for TV conveniences. At least that is my opinion.

My main reason for preferring motels is that you can thoroughly "case" them before checking in. And, ironically enough, a motel's best gimmick, the television set, allows you to squirm out of checking in if you decide you don't like the place upon closer examination. (I have often backed out of a motel situation I found I didn't like, even after signing in, by exclaiming -- "Oh, I thought that room had a TV...." I leave the clerk asking me what I expect for the lowest priced room but I've eliminated one more TV-motel possibility)

But what I really like about motels is the fact that you can check on such things as the position of the motel office in relation to the units; whether there is a nearby restaurant or night club within high-heel walking distance; and how dimly lit everything is. My TV-motels have to be just right and it's always a delightful game of chance to see how they turn out. It's often frustrating too.

Those who can brazenly check in as a double have my congratulations and envy -- I just cannot afford double accommodations. On my salary I can barely afford motels at all.... Still, I could be kidding myself, too. Perhaps I really unconsciously like the cat-and-mouse chicanery of being "two" guests at once -- for the price of one.

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At any rate I diligently search for motels with units out of view from the office (and all too often draw a unit right across from the manager's vantagepoint!) I then check in giving my real name and home address, but never any reference to my company. Then I drive off.

My deliberate maneuver of driving off and returning sets up the chance for the clerk to assume I drove into the city for the girl he sees when Adelaide makes her appearance. And then once I am hunting Mr. Viger (customers have an uncanny way of discovering which motel you're in no matter how careful you are.....) "Oh," I begin, as slow and softly as I can, "Mr. Viger left with another salesman. I do hope he gets back soon because I'm almost finished with this typing job for him."

And clerks have to come hunting Mr. Viger - - - Adelaide does not use a telephone.... Adelaide's voice is all right under the pressure of in-person situations, which seems to sort of turn-on the correct feminine modulation. But telephones are treacherous. Of course, they ring and ring your phone, and you just know they realize you (or "she") are in, but I wait it out.

Some may object to motels in that they are often remote from any excitement as compared to hotels, and this is so. Motels are kind of like the "locked-room". But on the other hand I have discovered the many advantages of motels and furthermore, I have learned to appreciate that the ecstasy of "going-out" is not so much where you go, or how long you stay out, and so forth, but that you go out, that you escape the locked-room, that even if nobody sees you there was the opportunity for people to know your femme-self exists as a believable personality.

Thus it is that I have been satisfied on many nights at motels where there was nothing more for Adelaide to do than walk delicately across the court to the Coke machine with the click clack of her high heels echoing in the misty night.

Yes, it's quite a sport....



Ready for the Dance

by Lydia (7-0-2) FPE

» "Oh, Hi, Janet, come right in", Jack said. "Helen is getting dressed and Sheila is already here." Janet breezed right by Jack without so much as a thank you, leaving him at the door and calling to Sheila and Helen, Jack's sister. "Janet, you look so pretty, that dress looks very nice on you." Sheila was sitting in the living room and Helen was walking in from her bedroom in her black lace panties, bra and stockings. She was just finishing brushing her hair. Jack came back into the living room and saw Helen. She was beautiful.

"Never mind gawking Jack, go get my slip and dress, they need pressing." Sheila and Janet smiled at him. They knew though she was barely a year older than him that he was almost a slave to her. He had set the ironing board up in the living room and it was ready to use. "You know which slip I want Jackie, the black one with the lace that matches these panties," she said, indicating the lace on her black briefs. "It's the one you like so much. The one I found under your pillow the other night." Sheila and Janet broke into a shrill laughter at that remark and Jack ran into Helen's room to get away from the laughter.

He opened her bureau drawer and stared at all her

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lovely lingerie. She owned such pretty panties and slips and nighties. He picked up a pair of powder blue panties and lifted them out so he could see all the lace. He was admiring them when he heard Helen behind him exclaim loudly, "why of course you should wear blue panties Jackie, dear, the color blue is so masculine. Only first sweetheart press my slip, then you can wear my panties". Both Janet and Sheila were running over to join the fun. Jack started out of the room but Helen stopped him. "Get my black slip quickly, and that pair of panties you were admiring, and hurry in there to press them."

The laughter died down as Sheila and Janet stayed in Helen's room while she put on her face. Jack worked quickly and soon all the wrinkles were pressed from the lovely nylon and he began on her dress. As he was pressing her things he could hear parts of the conversation from the next room. "Hurry, Helen, or she will be dancing with all the men." "Who is she anyway? Where did she come from? Did you see how she wanted to dance with my Mike all night, and he didn't seem to mind." "If she wears that dress again, it will be hard to get our boys to look at us, and it was just lace and net, nothing more. There wasn't a boy there who didn't notice that lacy satin slip underneath it either. Mike kept talking about her all night. Have we a tissue, please. Hurry, Helen, we are almost late. Watch out Sheila, you caught your hem on that chair. Oh, darn it, it tore open, do you have a needle and thread? Better than that, I have my maid, Jackie. He will sew it for you. Jackie dear!" Jack knew he was in for more teasing. "Get your sewing equipment and bring my slip in here."

Jack brought the slip and sewing equipment into Helen's room. He was greeted with giggles from all the girls. Sheila stepped up on a stool and Jack began to sew the torn hem. She had a wide skirt and as he turned it up to sew it, he saw her dark nylons disappear beneath a bright red slip. Janet noticed his attention and asked him if he thought Sheila had a pretty slip. He blushed and Janet said he could look at her dainty slip if he would like. Helen laughed as she shimmered into her slip. "He wouldn't want to look at it. He wants to wear it." Jack flushed even more and tried his best to finish the hem.

When he finished Helen was talking about her boy-

friend, Mike, and how he acted at the dance with that mystery girl." "Mike sure noticed her textured stockings. She should have been told she couldn't wear a dress that short." "I have to admit she was pretty and could dance well." "I don't know if she was so pretty, and all she did was shake her body all over." "Well all the boys liked it, that's for sure." "Maybe we should take your handsome brother, Jack, along. He will win her over and then she will leave our men alone." "Handsome? You mean sissy don't you?" Said Helen as she stood next to Jack. "He would probably faint if a sexy dame like that even looked at him." Jack flushed again. "Besides, he would probably rather stay home and wear my blue panties."

He began to leave when she stopped him and had him help her into her freshly pressed dress. He zipped it up on her and she wheeled around and seized him, pinning him against the wall. Her pretty face was close to him when she said she wanted to see how he could look in lipstick. He began to struggle but was stopped by a stinging slap on the face. All the girls crowded around while Helen painted his lips red. They burst into an animated response when they stepped back to look. "My he is pretty. Does she ever go out at night?"

Finally they hurried around picking up their purses and coats. Helen gave the blue panties to Jack and they breezed out the door in a fit of laughter on their way to the dance. Jack locked the door to keep out the laughter. He was upset but knew he had his own way to get even. He picked up the panties from where they had dropped and walked over to the full length mirror in Helen's room. He undressed quickly and stepped into the blue nylon and lace. His lips looked natural with lipstick but he didn't like that shade. He sat at Helen's vanity and with an expert hand transformed his sissyness into a glamorous feminine face. He stood before the mirror again then picked up his clothes and hurried into his room.

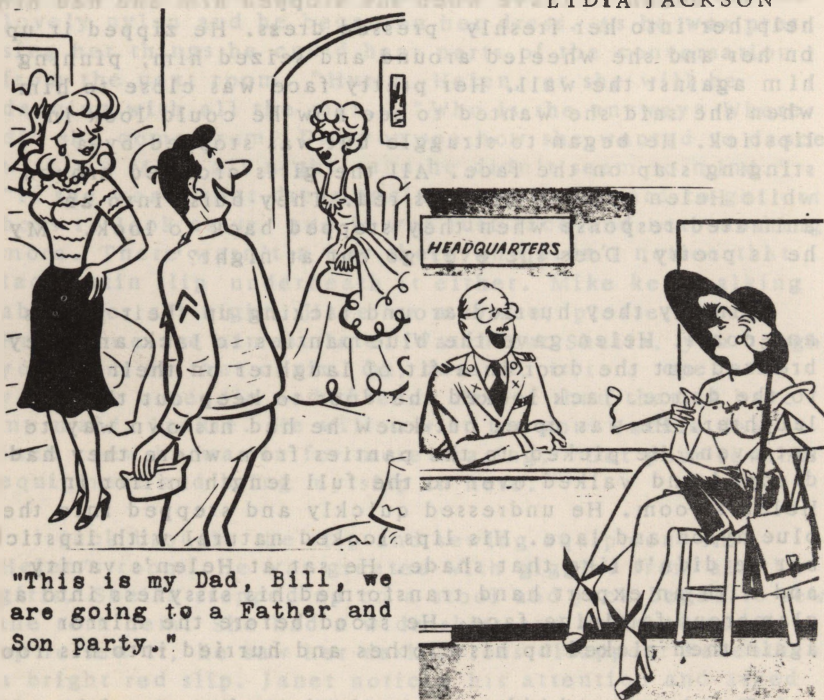
From various hidden places he brought out a bra, stockings, a slip, heels, wig and dress. He had jewelry and perfume to put in his purse. Without much trouble, he was dressed and had his wig in place. He combed it carefully to make sure it was arranged as femininely as possible. It gave him a thrill to hear his spike heels clicking around the floor. He went back into Helen's room

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to see himself in front of the full length mirror again. He was most natural in heels. They never even bothered him when he was dancing any of the new dances. His textured stockings were wrinkle free. His dress was short, but then it was designed to be worn short. The net and lace were placed to reveal the black satin slip underneath it. The light caught it's shimmer and gloss beautifully. His face and hair were perfect. Now all he had to do was paint his nails and he could leave for the dance. After all, he didn't want to disappoint Helen, Janet and Sheila and not steal the men away when he arrived as the mystery girl.

THE END

LYDIA JACKSON



"This is my Dad, Bill, we are going to a Father and Son party."

"Well, Captain Carlson, in that, ah---uniform--- you should be able to get into the enemy territory all right---if you can get past our own patrols that is. But dont forget the rules about ah--fraternizing with the enemy."



18 Days in TV Land

"18 DAYS IN TV LAND"

by Beatrice Carter (33-B-2)FPE

» For any kind of a trip or vacation, most people can say that more than half the fun is getting ready for it. And this is unequivocally true for a TV. Everyone has some kind of work to do, even if it consists of clipping coupons, and in the course of human events, we have known limitations of time and money. But for that once-a-year big one, planning is and must be a major item, consequently it was early in April that I began to think about what to do, where to go and above all, what to wear for a trip to the World's Fair in mid-summer of 1964.

Living about 800 miles from the great metropolis of New York City in a much smaller city, I knew that what the women were wearing and how they were wearing their clothes would be an all important item in influencing my own selection of wardrobe. Therefore, I began subscribing to daily New York papers and magazines to better study the fashion picture. I added to this, all the information I could of the Fair publicity. Gradually there began to emerge a pattern which proved extremely successful.

For a long time, I have followed a basic color choice - blues and browns - in my own clothing and have ample accessories to augment such a costume color. But I did need some new things. This meant dresses, since underpinnings remained the same year in and year out. The first item selected was a new suit. This was a three piece linen in brown and white, straight skirt, jewel neck sleeveless top and Chanel jacket with a design em-

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broidered to pick up the color of the skirt. This provided me with 3-1/2 or 4 outfits by the simple addition of a second blouse to use with the skirt only for costume #2, a dickey to use with the jacket and skirt for costume #3 and the jacket to go with another brown dress for outfit #4. The suit itself, being outfit #1 was dressy enough for dinner or theatre. Next I selected a new basic shirtwaist dress in blue and white in cotton, suitable for daytime wear and shopping. This was also easy to put on and take off, especially in the cramped fitting rooms of the dress shops, because I planned on buying another dress or two while in the city. Also, I bought a lace dinner dress in pale blue, straight skirt, long sleeve, jewel neck top, for the dressiest occasions. Satin evening slippers and clutch to match were to be bought in the city. These along with my regular wardrobe gave me 8 items, providing me with no more than 3 wearings of each and nothing would have to be cleaned or pressed while away from home.

Next, came the all important item of becoming familiar with each new thing, for I, along with many another woman, never wear a dress without first trying it out around the house to see how it fits and moves. At this time, I could also decide on the accessories to wear with each and not end up with mis-matching shoes and bag and gloves or scarf. I made up for each, a 3 x 5 card noting what went best with each and attached the card to the hanger for that garment. Then I could be sure I had everything. Also I compiled a general want list for the months ahead and each item was weighed for suitability and long life. The months of April, May, and June passed all too quickly and almost before I knew it, July 1st rolled around and I found myself riding the long 800 miles, because, very early, she decided that travel was too hard on clothes and hair, so it was my long suffering brother who supported the enterprise who did all the traveling.

Arriving in the city, I went directly to the hotel, registered and told the manager that I was going to impersonate. "Who cares?" he replied, so upstairs I went to rest up, check all bags for possible damage to contents which came thru perfectly and then began the process of putting Him away. The dress bag was opened, clothes hung up and then into the bag went every stitch

of his, so that only her things remained visible. Make-up was put on the vanity, shoes beneath the bed and accessories laid carefully in the bureau. Then began the joy of putting on Her things. "skin out, to the 'skin of her teeth'". Nails, hair, face, and finally popping a dress over my head, checking the contents of my handbag, I went downstairs to the desk, laid the key down, patted my hair and said to the manager - "Well, how do I look?" He looked up, paused, then down at the key, then up at me and said: "E-rr-r- Ma'am, I 'er'er mean S..r, I mean Ma'am, you'll do." So out I walked, free as a bird, a lady bird, that is, to begin to see the sights of the town. A good meal at a nice nearby restaurant put me in fine fettle for a lovely stroll over to Fifth Ave. and up to Radio City, enjoying the ultrafashionable store windows as I went. The rest of the afternoon was spent in sightseeing in the huge Rockefeller complex. No one especially noticed the mousey, oldish lady as she wandered about, and in so doing, gave her a vote of confidence.

The next day, bright and early with a good breakfast under my girdle and a handbag and camera on my arm, I headed for the Fair. A 15 minute ride on the subway to the main entrance showed the vast panorama of the great World's Fair of 1964. Every imaginable color, shape and design greeted my eyes. It took at least an hour to become oriented and to begin to follow the guide book. First to the House of Good Taste Pavillion where every home making aid one could think of was presented as well as literally hundreds of new ideas calculated to enhance home living. Taking care to follow the general leaning of other women, it wasn't at all difficult to pass by the marvels of science and very complicated exhibits in which mere men were interested and spend every possible minute in the better living exhibits. All together, most enjoyable. Next, to the Bell Telephone Pavillion where the marvels of communication were explained, so that even a gal could understand them. Thence to the Miss Clairol show, where the "Magic Mirrors" allowed me to see my reflection with every imaginable hair color. I had just about decided that I'd look 15 years younger as a blonde, but at the last minute check out. . So, to a snack bar for something to eat and a rest on one of the many benches scattered about. Chatting with other women doing the same thing brought out the identical

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CRY: "Oh, my poor aching feet." Finally, as the day and evening wore on, there was presented the extremely fine display of fireworks, after which I wended my way back to the city by subway and a big steak dinner before going to my hotel where all I could do was to flop, kick off my shoes and wiggle my toes. At least I learned one thing that first day. Don't go, if you can't walk ALL day. It's simply miles on hot, hot pavements. Huge is a poor word. It's vast.

But I recovered over night and the next day started out on a shopping spree. To one department store after another hunting some special accessories, as well as going thru most of the dress racks in my size. 'Twas a pleasure indeed to see so many beautiful things, finger them and try on a few, in an endeavor to find the perfect garment. Not too successful. But I did find and bought a lovely white chiffon stole and a perfectly beautiful white evening clutch ornamented with gold embroidery. Rather late in the day, I went to a shoe store that specialized in large sizes and bought a real slinky pair of white sling-back shoes, with mid-high heel, because I had learned long ago that one's feet swell considerably during the day and that shoes bought in the morning always pinched, while shoes bought late in the day fitted perfectly. So, very satisfied with my purchases and clutching all my packages, I rode the bus back to the hotel ready for a rest and a half hour nap. It's always a delight to open your purchases after shopping and I had about an hours fun trying the scarf with this and that outfit and also broke in the new shoes. Thus, latish, I changed and went to dinner and then to the Radio City Music Hall where the show was, as always, excellent.

The following day was spent in the art museum where one of the world's great collection took one's breath away. All very beautiful. That evening I visited a most charming TV couple where the distaff side aided and abetted the enterprize. In fact, he was so darned good that I felt like the ugly duckling. A fine evening of good food and lots of talk, so necessary for one TV to another. Finding it growing quite late, I had to take my leave and not trusting the subways at the late hour, I hailed a cab at their front door which brought me back safe and sound, to do my nightly chore of washing underthings and bathing

before popping on a real lacey nightie to sleep the sleep of peace and happiness.

It's simply wonderful to wake up late in the morning, full about in the bed with half open eyes and smoke the first cigarette of the day. And to make it even better, I called room service, ordered breakfast, touched up my face and put on hair and bed jacket and got back into bed. Shortly, the waiter knocked at the door with the very nicest tray one could imagine, entered and set the tray across my lap on the bed and I saw lots and lots of good hot coffee, plus a big breakfast and the morning paper. Oh, it tasted so good. Fit for a queen and queen I was indeed. I gloried in it. Finally, "enough of this", I said to myself, got up and proceeded to put on 'the works'. Wore my new three piece suit, gave a final pat to my hair and walked west to Broadway and the theatre where I saw Sir Alec Guinness in Dylan. A thoroughly enjoyable play. The only thing that bothered me was that I saw three other women with almost identical suits on, and they looked at me, just as I looked at them, but I rested back in assurance that at least I was running with the herd. It's far better to be a 'look-alike' than the 'one and only'. At intermission, I went out in the lobby for a smoke and chatted with two other women who, like myself, had no escorts. But when the play was over and everybody started out, we found it pouring down rain. Unable to get a cab, all I could do was to put my folding rain bonnet over my hair and walk up the street as sedately as I could, even though hurrying, remembering that a lady never runs and letting the elements make a mess of my clothes. Back to the safe haven of the hotel, I had to change almost everything I had on. Talk about gals having to 'take it'. I took it. With no let up in sight from the rain, I ate a bite and just read a fashion magazine for the evening.

Day after day passed in a kaleidoscope of memories. To the Fair 4 or 5 times, the theatre, the movies, the museums and shopping constituted major activities. There was visiting others in the city whom I knew, some of them TV's, some not. One day I was in the beauty parlor which specialized in wig-do's to get a combing and set. While waiting my turn, another woman started to chat and after 15 minutes or so, said: "is that a wig, it

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sure dosen't look like one?" I answered "yes, but I'm very sensative about it," and let her think what she wished. Another time I went to Washington Square to hear the folk singing of a Sunday afternoon. Walking over to a bench, I passed three women sitting nearby and heard one say to the others: "look there! What wouldn't I give for her figure", meaning poor little me. I couldn't help but smile, 'twas all pure foam rubber. Later that same day I found an outdoor cafe in the Village where I had something to eat. Chatting with the owner, I was invited to come down at night when I could see all sorts of odd people pass by. Later in the week I did just that, just to watch the passing parade. Sat alone at a table when a bearded young buck walked up to my table and without so much as a bye your leave, sat down opposite me. Suggested that he guide me sightseeing. Firmly I told him that I wasn't budging from the spot. Didn't even offer him a cigarette or a cup of coffee or a drink. It was quite clear that he expected me to pay all the tab, plus a tip for him. When I didn't fall for his plan, he got up in a huff and walked off surely thinking I was a real corny square. Let him think what he wished. I could care less. I was determined to stay out of trouble.

Another night I had gone to the movies, came out about elevenish, walked up the street for a bite to eat and was confronted with two punks who walked determinedly toward the old dame. Before they reached me. the propieter of the restaurant shood them off. They then went across the street to "wait for their mark". Fortunately while I was eating a couple came in and sat down beside me at the counter. I spoke to her and said I was frightened, could I walk out with them and get a cab. They said yes, so out we went together, I into a cab and back to the hotel without incident. At first I was frightened, then I got mad and was just about determined to take off my pretties, go back as Him and settle the score, but good sense prevailed. After all, I reasoned, they probably had switch knives or a gun and who would win.

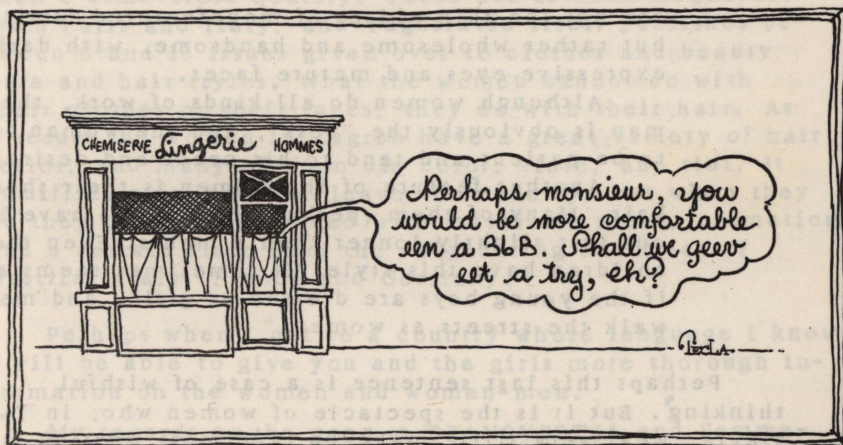
Looking at the entire time in retrospect, I can only say it was fabulous. Perfect. It got better each day. 'Tis true that I did nothing exciting, saw no "hoochie-koochie" shows, did not go into a single bar alone, only

had two dinner dates with obliging TV friends, but I loved it. Would go back tomorrow if I had the time and money, but will have to wait for next year. A TV necessarily leads a lonely life. First of all, your friends are working during the day and for the most part absorbed with their own lives at night. Next, there isn't a party every night. Next, there's the problem of escorts, it's not much kick for him, while you're having a ball. He isn't. Then, you're limited in where and when you can go alone. There's always the possible chance that some guy will bother you, If he does and you fight, it gives the show away. If you don't, who wants to be coy with a man.

TVing is a satisfaction within itself. It's asking the world to receive you as you wish to be received. You've got to think like a woman, do only the things they do, when and where they do them, but there's nothing like it on earth. Beautiful, satisfying, expressive and part of your very being is it's sum and total.

Could I give up? No. A thousand times no.

How long before another World's Fair trip? 324 days, six hours and nine minutes.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Virginia:

I am writing this from Zagreb, Yugoslavia. I have nothing particularly staggering to tell you and the rest of the girls, but there are times when something in the streets of Yugoslavia will remind me of the arbitrary definitions attached to certain behavior, and relative positions insisted upon by those who have traveled no farther than their shadows, that I am struck by the absurd difficulties we women must put up with to express nothing more than our own femininity in our own ways in our own towns.

My first stop in this country was in the city of Rijeka, the largest Yugoslavian seaport. In my notes, I have the following few sentences about the women (GG's) in this city:

"The women are broad and very attractive. They are not the thin whisps of manufactured femininity, but rather wholesome and handsome, with dark expressive eyes and mature faces.

Although women do all kinds of work, the man is obviously the "boss", and the woman is to be patient and tend to his needs and desires.

Another feature of the women is their short hair. Many of them (perhaps one-fourth) have it out just slightly longer than a man's. Even the children have this style. It sometimes seems as if the young boys are dressed as girls, and men walk the streets as women."

Perhaps this last sentence is a case of wishful thinking. But it is the spectacle of women who, in Yugoslavia, wear very little make-up (and most lipstick is pale), cut their hair short, and have thick, strong legs,

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which makes me pause and wonder for the nine hundredth time why I, for example, can't see fit to show off a decent pair of legs in a flattering pair of stockings, beneath a smartly tailored skirt and blouse with my hair brushed in a neat, clean style, and my face scrubbed clean and then worked with subtle and ever so complimentary colors, without the police rushing up to grab me, and the crowds shouting, "pervert, menace"? They fear - not the "fact" - but a potential they imagine will exist. I would be cleaner, lovelier, more graceful, more cheerful than most of the peasant women in from the country to buy and sell at the market. And yet, before I got two blocks (unless I was especially skillful that day), the "scandal" would be shouted, and I (and my sisters) would be hauled off to face how many counts of "public disorder". Disorder? We special women are some of the few who actively want to preserve order, or if not preserve it, then at least initiate it.

But you have said this all before, and better than I have. It's the frustration and my own personal "disorder" which makes me lose the patience my femmeself has tried so hard to teach me.

I am in Zagreb now, and the style of the women is quite different from what it is in Rijeka. They are more conscious of fashion, even though the materials are not very good, and cosmetics are hard to find that are any better than a dime-store quality. There are fashion magazines from Paris and Italy, and Yugoslavia itself publishes between 6 and 10 issues given over to clothes and beauty care and hair styles. What the women cannot do with their clothes or their faces, they do with their hair. As a result the women in Zagreb have a great variety of hair styles, and many of them use color, rinse, and tint. It is difficult for them to leave the country, but when they do they come back loaded with material, shoes, cosmetics, and a certain flair from the neighboring countries of Austria, Italy, France and Germany.

Perhaps when I get to a country whose language I know I will be able to give you and the girls more thorough information on the women and women-men.

My regards to the gang at TRANSVESTIA and Femme-Mirror.
Yours, Vanessa

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Dear Virginia:

During the considerable time in which I have been a TV, I have never thought to express any philosophy of life or to explain my tendencies. This is because my behavior has seemed so natural to myself that I found no necessity for "explanation".

In numerous parts of Oceania, the men wear earrings or necklaces and in the societies of the Pacific all the bright plumage is affected by the men. In many parts of Africa, dancing is the prerogative of the males who are gaily decorated with feathers, powder and paint. In some Oriental areas the two sexes dress about alike. Most primitive societies are noted for the artistry of the males which covers jewelry and articles of clothing.

Western men on the other hand, are a hard driving competitor who wants to build bridges and rockets. He has no time for frills. Once in a while he relaxes as in the early 1700's when European men were addicted to laces, perfume, ribbons and wigs. Moreover, Western civilization in it's desire to explain everything to systematize everything, places us all in categories. If you are an American male of a certain age, in a certain economic bracket, you are supposed to act in a certain way and dress in a prescribed fashion.

Finally, this attempt to place everyone in a behavior strait-jacket is accentuated by the triumph of mass-man. The masses are now the arbiters of taste and fashion and you must conform to their models or they will turn on you with scorn and ridicule. We are not as individual as we like to think we are.

Yours,

Louise - 5-R-6

Book Review

GAMES PEOPLE PLAY by E. Berne, M.D. Grove Press, Inc., New York, 1964 184 pp + Appendix and Indices. Hardcover, \$5.00.

If we seem a little late in reviewing a 1964 book, I can only comment that the whole history of this book is out of step. Appearing without much publicity nearly two years ago, its rise to the best-seller list was due mainly to word-of-mouth communication. Obviously, its popularity indicates it has filled a gap in the popular psychiatry field.

Dr. Berne's approach is novel, and startlingly effective. His first problem was that of communicating new ideas, and he has wisely chosen not to coin new words to fit them as have so many social scientists. Instead, he has fitted special definitions to colloquial and common words (and done it very neatly too). This entails the risk of being quoted out of context; I shall try to avoid such an injustice. "Games", to start off on the right foot, do not include parchesi, golf or marbles; a game is defined as a series of moves (i.e. social interactions) with a snare, or "gimmick". The important point is that the snare be an ulterior motive, concealed by the superficial plausibility of the moves. It is inherent in game-playing that the player practicing this duplicity is not fully aware of it. The motivation is rarely towards money or other tangible reward, but for psychological satisfactions (self-castigation, freedom from guilt, avoidance of punishment, etc.) Another essential feature of a Game is that it is played over and over with rigid repetition except for minor details. Thus a Game is similar to what has been called a "neurotic pattern".

With this concept must be carried a whole battery of new tools (new, at least, to most of us). One of the most important is the triple nature of each person;

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Dr. Berne divides this into Child, Adult and Parent. These must be taken as special only when capitalized, since an adult may have parents and children as well as a Child and a Parent. The three are "ego states", which are "carefully segregated from each other, because they are so different and because they are so often quite inconsistent with each other" (page 25). In TV jargon, these are "secondary personalities"; in Dr. Berne's words, "people show noticeable changes in posture, viewpoint, voice, vocabulary and other aspects of behavior. . .often accompanied by shifts of feeling." (p.23) He continues "Each individual seems to have available a limited repertoire of such ego-states, which are not roles but psychological realities". (same page)

The Games (and simpler activities, such as Procedures, Rituals and Passtimes, which lack ulterior motivation) are then analysed in terms of one or more of these three ego states in the initiating player and in his associates or victims. The Child appears as the aggressor in eight out of twelve of the Games which are completely analysed, and the Parent in the remainder. The Adult is not implicated at the psychological level in any of the twelve Games, though usually this ego-state appears at the social level. This is almost to be expected from Dr. Berne's descriptions of the ego-states, paraphrased as follows:

"Parent is the state of mind perceived in one's parents and other adults during childhood; it may appear directly as an adoption of their attitudes, or indirectly by behaving as they directed.

"Adult" is the faculty capable of objective data processing, and of expressing the results in a non-predjudicial manner. It also mediates between Parent and Child.

"Child" is the state of mind, manner and intent as it would have been when one was a very little child. This may be exhibited as "adapted", meaning modified

by Parental influence; or "natural" in terms of spontaneous expression of rebellion or creativity. Also residing in the Child are intuition, drive and enjoyment.

The Games are too numerous to list, but include such spicy titles as "See What You Made Me Do", "Corner", "Frigid Woman" and "Look How Hard I've Tried". Also included are some general directions for recognizing Games, and one example ("Alcoholic") of a Game which is also fairly well acknowledged to be a biochemical abnormality. These two concepts of the Alcoholic are not mutually exclusive. It would not be too hard to work up a Game described as "Transvestite" - except that a Game as defined required at least two individuals with bodies, and many of us got along for many years in utter secrecy. Carried to the other extreme, one might recognize a Game called "Femininity", which seems to be very popular and which conforms to most of the points involved.

It is likely, though, that the TV will find as much meat in the introductory material as in the actual Games analysis. In the material quoted above, and other bits of Chapter I, there is much food for thought. On reading it, my wife asked just one question: "Where is the Girl?" The answer is, I'm afraid, painfully evident: the TV-Sister is wholly enclosed in the Child ego-state. Beyond that, I feel there is room for controversy. My Child, I feel reasonably sure, is naturally feminine and adaptedly masculine. This is based on two facts - first, she never had any encouragement whatsoever from any adult; second, alcohol intoxication (p. 26) "frees the adapted Child from Parental influence and releases the natural Child", and liquor always brought out the Girl in me to a considerable extent.

So, I feel, there is reason to recommend this book to the Transvestia reader. She may be disappointed in the lack of direct application to our favorite subject, but she can hardly fail to learn some interesting ideas.

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A YEAR AMONG THE GIRLS, by Darrell G. Raynor; Lyle Stuart, Inc., New York, N.Y. Hardcover, 189 pp, \$4.95 (1966)

In this autobiographical account, the author makes a very serious effort to explore and explain the TV world as he saw it from March 1962 to March 1963. He is an excellent observer and a skilled writer, and it is unfortunate that his viewpoint (more fetishist than TV by his own account) is such as to make his interpretations miss the mark. The good public image of the TV, so carefully built up in the text, is almost completely destroyed by the last chapter - where the author suddenly loses his objectivity and becomes both petulant and spiteful.

Sheila Niles

BRA AND JELLY KITS
INSERTS NOW AVAILABLE SEPARATELY

After trying for several years I have obtained the inflatable plastic inserts which come with the bras I have been supplying, by themselves. A pair of these will cost \$4.00 and can be used in your own bra. The bra with inserts will continue to be available too, so please specify when ordering.

These plastic inserts make the most natural falsies yet available. Although intended to supplement an inadequate normal breast by inflation with air, the jelly ingredients especially invented to go with these inserts convert them into a very natural, soft, heavy and flowing-type breasts. Worn in a bra with elastic straps they will bounce and move just as a natural breast will. The consistency of the jelly makes it move away from a point of pressure to the other side just as a natural breast. Rubber falsies only collapse inwards under pressure and do not "feel" natural while doing so. There is really nothing more realistic available.

"Ask the Girl Who Wears a Pair:"



Above--CHARLENE 3-H-2 FPE
in CARTAGENA, COLUMBIA
SHE GETS AROUND

FLORENCE 47-R-1 FPE



Susanna Says

Hi, everybody:

Spring is here and with it what seems to be a promising TV season. The phone has started to ring and old and new TV's are waking up from a long Winter's slumber. The biggest problem so far is the new skirt length. No matter how we slice it the knee is definitely showing and that is bad, bad news for most TV's. I wonder if Frederick's of Hollywood is going to come up with some form of knee padding to achieve that "dimpled look" which we just don't have. Or else we could try putting on weight, maybe some of it just might decide to settle around the knee. Or again, we might say "so what" and enjoy the new short lengths, knobiness and all.

For those who have written to me regarding the progress of my face-plucking, the report is good. I have not shaven in exactly 14 months, but I hate to tell you the number of extra hours this situation has forced me to spend with one eye at the magnifying glass and the tweezer roaming over my face. It's almost a daily chore since the beard insists in popping out. True, many many hairs have turned white, (some nasty gals might say that's because I'm getting along in years, which is definitely not true) but those must also be plucked. The only consolation is that pain has completely vanished and with a medium colored base (Cover Girl) plus a medium colored pressed-powder (also Cover Girl) I complete my make-up without any problems of dark shadows lurking beneath it all.

Francesca, from San Francisco, sent me clippings from the S.F. Chronicle regarding a fascinating case in which a chap by the name of Robert Heller who goes by the name of Diana Summers was "read" and arrested and charged with "wilfully and wrongfully, with the

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intention of accomplishing a lewd purpose, personify a person other than himself - to wit, a female person, a misdemeanor." It seems that Diana chose trial by jury and the beauty of it all was that the Municipal Court jury of six men and six women turned in a verdict of NOT guilty. The judge was so mad that he said, after dismissing the jury: "For the first time in its life the court does not thank the jury for its services." If it had been up to the judge, he would obviously have found her guilty and probably sent her to an insane asylum, as has been done here in New York.

Another thing...(this proves it pays to have friends in a variety of circles). It seems that one of the National weeklies: the Star Chronicle decided to run an article on homosexuality and assigned a reporter for that job. The man contacted the Mattachine Society and got from them all the material he needed. However, it seems that somewhere in the course of his research, he came upon the "dressing up" bit. He was promptly told by one of my friends at the Mattachine that he was dealing in this case with a completely different subject: that is, transvestism, and he promptly channeled the reporter to me. This he did and when he found me willing to give him an interview, an entirely new article was conceived. He came to my apartment, met Susanna and talked with her for a solid hour...he ended the interview by taking a few pictures of his very willing subject... and promised he would send me the proofs before the article and the pictures were published. I hope he keeps his promise. I ought to know how much a reporter or his editor can do to distort statements made during an interview (I've committed that sin on occasion) and know that the shoe is on the other foot I'm keeping my fingers crossed. However, even if some distortion should occur, the important thing is that many "locked-room" TV's will see the article, and in all probability, will request my address from the Chronicle. I gave permission to the reporter to channel any and all inquiries directly to me. That's one way to reach the TV's who remain isolated still thinking that they are all alone with their "peculiar"

desires. The article- as I understand - will also include a shot of the page of contents of *Tranvestia* No. 36 which I gladly donated to the *Chronicle*. Exposure and more exposure will definitely help to perforate the solid wall of social ostracism erected against us.

I don't seem to be able to write this column without bringing in the subject of dancing. The fact is I've been terribly bitten by the dancing bug, but this time it won't burst forth with just enthusiasm. I'm determined to prepare for any future performance with solid training. Besides my regular weekly class in Modern Dancing I am now taking an hour of Spanish dancing with a marvellous woman teacher. What pleases me no end has been the immediate and smooth acceptance on her part of the fact that I want to learn feminine dancing techniques, which, in Spanish dancing are extremely different from the man's. This applies to hand movement body movements, head movements and actual steps. For her class (private session of course) I wear girl's shoes, stockings and a skirt... The only people who were slightly taken aback were a couple of youngsters who take a lesson just before my turn. As I was about ready to begin my lesson, they both dashed back into the room searching for some music they had forgotten. Their eyes did pop when they took in the scene! However, a couple of weeks later we met again and today they are very pleasant friends. Somehow they never thought that a man might want to learn the girl's part in Spanish dancing.

Since Spanish dancing cannot be practiced in one's apartment, unless one wants to have all the neighbors on the warpath, it has now become necessary to rent a studio for an hour every day of the week (except Sundays) and thus keep up with what I am learning in class. This activity of course has strained my daily schedule to the breaking point and I am wishing now there were eight days instead of seven in each week. Still, I am not complaining. Dancing is eminently inspiring and fully satisfying to my "girl-within", and besides, I have one more

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excuse to visit dressmakers and dream up beautiful costumes with vivid colors and oodles of spangles. I am even spending more time with needle and thread and learning new and fascinating tricks that can be done to improve one's wardrobe. Do I need more excuses for dressing? There's is another one. For the past two weeks (and probably for the next 2 or 3), our apartment has been invaded by an army of plumbers and electricians. The entire building is being re-piped and re-wired. Inasmuch as I can't go into the kitchen for my morning coffee just wearing my nightie, I am forced to make-up and dress completely every morning so that I can have my coffee in peace without having to worry about the plumbers and the electricians popping in and out. This also gives me a chance to exchange a few words with them in my best lady-like approach. Here's a perfect case of one being "forced" to dress! just for a couple of hours! horrible, isn't it?

As TRANSVESTIA begins its seventh year---the thought alone somehow throws my mind back to the days when there weren't any TV publications. I remember the days when the only material we felt lucky to get once in a very great while were those little blue books of Haldeman-Julius ..or that oldie entitled: "Why I, a man, must wear skirts." I must admit that it was thrilling to see anything - ANYTHING - actually written about the subject that was so dear to our hearts...I imagine that many of us who did get our hands on such tidbits actually wore out those pages from so much reading and re-reading them. And then there was that first feeble attempt to put out TRANSVESTIA in a bunch of mimeographed pages, remember? I still think I have, buried somewhere, those only two issues that were ever put together. Wonder whatever happened to Joanne Thornton? And then of course there was the famous course: "how to be a TV by mail", some 100-odd lessons advertised years ago in one of the big showbiz publications by Edyth Ferguson. I still remember one of her bits of advice to those who wished to excell in female impersonation...she'd say: "feel woman, act woman, be woman." Somehow I regret never

having met her. All I know is through things told to me by some friends who did meet her. I understand that as a man he could hardly walk, crippled by arthritis, but as soon as "she" put on her high heels and dresses, she could actually walk about with very little trouble. This semi-miracle, by the way, is something I'd love to see scientifically explained...To a lesser degree it's something that quite a few TV's have reported as a common experience: the head-ache that vanishes as soon as the make-up and wig go on...the bursittis that hurts much, much less if the arm is adorned by a bracelet and stays away from the usual shirt sleeve..the freezing and painful cold weather that just about disappears when one exchanges a warm male suit for a half-as-warm dress... the fatigue that miraculously vanishes when the "girl-within" is given a chance to come out....the boring book or report that suddenly becomes fascinating by just switching clothes and curling up on a sofa to read...the irritation that turns into smiles...the pessimism that turns into hopeful enthusiasm...and so on... Wonder how those who bitterly denounce TVism as a sign of psychosis or some unmentionable mental disturbance reconcile these wonderful therapeutic effects of dréssing up...hmmm? But going back to the past when printed TV material was absent from our lives, I remember the excitement and thrills I used to feel seeing that old Laurel and Hardy movie in which they played their respective wives...and they were both pretty good at it...and again, any of you remember one of the "Our Gang" movies in which one of the kids plays the "daughter"?...it was a messy impersonation, true, but terribly exciting to the lone TV of those days...I can also recall with pleasure the exciting hours spent reading about varsity shows" such as those put on by the University of Pittsburgh, or the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard...how I used to wish I could be a member of those show groups and be given a girl's part!.....And there was, of course SEXOLOGY MAGAZINE...how I used to thumb through every issue I'd see on a bookstand hoping to fins a teeny-weeny article about a transvestite...wonder if many of my friends remember that two or three-part series of

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articles written by Dr. Scott Pugh on our subject. I ended up by paying him ten dollars just to let me talk about my case in his office...the first human being to whom I had ever admitted I was a TV. From that visit, a few months later, came my first TV contact: Terry (Cover Girl in TVia #11, I think). She had also read the same articles and had gone to see Dr. Pugh. The good doctor died a few years ago. He was extremely sympathetic and understanding.

What a difference we find in this year of 1966! Transvestic material is found all over the place. So much so that we have become pretty sophisticated about it and if the material turns out to be below par, we barely glance at it. Even the Jewel Box Review, or Finocchio's, or Club 82 are now under critical scrutiny. If they should put on a mediocre show, it is quite common to hear TV's say: that was a boring show! Would we have reacted this way some ten years ago? I doubt it. We certainly have come a long way. In TVia 37, Virginia expresses the view that with the changing times and changing mores, TVism as such may be on the way out - meaning of course that in the future there won't be masculine clothes and feminine clothesthere'll be just clothes...I'm afraid Virginia is right, but I must confess I hate the thought...and I hope that she and I turn out to be wrong so that we can continue to dream of a sequined dress as the ultimate in femininity. Let us say that I am a "conservative TV" and that I thoroughly enjoy the existence of a sharp dividing line between what is feminine and what is masculine...I think that if both sexes end up by wearing the same type of garments I'll turn into a recluse and fill my abode with Victorian dresses, tight laced corsets and satin bloomers! So there!

And speaking of seclusion: since Spring is here "Casa Susanna" is opening...(May 7th will be the first week-end)...and as I write these lines I have next to me the first letter of the Season: it's from Ruby - San Francisco...Dear Susanna: Looks like I'll be in

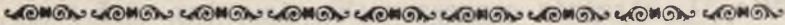
NY about May 1st. Would like to know if it's OK to ship a suitcase of Ruby's things to you. Would like to visit your country home for a few week-ends."

By all means, Ruby, ship the suit-case...and help me to officially inaugurate this year's TV hideaway ...and don't forget to include at least one pair of flats...you cannot walk on the grass in high heels, OK? And let us remember that 10 years ago there wasn't any TV hideway...but again, we've come a long way and this is 1966...TVia's 7th and "lucky year"... which also happens to be the resort's 7th year... hope it will also be a lucky year for all concerned

So....Until we meet again

love from

Susanna



YOU TOO CAN HELP-----

As any of you who have tried to ferret out any sensible information on the subject of transvestism know, there is very little to be found. In the past our kind of people were just classed with the homosexuals and little attempt was made to study the transvestite as a separate type. Hopefully this is about to change, and you can help it along.

As a result of a lecture that I gave to his class in abnormal psychology, Dr. Peter Bentler, Ass't. Prof. of psychology at UCLA has become interested in our subject. It is our plan to write a book on the subject. It would hardly be a professional and scientific contribution if it consisted only of our opinions on the subject fleshed out with some case histories. We do want to make a real contribution by making the first comprehensive study of the subject ever done.

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To accomplish this it is necessary to learn something about the personalities of transvestites. Since we can not call you all together for a big examination session, the only alternative is to try to gather information by means of psychological tests administered by mail. Thus as the work progresses I shall be mailing out somewhere between 8 and 12 tests to the readers of TRANSVESTIA. These will take between 15 mins. and an hour and a half to do. I realize that this is an imposition on your time and you are all busy like I am. However, I feel that all of us wish that society knew more about us and someone in a professional and academic position has to do the definitive work on the subject. I've gotten that started. I hope you will do your part by taking and returning these tests. We can probably be ready to start mailings within a month

It would be of help to us in our plans if we had an idea of the number of responses we could depend on. So if you are willing to take the series of tests and do your bit to get something scientific accomplished in this field I would appreciate your stating your willingness with your name and code number, if any, on a 3 x 5 card and mailing it to me. Please don't just say you will in a letter. I don't keep letters and the information is liable to be lost in the body of the letter anyway. The card I can put in a file. In order to get results that have any significance it is necessary to have over 200 in the series. So I sincerely ask each of you to inform me of your willingness and then to fill out the tests and return them promptly when completed. The ultimate results will be made available to you through this magazine.

The tests themselves are nothing to be concerned about. They are just pencil and paper tests that can be done without spending too much time. But they will help us to determine whether TVs differ in any significant ways from the population at large on which the tests were standardized. Please help, thank you.

Virginia

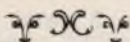
Poet's Corner

ON DISCOVERING TRANSVESTIA

The hours of gay, wild hope; the stoic years;
Frustration and frustration and frustration;
The unacknowledged shame; the silent fears;
The long-accustomed, secret separation
Between my friends and me; the ache returning
Time and again; the grey, concealed distress;
The unaccountable and precious yearning
Which must be hidden walled in loneliness:

Where are they now, the burdens borne so long
And never spoken-of? The hope remains,
But stronger, and the rest are like a song
Dropped from the hit-parade, as all the strains
Of those lost years sink into the lost past.
A gate stands wide: I glimpse my folk at last.

Virginia Joy - FE-M-1



IN PRAISE OF MERCANTILE ARCHITECTS

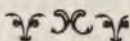
A vote of thanks to stores that make
Large use of mirror strips
And wall, that help a lady take
A rapid check for unfelt rips.
The ravages of time take toll,
Upon the TV, too -
A sudden glimpse may well reveal
A chin that's turning blue.
But there's a bit of extra fun,
That comes to us alone:
The lovely ankles you see run
May prove to be your own!

Sheila - 30-B-2 FPE

" TO BE OR NOT TO BE ?"

TV or not TV; that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous frustration,
Or to take arms against a sea of tremors,
And by opposing end them. To dress; to mince;
Once more; and when I dress to wear the stockings
And the pleated skirts my skin does long for,
'Tis a sense of heaven, devoutly to be wished,
To dress, to slink, perchance to flirt;
Aye, there's the rub, for with that harmless flirt
What man may look and dream of treasures not for
Him, this creature promising it's own desire for
A breast; Must give me pause; there's the deceit
That makes calamity of such a wish;
For who could bear the fears and doubts
In one so loved who dreams and longs for strong
Protecting arms, the smell of masculinity,
As in adolescent, school-girl dreams. For her to
See the object of her love so feminized. 'twill hurt
To see such pity, such condemnation in her heart.
Taught by a world that shapes according to its' style.
'Tis pride that doth make cowards of us all.
We fear that costly love be lost for self-indulgence.
We relegate half our souls to baseless dreams
That maybe someday SHE may conquer HE.

M. Millman



I am not a full time F.P.
Dressed each day around the clock.
No less, though, thrills I see
When all dressed up in pretty frock!!!

Phyllis - 22-A-1 - FPE

HER CRIME

A man laughs
A woman heaps me with scorn.
But why? Am I a criminal?
Ah yes! They say,
Your crime was being born.

But wait! Hold on!
Is it I who is the thorn?
For wearing a dress
And painting my face.
Or is it you? Who ridicule
Whose crime was being born.

Here, look at me!
Past my dress and painted face
Am I so foreign?
No, just human, just lonely.
Just a woman.
Whose crime was being born.

Donna Ann - 5-L-11

SHE-HE

I look in the mirror,
And it is me,
But it is more than me.
It is a she.
Coveting clothes made not for her.
Lace and silk
For the woman sex.
Gives to her a pastel grace
Not there when she is he.
Girdled in I cross my silk
smooth legs and stare
A man no more,
I think, what fools we be
Not to see ourselves a she.....

MONICA - 35-L-5

Virgin Views

Let's Do Make Waves

by Virginia

Practically everybody has heard the story to which the tag line is the plea "Don't Make Waves"! I'd like to turn it around and urge you TO make waves. Consider what happens when you throw a pebble into the center of a quiet pool. An initial splash occurs followed by an ever expanding series of concentric waves radiating out from the point of impact and going to the furthest reaches of the pool. True when they finally reach the shore they are tiny compared to their original size, but they do create some disturbance of the otherwise quiet waters far removed from the original splash.

If we want society to know that we exist, to realize that Femmepersonation is something different from homosexuality, to take a somewhat more understanding and acceptant point of view towards us, and if we want doctors, ministers, counselors, police, judges, army and navy intelligence, postal inspectors and other people in authority to become educated on this field we have to do something about it. Whenever you succeed in enlightening even one person on the subject you make a splash. That person's subsequent conversations and comments to others is the resulting wave. The second person's talking with a third represents the ever widening circle of waves. Although the intensity of understanding drops off in strength rather rapidly just as radio waves and water waves are attenuated as they move, what is left is greater than it was before. We have a long way to go but the Chinese have a saying that "A journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step." So each of us that makes a splash starts the wave going and if enough waves get going general knowledge begins to

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increase and social opinions begin to be modified.

This piece is written to tell you about some splashes that I made over the weekend of April 23-25. I was invited to be a panel speaker on the subject of "Sex and the Law" before the convention of the American Civil Liberties Union of So. Calif. at the Coronado Hotel in San Diego. I drove down on Friday afternoon the 22nd to be there for the welcoming cocktail party that evening. I went as Virginia of course. I didn't see anyone I recognized so I took a table by the door and waited. Pretty soon another single lady arrived obviously alone so I invited her to join me. We talked for some time and she commented about the interesting program which was coming up tomorrow. Various suggestive questions had appeared in the program announcement such as "should men be allowed to dress in women's clothes", etc. I had told her that I was to be on the Sex and Law panel and she commented that the questions that had been posed were very interesting and challenging. I talked along with her for some time and eventually told her that I was the one that would be handling that part of it and that I was actually a male. This led to lots of questions the rest of the evening while we walked around the hotel grounds. When she was about to leave the next day she came up to me and thanked me for the privilege of having talked with me at some length as well as hearing the panel talk and said that it had, among other things, given her a greater appreciation of her own femininity. That was the first splash. She would make her own little waves as she told others about the experience.

Saturday we gave the panel discussion twice, in the morning and again at 2PM. The panel consisted of the chairman, an M.D. talking on abortion, the editors of ONE and of TANGENTS, two homophile publications, a woman who was a member of the Daughters of Bilitis the lesbian organization and lil' ol' Virginia representing the Transvestite world. On both occasions I spoke last and succeeded in stirring up more interest than all the other speakers

combined. I don't say this out of conceit for myself as the one presenting the subject, but for the subject itself. I started off by pointing out that everyone knew what abortion was all about and homosexuality was no secret but probably many of them didn't know what transvestism was. I defined it using "Femmepersonator" to distinguish us from the gay queens to whom the word transvestite is generally applied and then went on to outline the subject and to tell them about the existence of TRANSVESTIA, FPE and the Foundation.

At those sessions I made the splash. But the ripples and waves came all during the rest of the convention. Whenever I appeared in the lobby, at the cocktail party, the banquet, at breakfast the next morning or wherever, a group would form around me to ask more questions. The amazing thing about it all was the interest was genuine and the acceptance by those with whom I had more than passing contact was real. I had told the audience that I was going to remain Virginia for the duration of the convention and that was going to provide them an opportunity to not only hear what I had to say and to ask questions, but to, so to speak, "live with the idea" as they saw me around from time to time. They did exactly that. I am sure that the waves made by these people when they returned home and related what had happened at the convention would spread far beyond the time and the place when I made the original splash. I had, of course, known that people who would belong to the ACLU would be of a liberal turn of mind, but this might only have been on political and economic subjects. What I found was a group of about 600 people who were willing to accept an individual's rights to his own pursuit of happiness so long as it did not invade others' rights.

As a result of my experience this particular weekend I suggest that many of you might look into membership in the ACLU. There you would probably find persons who would accept you as you wished to be accepted because their principle interest in life lies

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in seeing to it that we all have the opportunity to practice our rights without unreasonable legal hindrance. Of course their main concern is with political economic and racial freedoms, but they are conditioned to the idea of individual freedom and this makes not only the organization our friend (they helped out on our Supreme Court case) but the people in the organization could be personal friends.

Sunday night I met with one of our members whose wife could not go along with his TVism. He persuaded her to come to the Motel where I was staying and we had a good 3 hour talk. Her principle concerns were wondering whether he should go to a psychiatrist and what success might be expected if he did, and what would the effects be of her permitting his dressing- i.e. would she be doing him harm by permitting it or more by denying it? I read her the quotations from the three doctors which appear in the lecture leaflet which indicate that a "cure" for TVism is most unlikely. This adequately answered that concern. Then I indicated the harm that could be done to a person by denying him the opportunity to do something which provided great satisfaction and comfort to him. After many questions were answered she said as they prepared to leave, "I think you may have saved our marriage". This naturally made my weekend complete.

On Monday I made a couple more splashes which set up some more waves I am sure. I went (as Virginia) to see the Lt. who was public relations assistant to the Police Chief in San Diego. He then took me to the Lt. in charge of the vice squad. After about 45 minutes with him I left for an appointment with the City Attorney. Both of these men were very nice, very interested in what I had to say and the leaflets I left them, and both were very gentlemanly toward me. The reason for my call on them was that San Diego is working on an ordinance which would make the wearing of the clothing of the opposite sex with the intent to commit an illegal act, illegal itself. Their problem is the number of characters who will dress up as girls, frequent bars and pick up young sailors and

marines just in from months at sea and with a yen for a girl and a roll of money. On the promise of sex or something else equally intriguing they get these kids drunk and up to a hotel room where they, often with the help of a masculine accomplice, beat him up and relieve him of his money. The Lt. said that some of these service boys get seriously hurt in these attacks. Apparently there are a lot of them and they are trying this means of getting at them. Both the Lt. and the City Attorney made it clear that if a TV such as myself was just walking the streets, acting like a lady and minding his own business that no law would be being broken because there would be no "intent". I pointed out to them that someone had to decide on the intent before making the arrest and that an over zealous rookie cop could pick up a bona fide TV with their ordinance and even tho the charge could not be made to stick and the person would undoubtedly be released, that in the meantime he would have been jailed, booked, embarassed, etc. and probably would lose his job and perhaps his family because of the likely publicity. I urged them to try to get the ordinance through leaving out the clothing as a means to their ends. I don't think I succeeded in selling them on this, but they did admit that I had a point. I doubt that the ordinance would be constitutional if it did pass as it is in conflict with the state legislation on the same subject. But in any case I made both of these gentlemen directly aware of the existance of TVs and tried to set a lady like example before them while doing so. So I think this started some more waves.

Well, I can only make waves in my corner of the world, what about yours? It would be fine if more of you could get out and see and talk to people or groups, but the world being what it is this is not as possible for many of you as it is for me. By this time I have nothing to lose and am black mail proof. Also after all I have been through I do not care who knows and I'll "tell all" on the drop of a hat. I have noticed that this lack of concern on my part enables me to

Transmedia

relate my story to people without projecting any guilt or shame. Thus practically everybody accepts it without antagonism.

But back to what you can do. I have had a lot more of the lecture leaflets printed. Again I ask you to do a little bit yourself by buying at least a couple dollars worth (at 10¢ each) and mailing them to persons who would become knowledgeable on the subject. A note accompanying such mailings explaining the reason for the distribution would make them even more effective. If my efforts have helped you, and I hope they have, won't you pass it on in this way? You may not be able to apply your understanding and goodwill directly to an individual but you can certainly do your bit in a general way by getting some knowledge about the subject in circulation.

When something about impersonation appears in a local paper even if a guy robs a bank wearing a dress write a letter to the Editor pointing out that everybody who wears a dress isn't about to rob a bank and that such goings on give the true TV a bad name. Write to columnists who may mention the subject in some way. In short look for opportunities to put people straight. Now this doesn't have to be done under your real name or under any name as far as that goes. You can easily explain why you write anonymously. Ministers of many denominations are becoming interested in homosexuality. Try to find out which in your town are active in this area and try to see them or write them pointing out the differences etc. There are many places where your weight can be felt, so get in the act and bear down. How do you know but that your son or your nephew or brother is not a TV? Do your bit to make the world a bit better for them as well as for yourself. It's a big task granted, but remember the 1000 mile journey and take that first step.

VIRGINIA

Editorial Emanations

1. POSTAL MISDEEDS: I strongly suggest that each of you get a hold of the current issue of PLAYBOY (April 1966) and read the section called "Playboy Forum." This article deals with abuses of the mails by the post office itself and quotes letters from a number of persons whose mail was tampered with and who received a working over by the postal authorities. Three persons are listed who can and should be written to in this regard. These are:

Lawrence O'Brien, Postmaster General
U. S. Post Office Dept. Washington D.C.

Senator Mike Monroney Committee on the P.O.
New Senate Office Bldg, Washington D.C.

Senator Edward V. Long, Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure
Room 3214, New Senate Office Bldg. Wash. D.C.

This last is the subcommittee currently investigating the Post Office.

About the only way that citizens in a democracy of our type can make themselves heard is by writing to the appropriate government agency. The post office inspectors do so many illegal and immoral things that it behooves all of you who receive this magazine to write and protest the tampering with first class mail, of harassing and frightening persons against whom no charges have been levied, of seizing clothing, magazines and other personal effects as "evidence" when no charges were filed. Don't think I am kidding. All of these things have happened. Thinking that we all are homosexuals the inspectors have done all of these things and more. Write and protest these matters and demand that the post office confine itself to getting the mail delivered (which can certainly stand improvement) and stop trying to be the nation's censor.

Transvestia

11. BACK ISSUES: In the last issue I mentioned that there were a lot of new readers who would like to have those issues which are now out of print, namely Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8. I repeat my offer to those of you who have any of these issues that you do not want any longer--I will allow a credit of half of the original cost against any other material, that is, \$2 each toward anything else you want. There are a lot of readers hoping that this will result in some returns, but so far it has only brought in about a half dozen miscellaneous issues. This deal applies ONLY to the old issues listed above.

III. MORE SERIOUS MATERIAL: It is necessary to have considerable variety of material in TVia in the way of fiction, histories, letters, articles, experiences etc. in order to keep it interesting. However, for some time I have wanted to solicit some more solid material from those able and willing to contribute. I would like to put out a separate volumn of such material. So I ask those of you who have some deeper and more serious ideas about TVism in any of its facets to write an article about it. This issue will also contain some fiction pieces, but they must be of a more serious content with some particular message or idea to be gotten across. In such stories TVism is liable to be a somewhat more incidental part of the plot then in the type of fiction generally appearing in TVia. I already have several essays and stories saved upfor this volume and I'd like to publish it this fall. So if any of you have something to get off of your chest whether as article, story, poetry, satire, cartoon or whatever, please sent it in and mark it as being submitted for the special volume. I'm tentatively thinking of the title of "Insights into Transvestism" and I'd like the volume to be composed of more instructive and educational material so that it could be read with profit by persons who are not TVs. Your help, contributions and suggestions are solicited.

IV. THE ORDEAL IS OVER: Yes, the heat is off, but the echoes will be around for a long time. By this I mean that my divorce has been settled. As was

expected I got cleaned but good. Therefore I have to start over at my age to try to acquire something for my senior years, but before that I must pay off a lot of debts acquired during the past year. I don't expect or request any one-sided assistance from you my readers, but I will say that where I can give value received your help will be appreciated. By this I mean that I have more than \$8000 tied up in inventory of back issue of the magazine, the Mirror and the Clip-sheet. I would like to liquidate some of this and hope that those of you who do not have a lot of the early issues of any of these items will decide to fill out your library. For the many new subscribers that we have acquired in recent months may I point out that practically every subject of interest to the TV has been discussed somewhere in the older issues of TVia and of the Mirror. These articles and this information is not dated. It is just as interesting and useful today as it was 3 months or 3 years ago. Please note the special back order deals on page 92 and do both yourself and me a favor by taking advantage of same.

V. POST OFFICE BOX: The post office box is back in my hands again and the receiver is out of my hair. Therefore it no longer makes any difference whether mail is addressed to me personally or to Chevalier Pubs, I get it all directly. You can save me a little time, however, by making the checks out to Chevalier Pubs. as they can then be endorsed by the rubber stamp.

VI. THE WIVES BOOK: I regret to say that for awhile the wives book is out of print and cannot be supplied. It will be revised, partially rewritten, enlarged and new wives letters will be added to make it even more helpful to wives. Any of you A and B wives who would like to help by writing instructive and helpful letters to me for inclusion in it will be doing a good and useful thing and I will appreciate it.

VII. TV TALES: For a time some of the TV Tales were out of print and not available. All have been reprinted and are now available, please order again. Issues No 1,2,3,4 on hand, #5 will appear later this spring.



Person To Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

22-M-2. Married TV, 32, wishes to meet or correspond with others in the Detroit area--LORI

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Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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