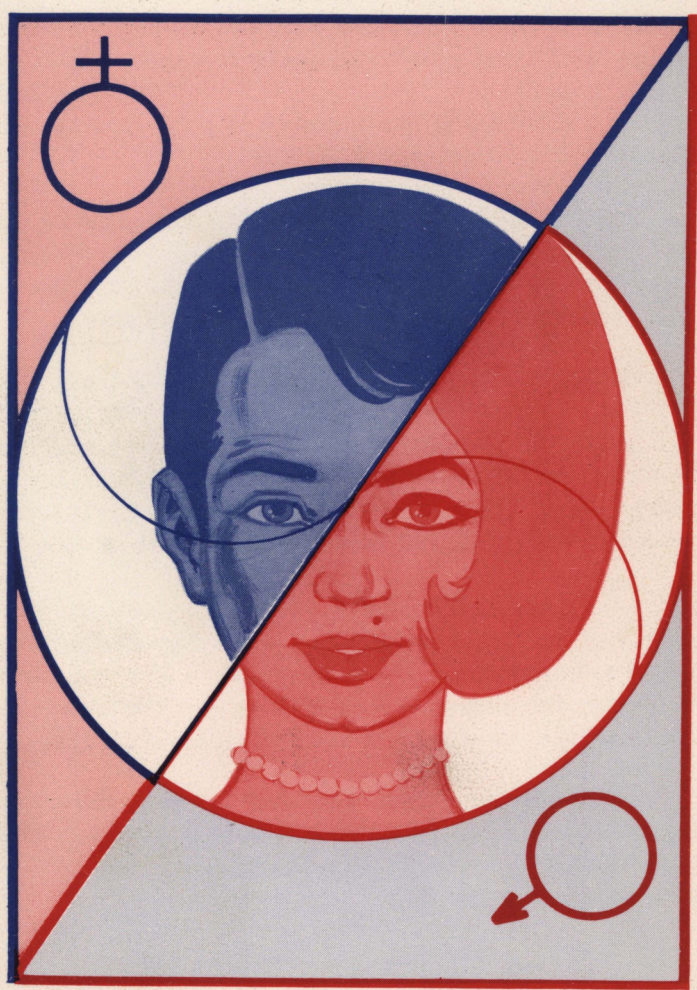


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TRANSVESTIA



No. 40, 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'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".

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES
Literary Editor

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Our Cover Design

★ Devising a satisfactory cover design for use when there is no Cover Girl has been quite a problem. It had to be something that was attractive, appropriate, original and with some significance. The one finally chosen and used on this issue grew out of an evening's conference between TECLA 38-M-2FPE and myself and was rendered into useable form by a professional artist. We hope you like it.

In issue #27 the Virgin Views editorial was entitled, "Psychiatry, Psychology or Philosophy". In it I pointed out that ancient Oriental philosophers considered man to be a manifestation of two polarities, WISDOM and BEAUTY. They also developed the concept of the "Yang" and "Yin" or the masculinity and femininity in all of us. Carl Jung, the psychiatrist, modernized this concept with the words "Animus" for the masculine in the female and "Anima" for the feminine aspect of the male.

The cover drawing symbolizes all of this. The human head shown is symbolically divided into the masculine-Wisdom and the feminine-Beauty halves. Not that women cannot be wise, but masculinity is generally thought of in terms of what a man thinks and does, while femininity is personified more visually and we think of her appearance first. The line, therefore, leaves most of the top of the head--the location of the brain-mind, on the masculine side and it is appropriately outlined in blue. Most of the face, on the other hand, is in the feminine area since the face shows beauty. This is properly outlined in pink.

Shadowy behind the head itself can be seen the ancient Chinese "Yang" and "Yin" symbol as represented by the intertwining of the two comma-like shapes. This too, is oriented appropriately so that one half

of the symbol incorporates most of the top of the head--the mind area--and the other, most of the face--the feminine beauty part.

Appropriately, there is some face on the masculine side, and some mind area on the feminine side. Moreover, each side represented by its basic blue or pink color is embedded in a pale matrix of the other color. The total symbolism is intended to depict the wholeness of a human being--not all masculine, mind, reason, abstract and unseen--and not all feminine, beauty, desirability and appearance--but rather a mixture of both. For the TV this should indicate that the feminine in him is not just something added on by whim or an accident of his development but something that is fundamentally a part of him as it is of all human beings. He simply manifests it by the adoption of the external appearance that characterizes the feminine and thus permits the expression of a portion of his total self that cannot conveniently and culturally be expressed in his everyday masculine role. The symbols in the two corners are simply the ancient biological signs for the male and female.

I think the drawing symbolizes and depicts the duality of the TV-FP state of being rather well. It is dignified as well and avoids the more obvious and stereotyped characterizations such as the feminine mirror image of a man; the half man-half woman figure or the in-one-door-out-the-other type of thing. These tend to emphasize the purely external and artificial clothing aspect of the matter, whereas the "girl-within" originates in the mind and heart--that is, internally.

I hope the readers of TRANSVESTIA will understand and approve of this effort.

VIRGINIA

Commentary on This Issue

★ This issue of TRANSVESTIA is, as you will already have noticed a little out of the ordinary. It is not entirely a picture issue nor is it entirely a cartoon issue though it is a good part of both. We do not have a Cover Girl nor a Cover Story!

There are several reasons for this:

(1) All readers have been well aware of the fact that TVia has been later and later in appearing over the past 4 or 5 issues. The delay has been getting worse instead of better. Something had to be done and this is it. I have put the issue together in the easiest and quickest way possible in order to get it out as fast as possible after #39 and to make up some time. So at least this one isn't so late.

(2) Many of you have asked for a picture issue, but actually I do not have enough new pictures at any one time to make such an issue and I have used up my entire backlog in this issue, so let's get some more to me. Pictures of new readers particularly but new pictures of old readers too.

(3) There is no Cover Girl both because one whom I had planned on was unable to make it for personal reasons, and also because following so closely on #39 there was no opportunity to make other arrangements. In passing I'd like to have the artists among you submit any suggestions you might have for a cover on issues where we have no Cover Girl. This is very much of a problem to me. I can find somebody to render the artwork if I had the idea, so how about it?

Speaking of Cover Girls, it might be interesting to learn whom you the readers would like to see as

Cover Girl, so send in your nominations. Remember one thing, however. Being CG is not just a personal honor and ego booster. Many people other than TVs see the front of this magazine and their first impression has much to do with their attitude of acceptance toward us. This is particularly true of wives. This is why I don't put sexy shots, lingerie shots, "skirts-up-to-here" shots and obvious "man-in-woman's-clothes pictures in the magazine. I don't want to give the opposition any more chance than necessary to make snide remarks and take pot shots at us.

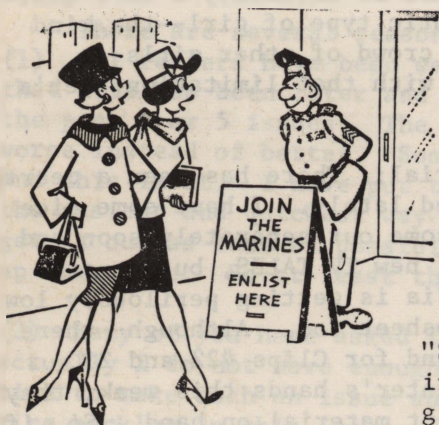
Therefore, I want for Cover Girls not necessarily the prettiest--tho that is certainly a sure qualification--but an authentic type of girl--the kind who could get lost in a crowd of other girls--a "just-people" type. So with that limitation, let's have your nominations.

Now about new material: There has been a dearth of new material submitted lately. I have some nice long stories that will come out separately soon and material for a couple of new TV TALES, but general interest material for TVia is getting perilously low. Please remember the Clipseet too. Although there is enough material on hand for Clips #22 and 23, which will be in the printer's hands this week, they use up most of the current material on hand. So, if you want to see this magazine and the Clipseets continue, do your part and provide grist for the mill. This does not mean just fiction pieces. We need a balanced menu which I have tried to provide in each issue. Thus I need poems, short sketches, articles of opinion, interesting experiences and interesting case histories. The Letters to the Editor section is practically non-existent. I don't want a lot of, "oh how thrilled I am to find Transvestia"-type letters. It is very satisfying to me to know of this appreciation and I'd be less than human if I didn't enjoy reading it, but this doesn't interest other readers. How about some controversy? Heavens knows I've put out enough ideas in the Virgin Views columns over

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the last 6 years that you can't all agree with. So fight back! Let's get some action. It's your magazine, I'm just the editor but I can't be the author of it too, so make with the typewriter, pen or put a crayon between your toes and let the creative genius within you have her say. Women are supposed to be very talkative so let's let the girl-within speak her mind if such it be. None of us is so good looking that we can qualify for the "beautiful but dumb" excuse. There is the challenge, write about it. Lets make TVia something more than the house organ of a mutual admiration society.....

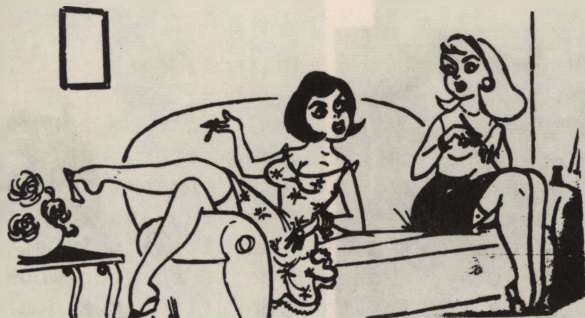
.....VIRGINIA.



"Someday I'd like to go in there and really give them a shock!"

"Didn't I tell you guys? When you dress like this everybody lets you play through."





"What reason will we give the folks
for spending so much time and money
in Casablanca?"



"Mary is still in the hosp-
ital so her brother is stand-
in for her. Lovely isn't he?"



"Mom, When will I be old
enough to wear dresses?"



"So you want to be a man!"



Some new shots of PAULINE
formerly "ROMA" of South
Africa...Our Cover Girl
on TVia #27



INEZ 5-H-13 FPE

"TV Repair"

"TV Dinner"



Non-Discrimination

by Alice - Va.

★ "Mr. Thompson, what am I going to do? This man came into the office and says he's answering our ad for a salesgirl in the ladies' dresses and coats department. And he won't leave! I told him we advertised for women only."

"Well, why won't he leave?" asked the big, friendly man behind the desk marked "Personnel Manager."

"Well," continued the obviously excited little secretary, "He said he's had experience in managing a clothing store, he needs the work, and he claims we can't discriminate against him on account of sex."

"Oh my God, that's right," moaned the personnel manager. "You know, Miss Mitchell, this new civil rights' law went into effect July 1 and we can't discriminate against him on account of sex."

"That's what I said, Mr. Thompson, what are we going to do?"

"Let me think about this. Oh, this is terrible. We don't want any trouble over this. Goodness knows we don't want to be the first business establishment in the city accused of illegal discrimination on employment. We could offer him another job, but we don't have any other jobs open. We've just got to discourage him, that's what. We've just got to discourage him."

"How" I certainly couldn't do it. I told him to but he's still waiting out there."

Mr. Thompson sat for a moment in thought. Then a sly grin crossed his face as he looked inquiringly at his secretary and asked, "Miss Mitchell, do you recall the store regulations we have on the appearance of our salesladies?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Thompson. They have to wear dresses in a modest style, no slacks, no shifts; high-heeled shoes, no sandals; stockings, no anklets; oh, there are several others but they all mean for the girls to dress smartly and conservatively, and - Oh, Mr. Thompson I see what you mean! Why that's a darling idea. I'll go get our copy of that store regulation right now."

"Splendid, splendid. Let me have it and then send this gentleman in and I think we'll settle this rather quickly."

Miss Mitchell bounced back into the outer office all smiles, and quickly went through her desk until she located her copy of the store regulations. Then smiling sweetly, she said to the young man seated near her desk, "I discussed your application with Mr. Thompson and he will be very happy to see you now."

The man whom she had addressed got up to follow her into Mr. Thompson's office. He was a slim, handsome person of about 30 years of age, properly but not expensively dressed in a business suit, and had appeared to Miss Mitchell to be courteous and friendly, despite his unusual request.

"Come in and have a chair, Mr. -" began Mr. Thompson.

"Booth, sir. James Booth."

"Yes, Mr. Booth. Thank you, Miss Mitchell," said Mr. Thompson as his secretary handed him the store regulation and returned to her office. Mr. Booth thought he detected a very sly somewhat superior attitude in the big smile on her face as she looked at him in departing. What, he wondered, had caused her

Transvestia

changed disposition? Before she had seen Mr. Thompson, she was all confused and upset and now it seemed that she knew something awfully funny and something which had eliminated all the confusion that his application had caused her. But before he could put two and two together, Mr. Thompson interrupted his thoughts.

"Well, Mr. Booth, your application certainly shows some experience in this line. But I am sure you know our store policy has always been to employ only women in our ladies' coats and dresses department."

"Yes, sir, your ad said you wanted women only, but - "

"I know. You are aware that we can't discriminate against you on account of sex. Well, we certainly don't want to do that. As a matter of fact, we'll hire you. All you'll have to do is to comply with our store regulations. As you might expect, all of our salesgirls in the clothing departments are required to dress conservatively and smartly and we even prescribe their standards of dress in our store regulations for employees. The employees of the ladies' dresses and coats department, for example, must wear dresses in a smart and conservative style, no slacks, no shorts, no shifts; blouses and skirts, or ladies' suits are permitted; high heels and stockings will be worn at all times; and there are a few other requirements. They're all in this store regulation which I'll let you read. Now, Mr. Booth, we certainly have no objection to your employment on account of your sex but, of course, we will require your compliance with our regulations for our employees. So you see, it would be quite inappropriate for you to work for us."

While the personnel manager had been talking, Jim Booth had been doing some fast thinking. He'd caught on quickly as to what the personnel manager's

dodge was going to be, and he thought to himself, "well I'm not going to let this guy win that easily. I know now that I won't be hired, but I might as well have a little fun before I give in."

So Jim answered, "why, Mr. Thompson, I think that would be very appropriate, I accept."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Booth. I'm sorry that we don't have another position open - What was that you said? You said you'd accept?"

Jim Booth was enjoying the personnel manager's discomfiture; at least he'd turned the tables temporarily. "Why certainly, Mr. Thompson. When do I begin?"

"But, - but you can't begin!"

"I thought you said I was hired and all I had to do was to comply with your store regulations. So if I am to wear dresses as a condition of employment, remember that you, and not I, established that condition."

"Well, so I did, but this is preposterous. I can't discriminate against you, and I did tell you the conditions, but I didn't think you'd accept. This is ridiculous. Well, all right, Mr. Booth, all right. I'll see how long you stick with out bargain. You go see Miss Wilson in the ladies'dresses and coats department at six o'clock this evening and she'll start you off tomorrow morning. Miss Mitchell will help you fill out a few forms to get you started to work here."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Thompson. I'm sure I'll enjoy working here." Jim Booth continued to smile, enjoying having turned the tables, but knowing he'd never be able to go through with the bargain he'd made. However, he figured he'd enjoy causing a little consternation during the day, in return for the personnel manager's attempted trick.

Mr. Thompson showed Jim to the door and remarked to his secretary, "we've employed Mr. Booth in the ladies's dresses and coats department, Miss

Transvestia

Mitchell. Will you please show him the regular forms to fill out so we can get him on the payroll? Heaven help us with this new law!"

"OH, Mr. Thompson!" Miss Mitchell was confused and upset all over again.

** ** ** ** **

At six o'clock that evening, just before the store was to close for the day, Jim Booth walked into the ladies' dresses and coats department and inquired for Miss Wilson. He thought he'd have a little fun with her before telling her the gag was over, and that he realized he couldn't work here.

Miss Wilson was an attractive, stylishly dressed lady who appeared to be in her late thirties, just the type of competent lady you'd expect to find running a quality dress shop. She came up to meet Mr. Booth with a friendly smile, radiating the charm and confidence which made her so obviously much an excellent saleslady.

"Why, Mr. Booth, how are you? Mr. Thompson told me you'd be coming and I'm so happy to see you. I hope you'll enjoy working with us, and I'd like to introduce you to the other girls here."

Jim had not expected this reaction at all, and was a bit taken aback. "I appreciate your welcome very much, Miss Wilson, but - well, I'll tell you. I was going to string you along on my coming here, but you're just so nice I'll go back and tell Mr. Thompson now that I can't work here. I know your policy has always been to have only salesladies up here, and it just wouldn't be right for me to be here too."

"But Mr. Thompson said you were experienced. Are you?"

"Well, yes."

"And he told me how he tried to dissuade you by telling you you'd have to comply with our store regulations on salesperson's dress, and how you accepted

anyway. You did accept, didn't you?"

"Yes, but - "

"Why, we all think that's just darling! You know, I've been a little peeved at Mr. Thompson lately, and I think this idea of yours will be an excellent joke to play on him. You are going to work with us, aren't you? Just for a while, anyway?"

"Well, when you put it that way, I didn't expect-"

"Oh, that is wonderful! I do hope you'll let us dress you up and work here for a few days at least, untill Mr. Thompson gets rid of that silly store regulation of his, and I guarantee you he will. You will help us, won't you?"

"Well, you're so nice that-"

"Oh, that is darling! Let me introduce you to our other ladies. This is Pat Freeman, this is Nancy Marshall, and this is Beverly Grunert."

All three of the above-named salesgirls had joined Jim and Miss Wilson and were smiling and laughing in expectation of the enjoyment they would have in adding a new "salesgirl". They all seemed to speak at once.

"Oh, Mr. Booth, this is wonderful, your doing this for us."

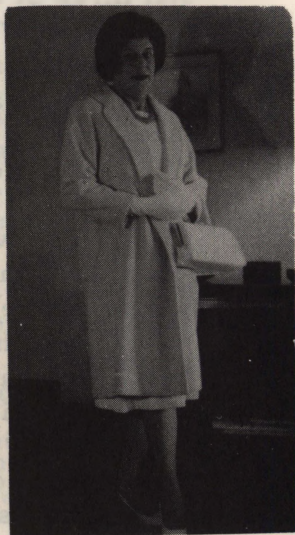
"We did so want to get rid of that silly regulation, and now Mr. Thompson will have to get rid of it. We know how to dress without his telling us."

"Oh, won't he make a pretty girl!"

Miss Wilson spoke up. "Now, girls, Mr. Booth says he'll do this for us and so we'll help him all we can, won't we?" She turned to Jim, who now felt confused and excited, and also had the definite feeling he was being led astray. "I haven't told you yet, but when Mr. Thompson called me up this afternoon and told me all about it, we got busy and decided we would make you up just right. We'll want you to start selling tomorrow morning, so we'll get you dressed porperly right now."



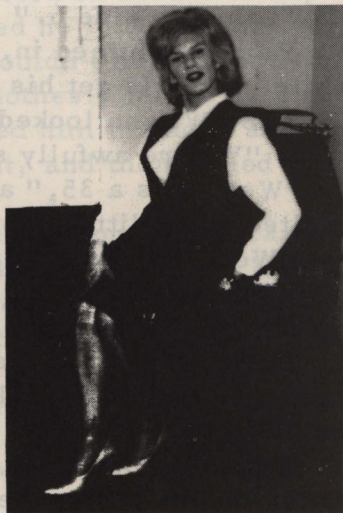
JO-ANN PENN.



CAROLE 5-8-12 FPE



WILMA 32-T-6



GAYLE 20-G-2 FPE

Transmedia

"But I'm not sure that I want to do this," protested Jim.

"Oh, be a dear, and do this for us. It'll only be for a few days and then Mr. Thompson will get rid of his regulation and you can stay here as a man. We can use a man up here and I have recommended that before. Do help us." She finished in a pleading voice.

By now Jim was getting into the spirit of the thing, being egged on by four pretty girls, and replied, "all right! I'll help you and let's do it right!"

"Oh, wonderful," squealed Miss Wilson. "Quick, girls, let's take him to the lingerie department. The store's closing now and we can stay and fix him up. I've already arranged it."

"What size panties do you wear?" inquired Pat.

This question startled Jim, but he answered, "My waist size is 30."

"Well, you'll wear a size 6 or size 5. What do you think, Mary?"

"I think a size 6."

Beverly chimed in, "I'll get a blond wig for him while you girls get his lingerie."

Miss Wilson looked at Jim with a critical eye and said, "You're awfully slim. What is your chest size?"

"Well, it's a 35," answered Jim, feeling very excited and a little apprehensive.

"Well, I'll get you a 38-B brassiere, because I think you should take a size 14 dress. We have plenty of fully padded bras."

They were all in the lingerie department now and three girls were each looking for the best lingerie for Jim.

Pat came up first. "Oh, these panties are so sweet!" She held up before Jim a pair of pink satin panties, trimmed with lace and with tiny blue satin bows decorating them.

Jim blushed at seeing these very feminine trappings and Nancy arrived with a pink girdle which she held

before Jim's waist to see if it would fit.

Miss Wilson was next with a beautiful pink satin brassiere trimmed with lace and with a bow design in the center.

Then Pat returned with a dazzling pink satin slip, lavishly trimmed with lace. Jim began to feel very excited and very feminine as he took the slip from Pat, feelings he had really not expected to have at all.

"Your feet aren't too large, and that's good. What is your shoe size?"

"I wear a size 8 men's shoe," answered Jim. Miss Wilson did a little figuring and sent Nancy for hose and Pat for high-heeled shoes.

"Now you'll have to get out of those old men's clothes and into your lingerie to see if it'll fit. Use the ladies' dressing rooms, and don't worry, I'll watch and the store's closed," urged Miss Wilson.

As Jim went inside and tried on all the lovely garments he had just received he felt suddenly very good and very pleased. It wouldn't be hard to wear these soft and pretty clothes. Before he'd finished dressing, Miss Wilson handed him the hose and heels the other girls had picked out, and then called for Jim to come out for them to see.

He felt quite embarrassed to come out wearing only a slip, girdle, bra, panties, hose, and heels, but he was feeling so good that he emerged smiling and did a little turn so the girls could inspect his lingerie from several angles.

A chorus of comments followed.

"Oh, isn't he cute?"

"Isn't that just darling?"

"They fit you so well."

"How do you like wearing panties and a slip?"

"Well", smiled Jim, "they feel better than men's clothes."

Transvestia

"Of course they do, ninny," squealed Nancy, "that's why we girls wear them, and they look prettier, too."

Miss Wilson was not satisfied yet. "My dear, you simply will have to let us make you up. Beverly's got your wig. The effect is no good without lipstick and makeup. Come with us to the ladies' room."

"The ladies' room?" asked Jim.

"Why not?" Miss Wilson sensibly inquired. "We're going with you to make you up, and you can't wear a dress tomorrow in the men's room, so you'd better get acquainted with it."

At that the girls all giggled and, once inside, went about their work in earnest. Nancy did the nails, Miss Wilson did the facial makeup, and Beverly added the wig. Jim watched the transformation with keen interest, for transformation it was. When it was all over, he could hardly believe that the beautiful face in the mirror was that of Jim Booth.

Miss Wilson added her compliments, "My dear, you make such a pretty girl!"

Jim was in something of a state of euphoria now, as he realized he really was pretty.

"I think we'll have to call you 'she' now," said Beverly.

"That's right," added Nancy, "you look so much like a girl. What girl's name would you like?"

"I know," put in Miss Wilson, "Cynthia. That's such a feminine name for such a feminine girl."

"That's it," said Pat. "She's our friend, Cynthia."

"Well, Cynthia," said Miss Wilson, "Come on now and we'll try on some dresses so you can pick out what you'd like to wear tomorrow. I'll advise you on the jewelry and accessories."

And as Jim, renamed Cynthia, walked out in his slip and began to try on dresses, it seemed he was delaying a choice deliberately in order to enjoy the

modeling, the wearing, the discussion of accessories, for dress after dress. But no one seemed to mind the time.

Jim and Miss Wilson finally were satisfied with a dress, purse, and jewelry, and Miss Wilson asked, "Cynthia, darling, how do you think you will enjoy working here?"

Jim's answer came quickly, without conscious thought he said, "I hope Mr. Thompson never changes that silly regulation."

** THE END **

TV Business Trip

(To be sung to the tune of "I've Got Spurs--".
but very softly so as not to disturb others.)

I've got nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle
At the way this jet-plane creeps along;
And I can feel my femme-self all a tingle
Because she's not been dressed in too darn long.

I've got me a fone excuse for going
And two brand new dresses in this sack-
And I think "I'll get that new plant going;
But not too quick, cause then I must go back!"

I've got nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle
And a reservation at the best motel-
And though I sign up for a "single",
There'll be two of us leave there feeling swell.

SHEILA 30-B-2 FPE

TV MOMENTS TO REMEMBER!?!

"BUT SALLY!
DID YOU FORGET?
TODAY IS THE DAY FOR
THE MEDICAL EXAM FOR
THE NEW OFFICE INSURANCE
PLAN! THE DOCTOR IS
WAITING FOR YOU NOW!"



"ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE IN
THE RIGHT ROOM, MADAM?
THERE IS A MISTER JORDAN
REGISTERED FOR THIS ONE!"



"I KNOW IT ISN'T EASY, SON.
BUT DADDY SAYS THAT
IF YOU ARE GOING TO
HELP HIM IN THE STORE,
YOU WILL SIMPLY HAVE
TO WEAR SLACKS!"



Media 38M2 FPE



WHEN DE LADY AST ME IF
I WANTED ANUDDER SUIT,
NACHERLY I SAID YES - HOW
DID I KNOW IT HAD A SKOIT?

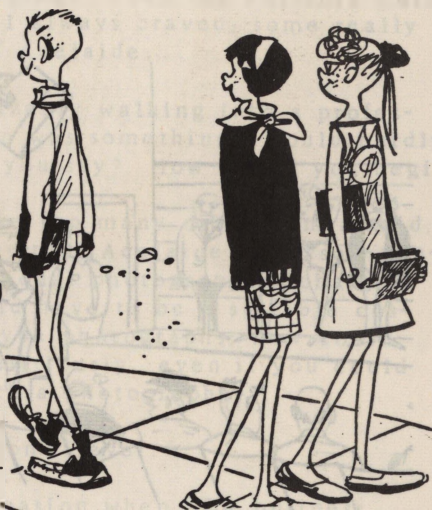


"You know, Hank, it's aw-
fully difficult to buy
presents for men"

"You said it Tom, I have
a heck of a time getting
things for my brother."



"Dorothy is taking me to
the Turnabout Prom and he'll
be here any minute."



"If you think he's cute now you
should see him in dress and heels!"



"Say, weren't you the boy at last year's picnic that was telling me about the secret Hormone experiment you were working on?"



"No you can't resign Donald. You turned out to be better than my vacationing secretary, so I got rid of her."



"Well no, I'm Harry, and she is Marilyn".

"The guy in the middle is from the Jewel Box Revue!"

Professional Femme Photos

by Adeline (25-E-1)

★ As might have been the case with many TRANSVESTIA followers, the photographic phase of my femme dressing career began with the inevitable, clumsy attempts at self-portraiture: one hand jerking a string tied to the shutter the other hand steadying myself; while I gazed rather puzzled at the behind-the-camera mirror that was always angled wrong -- and then the worry and anxiety of having the film developed....

Later, there was the Polaroid. Still later, femme friends who sometimes could handle a camera. Then there was color film, and increasingly less anxiety about sending film off for developing. Then the Polaroid Color-but missing was something I always craved; some really professional photographs of Adelaide...

The thought of just brazenly walking into a professional photographer's studio was something I could hardly contemplate. What would you say? How would you begin?

My situation, again like too many others I'm afraid, was complicated by the fact that Adelaide is person-non-grata in our home. Professional photographers charge substantial fees; there would have to be a suitable costume for any professional type photographs; how could one manage all this surrepetitiously, even if you could get up the nerve to approach a photographer?

But you must begin at some level.

With me, it was the occasion when, for business reasons, I needed some photographs of Adelaide's brother. Someone knew a former neighbor who worked in a photo-

Transmedia

graphers studio. I called Mr. P. and arranged a session in his basement studio; bringing along all of Adelaide's things, including my new leotards..

Mr. and Mrs. P. were young, the parents of three small children, and, as I soon appreciated to be the case with most photographers -- imaginative. In fact, Mr. P.'s hobby was "fast draw," the whole bit, special holsters, wax bullets, timed-targets, club membership, contests, etc., almost as "kookie" as femme dressing...

We were quickly through with the photographs of Mr. Vigar. During the session I sounded Mr. P. out; would he also consider some shots of me "in a costume," and that was just the way I phrased it.

"Oh, sure," he answered, "I can shoot anything," Noting his hobby the answer took on more than casual significance, but I hurried out to my car and came tramping back in with the wig-box and suitcase. We used his dark-room for dressing quarters, with Mr. P. looking on as he went about developing the photos of my male counter-part.

I had mentioned that I was in the music business so I imagine Mr. P. assumed the "costume" would be something on this order -- we didn't discuss it, I merely set about with the make-up. I had shaved, of course, so I began with the foundation base; then to outlining the eyebrows; then the eyes -- no reaction yet from Mr. P. who was still involved with his film tank and things. At this point I suppose I looked more like a clown than anything else, Then the lipstick....

It was at this point that Mr. P.'s nonchalant manner changed somewhat. And soon, he left the dark-room. Thereupon I hurried desperately and was completely en femme when he came back downstairs.

He did not seem too startled seeing the whole effect of my "costume." His wife came downstairs and helped things considerably by saying, "N-i-c-e, v-e-r-y n-i-c-e" And in only seconds I was explaining how I got started masquerading as a girl at parties and now wanted to try my hand professionally, and so forth. The photo session

went off marvelously.

But while I had two more sessions at the P.'s house, with each succeeding one resulting in better shots, the quality of his finished prints left much to be desired. Mr. P.'s camera technique was adequate, he simply didn't have the facilities to produce quality photographs. Too, I had now decided that I wanted my "stage name," Adelaide P. Vigar - female impersonator, printed in the margin below the photograph. Mr. P. had no way of doing this.

But working with Mr. P. proved valuable. My attitude was changing. My proposed "act" which had been the excuse for the professional type photographs, now had a touch of reality to it. I started shopping for an evening dress; a better costume for my next photograph session.

Full length evening dresses are occasionally put on sale, I discovered. With patience, I not only found one, but two. Both the correct size -- one for the fantastic price of \$10, the other one, \$12. And the same week I found my second photographer.

I discovered Mr. S. by boldly approaching a photographer who was a customer of my company; he wasn't equipped for publicity type work; but recommended Mr. S. A phone call to Mr. S.'s secretary mentioning my company's customer got me an appointment; my first and my last, with Mr. S.

I again employed my technique of explaining that the photograph would involve my wearing a "costume". Only this. This time the dressing room was Mr. S.'s studio, with him busily engaged in setting up the cameras as I went straightforward into my make-up while still wearing my male street clothes.

At one point during our casual conversation while I began with the foundation base Mr. S. did inquire more pointedly as to the nature of my "costume" -- I now had the box with the evening dresses, in addition to the suitcase and wig-box.

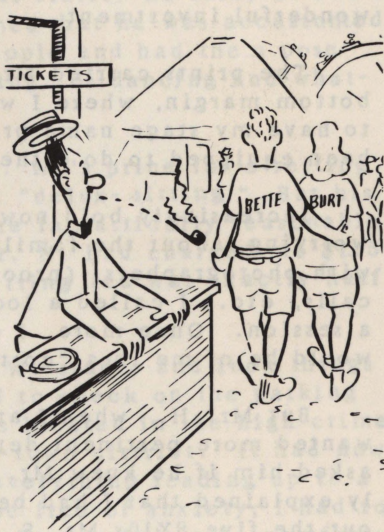
"Will it be musical?" he asked.



HONEY, ARE YOU LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE?



Get dressed the landlady wants
us girls to come down for coffee.



George is so conceited ever since
he was chosen Miss TVia of 1966!"

Transvestia

"Yes," I replied, hesitatingly, "I do impersonations -- of singers," I added. Satisfied, Mr. S. continued with his preparations and I with my make-up. But as with Mr. P., when I got to the crucial stage of applying lipstick, Mr. S. retired to a back room... Nothing said, he just left.

Once more, I hurriedly went into full masquerade, even though Mr. S. kept reassuringly calling out that I should take my time. At last I was ready and told him to come back in. A more or less straight-laced type, Mr. S., I believe, felt that somehow I had deceived him, had mis-led him. It was nothing he said, just something in his manner.

The photographs were utterly horrible.

The strain of the surreptitious manner in which I went into the relationship with Mr. S, was visibly evident in Adelaide's expression. Also, the poses were stiff, awkward, and reflected the subtle tension that must have existed during the session. But the \$10 sitting fee and the cost of the resulting 5 8X10 prints was again, a wonderful investment.

The prints carried Mr. S.'s name stamped across the bottom margin, where I would have of course, preferred to have my stage name printed -- something Mr. S. hadn't been equipped to do either.

Increasingly bold now, even to the point of not worrying, about the family's reaction to all my activity with photographers, (proofs arriving in the mail, phone calls, etc.) I called a local photographer and arranged a session. Once more, I explained that the photograph would be of me in a "costume."

But Mr. H., when I arrived with all my baggage, wanted more pertinent details. I was ready. First I asked him if he knew Mr. S. Yes, he did. Then I casually explained that I had been working with Mr. S. I pulled out the five 8X10s Mr. S. had made and showed them to him.

"Can we do something like this?" I asked.

"Oh, definitely," Mr. H. replied, at once demonstrating a competitive urge to out-do Mr. S.'s visibly inadequate efforts. In fact, Mr. H. went on to say that he had never worked with a female impersonator before and considered it a challenge! It was with no anxiety at all that I set about my makeup and dressing, again in Mr. H.'s studio, as we carried on a friendly conversation.

The photographs were absolutely marvelous.

Or so I thought. My skepticism was a result of Mr. H.'s rather clumsy efforts at printing my stage name in the bottom margin of the photographs -- which, were, actually very good indeed. But dissatisfied, not with the fact of now having my stage name in bold letters on the photograph, but with the lay-out of the name in general. I sent a copy to a photo studio which I had heard specialized in theatrical work. The photo, and a letter, inquiring about copies with the name laid out in a more neatly professional manner.

A phone call to Mr. W. then, resulted in the surprise of his explaining that he could do an ever so much better job than Mr. H. The pose was static, he said, it had no life, no feeling. He explained that he was accustomed to working with theatrical people and had the pose while they were singing, acting, or dancing and what-have you.

I was now intrigued. Mr. W.'s price for a setting was \$25 -- fifty dollars for a "delux-sitting." But his prices for finished photos were fantastically reasonable: \$15 for 100 glossy 8X10s; (Mr. H. had charged me \$1.50 for each 8X10!, though his sitting fee was exactly half of Mr. W.'s -- \$12.50.)

I decided to drop by the W. studio and look things over. Particularly, I wanted to check on the parking situation because Mr. W. was located in the high-crime section of the bristling down-town district. It had now become my experience that everything leading up to a femme photo session had to be free of anxiety; I had to like the photographer; his studio needed to be comfortable; I couldn't be rushed, or worried. And above all, I was putting out \$25.00 for this sitting.....

Transvestia

Though traffic regulations ruled out my parking in front of the W. Studio, there was a good access alley parking lot where I could feel reasonably comfortable that my cache of femme things wouldn't be stolen, nor my car molested while I was in the studio involved with the session. Mr. W. himself proved to be a likeable, quite objective person; completely blase at seeing the person in the photograph I'd sent him appear in the studio as a man.

The session was tentatively scheduled.

When at last I had some free time on a Saturday, and a cover-story for driving downtown, I dropped in on Mr. W. and he said we could go right to work. He had a dressing room and I had all the time I wanted to get into my masquerade. It was understood that I had worked professionally; this was how much confidence I now managed to project after all this time.

Needless to say the session went off beautifully; Mr. W. had professional background scenes; he put me through the paces of doing some of my jokes; we laughed and kidded; with him poised and ready -- snapping shots at the correct moment.

The photographs were unbelievably gorgeous.

Thinking back to my original sessions with Mr. P. I know that at that time it would have been impossible to approach Mr. W. I realize, too, that Mr. H. was an important step in the process of finally discovering a real professional photographer capable of working with a female impersonator; and one that I felt capable of working with.

Each of us must undoubtedly explore our own methods of approaching problems as difficult as that of obtaining professional photographs. Perhaps some can confidently walk into a strange studio; and simply explain they are a female impersonator and want some publicity shots taken. Perhaps I could, ...now. Just perhaps.

But for those who are more or less timid like myself I hope my experiences can be helpful and inspiring. It

seems to me that femme photography is the most difficult sort of art; because actually, it involves the combination of two arts; a meeting of creative minds -- that of the photographer and of the femme dresser himself. Everything must be just right.

On the one hand I often think it would be better to rent a hotel or motel room and dress in the lonely contemplation so vital to putting together a femme personality; then, because I do not advise driving while dressed; to rent a cab and arrive at the studio all ready to slip into a costume.

But on the other hand, there is a challenge, too, in being able to dress under strange conditions; in the presence of strange people; in strange studios -- there is a contagious atmosphere of showmanship involved in the studio preparation for a photo session. I much prefer this approach to PROFESSIONAL FEMME PHOTOS.

T H E E N D



ADELAIDE 25-E-1



MARSHA 22-C-2FPE



LAURA 35-S-2FPE



MARIE 14-K-2FPE



SHEILA 30-B-2FPE



EARLENE W. VIRGINIA



JEAN-PENN

FICTION



I Am A Male Stripper

by Ann Randall (9-B-1)

★ I am employed as a stripper in a Chicago Night club. This year I have performed in New Orleans, San Francisco, New York and Los Angeles. My name is familiar to most night-club goers and my pictures adorn many of the girly magazines that men like so much.

Being a stripper is an unusual occupation, not many women would like the work, it is tiring, the hours are long and irregular, and one must suffer the stigmatism that goes with the profession. But to those women who are strippers, it is a fascinating job and if you are good, fairly rewarding. But that's not why my part as a stripper is unique. You see, although not many women are strippers, even fewer men are. . . . and I'M A MAN.

I would like to tell my story from the beginning.

I was born Gary Stern on October 18, 1941, in the suburbs of New York on Long Island. In my youth, I was

always interested in girl's games. Since I was rather frail, the rough sports engaged in by the boys were just too much for me. The more I tried to live up to my friends activities, the more frustrated I became. Soon I realized that the girls I knew were much more sympathetic than the boys and didn't mind if I played jump rope and hop scotch with them.

One particular girl was more sympathetic than the others. She would comfort me when the boys wouldn't allow me to play baseball with them.

One day, while this girl, Janet, and I were playing in her house, her mother had to go downtown shopping. She would be gone for about 3 hours and Janet was told to stay indoors. We played some games, but finally like most kids will, we became bored.

Janet said, "Let's play, dress-up?"

"What's that?", I queried.

"We dress up in our mother's clothes."

"But you don't have a father, how can I dress up?", I said.

"Silly, we'll both be mothers, you'd rather be a girl anyhow, wouldn't you?"

I flushed a little, and stammered, "Yes, I would, but don't ever tell anybody, they'd all laugh at me and call me a sissy."

"I wouldn't ever tell a soul", she replied. "It will be our secret". (And it is to this day).

This began a yearning that never ended and is as strong today as it was that first day. We put on panties slips, evening gowns, high heel shoes, nylon stockings-the works, and we had a ball.

I really liked the feel of nylon, and silk. They gave me goosepimples and made shivers run up and down my back. The feeling was, and is, like no other in the

Transvestia

world. Then and there, I knew I would never be happy until I could wear these clothes always.

Everything went fine, until Janet's mother came home an hour early and caught us in her best clothes. Janet was put to bed and I was sent home. One thing though, my parents were never told of this incident, which was the only time I was ever caught as a man in women's clothes. I guess Janet's mother thought it a harmless child's game that needed no further punishment than to be caught in the act.

As I grew up, I began to secretly secure an assortment of feminine articles, but wearing them was done only in the privacy of my room late at night or when the family wasn't home.

I relate my early experiences, only to show that my desires and wishes occurred early in my life.

My real beginnings as a woman began when I graduated high school and went to Chicago to work as a clerk in a large industrial firm. My starting pay was \$45.00 a week and I worked in an office staffed mostly with women. They resented a male in their domain and were constantly making life rough on me.

Consequently, I moved into my shell even further than I was before. When I was home, I indulged in the fantasy that I was a woman, I bought female clothing at every opportunity through the mail order houses in Chicago and soon I had as many clothes as the average working girl.

Up to this time, I had not gotten a wig, nor did I ever use cosmetics. I guess I hadn't gotten to that stage yet. One day after I had been with the firm for 3 years a girl who had been with the firm for only 8 months was given a promotion. One after another of the girls in the office went on up the ladder as secretaries or senior clerks. When I asked my boss about it he said that typing and shorthand were essential to these promotions. I explained that in high school, I had taken both typing and shorthand and that I was very proficient in these. "But you're not a girl," he said. The bosses want women

not men secretaries

I brooded about this, especially when I found out that as a secretary you could make as high as \$100.00 a week. Then an idea struck me. If a woman is what they want then a woman is what they'll get. So I began my strategy.

I ordered a very good wig from a leading mail order firm. As soon as it came, I began to practice being a woman in spirit as well as in being. I worked hard at make-up, carriage, deportment and feminine mannerisms. I was determined that I would be as good a woman as any of them.

It took only a few weeks. Strange, I felt that I was born to look as I did when dressed as a woman. I was pretty. Though as a man I was small and mousey looking. I made a very striking woman. Now, I must venture into the world. I was afraid, But I needed confidence. I decided that I would go to a restaurant, eat supper, then go to a show and then home. Frightened but determined, I stepped out of my apartment and into a cab.

That first escapade went smoothly. Though I probably seemed very nervous and talked as though I had a very bad frog in my throat, no one paid any particular attention to me and soon I was home again.

The days became agony, the nights ecstasy. My life became a regular Jekyll and Hyde existence. I know that it could not go on for long, so I took a bold step. I quit my job as Gary Stern, and reapplied for the very same job the next day as Gayle Storm.

I was immediately hired and in 6 months progressed to head of the department. I was in practice, my salary was now \$70.00 a week, more than I had earned in 3 years as Gary. I got along just fine with girls. Life was wonderful. Then it happened.

I was told by the section head that I was to be interviewed by J.P. Calwell, Vice President of the firm as his new secretary. I was a little worried. Stories about

Transvestia

J.P. went through the girl's washroom almost every day. He was the son of the president, and a no good, shiftless individual. He had gone through 6 secretaries in as many months.

I thought that it was probably because they were inefficient, and of course I was naively wrong.

J.P. liked me from the start and I was advanced to \$150.00 per week.

The first two weeks were routine and Mr. Caldwell was well mannered and efficient. He really had very little to do, but he answered a lot of correspondence and so my job was steady.

One day he called me in and asked me to sit on the couch. He said that I was the best girl he had since he came with the firm. Then, as he sat next to me he began to tell me that I was also one of the cutist secretaries that he had seen. All the other VP's were envious. Soon his hands were around me and he kissed me hard on the lips. I was in a panic, it had happened so fast that all I could do was stare at him.

Suddenly his hands began roving and I became very frightened. I screamed and kicked and scratched. In a moment he was on the floor in front of the couch in obvious pain. And, in another moment, I was out of a job.

It had all happened so fast. I hurried back to my apartment, tired, scared and shaken by my ordeal. At least he didn't find out the truth about me, but I was out of a job. I cried a long time that night. Should I go back to being a man again? This question ran through my head hundreds of times that evening. I decided it would be safer that way, and I packed the feminine garments away for awhile.

I got a job as a waiter in a restaurant and one day spotted a girl that I felt I knew. She reminded me of Janet and when I got closer I realized that it was Janet. In a moment, we were sharing old experiences. She wasn't married and she lived in an apartment only 3

blocks from mine. That night we had dinner together.

"What are you doing for a living," I asked.

Her head lowered a little and she said, "I'm on the stage".

"Oh! An actress, how exciting, I almost yelled".

"Well...." She hesitated, "I am taking lessons during the day, and I hope someday to be an actress. But, a girl must eat."

"Well what do you do on the stage," I queried.

"If you must know", she said rather definitely, "I'm a stripper at the Royal Theater. I know it's terrible, but it puts food on the table and pays up my dramatic coach".

"Wow a real stripper, eh". I was amazed and could talk of nothing all evening but that. Once Janet knew that I did not look down upon her, she opened up. The pay was not bad, the hours were long, but, there was a thrill to it too. It was hard to explain", she said.

We talked for the rest of the night. I asked if I could see her tomorrow night and she said yes. The thought of the stage and strippers held a strange but thrilling fascination for me, yet at that time I could not say why.

The next night I saw all of the shows at the Royal. I went back stage between numbers and was amazed at the activity that went on there.

To me it was a fairyland of people, costumes, and sets. A make believe world where people could be what ever they wanted to be. Then an exciting idea struck me, could I become a part of this world. I had to find out.

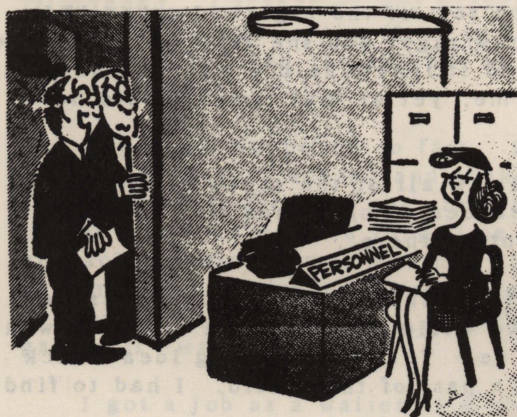
In Janet's dressing room, we talked about what it would take to be a good performer. She liked the job, but was ashamed because of what the public thought of



"There goes my brother Bill in Sis's best dress. I can hardly wait till I'm big enough for the hand-me-downs."



"George, I want you to meet a couple of old war buddies of mine, Christine and Cochinelle!"



"It's George Smith, the salesman you fired for inefficiency. He says he has a new approach this time!"

strip teasers. I wanted to tell her my thoughts and soon I blurted out what I had been doing since I had gotten to town - my escapades as a male file clerk, and a female secretary complete with the sordid story of J.P. caldwell and my subsequent change back to my old self and the job as a waiter in a restaurant. Janet listened with a sympathetic ear.

"I always knew that you'd make a better girl than a boy." "Please come over to my apartment tomorrow night as a girl, I want to see what you look like." she said.

The next night I was in heaven again. Back in the clothes that I loved so much. The stockings. The slip ...the cosmetics and accessories that felt so natural to me.

When Janet saw me she actually reeled back on her high heels. "Why, you're beautiful," she exclaimed. "You're much more beautiful than I...I can't get over it."

We sat and talked as two girls for the rest of the evening. Janet agreed to help me learn the art of stripping in her spare time, and also to introduce me to the manager when the time came.

I worked hard. Janet brought some of her costumes home and we went through some routines.

I was disappointed that I did not have the Physical attributes to fill out the costume. After all, a stripper did go further than I could without revealing my true sex. So I was disappointed and continued working. The feeling had gone out of my life. I wanted to do this so much.

Janet noted my anxiety over the weeks, but what could she do. Then one day she burst into my apartment She was terribly excited.

She had talked to one of the girls, who it turned out had at one time been almost flat chested. She had seen this woman doctor, who gave her injections of es-

Transvestia

trogen hormones and plastic surgery and now she had the biggest bust in the show. She gave me the doctors name and volunteered to go down with me to see her.

I was so scared that I couldn't even eat on the day that we went to the doctor. She was so nice and listened to my story so intently that soon I felt I had made another friend.

"Do you wish to become a woman all the way?" the doctor asked.

I looked at Janet who held her eyes on the floor. I gulped and said, "no, I wish to look as feminine as possible, but retain my male sex drive. Is this possible?"

"Yes, she said, "but i don't see why you wish to do this. You are fairly feminine already. I can see that you are a borderline male."

"Yes, I guess that's true. But I love women. I could never love a man. I am a transvestite in the fullest sense of the word. I am almost a transexualist, but I am in love with one woman and I would not want to loose the capacity for loving her. Although I am a borderline male, my sexual feelings as a male are strong. And, I wish to retain them."

"Who is this woman that you love so much?" Janet asked, her eyes just a little watery.

"You, of course, Janet", I replied. "I've loved you since we were kids together. You always understood me. I love you now, more than ever".

"Oh darling", and she rushed into my arms. "I love you too! I want you to be happy and I would even help you to become a woman all the way if that was what you wanted".

"No", I said, and turning to the doctor I asked, "What can be done with me?"

"Well, we can give you just enough hormone treatments to make you as feminine as possible without killing

your sex drive. Then I will operate on your chest and in a few moments place foam rubber pads under your skin. These will make your breasts as full as any woman's. These treatments are not new. I have helped many flat chested women to achieve self-respect by performing this operation. It is quick, painless, and above all not dangerous," she explained.

The die was cast I would become as feminine as possible but retain my girl, Janet.

That week, Janet and I were married, and I moved into her apartment. For the time being, I kept my job and male identity. Slowly, however; under the hormone treatments my mannerisms, looks and feelings became more decidedly feminine. I went to an electrolysis expert in a nearby town and gradually all of my beard was removed - never to return.

Then the day of the operation came. The doctor did it in a private hospital and I only had to stay one night. In the meantime, Janet changed apartments for from now on I was to be called Gale Storm and would never dress as a man again.

The public would think of us as roommates when we still would be man and wife - at least male and female or something like that.

When I returned to our new apartment, I felt really at home for the first time in years. I now had a body that any woman would be proud of. My measurements were 36 - 27 - 37. Now I filled out the strippers costume to perfection.

I had quit my job and for the time being, just practiced the routines that Janet had taught me.

In about two months I felt I was ready. My hair had grown to my shoulders and I had it dyed blonde. My new name Gale Storm was a natural and my body was beautifully feminine. I used a special custom made supporter to eliminate any signs of masculinity. With this special supporter of fleshcolored latex on, I could strip to pasties and a G-string with confidence.

Transvestia

Janet secured an audition for me, and I went on the stage for the first time in my life. To say the least, I was very nervous, but despite that I made the grade and started the next week.

After two months, I became a headliner at the Royale. Then I got a chance to go on the road with a company that toured the southwest. Janet had an unexpected surprise at this time. She found out that we were to become parents. That put her out of the show and I became the sole supporter of our family. The salary was a good \$200.00 per week and while in Las Vegas I was approached by one of the hotels to work for them at \$500.00 a week.

That was 3 years ago. Today, I am one of the most well known "girls" in my profession. I even run a school for upcoming strippers and Janet and I are happier than ever. Our daughter is 3 and in a few years we will tell her of her unusual family. She will understand because we are slowly leading her along the path of understanding.

My life is complete. To everyone I am a successful showgirl, one to be envied and looked upon with desire. My pictures have appeared in many magazines, and I have been on the cover of at least 3 art calendars. My salary is now \$750.00 per week and still going up. A motion picture producer may star me in an upcoming picture. Janet is the perfect housewife and our Nevada home nestles on 3 acres of land. I am alive and full of life for I have the existence I always wanted....to be a woman for all the world to see.

THE END

FREUDIAN SLIPS

Man at Door: "I've come to repair your TV!"

Wife absentmindedly: "Sorry, but he's not home yet."



"Well,
yes,
I did
tell
the
professor
that
you
and I
roomed
together
while
we
were
in art
school.
Do
you
think
it
would
have
been
easier
on him
if I'd
have
told
him
that
I
was
a
TV!"

ARTICLE

The Importance of Transvestia to TV's

by Virginia Joy (FE-M-1)

★ One of the great functions of TRANSVESTIA is to help us TVs meet one another, to help us to understand one another and ourselves, without deceit, without epology, frankly, gladly, as both brothers and sisters. Amongst others, a FP does not have to pretend to be more masculine than she is. Nor does she have to pretend to be more feminine than she is, either - an apparent necessity for some transexualists. She can just be herself. This is the normal prerogative of mankind, but society at present denies it to us.

Chevalier Publications gives us a sense of belonging TRANSVESTIA, with it's photographs, does this very well indeed: it brings us together mentally, even when we are physically a long way apart. It helps us to know ourselves, without shame. It's pages supply us with a medium in which to express ourselves, our special TV thoughts, openly and perhaps helpfully to others. It is a powerful force in helping us to admit to ourselves what we are - and that's the first vital step in learning to live with our problem and to enjoy our own special qualities. TRANSVESTIA may well prevent marriages which would certainly fail. and it may well save others who contemplate suicide.

Lastly, through "Contact", TRANSVESTIA gives us a chance of corresponding with, and eventually of meeting in person, those whom we most want to meet - our brother-sisters - the only people in the world with whom we can freely, gladly and openly share our whole hearts.

May God bless this work!

.....

Femme False Teeth

by Peggy (25-E-1)

★ Because teeth are the one item of facial anatomy not changed during the process of femmepreparation TRANSVESTIA followers may think that a conscientious program of using Crest is enough. I thought so, too. But between my brother's nasty habit of chewing Muriel cigars to bits, a loose upper incisor bridge, and some terribly unattractive canines and bicuspid, I was recently faced with the matter of false teeth.

Denture plates? Partial plates? Or crown restorations? Are teeth asexual; or is there a difference between male and female teeth? Should you confess your femme dressing to your dentist? If so, how -- and when?

These were just a few of the questions I desperately needed answers for. My horror at the thought of massive tooth extractions and my fear over later changes in facial expression ruled out denture plates -- beautiful as they are. Partial? Well... But how about crowns?

A letter to a nearby university teaching dentistry not only supplied some answers about crown restorations, but got me in touch with a young dental instructor who practiced on a limited basis. My letter had mentioned "Hollywood Teeth" and it was easy to explain that I did "impersonations" -- on an amateur basis. In this way I was lucky enough to justify my intense esthetic desires and set the stage for later revealing the full extent of my impersonations.

The immediate problem was financial -- crowns, or "caps", are costly. But the more I learned about these "porcelain-covered, gold-lined, hollow corn kernels", the more I fell in love with them. "Living false teeth",

Transvestia

Dr. T. called them immune from normal decay, and, barring root trouble, capable of lasting a lifetime.

But putting crowns on six, upper anterior teeth was not only costly, it proved to be a slow, painstaking procedure. I grew very impatient, ...and apprehensive, when I realized how much tooth structure is shaved away to accomodate the crowns. It was narcissistically repulsive; so were the temporary crowns one wears awaiting the complex laboratory process of bonding the porcelain to the permanent crowns.

Too, there was physical, as well as psychological discomfort, when it came time to take impressions of the carved-down teeth; when cotton strips were placed between the teeth and the gum tissue; so that these vital impressions were exact and accurate.

But I forgot the discomfort, the long painstaking steps, and my impatience, the evening I realized how perfectly the gold crown-linings fit. This was also the evening we were to select the color for the porcelain; I had brought along photos of Gale Ava.....

Dr. T. wasn't too surprised to learn just what sort of "impersonations" I did -- but I was thunderstruck when he put the photographs aside and asked quite seriously, "do you want me to make masculine, ...or feminine crowns?"

I hadn't counted on the many subtle differences between masculine and feminine teeth; that women have wide centrals; narrow, and differently shaped laterals; that their teeth are generally smaller. But these distinctions are really not too important, the important thing is to bring your femme dressing activity to the dentist's attention -- in an unobtrusive, subtle manner. I knew the importance of this when Dr. T. said, "we're set on the color for the porcelain, I'll do the bonding and the last step is shaping them in your mouth. Can you bring your feminine things to the office?"

It was more understanding than I had ever dreamed of, or hoped for. Dressing as Gale Ava in one of the clinic's private rooms, the final shaping of the crowns,

was made with both of my personalities in mind.

Perhaps dentists like Dr. T. are rare. I do not think so. I think our success in problems such as major dental procedures depends on our individual approach. This, and a little luck, may also enable you to solve the problem of FEMME FALSE TEETH.

By: Gale Ava Priddie

In Grandma's Red Plush Album



In grandma's red
plush album--
It's leaves are
edged in gold.
There is a
faded picture
Of grandpa
four years old

The present
ceases always,
The years go
back and stop
When I see
grandpa leaning
Against a
marble top.

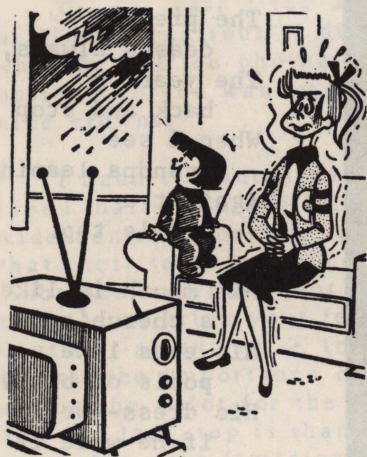
His mouth is like
a cherub's;
His eyes like
pools of bliss'
His dress--well,
if he wore it
Today, he'd be--
a Miss!



"You'll have to admit that this does a lot more for me than that pin stripe suit I have to wear at the office."



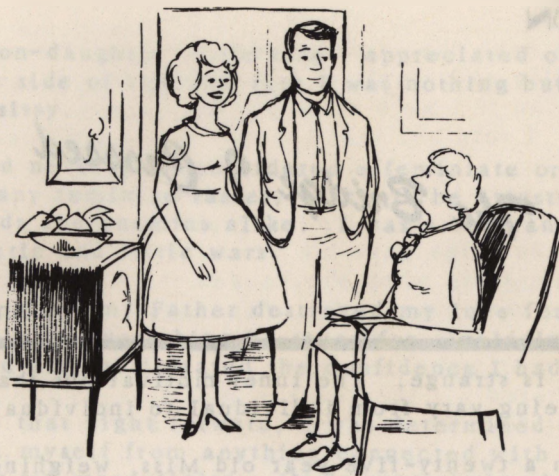
"Won't John be surprised to see his younger brother after so long?"



"Oh look, Harry, Mom and Dad are coming home early!"



"I don't mind helping an old chum with the dishes, but NO APRON! You're not going to hook me on TV!"



"Mother, this is the TV repairman you sent for. He wants to know what about me has to be fixed."



"I just hope they don't all take the trip you did, Jim, I could never find different jobs for all of them."



"Harry, I'd like you to meet a friend of mine, he just got back from a trip to Europe. He had some very unusual experiences."

FICTION



The Bridge I Crossed

by Anne Marie

★ Life is strange. The inner motivations that drive a human being vary from individual to individual.

I am a twenty-five year old Miss, weighing 120 lbs., and I stand 5'6". My measurements are 34-24-34 and I have long, well curled, black hair, yet I am a male.

I must go back to my post graduate days from high school to furnish an explanation.

During my senior year I made the all-state football and basketball teams and was offered many scholarships from colleges that sought my athletic services.

My senior year also brought a tragic disruption of our home life. My Father became an avid alcoholic and started mistreating my Mother. He struck her several times.

One night I caught my Father trying to smother my Mother with a pillow and only my intervention saved her life. I was forced to beat my Father up before he would desist. My Mother took refuge in her bedroom, behind locked doors.

That night, I sat and listened as my Father verbally abused me for the first time. The things he said were most shocking and had absolutely no foundation in truth. Yet his remarks took their toll. His tongue lashing caught me completely off guard and upset me a great deal.

He said I always sided with my Mother and was her

"little son-daughter". He said I appreciated only the feminine side of life and that I was nothing but a "skirt" and big sissy.

I had never been considered effeminate or thought to have any feminine tastes, as could be attested to by my friends and enemies alike. I was a veteran of both the athletic and fistic wars.

That night my Father destroyed my love for him. He made me hate everything he stood for, including his manhood. He also obliterated the confidence I had in mine.

From that night forward, I was determined to disassociate myself from anything connected with my Father, including my masculinity. (It is noteworthy that from that night forward he called me a "skirt").

In the days that followed, I began to display my newfound feminine tastes to Mother. First I told her that I wanted to learn to do everything she did around the house. She agreed to show me. In a short time, I was washing, cooking, baking, sewing, and knitting and I could sense Mother was proud at how proficient I had become at these tasks.

By this time, I had made up my mind to become reindocrinated as a girl and shun my masculine personality. Now that it was summer, I could more easily accomplish this.

I proceeded slowly and cautiously since I had no intentions of suddenly shocking my Mother. I wanted to break the news to her slowly, step by step.

I started by wearing a pair of her panties around the house, under my trousers. She discovered this when I bent over to pick up something. "Charles, are you wearing a pair of my panties?" She asked.

"Yes, Mom, I'm wearing them because they're more comfortable than shorts. I hope you don't mind."

"Well, I-I-I- guess it's alright," she answered.

Transvestia

The next day, I selected one of her dresses, along with a slip and a pair of her high heels and asked if she'd mind if I wore them when doing my household chores. I told her that I'd be more comfortable.

I noted a little anger in her voice when she said, "I must say Charles, I'm very puzzled with your girlish ways". But, she gave me what I asked for and I'm sure she was smiling when she handed them to me. A moment later she said pleasantly, "Is there anything else you'd like, Charlotte?" My face flushed red and my heart beat so loud that I thought she'd hear it. I was embarrassed but mustered all the courage that I could and managed to blurt out four words, "bra, nylons and girdle."

She handed these items to me and I detected a stern and cold look on her face as she said, "quite frankly, I do think we must have a talk about this drastic change in you. Whatever has happened to you?"

I was too embarrassed and hurt to discuss anything and I told her that I didn't want to discuss it. Then I asked her why she'd called me Charlotte and she said that she had no choice since I was now acting more like a girl than a boy.

"I won't berate you, son. Let's put our cards on the table. Tell me about it, please," she pleaded.

I shook my head.

"Is there anything else you'd like. Maybe lipstick or perfume."

I nodded.

My Mother's expression changed to astonishment and she said, "If you want anything you'll have to tell me what in the world you're up to!"

I declined and ran out of the room. An hour later, I donned my new treasures and went into the livingroom where my Mother and I sat down and started knitting. We occupied ourselves with typically feminine chit-chat. My Mother didn't press me any further about the revolu-

tion that had begun within me.

Needless to say, I always changed clothes before Father returned from work.

Three days later everything came to a head when my Father caught me clad in panties just after I had taken a bath.

He flew into a rage and kicked me around until he had my mouth bleeding profusely. (Although I was his peer when it came to a physical conflict, I made no attempt to defend myself). He then stalked out of the house, to go on a binge.

The minute he left, I flew into my Mother's arms sobbing all the while.

Then I said. "Mother, Mother, I want to be a girl!"

"I know, I know, and I intend to help you be as girlish as you want," she said.

"But what about Father", I asked.

"It's time I asserted myself. This time I'll win," she said.

The next day, while Father was at work, Mother and I went shopping. She bought me a wardrobe that included dresses, skirts, blouses, capries, shorts, lingerie, heels, flats and five nylon gowns. I was so happy that I burst into tears. Yet, I was worried about my Father's reaction. Mother, however, had a plan.

When we returned home, Mother helped me into some of my new clothes, pinned up my hair, and applied a conservative amount of make-up, including lipstick, mascara, eyebrow pencil and pan stick. She drenched me with perfume and put some earrings on me.

I was throughly enjoying myself when I heard Father's car drive up. My heart jumped as I asked Mother to help me undress. She shook her head and told me that she had fixed me up so that Father could see me. I felt betrayed

Transvestia

and terrified.

She ordered me into my bedroom and told me not to come out until she called for me. I dashed for the bedroom and noted the clicking of my high heels as I bolted the door behind me.

Father and Mother talked quietly for five minutes until an earthquake of shouts shook the house. Father shouted with an intensity he never before had equalled. But Mother stood her ground. After twenty minutes of heated debate, in which my father called me a panty-waist and "morphodite" (he meant an hermaphrodite), all I could hear was a din of mumbling.

Suddenly Mother called me. My nylon clad legs began to shake. I couldn't move. Soon she came to the door and I let her in. She reassured me and then led me into the livingroom to confront my Father.

Our eyes met and I could see the disgust and scorn he held for me.

"What are you wearing underneath?" He asked coldly.

"Everything from panties to a girdle and bra", I said as my voice quivered.

"You're an utterly disgusting pariah", he declared.

I noticed he had a suitcase resting near his feet.

"Marsha, you take this revolting "it" and make it as much of a woman as you want, because Charles isn't the son I always wanted", he yelled as he stormed out of the house not to return for two months.

After he left, Mother asked me to make a clear-cut decision between womanhood or manhood. Nothing in between would do.

I told her that I yearned only to be feminine, and for nothing manly.

She was overjoyed, and told me nothing would be



FRAN 49-C-1 FPE
Cover Girl on TVia #24
Exec. Secty. of FPE.



Jody 42-F-1FPE
Cover Girl # 26



DONNA JEAN 5-W-15 FPE



GISELE 13-J-1FPE



BILLIE 9-B-2FPE



VIRGINIA 5-P-1 FPE
JUDITH 55-B-1 FPE (60)



BOBBIE 13-D-2 FPE

a strict disciplinarian in feminizing me. Every boyish mannerism and personality trait would have to go.

First, she re-named me Charlotte. Then she plucked my eyebrows, shaved my legs and then she bought me a wig. (I had not had a haircut all summer and very soon I would not need my wig).

Slowly my mannerisms changed, as Mother helped in everyway. Soon I noticed my actions had changed into those of a young girl in her late teens. My actions finally came naturally and I found I was only capable of feminine actions.

My appearance and taste also drastically changed. As a boy I presented a picture of latent femininity. As a girl I presented a picture of feminine smoothness. As a boy I had loved athletics but my interest in them quickly evaporated. I was now interested in clothes, needlework, feminine chit-chat and general carriage and appearance.

Almost five months had elapsed since that life-changing argument with my Father. Mother said my hair was long enough to curl and that a trip to the beauty parlor was in order.

I sat in the waiting room as Mother gave the beautician instructions about what she wanted done. She then left, after telling me that she'd pick me up later.

The beautician escorted me into the salon and seated me in front of a sink, where I was given a shampoo. Then she rolled my hair on large metal rollers, and applied the waving lotion. When it was done I sat under the dryer for awhile and then she combed me out. The beautician then plucked my eyebrows and re-shaped them. I was treated to professionally applied make-up. I emerged from the shop looking like a beautiful eighteen year-old Miss. I had been going to an electrologist for the removal of my beard and excess body hair which, fortunately was not great.

My Father returned the day I received my final treatment. He remained only long enough to gather some of

Transvestia

his belongings and told Mother he'd return only after long contemplation and consideration of my new status.

Now I was at the threshold of womanhood. But my transformation was not yet complete. Both Mother and I were completely against a sex-change operation since we felt it violated moral barriers. We both agreed however, that female hormone injections were another thing altogether. We decided it would greatly enhance my femininity if I took them.

After finding and consulting many doctors, we finally found one that agreed to our wishes. I received many injections including some in the localized area of my chest. The effects of these injections caused many changes in my body.

First, my face became softer and smoother. Then my muscles slowly melted away. Next, my body hair diminished and finally disappeared. My hip measurements increased several inches and my waist shrank drastically. My entire body softened and took on rounded contours. Later my hair became thicker, yet it was softer. During this time, my bosom started to grow.

First, I noticed only a slight swelling in that area, then my nipples became very tender and they grew much larger. The swelling soon gave way as my bust developed until I was the proud possessor of two very fine breasts.

My ordeal was over and I was blissfull.

Father finally returned home and Mother and I noticed he, too, had changed. He had given up drinking and he made every effort to treat Mother differently. It must have been the shock of my re-awaking as a woman that brought it on. Odd as it may seem, Father and I are devoted to each other now. He loves me like a daughter and never thinks of me as a boy. My Father says he is happy that his daughter turned out to be such a pretty and well-mannered young lady.

I must say I feel womanly in every respect. My actions, habits, tastes, and thoughts are those of a woman. I am socially accepted as a young, attractive

girl. My secret has been well kept.

The only obstacle was my armed forces draft status. When I was finally called up, I was fully developed and was found totally unfit for the service. I was very much relieved.

I have no sex life. I am asexual. I have no homosexual tastes in light of my true sex, nor do I care for women in that way.

St. Augustine once wrote, "Seek the truth not with your heart alone - for your heart cannot think; and not with your mind alone, for your mind can only find lifeless truths. But in union of heart and mind you will find peace of soul".

I have found contentment and peace living as a woman and would never return to my former status.

Life can be beautiful if you learn to face it and not fight it. Seek the truth within you and you'll have the key to happiness, regardless of the situation.



Memories

I used to wear my sister's dresses,
when family'd gone away,

And spend an afternoon of thrills,
as the lady I would play.

I'd languish in my ecstasy
with girlish odds and ends,

And fuss away the hours,
without a thought of friends.

Then, often how my heart did ache,
as afternoon wore on,

To put those lovely things away,
just dreams to dwell upon .

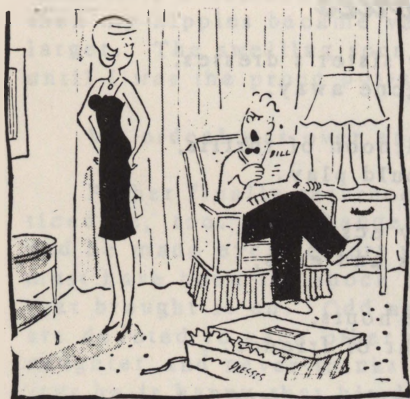
Phyllis

22-A-1 FPE



"I don't know what to think, he's always wearing that wig he got for Halloween!"

"Your disguise is perfect Agent 00-40½. Now take these false position papers to General von Kluck and see if you can, ah...interest him."



"I never thought I'd see the day when my son would spend more at 'Maxine's' than his mother does."



"Ralph understands our problems. He likes to dress as a girl once in a while."

Susanna Says

Hello everybody:

★ Here we are again with our chit chat for this issue...No 40 it is I frankly don't know what kind of magic Virginia uses to keep going as steady as a housewife on a telephone call to her girl friend. Me? I have to twirl my curls over and over again until an idea pops up for the column. The best technique -I've found - is to let the typewriter roll along by itself and see what comes out. With regard to my little essay on children which appeared in #39 I have had the type of reaction I expected. A polite silence from most of my TV friends and an attempt at a smile from a few. Sheila says that the article was likely to stir up something. She noted that of the TVs we know there are about 8 cases in which the kids (school age) have been told and exposed to the TV virus. (Daddy being the disease carrier) In all 8 known cases the results have not been fatal. The kids have not shown any sign of coming down with TV and they do not scream in horror every time they see Daddy coming home. Personally I know only one TV who has the secret desire to dress his small kid as a little girl. He has even bought a dress and all but the last I heard the kid acts scared of Daddy in dresses and would hit the ceiling if forced to dress up. The mother (as you can suspect) is definitely horrified at the idea. So no sale! Other TV's have told me that they would not want their kids to be TVs. They feel that life is hard enough as it is without adding another cross to the load the offspring will bearing.

I wonder....is TVism such a load? Is it such a

Transvestia

tragedy to put up with? It is true that many TVs go through life with the mark of frustration imprinted on their hearts...many feel that they are trapped in an unbreakable cage from which they cannot possibly escape. But isn't it true that in many instances, the TV himself is the manufacturer of his own cage? When we say that society frowns upon transvestism we are thinking of our associates in business, our family and friends...that's about the extent of our "society" as far as our daily life is concerned. Now let's imagine that after a careful analysis of our "girl-within" we find that she'll stay relatively contented with a once-in-awhile dressing session...maybe once a month, or every 2 or 3 months. In that case the TV is entitled to carve a niche in society pretty much like anybody else: standard job, standard wife, standard children and standard relatives. Things will flow fairly normally. But, if the girl within is the demanding type, the kind that drives you crazy if you don't take her out of the closet, then this TV should realize that he can't have the cake and eat it too and therefore he must simply change "his society" and earn a living in a different activity (preferably the self employed kind), and look for an unconventional wife, forget about perpetuating his name through offspring, and stay away from his relatives....move to Alaska if necessary. What I mean to say is that there is a great deal we could do to alter our private social life-so that the circles in which we move will be of our own choosing and therefore more friendly towards the girl-within.

Let's take an example: There is a TV of my acquaintance who has definitely decided never to get married. He figures that two women in the same household just don't mix. So he has his own apartment, carefully chosen as to landlady and finds himself in the enviable position of being able to dress whenever he pleases, visit the landlady and her husband, and even go out with them. Friends? Also carefully chosen...they all know he is a TV so there is no need to race madly to the bathroom to remove make-up and

clothes because somebody is coming. Anyone who comes to his apartment knows and accepts his TVism. Girl friends? (GGs I mean)...several...and each one of them knows about his "girl-within". Relatives? He left his home when he was in his early teens and put a whole continent between him and his parents, brothers and sisters. Job? Also carefully chosen TV-wise. He started as an employee in a ladies' garment store and today he owns the shop. His employees, five GGs all know that he is a transvestite. In other words, he has created his own society, a society where he finds the acceptance that allows him to live without frustration and fear.

The problem stems from the fact that most TVs insist on plunging into a ready-made society in which they are unable to do any manipulating to satisfy their inner urges. The TV wants to be like everybody else around him, knowing perfectly well that HE IS NOT like everyone else. So he creates for himself a world of appearances, a world of make-believe which, paradoxically, is a world he DOES NOT LIKE. He forces his personality into the conventional mold (like shoving your foot into a tight shoe) and sentences himself to a lifetime of aching feet. To be a successful transvestite one must manipulate, connive and plan so that one can end up in a world selected to one's own measurements. The pity of it all is that most of us know nothing of the girl-within when we are in a position to start planning and manipulating. When we find out it is usually rather late and we are already caught up in the conventional kind of life; job-wise, wife, children and friends. But even so, there are a few TVs who are managing rather nicely, the extra apartment, the periodical "business trips", the extra income that the wife knows nothing about, the TV friends, and even the non-TV friends. The shame of it all in this case is the constant lying and therefore the growing guilt.

But enough of philosophising...let's gossip!
The case of "J" has all tongues wagging on the East-

Transvestia

estern seaboard. Here's a TV who seemed to be on the verge of taking the "trip"...had dosed himself amply with female hormones, went through electrolysis and made a pretty convincing gal outdoors. He even had a marriage broken since the GG just couldn't stomach TVism. Suddenly, a complete (you should excuse the expression) turnabout. No more dressing...a new GG looms as a possible new wife and that's that. Needless to say the betting is 60 to 1 he'll never make it. Most TVs who know our friend say he should know better than to try a road which he has already traveled and found full of pitfalls and quagmires.

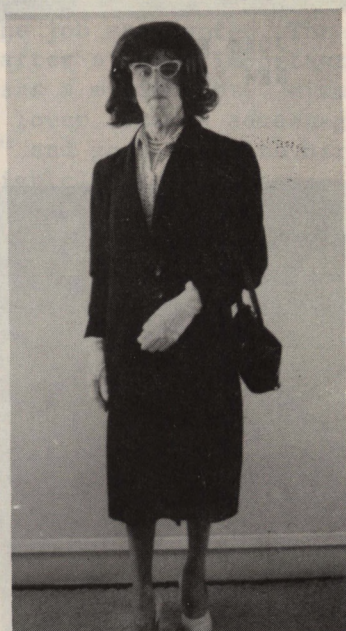
Then there is J (another J), married, wife knows nothing about his TVism. He keeps his clothes some 40 miles away with a TV friend. He passes pretty well. One day he decides to take a job as a barmaid. It seems he has been dying to see if his girl-within can be real. So he did it! In a daring bod she applied for and actually got the job she wanted. Three days later he was back home after a most "important business trip"! This suggests a movie plot: wife is the cheating kind...has a lover...takes advantage of husband's "business trips" and goes out with her lover...they drop into the nightclub and the barmaid who serves them is actually her husband. Barmaid poisons drinks and disappears. What an alibi for the husband.

More gossip? The case of Lili. (I don't mind giving her name because I know she'll love to see her story in print...vain little thing!)...passes beautifully...smart enough not to dream of marriage. Has a world of fun TVing all over New York. Lilli is petite (5'3" or 4")...still a few years this side of thirty...light voice...skin as smooth as peaches. Recently decided to buy a bikini...went to a big department store as "he" but the sea of girls in that area of the store scared him away. So he went home...and two hours later Lilli is back at the store. This time she pushes bravely through the crowd...asks for and gets the bikini she had seen in the window. The



JOAN FNZ-C-1
NEW ZEALAND





ANN 30-D-1 FPE

BETTY LOU

salesgirl urges her to try it on for size. Lilli, with that fabulous grin of the successful TV, walks into the designated booth and discovers that the booth has no curtain or door. You just undress and try on the stuff while dozens of women are coming and going right in front of you. But Lilli does not hesitate and actually tries the bikini on. Don't ask me how it can be done, but I guarantee it was done and Lilli walked out with a stupendous bikini which, a week later, was modeled by her for a bunch of TVs at the resort. Wiping the green color from my face, I asked for one of her 30,000 polaroid shots, which I am sending to Virginia in case she has space for a picture of Lilli. And, did you know that the word "transvestite" in Cantonese Chinese is something that would look like this in our alphabet: NAM BAN NOY JOHNG.....Man dressed--female clothes. And, in case you want to say, "I am a transvestite: you should utter something like this: NGO HI (I am) NAM BAN NOY JOHNG. And by the way, in case my statement about 30,000 polaroid shots seems like an exaggeration, you should have seen Lilli working on that poor camera over the weekend. They say she is the one that keeps the Polaroid Corporation in business.

More gossip! I'm rather desolate. My free mornings are gone for good. A change at my place of work caused an important switch in schedules and as a result my twin brother is now stuck with the so-called "management" schedule: 9 to 5 (ugh). Good bye sweet morning sleep...good bye breakfast meetings at 11AM with passing TV's. I am now trapped in the rush hour of New York. Even my dance rehearsal schedule has had to move to 6PM, a time at which I don't have the pep I should have for physical exercise. The only break is that I can get home much earlier than I ever did before. But I still don't like getting up at the ungodly hour of 8AM. I never did, guess I never will.

A strange thought has just crossed my mind. Have any of you ever thought of what it would be like if, by some magic formula one could turn into a girl--- with the proviso that the resulting girl should be of

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the Negro race? Think about it! Would any of you like to try? Crazy though it may seem I did try once to create a colored Susanna. I used Stein's dark brown make-up and was carefully to do a complete job all over; ears; arms; legs, etc. with the lighter shade in the palms and the edge of the feet. With cotton I gave my lips the proper enlargement and I was fascinated by the result. It was evening and I tried a quick outing around the block-scared-but no trouble. The thrill of expressing the girl-within did not diminish one bit. On the contrary it was somehow enhanced. But, please, do not try it unless you have loads of spare time to waste. What a mess trying to wipe off that dark make-up! My lingerie was stained and even the dress where my bare arm had rubbed. I forgot that make-up is not indelible and it took hours of scrubbing and soaking to make sure that no trace of the dark tint remained in hard-to-get-at places. Still it was a fascinating adventure. I wonder what my TV friends think about such an experience. Any comments?

I once asked a trans-sexual friend of mine, who by the way, did have a bit of racial prejudice. The interesting part of it was that after some deep thinking--she looked up and said: "If I could be a girl I wouldn't care what color...as long as I was a"she". Now remember, this was a transsexual's opinion. Would your's be the same? And here I feel like making one of those controversial statements, just for the fun of it. I dare say that TVism helps eliminate racial prejudice. Do I have any valid basis for this statement? Well, I've been to several of the so-called "drag balls". It is true that the great majority of the participants in such events are "drag queens" (gay) but there's always a sprinkling of TVs here and there. Many of these TVs (white) would not particularly care to attend a mixed event such as that if they were to appear as their male selves. But in femme-dress such feelings seem to recede and disappear. This seems to be the case with the homosexual queens who fraternize unhesitatingly with their colored sis-

ters. Wouldn't this also apply to TVs? I can well visualize a social gathering of mixed races and somehow I feel that the strong bond that unites TVs would remain just as strong when mixing with colored TVs. I know there are just as many Negro TVs as there are white. It is a shame we have not been able to contact each other. I'm sure it would be a highly revealing experience to exchange viewpoints and feelings.

International figures I'd love to see dressed up: Bobby Kennedy--Lord Home--Kruschev (he'd be a real doll!); Roger Maris--and Fidel Castro (without his beard of course).

My most persistent dream: I'm at the office sitting at my desk in my everyday man's attire. Suddenly someone calls me and as I get up from my chair I discover I'm wearing a dress and high heels. I spend the entire day at work in this garb and nobody seems to notice anything out of the ordinary. This dream appears at least twice a week repeating itself over and over again. The funny part about it is that everytime I experience the same feelings of utter surprise and amazement at my discovery.

Disappointments of recent vintage: The Star-Chronicle so far has given no signs of using the interview I gave them. Could it be that a TV's life lacks the sensationalist element which this type of publication demands? Could be. A deal in which a fashion magazine was going to start advertising off-beat jewelry with a TV (me) as model. It died.

Exciting news....a good crowd is shaping up for for the 4th of July week-end at the resort. Three TVs are taking their vacations at the same time to coincide with mine so we can all spend at least a whole week up in the mountains at Casa Susanna. That should be fun. (This, of course, is written before the event but the week will be over and gone before this issue reaches you. I'll report on it in TVia #41.

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False eyelashes in daytime are definitely fashionable in New York City, so here we go! My wife has just made me a gift of a pair of earrings FOR PIERCES EARS...a subtle hint to let me know that she doesn't mind my going ahead with this latest longing of mine. I will definitely pierce my ears the day before I begin my vacation (the last week of July). You have to keep earrings on for at least a whole week until the perforation heals. Question: will anyone notice later on at the office? Hmm?

And this is all for now...isn't it fun to be a
NAM BAN NOY JOHNG?

Love, Susanna....



"Miss POLOROID" of 1966
Our Girl Lilli





CHARLENE 49-B-5 FPE

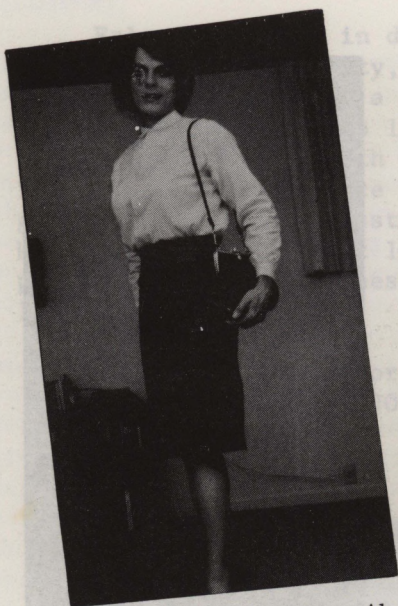


ROBIN



STEPHANIE 29-M-1





GWEN 5-B-20FPE

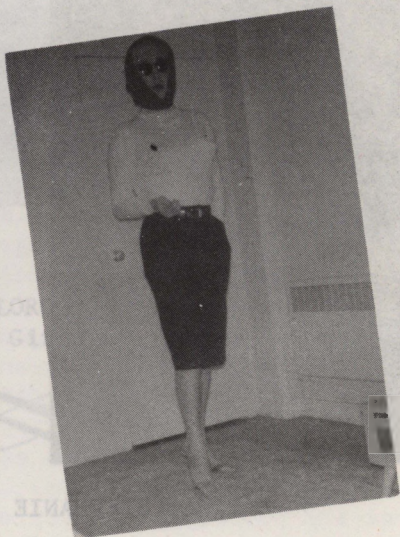
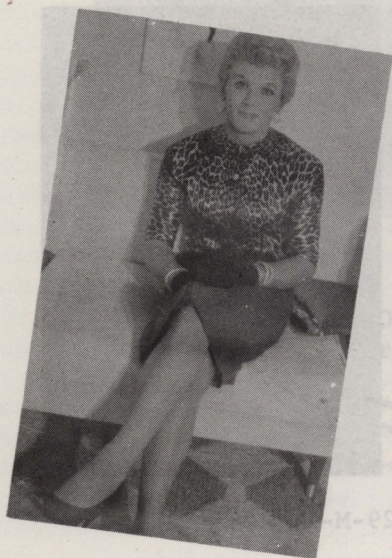
ROBIN



RENEE, Quebec

Below

ARLENE-C onn.





FRAN 35-G-1 FPE



SALLY 32-B-7 FPE

79 Jewelry

★ Last summer at Catalina I found a trinket that appealed to me. It was a key chain with a beautiful little, pointed, closed toe, high heeled pump on the end of it. The key chain is fastened right inside of the shoe. It was so cute that I bought it. Like all good things it finally wore out but then the idea occurred to me that maybe a lot of you would have liked it too. I took it to a jeweler and arranged to have it manufactured. Not knowing how many would be interested I could not order large quantities so naturally the price has to be a little higher than it would be in a store. However, I think you'll get a kick out of having it as your key ring because it is different and because even if you can't wear your heels you can feel some satisfaction in carrying this miniature one. In fact, buy 2 of them, put both shoes on the same chain and then make jokes about "a pair of heels". Just ask for the "Key Holder". The whole thing is in gold. The price is.....\$2.50

PHI PI EPSILON PIN-BROACH

Ever since the formation of Phi Pi Epsilon the idea of an identifying pin has been brought up periodically. Regular sorority-type pins are too expensive so nothing was done about it. Now, however, I have found a very cute little item that I bought and wore myself as a tie pin before it dawned on me that it would make a very fitting and symbolic FPE emblem. It can be worn as a tie pin with men's clothes or as a broach when "en femme" and is an attractive item either way. It is finished in gold. I will not describe it here because it is for FPE members only, but I will have Fran describe it in the FEMME FORUM. In the meantime if you are a member you can order it from Chevalier. It's price is \$4 but one (\$1) of this will go to the Foundation treasury.

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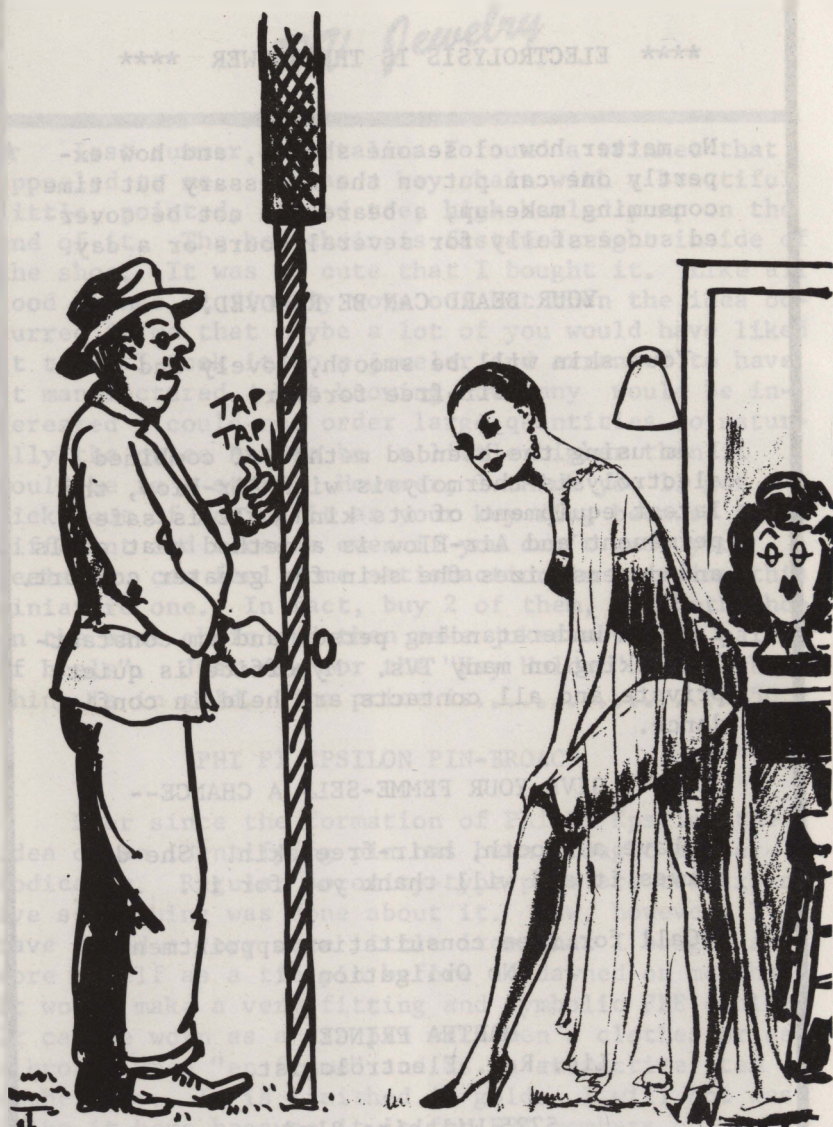
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Wigs Themselves-"To Top it All Off". All types colors and prices--page 92	From \$85 to \$250

*Slight increase over price in TVia 39 made necessary
by inability to get material at price estimated.

Virgin Views

★ To the outsider and even to many TVs the urge to cross dress and make with a little femininity is regarded as at worst, a curse and at best a burden. Its advantages appear to be wholly on the side of pleasure and that usually of an erotic nature--particularly in the beginning years.

With a little more maturity of outlook many TVs begin to find that there are other satisfactions than the erotic. They begin to enjoy the color, smell, feel, decoration, and change that the clothes themselves bring. They may become particularly enamoured of some special material like velvet, satin or lace; some particular color that they cannot wear as men, such as hot pink; or some particular garment such as panties, bloomers, girdles and foundations, or high heels. They may concentrate on these favorites and build up a considerable wardrobe along these particular lines

A good many cross dressers stop at this stage enjoying their particular garments in favorite materials, colors etc. This is the fetishistic level of development. The favored garment may not in all cases qualify as a specific sexual stimulant which is what the word is technically used for, but it partakes of a fetish in the sense that great attention and interest is focused on one thing or type of thing. Unless some circumstance comes along which stimulates a broadened interest (no pun intended) the individual may very well pass his whole life in this stage of expression.

Others, however, go beyond special items to full costume, complete with make-up, jewelry, wig, --the works. Again a plateau appears. Many a TV dresses completely (others may wear complete clothing but no make-up or hair and this condition is really just an extension of the fetishistic stage) and enjoys presenting "herself" to the mirror to be viewed by himself. Our psychiatric friends are wont to term this "narcissism" though as pointed out by one of our number--Peggie val addair, this is a misnomer because in the greek myth concerning Narcissus, the youth gazed into a still pond to admire HIMSELF. Here the TV looks in the mirror as himself but sees not himself but herself. Animus viewing Anima, to use Jung's terms. Since it is a woman who appears in the mirror it follows that she partakes of all those qualities which the particular "he" who is viewing her tends to look for, enjoy and appreciate in women. Thus the "she" in the mirror becomes all the good things that women represent to the male who is looking at her. He never sees the slut the slob or the scullery maid side of womanhood. only the good, beautiful, virtuous, loving, gentle, nurturing, helpful, giving, kindly aspect. In short since he knows that the person he is viewing is in actuality himself he has by the device of clothing, makeup, jewelry and nairdo magically acquired these good things as a part of himself.

Since many of the qualities that a given male imputes and projects onto women are qualities that are culturally forbidden to him as inappropriate to the masculine image he is supposed to maintain, it naturally is a source of satisfaction to be able to partake and express these qualities in an appropriate way. Although he may have guilt feeling for doing this "ridiculous posturing" after it is all over, while it is going on there is no guilt about expressing these characteristics in femmedress while there would be great guilt about acting them out while in customary masculine attire. The culturally determined ideas of self respect and self image prevent

Transvestia

a normal, non-homosexual male from expressing feminine traits or interests as a man but the mechanism of the femmeself permits him to get around these limitations.

In passing there is this interesting thought. Homosexuals have one advantage over straight men, and that is that they can and do express some of their anima while in the guise of their animus. It leads to the intriguing idea that perhaps many homosexuals adopt male love as their sexual way out because in that world it is permissible to express opposite genderal feelings without reproach. They, like most everyone else, not realizing that sex and gender are NOT the same thing acquire the notion that genderal expression not only can be but must be expressed in the sexual connotation of being a love object of a male person. Very masculinity and femininity in society will tend to reduce the number of persons becoming homosexual. Though I will hasten to point out that while this trend is in progress there are undoubtedly several others in action tending to increase it.

But to get back to the further development of our hypothetical TV. After meeting "her" in the mirror for varying lengths of time and, depending on his own facial and bodily structure as to his "passability", there will be the natural desire to "go out". This I say is natural because no human likes to live in complete isolation, and certainly there is no greater isolation than being "imprisoned in a mirror". So, if he is passable and he dares the risk, "she" will furtively go out at night and walk around the block and scuttle back into the house with a sigh of relief coupled with a glow of satisfaction and accomplishment. As the years wear on and the individual becomes more venturesome and has more opportunity to interact with other human beings and his environment as "she", this "mirror person" begins to become a real person with ideas, activities, attitudes, postures, and feelings all

her own. This is the beginning of a separate personality--the childhood as it were of what Susanna so appropriately named the "girl within".

Somewhere in this development "she" chooses a girl's name for herself. Have you ever stopped to consider that in most cases this is a very real accomplishment. Boys and men are generally exceedingly careful to avoid giving any show of femininity to others. This reflects naturally in a fear of admitting such a thing to oneself and is, of course, the basis for the guilt feelings so characteristic after a session of dressing--in the early days that is. So to actually face up to the existence of this feminine anima within himself and to give her a girl's name thereby making her "real" and somebody to talk about--because she now has a "handle"--is truly an accomplishment in self acceptance.

The last big, intangible benefit of being a cross dresser comes when the individual really becomes what I have termed an "FP" or femmepersonator in contradistinction to just a transvestite--a cross dresser. When he really has brought his anima to life and freed the "girl within" to be a person in her own right he has accomplished a final big breakthrough. This consists of coming to recognize that very little in life is tied up hard and fast with the fact that one is male or female, but that in actuality all aspects of living are available to all people; that the ideas of man and woman and masculine and feminine are cultural inventions for all their assumed usefulness. Everyone is arbitrarily denied the rights to one half of his or her own soul and innate humanity. When the FP learns to accept HER as well as HIM he has accepted the total self and this is indeed a freeing of the spirit the like of which no non-FP could understand.

"BYE FOR NOW, VIRGINIA

IT HAPPENED!



This is Juno's (56-K-1 FPE) interpretation of the meeting between Susanna and Virginia back at the Resort in 1962. See page 67 of TVia #19.

Editorial Emanations

I. TESTS AGAIN: Shortly after (and maybe before) I get this issue to you I will be mailing the first of the psychological tests. Many have indicated their willingness to cooperate by sending me the little cards I requested. I'll be sending the tests to everybody on the mailing list. But I know full well that there will be those that will not return them or, if they do return the first ones, will get tired and not cooperate on the second round. I ask for the cards as an indication of a hard core group that I can depend on to cooperate all the way. I hope more of you will join this effort. Remember, this is the first time in history that any competent professional people have undertaken to give a really thorough and interested study to the phenomenon of transvestism as it applies to people who are not in trouble, deeply disturbed or forced to see a psychiatrist by wife or parents. All the material in the literature is based on this kind of individual and is, as we all recognize, badly out of perspective because of it. So, for once let's do something with healthy, relatively well adjusted TVs who aren't kooks or complicated by a lot of auxiliary interests like bondage, rubber, etc. The chances of interesting another group of similar ability to do an equivalent study and of having several hundred TVs in on it is remote, so let's make this opportunity pay off.

II. MAINTAINING ANONYMITY: There are a number of TVs who are forced either to buy TVia at the inflated newstand prices (if there is a stand with it in their city) or else to do without the magazine because they can't receive mail at home and don't wish to take out a postbox. May I suggest this strategy.....In almost any city there are public stenographers and phone answering services. Many of these are willing to also

act as mail recipients. Go to one of these, give a false name, tell them that you are a traveling man passing thru that area weekly but that you don't live there. Arrange with them to receive and hold mail (for a small fee, ofcourse) and then give me the name you used and their address. In this way you are untraceable but you still get the mags. at the regular prices. Don't resort to Gen'l. Delivery if you can help it. They only hold mail a limited time and then return it. I have a whole pile of such returned mail with no way of getting it to the purchaser.

III. MIRROR AND CLIPSHEET--BACK ISSUES: I have written before about these, but would like to remind you once again, especially new readers, there is a wealth of interesting reading in old FEMMEMIRRORS. It isn't anything that becomes outdated. I have quite a lot a number of issues on hand though some are exhausted. There were 45 issues altogether and I guess I have about 35 of them. At 50¢ each in at least half dozens (\$3 worth) it is an inexpensive and yet rewarding source of interesting material.

Most TVs at one time or another make scrap books of clippings old and new. This is what the CLIPSHEET is for and there are a number of these still on hand too. I have 1,2,3,4,6,8, and 9 and then 14 thru the current #21. These too are available at 50¢ each by 6s. Since they are both the same price you can mix them to suit but please order at least \$3 at a time.

My urgings about back issues of TVia have met with considerable success and has reduced the stock appreciably so that several more issues are about out. So if you want to complete your library I suggest you order the earlier ones first and catch up on the later issues later. Reason: I print more of each issue today than I used to, so they will hold out a little longer. 1,2,4,6,7 and 8 are long gone, but the rest are available. The 6 for \$20 deal does NOT include current or future issues.

IV. NEW RELEASES: Issue #22 of the CLIPSHEET will be off of the press right after this issue and TV TALES

#5 (which has been long overdue) will be right behind it, so get your orders in.

V. MERCHANDISE SHEET: Many readers write in asking for a description of some item of merchandise or information about it. I can't answer each so I'm going to put together a sheet describing each in detail, so if you care for a copy ask for it.

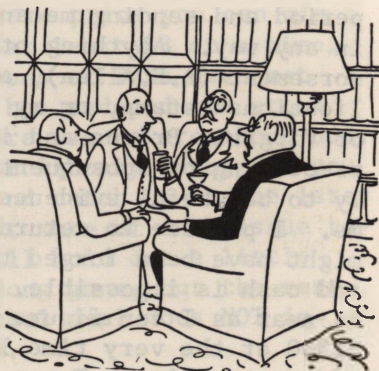
VI. THEA'S MISDEEDS: Previously I have merely indicated that THEA had made a lot of mistakes in handling the orders received prior to last Oct. when I took over personally. I have made good on these without question when they were brought to my attention. Now I am making the flat statement that THEA was a thief without qualifications. I have unearthed too much incontrovertible evidence. She took money out of the mail and pocketed it, I have gotten money orders on which my name was forged and cashed by her, and a check sent to me without a payee being entered because the sender did not know how I wanted it made out. THEA took this check, gave it to a friend to enter his name as payee and then to cash it. I am therefore asking again that those of you who had difficulty in getting merchandise during the period of about Oct. '64 to Oct. '65 and who pay by check to do me the favor of looking thru the stubs of that period and sending me any check that seems improper in any way. Anything other than the Receiver's endorsement (R.E.Allen), a "deposit to Chevalier Publications" stamp, or my personal signature as Charles or Virginia Prince and in my handwriting (verify from preceeding or subsequent check endorsements) is likely to be useful evidence. Please send such checks to me. I promise to return them to you. Money orders might have been forged too but they are hard to trace and cash is impossible. So I ask your cooperation. As near as I can figure it she bilked me out of about \$1500 at the very time I was trying to help her out of her troubles. Turns out that she wrote bad checks on about a dozen other places around too, so this is not just sour grapes on my part. While she has not conceded the total figure she has admitted stealing.



"Gee, Greg, either we're being 'read' or that cop is about to ask one of us for a date."



"That's the way my mind was until I decided to accept myself as a TV. Why don't you try it, George?"



"It all started with panties when I was just a lad. How was it with you girls?"

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

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