TRANSVESTIA

No. 21. 1963

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 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 existance 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 hetrosexual 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.

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

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EDITOR

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Contributing Editor

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My Secret

by Denise (5-B-7 FPE)

I was born after the turn of the century in a small midwestern town in the Great Lakes Region. My father was an attorney, and at the time that he and mother were married, he was twice her age. I had one brother two years younger than I. My father was not a dominant man and confined his admonitions to we children to little more than "Children should be seen and not heard", so it was mother who exerted the greatest influence on us in all things. Mother was Irish, and father was of a German-Italian extraction. We were raised in the Catholic Faith, and one outstanding lesson I remember was to "respect and obey your father and mother".

Sundays were the days that we looked forward to very much. Father would take us for a walk into town to watch the trains come into the station, or to look into the windows of the toy stores, and perhaps a walk in the park. Occasionally we would visit relatives on the week end and at that time mother would accompany us. About this time I became aware that there was a physical difference between boys and girls. I could not understand how this happened, or what was the reason for it. In this matter my father was of little or no help. It was my mother who influenced our lives by letting my brother's hair and mine grow to shoulder length, and it wasn't until we were about 10 years old before we were given our first boyish haircut. I remember my hair was very black and wavy and I hated to have it cut off. This was my first recollection of being a TV. In fact I remember my mother saying, "Raphael I do not understand you, you seem so secretive, what is on your mind?" This only made me wonder, as I did not understand myself. All this time I had been raised much like a girl, whith my long hair, and the tenderness that mother gave to us. I knew that I was a boy, but at the same time I had a longing to be

a girl, and feeling ashamed about it I could not confide in anyone, not even my mother. Mother seemed so proud of the fact she had two sons, and hoped that they would be real mannish. I just couldn't bring myself to reveal my feelings to anyone, and I spent many nights in bed crying over this. It was my secret, and I had no one to share it with. People thought I was a girl and there were times that I thought mother wished I were a girl, for she would ask me if I ever wished I were a girl. I would hasten to assure her that I did not, but I could hardly hold back the tears. I guess this question came to her mind because I played with the girls and avoided the boys.

Grandmother lived across the lake from our house that we moved to in 1912. A spinster aunt came to live with us at that time. About twice a week she and mother would walk around the lake to visit grandmother. When they were out of sight, I would put on her fur coat, and powder my face, lipstick was not used in those days. One day I did not hear them return and I was caught! That was the end of my dressing, but not the end of my desires. There was another time when a friend of mother's came to visit another aunt in town. On her way back to Chicago, she stopped at our house and spent the night. It was a Saturday morning and she and mother were in the kitchen preparing breakfast. I was about eight years old at that time. I had been playing in the yard and came into the kitchen to see if breakfast was ready. Mother's friend called me to her. She took my face between her hands and running her fingers through my long hair she said, "what beautiful hair, so shiny and black". "you really should have been a girl!" I was embarrassed and ran to my room and cried. She had, so to speak, uncovered my secret. For the next eight or nine years there was not much change in the pattern of my life, except that I learned to use more caution when I dressed up. I had learned by now that I would never be content to lead a totally masculine life. I just had to have a certain amount of femininity about me at all times.

Now as I look back I am sure that mother was aware of it too. I wish that I had confided in her as

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I am sure she would have understood. She would have known why it was that I always liked to play games with the girls, and why I lacked interest in boy's clothing when she would take me shopping for clothing. I always liked to look at the girls and womens clothing sections when mother bought clothes for herself. I would look at all the ribbons, laces, and ruffels and I knew that someday, some how, I would be able to have them too.

When I was in my teens, I was sent away to a military academy for a few years. I did not protest about it, as I knew that mother wanted her sons to be men, and so I tolerated three years of pretty hard life at the academy, and the feminine side of my character suffered with no activity at all. After World War I, I went to work for a few years and had to give up all thoughts of dressing, but the desire was very much still there.

A few years later, my mother, brother and I moved to California, where for many years my feminine side remained buried under the burdens of making a living and dreaming of the time when full expression could be attained. Life went on in a more or less uneventful manner. I made frequent visits to the downtown shopping areas, in the evenings, by myself, when I could spend as much time as I wished looking into the shop windows, admiring the latest fashions, or just scrutinizing some of the women who passed by. I was more than casually interested in the women and could always pick out the more properly and fashionably dressed individuals. Of course the man that was with the woman at the time, had no idea why I was gazing at the woman, so he would give me a resentful look and would make me stop looking. Once or twice a week I would attend a public dance, where I could watch the ladies dancing. I would observe their mannerisms closely, and also notice how they dressed and danced. I would wander around the dance hall and only rarely could I get up the courage to ask one of the ladies for a dance. I seemed more content to just look and admire them. For a number of years I worked in a theatre, and this added much to my study of female

mannerisms.

The United States became involved in World War II and I was subsequently drafted into the Army Signal Corp. After Basic Training we went to a Port of Embarkation and were sent to England, and there I was transferred to the Eighth Air Force. It was during my assignment to the "Eigth Fighter Command Headquarters" that I met my ~~wife.~~ She was a widow with two daughters, one eighteen and the other nine. I persuaded her into marriage, although I seemed to realize at the time that it would never work. It seemed as though Denise's character knew this and was trying to warn me. I obtained permission to live off the base, so we took an apartment in the Chelsea District in the London area. My wife worked nights in an office in a large hotel, and changed shifts once a week. When she worked nights I had the opportunity to wear her nighties, and undies. I still had a strong desire to dress in feminine clothing, and found that marriage was not a cure. After the war we came to the United States. I found out that my wife was not really interested in me and had used me as a means of transportation to get to the Unites States. We were divorced, as she wanted, and whe is now remarried. Of course she never knew of my transvestism, and the divorce had nothing to do with that. After the divorce I went to live with my mother and brother, and fell into a pattern much the same as prior to the war. In 1962 my brother passed away, my mother being gone too, so this left me alone.

Now that I was alone, my transvestite tendencies increased. I went to the doctor who attended my mother, and told him all about myself. He advised me that in-as-much as I probably would never give it up, that it would be much better to indulge, and learn to live with myself, and not try to surpress my desires. Many times since, I have felt that what he said made a great deal of sense. With this in mind, I have spent the past few years gathering together an acceptable wardrobe, three very expensive wigs, and other clothing and accesories that are necessary for a perfect and complete wardrobe. I have had quite a few dresses and suits created for me by John Aaron. I don't have to tell another transvestite about the feeling one gets

wearing a dress or gown that fits perfectly. The year after my brother passed away, I spent arranging the house. One of the bedrooms has been converted for Denise's use alone. Nothing masculine is allowed in this room. The other bedroom is used for my male self. A few weeks ago I converted the bathroom and put in a pullman type wash basin and a larger mirror This allows more room for cosmetics, etc., and the well-lighted and larger mirror does wonders for me when I put on my make-up.

Time being my own now, and not having to make excuses for my actions, I do as I please. I have not met a TV yet that didn't try to find magazines, books or other articles about Transvestism. For many years there was nothing to be found on this subject except the very old copies of stories about D'Eon, and a few others like that. I suppose that I was no different than other Tvs, and I read them a hundred times over. I sought out the books in the public libraries, and in many book stores, but could not seem to find consolation there. One day I came across some "paper back" books published on the East Coast. They were of a flamboyant and somewhat pathetic type. Occasionally one of the sensational magazines would have an article and some pictures about a "female impersonator" or one of the "Christine" type of stories. I would buy these, needless to say, but somehow they all were wanting for something and left a void in me, so I kept on looking. One day a new magazine appeared on the shelves of a magazine store I went to often. The name of this magazine was "TRANSVESTIA" and I purchased it immediately, even though I had to pay an enflated price for it. I could not wait to get home and read it, and when I finally finished reading it I found that I was satisfied with it and was sure that it was what I had been looking for all these years. I found that the publisher's name and address had been obliterated with a greasy crayon. I scraped off most of the crayon and held it up close to a light bulb, and in this way I was able to read the name and address clear enough to learn the information I needed. I wrote to Chevalier Publications, and asked for all the information I could get on the magazine. Soon

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after that I was on the mailing list for everything obtainable and finally felt that I was rewarded for all the efforts I had put forth all these years.

I thought I had reached as high as any TV could hope to reach when I found a magazine just for us, but I was to be surprised further. I was invited to attend a party or meeting of several transvestites that were being gathered together for the first time in history. This was all being arranged by Virginia, and I felt proud to be one of the first to attend such a meeting. We were to wear our regular male attire but to also bring a pair of heels with us. At the meeting we wore the heels to show each other our true feelings. It was wonderful to be able to meet others like myself, and I shall never forget that day when we all met. As you know, this was the start of "Hose and Heels" which later grew larger and larger until now we know it as the F.P.E. To show what little we know of one another I was approached by a man that I had known for twenty years at one of the meetings. At that time we knew each other casually, but now we are very good friends. Neither of us was aware that we were TVs and never had the chance to express our feminine sides. We visit each other often, and of course we dress as all women do for the occasion. I feel that moderation in dress and deportment is the best policy. I have eaten in the finest restaurants, gone to movies, etc., and this would not be possible without the proper appearance.

In closing I wish to say that it was my good fortune to meet Virginia and to subscribe to Transvestia. I have been able to achieve all the things that I have lived over fifty-five years for. Virginia, I know you have made one transvestite very happy, and I am sure there are many others. To all other TVs I say, "Live it in moderation girls, and enjoy it, to the fullest". Now you know----"MY SECRET".

DENISE

TV in Distress

by Lucienne (30-L-2 FPE)

The invasion of Africa was over and our base had settled down to the routine job of escorting convoys and chasing submarines. The enemy who had fought us on the African beaches were now our allies, so only the Germans remained the object of the military forces.

Socially, each individual officer generated his own friendships both on and off the base. The two persons involved in this true story shall be called Billie and Lee because names are not important.

Billie and Lee had become close friends, thru working in the same department and going ashore together, in fact for several months they had been going to dinner one night a week at the home of a French family who loved Americans.

Lee's ability to converse in Spanish had made a hit with the father of the family because he had been the first American Officer he had been able to understand.

Billie, the Naval Officer about whom this article is written was a very competant aggressive person respected by all for his abilities as an officer and athlete. Actually Billy was the pitcher and Lee the catcher on the officers baseball team. Billie was 5'7", weighting about 140 pounds, coal black hair and eyes and with features much to pretty for a man. His body actually grew no hair and he shaved now and then mostly to convince himself and others theremight be some fuzz there.

One night, at one of these family dinners, Billie proceeded to get drunk on the brandy, wine and cognac served before, with and after the meal. The first visible sign of his condition was that he became very quiet and sat alone in a corner. Shortly he began crying and soon he was in the throes of a violent crying jag. Nothing anyone said or did had any effect except to

make his condition worse. Finally he excused himself and went to the bathroom leaving a room full of perplexed friends behind. Lee was just as bewildered as the others as he knew no more than they did about Billies problems.

Quite some time later when the party had more or less returned to normal, out came Billie, fully attired from head to pretty high heeled toe in the daughters clothes. Again everyone was completely taken by surprise as Billie was now a very beautiful woman. Poor Lee, a TV, practically dropped his false teeth, as you can well imagine, he was left speechless. A quick glance, told Lee that Billie was an expert. His every movement was naturally feminine. The voice, the grace and poise were the obvious result of many years practice.

Billie made no apology or gave no explanation as he gave a flawless performance for the rest of the evening. When it came time to return to the base, he disappeared again for a few minutes, this time returning in his Navy Uniform. On the way back to the base Billie offered absolutely no explanations for his actions that night.

On our next visit there was a repeat performance, but this time on the way back to the base Billie told Lee his story.

Billie's fiancee had not written to him for three months, and this had upset him so badly he was beside himself with worry. He had obtained some peace of mind by his antics on the visits to our friends. He said his father had died when he was a baby. His mother had kept him in dresses until he started school and then she encouraged him to wear girls clothes when home from school. She had kept him well supplied with all the female attire he wanted until he was fully grown, when her clothes fitted him perfectly.

Billie had gone to college and obtained a masters degree in psychology and had been well on his way to a doctorate when the war started. Like any other patriotic American, he had felt he should go in the service

of his country so he had applied for and received a commission in the Navy. He had felt confident that he could control his impulses to dress as a woman while in the service. The psychological let down of his personal problems with his fiancee had caused his demise and throw back to his feminine self. The crying had been a feminine reaction which had been a common occurance in his life as a woman at home. He had obtained a typical feminine relief of his feelings by reverting to his TV self under the strain of going thru combat conditions and finding the girl with whom he was madly in love, no longer seemed to care.

Lee being a TV himself was torn between a sense of duty as a Naval Officer in which he felt Billie was hardly suited to be a Naval Officer since he couldn't control his emotions, but on the other hand he could not bring himself to ruin another TV by exposing him.

There was a tremendous temptation to tell Billie that he also was a TV, but again fear that Billie's psychological condition made him unsafe to trust with information which could ruin Lee. He decided that the thing to do was to go along with Billie and try to help him with his present problem, the fiancee. Thru the Red Cross it was discovered that she had been in a very serious accident in a war plant which had not only prevented her from writing, but had nearly taken her life.

This knowledge immediately returned Billie to normal and he was able to control himself and his TV partner from then on. About one month later he received his first letter from his fiancee in four months with a complete explanation of the accident. Upon Billie's return to the states they married and Lee received an announcement of the wedding.

Before releasing this story Lee made an effort to locate Billie, but thru the Navy it was found that he had been dead for some time. Maybe he will find in death the peace his TV heart always sought in life.

Problem

by Kathy (5-P-4)

A solution of compromise must be found,
Which will allow him to keep his feet on the ground,
And to handle the other problems of life,
In proper perspective with family and wife,
For many a wife will always be,
One who can't understand TV,
The way he feels, she can never know,
He remains locked in, with no place to go.

Though as a man he indulges his wife,
She closes her eyes to part of his life,
He knows he's not homo--of this he is sure,
He faces the fact that there is no cure.
He'll admit freely his life is a mess,
Because of compulsion for feminine dress,
Why he is, what he is, he doesn't know,
Except he's locked in with no place to go.

A solution will be found, but what it will be,
Is not known at this time to me,
But it must be fair and considerate to those,
Who can't understand men in feminine clothes.
And yet it must allow a TV to express,
His feminine side and occasionally dress,
What is the answer?, I really don't know
So I'm still locked in with no place to go.

A married TV's greatest fear,
Is that his wife will think him queer,
And it causes him great distress,
That she can't understand the need to dress.
That she can't understand the way he feels,
When he seeks release in wearing high heels,
And if she's repulsed--and let's him know,
She locks him in--with no place to go.

He understands that he does not conform,
To what our society considers the norm,
But in truth, he has nothing to hide,
Just his TV from others--outside,
When thoughts for others causes repression,
It usually results in deep depression,
His smoldering TV continues to grow,
But locked in--with no place to go.

It's quitting seems the thing to do,
But research has shown that this is not true,
We know he has tried, but didn't succeed,
In removing desires--destroying the need,
He is what he is and will always be,
Active, or inactive, still a TV,
For the experts have said he'd always be so,
And he remains locked in--with no place to go.

My Sister Janet

by Ellen (13-M-6 FPE)

My name is Janet. It was John, or, as I was known a few years ago, Johnny. The transition from Johnny to Janet took place in a few months, but once it began there was no stopping it. I was happy as Johnny, that is I was happy with my male self, but not with what Johnny was. I grew up in a slum area of Chicago and needless to say I was in and out of trouble like clockwork and was well on my way to becoming a hoodlum. Maybe I was one already. One bit of trouble led to another until it was climaxed on the night I was picked up by the police with two friends riding in a stolen car. I didn't know it was stolen, but the judge, after looking over my record, decided I was as guilty as the others and I was sent to the boys' corrective farm for six months. When I came home, my father made it clear that he wanted nothing to do with me and my mother pleaded with me to get a decent job, and be someone like my older brother Bill, who was a sales representative for some Eastern companies. I really tried to straighten up and I looked for a job, but before I could get one, a candy store in the neighborhood was robbed and the elderly owner badly beaten. The description of the thief fitted me rather well and since the old man lapsed into a coma on the way to the hospital from which he didn't recover for three months, he was not available to make an identification.

My first knowledge of the event came when I luckily ran into my friend Fats, a few blocks from my home. He told me the police were looking for me and were at my home waiting for me. I decided to hide until my innocence could be proved. I didn't want to go back to the farm, or worse, to jail for something I didn't do. But where to run? I had no money and very few friends. Actually I was right in running, for several months later the real thief was caught and he confessed. I made my way through alleys to another part of town and called my brother Bill. When I swore I was innocent and pleaded for help he told me to go

to a certain address and wait until he contacted me there.

The address turned out to be a large apartment building in the better part of town, and following orders I went to apartment #814 and was admitted by a most attractive girl. Her name was Carol, and she was Bill's fiancee. He had called her and explained the circumstances of my arrival. That night, Bill called and told me that he had checked my story and alibi and other facts pertaining to the robbery and was sure of my innocence. He told me to stay where I was for a few days until things simmered down and we could determine what our next step would be. I was further told to stay in the apartment, not to go out or phone anyone and to do exactly as I was told by Carol, as she was taking quite a chance hiding me. I promised and settled down to wait, as the last thing in the world I wanted was to be returned to the farm or jail.

I had arrived at Carol's about five in the afternoon and by the time Bill had finished his investigation and made his phone call it was after six. I suddenly felt weak and hungry and very much alone. Carol made dinner for us and I helped as best I could and insisted on washing the dishes afterwards to show some form of appreciation. Carol, as I said, was a very attractive girl and her sympathy to me after hearing my entire story was heartwarming. No one had ever taken an interest in me as she seemed to and I was very grateful.

When the time to retire arrived she lead me to a bedroom which she told me was mine. Hers was next to it. She found a new toothbrush for me and gave me a towel and washcloth. After I had washed and was ready for bed she came into my room and handed me a nightgown. I was very embarrassed and told her I'd rather sleep in my underwear. She told me not to be silly, as I had only one change of clothes and I was to wash them each night until we knew what we were to do or until others could be brought in. Not wanting to get out of line at this early stage of our relationship, I did as I was told. Undressing, I donned the

nightgown, which was a very pretty blue nylon trimmed with lace. As I look back now I realize that at that moment I was lost to the world of feminine clothing. The thrill was unmistakable, but the numbness of my frightening situation took some of it away. Carol called through my closed door to wash my underwear, sox and shirt in the bathroom and hang them up to dry. I did so and when I returned to my bedroom I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. The nighty was a beautiful creation and though it fitted me well, as I was almost Carol's size, the lack of curves made it look a bit ludicruous. I did like the feel of it though, and after looking myself over in the mirror from various angles, I actually smiled to myself and went to bed.

I must have been exhausted, as the next thing I knew, Carol was knocking at the door telling me it was after nine and to get up. As I awoke I smelled bacon and coffee and I was very hungry. It was then, as I climbed out of bed that I realized I was still wearing the nightgown. Carol called through the door again and told me to hurry and wash up as breakfast was ready, and to come before it got cold. The nightgown was somewhat transparent and I didn't want to go to breakfast like that so I asked Carol to bring my clothes from the bathroom. A second later she was back at my door, "here's a bathrobe and slippers to wear to breakfast, but hurry it's getting cold," she said as the door opened and a hand dropped the things on the floor. The bathrobe and slippers were really a diaphonous peignoir and mules. The peignoir was of blue nylon with lace trim and obviously was the other half of the set to which my nightie belonged. The mules were satin, blue to match the gown and had 1 1/2 inch heels with small bows on the instep. In the cold light of morning I felt that I'd better put a stop to this and shouted to Carol that I wouldn't wear the items and again asked for my clothes. She came to the door and said in a firm voice, "Stop being juvenile. Put them on, come out to breakfast and be quick about it." She sounded angry and not wanting to cause trouble, I complied. The peignoir and mules fitted well as did the nightie and I couldn't resist looking at myself in the mirror. My great fear was that I would look ridiculous to Carol so with much trepidation I

left my room for the kitchen. Carol told me to sit down and she joined me, and not a word was said about my attire. In fact, she acted as though it were perfectly natural for me to wear these things, and as we ate the embarrassment began to wear off, I experienced a very pleasant feeling as the gown clung to my thighs and I wiggled my toes in the mules in a happy manner and a warm feeling of well being began to envelope me. After breakfast I helped Carol with the dishes and together we made the beds and tidied up the apartment.

I had become quite used to the feel of these feminine things and wasn't aware that Carol had been watching me when she told me that her things seemed to fit me rather well so we shouldn't have much trouble about clothing. I thought she was joking and went along with the gag, but I told her the mules fitted alright in width, but I thought they were just a bit short because my heels seemed to overlap the backs a bit. She answered that they were better than walking around barefoot, and I agreed.

Carol retired to the bathroom and after making her toilet went to her room to dress. A short time later, she emerged dressed in a cute cotton dress in yellow, a pair of yellow pumps and a yellow bag, with white costume jewelry. She made a list of food that was needed and told me she'd be back shortly and for me to stay away from windows and not to answer the door or phone. I went to my room and disrobed, took a shower and then dressed in my own clean clothes.

I decided to explore the apartment and found it consisted of two bedrooms, a large living room and a kitchen with the dinette where we ate. Carol's closets were filled with her clothing and the hall closet with some coats and a mink stole. I couldn't resist looking at her things and found that she had quite a complete wardrobe. Her dresser drawers were filled with nylon and lace bras, panties, slips, nightgowns and stockings. There were, of course, all the other things a well dressed young woman would have. When my explorations were finished, I returned to the living room and turned on the television set. I was thus occ-

upied when Carol returned loaded with groceries, which we put away. She then cautioned me not to turn on the television when she was gone, so as not to attract attention. The day passed slowly and after dinner, Bill came over. He told me that he would not be back for a while as the police might begin to watch him in the event they thought he might be in contact with me. He again cautioned me to do exactly as Carol told me, and to sit tight until he figured out the next move. With that he left and Carol and I retired to our respective rooms. When I again donned the nightgown I felt an even greater thrill than the previous night and, bathed in a luxurious feeling, went to bed and had pleasant dreams.

The next morning, I again donned the peignoir and mules and joined Carol for breakfast. This time there was no embarrassment after the first minute or two. She showed me how to cook our meal and I felt I was at least attempting to earn my keep. The next few days followed the same routine as the first until Saturday night. The late movie on television was one that we both wanted to see and Carol suggested we get ready for bed before watching the movie so that we could retire without ceremony when it was over. By this time I felt at home in my night clothes and as I emerged from my room and joined Carol, who had changed a bit sooner than I, she remarked that it was about time I changed my nightie as I had been using it for five nights. She took me to her room and opened the drawer that contained her nightgowns and told me to choose another. I picked a beautiful raspberry colored creation and she took a white quilted robe from her closet and tossed it to me, stating it would be better than the blue peignoir with the new gown. She also gave me a pair of white mules to wear and told me that I had better wash the old gown and peignoir out in the morning. It took just a few minutes to get into the new things and I was very pleased with the effect. Returning to the living room, Carol looked me over and stated that her things did seem to fit me well and seemed pleased. As I mentioned I was young and slight of build being just about an inch taller than Carol.

We sat down to watch the movie and during the first commercial, Carol ran to her room and returned with a comb and brush. She said she was to go to the beauty parlor in the morning and always brushed her hair out very thoroughly the night before. It looked like so much fun that I asked if she would like me to do it for her. She handed me the brush and I started stroking her beautiful chestnut colored hair with it. The movie started again but I continued brushing her hair until the next commercial which came on about twenty minutes later. By now her hair had a lovely sheen to it and had reverted to it's natural curl. As the movie was about to begin Carol suggested I sit in her chair and she would brush my hair. I told her jokingly that there wasn't much to brush, and though I needed a haircut it was still no longer than the average man's. And so as I became engrossed in the movie I almost forgot her except when there was an occasional tug. When the next commercial came on Carol ran into her room and returned with two bows, which she inserted in my hair on each side by my temples. I protested meekly and she told me to hold still. Then she stepped back and looked at my hair-do with a critical eye. She decided it wasn't bad and went to her room again. I stole a look in the living room mirror while she was gone and was surprised to see that she had brushed my short hair into a semblence of a feminine coffeur and the two bows added some flavor to the arrangement. The movie started again and I called for her to come. When she did I was engrossed in the screen and wasn't aware of her return until she sat down next to me. In twenty minutes there was another pause in the picture and it was then that I saw she had brought several items of makeup from her room on the last trip.

When I saw that she was going to apply these items to my face, I really got stubborn, but she quieted me down by saying for me not to be silly, as it was just as harmless as wearing her nighties and mules. She said she just wanted to see how I would look with makeup added to my new hair-do. I surrendered and must admit that I was rather curious to see how I would look too. She continued working while the movie resumed and we both missed a section of it. Finally after she , applied makeup base, eye shadow, eye liner,

mascara, powder and finally lipstick she sat down and we both watched the conclusion of the movie. Frankly I had become so engrossed in the movie that when it was over, I suddenly smelled the makeup on me and went to the mirror to see the results. I was amazed and almost frightened. There I stood looking at a very attractive young girl who was much better looking to me than the fellow she replaced. As I gazed at myself in the mirror a warm feeling spread over me. I actually looked pretty and for some reason this made me feel happy. As I turned and primped I could feel Carol's eyes on me. She said I looked cute and told me she liked me much better this way. We shortly afterward retired and I slept with my makeup on.

For the next several days we followed the same routine and it was then that I started to wear my night clothes all day and to use makeup. Carol didn't say anything to me and just accepted my actions as normal. The following Saturday after we had had breakfast I mentioned that I was going stir crazy and wished I could go out, but Carol reminded me of Bill's orders. She then said it was foolish for me to stay in my nightgown and robe all day and took me to her bedroom and looked through her closet. She picked out a striped pink and white cotton dress, shirtwaist style and tossed it on the bed. She asked me how I'd like to wear it for the day, as it would be more appropriate than the nightie. I rather hesitantly agreed and said I would put it on, and then she suggested we pick out some underclothes too. And so out of her drawer came a pretty pink nylon bra and panties that matched, all trimmed with lace, a pink slip, a pair of nylons and a garter belt. She sent me to my room and told me to get dressed in these clothes. I'll have to admit that I was rather intrigued by the prospect. She called to me through the closed door to put the garter belt on first and then the panties which I did. I slipped the nylons on over my legs and the feeling of softness and thrill were almost too much for me. I had trouble hooking the bra and Carol came in to help. She put the bra on me and stuffed it with cotton for effect and then helped me into the slip and dress. We went back to her room and she picked a pair of white pumps with high heels for me and I forced my feet into them. They were tight, but the thrill of wearing them dulled the

pain. She told me to apply my makeup at which I had become reasonably proficient and when I was done she looked me over with a critical eye. "Not bad," she said, and then she did something to my hair and added the bows. We went into the living room and I walked around for her but the shoes did hurt my feet. She decided to go out for a while and told me to wait patiently for her return. A short time later she returned and carried a box with her and gave it to me. I opened the box and found a beautiful pair of white pumps with at least three and a half inch heels. She said they were a size larger than hers and when I put them on I was in heaven for they were a perfect fit. I spent the day in a dream and did my best to wear the clothes to advantage. In fact, I found myself trying to act as well as look feminine andCarol noticed this. She made several suggestions as to how to smooth my skirt before sitting down, how to cross my legs properly and made some suggestions on how to walk.

For the next few days, my schooling continued and Carol threw her entire wardrobe open to me. Each day I wore something new and soon was adept at picking the proper accessories for each costume. Carol had a large and extensive wardrobe and at times I would change two and three times a day. One evening Carol took me to her room and had me dress in a most beautiful formal. All white strapless, with yards and yards of tulle skirt. A pair of spring-o-lator satin shoes and long earrings and necklace to match completed the costume. She spent some time applying makeup and doing my hair which now resembled a pixie cut, and when I looked in the mirror, I almost fainted. I was not only attractive, but was actually pretty. As we sat in the living room she did my nails for the first time, cutting the cuticles and filing them to shape before applying polish. I couldn't get over how feminine and nice they made my hands look. The next day Carol came back from a shopping excursion with three more pair of pumps for me, one black patent, one yellow and one pink. With these plus the white ones I had she said I could wear any of her daytime dresses and be properly dressed.

Thus the first six weeks passed and Johnny was gradually transformed to Janet. I got the name Janet

from Carol, who decided it was more in character to have a feminine name. She liked the name and as it was somewhat like my own we decided to use it. When I was alone in the apartment I would at times study myself in the mirror, arrayed in those lovely clothes of hers and just hope I could wear them for the rest of my life. And when Carol suggested one night that we take a walk around the block in the darkness, I was beside myself with excitement. I was wearing a little pink sheath, with an Eaton collar and short sleeves, and of course my pink pumps. She inspected me thoroughly and decided a pink bag and white topper would complete the outfit. She fluffed up my hair a bit and then asked if I was ready. In a voice I hardly recognized as my own I told her I was and off we went. As we walked together, our skirts swinging in unison and our heels clicking on the hard pavement, I was in a dream. I felt I was floating two feet above the walk. When we had completed one circle of the block, I suggested we do it again, and she agreed. But when we had completed the second circuit and I still wanted to walk some more she suggested we return to the apartment.

As we were going up in the elevator a Mrs. Thomas a woman that lived in one of the adjoining apartments got in and Carol had to introduce us. I tried to raise my voice a little as I acknowledged the introduction. Carol told her I was a friend visiting from out of town and would be with her a while. The woman made her promise that we would visit her at her apartment soon and spend the evening. When we got back to our own apartment, Carol was a little worried. She said I had carried my part off well, but my voice, which was low for a girl might give me away. For the next several days I tried to train my voice a bit higher and succeeded although it is still considered a bit low for a petite girl such as I appear to be. But my first excursion in public was a success and this led to others. We went to a movie one night and then we even had dinner in a restaurant. I now began to feel as well as act like Janet. All semblence of Johnny had disappeared and in actual fact I <u>was</u> Janet. Bill had kept in touch with Carol by phone but hadn't made his appearance at her apartment. Carol called him one day and suggest they have dinner together. They were to meet

at a restaurant in the suburbs, and Carol promised him a surprise. For this occasion she told me to wear her black sheath and the patent pumps. I was amazed that she wanted me to go and frankly was afraid to do so. She told me that it was best that Bill know what we were up to so that he could then determine what we were to do in the future. And so I spent more time than usual with my makeup and dress. Carol gave me one of her mink stoles to wear and the two of us looked to all the world like two very pretty well dressed young women. We drove to the restaurant and Bill was waiting for us. Carol introduced me as a friend of hers. Bill asked if this was the surprise and I knew he didn't recognize me. As we were having cocktails Bill kept looking at me and suggested that he had met me before, and then Carol laughingly told him that I was Johnny. Bill nearly fell out of his chair, but realized that there wasn't a chance in the world that I would be recognized as I was. So it was decided that I should stay in dresses until they could clear me in the robbery. So for the next month Carol and I had the freedom of the city and went everywhere together.

It was during this period that Mrs. Thomas asked us to her apartment one evening for a visit. I was wearing a new light blue shirtwaist dress that Carol had just purchased along with my blue shoes, and a very pretty picture I made. My hair though still short looked lovely that night as I had gone to the beauty parlor with Carol that afternoon for the first time. I felt and looked very feminine and with a thrill of anticipation we walked down the hall to Mrs. Thomas' apartment. As she let us in I could see a tall good looking young man of about twenty five sitting in a chair in the living room. I hesitated but Mrs. Thomas took my arm in one hand and Carol's in the other and guided us into the room. She introduced us to the man, who it turned out was her son who was in town for a few days on business, and was staying with his mother. As Larry rose to acknowledge the introduction, I could feel his eyes looking me over very thoroughly and I felt very conscious of the clothing I was wearing and felt somewhat that his gaze penetrated my disguise. I was a little nervous at first, but gradually I began to feel more at ease in the role of Janet and I fell right in with the conversation. Larry kept shooting furtive

glances in my direction and I knew he really liked what he saw. Frankly, I liked the gleam in his eye and unconsciously displayed a little more nylon than I should have.

About ten o'clock Larry suggested we all go for an ice cream soda. Mrs. Thomas declined and Carol pleaded a headache, but before I could decline she suggested Larry and I go out together. I looked at her with panic in my eyes and could have killed her then and there, but Larry thought it was a great idea, so I went back to the apartment to pick up my bag and topper, and with Larry holding my arm we walked down the street to a nearby ice cream store. I was actually on my first date! It kept going through my mind and I couldn't believe it was really me. But when we sat down and ordered I looked around the room to see if anyone, especially other girls noticed how handsome Larry was, and I was happy I had come. After the ice cream he suggested we take a walk and as we did he told me about his business and what he was doing in town. I acted as lady like as possible and made a very good listener. When we returned to the apartment building he took me to the door and while I was thinking of ways to ward him off he took my hand and thanked me for a wonderful evening and asked if he could call me. I'm afraid I blushed just then and, stuttering somewhat, told him yes, and thanked him for a wonderful time. In the apartment I found Carol up waiting for me and told her of our date. She said I had done quite well and suggested I accept his next invitation if it came, as this type of training was good for me if I expected to continue living as Janet. The next afternoon Larry called and asked me out to dinner and theatre that night. I accepted and spent the afternoon in preparation. I wore one of Carol's best dresses, a lovely cocktail dress in black, with an illusion top and short sleeves, tight black sequin bodice and bouffant skirt with yards and yards of tulle. I wore my black patent pumps and Carol loaned me her pendant which had one large black pearl set in it, and her black pearl earrings. Her stole and evening bag completed the ensemble and I knew the trouble I had taken in preparation was worth it when I saw Larry's expression. His eyes opened wide and he just shook his head and said "Wow".

The evening was the grandest I can remember. First, dinner at a most beautiful restaurant where the strolling musicians played several songs at our table. Then to the theatre for a wonderful musical and afterward to an intimate club that specialized in Jazz. In the wee hours of the morning we arrived home and again I was at my door and turned to thank Larry for the evening. As I turned he stepped forward and took me in his arms. I resisted at first but then relaxed and allowed him to kiss me good night. Since he was leaving town the next day I felt I would not be seeing him again so I played my part well. Carol was as excited as I when I told her of the evening and she hugged me in a girlish way when I told her of the kiss. My whole life at this time was like a dream, but the rude awakening came a few days later.

Bill called to tell us that the police had caught the real criminal and that they were no longer looking for me and I was free to go home. I felt terrible and actually sat down and cried. Carol tried to comfort me as she didn't want to lose Janet for a friend any more than I wanted to become Johnny again. That night Bill came over and seeing me still dressed as a girl suggested that that be my last night at Carol's. He further suggested I get a haircut in the morning and return home and he had called our mother to tell her the news and that I would return the next day. I felt crushed and sat up half the night with Carol alternately crying and threatening to pack some clothes and run away. But we both knew it was hopeless, and that I would have to return home.

The next day I donned my old clothes and hated them. They felt so uncomfortable and rough. I scrubbed all traces of makeup from my face and clipped my fingernails, which were trimmed and quite long. I washed the set out of my hair and brushed it back as best I could, but it still looked feminine. In fact Carol said I had better learn to walk as a boy and take longer steps. After a sad farewell to Carol, I went to a barber shop and after some kidding by the barbers I got my hair cut short and returned home.

My mother was glad to see me, but my father still would have nothing to do with me. I moped around

the house for a few days and went to see some of the old gang, but it just wasn't the same anymore. I kept thinking about Carol, those feminine clothes, Larry, my date with him, etc. Everything else seemed so commonplace and the drab surroundings were worse. My father kept telling me to get a job and help support myself, and I tried a couple of times. I even got a job in a gas station but I couldn't hold it. Janet was still lurking within and I found it difficult to concentrate on anything so masculine. I lost a second job driving a delivery truck and then I went back to hanging around with my old cronies. It wasn't long afterward that I got in trouble again with the police. A group of us were out one night when a gang of fellows from another neighborhood invaded ours and a gang fight started. I was caught in the middle and although I was trying to escape and had to batter my way through the group I did not make it before the police arrived and we were all arrested and taken to the station. I called Bill who came and got me out. My father had heard of the trouble and was furious. In face, he ordered me out of the house and told me not to come back.

Bill took me to his apartment for the night and the next day had a long talk with me. I tried to tell him that it wasn't my fault and explained how I had tried to get a job, but nothing seemed to come out as planned. I said I wished I were still hiding at Carol's and that the days I spent with her were the happiest in my life. That night we went to Carol's for dinner and we all discussed sending me to a trade school so I could make something of myself. I helped Carol with the dishes while Bill made some phone calls about his business and while we were in the kitchen I told her how much I missed being there and how I missed Janet. Carol suggested I come over the next afternoon and, if I wished, to bring Janet back for the day. My heart almost stopped when she suggested it and I accepted immediately.

I arrived much before noon the next day and Carol must have known I'd be early for she was ready for me. She led me to my old room and there laid out on the bed was a beautiful orange sheath, along with some lovely lacy undies and my white pumps. But

there was a box there on the bed I had never seen before. I quickly dressed and Carol opened the box and handed me a lovely brown wig, almost the color of my own hair. She explained that it would look better than my short hair. I applied makeup and then went to the living room. For the first time in many weeks I felt relaxed and happy. I was flushed with excitement and Carol noticed it. I asked that we go out as I couldn't wait to hear my heels tapping on the pavement nor the feel of my skirt brushing my legs. We returned to the apartment at dinner time and prepared dinner. When we had done the dishes I was thinking of ways to prolong this day when the door bell rang. Carol opened it and there was Bill. He was very surprised to see my there dressed as I was and asked what it was all about. Carol, bless her, explained that it was her idea, and after fixing drinks for us, she explained to Bill that I seemed so happy when dressed as a girl and seemed to be a different person. Bill agreed that I did look good and laughingly observed that I didn't seem to get into trouble when I was Janet, as I did when I was Johnny.

We three discussed the situation further and Bill carefully questioned me as to my desires and apparent happiness when dressed in feminine clothing. It was decided that I might move back with Carol for a while. Bill also made it clear that although I looked like a girl, to all the world, I was still a male and that if he found any indication of my forgetting it he would have nothing further to do with me, nor could I continue to live with Carol. I was worried, because since I started wearing female attire I hadn't thought like a boy, but rather like a girl. I thought of my date with Larry and the kiss, and I began to wonder about myself and I had plenty of time to think about it. One night while Carol and I were watching television, she brought the brush and comb out, as the next day was her morning at the beauty parlor. I, as usual, brushed her hair, and then playing around with it created a new hair-do. She was amazed and complimented me on my creative ability. We discussed it for a while and I admitted I liked working like that and wondered out loud if I could make a good beauty operator. The next day Carol, after discussing it with Bill, told me I could go to beauty school if I wished

and I quickly agreed. Here was a chance to learn a trade at which I showed some promise, but best of all one I really felt I would like.

So Janet entered a beauty school and spent five hours a day learning all about beauty work. One of the other girls taking the course was my partner. Her name was Ann, and she was a tall brunette with a beautiful figure. She and I hit it off from the start and for three weeks we were constant companions. One evening after school she and I went out for our dinner and she invited me to her apartment to listen to some new records. All during my time at school I acted and felt like nothing other than a young lady, and thus I felt as a girl friend to Ann. At her apartment we listened to some music and she asked me if I could Cha Cha Cha. I told her I couldn't, in fact that I couldn't dance at all. She offered to teach me some steps and I agreed. As we danced in each others arms I felt something new stirring inside me. Ann was, as I said, a most attractive girl, and I suddenly felt more for her than just what a girl friend would feel. As I held her in my arms I felt warm and excited and without warning I kissed her. She struggled and pushed me away, and as I fell back on the sofa, my wig slipped and landed on my ear. Ann's mouth and eyes opened in surprise, and as I think of the look on her face I have to laugh now. I never saw such surprise registered on a face before. So I explained all from the beginning to the end, and Ann just sat there and shook her head. She couldn't believe that I was a man, but after the shock wore off, she helped straighten my wig and watched me repair my makeup. She asked me many questions and I showed her by unbuttoning my dress that I really wore falsies and that I was a man. She then started to laugh and seemed to enjoy the situation. She promised to say nothing to anyone at school, and I said good night to her.

For the next several days we continued working together and many times I caught her looking at me and studying me. That night she asked me to go out to dinner and a movie with her, and so I returned to Carol's apartment to dress. As it was now fall I wore a simple wool plaid shirtwaist and red pumps, and borrowed Carol's light wool coat. When I met Ann,

she complimented my attire and we went to dinner and a movie. She then suggested we go to her place. When we were settled, she made highballs and as we sipped them she turned on the phonograph, and asked me to dance with her. This time she kissed me, and I longingly returned it. The kiss was a long one and when it was over I thought how our lipsticks had blended. Though we both wore perfume, high heels and dresses, I felt more like a man than I ever had before. We kissed many times before the evening was over, and Ann confessed that she was falling for me. When she said that I realized that I had already fallen in love with her, but I asked her how she could love me dressing and looking as I did. She told me that it made the whole thing more intriguing and that she wanted me more than any man she knew because I could be both boy friend and girl friend to her.

So this about brings my story up to date. Ann and I are about to graduate from beauty school and we will get married right afterwards. I may have to don male attire to do it, but we both agree that if I do, it will be the last time. Bill and Carol are both crazy about Ann too and feel that we will make a go of our marriage. Bill is staking us to the price of a beauty shop which we will operate, and I'm sure the future will be a happy one. If you are ever in our neighborhood, stop in and say hello. You will find a cute little beauty shop operated by two women. We are naming it, logically enough "Jan-Ann-Et's Beauty Secrets".

SUSAN 20-C-1

MARCIA

KATHY

Adventure in Berlin

by Gina (44-S-1)

The fast train from my home town was approaching the outskirts of the vast city of Berlin, capitol of Germany. It was on a Saturday in August, 1936, close to noon hour. When the brakes squealed to slow the speeding train. I suddenly awoke from my far away dreams back into reality. My heart began to pound faster. What would the afternoon in town be like, today? Would the dreams and visions which were with me all through the week come true?

What a strenuous and tiresome week it had been attending to my daily duties, at my desk in camp with reports and orders, or long before dawn leading the tanks of our batallion to the firing range, and then riding all day on top of the steel monsters, watching and directing the gunners, shouting through the bellows of the guns and the roar of the engines. Or in the evenings, back in camp, sitting among my friends in the officers club, drinking and talking about cars or horses, hunting or what not? There was men's business, tough and rough, and I was proud of it, proud of being one of them, wearing the uniform of the re-activated German Army.

But there was also my alter ego, sweet and dainty, waiting to come to life when I was alone with myself in the hours of rest and relaxation in the room of my apartment. Yes, there was Gina, the sweet child and girl in one, with her dreams of legs in silky stockings, of the swish and swirl of lingerie and skirts and with her constant desire to come out into reality.

How could I ever forget what happened the previous Saturday on another leave in Berlin where I had planned to visit my cousin! While the train, like today, rolled toward the City I had glanced through a magazine and, quite by accident, my eyes fell upon an ad in which a Mrs. K. offered her services in corsetry, also for men. I had seen this ad before, but at this moment it struck me quite forcibly that here might be what Gina

had been looking for, for a long time. The address was not much out of my way, so why not try and see? As usual on my leaves, I was in my civilian clothes, so who would know?

In a few minutes the subway brought me from the depot to the famous Zoo station near the Kurfuerstendamm, the most fashionable part of Berlin, then as now. It was at the time of the great Olympic games held under Hitler in Berlin. The city was teeming with people from all corners of the world and, of course, Hitler and his fellows tried to make the most of it. Moving through the crowds, I soon reached the street and the apartment house where Mrs. K. lived. My bosom filled with all kind of emotions - couriosity, expectancy and not least a bagfull of bashfullness and fear. Thus, I did not enter the house at once but went across the street, looking the place over to see what it would reveal of what was behind the dark facade with the many big curtained windows. Slowly I walked around the block, once, twice, surveying the street and the people. Was there anything unusual? Any brown-shirts? Could there be any of Hitler's secret police around watching for someone? But finally I could tarry no more. Quickly I entered the house and went up the stairway to the first floor, where a sign on the door showed that this was Mrs. K.'s apartment.

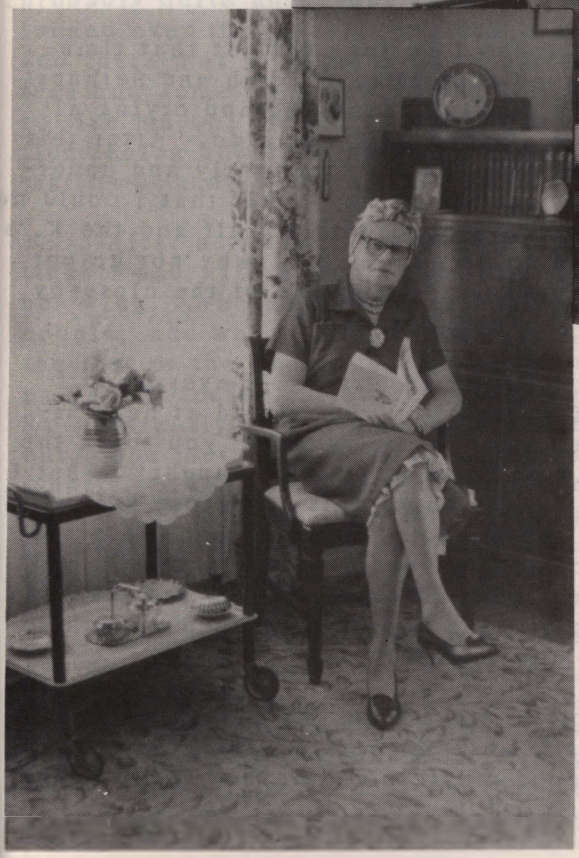
I pushed the bell, and the door was opened by a maid in a neat black uniform with a dainty white little apron and a white servant's coif. After I asked to see Mrs. K., the maid led me through a dark hall into one of the rooms and invited me to wait. Her dark voice made me look at her more closely. Yes, this servant was no maid at all but a well dressed transvestite. I was at the right place.

After a short while, Mrs. K., a lady well in her fifties, entered the room and we sat down to our first exploring conversation. There was nothing to hide here, and I soon revealed to her my transvestite desires. How could she help? Looking me over she soon had me try a nice new pink brocade and elastic girdle of the latest design, and also produced a pink bra with very natural looking inserts which obviously were filled with some

fluid and which in weight and at touch felt almost exactly like a real bosom. A dark, real hair wig completed the purchases of the day which I left at the place planning to return the following weekend.

This was last week and now I was on my way again. All through the week when alone with myself, I had planned what to do next. Thus leaving the depot I went first to a large shoe store. Here, I explained, or better tried to explain to the clerk that I wanted a pair of high heeled ladies shoes, pretending that I had to wear them in a play. Whether or not the good man believed my lame explanations, I do not know, although looking back now, I have some doubt. Be it as it may, he had some fine ladies pumps for my large size feet, and soon I found a pair to my liking. From there I went into one of the great department stores near the Kurfuerstendamm, which is Berlin's most fashionable boulevard. Here, I found my shopping business more easy and less embarrassing. Or did I improve myself already? It was not difficult to tell the friendly and understanding salesladies that I wanted to buy stockings and lingerie, panties, chemise and slip for my out-of-town wife. Her size? Well, just about the same figure and height as myself. This seemed to be enough to have her make the right selection. Finally, I bought a very nice, decent gray street dress and, matching it, a pretty blue straw hat with a coquettish little veil around the brim shadowing the eyes, also gloves, a handbag and to carry all my purchases, a black patent leather suitcase. I must admit that this shopping experience was very much to my liking. I was quite surprised to see how easy it was to deal with the salesladies who seemed to be much more friendly and helpful. Soon after I arrived with my newly acquired wardrobe at Mrs. K.'s place.

Now the so much longed for change took place. Off came my male clothes. The bra with its inserts made my breasts look and feel like a pretty girl's bosom. The lace trimmed pantie and chemise clung caressing to my skin while the girdle firmly molded my waist and hips, and its garters kept the silk stocking in place, revealing a rather pretty looking pair of legs. After the lacy slip completed the underwear, Mrs. K. went to



went to work on Gina's makeup. With the wig in neat waves covering the ears and part of the forehead, with the eyebrows drawn in a fine dark arc and the color of the lipstick changing the shape of my mouth, there suddenly was a new and different face looking at me from the mirror. Gina appeared. The rest was easy. The dress fitted as though it had been made to order. The elegant pumps with their high but not exaggerated heels, the gloves, handbag, and the pretty straw hat complemented the outfit and contributed to the picture of a well dressed lady.

How thrilled I was to see Gina's good looking image in the mirror, turning right and left, walking back and forth to try to sit down like a lady on a chair or sofa. Mrs. K. herself was quite pleased and called her husband in to see and applaud this accomplishment.

Looking back today I believe that at that time Gina probably behaved somewhat childish and perhaps a little hysterically gushing, laughing and crying all at once, just as any excited girl would do. After this went on for a while with the K.'s patiently and understandingly watching and listening, I felt that I could no longer bear just sitting around with myself and the K.'s Something more had to be done. Yes, why not go out with Mrs. K. as chaperon visiting one of the close-by movie theaters on Kurfuerstendamm?

I could see the shock in Mrs. K.'s eyes when I made that suggestion, and how she looked at her husband. "Impossible", she said, "What do you think the secret police would do to us if you got caught?" But I was already up in the air about this grandiose prospect. "How could they" I answered, "don't I look like a real lady?" "Didn't you say so yourself? Let's take a cab, and we will be over there quickly. Inside the theater the light will help us, and people will have enough to do with the movie and themselves."

Having an answer for all her ifs and buts, I finally won. Obviously Mrs. K. herself liked the idea of going to see a good movie and, maybe, the thought of some adventure thrilled her too. We phoned for a

taxie. When it came we rushed downstairs and into it. I handed Mrs. K. my purse and let her do the talking and directing, having enough to do with myself. After a few minutes we stopped under the bright lights of the marquee. Getting out of the cab in a ladylike manner was quite a task, but Mrs. K. managed to be first and to stand in front of me for cover. She then took me quite firmly by the arm and guided me inside. "Take small steps, hold your handbag close, don't swing your arms, keep your head up", she whispered to me while we crossed the foyer which was quite filled with groups of people. Near the ticket booth she steered me into a corner. "Wait here, don't move around", she said and she went for the tickets.

The light veil over the brim of my hat covered my eyes slightly, and with my red lips and makeup, I was probably quite unrecognizable. Of course, while I looked over the steadily moving crowd, my eyes here and there met with the eyes of bystanders, and I could feel how some men and women looked at me and tried to size me up. Again, I had quite a thrill of satisfaction seeing how they casually glanced at me without staring as they would if they sensed some thing odd.

After a few minutes Mrs. K. appeared with our tickets and with a sigh of relief took me again under her wing. We had a box which we shared with one other couple, and which, otherwise kept us at a distance from the rest of the audience. Although the couple next to us was obviously quite occupied with themselves, Mrs. K. apparently was at ease only while the lights were out. She must have suffered agonies, watching me constantly, always in fear that something might go wrong and reveal my true identity. Meanwhile, I deeply enjoyed the thrills of being Gina, a lady from "hat" to toes.

At last, the show was over, the lights went on and everybody began to leave. Now came the real test. We were just two other people slowly moving in a huge crowd toward the street. Once in a while my heart seemed to stop when, at first glance, I imagined I saw some friend of mine looking at me, while Mrs. K. tried to be all around me like a mother hen, steering me

safely to the street. There, at the curb, we had to wait again amidst the milling crowd until we could get a cab to drive us home. It was quite a strange feeling standing there under the eyes of some policeman directing the people through the traffic across the street, flanked by some Nazi men who tried to make themselves important in their brown or black uniforms.

When the door of Mrs. K.'s apartment finally closed behind us, I could almost feel her relief, while I myself still shivered under the excitement and exultation of our adventure. I hardly could get myself to begin the unavoidable change back to my male personality. No, Gina did not want to let go so fast, and would not part with undies, stockings and girdle. Thus, she kept them on under my male clothes all the way to my hotel room. There, how could I go to sleep that night, except being Gina in her pretty nightgown with bra and pantie completing the image?

Next morning, it took me a long time to get up and dress, torn between Gina and my male self. This time, Gina won as far as the inner shell was concerned with stockings and girdle, chemise and pantie next to my skin while the outside was covered by my male attie. The rememberance of yesterday's adventure still sent shivers up and down my spine, and the feel of Gina's dainty underwear told me that she was still there, all along the way back to my apartment at camp, where Monday morning found a well dressed officer attending to his rough and tough military duties.

PROBLEMS, ALWAYS PROBLEMS!

I've followed the Chevalier plan,
And femme-dress whenever I can,
Now my conscience is clear
But one thing is queer
I feel guilty when dressed as a man!

SHEILA 30-B-2 FPE

My Life As A Man

by Frau Else

This is one of the oddest stories of our time; For more than 25 years Else-Wilhelmine A. has lived as a man. Hard work amongst men - this was her fate, which she chose for herself. Captivity, escape, sorrow and need shaped the pattern of her fate, since she dug trenches in 1944 shoulder to shoulder with men of a construction unit while under Russian aerial attack. She was finally taken prisoner by the Russians as a man. Only a very few people got to know the secret of this woman, who felt at home in the rough world of men. Just recently it was revealed - under exclusion of the public.

Because she pretended to be another person and used a false name Else-Wilhelmine A. was summoned to court in Moers (Rineland). The dutiful court servant who called up Mrs. Wilhelmine A. in the hall outside the courtroom, was left speechless, when a man dressed in a dark brown suit and with hard facial features approached him and declared: "That's me".

This was beyond the officer. Baffled he turned to the chairman: "There is a man outside, who claims to be a woman", he stammered with excitement and disgust. He completely was floored however, when the district judge said: "That's alright. Have the man, I mean the woman, take a seat".

This is what happened before the trial: Else-Wilhelmine A. had come to a refugee camp near Giessen this past spring as a refugee Wilhelm A. During a medical check it was found, that Wilhelm was no Wilhelm, but a Wilhelmine and this for more than 25 years. It was also revealed that Wilhelmine had married as Wilhelm in the first years after the war. The woman was 20 years her junior. Wilhelm and Adelgunde were married in Torgau.

Prosecutor and court saw the human side of this extraordinary case: 35 marks (about $9.00) was the

verdict. The case was closed. With this the remarkable "matrimony" was dissolved.

We too wanted to see the human side of the case. It unrolled itself for us a few days after the trial, when we visited Else-Wilhelmine A. in her home near Krefeld, where she lives alone since her escape to the West. Wilhelmine A. wore a dark colored men's suit, a striped sport shirt, without a tie, and dark brown men's shoes with thick rubber soles.

It wasn't easy to get her into a conversation. We talked for awhile about nothing special. We had to get over her distrust. We smoked one cigarette and then another. We sensed what was going on inside the woman with the hard man's face, how she fought with the question: could her story be understood the wrong way - did she have to be ashamed.

Quietly and a little hesitating, but with a voice that belonged very much to her masculine appearance, she began to speak. In simple words, which sometimes almost sounded helpless.

"This is my life as a man. I was born in East Prussia, near Insterburg. We were six children at home. I was one of three girls. We had a farm, and I was put to work early in my childhood. Already I was then something like a boy. I actually never felt like a girl. I don't know how to say it...Anyhow, I was being treated as a boy already when I left school at the age of fourteen. It was then when I went to see a physician for the first time. He told me not to worry and to do what I liked..."

The physician couldn't detect any physical changes. Ever since then Wilhelmine A. remained biologically a real woman.

Later on the district court in Sensburg permitted Else-Wilhelmine A. to call herself Wilhelm and to wear men's clothing. It didn't take long, and "Wilhelm" was completely absorbed in his roll as a man. Nobody noticed that the man, who was able to work so hard, was in reality a woman.

"I have worked at everything", Else-Wilhelmine tells us. On the farm, on construction, in the factory. When the war broke out, Mrs. Else-Wilhelmine, who had to show herself to army doctors, was naturally given away.

"Even though here and there heads were shaken because of me, they knew how to value me as an able worker", she said. Just how much she was worth was shown in the year 1944. Else-Wilhelmine was assigned to an East Prussian construction unit as Wilhelm A.

She wasn't spared anything: Hard labour when digging trenches, life in the barracks of rugged men. These were the hardships and fatigues of an assignment right behind the front, which at that time stretched through East Prussia. Elsie-Wilhelmine took all this with patience. The meaning of true male comradeship has become an experience for her, which she hasn' forgotten to the present day. "But I have at that time also got to know the other side of this life. Hatred, cowardness, meanness and fear.."

CAUGHT BY THE RUSSIANS

"None of my comrades in those days have ever guessed that I was a woman. I always managed to avoid situations, which might have given me away".

When the Russians couldn't be stopped anymore, Else-Wilhelmine and a few others from the construction unit were "discharged". Too late! She was taken prisoner by the Russians in her home village near Insterburg. "Every man in the community had to report". Else-Wilhelmine A. became now a prisoner of war Wilhelm A.

"During the first year of life in the camp was a nightmare. It would be hard to imagine, what we suffered. Hunger, epidemics, cold, desperation and death. Once we slept in a barracks among 60 dead. Men cried. I was glad to be in captivity as a man, not as a woman."

And Else-Wilhelmine? "Somehow I could take it.

The camp doctor, a German, knew about me. He was the only one I trusted".

And the Russians? Didn't they notice anything? "No. The Russian doctors didn't conduct any thorough examinations. They left this to their German colleagues".

One day we moved from the camp in East Prussia to one inside Russia. In a small camp, the name of which Else-Wilhelmine has forgotten ("There were so many P.O.W. camps then") she and two fellow prisoners prepared for an escape.

"For months the three of us were on the way. Sometimes we almost collapsed from hunger and exhaustion. Once we stole a young goat near a farm, killed it and ate the raw meat, because we were afraid to light a fire. We drank the blood".

"We made it to East Prussia. Then we were caught again. I was put to work on a collectivized farm. We were only able to buy potatoes and bread".

It was here that Else-Wilhelmine A. met the girl Adelgunde, whom she had known from her home village, ever since Adelgunde was a very small girl. In the meantime Adelgunde had become 18 years old and had survived the horrors of war and the Russian occupation. "She was deadsick. Misery and hunger had made a human wreck out of her. I took her under my wing. I simply wanted to help".

The togetherness of these two people, who met during the horror and hardship of the times right after the war, deepened. They found support and protection in each other.

Curious and remarkable, but maybe because of the simple and strong desire, not to leave each other any more, they appeared a few years later, after camp and captivity were behind them, before the justice of peace in the city of Torgau. Wilhelm A. married Adelgunde.

When you see this woman Else-Wilhelmine A. and hear her moving story - you don't laugh.

When Else-Wilhelmine had to face the court recently on charges of pretence and the use of a false name, the prosecutor and judge didn't laugh either. Both recognized the human side of this case. The need, the misery and the fear, which haunted these two women for years.

Only early this year the two of them fled to the West from the (Soviet) Zone. Else-Wilhelmine had relatives here. "Over there we couldn't live any longer. I have worked at hard men's jobs in the zone. All this - to secure our livelihood. Now we are here."

They are here. They don't live together anymore. They see each other only now and then. The matrimony-which they started in Torgau, was against the law and against the normal sensation. They realize it. Do they have to be ashamed? "Anyone who went through, what we went through, may think about it a little differently", figures Else-Wilhelmine. This may be. Else-Wilhelmine works again...in a factory near Krefeld...a man's job at the machines.

The case is closed. But the memories are not forgotten, and life goes on.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The foregoing was translated and reprinted from the German newspaper NEUE WELT am Sonnabend printed in Dusseldorf, West Germany. It is seldom that we come across a story about a female transvestite though the pages of this magazine are open to both. It is the Editor's hope that if any of our readers are acquainted with a genuine female TV--not just a butch type Lesbian--that they would put her in touch with TVia or vice versa as we would like to look into this field further. Interesting clippings appearing in local papers could be followed up and contacts made.

JOYCE 37-L-1

JOAN 54-C-1

JEANNETTE FC-M-1

Secret Woman

by Georgia (35-L-5)

The girl beside me tugged at a white satin girdle until it covered her round hips, sat on a chair with a plop and covered her long shapely legs with smoky black nylons which made her legs glisten in the early morning light.

Suddenly she bounced up, pulled the satin black slip over her red brassiere and brushed back the blond hair with her hand. The silky slip pressed tightly around her thighs, and the fancy lace allowed the slender knees, pressed with silk, to show. She wrinkled the smooth black cocktail dress and slipped it over her head, ruffling the long strands of golden hair. It covered her body in folds until she smoothed it against her body. Her graceful actions reminded me of the actress who had played Claire in Genet's The Maids. She was a flirt. She slid her small feet into the brown high heels and smiled at me. I had just returned moments ago from taking my wife to work and already "Georgia" was making her appearance from depths of obscurity and abstraction. Stepping into the high heels, her calves became more curved, more deliberately shaped, and their girlish roundness excited me. Then she disappeared.

I again saw her unpowdered face surrounded by bathroom porcelain. Georgia continued to stare at me, laughing, chuckling, dreaming while trimming and penciling her rather heavy eyebrows. She giggled at me as she applied the creme makeup, and her lips became full and wet as she stroked deep red lipstick onto them. I enjoyed her mockery of my masculine thoughts because she was part of me - as much to me as my masculine suit laying wrinkled on the floor in the bedroom, but she did not belong to the outside world. She was my creation - a creature existing in my reality which faded into a dream when I stepped beyone the door wearing heavy shoes. But this false reality stared at me in the mirror, and I was enjoying

her appearance before me. She was completely human. She was so abstract that now she had become human, because the subconscious is abstraction and creation and is the external world more real than the subconscious? She finished the powder ritual and stroked the long strands of the wig all the time laughing at me beneath the soft petals of rouge and powder, and I enjoyed the laughter.

Walking back into the bedroom, I heard her familiar click, click, click, made by the high heels, worn only on these special occasions. The lonely echo of her heels resounded throughout the apartment. My wife must not come home this afternoon and find her here before the mirror. Long before, Georgia must disappear into a heap of clothing on the bedroom rug and be buried in my wife's closet and dresser. Georgia was too delicate in her silk and satin to be known. Thus, only my ears would ever hear her delicate step, only my eyes would admire her shapely figure. I was a creative writer and she was my creation outside paper - she was the abstract which was that reality that every writer attempts to create on paper. I had indeed succeeded with my creative efforts.

She changed her cocktail dress for a more appropriate, yellow summer suit then she nodded her curls toward me from the mirror. I knew she wanted a cup of coffee. Her heels clicked against the stairs, her dress rustled against the feminine body, her heavy breasts, made up partially of padding because they had not developed into large female softness that she desired, bounced with each downward step. She stopped and reached beneath the dress, beneath the padding to feel her true breasts which were hard and sufficiently large enough to fill her palm. She pressed them gently and the warm sensation came again as it had done each time she felt them.

Georgia swung her hips while crossing the kitchen. She was graceful, for she had practiced many long days in her high heels. After two years, she carried herself with the grace of her twenty-five years, although she was only two years old in her womanly fashion.

I stared down at the slim knees, covered with glistening nylons. "All dressed up and no where to go". I had read it somewhere...in one of my favorite books probably, but the statement was not to my liking. It had no aesthetic connotation, but it was true. The knees, peeping out from the yellow suit, uncrossed themselves. A spot of coffee dripped on the right knee it was hot and wet, it was filled with sensitivity, passion, and knowing. "One Master Passion swallows all the rest". I had read that somewhere too. How well it could be applied to her.

The day was beginning a foot from my pulsating body. Through the crack of the closed venetian blinds, I saw the mild truck pass and the women hanging their silks and satins on clothes lines beneath the radiant sun - before the inspection of people, and I was envious but the loneliness was not desolate for I had her - within me, and she clothed me with the frills of womanhood, and she held me in the staves of maidenly slenderness.

The day was before us. There were no classes at the university, and my wife would work until four o'clock. Georgia was ever so happy to rustle her skirts about the apartment avec la coeur de la femme. She anticipated these long days of pleasure when my wife's clothes would be carefully spread out on the bed for her. She would dance arount the sheets, daintily picking up this slip, examining it, folding it, spreading it again in its place; holding the transparent red panties in her two hands and rubbing them gently, throwing them into a heap; and then there were the dresses...nylon, cotton, evening attire, nursing uniforms, tight skirts and smooth sweaters. She also delighted in specualting about ways to make some of the clothes fit her. Several dress zippers would not close, so she pinned the dress tops or wore sweaters which covered her swelling breasts. Later in the afternoon, she would have to go back into hiding, but now she was the woman of the house having a hot cup of coffee, with me. She sipped the hot liquid and turned the pages of her FemmeHomme scrap book. Pictures of her friends from all over the world were pasted in it. expressing themselves with the same rustling satins and silks

as she wore; some were dancers and others were merely young ladies like herself. She had never met any of her friends but their friendship was strong.

Suddenly the door bell gave her a start. Should I send Georgia to the door? This was the first time it had ever rung with her in the house. She trembled walking into the living room, but oddly enough, she felt secure in her clothes, and it would only be a short glimpse into the world outside. She peeped through the curtain of the door. A salesman stood quietly outside. She must speak to him and then quickly send him away. She did not have me to help her in her debut. I was helplessly inside her.

"Yes, what do you want?" her shrill voice rang out as she peeped around the door.

"Fuller brush man", he said smiling. "Would you like to see our line of goods?" "You will find a great savings by dealing with us". He continued without noticing. It was unbearable. The man was speaking to Georgia as if to the lady of the house. It was wonderful. Then he stopped and smiled at her. "I'm sorry," Georgia answered. "I'm just the maid here, and the Mrs. left strict instructions not to buy anything." "Would <u>you</u> like to look yourself. We have some fine hair brushes?" "No thank you." Georgia smiled politely. "Well, thank you for allowing me to talk to you." He smiled and turned to go. "I'm really sorry I can't buy any," she said closing the door for the first time on the real world. Her debut was successful even if she could never become a complete part of it.

She was hot and weak. She wanted to laugh and cry at the same time as she entered the bedroom. It was over and she felt hot so she changed into a summer cotton dress. The zipper would not close in the back so she slipped on a black sweater. She sat down before the mirror and took up <u>Sons and Lovers</u> which she was reading for a class. She looked up every few pages and caught a glimpse of the girl in the mirror. Georgia removed her wig because of the heat and tied a scarf around her head as a farmer girl would do on a windy day. I laughed at her because she resembled an innocent

farm girl now that she wore a simple summer dress, sweater, and her lovely wig had been removed. She smiled at my laughter. She didn't care if she was not a princess. She only desired to please me.

Georgia ate a light lunch and returned to the bedroom where we spent the afternoon studying and occasionally admiring her smart dress. She was startled for a moment after the alarm clock sounded. Slowly she began to shrink back into the abstraction from whence she had come. I had to leave her for the world of masculine heaviness, but I would leave with a light heart. My fulfillment had been achieved during this stay. She knew the time had arrived when her soft womanly clothes must be carefully replaced. She ran her fingers against the slip before taking it off, and she felt her legs before unrolling the nylons. Within minutes, her makeup and soft clothing made her disolve again into my subconscious. I put my masculine clothes on and walked into the hot sun. My faithful secret woman would wait patiently in the bedroom until our next meeting.

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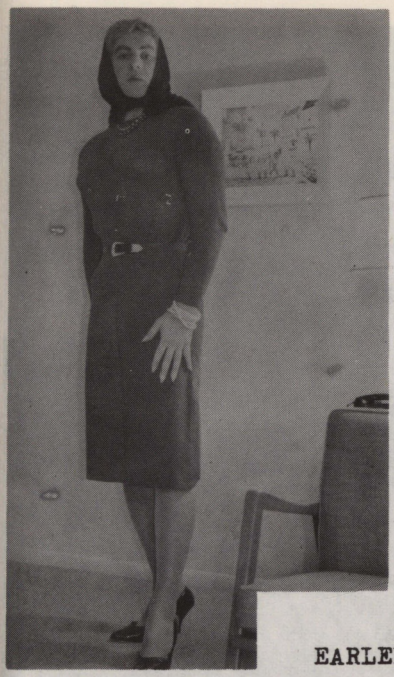
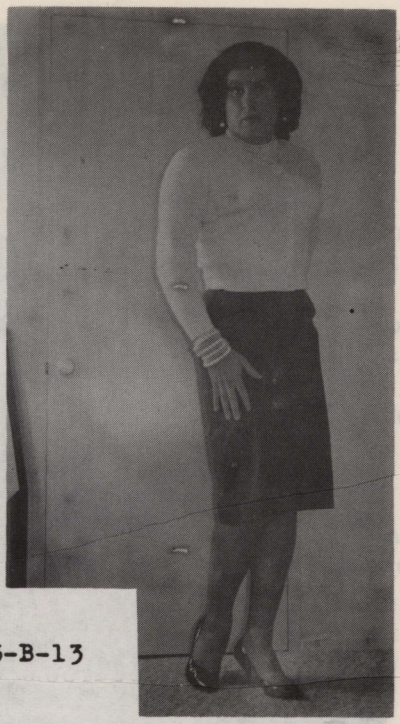
BACK ISSUES OF CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

Many of our readers have found us within the past year or so and therefore missed much material which was printed before they "joined up". We would like to call to your attention that back issues of Transvestia, are available at the reduced rate of 6 for $20. All are available at present except #1 although some of the others are running rather low. Wouldn't you like to have a complete set and to follow the development of things from the beginning? If so here is your chance before some of the issues are exhausted. They will not be reprinted.

The FemmeMirror and Clip Sheet offer even a bigger bargain. Any six for $3.00 and they can be mixed. Several issues of each are already gone so we must reserve the right to substitute others that your card shows you don't have if we are out of any ordered.





EARLENE 5-B-13

CLYDETTE 48-S-1

MARY ANN 31-N-1

LINDA 13-A-2

The Small Troubled World of Ann Randall

by Ann (9-B-1)

As I sit here before my typewriter, I wonder just how it all began. I try to figure out the why and the wherefore of it all. And, it's hard. How do you pinpoint the creation of an idea or the beginning of an entity? It's not as easy as it seems. Where did it start?

I remember as a child of 9 or 10 looking for an excuse to fondle the garments that I liked so well. The silks, and rayons and satins, the endless varieties of feminine apparel that were quick to excite my youthful imagination.

As a youth I was rather frail, coming down with every childhood disease known. I was allergic and sensitive to many things. My younger brother was always more robust and healthy than I. And although I tried very hard, I always had a hard time keeping up with the other kids in my group. So, many times I played jump rope with the girls in my neighborhood.

Whenever I could, I would lock myself in the bathroom, under one pretense or another, and go through the hamper to see what articles of feminine finery I could find and perhaps try on. I would imagine myself a girl who could play with the other girls without shame, and who could challenge the boys in games and not be ashamed of losing-for girls were not supposed to excel.

I was a very bright youngster and studied hard, because here was something that I could do as well, if not better, than most boys. So in this I was superior. However, the feminine side of my psyche had begun to develop. Just why, is probably a combination of some of the factors that I have spoken of in the preceding paragraphs. But, nevertheless it was there and growing. Some times it was so strong that I would pray to God (or the devil if I were really desperate) that I could be changed into the person that I wanted to be.

As my feminine side developed strength, so did my masculine side. And although I was still underweight I began to assert my masculinity in physical objectives.

I played baseball, high school football (although I played second string and mostly sat on the bench) and tennis. I became proficient in many sports and became an excellent swimmer.

Now, it became a battle. Two forces diametrically opposed were fighting for possession of my being. At times my masculine side would win out and the feminine forgotten for awhile. Then suddenly, a look, a scent, a magazine photograph, would suddenly throw all the preceding intentions out the window and I would be again yearning with a fierce desire for my feminine place in the world.

This struggle went on for all of my teenage years. It was known only to myself, for I confided in no one. Many times when I would elect to stay at home when the rest of the family went out, I was looked upon with some wonder. No one realized that the minute the car was out of the driveway I would rush into my parents bedroom and try on the many underthings of my mother that would fit me. The thrill of a girdle, slip and hose was so great that any sacrifice to be made was small in comparison. And, there were many times when I was almost discovered. These were extremely nerve-wracking, but who could stop under any circumstances.

Up until late in high school most of my entries into the feminine world were imaginative, done only through the use of clothes, and strictly in private. This was my own secret and funds were limited. I had no feminine clothes of my own and of course, no wig. I began to search through drugstores and bookstores for any and all information on female impersonators. Any story or picture thrilled me to pieces as I imagined myself the person in the picture. I resolved many times to become a female impersonator. However, I had no real money to speak of, no talent, and what's more I loved my family too much to disgrace them with a son who in their minds would have been abnormal. So the desire grew stronger and I grew older and more independent.

In 1951, after one year of junior college, I decided to join the Air Force for two reasons. (1) to become

eligible for the Korean GI Bill and continue my college education without having any obligation towards my parents. (2) to be free to travel and accumulate money with which to buy the wardrobe I so desperately needed. Of course, I was soon to see that in the Air Force I was further away from my goal of pursuing femininity than ever before. Now all my privacy was eliminated. However, I bought a second hand car, and for the first time blushed and blustered my way through a buying session at a ladies apparel shop for my "wife". I bought my first slip, sweater, skirt, bra and playtex girdle and drove into the back row of a drive in movie to try them on. The fit was perfect, I really felt like a girl. My whole being was changed and I felt born again.

This went on for many months and I accumulated more and more feminine apparel. Soon, I was transferred and I had to sell the car, so the clothes went into a city refuse container and I was heartbroken. Now I was going overseas to Japan, away from America, to who-knows-what, and I couldn't take any of the clothes I loved so well.

On the trip over and for the first few months in Japan I was pretty despondent. I drifted from bar to bar, and girl to girl, imitating the traditional GI behavior in a foreign country. However, the urge to be my feminine self was now stronger than ever, and only a strange quirk of fate unleashed my feminine side to the world. I was caught one day going through the dresser drawers of a Japanese girl that I was going with at the time. She wanted to know what it was all about. And, for the first time in my life I told another human being my story. (Some of the joys of my Japanese experiences were told in #9, an earlier edition of this publication.)

For two years, I lived a twin existence. The most complete that I have ever lived, before or since. In the daytime I was a flyer, a cocky American Airman. During the evening and on holidays and leaves my feminine side blossomed as I never dreamed it would. I had a separate being and she now had a name, ANN RANDALL; nationality, AMERICAN DEPENDENT, who employed a Japanese woman named Chieko as a housekeeper, maid and handmaiden. For two years, it was

absolute bliss, my life was a dream, I became so enthralled by it all that I didn't realize that my two years in the Orient were fast drawing to a close. I began to panic, I didn't want to come back to the United States, I didn't want to lose my identity as Ann. In the last year in Japan, I had friends who knew only Ann, and many who knew only the American GI. It was a perfect existence. I was so fond of the status quo and so afraid of losing Ann that I asked permission to marry Chieko, the only person in the world who really understood and accepted both persons. This was met with stiff opposition at command level, and one day I was given 24 hours to clear the base and fly back home for discharge. I was more than heartbroken, my whole life, my very existence, that had been so carefully arranged and carried out was exploding in my face. I became mentally and emotionally sickened, and even at times physically wretched. I returned to the United States, was discharged and left with my memories and heartbreak.

I resolved to go to college. I buried Ann Randall, going so far as to burn all my records, papers, pictures, et al. This was bitter reprisal for a world that neither understood nor cared about me or my problems. I attacked the textbook and lost myself in study. For a short time (about a year and a half)all was quiet. Except, I could not go out with girls. When I did, I became violently ill. I was having deep emotional disturbances that became apparent whenever anything female or feminine happened. Whenever something even remotely reminded me of Japan or my life over there I would become depressed and moody.

After my Junior year, I resolved that I could not, and did not, bury Ann Randall and that I probably could never bury her. It was then that I caught an ad in Sexology Magazine that said, "The first full length book on Transvestism--Men in Female Dress, soon to be published." I wrote for a copy and waited 3 weeks until it was finally printed. This was it. This was me. There were others like me in the world. I was not alone.

After that I researched the medical and psychology libraries fully. I read everything that I could get my hands on that spoke of Transvestism or Eonism. I

wondered if I was a Transvestite or a Transexualist. I wasn't sure but I did know that I liked women both aestetically and physically so much that I wanted to merge into the feminine and become one of them--if only for a short time. I decided that a change of sex was impractical both financially and physically. Although I could not live without Ann, neither could she exist without me. We were tied to each other like a mother to her child.

It was then that I decided that I would live my dual existance to the best of my ability from then on. I began to collect a new wardrobe and wrote to a colored wig house to purchase a brown wig for $50.00.

In my senior year at the university I again became Ann Randall for a few short hours on various evenings during the week. At first, it took a little while to get back the courage and poise that I had had two years earlier. But it came back, maybe because it had never left. It had just been buried under very shaky ground. Soon Ann visited the girl's dorms, the girl's gymn, the library, and even the fraternity dances on Saturday nights. My periods of depression became shorter and finally almost diasppeared, now only returning during long periods when Ann had to go away (mainly during the summer months).

After graduation, I went into the business world in my chosen profession and have been called one of the "rapidly growing junior executives", of my firm. I am 28 years old, a member of a civic club, chairman of a civic committee, secretary of a professional business organization and a respected member of my environment.

Two years ago, I met the girl of my dreams. We had (and still do) everything in common. I asked her to marry me. After she accepted I decided that I must tell her about Ann. I did so with great anxiety. I would die if I lost her, yet it would not be fair to either herself or me to live with a secret as great as this. I finally told her and she seemed not to care. I was delighted and dressed for her immediately. She was shocked at the transformation but insisted that if this was what I liked to do it was all right with her. We went out frequently (I as Ann) to all the bars and

nightspots. We went shopping together and all seemed well. I was feeling like I did 4 years prior in Japan. I was beginning to live again. Both personalities were happy and content. We would live together the "three" of us until death do us part.

A few months after the marriage my wife confessed that she had not only been fooling me, she had been fooling herself. Ann disgusted her and she could stand no more of it. The only thing that kept us from coming apart was the extreme love my wife and I have for each other. We finally agreed to a compromise. My wife would try to educate herself and try to understand my other self. I would try to see her side of it and not ask her to go out anymore with me. There was always the fear that someone would recognize my wife and wonder who the girl with her could be.

So I became a lone girl again, as I am today. I go out as Ann about twice a week. I visit stores, go to movies, do the wash at the laundromat and window shop. I go out in the day as well as at night. This Xmas I bought all my wife's gifts as Ann.

My wife is trying to understand, and in time I feel she will. Ann is happy most of the time, she gets to express herself a few times a week and has reconciled herself to this. One thing I must say. Ann is not happy staying at home, she must go out and be among people. She must mingle with them, converse with them, and be a part of society. She must, most of all, be accepted by them. When this is done she is happy and content to let her alter-ego take over the rest of her life.

Ann is now a woman of 28. She is 5'10" tall and weighs 138 lbs. in her stocking feet. She wears a size 14 dress and size 8 1/2 shoe. She is slender and tall with a 37-28-38 figure. Although not the most attractive girl in our city, she is well mannered, carefully attentive and smartly attired. She revels in her femininity and loves the company of the fair sex. She has been in many states and overseas and is an authority on feminine habits throughout the world.

The "world" of Ann Randall is troubled- and will

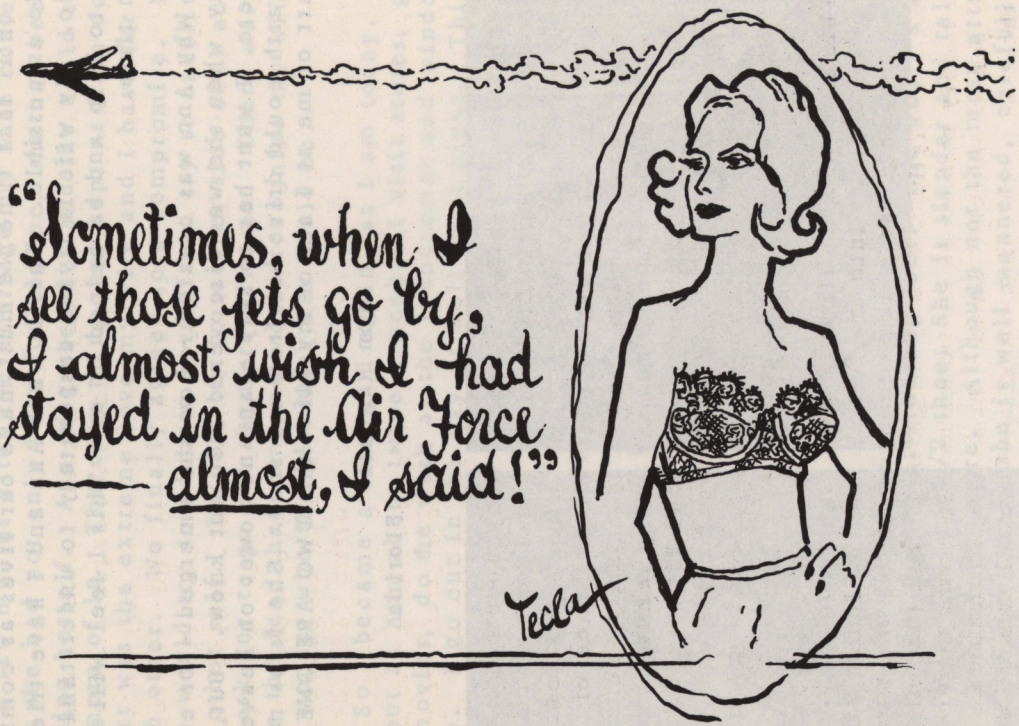
probably never be completely free from fear and guilt. But she has adjusted herself to this and both she and I will go on in our own adjusted way for as long as we can. One of these days we will be accepted for what we seem to be. However, this day is a long way off, and until that time we must make our lives as comfortable as possible. This is what Ann and I have tried to do. My wife is trying desperately to understand us and to help and be helped by us. This I feel will come with time.

Why Ann was created - how she emerged - or exactly when she was discovered I do not know. But, she is here, I want her to stay - and no power on heaven or earth could drive her from my soul. She is as much a part of me as I am of myself - the TWO ARE ONE.

Ann Randall

Florida

This is Ann-one of the two


"Sometimes, when I see those jets go by, I almost wish I had stayed in the Air Force — almost, I said!"
Teclat

SUSANNA SAYS...

It is a fascinating study of human nature to take note of the myriad reactions that TV's express when confronted with this point. Their answers vary according to the value and role they assign to their desire. Some seem to look upon their TVism in the same manner that some high society people look upon a daring visit to the "slums." Their everyday life is nice, normal, accepted, clean, devoid of "vices." They conform to the rules, belong to a Club, go to church on Sundays, mow the lawn on their days off, go bowling with the boys and take the wife to a movie once in a while. They will honestly tell you that they feel no great desire to dress up...except once or twice a year when they go away from their nice, clean environment on some "business trip out of town." Away from home the urge decends upon them. They will purchase an entire outfit, complete with make-up and jewelry and rent a hairpiece. Then comes the thrilling experience of doing something forbidden, something naughty, something one mustn't even talk about. They remind you of the nice, prim and proper small town little old lady who travels to the big city and allows herself one naughty, big fling by boldly walking into a dingy little theater to enjoy a burlesque show.

This kind of TV will lock himself in a hotel room and "go slumming" into the deliciously forbidden path of cross dressing. It is an evening of thrills and sweet dreams...everything else if forgotten...and the entire event highly resembles an adventure in some shadowy opium den of ancient times. Once the adventure is over there is a scurrying about to erase all traces of "evil"...the outfit is wrapped and dropped in some trash can along the sidewalk...the wig is returned by mail...and there is nothing, absolutely nothing left in his luggage that could possible give him away. There is only a glow, an inner satisfaction, of having done the forbidden thing, of having strayed from the

right path, of adding a "secret" to his collection of memories, something he'll chuckle about to himself. He has "put one over" on society, his family and his friends...and this is satisfying. I dare say there must be many TV's who neatly fall into this group...the once-or-twice-a-year TV. Of course not all of them experience this same "indulging into something forbidden" feeling with the same intensity.

In many TV's there is no particular sense of actual guilt, or if there is, it does not amount to anything strong. In this case, TVism is mainly a form of escape. It is--to them--a form of daydreaming turned into action. Fantasy which goes beyond a purely mental game and is activated...the ghost become solid protoplasm. The hero of the story cannot stand the pressures imposed on him by the author of the script...too many demands are made on his strength, creativity,...too much responsibility on his shoulders..he must always present a front of steel...and he is tired, so terribly tired of that role...something within his soul stirs in gentle and impatient undulations...please, just a little rest...just a few hours of total oblivion...a moment of real freedom , a moment to feel airy, disembodied, light, without responsibilities, without problems...a moment to stop...and become someone else.. ..be in everyway the opposite of the role he has been protraying.

Many TV's even if they never get to act out this liberation, often live it vividly in their day dreams.. ..the symbols of aggresive masculinity are torn down with a feline ferocity...the rough clothing of the fisherman, the drab colors of his office attire...the hirsute body of the athlete...the colorless lips framed by an aura of stubbly gray...the suffocating weight of thick soled shoes...the unbearable ugliness of the shirt and tie, (I wonder how many women would retain their sanity if they were condemned to wear for a lifetime, day in and day out, Summer and Winter, the very same white, highnecked, long sleeved blouse!)...The uniform becomes a symbol to be momentarily destroyed.. ..and the TV sees himself as a GG. Doors are opened for her...admiring glances are aimed at her...she is colorful...stylish....soft, graceful, airy...for an

instant, all sense of pressure has vanished, responsibility is gone...The other "self" retires into a limbo of suspended animation where even his memories are put to sleep...The new "she" reigns supreme, unchallenged avidly drinking all the forbidden nectars...In a way, the operation could be also regarded as a cleansing act. It is definitely a dramatic form of escape, total escape...escape from pressure.

This very same picture however, can have more than one motivation...It could be a mixture of pressure plus a feeling of inadequacy...The TV (though not wishing to admit it to anybody else) may be conscious that he is not doing as well as society expects of him. He is trying, but he just does not come up to the standards set for him. There is a hidden bitterness, a sense of frustration involved which is eased and soothed in his new role. Failure or fear of failure leads him to avoid reality...and there's nothing better than to become somebody else...a somebody upon whom society is more willing to bestow forgiveness...femininity, even if guilty, usually gets a lesser sentence...A traffic cop will go much easier on a lady driver than on the man. A pretty smile...even a few tears...turn out to be powerful weapons...thus the TV finds his new self in a better situation to succeed where "he" would fail. He is armed now with a new set of weapons that give him a sense of new, fascinating power.

But, is it all an escape from pressure, or from a sense of inadequacy, or from fear? Of course not... We may find the above ingredients all mixed, or just one, or none of them. Let us take the TV who has embarked on cross-dressing simply because it's something different, difficult, unusual and challenging. This TV is successful, clever, resourceful--adequate-plus. In TVism he finds an additional field to prove to himself and to others how richly endowed in talents he is. Not very many men are able to successfully impersonate a woman. It takes considerable acting ability..and thus TVism becomes in this particular case somewhat of a hobby which is satisfying and relaxing. It's "for the man who's got everything" and is a rich antidote against boredom. TVism here is no compulsion..it can be practiced at will, whenever one feels like it, and

can always be dropped for long periods. The "obsession to dress up" does not exist.

Somehow I find it extremely difficult to put myself in the place of TV's who can "take it or leave" so to speak. At least on the surface they seem quite contented with dressing up once or twice a year. One weekend away from home or when the wife goes visiting her folks for a couple of days is enough to satisfy this type of TV. One session seems to appease the urge for a long time. But the opposite is also true. Each session increases the urge for a repeat performance. Everytime the TV gives in, he finds himself next day with more thirst for dressing than he felt the day before. That is why many wives balk at allowing their husbands the freedom to dress as often as they feel like it. They fear that eventually this can become an "all time activity" and the husband will just vanish leaving in his place a "girlfriend" or "sister" for the wife. The trouble here lies in the fact that the TV who can't dress at home will sooner or later go out of the house to indulge in a hotel room in some neighboring town. This form of "cheating" will inevitably create a sense of guilt. The TV feels that the "husband and wife" team shows a crack. Here is something which he is NOT sharing with his wife. He is hiding something from her. If he loves his wife he will hate his TVism almost in the same proportion that he loves it. And a tiny tumor of conflict will make its appearance in his personality. A tumor which in some cases may grow and poison the entire home atmosphere. What to do? Since it "takes two to tango" both husband and wife must face the situation together, analize the strength of the urge and the strength of his will power; compare this data with her feelings and attitudes; examine all the pro's and con's and reach an intelligent compromise in which he will make concessions as well as his wife. Depending on their respective personalities, mutual love, and personal characteristics a settlement is often feasible though not always easy to achieve. There may be some TV's (although I've never met one yet) who will make the entire sacrifice by themselves and give up dressing entirely...This does not necessarily mean that they have ceased to be TV's...the urge is still there, and how long will it stay quiescent? How long

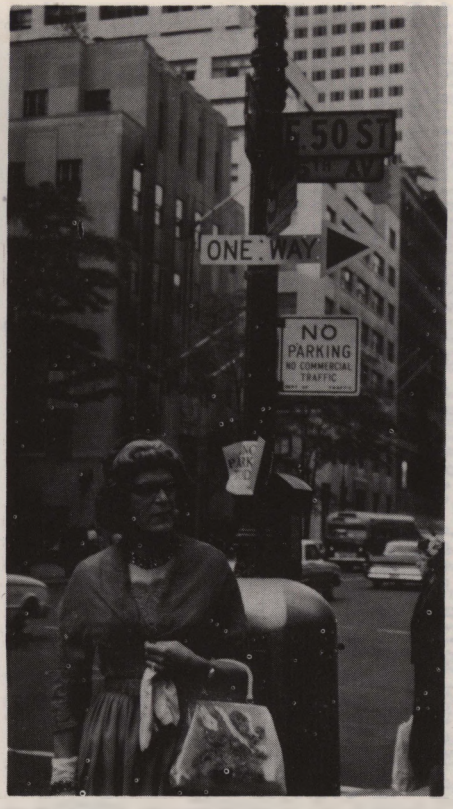
can will power alone hold it in check? How long can the mind resist the pressure? I imagine this will vary from individual to individual...but by and large, the repressed urge becomes a cancer of the soul and creates a lifetime of unhappiness. I've met several "repressed TV's"...people who have done a lot of daydreaming and in some instances have never dressed at all!!! They are afraid to "let go". They avidly read anything that has to do with cross-dressing, their hearts go "pity-pat" whenever they see the picture of a man dressed in women's clothes, they can hardly contain their excitement if they see a female impersonator on the stage, and all they do is day dream. Believe me, ALL OF THEM are nervous wrecks!!! They either show a twitching of the eyes, or stutter when they talk, or puff away on a cigarette like maniacs, or squirm endlessly on the chair they sit on. In more serious cases, the TV finds that a drink or two will soothe his nerves. The drinks multiply in proportion with the intensity of the repression and before you know it, we have exchanged a TV for an alcholic.

So far it looks as if I am making a one-sided case in favor of freedom for the TV to let his hair down without repression and guilt. To be honest, that's the way I feel. However, let's give a chance to the opposition. We go back now to the wife who is afraid that freedom for her husband to do as he pleases will become an overwhelming, daily obession which will annihilate his masculine personality. In some cases she may be right. If the husband is a weak, spineless personality, her fears may come true. He may be swept away by the terrific impact of active cross-dressing. For this to happen, however, he must be a frail character, totally devoid of will-power and consideration for others...in other words, she'd be better off without him anyway. He should never have married in the first place. Let us assume that this represents an extreme case. If he is an average man he should be able with her help, to find the happy medium, the "perspective" that Virginia recommends, together with "moderation" plus an intelligent attitude towards life as a whole. If one is an idiot, whether he is a TV or not, he is going to make a mess of his life anyway, so

size you wear?"...Or to run into the same saleslady while you are accompanying your wife and hear the saleslady say, "Hello, Mrs. Smith, did you like the stockings your husband bought for you last week?"...To be out in public and have the new, liquid-filled balloons you are wearing as falsies, break (This actually happened to me once, before I knew enough about such tricks, was I embarrassed!!!)...To go out of the house in your male attire and--as you are about to take the bus--you realize you forgot to remove the vivid red nailpolish...To talk a TV friend into plucking his eyebrows having assured him that not one person in a thousand will notice..So..the day after, he rings you and tells you in icy tones that the first person he met exclaimed outlous "Why, you've plucked your eyebrows!"...Or to finally make the supreme, bold effort of stepping out in what you think is your best appearance only to have a little kid stare at you and then loudly shout to his mother near-by: "Mommy, look at the lady with a moustache!" (I can vouch for this event - it happened to me some ten years ago)...(the little brat must have had X-ray vision!)...But the most devastating experience of them all was lived by a TV friend who was riding with us to the resort. He was the only one dressed and he had made that supreme effort we all make while striving for perfection...we all told him he looked simply superb...and he did...until we stopped for coffee along the way and as we were getting back to the car, a State trooper growled: "Wait a minute" and proceeded to focus his flashlight on our friend. We'll never forget the question he asked: "What are you doing in women's clothes, buddy?--Fortunately our friend got out of the electric chair by telling the trooper he was a performer on the stage. The trooper waved us away and you should have heard the sigh of relief!!!...From that time on our friend was never the same and never believed anyone who told her she looked wonderful...

And so it goes...the resort has been sold...but we might just have a smaller place for our friends sometime this year...keep your fingers crosses...See you in next TVia.....love....

....Susanna



MODELS A FUR **FELICTY**THAT "ONE WAY" IS RIGHT

SANDRA 32-T-5

VIRGIN VIEWS----A RETROSPECTUS
by Virginia

Many of the readers of this magazine have received through the mail an announcement of a new magazine for TV's which is scheduled to emanate from New York City sometime in June. Several of those who received the announcement wondered how their name had been obtained. I assure any and all readers once again that the mailing list of CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS is not available for sale or use by anyone without exception, However, it is worth pointing out that over the past three years a large number of people have be come acquainted with each other by mail and in person through the medium of TRANSVESTIA. When people know of people they can make these names available to others or can mail out literature supplied to them. I have no knowledge of the source of the name list used by TURNABOUT--the name of the new publication---but I am sure the greater part of it consists of persons who were brought into the open through the existance of TRANSVESTIA.

I think that one thing should be made clear at the start, and that is that I bear no ill will toward the publisher and cooperating individuals in this new venture. Their efforts will stand or fall on their own merits and naturally the more intelligent and clean-cut presentations of the case for TVs that are made the sooner some greater understanding will develop. However, in the interests of keeping a proper perspective about the whole matter it appears that just as it was proper for the Editor of TURNABOUT to send out a "Prospectus" outlining the intent and purposes of the new venture, it is fitting that I as Editor of TRANSVESTIA, should set forth that which I am going to call a "Retrospectus"--a looking backward to the trail we have blazed and the reasons for the things that we have done. This is fitting and proper because, as most of you who have seen the mailer sent out for TURNABOUT have realized, its wording and its policies are outlined after certain contradictions to the way in which similar matters have been handled inTRANSVESTIA. I feel it

is only fair that some of these differences be discussed in order that the position of TRANSVESTIA be made perfectly clear. To be candid, I, as Editor do not care to have my motives and actions be made to appear as undesirable, arbitrary or selfish simply because someone else chooses to set about a similar task in a different way. Let us compare the policies and proposed procedures of the two magazines.

The Editor of TURNABOUT in his prospectus says, "the Editors shall not restrict the pages of TURNABOUT to expressing only those ideas which conform to what we, as individuals, believe in. Instead, we welcome any divergent opinion from any source as long as it is clearly and intelligently stated." As Editor of an established magazine I would like to point out that there are roughly four types of magazines: (1) the news magazine such as TIME or NEWSWEEK which print everything that might be interesting to the readers; (2) the story-entertainment types such as CORONET, PAGENT etc., (3) the journals of opinion like the NATION and NEW REPUBLIC in which various sides may be heard from on a variety of subjects; and (4) those which serve a limited readership on an intentionally limited field of material such as the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC on travel, exploration, etc., and the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN on strictly scientific subjects for a scientifically enlightened readership. A new magazine can of course, elect which type it will be.

TRANSVESTIA was started three years ago with the idea of limited coverage but with no certainty that it could survive if it did not encompass several related fields such as bondage, humiliation, punishment etc. So, in TVias #1, 2, 3 and 4, stories that involved some of this type of material appeared. But also in #4 was a "Popularity Poll" the results of which appeared in TVia #5. This poll verified my own personal feelings and determined me to follow them in future issues, namely, to dedicate TRANSVESTIA to the interest, needs and desires of those people who were (a) heterosexual, and (b) not primarily interested in bondage, humilation, fetishism, spanking, punishment, domination or other types of behaviour in which cross dres-

sing might play only an incidental part. Thus TRANSVESTIA is a type (4) magazine not as a result of it's Editor's stubbornly selfish attitude but as the carefully and intentionally planned voice of a special group of neglected people. Therefore material based on other behaviour patterns has not appeared in the pages of TRANSVESTIA and will not appear. There are quite enough readers who fall within the limitations I have adopted to keep me more than busy. If TURNABOUT or any other publications wishes to speak for members of these other groups it is certainly their privelege and I say, "more power to them everyone has a right to be heard. I have no personal animosity toward homosexuals or any of the other types mentioned above, I have friends of many kinds. However, I myself, as outlined in my own Cover Story in TVia #17, am of the type I wish to serve, and it is to help others like myself to open doors and achieve self acceptance and understanding that I have dedicated my efforts. I am quite content that those who do not fall into the catagory I work for should find their needs being filled elsewhere. I merely want to help my own kind and I am secure in the knowledge and happy in my heart in knowing that I have been able to bring light, comfort and acceptance to lots of you--your letters tell me so.

TURNABOUT says that it will "de-emphasize the clinical and the moralistic". The implication is that TRANSVESTIA has emphasized these. I am not sure what is meant by "moralistic"--I have taken no position in such matters except that TVism is not immoral--so I won't comment on this. But the clinical side a few words might be in order. While I don't think TRANSVESTIA has emphasized the clinical, we have certainly given it space and will continue to do so for a very good reason. We cannot educate all the population at once--they are too numerous and varied--but we can spend some considerable effort in trying to enlighten those groups in society who in the long run influence, administer and enforce society's laws and policies. Thus the medical, legal, and police professions are those toward whom we should aim our efforts. TRANSVESTIA cannot hope to reach all the TVs in the country. There will be thousands who will never hear of it.

But if we can reach the doctors, lawyers, marriage counsellors, police officials and judges, we could help these TV's indirectly even though they might never hear of this magazine. Think back--those of you who read these lines and who may have had run-ins with parents, society or the law--wouldn't you have fared better than if some of what we, that is all of us, readers and Editor combined, have developed in the last three years were in the hands of those sitting in judgement upon you? It is too late to help you in your particular trials and tribulations, but it is not too late to help the thousands of others who will follow. This is the task; the clinical aspect is just one part of the solution so we shall continue to consider it when and as it appears valuable. The questionaire recently sent to you all is, of course, a part of this program statistics must be gained before it can be disseminated.

TURNABOUT indicated further that it is not interested in case histories nor other types of what it calls "confessional literature". It says that this sort of writing will be left to "publications whose readers are guiltily fascinated with the prurient details of wardrobe cataloguing". Now, I do not take issue with this statement because TRANSVESTIA is such a publication, it is <u>not</u>. However, I make this quote as an opening into something else I believe warrants consideration. Today there exists a number of more advanced FPs (not advanced in dressing or going out but in self acceptance and perception) who would be interested in the intellectual approach which TURNABOUT considers itself to be about to present. It can therefore, be disdainful of case histories and those who say, "as I write this, I am dressed in..."etc. But wait! Three years ago there was not a sufficient body of more developed FPs or if there were, they were scattered across the country and unknown.

Then TRANSVESTIA came into being, brought them together, nurtured them, opened their doors and helped them achieve the degree of acceptance of themselves that is a prerequisite to becoming what might be termed an "advanced" FP. It may appear presumptious and braggadocio to say the fore-going, but there is no

reason for unnecessary modesty in this matter. This was my hope and intention and many, many of you have told me that it succeeded for you. For this I am glad. But is it not true that there was a period in your development when you first made contact with someone else when you found great relief, an almost painful release of pent-up emotion, in actually being able to communicate with another person about a subject so dear to your heart yet so terribly secret? DO YOU remember your ever having written to me or to anyone else about the clothes you were wearing or at least that you owned? There are very few of you who could honestly say that you didn't. And why? Because this is the first stage in achieving self acceptance. In Alcholics Anonymouse (I am not a member, not being a drinking girl, but I have been to several of their meetings) they have a series of twelve steps in arriving at a "solution" of their problem. One of these (I don't remember the number but it's one of the first) is, "I admitted to God and to another human being that I could not manage my "life". (This may not be the exact wording but it is close enough). This act of admission is what I'm talking about. You have to say it out loud if possibe-on paper if it isn't--to another human being--"I like to wear dresses and heels and lingerie and express my femininity" or words to that effect. After years of repression that is not easy to do, but it must be done because it is the first step. That is why some letters of this type appear in the pages of TVia--because it is therapeutically useful to provide this opportunity to the locked up spirit to make a semi-public admission even if it isn't signed with his own legal name. He knows he made it and is helped by doing so.

Case Histories are the next step in this process and that is why they too appear in these pages. Such histories are therapeutically valuable to the one's that gives them, but also to many of those who read them. It is helpful to know that you are not alone, that others feel as you do and that they went through many of the same experiences and felt the same feelings that you feel. When you are not the exception in the world, when there are hundreds and thousands of others like you, you don't have to feel alone and you can regain

your self respect and take one more step on the road to a guilt free self acceptance. Thus case histories are not something to be "guiltily fascinated" with, rather they are glimpses into the lives of other people and provide some ideas which help in developing insights into your own inner life. So case histories too have their place and, in moderation, will continue to appear in these pages.

A third difference in point of view has to do with pictures. TURNABOUT says that it will not "present endless arrays of pictures of transvestites so as to attract vicariously motivated readers (I think they mean variously not vicariously)". Pictures of TVs are offered in TRANSVESTIA because this too is a part of finding oneself. To have one's picture appear right out in the open as it were is one of the means of stating to the world--and thus to oneself--that one is a TV. At the same time those who look at the pictures can compare notes and find that there are others who are tall, fat, old, masculine or what not the same as they themselves. Everyone cannot be a Bardot or a Monroe and the fact that others are not is a help to many inhibited TVs to come out of their shells and express themselves. For this reason and not for "various motivations" pictures will continue to appear in TRANSVESTIA.

The prospectus of TURNABOUT goes to some trouble to emphasize that its sole activity will be publishing and that no organization will be formed through its efforts. This too is fine, but it is stated in such a way as to imply that the organization of FPE and the Foundation through the pages of TRANSVESTIA was somehow undesirable and to be disparaged. Everyone to his own opinion of course, but I would like to point out that TRANSVESTIA was, is, and will continue to be <u>more</u> than just a publication. A great deal of counselling has been done and an attempt from the beginning to HELP the TV in various ways whether advice to him or to his wife, by promoting friendship and self expression or by providing material items that would be useful to him in the practice of TV. These non-publishing activities are precisely what has made the work load so great and which has justified a somewhat higher

price to the magazine than simple publication alone would have warranted. (for the information of those who feel that this has brought an undue profit to Chevalier, I can only say this: For tax purposes I had to calculate the total gross income and the total outlay for 1962. When I divided the difference between these two by the average hours spent per week, on some aspect of Chevalier or the Foundation, I found that I was earning at the rate of 74¢ an hour. This I think is an adequate answer to those who feel that advantage is being taken of subscribers to TRANSVESTIA).

As stated earlier I bear no ill will toward the initiators or supporters of this new venture. I would, however, be less than human if I did not voice my personal feelings on two or three important matters.

1. The prospectus says that the "legal name of the publisher will appear on every masthead without fear of legal or other complications". I cannot but feel that this is a dig at me because mine does not. But I would point out that perhaps the publisher of TURNABOUT has only himself to think about. I had (and have) a number of other persons dependent on me for a living or who would be seriously hurt by any scandal involving me. Therefore, a legally fictious name was both necessary and proper. Moreover, it is quite a different thing to be brave in this respect today when a magazine devoted to the interests of Transvestites has already been in the mails and on public view in many cities for three years, during which time the federal and local authorities have had a chance to see it, buy it, read it and to learn from it that we are not a menace to society. It was no fun and very expensive in money and reputation to stand up to a federal court trial, to defend the right of TVs to be heard or to go right into the chief postal inspector's office in Washington D.C. to state our case. I neither ask nor expect any praise or thinks for doing this. I did it because I believed in what I was doing, but I feel entitled to point out that breaking a trail is never as easy as following after.

2. The prospectus further states that TURNABOUT is

not aimed at obliterating other publications in the field--"aimed as it is toward emphasizing the positive values in transvestism--". Intentional or not the implication is there that this will be a new and different approach to the subject. I invite those of you who have followed TVia since its early days to think back (or better still go back and read) over the Virgin Views editorials as they appeared. I think you will find a certain chain of continuity running through them; attempting to slowly bring the reader out from behind his locked door into the sunlight; helping him to get used to himself and the idea that he was not alone, not shameful, not immoral and that he should hold his head up, accept himself, recognize his feminine self and make a place for her in his life etc. I refer you further to my editorial in the last issue, No. 20 entitled "After Acceptance What?" Here is the final emergence of the "positive values" the goal to be aimed for and, hopefully, finally achieved. Now, just when we have climbed these painful stairs to the point where we can get a good view of these positive values, we are to be treated to a whole "new" approach by those behind this new magazine, many of whom (I intentionally didn't say all) have acquired a good part of their present perspective by having climbed those very stairs with the rest of us and by the same means. It is only too human to forget the hardships and even the route of a difficult journey in the pleasure and satisfaction of arriving at our destination.

3. Finally, I cannot help but express a certain sense of regret about the appearance of TURNABOUT. I do not do this with any antagonism which I hope the Editor of TURNABOUT will recognize as well as the rest of you who read these lines. I am sure that it will be immediately assumed, by those whose sights are on the material and whose measurements are mercenary, that Virginia is piqued because she fears a loss of revenue as a result of "competition". This is not my motive as I do not expect there will be any less of revenue. TRANSVESTIA grows everyday and will continue to do so with or without competition. No, my reason is not material--it can more properly be termed psycho-social. When TRANSVESTIA began there appeared for the first time in history (with the exception of its short-lived..

..2 issues...predecessor of the same name) a publication dedicated to the interests of those males who had discovered the feminine within themselves whether by accident or design, voluntarily or enforced. Over the past three and one half years not only has the magazine as a publication grown but so has the perception of it's readers and its Editor. It is the efforts to understand the phonomenon and to spread knowledge and understanding culminated in the formation of the FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION. Here is a mechanism with which much could be done if many hands were applied to the task. So far initiative and effort have largely been left to me though there have been a few who have undertaken to assist. Notable among these is the Theta Chapter of FPE, organized by FRAN (49-C-1FPE) in Wisconsin. This group has adopted as their project the mailing of the Foundation leaflet to various medical persons and institutions around the country. If others would get organized and take up projects we could really move.

The point that must be made, however, is that there exists a focal point around which all sorts of efforts could be rallied and progress made. The regret mentioned above exists because while "competition" on the commercial plane is of no concern--there is always room for another voice--competition in loyalty, support, action, purpose and effort will exist. All of these will be divided, and thus diluted and diminished. This I feel is to be regretted. If those who have seen fit to organize this new venture had put the same energy into the work of the Foundation we would--all of us--be further ahead. No one's views have been discouraged or denied access to the pages of TVia unless they were written on subjects outside the limitations discussed earlier, so it can't be said that a second voice was necessary. However, a second voice is here, so let us hope that we can sing in harmony and not dissonance and that between the two we can present our case to the world with intelligence, understanding and dignity.

Your Editor,

Virginia

BETTY JEAN--Nebr.

EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

BY *Virginia*

I. NEW STYLE AND FORMAT: I indicated several issues ago that when we had used up the pre-typed material on hand we would change to a new size and style. This has been made necessary both by economies in printing and by increased postal rates. Although the pages carry slightly less printing than previously the number of pages has been increased. I hope you like it. Having used the cover design and internal headings done by Rudy in West Germany previously we changed with this issue to art donated by Beatrice 33-B-2FPE of North Carolina and our thanks to both for their contributions.

II. NEW BOOK OF SHORT STORIES: Another seperate book of 5 short stories will be available shortly. It is already printed and awaiting only the artists illustrations to be completed and available. The title story is "The Scarcity of Nurses", Price...$5.00.

III. CLIPSHEET VS. SHORT STORIES: Quite a number of you have written deploring the proposed passing of the Clipsheet. At the same time I have not been deluged with short stories. I have hit upon a compromise therefore. We will continue the Clipsheet but on a quarterly basis. We will increase it to 16 pages from 12 and increase its price to $1.50 the same as the stories. Depending on availability of stories and clippings we will print one or the other, and will try to do 4 a year of each or $6 worth singly, for $5 on annual subscription basis. The stories will appear under the general heading of "TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION", and will be numbered serially. Group subscription therefore for 6 TVia, 12 Mirror, 4 Clips and 4 TV-Tales will be $40 against $8.00 singly. First 16 page story out July 1.

IV. RENEWALS: With two people working we used to be able to notify you of time to renew. This is just one of the services I've had to curtail, so please keep

tract of when your subscriptions go so you won't miss anything, and send in payment in good time.

V. FOREIGN EXCHANGE AND POSTAGE: Subscribers in foreign countries may pay in foreign currencies, but please allow for the exchange rates in doing so. Personal checks should be increased to cover this i.e. Canadian dollars equal 90¢ U.S. so additional 10% should be added. Postal money orders can be bought in U.S. dollars and thus save trouble at both ends. Please also remember that the subscription price included 1st Class Mail in U.S. only. Foreign readers please remember that foreign rates are 30% or more higher than U.S. and allow for the difference. For example 5 oz. (wt. of new TVia) takes 25¢ in the U.S., but 46¢ to Europe; Asia and Africa even more.

VI. FPE DUES AND FOUNDATION DONATIONS: A number of FPE members have forgotten that their 1963 dues of $6 were due in January, please send them in. These dues and donations from those who help but do not wish to belong to FPE help the Foundation to build up a treasury big enough to do something worthwhile. All moneys received and expenses paid are reported in an annual report.

VII. WORK, WORK, WORK: Some of you are under the impression that Chevalier Pubs. is full activity for your Editor. This is not so. I have a full time job elsewhere and all activities of Chevalier and the Foundation must be carried on before breakfast, and after dinner or on weekends. I hope you will all understand therefore why it is impossible to carry on a lot of personal correspondence. I'd like to be able to answer questions and help all who ask, but there are limits to my time and endurance. Altho it is most impolite I'm liable to have to write a few lines on your own letter and return it with the next issue. Please excuse this but it is one of the little ways in which I must save time. Another is that I am now mailing out only once a week instead of daily and this means a bit more delay. Please be patient. Of course, if a long period goes by and your order does not arrive please inquire.

VIII. ORDER SLIPS AGAIN: Every issue of TVia carries an order slip and price list as the last page. PLEASE cut this out and use it. When filed it gives me something to go back to in case of misunderstanding or problems about an order. I can't file letters and every kind of note etc. on which orders come. This is for your protection, so please help me in this way.

VIII. CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME: Some of you can not or do not want to keep issues of TVia or of the Mirror after reading them. If so, don't throw them away, send them back to me. We will then send them out for free to some who do not have the money to subscribe or to Doctors or others who seem interested in the subject.

IX. PIRATED EDITIONS AGAIN: It has been brought to my attention that pirated editions of TVia has appeared in several new locations around the county. I would like certain information if any can supply it. Pirated editions can be identified as they are bound like a magazine with an inside central staple where as TVias, with the exceptions of #'s 7, 8 and 9 are square bound like a book. The reprints are usually duller in color too and have a poor reproduction of the color picture. I would like to know a) which editions are on the stands, particularly if any of #16 or after have been copied; b) how much they are charging for them; c) whether the Chev. Pub. name and copyright notice have been removed or is still on the outside back cover; d) if the proprietor will let you examine one unwrapped I'd like to know if the subscription information on the inside back cover has been left there; e) if he will tell you the name of the disbributor he bought from. Tell him that you are thinking of going into the mail order business on magazines and books and are trying to find some sources of merchandise; and f) the name of the shop and its address---owner's name too if you can find it out. Any assistance given in this regard will be appreciated. If I can trace it down to one central point I can do something about it legally.

X. THE OPEN LETTER FROM JOYCE AND VIRGINIA: I

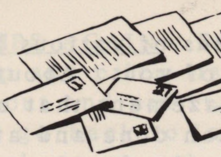
have gotten reverbrations of various kinds from the open letter sent to all of you. About 98% of them were expressions of amazement that anyone would do the things that have been done and at particularly the one who did, plus sympathy for the trouble it has caused Joyce and myself, and encouragement that the writer was with us all the way and to carry on in good spirits. The remaining 2% consisted of frightened souls who withdrew into their shells---one cancelled her subscription---, and a couple of obvious enemies who assured me I was in for dire legal trouble and was apparently glad of it. A few felt that we should not have broadcast the problem to everyone. Of course we did not have to send out the letter, Joyce's resignation could have been just stated briefly in the next issue. However, I have always felt that there was a rather special bond betweeen you, the readers and supporters of TVia, and myself as Editor which is unlike that existing between any other Editor and his or her readers. Thus I felt that you should know, even that you had a right to know what was going on and what we were up against. We have built this magazine and its other activities up between us...you and I ...and I regard its readers as sort of moral stockholders, so that letter was by way of being a report. I am pleased and heartened at the overwhelming support you have expressed, and assure you that I'm doing my best to carry on. You can help by keeping subscriptions up to date and by supplying more material for the Clipsheet, FemmeMirror, TVia and the short stories.

Thank you,

Virginia

Person To Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

= =

39-F-1FPE Single FP like to corres. with other FPs in New England and New York areas. Elaine

= =

33-W-1FPE Married, 42, wishes corres. 7 contact with other FPs in No. Carolina & Virginia area. Helen

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22-R-1FPE Single, white, 5'6", 125# much intrsted in TVism like to hear from others same intrst. Lucille

= =

34-Z-1FPE Wish to contact all FPEs in San Francisco area in order to form local FPE chapter. Donna

= =

32-T-2 Would like to corres. & pos. meet FPs in N.Y. city area. Write & exchange photos. Betty

= =

30-A-2 TV, 35, anxious corres. & meet undrstndg. woman & other TVs in Camden- Philadel area. Joyce

= =

31-N-1 TV like to corres. and meet other TVs in New Mexico and West Texas area, all ans. Mary Ann

= =

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST

"TRANSVESTIA"...A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1st. of even-numbered months at $4 copy. Back issues from #3 on available at reduced rate of 6 issues for $20.

"FEMMEMIRROR"...A 16 page Newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Publiched 15th of each month at $1 copy. Yearly subscription 12 for $10.

"CLIPSHEET"...News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at $1.50. Yearly subscription $5.

"TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"...16 page short stories with Transvestic themes. Published 4 times a year at $1.50. Yearly subscription $5.

NOTE:--Back issues of Mirror and Clipsheet are available, reduced to 6 issues $3. Order may be mixed.

GROUP SUBSCRIPTION...6 issues TVia, 12 Mirrors, 4 Clipsheets and 4 TV-Tales $40. Bought separately $48.

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Publication Policy

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

1. Most material submitted is offered without expectation of compensation-for the benefit of all.
2. However, fiction, true experiences and articles running 10 printed pages or more will be compensated at the rate of $1 per page. This does not apply to short subjects, case histories, letters and the like. This payment is not large, but is offered to encourage authorship.
3. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
4. The Editor reserves the right to be sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off-color material and pictures will not be published and there fore should not be submitted.

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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 this service to those who have been screened. If you wish to use it ask for the free personal information form. Returned with $5 registration fee. If accepted this $5 becomes advance payment for ads ($2 ea.) or answers ($1) at regular rates. Members of PHI PI EPSILON need no further application and advertise or reply to ads at regular rates of $2 and $1

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All material intended for remailing MUST be sent to: CONTACT at 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.
GOODS AND SERVICES ADS also accepted, rates on request.