

# TRANSVESTIA

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No. 23, 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 existence of his or her "other side" and seeks to express it.

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

## ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

## UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

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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".



Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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# *Misty Is No Mystery*

by Misty (20-G-1) FPE

"Darling, that little dress of mine looks much better on you than on me--if you would like it, you may have it!!!" Those precious words were spoken to me by my Mother just five years ago on the occasion of one of her infrequent visits to my home here in the East. She has since then passed on, and to say the least, I miss her terribly. Not that I was a Mothers' boy---far from it, but that the bond of understanding and trust which existed between us was founded on love, and the full knowledge that her son loved to play a dual role whenever possible. The little house dress she gave me that day, still hangs in my closet along with approximately forty others of extreme importance in my heart.

This is actually a "True-Life" account, with no embellishments, and should not be the exception to the old adage that "Truth is stranger than fiction." Can anything be more strange or more fascinating than a story of a person who for 50 years has been first boy and then girl, then man and woman, all in one body. These two souls, if you please, have, been gently but firmly contesting for expression throughout my entire life, taking their turns for varying periods of time. Each loving the other intensely, but always glad to take over the physical body and make it the true symbol of the boy or girl dominant at the time. Fortunately, a strange sort of friendly compromise has been worked out by these two egos. When the boy is in charge, MISTY impatiently awaits her turn. But when she finally moves in--well, WOW!!! MISTY goes right into high gear. So much in fact, it almost seems that her mind has been working subconsciously, all along, lining up outfits to wear, things to do, places to go, and friends to call. She quickly arranges visits to understanding friends, or plans charming get-togethers here at home, with delicious food, candle-light, wine and all the trimmings. MISTY is an excellent cook, and delights in preparing buffet-style dinners which require a minimum amount of serving. She dresses most attractively in a strapless cocktail outfit, with a darling



" Darling, that dress of mine looks much better on you than me-- if you would like it, you may have it!! "



Those precious words were spoken to me by my Mother, the little house dress she gave me that day, still hangs in my closet.

gaily-colored apron on to protect her dress. Always in taste, MISTY seems to instinctively do the right thing at the right time. Visitors love her parties, and confess that their evenings here are "the greatest." Of course there appears to be a little "show-off" in MISTY'S nature, since she is liable to change dresses several times during the evening, to the evident delight of her guests. Frequently, beautiful colored slides of outstanding TV events are shown on her screen like the Jewel Box Revue, Beaux Art Ball, Halloween Parades and Parties she attends. Very often MISTY is the Guest of Honor and Mistress of Ceremonies, all rolled into one. She not only talks about her T V life, but lives it as well, showing both by word and action that she loves her dual nature, ---is neither ashamed of it, not embarrassed to talk about it to any sincere and interested people.

Well, by now, you can realize that MISTY is "quite a girl," which in truth she is. But it is always interesting psychologically to see how these situations began and how they evolved. So let's go back to the beginning, fifty years ago. The youngest son of outstanding parents came along eight years after the older brother had proceeded him along the family path. The biggest difference was that Mother had hoped for a baby girl in the second child. But along came little me. I guess they thought I was especially cute and precious ~~because~~ they almost loved me to death with devoted attention, pretty baby dresses, Motherly care constantly, and even the full time services of a darling old "Auntie Stein" who was Governess and also baby sister. One of my prized possessions is an early photo of me on my Dad's lap, clothed in a freshly starched little dress so stylish at the time. Our birthday parties on the lawn of our lovely California home, were things of delight, and darling little children ( mostly girls) to play with. I progressed from baby dresses into rompers around three to five years of age, with no problems.

In 1915 our family moved from California back to Chicago, where I went through grammar school and then high school, with a minimum of effort and a maximum



of pleasure due to my participation in sports, musical activities and dramatics. The theatre has never ceased to attract me, and my fondest recollection of the past are based upon Operettas, shows, or sporting events in which I participated. Dress-up events were always gala occasions, even tho' I was usually a boy. But the leanings were always towards the girls, with their beautiful dresses and petticoats, long "opera length" stockings for the dancers, the make-up, hair-do's, and all of the wonderful world of "make-believe."

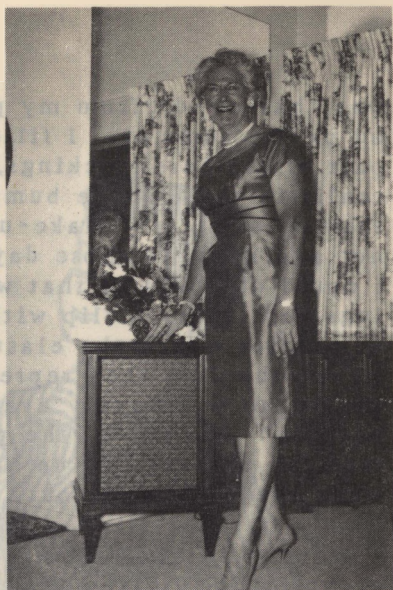
We had a little house out in back, sort of a partial garage, servants room, and shop or play room for me, and it was here that our little neighborhood put on their plays and dressed up, etc. I always seemed to end up in a skirt made of discarded sheet, with some plumes or the like in my hair for effect. My brother was travelling for a women's lingerie company, and always had lots of sample panties and slips, bloomers and all kinds of things, in his sample kit, which I proceeded to borrow or simply lift for my very own. I guess many times when calling on a customer, my brother wondered why he couldn't find that particular sample pantie with the bright red lace around the leg. Poor fellow, he never did solve the question of what became of them. Little did he realize that I was wearing the purloined garment. Many times I wore big black bloomers to school on the days I didn't have gym class. I guess my trousers looked pretty full. But the panties were the most fun, since they felt so good, looked devine, and I knew they were exactly the same as all of my favorite girl friends at school were wearing at the time. Once in a great while, one of my girl friends would feel close enough to me to show her pretty panties under her dress, and I would confide in her by showing mine. While frequently surprised to find girl's panties on a boy, nevertheless, they usually agreed it was "alright if you like that sort of thing," or "I really don't blame you for wanting to wear pretty panties, like we girls do." Anyway, it all gladdened my heart and added depth and intense emotion to the very act itself.

I will never forget acquiring my first brassiere. It



MISTY, THE PARTY GIRL





MISTY AT HOME

was "barrowed" from my pretty little niece, who visited us one summer. I filled it out with a couple of pair of Mothers stockings, and was thrilled to see how realistic those little bumps looked on the front of my shirt or sweater. Make-up and long hair or wigs were not available in those days, so I had to wear whatever I could get hold of that was feminine. A pair of stockings with runs, a slip with the lace ripped off the edge, or panties where the elastic had stretch out of shape. Never-the-less they represented "heaven" to me, and they were worn every available moment in all combinations. Outside of the plays and musicals at school, most of my dressing-up had to be confined to the house when the folks were out.

I grew up to be quite a " devil " with the girls in our group, since I liked them anyway---they were soft and fun to cuddle and kiss. They seemed to like me in preference to some of the older and I am sure rougher boys who were a little more " demanding" on them than I . We continuously played games in my play-house,-- those in which I would usually start out as the enchanted boy who always turned into a beautiful girl princess in the last act. I never let a girl friend play that one part, believe me.

So little by little the desire to dress continued to grow, opportunities were found or made, or I would simply do it on my own, and enjoy the fun of turning into a girl al by myself.

More and better underthings gradually progressed to dresses, then a little touch of make-up, and finally going " all-out" to be a girl in every possible way, even in my thinking. While it is true that my normal boy life continued in school activities such as tennis and swimming, that actual happiness of dressing up as a girl, and the sensations derived from literally "being a girl," continued to amplify my normal desires along that line. No opportunity was lost for dressing up. Much reading was done in the libraries on the subject. Profound and complicated medical books were poured thru trying to learn as much as possible about my desires.





" Was I thrilled to see how realistic those bumps,  
on the front of my shirt, looked!!!"

This was way before the wonderful work started by our dear Virginia, which is so enlightening and helpful for TV's everywhere today.

During the late thirties I travelled around the country a great deal, mostly staying at the YMCA's. And while actively participating in their sports program, I always had my feminine underthings, nighties, etc, with me. Occasionally I would dress for new friends, but always in my room. I imagine the cleaning women must have wondered about finding dresses, bras, panties, slips, etc, in my dresser or closet, but they never said anything. Usually, they were very friendly towards me, perhaps feeling a womanly sympathy or understanding.

Unfortunately, I never seemed to take pictures in those days. If there were any, the contrast with the new ones taken during the past few years would be most interesting. In 1951 a boy friend and his wife helped me dress, and we made a movie. While very amateurish by any standards, it still gives me a lot of laughs even today. I almost never tried to go out of my room-- altho'the few times I did were successful. A downtown movie with another boy and two girls--a visit to a Hamburger place in an automobile with a couple. All in all, I was more the " stay at home," type of girl. That attitude, fortunately, for me through those early years when the heart wanted to " go," but the head said " NO!!"

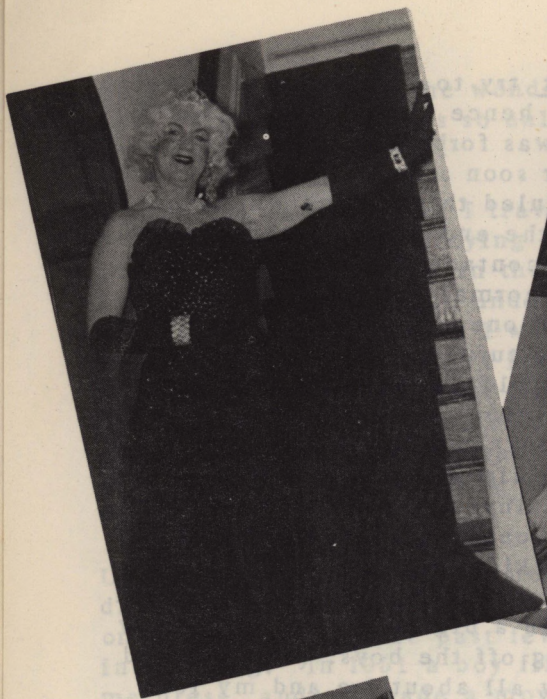
I came East in 1931, and shortly thereafter met, and married a very fine girl from a poor but honest Southern family. She was naive, devoted and really a wonderful girl in many ways, but, but, but, she was overly religious to the point where anything that she couldn't find in detailed blue print of in her church work, was either sacrilegious, immoral, or bad for one. As a result, many wonderful opportunities which could have been open to us for physical, moral, and social enjoyment, were tightly closed, due to her bigoted attitude. She knew all about my " other life" for years, caught me dressed up many times, always made scenes, never would talk with me about it.



She couldn't and wouldn't try to understand my "perversion" as she called it, hence it was automatically wrong and sinful. Beer was forbidden in the home, even our sex life together soon stopped being fun and became, instead, a scheduled thing. She waged her psychological warfare to the end of complete and total abstinence of all sexual contact, but we did manage to produce two wonderful normal children, although she didn't want the second one, she even talked to a female psychiatrist, ( who turned out to be a very frustrated spinster.) This old gal advised an abortion, based on my wife's description of my "abnormalities" which probably would "taint" the new baby. Of course our first born, a boy, was already seven years old and as normal as apple pie. Anyway, I said "Nothing doing! Everything will proceed on schedule." Which it did. Today, those two kids are wonderful. The boy married and has two wonderful children, while the girl is a medical technician in a big hospital, very busy with her work and fighting off the boys. (Doctors and interns.) They both know all about me and my love for dressing. My daughters views are somewhat mixed due to her Mother's giving her a perverted sense of values and religious bigotry. She has seen some of my photographs while dressed never in person. On the other hand, my son frequently visits with me in my home. Appropriately dressed, even to make up and jewelry, I cook delicious meals for us, sit around and talk, we watch television or read. He very openly says that I am not hurting anyone including myself, and that it would be a shame to waste my talents by not dressing up when I make such a darn nice looking woman, and enjoy it so very much.

Finally, after 29 years of married life, my wife walked out on me, just two and half years ago. Apparently, ( unbeknownst to me ) she talked over the problem at great length with all the old lady deaconesses at the church, plus the preacher, the welfare worker downtown, and the fat lady down the block. I guess their recommendations to her were- " leave him," which she did!!!

( CONTINUED ON PG. 65 )



THE HOSTESS



# *Sisters Day*

Sheila, 30-B-2 FPE

Won't someone start a Sister's Day?

Why isn't there a Sister's Day?

There ought to be a Sister's Day

When Sisters could be feted.

FPs keep quiet Mother's Days

Even more than on other days,

And especially on Father's Days

Don't feel appreciated.

With sick jokes or sweet platitude

Our brothers could show gratitude

For all the joy we've given them,

For all the pain we've spared 'em.

The fur coats that we didn't buy,

The cute ideas we didn't try,

And all those lovely pictures-

We so willingly have shared 'em.

Oh, let there be a Sister's Day!

Please, someone start a Sister's Day!

To inter-personal accord

This gesture should be made.

So each half of a TV could

Rejoice in his/her siblinghood

And benefit the lingerie

And costume jewelry trade.

# *The New Renter*

by Marge (13-H-1)

A transfer to Morristown was welcomed until I discovered there was a housing shortage. I had made many calls for rooms for men. I had called on many efficiency apartments that did not specify what was desired and I was thoroughly disgusted with the dirt and filth and shoddy rooms which were offered for renters.

As a last resort it occurred to me that I might persuade a renting agent or person to rent a room that had specified "for women".

I had made several contacts there, and after looking at rooms for women I realized that when I advised I was looking for a room for myself, it was a no-go situation. It had to be for women.

I finally came to a large old house that appeared to be in a single family zoning area and I decided I'd try a new approach!

I used the door knocker. The door was opened. "Yes?" a gentle voice asked. "I saw your ad in the paper and thought that I might look at your rooms", I answered. The land lady then looked down her nose and stated, "They are for women only!" I stood my ground and advised that I knew what the ad said and stated that I wanted to pass on them for another. With that she advised me to come in. The rooms were quite cute and quite feminine and were quite desirable. I asked the amount of rent per week, and was advised of an amount that was quite reasonable. With the usual room went such privileges as use of the living room and for a price she would serve breakfast. I asked, "When can the renter move in?" She then stated that she would not rent the room until she met and decided about the lady that was renting the room.



I then advised that the person who wanted to rent the room was to all appearances a man but was really a woman in action and deportment. She was not surprised to learn that I was the person. She then stated that she thought that I was a man and that she was not sure that she wanted 'that kind around'. I stated that I would do nothing that would cause her dismay in any manner.

The landlady then seemed to sigh quite audibly and said, "All right, I'll try you for two weeks, then we will have a little talk and I will tell you if you can stay!" I was almost overjoyed to hear her statement and promptly made haste to move in. I brought all my finest things and did not hesitate to hang my clothes both masculine and feminine in the closet. After I had moved in, Mrs. Scarcliff, for that was her name I learned later, made an inspection and she seemed to think that I was neat and clean.

The evening passed with me in my room. Of course I put on my pink negligee and mules and just read until time to go to bed and then went to the bath room down the hall and then went to bed after creaming my face.

I arose promptly the next morning, a Monday, and went to work. The day passed quickly and I felt that with a room, I had no problems so gave myself to my work. At the close of the day I took my coat and hat and found my way to the bus and went home. I went to my room, slipped out of my clothes and took a bath. I then returned to my usual male clothes and went to the living room.

Mrs. Scarcliff was watching television and looked quickly at me and then returned to her program as I slid into a comfortable chair.

During the commercial between the programs she gave me a thorough looking over and then squared away and looked me in the eye and said, "When you moved in here you stated that you were a woman who wore men's clothing. I have not seen any indication of it, other than your having some very pretty clothes

in your closet for I don't mind telling you, I looked!"

I looked at her in return with a slight smile on my face as I know she had not finished yet. She continued, "If you are a girl, I think you should show me. If you are not a girl, I think you are here under false pretenses and I am sure you and I are both open to question. I want to see you as you dress as a girl so that I can reevaluate whether I want you to continue here!"

I then told her, "I will go up stairs and change clothes if you prefer. You just sit tight and I will return in a few minutes."

I then went up stairs, went to the bathroom, bathed thoroughly using a lovely aroma and after shaving as closely as possible returned to my room where I made the most thorough make up job that I had ever tried to do. I then slipped into the usual underthings and put on my loveliest of nylons, a bouffant slip, an orange party dress that was slightly decotelete and topped it off with a wig that I saved for best occasions. When I slipped my usual things into a little clutch bag that just matched my orange patent shoes and then went down stairs. I was not sure just what I had in store for myself.

Mrs. Scarcliff was just as she had been when I left her to go up stairs. She scarcely turned her head but appeared to be thoroughly engrossed in the program. When she looked over to me at the next commercial she eyed me up and down and said, "That is more like it my dear. Now if you were to display your more feminine side at every opportunity, I am sure we would get along real well around here." The program was over in a little while and she turned the set off and turned up some floor lamps that were in the room. She then motioned for me to come closer to her.

She said, "You make a very pretty picture in the subdued light and I want to know what you look like in the strong light of day. You certainly made a wonderful entrance but I wonder how much of it is stage play and how much of it is the real you. In the



brighter light I am sure I will be able to see the real you better".

I felt quite like a gold fish in a bowl and am quite sure the gold fish was no redder that I was for the next few moments as I made a strut or two before her much as would a real model. She then stood up and examined me at a real close range.

She said, "Now you do have me confused. I thought you were trying to pull my leg and since you appeared harmless, I thought I would do you a turn and even have a little fun while I was showing you up. Now you have me thoroughly confused. I do not know whether you are really a boy or a girl.

I felt it was up to me to take a stand so I told her the story of my being a transvestite. I told her about my earliest memory of my mother dressing me in girlish things and combing my long hair and of the parties that I had enjoyed during my early growing up period. I told her how I had continued my feelings and how I had dressed at every opportunity and how I had tried purposely to develop all feminine feelings and responses that developed. I told her how I knew that I could control myself and could, by dressing upon occasion, satisfy my inner longing and could maintain a stable outlook on the world of my daily activities.

Mrs. Scarcliff appeared to muse over these thoughts that were so new to her.

She then said, "This is something new to me and I wonder if I will be open to question from my friends as I think you mean what you say and feel that there is something for me to learn from you. I have never found anyone who could talk of these things with an objectivity that appears to make sense. I wonder if you might have studied psychology to be so well versed in what you are saying. It seems that you learned your lessons well if that is the case".

I said, "I have traveled a varied road of books in trying to learn of my difficulties. I have tried to talk to doctors and psychologists but I did not find

much sympathy there. They seemed to be so engrossed in their own guilt and problems that they did not have open minds to others who had problems that did not quite fit into their conception of what should be and were not open to new ideas. There is such a dearth of texts and brochures on transvestism that there is a great opportunity for someone was a true transvestite to write on the subject and not a sexual deviate. I have found that my behavioristic aberration is just that I have a true love for girls and hope to have a family some day when I find the right one. Also, I would rather wear feminine clothing than eat as you probably have guessed".

She then said, "I would like to make a deal with you. Would you, whenever you are here, wear your dresses and assume your feminine self? Will you dress as a man only when you are on your way to and from work? I will be glad to have you here living in this house, but I want to keep away any gossip that might arise. Will you do that for me? I would like to learn from you as I do have a great bump of curiosity. I lost my husband when he was in the prime of life and I know he would have done a great work. He had an auto accident five years ago last 4th of July and a letter had just come for him offering a position in the psychology department in a great Eastern University. I know that he would wish me to give you a boost if it should be possible. Because of his feelings, perhaps we can learn much from your case. Will you confide in me and tell me much of the things that you feel and permit me to record these things for possible use of a friend who may be receptive to this new type of behavior evidence?"

Again, I felt she was putting me on the spot so I told her, "Yes, if you will help others who may be in the same boat I will be glad to be a guinea pig for you". After this discussion, we went to bed and I slipped into my most boufant nightie and creamed my face knowing that I could be as feminine as I wished. I do not remember but feel sure that the vision of sugar plums danced through my head that night.

I arose the next morning and thought to myself,



"Does she mean what she said, should I go down and try her out for breakfast?" I decided that I would give it a try and so I slipped on a little lipstick, kicked into my mules and threw on my negligee and went quietly down the stairs.

"You are a sleepyhead," was my greeting. "I thought you were going to oversleep!"

I made the usual yawn for a greeting and stretched lazily and sat down. The toast was done to a turn. The egg was to my liking and the orange juice was never more tasty. The black coffee did much to bring me fully awake. Mrs. Scarcliff made her usual chatter which I would imagine one woman would make to another. She then told me that I had better hurry and get ready for work. I felt she was a mother bird and I was her little chick.

Again my day was uneventful until I returned home. I was greatly surprised to hear voices in the kitchen but did not hesitate and went directly to my room. I took special pains with my bath and make up. I dressed conservatively in a shirtwaist dress, sharp hose and combed my wig as losley as I could.

When I went down stairs for supper, Mrs. Scarcliff, introduced me to a Mrs. Brown who lived down the block in the fourth house. She was quite a visitor and seemed to be most interested in my background. I answered her questions fully with the exception of telling her my real sex as the story developed. The evening ended uneventfully with Mrs. Brown going home, not knowing she had spent the evening with a man.

The next night, Mrs. Scarcliff had invited in several ladies and when I came down stairs for supper, she told me to eat quickly and to get into my very best party dress. She wanted me to help take care of her guests who were to be there for bridge. I helped with ashtrays, filled coctail glasses and passed the cigarets, to keep all and sundry happy. I served the desert and Mrs Scarcliff appeared quite proud of me

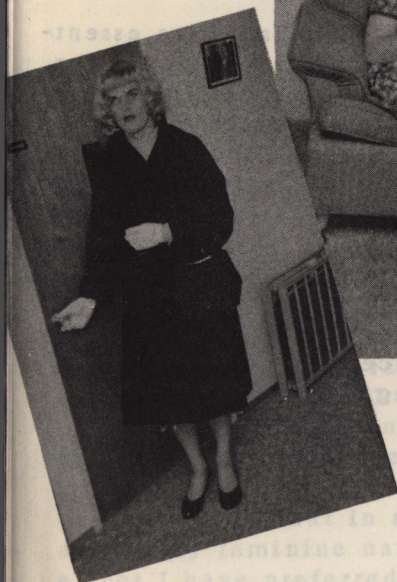
and my ability to handle myself among women.

After the last of the guests had left Mrs. Scarcliff told me that I had passed my last test and that she would accept me as I wanted to be and that I could come and go dressed as I pleased. I felt that I was put upon for not telling me that I was being tested but felt that since I had weathered all tests, I should be glad. I did not find it hard to forgive her. We talked long into the night.

It has now been six months since I came to Mrs. Scarcliff's home to stay. We have had many talks and I know she feels much more open to persons like me. She readily admits that since she has come to understand the transvestite she feels that she has been missing something the many years before she came to know me. I do not know if she has made any record of our talks and of my feelings that I have expressed to her without stint but I'll bet that she has a complete report for someone to present to some important meeting on the transvestite. I'd sure like to be there and see the expressions on the faces of those who hear of these experiences.

Oh, yes before I close this, I must tell you about last Saturday. Mrs. Scarcliff told me that she wanted me to go shopping with her. I asked her how I could help her and she told me that she wanted me to wear my brown suit and blouse as we were going to the finest store in town. I really felt like a million for again I had taken extra care in my preparation and dressing. We bought three dresses for Mrs. Scarcliff and she consulted me on each one as if I were the complete authority. I asked her why she depended upon my feelings so much in her selection of clothes. She replied, "I see that I am going to have to overhaul my wardrobe and modernize it to keep up with you. You have such good taste and so many pretty things that you have awakened an interest in being feminine that I have nearly lost since my husband passed away". Now that was a twist that I certainly appreciated.





EVELYN  
5-H-8



CHARLENE  
ARIZ.



The following story is true. The facts are essentially as they happened. If minor discrepancies occur, it is due to a non-perfect memory, and not from an attempt to embellish. The inclusion of dialogue is not to be construed as fictionalizing but is as accurate a rendition of actual conversations as can be recorded, taking into account the time which has passed and the aforementioned non-perfect memory.

Inasmuch as it is an autobiography, I have taken the liberty of making those necessary editorial adjustments which I hope have enhanced the readability of this narrative without deviating from the facts.



JUDY 7-C-1FPE





# *The Three Stages of Life*

by Judy (7-C-1 FPE)

I suppose the actual seed of TVism lies far back in the mists of a time long past forgetting. Whether it can be laid to the arrangement of the genes in the embryonic cells of the womb, or some fleeting incident brushing the soul of childhood, or simply to the mature revelation of the delights and benefits of allowing the nascent femininity to bloom I will have to leave to those mariners more familiar with the uncharted oceans of the mind than I. I know, and thus can speak, only of my own remembrances; and the reasons I believe these events caused me to turn down the road that I did.

I do know that in my early childhood I evidenced a strongly feminine nature. As far back as I can remember I have preferred the soft and the pretty to the harsh drabness of the male world. I had no interest in such things as climbing trees and fences, or playing baseball, or fishing in the creek that all of the "reg'lar fellers" seemed to relish so. I would much rather sit and dream, or design and make things, or just go off by myself and examine my own tiny world. With the insight of the young I was soon dubbed a "sissy"; and (I can now admit it) knowing it was all too true, resented it violently. Even then I preferred girls--preferred being with them, and being like them. But the resentment at the epithet forced me into a false image, and so I worked at the hated task of being "all-boy". As the years passed, like an actor in a long-running play, I became quite proficient in my role; even to the extent of stifling most of my feminine desires. I retained my preferences for the nicer and prettier things of life, but I would not allow myself indulgence in them. And so the volcano lay dormant until I was fifteen, when the eruption was triggered by--what else?--a girl.

It was about at the pinnacle of the "great depression". My mother and I had a small furnished apartment

in a converted home in a small New England town. My father was away most of the time trying to scratch out a living for us as a salesman of various and sundry commodities (and, I might add, didn't do too badly for those times.). The landlady was an elderly widow who occupied the ground floor of the house; and, as a source of income, had converted the upper floor into three small apartments and one single large room. This room was directly across the hall from the unit in which my mother and I lived, and was occupied by a very well developed (physically) and uninhibited little wench of about fourteen. She was the ward of the widow, being some sort of a distant relative. Since we were the only young people in the house, we immediately became close pals. I called her "Robin"--for two reasons. One, I couldn't stand her real name; and two, because of her favorite outfit. It was a medium gray skirt and a rusty-red sweater which on her rather chesty young body gave the distinct appearance of the bird for which I named her.

Now, please don't misconstrue this relationship. For some very strange reason we never seemed to have the slightest romantic or sexual interests in each other. I say strange for I was beginning by then to notice certain quite new and pleasant feelings toward girls--an awakening sensation that they were not only girls, they were females; and I knew that Robin was not averse to allowing certain boys to enjoy those favors she was (very) capable of bestowing. But however strange, we were never more than deep friends. Perhaps it was some unknown perspicacity on her part that she recognized my latent femininity; for she certainly was the spark that exploded my dormant transvestism. This is how it all came about.

I have mentioned her utter lack of inhibitions. She also took a great deal of pride in her burgeoning body, and delighted in flaunting it whenever she could, even to me; and I must concede that it was admirable. Pretty she was not; but built she was. (But I digress--how stupid I was in those days, I should have digressed then.) However--: there are three items which made a fantastic combination of fortunate circumstances. My mother worked, which required her leaving the house about an hour before I had to; the widow had



leg trouble and thus never climbed stairs except in cases of the direst emergency. As a result, the morning hour which Robin and I shared was in complete privacy. The third item in the chain was that the bathroom on this floor was next to Robin's room, and thus across the hall from mine. It soon became habit that her trips for the morning wash-up were detoured via my room. This gave me unlimited opportunities to examine (and admire) her feminine contours--mostly with envy. However, she shortly became aware that I seemed just as interested in what she wore as I was in what she didn't wear--and thus were sown the seeds of that hardy vine we call transvestism.

One morning she popped in wearing pale blue rayon pajamas (nylon hadn't been heard of then) and I almost flipped. They were lace trimmed, with loads of ruffles, and were silky and slippery and lovely. I carressed them like I would a kitten. I think Robin was disappointed that I didn't concentrate on the upper front portion; but I'm afraid my interests at that moment would have been envy of her attributes rather than sensuality. I suppose if I was a mystic and thus aware of the future, I might have then had some revelation of what was to come. Perhaps Robin was; for she went suddenly sober, gazed at me for a moment with an odd look, and then stepped out of the pajamas. She thrust them at me and said, "Here. You try them on." I looked down at myself--I was fully dressed--and asked how. "Like this!" she snapped, yanked open my belt, and started working at buttons. Feeling slightly foolish and embarrassed, I did however assist her in stripping me; until we stood face to face for an eternal moment, unaware of our nakedness. Again she held out the blue pajamas, and silently I accepted them, awkwardly struggled into them. I smoothed them out--far more than was really necessary, I'm afraid and looked up at Robin. I felt silly, and thrilled, and exhilarated, and many more feelings I couldn't possibly remember nor express if I could. I wanted a mirror; and somehow--feminine intuition I suppose--Robin knew it. She took my hand and led me across the hall into her room where I found she had a beautiful full-length wall mirror. Oddly enough, it was the first time I had ever been inside her door--but by no means the last.

We preened (at least I did) for what seemed like ten seconds but what must have been close to a half an hour, until we were slammed back down to earth by the voice of Mrs. G--, the widow, calling Robin for breakfast and school. I peeled off--reluctantly--the blue pajamas; and with Robin's hasty "Here--after school!" We both scrambled into our normal clothing like DEW pilots at a Red alert. But I was "hooked"--like a drug addict after his first main-lining--and I think we both knew it.

I have suffered through many days like that one since--pushing along the crawling seconds; exhorting the molasses-minutes to move along; harassing the hours. But somehow the first one seems the worst. Time however, does move along inexorably; and this (school) day finally came to its end. I virtually ran home. Robin was already there, as she was still in grammar school despite her age; and it was only two streets away. Mrs. G--of course was as far away as if she had been in some other state, and my mother was not due home for two or more hours. Robin and I had the entire floor to ourselves.

I dropped my books on the table, and ran across to her room. For the first--and last--time we kissed; and she whispered, "Get undressed." With anticipation making me shake and fumble I did; throwing the suddenly-hated boy's garments into a corner by the door. With the same odd and somewhat tender look I had been fleetingly aware of that morning, she handed me a pair of her underpants. They were only cotton print; but they were a brief-bloomer style, with elastic waist and legs, and ruffled at the legs, in a blue and green print. I found them delightful--especially the slight nipping effect of the elastic. I must mention at this point that another fateful coincidence made us almost exactly the same size, excepting the upper chest region, of course. It is true that her hips and derriere were more rounded than mine, naturally; but our height and weight and general body formation were nearly identical. Next came a slip--which in those days was called a petticoat--of fine white cotton with touches of embroidery. Then again her insight was apparent as she selected a tearfully-lovely floral print voile dress in deep blue gentians on white.



As we admired me in her mirror I realized she was not quite satisfied. She added crisp white ankle sox--girls in those days didn't wear stockings--and a pair of sweet black patent shoes (which oddly were about a size too large) but still she was not satisfied. Almost at the same moment we both realized what was wrong. I turned her towards the mirror, stood close in back of her and placed my hands under her breasts, cupping them upwards and outwards. Momentarily she stood, with closed eyes, enjoying the sensation; then whirled around to a drawer in her bureau and located a brassiere. We slipped off the dress, added the bra and stuffed it with some of her extra panties, and--suddenly I was a girl. Then an emotion came over me that I have known many times since, but never with quite the impact of that first moment. A heat rose in waves; sweeping up my body from the shiny black shoes to the much-too-short hair; and Robin and I stood face to face, sister to sister. From that first moment on there was an intimacy between us of two girls; she accepted my strange desires, and relished them. Because of her rather noticable promiscuity she had few friends of her own sex; and by the same token I had few chums among the boys--remember I was still classified as one of those "sissies". We became an almost inseparable team. I still will never quite understand how her guardian and my mother allowed us the freedom that they did, unless it was because of their beliefs that we were just two innocent and happy children. And, in a way, we were. Happy, if not innocent.

## PART II GROWTH OF TV

There were many occasions after that first fateful day when Robin and I spent many delightful hours together, modelling her clothing; sampling the thrill--for me at least--of coming to know the wonderful feeling of being for a while a girl. For these all too few happy hours I could be soft, and feminine, and pretty. She took as much pleasure in assisting me as I felt in her helping; she had a new-found sister, and so did I. There were many high spots of our fun; but

one of the greatest was an evening in early spring.

Mrs. G-- and my mother were movie fans, and about this time "Bank Night" was in its hey-day. For those of you too young to remember such things, this was one night set aside each week when the local cinema gave away a cash prize to whichever lucky member of the audience held the winning ticket. There were many other gimmicks to increase attendance, too; but Bank Night was one of the more successful. In our town it was Thursdays; and therefore Robin and I had a whole evening alone together every week. Mother and Mrs. G-- would leave immediately after supper, and we knew they would not be back for a minimum of three and a half hours at the least. (Gad! How they trusted us!)

I sensed that something was in the offing this particular day when Robin, with a strange smile, said she would not be home after school, but for me to feel free to use her room and apparel as I wished, and of course I did. It was shortly before supper when she appeared, and she had the atmosphere of a Balkan spy about her and she gave me many enigmatic looks with a Mona Lisa smile.

I was busy at my schoolbooks when the ladies left for the weekly show; but as soon as the downstairs door clicked shut so did the books; and I was across the hall to Robin's room. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, swinging her feet and grinning; and beside her was a simply-wrapped parcel. Wordlessly she handed it to me to open. Inside was one of the loveliest treasures I have ever found. Somewhere, somehow, she had managed to locate a matching set of peach colored satin panties and bra. They were lavish with lace; a flare-leg style step-in and a bra with delicate edgings of lace around the cups and full lace under the cups. I estimate that it was about four seconds before I was ready to try them on--and wonder of wonders, they fit as if they had been made to measure. We added the falsies--by this time I had come up with the idea of water-filled toy balloons--and then she reached under the bed and slid out another package. She was almost bubbling over as she said, "I think you'll



kind of like this too." This proved to be a slip; equally fancy in silk with even more lavish lace than the panties and bra. This was a pale blue; and wasn't quite the perfect fit of the other items, but wonderfully adjustable. We then added to the rest of the outfit, ignoring the short hair, until I was her sister again. The dress was the same one as the first day, the blue floral voile; more or less my pet. These items made up my own special wardrobe for a long time thereafter.

But time has a way of changing things, and one day it was all over. We moved away, Robin's promiscuity had finally gotten her into trouble and she was sent away also. On the surface I had begun to overcome some of my own problems and was accepted by a few other boys (two of which I number as very good friends even today). There were many times I longed for the clothing now long-lost and for some of the heart-tugging remembrances of past days with Robin; but these dreams were closed up and eventually forgotten. There came a period of quite a few years when transvestism lay asleep. True, I still got a thrill out of a glimpse of pretty underthings whenever the opportunity arose, and I would at times dream through the pages of the women's section in a mail-order catalog. Or I would stop and furtively peek in a store window when I was sure no one would see me doing such a thing as admiring feminine garments. So I matured, slowly. My life became "normal"; and inevitably marriage reared its head. For a while my primary interest in girl's clothing was to get it off the girls as soon as possible; to get down to the fundamentals, as it were. But with marriage once again a set of circumstances arose which triggered what had been almost dead and forgotten.

Prosperity was still around that long sought corner despite the advent of the "New Deal" and other innovations of the time; and for economic reasons my wife and I and my mother all lived together. My father had died shortly before my marriage, resulting in this arrangement, but we worked things out as well as possible. All three of us had jobs--for a while. Then came a time when only the women of the family were working; I had been suddenly severed. For some time

I was unable to locate another job, and so had a great deal of free time on my hands. One day, alone in the house and at loose ends, I was just puttering around. My puttering led me to my wife's dresser and a violent awakening of my buried desires. I have since sometimes wondered what subconscious reasons we use to choose a mate--in mine was it selecting a girl almost identical in size? At any rate, I found I could wear any and all of her clothing, making the necessary allowances for the physical differences in hips, bust and such. For a while I enjoyed a girdle and nylons (they were a new miracle invention then): but an empty bra was no fun. This precipitated a quick trip to the local dime store for some toy balloons (wearing the girdle, nylons and empty bra under my regular outer clothing and half-way there wondering how I would ever live it down if some accident or other tragedy should reveal this unspeakable aberration.). But the trip was made in safety, and once home again I rectified the lack of bosom with all haste. So once again I wore feminine clothing at every opportunity. Soon, however (and financially fortunately) another job popped up; and I was back to my old status. There were a few rare times when I could indulge in my desires, but they were very rare. Thus a few more years passed, new jobs, new homes, a war, a new state and a new life. Mother was no longer living with us, a child was coming, the few days sojourn in the maternity ward gave me another chance to indulge in my secret life for a too few hours a day. The return of my wife and my #1 son squelched that--for a while. I had begun to feel that there was something radically wrong with me by then, and so I fought this weird compulsion at every step. But it had by then really become a compulsion, and as you no doubt can realize I grabbed every chance to dress. There weren't many, but an occasional night baby-sitting while my wife went to the movies with a friend, and a delightful week when she went back home for a visit when I couldn't get away from work--there were these golden moments, and more years passed.

By this time, I had gotten involved in the field in which I am now, electronics--basically radio repair and maintaince; and television was the big thing of the day. Permit me a small boost--I was pretty good



at it--think I still am--and had visions of starting my own business. My plan of the day was to go to some town where there were no other shops and yet with a need for TV service. We finally selected my wife's home town. It was a small town located half-way between two larger shopping areas, none of which had any sort of repair shop--an ideal virgin location. Being a rural area, television was the greatest boon ever, there were thousands of sets in this area, and no service for over fifty miles. All plans were made for the move, notices were given the landlord, the truck was hired, the new home was rented, all was ready. Then disaster struck--the textile mill that was the major support of the town was razed by a million-dollar fire, and I slashed my ideas. Why attempt to found a business in a suddenly poverty-stricken place? I decided to remain on my present job, with a better-than-average paycheck, and wait out the recovery of things "back home". Meanwhile, my family would go on to the new home, and I would take a room locally. This was expected to be a few months at the most. (As it turned out it was never, but that is another story.)

Once again I was alone--and completely so, and indefinitely. For a short time the loneliness was dominant, but very soon I came to realize what a wonderful chance to live a double life--a man by day and a woman by night. I revelled in it. I acquired a small wardrobe which I was able to keep out in the open at long last; I could play around with different outfits--all mine. I could sleep in nylon and lace, I could glory in femininity to my heart's content. But this too came to an end. Too long away from the family; no hopes of the planned business; more raises on the job and a sense of belonging--I am still in the same job, with the same firm, and it has been many long and satisfying years now--and thus we were a family again; back here. But now I missed my feminine life more than ever; and possibly this led to other and more troublesome attitudes. Which brings me to the present.

### PART III STATUS OF A TV

Some three years ago the break came again; and once again I was alone, and this time indefinitely. The family went back again to my wife's home, my mother's funeral was months past, and I started once more to acquire my cherished clothing. I have gone through many phases; I have moved along to the stage of true femmepersonation rather than simple transvestism; I have discovered with great and thrilling enjoyment a magazine called TRANSVESTIA; I have met other persons of the same ilk. I am no longer something weird or nutty. I am one of a much larger group than I ever suspected existed. I have found the most wonderful girl (real girl that is) that ever lived; and I am happier than I have ever been in my entire life so far. I have clothing galore--some items I'm not too pleased with, some that are utterly thrilling (66 pairs of panties yet!)--and I can dress when I'm with my Princess. As yet she does not fully know of all my moods; but she partially understands and accepts; and in many ways aids and abets my feelings. We shop together--sometimes for her, sometimes for me, but always in the women's departments. I help her with her clothing problems, she helps me with mine. At this very moment of writing she is away on a much needed and deserved vacation, and she asks in her lovely letters to me what have I accomplished in new items for my wardrobe. She is looking forward to my new acquisitions as much as I have enjoyed buying them. A few short days and she will be home, and I am eager to show off my new bright red dress. I love it, and she will too. Perhaps soon we can go all the way, and she will help me with my problems in makeup. And I have plenty. All in all the world is good.

There are overlapping stories here; but this in general is my story up to now. Sometime soon, if you don't object, I may analyze and transcribe how I led up to the position I now have with my Princess; with hopes it may give some other one of you an idea. Until then, my best wishes to all, from Jeri



# The "Sisters"

THAT'S RIGHT, SISTER DEAR,  
I WON FIRST PRIZE --  
"THE BOY WITH THE  
MOST UNUSUAL HOBBY  
IN THE WHOLE SHOW!"



# *My New Life*

???

With a sense of pending excitement I woke at 7 a. m. that Saturday morning. Today was to be the start of a new life.

I am 27 years old. I am 5'8" tall and I weigh 133 pounds. For the present I am a single male. Since my 12th birthday I have been a transvestite. Going through all the horrors of doubt during my teenage years in to my twenties and through periods when I cut myself off completely from TVism. But now I was going to be able to stop wondering about the other half.

Over the past five years I have carefully saved my money with this day in mind. I had also made other preparations more of which I will tell you later.

Two months before today I had purchased a small house--one bedroom, bath, kitchen, living room, dining room and a garage in the Twin Peaks area of San Francisco. I had paid cash for the home to avoid any complications. I also purchased furniture and had it delivered without appearing at the house itself.

On the day before, Friday, I had ended my association with Smith's, an Electrical Engineering company. I was supposed to be taking a job in The Islands. My male clothes I had sent to Goodwill Industries on Thursday. The only male clothing I owned was the clothes I had worn when I arrived last night. These I would also give away.

My house overlooked the whole city with a beautiful view. The back of the house was at the end of a short access road with the nearest house about 50 yds. away. I had searched long and carefully for the right home.

I arose from bed and standing in the nude I in-



inspected myself in the mirror. I was slender with medium width shoulders and a slight bulge at my stomach. My hair was too long for a man. It was about the length teenage rock and rollers are affecting, but all in all I looked like an ordinary medium age man. My self review over, I gathered up my male clothing and placed them in a bag. I went into the bathroom, although I did not have to shave thanks to 18 months electrolysis. The rest of my body was relatively hairless too as I had been shaving my arms, legs and chest for some time.

I filled the tub with water and bathed. Then I dried and powdered and returned to the bedroom. As I have said I had carefully prepared for this day. I picked up my breast forms from my dressing table. These were made up of a front compartment of rubber, rather like a plastic bag which was filled with a jelly like substance. This part was fastened to a suction device which, when moistened with glue, would hold firm under any circumstances. Both were covered with flesh colored plastic. I carefully attached first the left one and then the right. The feathered edges I special cut and glued to my skin and then creamed away the tell tale boundary. I glanced at the mirror and with shocked pleasure stared at my very lifelike breasts. I would have to remove them about once a week, but otherwise they were now a part of me. I reached into my dresser again for a bra. I chose a love. My size is 36B. I slipped the straps over each arm and onto my shoulders. After nestling each breast in its own cup I hooked the bra at the back. I rested on the bed for a few moments as I felt somewhat overwhelmed, but returning to my dressing I picked up my special girdle and pulled it on. The girdle was padded at hips and rear with a soft foam rubber which blended nicely into my figure. To the top of the girdle I had sewn a six inch waist cincher which laced in the front.

I laced up the cincher and after a struggle had it pulled in tight, and felt somewhat breathless. Back to the bathroom I went to fix my hair. Having straight hair I had practiced putting it up, but still I could make only a fair job of it. So now I carefully rolled

my hair and tied a scarf around it.

My face was no problem as hundreds of times in the past I had made it up. I carefully plucked my brows. Nothing exotic just enough to look very feminine. I applied pancake make-up, powder, lipstick and a touch of pencil to my eyebrows. Trying not to overdo it but to obtain a natural look.

After putting on my lace trimmed panties and slip I went to my closet. I chose a pink gingham day dress and a pair of white flatties. I looked in the mirror and beheld a reasonably pretty girl of about 24 or 25 stared back at me.

I took a long, long look and said aloud, "I dub thee Julie Silvestri"

I started to shake all over and had to catch hold of a chair to prevent myself from falling. At last I had started on my long conceived plan.

I tripped very carefully into the kitchen and set about making a pot of coffee. I sat in the dining nook while the coffee perked and just day dreamed. My mind turned to thoughts of all those little phrases which had been denied to my use until now and yet from here on would become a part of my language. I said aloud in the high voice I had practiced so long, "Isn't it darling"? and "Oh, it is just too adorable". I said these and others over and over. I sat and ate toast and had my coffee. Then I set about straightening the house. It was now shortly after noon on the first day and I knew that my first trip into the outside world had to be made. I had purchased some groceries but now I needed a goodly supply.

I removed my dress and shoes and carefully remade my face. I combed out my hair and was pleasantly surprised at the way it had turned out. I selected a brown print dress and beige heels. I carefully placed my money, lipstick, handkerchief and sundries in my purse. I clipped on small gold earrings and my Princess wrist watch and went into the livingroom. I sat on the edge of the couch and started to find a



million reasons why I could put off the trip. I had almost convinced myself and I had slipped off my shortie coat, when the door chimes sounded. I had a moment of panic. Who could it be? I wanted to run and hide but again the chime sounded so, taking a deep breath I went to the door and opened it.

Standing on the threshold was a woman of perhaps 36. She was conservatively dressed in a suit.

I barely stammered out a hello but she smiled and told me she was from the local Methodist Church and understood someone would be moving in today. My heart was pounding and I felt trapped, but she looked at me expectantly and I finally came out of my shock and invited her in.

Inside she turned to me and said, "I am Jean De Witt and I have the house just down the street". I invited her to sit down and offered to make some coffee but at that moment she noticed my coat and asked if I was going out. I told her just to the market and she at once invited me to with her as she too had to go. I tried to refuse but she gently insisted. I slipped on my coat and walked to the bedroom. I could feel her eyes on my back as I walked across the living-room. I now had my gloves and picking up my purse I was ready to leave. I stepped out onto the sidewalk and the wind caught my full skirt and lifted it above my knees. I carefully brushed it back into place as we went toward the car. I opened the car door and, in a feminine fashion, swept my skirt under my legs and sitting down swung my legs into the car. Jean got in on the drivers side and starting the engine, drove slowly down the street. Turning to me she asked if I had been in San Francisco very long. Here I went into my prearranged story. I'd been married to an Air Force Captain, but he had been killed in a plane crash six months ago. I had sold everything in Florida and had moved to San Francisco to make a new start. This elicited the usual type sympathy from Jean. She told me she had been married nine years and that her husband Norman was an architect. They didn't have any children.

We arrived at the shopping center and went in. We got our baskets and began our grocery shopping. We discussed different foods and things. I felt that I did not receive any unusual stares from anyone. I arrived at the check out counter and after paying for my groceries I was about to pick up my rather large bag when the checker said, "just a moment Mam that bag is too heavy for you. I will have a boy take it to your car". A thrill ran through me. This is what I had always wanted. Our groceries stowed in the car, we went to have coffee. We sat sipping our coffee and the conversation turned to recreation. In my relaxed mood I mentioned I liked tennis. Jean pounced on this and asked me to join them after church tomorrow for a set. She mentioned the name of a friend of her husband's who liked to play and who would make up the foursome. I tried to back out with the excuse of not having a racquet or shoes or dress. Jean offered to loan me the racquet and suggested I purchase a dress and shoes here in the shopping center. After a few faint arguments I agreed.

The shoes were not a problem but arriving in the sportswear department I asked for a tennis dress size 12. The assistant showed me a number of them and I selected a white nylon with short pleated skirt and white matching panties. Jean asked me if I was going to try it on and I reluctantly agreed. Jean came with me into the dressing room. I removed my gloves and coat and then took off my dress and slip. I felt naked but Jean made no comment so I slipped on the tennis dress. Immediately Jean said, "Oh, it is just darling". I blushed with pleasure and looked into the mirror. The dress did look very sweet, the skirt stopped about 3 inches below my derriere. I told the salesgirl I would take it.

Dressed again and with the packages under my arm we made our way to the car. Jean drove home and during the ride asked me more questions. I told her that I was going to take a months rest and then obtain a job. I had taken typing and shorthand at evening classes and told her I would look for a job as a secretary. She told me that Norman, her husband, knew a large number of professional men and she would discuss



it with him.

Arriving at my house I left Jean agreeing to accompany both she and her husband to church and then to play tennis.

I closed the front door and sank down on the couch. I was exhausted. In my mind I reviewed all the wonderful things that had happened this day and thanked my lucky stars that not for one moment had anyone suspected the truth.

After cooking and eating supper I decided to change clothes and watch television.

I then removed all my clothes but my bra and girdle and then un-hooking my bra there were my breasts. They looked so real. I touched them. They were soft and pliable just as they should be.

I put on a pink satin shortie nightie with matching panties and peignoir and pink high heeled mules and watched television for several hours. It was now 10 P.M. and time to retire. I removed my make-up and rolled up my hair and went to bed. I noticed a change as I turned in bed. My breasts moving from side to side. I felt just so feminine.

The following day, dressed in a pale blue summer dress with full skirt and petticoat, white hat, gloves, purse and shoes. I waited for Jean. When the doorbell chimed I took a deep breath and walked over and opened it. Jean and Norman, her husband, were there and Jean introduced me.

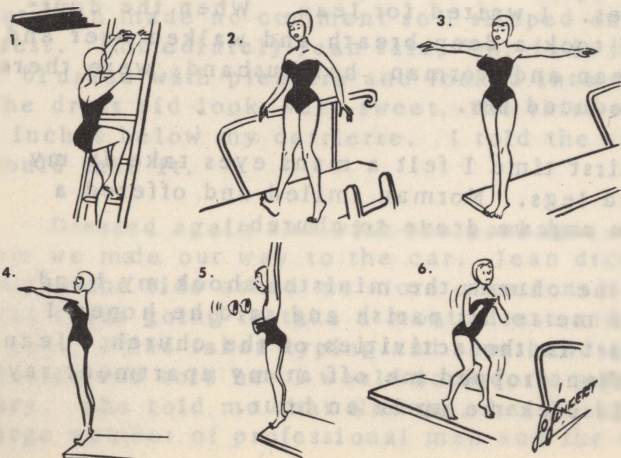
For the first time I felt a mans eyes take in my face, bust and legs. Norman smiled and offered a friendly hello and we drove to church.

Leaving the church the minister shook my hand and welcomed me to his parish and said he hoped I would take part in the activities of the church. Jean and Norman then dropped me off at my apartment saying they would pick me up in an hour.

In my bedroom I started to change clothes. I put on a clean white nylon bra, white panties over my girdle and slipped into my darling tennis dress. I looped a small blue nylon scarf under my hair and put on my tennis shoes and a pale blue orlon sweater. Then the chimes rang and I went out. Jean and Norman were there and with them was a man of about 32. He was a shade over 6' tall, blond hair, nice tan and was quite well built. "Julie this is Teddy", Jean said. Norman's glance at me was nothing compared to this. Teddy took a long, long look and I could tell he was pleased with what he saw. I blushed and murmured that I was pleased to meet him. We drove to the club and obtained a court immediately. Jean remarked on how darling my dress looked.

I was Teddies partner and as soon as we started I found things so different. My girdle made me run like a girl but my breasts! Everytime I ran for the ball I could feel them shake. They bounced greatly up and down. I could feel Teddies eyes on them and I did not play too well. We were beaten and after shaking our opponents hand I turned to leave. Teddy walked along side of me and took my hand in his. Oh, what a new feeling, to look up to a handsome man and feel his strong hand clasping mine. I may have lost the tennis match but I had in truth " won " my femininity and I resolved I would wear it with honor from that day on.

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MISS TV  
MAKES A  
FALSE  
START

\*\*



# *The Making Of a TV*

by Dr. Iris (52-L-1 FPE)

Every transvestite, I believe, gives his condition a goodly amount of thought; he probable forever wonders when it all began and what the future may bring. He knows that something is wrong with him and since he most likely carries his load quietly, a terrible fear and guilt-complex builds up within him over the years. Some seek psychiatric care, without results, others talk to a priest or minister. Talking to someone usually has a beneficial effect and at this stage the TV most likely packs up his treasure, adds a heavy stone and drops the works over the bridge into the river. He has kicked the habit. Three months later we find him again in the department store and now he buys even prettier things. Some finally learn to live with it but unfortunately some put on their best dress and jump themselves into the river. And all these complications exist because so little is known of this phenomena. Medical textbooks have hardly any information on the subject. I remember when I had abnormal psychology and I could not find any reference in our book; I asked the professor what this "transvestism" was all about. He answered: "Oh, those are just oversexed guys who like to dress up as women." That was all on the subject.

Now when a physician himself is a transvestite you can imagine that he gives these things more than just a bit of thought. My own experiences did not provide much information, at least not enough to build a theory which would fit every TV into a pattern. Nature is in detail very variable but in the final analysis we can find a certain pattern. So let me advance my own theory which I have worked out by studying several cases and my own critically.

It seems that we transvestites go through different stages of development. I decided to classify them as follows:

ONE, the sexual stage; TWO, the experimental stage; THREE, the creative stage. Before we go into detail we must first have an understanding of what I mean by sex. Sex or better the sexdrive in man is a form of energy. It is that force within us which makes life possible. The stuff that makes man tick. Every man seems to gather, store and dissipate some of this energy constantly. To illustrate this imagine a wheel within your pelvis which turns slowly by this energy. Now through some stimulant, lets suppose you see a beautiful blond, this wheel picks up speed. Another stimulant comes along and speeds it further, finally the high speed of the wheel is too much for you, you need to slow it down and the normal way to slow it down is through a sex act. When you reach the climax, the fire is out, the wheel stops. In primitive man this is a continuous cycle, as the wheel starts spinning, he seeks his woman etc., over and over. But some people learn to use some of this sexenergy for different purposes. True love, religious love, art and other kinds of creative work are examples of it. Most people do this subconsciously but some learn to do it deliberately and it gives them a power of immense dimensions. This power may lead them into the realm of saints or into the pits of hell.

Now what has all this to do with a making of a transvestite? Well, lets go on with my theory. Stage ONE, the sexual stage. At some point in his life the potential TV makes his first acquaintance with female clothing, usually underwear. This produces a stimulus which makes his wheel spin, not just a little bit, but at high speed. Of course he likes it. At first he feels good and he may let it pass but soon it drives him to a sexual climax. This of course depends on his age. In early childhood he may just feel different and nice, but later it will drive him to sexual release. As he grows older and keeps up the practice he will develop after each episode a guilty feeling. He discards his "silly" clothing as they become, one the wheel has stopped, and they have lost their power of stimulation. It takes some time before the wheel again starts turning and then the garments regain their power of stimulating him again. Some TV's stay at this stage all their life. They are not any different than the fellow who gets all "hopped" up by looking at sexy pictures. But, this



fellow has one advantage, he can keep those pictures in his mind and go to a woman; but the TV has to depend on intimate contact with clothing for full sexual satisfaction. The presence of a woman is at first undesirable.

Stage TWO, the experimental stage. (as mentioned before some may never get this far) He now tries to hold off sexual climax to make "things" last longer and suddenly he discovers beautiful things which he never saw before. He now enters into a feminine world. Soon he acquires a complete wardrobe, experiments with make-up and creates in front of a mirror a woman who he probably adores. He forgets his sex desires more and more and here he enters into the THIRD stage, the creative stage.

By creating this woman in the mirror he has actually done a bit of divine juggling. The woman is real, he can touch her, see her and kiss her in the mirror. But here you get into trouble with a cosmic law, few people know of. It says: for every material thing there must exist a spiritual counterpart. The TV now splits off a portion of his soul to give to his creation. All things go well for a while, the two are in complete harmony. And then the incredible happens, all of a sudden he discovers that "her" thoughts are no longer his thoughts. She starts to act independent of him and at this point danger may creep in. It may even turn into a regular mental cloak and dagger episode. Some men have lost, because the "girl" had THE operation.

But it is really up to you. You have created her, she is your child and you are responsible for her education, so make it a clean-one. Do not degrade her with sexplay. Subconsciously you know this and that is why you are so terribly lonely. Both of you desire another woman to love. You, the masculine part, because you are a man and she the feminine because she has your masculine body. So there you are in your mixed up wonderful world. Few people understand us because most of us do not understand ourselves. How can we explain it to others?

Maybe this theory will help you understand yourself. As I read it over I find that part of it was written by the doctor and part by Iris - or maybe the whole thing was written by divine inspiration.



SHARON

JO ANNE 42-F-1



BETTY JEAN--NEBR.

PAMELA N.Y.



# *Survival part 1*

by Donna Louise (5-A-4)

Charlie Newman looked down at his hands with a feeling of elation. They hadn't been so clean in the three years he'd been working in the mines. Oh, how he hated his job in the mine! The dust and dirt and grime filled his lungs, got under his fingernails, and ground into his skin. And just look at the clumsy, heavy clothes he was wearing.

Even as a little boy he had been envious of girls. They could keep clean and wear pretty, light, airy clothes. But people had thought it odd of him that he didn't want to stay dirty like all the other grubby little boys. Sometimes he still wished he could have been a girl.

A bell clanged briefly, reminding him that it was time for him to make the hourly check of the gauges. He still felt a little guilty, even after two weeks, as he thought of his fellow employees out on strike, while he was drawing full pay. Some one had been needed to watch the pumps and keep them going so the lower levels wouldn't be flooded when the men came back to work. The superintendent and two foremen could have handled it, but one of the foremen, Charlie's uncle, wanted to take a vacation trip to the west coast, so he suggested they use Charlie. The super agreed, for old time's sake, and gave Charlie the midnight to 8 A. M. shift.

They had promised him, in addition to his regular pay, a \$50 bonus and three weeks off with full pay when the strike was settled. So here he was in the lower levels of the coal mine, where he had lived for the past two weeks. Charlie knew that when the strike was over he'd have to go back to his old job, and he'd hate it more than ever now. Not that he didn't appreciate the job, even if it was a dirty one, it had been a lifesaver. His mother had died when he was a little more than a baby and when he was twelve years old, his father had been killed in a mine accident. He'd gone to live with his father's brother, a foreman in

the mine. When he had graduated from the Coal City High School at seventeen, the man who had been his father's foreman at the time of the accident, and who was now the superintendent, had offered him a job. It was a dirty job in the mine, but the only opening they had, and there weren't many jobs for boys just out of high school with no experience.

With a final look at one of the gauges, Charlie's mind returned to his reminiscences of his childhood envy of girls, which had reached a sort of turning point when he was ten. The house next door had been rented for the summer by a young couple with an only child, an eleven year old girl, who was really a tomboy. Kathy spent as much time in jeans as she could but her mother insisted on her wearing dresses most of the time. This didn't deter her from her tomboy activities, such as climbing trees, so Charlie soon learned that she wore dress, slip and panties.

One Sunday afternoon Kathy stayed with Charlie while her parents visited friends. Charlie and Kathy were looking at his stamp collection, while Charlie's father watched television. Kathy remembered some letters she had received from her uncle who was in business in Canada, and offered to let Charlie have the stamps. They went over to her house to look for the letters. As Kathy ransacked her dresser drawers looking for them, Charlie gazed with fascination at the pretty panties and slips she was pawing through so unconcernedly. A particularly delightful one in pink nylon and lace fell on the floor and Charlie picked it up to replace it in the drawer.

"Here it is!" Kathy exclaimed.

When Charlie didn't answer she turned and saw him holding the panties in front of him, a rapt expression on his face.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" she asked.

"N-n-nothing," he stammered. "I--they--you--why, they're beautiful."

"What's beautiful? Oh--the panties?"



"Girls always get to wear prettier clothes than boys," he blurted.

"You'd like to wear girls' clothes?"

"Yes," he blushed.

"Then let's trade for the afternoon."

She helped him dress. First he donned the pretty pink nylon and lace panties; next a matching slip; then one of her frilliest party dresses, socks and shoes, and finally a cute little hat. When they looked at him in the mirror in her parents' bedroom, they were both amazed to see that he looked like a very pretty little girl, all dressed up for a party. Kathy then put on his clothes, and they spent the afternoon pretending that each was of the opposite sex.

From that day on Charlie wanted to be a girl. Since he couldn't have that wish come true, he did the next best thing. He and Kathy traded clothes as often as they could. When she moved away at the summer's end she gave him a complete outfit. He never heard of her again but he kept the clothes she gave him, putting them on whenever he could, till he couldn't get into them a couple of years later.

About this time, he lost his father in the mine accident and went to live with his uncle and aunt. They had two daughters, Christine, who was 14, and Thelma, 18. They all accepted him as one of the family, the girls and their mother running about the house in their slips (the younger girl especially, even going between her room and the bathroom in only her bra and panties), making no attempt to keep him from seeing them thus attired.

The sight of all this pretty lingerie filled him with the desire to wear some of it. His chance came when they all went shopping one Saturday, leaving him home with a slight cold. He got a clean handkerchief and opened the laundry hamper in the bathroom to toss in the soiled one. Right on the top of everything else lay a pair of pink panties. He stripped immediately and put on the panties. But they were Thelma's and

his waist and hips were not large enough to hold them up properly. He dug through the hamper till he found some of Christine's clothes and put on a pair of her panties. He passed up the bra, as he had no idea how to fasten it, and putting on a slip and dress, he went to look at himself in the full length mirror in the entrance hall. He was pleased with what he saw.

Thereafter, he would "dress up" every chance he got. He began wearing clean clothes from the girls' rooms, trying Thelma's too, eventually, as he was filling out and could wear some of her tighter briefs. However, one day he overheard Thelma complaining to her mother that Christine had been wearing her lingerie. Christine denied it. This warned him to leave the dresser drawers alone, and he went back to the laundry hamper.

Soon after this Thelma began to stay home on Saturday when the rest of the family went out. This limited Charlie's transvestic activities to smuggling a pair of panties or hose, or a slip from the bathroom to his room at night and back again.

Then one Friday night his uncle announced that he had to attend a foremen's meeting in Parkersburg the next day. The company was going to pay his expenses, and the family could go and shop while he was in his meeting. Then they would eat at a nice restaurant and take in a show. Charlie said he'd better stay home and work on his English as he had a paper to write. He was almost trembling in his excitement at the thought of having the house to himself all day. His heart sank as Thelma said she couldn't go; then rose again as she explained, "I have an appointment at the beauty shop at ten a.m. and I've got a date after that."

Next morning he could hardly wait for Thelma to leave. She washed the breakfast dishes, cleaned up the kitchen, and put out a small wash. At last she left just quarter to ten. He watched through the living room window and as soon as she turned the corner toward town he raced to the bathroom.

To his dismay there was nothing in the laundry hamper, but some of his aunt's clothes. He briefly



considered going to the girls' dresser drawers but decided against it and resigned himself to doing the best he could with what he had. First he put on the panties but they kept falling down about his knees, for even though he was now fourteen, he hadn't yet grown enough in waist and hips to wear his aunt's garments. He finally succeeded in hooking the bra, which hung loosely on him as did the slip and dress. He pulled the belt of the dress as tight as it would go, which wasn't nearly tight enough, but did help him keep the panties up till he could reach the mirror in the hall.

He paraded around the house, going in and out of the various rooms till it was nearly noon. He poured himself a glass of milk and made a sandwich for lunch; then went to the bathroom to brush his teeth. Seeing lipstick there he put some on, smearing it thick. He then got a pair of his aunt's hose out of the hamper and put them on. Like the panties they gradually came down when he moved. He found a pair of high heeled slippers and put them on. They also were much too big and he stumbled as he walked in them.

Running awkwardly to the hall mirror again, he posed, postured and danced. When he felt the panties sliding down his hips, he imagined himself to be a girl dancing with her boyfriend and having her panties fall off. In imaginary embarrassment he reached down to pull them up. When the emotion changed to fright when he heard the sound of a key in the front door!

Terror stricken at the thought of getting caught, he started to run to the bathroom, completely forgetting the panties around his knees. They stopped his attempted long stride, threw him off balance, and he fell to the floor. He jumped up and started to run again, but stumbled in the high heels and fell again. He kept trying to get up and run, but the panties were now around his ankles. They tripped him and he fell with a thump on his backside and lay there panting.

Thelma had come in and, shutting the door, had leaned against it and watched him going through these antics trying to escape. She began laughing and laughed so hard she had to sit in a chair to get her

breath. Charlie, too frightened to be angry at her amusement, tried to rise again. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she told him that she wouldn't tell anyone. She untangled the panties and hose and slippers, removing them, and helped him to his feet.

"If you're interested in girl's clothes, let's do this right, and get you into something that will fit," Thelma said, adding, "I'll measure you so we'll know what sizes we need."

During the measuring and subsequent dressing she explained to him that she had become suspicious when Christine had denied getting Thelma's lingerie, and said her things had been disturbed, too. Thelma had then spied on him till she was almost certain what he was doing. When he had disclosed his intention to stay home today, she quickly had decided to bring things to a head as soon as she returned from the beauty shop. Finding him dressed as he was made it easier.

"But what about your date?" he asked.

"This is it," she answered, her eyes shining as she helped him dress.

First he put on a pair of Christine's sheer briefs, which fit his hips like a glove; then to Thelma's room for one of her bras, a wired one into which she stuffed some hose to fill it out; back to Christine's room, and a lacy half slip and a slim blue skirt, which he could feel pressing against his hips as he walked back to Thelma's room, where she helped him put on a pull-over sweater and a pair of hose with roll on garters which were the fashion at that time. She then put makeup on him and combed his hair to look like a boyish bob. For the first time he noticed that Thelma's hair had been cut extremely short.

When he had slipped his feet into a pair of Thelma's high heels, she helped him walk around the room a bit, then took him to the hall mirror. The pressure of the tight skirt against his hips and the side and front of his thighs gave him a pleasurable feeling.

"See what a pretty girl you are!" Thelma ex-



claimed, as they watched his image in the mirror. "I just have to kiss you!"

As she put her arms around him and kissed him, he experienced the strangest and most delightful feelings. She then suggested that they try on some different clothes, to which he gladly agreed. Back in Christine's room she had him remove the skirt and half slip. As he stood there with his white skin showing between panties and hose, she bent down to straighten the seams of the hose, and ran her hands along the back of his thighs. When he quivered with excitement, she patted him on the derriere, and got him a swirly petticoat and full skirt to put on.

With the costume change completed she led him back to the hall mirror, where she had him pose and dance and whirl till his skirts flew out. When he stopped to get his breath, she again threw her arms around him and kissed him, this time putting one hand on his hips and squeezing gently.

"You're tired," she said, solicitously. "Let's go back to my room and rest."

By this time he had become so accustomed to doing what she asked that he obeyed without a word when she told him to lie down on her bed and close his eyes. He lay there resting, half asleep, while Thelma tiptoed out of the room. He didn't know she had returned till he felt her lips softly touch his, and felt the warmth of her hand through the skirt on his thigh.

"Oh, you're so pretty," she whispered. "Just keep your eyes closed, and relax and rest."

He lay quiescent, eyes closed, while her lips pressed against his cheeks his eyelids, his forehead, back to his own lips, and her fingers made tiny movements against his thigh; then slid down to his knee, up and down his nylon clad calf a time or two, then back up to the knee, above it to the garter to rest on bare flesh, caressing the inside of his thigh.

She kept whispering to him to relax and rest, while

her hand explored under the skirt. He felt cool air on his legs as she raised the skirt, then her weight pressed down upon him and he had a wonderful feeling of warmth. He opened his eyes and was startled to see that Thelma had removed all her makeup, and had combed her hair in a side part like a boy's. She smiled at him, and when he smiled back, she told him to put his arms around her. He did so, and was carried away in a flood of sensation like nothing he had ever known.....

When Charlie was fifteen, Thelma married and moved away from Coal City. He retrieved as many of her castoff garments and cosmetics as he could, and hid them under a pile of teenage junk in his closet. He would put these on whenever he could, but his desire to be a girl wasn't as strong as it had been, on account of his experiences with Thelma.

The summer before he was a senior in high school he worked and earned enough money to attend a philatelic convention in Cincinnati. His uncle thought it would be good for him to be on his own for a week, so his aunt packed an overnight bag for him, and he bought a round trip bus ticket and departed. Before leaving he slipped into his room and put a complete change of his feminine garments with his other clothes.

Arriving in Cincy he took a room at an expensive hotel, and ate in expensive restaurants. At nights in his room he would dress up in his female garb, and put on the makeup he had. He began wearing the panties and nylon hose underneath his male clothing during the day. He bought several stamps at the exhibitions which he attended during the day. In the evenings he went to movies, which took more of his money.

On Thursday he started to buy a stamp he wanted and discovered that he was broke. He didn't even have enough money to eat on his way home. He turned in his return bus ticket for eating money, and started to hitchhike home. He packed his bag without taking time to change, forgetting that he was wearing lingerie under his other clothes.

He started walking out Highway 50 toward the city



limits. He had walked only a mile or so when a man stopped and gave him a ride. When Charlie told him that he was going to Coal City, the man said, "I'll be in Clarksburg about noon Saturday. You can ride with me until then if you like."

Charlie, embarrassed, explained his financial situation, and the man, whose name was Ed Holden laughed, and said he'd take care of the bills, just adding them to his expense account. Charlie agreed as he wasn't expected home till Saturday anyway.

Holden, a traveling salesman, was a jovial fellow, laughing uproariously at his own jokes, which he was continually telling, and slapping Charlie on the leg as he laughed. The jokes were funny, and Charlie laughed at them, too. Holden said Charlie was lucky; ordinarily Ed never drove this way, usually driving straight north from Cincinnati to Hamilton. But today he had to see a man briefly in Wilmington, after which he would double back to Hamilton.

At Wilmington Holden parked the car, and patted Charlie on the leg, saying, "Just sit tight, kid. I'll be back in a few minutes."

In about twenty minutes he reappeared and they started west toward Hamilton. Ed's jokes continued and the leg slapping became curiously gentle. At Lebanon they stopped to eat lunch. When they came out of the cafe Charlie sank back in the car seat and sighed with the satisfaction of a full stomach. Ed laughed and patted Charlie's leg, running his hand up and down the thigh a time or two. Ed made his calls at Hamilton, Middletown, and Springfield, where he said they would spend the night at Lima.

Charlie had stayed up late the night before and this, coupled with the hum of the car had made him drowsy. He dozed, dimly aware of Ed's ceaseless chatter and laughter and the increasing caressiveness in the touch of Ed's hand on his leg. Curiously enough he was pleasurably excited by these gestures. Suddenly his mind came wide awake; he had just remembered the feminine garments he was wearing, and there was a tingle of pleasure at the thought of Ed's caresses

combined with the clothes he had on. But there was also the fear of being discovered; however, this fear was much weaker than his excitement, so he kept his eyes closed and sat still, while Ed's hand continued its caresses. It slipped toward his knee, encountering the ridge formed by the garter holding up the stocking. The hand paused, felt all around the garter, repeated this action on the other leg. The fingers then began to make the same movements Charlie remembered Thelma making. He became so excited he opened his eyes and found Ed looking at him questioningly.

"You like to wear these things, kid?" he asked.

Charlie could only nod, blushing. Ed grinned happily and squeezed Charlie's thigh gently, keeping this up till, they came to a motel on the outskirts of Lima, where Ed got them a room. By this time Charlie had admitted that he had a complete outfit of feminine clothes. Ed suggested that they eat, and that Charlie then "get dressed up" while he made a sales call.

"Where did you learn to walk like that?" exclaimed Ed in amazement on his return. "And your makeup is as good as any girl's!"

"My cousin taught me how to walk and put on makeup."

"Why, you could pass for a girl anytime, kid; all you need is long hair."

With that, Ed kissed Charlie, who was now trembling in his excitement. Ed began caressing him and he drifted off in a sea of pleasure.....

Next morning at Columbus Ed returned to the car from his call with a package which he tossed in the back seat, saying, "I've got something to show you later on."

Ed made his stops at Newark, Zanesville, Wheeling, Steubenville and Pittsburgh. After making his call in Pittsburgh, Ed drove to a motel. He suggested they take in a show. Charlie agreed and Ed asked him to go as a girl. Charlie was afraid, but Ed assured him



it would be alright.

"Look what I got you," he said, unwrapping the package he had bought at Columbus, and showing him a beautiful wig. "It will be the finishing touch. Just try it on."

Fascinated by the prospect of the lovely hair, Charlie dressed. Ed drove the car downtown and parked it on a dimly lighted street. The only really bright lights were at the theater ticket office, and Ed told Charlie to hold his arm as a girl would do, while Ed bought the tickets. It went off fine, and Charlie was entranced to be sitting in the theater as a girl.

When Ed let him off at noon Saturday at Clarksburg he caught a bus to Coal City. At home he hid his new treasure, the wig, with the rest of his feminine clothes. His desire to be a girl now returned with such force that he felt nearly overwhelmed with it as he lay on his bed reliving his experiences with Ed Holden:

He seldom went out anywhere with the family when they were to be gone late at night. As soon as they left he would strip and don his feminine garments. He began walking around in the backyard in these clothes. One night when the family was gone for the night he dressed up and as he watched himself in the mirror he made a fateful decision. He walked through the backyard to the alley, walked up the alley to the street.

He saw no one coming so he crossed the street and continued on up the alley to the next street, then returned home. He did this every time he had the house to himself overnight, each time becoming bolder and eventually venturing out on the more dimly lighted streets and getting farther from home.

That Christmas his uncle's family went to Chicago to visit Thelma and her husband. Charlie didn't go, as he had a job for the two weeks, so he had the place to himself for a whole week. Every night he dressed up and walked around on the streets.

One night he was walking along a dim street when a car pulled up beside him. He was terrified to see

Hugh Tatum, the town marshall, behind the wheel. Tatum was a gross man, with thick, blubbery lips, a red bulbous nose and fleshy jowls. He weighed about 250 pounds.

Charlie averted his face and kept walking. Tatum jumped out of the car, quick despite his size, and seized Charlie's arm. In a panic, Charlie tried to tear himself loose. Suspicious, Tatum said, "Let's just see who you are, girlie."

Seizing the purse Charlie carried he searched it thoroughly, finding the usual stuff a girl would have--lipstick, compact, hankie, some money--but no driver's license or other identification. This seemed to enrage Tatum.

"No identification, hey?" he said. "You must be one of them big city chippies. Let's go for a little ride."

Tatum drove a couple of blocks to a dark alley, where he turned off the lights and made Charlie get in the back seat, climbing in with him. Charlie felt Tatum's lipsslobbering on him.

"No! No!" he whimpered in a whisper, struggling to get loose.

"Just take it easy, girlie," Tatum said, placatingly, his hamlike hands fumbling under Charlie's skirts. Then harshly, "Why, you ain't no girl at all. You're one of them big city queers. I'll teach you to come to my town."

Charlie's breath was nearly crushed out of him by Tatum's weight. He struggled harder and Tatum slapped him. He lay sobbing, then screamed in pain. Tatum laid a big hand over his mouth to muffle his scream, and he fainted. When he returned to consciousness Tatum was kicking him out of the car. He lay sobbing with pain as Tatum drove off growling, "Get back to the big city, you queer, and don't ever let me catch you in my town again."

For an eternity of agony Charlie walked, till he



reached home. He took a hot shower and fell on the bed in an exhausted stupor. When he awoke next morning, he destroyed all the feminine wardrobe in his closet. He hurt for days, and felt unclean for weeks. He decided he didn't want to be a girl, and thought he would never want to wear feminine garments again.

Before a year had passed, however, he felt the familiar urge to "dress up". He now used his aunt's clothes as he had grown larger. He could use almost anything, though he had to be extra careful of her dresses, for he had no way of explaining if anything happened to them. Lingerie was another matter. He often brought in her wash and folded and put away everything. His thoughtfulness so impressed her that she never noticed that any of her lingerie had been disturbed; he had put most of it away in her dresser, anyway. However, he was afraid to dress too frequently, and never left the house when he did...

Again his thoughts were interrupted by the clanging of the hourly warning bell. He noted with surprise that it was eight a.m. The superintendent was late; he'd been arriving in time for them to make the eight o'clock hourly check together. Charlie shrugged, and made the check alone, thinking that the super had been delayed and would soon show. But when 10 o'clock came with no superintendent he became uneasy, and at noon he decided to investigate.

He took the elevator to the surface and looked out the window toward the parking lot. The ground was covered with an unseasonably late snow. The only car he could see was the one the pickets had come in. Not a human was in sight, and not a track in the thin layer of snow. He ventured outside the building and still saw no one. He unlocked the gate to the parking lot and found the two pickets lying beside the car. He rushed over and felt them--no heart beat--dead!

With a sinking feeling in his heart Charlie started running down the road toward town about a mile away. The few cars he saw were either parked or had crashed into buildings, curbs, poles. He ran back to the parking lot, got the pickets' car and drove to the superintendent's home about twenty miles away. Unable to

rouse anyone he tore off the screen, broke the glass and climbed through the French windows into the living room. He found the superintendent lying in the hall just outside his bedroom, holding his head with both hands. Looking into the bedroom he saw the superintendent's wife holding her head, also. He remembered that the pickets and the people he'd seen in the cars had been holding their heads the same way.

Charlie now recalled an article he had read in the Sunday supplement a few months before. A group of scientists under the auspices of the government had established a laboratory at the University at Morgantown, where they were experimenting with what the newspapers called "death rays". The scientists had poohpoohed the term "death ray", but had admitted that the supersonic waves could cause severe pains in the head, and, theoretically, at least, could result in death. Charlie reasoned that the experiments must have gotten out of control.

In a panic he jumped in the car and drove off toward home. Just before he reached home the car sputtered and died, out of gas. He leaped out and ran down the street shouting, "Can anybody hear me! Can anybody hear me!"

There was no answer. He saw his old car sitting in the driveway. He leaped in, started the motor and roared down the road through Coal City to Clarksburg, to Morgantown, honking his horn and shouting, "Is anyone alive? Answer me!"

Like a beserk robot he drove, screaming till he was hoarse, and kept on till his voice became a mere croak, to Waynesboro and Uniontown, to Pittsburgh and Washington, Wheeling; then to Steubenville and Columbus and Dayton and Cincinnati. Here he calmed down long enough to think of the telephone. He rushed into the phone building, pushed the body of an operator out of the way, and started dialing numbers by long distance dialing.

First he dialed his cousin Thelma in Chicago. He let the phone ring 25 times--no answer! He tried New York, San Francisco, Mexico City, London, Paris,



Toyko, Auckland. He couldn't rouse anyone, anywhere.

In a daze he drove eastward, more slowly now, through Chillecothe, and Parkersburg, to Coal City. He parked the car, staggered to his room, and fell on the bed, crying, "Oh, what shall I do? All alone in the world! What shall I do!"

He slept fitfully, too tired and hungry to sleep soundly, since he'd been without either sleep or food for over three days. About seven that night he was forced awake by hunger. He went to the kitchen where he ate some canned peaches and drank the last of a quart of milk. When he stepped out on the service porch to put the empty milk carton in the trash box, a pair of his aunt's panties hanging on the line caught his eye. He was suddenly filled with an overwhelming desire to put them on. With quick motions he snatched them off the line, ran to the bathroom and stripped. Realizing that he was covered with the sweat and dust of his long drive, he took a hot bath and put on the panties. He then entered his aunt's room and donned bra, slip, dress, hose and slippers. As he posed before the dresser mirror he felt his tensions slipping away under the influence of the food in his stomach and the hot bath. He lay down on the bed and was asleep in a few minutes.

Next morning when he awoke it was daylight. He felt refreshed but ravenously hungry. Still wearing the feminine garments, he made a hearty breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast and coffee. After washing the dishes he bathed again, dusting himself generously with body powder. His mind now busy making plans for the future, he again entered his aunt's bedroom, where he dressed with great care.

First he put on a dainty garter belt; then sheer briefs; a bra with foam rubber; a lacy slip; a pink knitted suit he had often admired but never dared to wear; hose and the prettiest pair of high heels he could find in his aunt's closet. After applying lipstick and drawing a hat over his masculine hair, he put on a coat, got in the car and drove off.

TO BE CONTINUED IN TVia # 24.

**At a New Jersey  
Party--**

Gail 7-S-1 FPE

Sheila 30-B-2  
FPE

Lucienne  
30-L-2 FPE

Jody 30-J-1FPE

Darlene  
30-H-1FPE



**"3 Little Girls  
From School--"**

Susanna 32-V-1

Marianne 8-T-1FPE

Marilyn 47-I-1FPE

**"Three  
Strikes"**

or "Ladies of  
the Open Road





# *That Biblical Injunction*

by Virginia

One of our readers has asked me to comment on the biblical passage from Deuteronomy 22:5 which says, "A woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment; for whosoever doeth these things is an abomination unto Jehovah thy god."

My comment takes several forms: In the first place let us consider that this passage comes as but one of a large number of regulations, laws and rules of conduct which were set forth in this section of the bible to the conditions of the time. Then let us remember that one can "prove anything by the bible", meaning of course, that all kinds of interpretations of allegorical statements can be made and since the bible is full of parables, allegories etc., one can, by searching diligently enough find some bit of text that appears to substantiate most anything he wishes biblical authority for. Next, is the fact that there are those who believe the bible literally (when it fits their purposes and non-literally in many other cases) and those who realize that what was said there is in many cases both allegorical or symbolic AND that it was said for the circumstances of the time and need not be considered to fit all future times.

If one is going to take the quoted passage literally, out of context both in the biblical text and from the point of view of the times, then it follows that all other passages should be taken equally literally. For instance, monogamy must obviously be wrong since Deut. 21:15 starts out, "If a man have two wives, the one beloved and the other hated..." Evidently it is biblically literally permissible to have two wives. Deut. 22:22 says, "If a man be found lying with a woman married to a husband then they shall both of them die..." Pretty gruesome punishment for adultery which is rather common in our day. Deut. 25:5, If brethren

dwell together, and one of them die, and have no son, the wife of the dead shall not be married without unto a stranger; her husband's brother shall go in unto her and take her to him to wife--etc." Thus the widow must be taken to wife by a brother-in-law, it is not a matter of choice. We don't recognize anything like this today do we? Verse 18 of Chapter 21 Deuteronomy prescribes death by stoning for a "stubborn and rebellious son". Pretty drastic I say and a long way from the enlightened juvenile justice that we attempt today.

My reason for citing these other chapters is only to show that we do not observe them literally anymore because they are out of context in place, culture and time. Thus, I say it is with the one about clothing. But there is more to be said here too. Homosexuality was a well known phenomenon in biblical times as it is today and also as they do today some homosexual persons affect feminine ways and clothing the easier to attract other males. Nor was the homosexuality of those days any more limited to men that it is today. Thus the proscription against cross dressing was in effect a proscription against homosexuality. Undoubtedly there were TV's in those times, but then as until very recently they would have been lost and covered over by the mass of homosexual individuals and actions. It is certainly too much to credit the early Hebrews with the wisdom to make a distinction that had not become apparent to modern man until the beginning of this century (and then only to an enlightened few). It seems an unintelligent interpretation of the biblical passage to be concerned with the literal words written rather than with the practice being condemned. There is no doubt that homosexuality was recognized, condemned and prosecuted in those times. Even the name sodomy comes from the City of Sodom which along with Gomarrah was destroyed because "their sin is very grievous" (the bible does not specifically mention what the sin was but it is always presumed to be homosexuality).

There is another interesting observation to be made also, and that is that the proscription against women dressing in men's clothes comes first and it is therefore evidently more important. Since in biblical times



female homosexuality was of considerable less importance than that of the male it would seem out of place that the proscription of the female should have the place of prominence. It is more likely, it seems to me that the proscription referred to was not related to homosexuality at all. In most primitive tribes and among the Hebrews even down to today, the male is much more important than the female in almost all ways. Thus the attempt by a female to take on or adopt any of the privileges or prerequisites of masculinity might well be a considerable transgression in itself and one which would need to be set forth specifically along with all the rest of the laws promulgated in this section of Deuteronomy. A female masquerading as a man and entering where she should not be or adopting the rights and privileges of the male would certainly be something that needed proscription. Ringing the male in on the proscription when it is considered in this light probably was merely a way of keeping the score even--what she mustn't do he mustn't either--but more than that it would be debasing for the lordly male in that type of culture to lower himself to putting on female attire. Something like a Colonel in the Army taking off his officers bars, throwing away his "scrambled egg" hat and eating in the private' mess.

No, I think TVs need have no concern about this biblical injunction because it certainly wasn't aimed at TVs as we are thinking of them, it probably was not even aimed at homosexual cross dressing. It almost surely was simply aimed at keeping woman in her place and man in his--several cuts higher on the scale of things. On top of this, when you consider the quotation from St. Thomas' Gospel as given on the bottom of the inside front cover of TVia, and other biblical and metaphysical statements and conceptions, the idea of a blending of masculine and feminine characteristics in one more complete totality is vastly more important than the clothes an individual wears. The clothes only serve as symbols of this and as a means of psychically accomplishing this feat which in most cases is otherwise difficult or impossible.

Virginia

## Book Review

I CHANGED MY SEX, by Hedy Jo Star  
( formerly Carl Rollins Hammonds), 160 pp. Novel  
Books, Inc., Chicago, 1963; 75¢.

This paperback presents, in very readable style, the story of the first transexual operation to be carried out in the U.S.A. In June, 1962, at Memphis, Tenn. the barriers finally fell, and we have at last reached the degree of civilization found in Europe and North Africa.

Miss Star began life, about 31 years ago, as a baby so feminine that her grandmother promptly remarked she should have been a girl. Despite male organs, she developed into such a girlish boy as to have endless problems in school, etc. These she attempted to solve by running off with a carnival; after a short job as the " half man-half woman " her natural dancing ability led her into strip-tease. A very successful period promoted this into show ownership, and enough money to start working towards the operation. The first steps with hormones and a plastic insert breast operation were easy; then came years of heart-breaking disappointments as one doctor after another first agreed and then refused to operate. One fiance gave up, but the second man in her life waited patiently. They were married last year, and as of publication the marriage was a success.

All this is told (and profusely illustrated) in straight-forward but charming style. While not perhaps up to literary excellence of Roberta Cowell, this is a very worthy addition to the TS literature, and will be enjoyed even by those TV's (including your reviewer) who wouldn't want the operation, even as a gift.

Sheila, 30-B-2 FPE



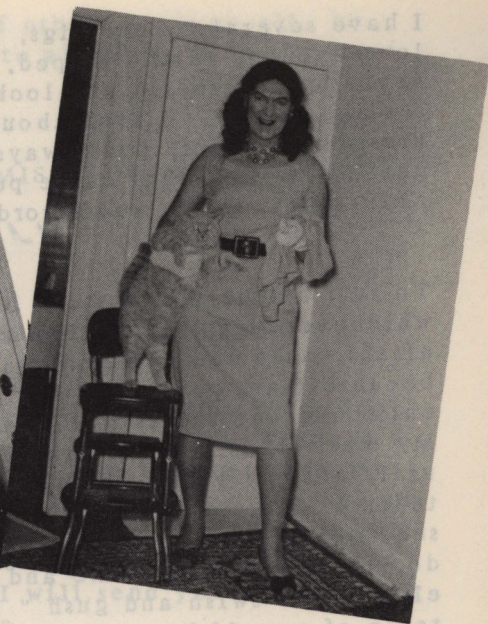
That one single act of hers turned out to be a blessing to me. Doors opened up that had been closed before. Invitations to lovely homes and parties were now freely extended. And when I pressed for a reason why this was happening, a couple of very close friends simply stated the truth-- "while you were married, and your wife was around, she continually put a damper on everything that was fun for others." People wouldn't invite me because, in my loyalty I would always try and take her along, being too close to the situation to realize that she wasn't wanted.

I am very active in the Arts and Music, and constantly, attending Concerts, Exhibitions, meetings and the like. The demands on my time are many and varied, both professionally and socially. I am rated one of the best engineers in my field. I still maintain my lovely home, all eight rooms in spotless condition inside and out, spend much time in the garden and have gorgeous flowers, shrubs, and even tomato plants, which were forbidden when my wife was here. I go to Bible Class every Sunday, visit my neighborhood, help with Community projects, and have friends in frequently for luncheon or dinner which usually I prepare in appropriate dress, shoes, and accessories. Those friends I know well can visit at will, provided they do phone first to be sure I am home ( and dressed for the occasion.) I make no bones about the fact I love to wear dresses, and act and dress like a mature, well-adjusted woman who loves her home, and uses every facility at her command for social and personal enjoyment and comfort. I don't force my dressing on the neighbors--usually waiting for dark if I am dressing at home, to go out for the evening. If the occasion calls for an afternoon event, I take my things out of the house in a suitcase and dress bag, and change at the friends home. There is one thing, though---I always come home in the dress I happen to be wearing when the party breaks up. My neighbors are all asleep at 11:00 p.m., and I quietly unload my car and retire, in my baby-dolls or nightie, so as not to be a nuisance. I am sure that sometime, when a neighbor has been up on a night call when I was coming home, they must have wondered about the fashionably dressed lady get-

ting out of my car, going into my house, and not coming out, in the wee small hours of the morning. Somehow this fails to bother me.

In my frequent night walks for eight or ten blocks, I smile at late dog-walkers, but mind my own business and they mind theirs. From time to time, I show my better color photographs to friends, I feel are trustworthy, and tell them how much fun I get out of "dressing up" as they put it. Usually I suggest that they try it sometime--of course with their wife's help!!! I attach no stigma or "perverted" label to my actions. When dressed as a man, I look, think and act like one. Business comes first, and my associates and customers respect my talents and business accumen. I am equally straightforward about being a girl,--never mix the two, such as wearing a padded bra under a man's business suit. I spend at least one third to half of each day dressed in my lovely things, working around the house, receiving company, taking telephone calls on business, handling my daily correspondence, etc. MISTY is a very talented girl and does her work well, to the delight of her "big brother," who goes out and makes the money, and lets her spend it for the usual household things, with an occasional new dress or jewelry thrown in to brighten her life. But the two of us seem to work in harmony and reasonable contentment. It's just a grand way to live, believe me!!!! I have the best of two worlds, and enjoy each to the fullest. Through a self-planned weight control program, started two years ago, I have dropped twenty-six pounds. My general health has improved immensely. My eyesight has cleared, so I no longer use glasses for reading, the bursitis, I used to have in my shoulders has gone completely, my skin has become smother and softer. My well-proportioned body is just six feet, weight 176 pounds, bust 42 ( 38 C bra,) waist 28-1/2" without waist-nipper ( used to be 37!!) Hips 41". I take size 14,16, or 18 dress, depending on the style and material etc., and require few alteration, except to improve the fit. My shoes, 9-1/2 to 10 medium, and walk better in my high heels than many ladies who have worn them all their lives.





MORE OF MISTY



I have several lovely wigs, but my own hair is quite long enough, (altho shaped, always at a beauty shop-never by a barber,) and looks lovely and natural when set and teased. I look about 10 years younger when dressed as a girl, but always avoid flashy attention-getting clothes that cause people to stare or look twice. Naturalness is the watchword for me.

To sum up the whole story let me say I enjoy fully whichever life I am living at the time. I am neither afraid, ashamed, or embarrassed when dressed as a girl, because I am confident that my appearance is as authentic and natural as any other girl in my age bracket. My mannerisms, while studied, are dignified and natural, and my voice while being pitched slightly higher, takes on a much softer and slower delivery. As you will see from my photographs, I like to smile and usually do, as it is a part of me and my make-up. I definitely don't "swish and gush" around and make a spectacle of myself in public. I have hundreds of friends in all walks of life, from the highest to the very bottom, and am equally welcome anywhere. My life is carefree to the extent that I am happy most of the time with my full life on both sides of the fence. I was born during the middle of June which makes me a GEMINI (the Twins) which may account for my two personalities in one body.

I am proud and happy to be part of the wonderful work being done by Virginia and F.P.E., and look forward to helping start a Chapter in my part of the country. I dearly love "real girls" especially when they really work at it, because there's nothing more wonderful than to be a natural, charming woman, who loves every moment of her life and lives it "to the hilt."

So this is my story. If I have written something in it that will help you to blossom forth in our wonderful "other world," then I shall be very happy. Plan your life, regulate it in Moderation, live it to the fullest possible, and in every way strive to be kind, sympat-



hetic and understanding of others. Above all, be  
" natural." Much love to all of my sisters every-  
where.

MISTY DEAN ( 20-G-1 FPE )

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\*\*\*IMPORTANT ITEMS---PLEASE READ\*\*\*

VIRGINIA IN NEW YORK: I will be in New York for  
several days around the end of this month. Perhaps  
some of you in that area would like to meet with me  
some evening in a hotel room or wherever it can be arr-  
anged. I can't plan the actual day and place this early  
but, if enough of you would want such a meeting and  
will write and tell me so, I will send you a letter later  
telling you when and where.

\*\*\*\*\*

CARTOON BOOK: The cartoons used in Tvia and the  
Femme Mirror have brought favorable comment. It  
occurs to me that a book of TV Cartoons might be of  
interest. It would be printed like the Mirror and Clip-  
sheet, but with 5 sheets ( 20 pages ) and would cost  
\$ 2.00. If there is enough interest shown, I'll print it.  
PLEASE VOICE YOUR OPINION ON THIS.

\*\*\*\*\*

WIG WISDOM: This item did not elicit enough inter-  
est to make it worthwhile to write up and print. There-  
fore it is deleted from the price list. Credit has been  
extended to those who did order it.

\*\*\*\*\*

FASHIONOTES: It has been suggested by several girls  
that TVia would be improved by including some fash-  
ion information. I agree, but I have not the time nor  
ability to write them. If some of you have some know-  
lege and interest in this field please put it to work  
and help make the magazine more interesting to all.

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## "SUSANNA SAYS..."

To leave the locked-room stage and to meet other TV's is more than just another chapter in the biography of a human being. It is a tremendous leap, an event that marks a new outlook in one's concept of TVism and of our very own personality.

Most of us start our TV life convinced that we are all alone, that we are in some respects a unique form of humanity, that whatever this "thing" is, which endlessly gnaws somewhere in our body and mind no matter how much pleasure it suggests, must perforce be something dirty, twisted and perverted. Most of those TV's to whom TVism is ugly, distorted and undesirable change their viewpoint after they meet others like themselves. A few remain, however, who vociferously condemn the very thing that makes them what they are. They tell other TV's they should not dress, they should fight this "aberration" and they should hang their heads in shame for sheltering within their hearts a festering cancer such as this. They are the self-appointed champions of guilt. If they were religious fanatics they would definitely join the order of the flagellants and wear the cat-of-nine-tails around their necks, instead of a pearl necklace. They claim to despise the very thing they love and can only see a shameful and dark future for those who have the courage to gladly accept themselves as they are and resolve to enjoy life as TV's. They are permanently afraid of themselves and almost make a fetish of their pessimism. If you gave them a garden to tend, they would surely buy a can of black paint and cover every flower with it.

But going back to those who do change after they meet others like themselves, the biggest change lies in the fact that for the first time the "girl-within" is called upon to be seen and two considerations emerge as the most important: personality behaviour and its impact upon others. Why are they important? I will describe here a few scenes taken from real life with witnesses to vouch for their veracity. The incidents



carry their own lesson.

CASE # 1. It has been my practice to spend a couple of hours with every " new " TV before she is introduced to my friends. I must make sure that we are dealing with a nice person. But in this particular case Marie and I got our signals crossed and our " new " friend was invited to spend a week-end at our recently acquired country house BEFORE I had a chance even to meet her. On that particular week-end we also had the company of two GG's, people that had been only recently exposed to the world of TV's. They had met Susanna and one other friend and I had taken pains to make them feel that TV company was pleasant and harmless. I had underscored our overwhelming love of beauty, our fondness for things delicate, our appreciation and admiration towards things " feminine," and up to that point the reaction of those two GG's was quite satisfying, so much so that one of them had invited her brother and his wife to spend the next day ( Sunday ) with us.

About midday Saturday our " new " TV guest arrived. We shook hands and I asked for her name. ( Let us call her Pamela now, to preserve her anonymity.) A glance at her outer aspect before the change revealed a fairly nice looking man, not too tall and a bit on the plump side. Quite a dark area where the beard grows, but nothing that could not be properly covered with make up. I asked her if she had been dressing for some time and her answer was yes. So, assuming that things would be alright I proceeded to fix myself up for dinner. We are all at the table except Pamela who has not come down yet. Suddenly, we hear steps approaching the dining room. We all turn to look at the door and there she is. Picture someone who should be wearing a size 20 dress and has managed by some miracle of acrobatics to squeeze herself into a size 15. Add now the total absence of corset or waist cincher. All you can see are tortured ripples of flesh desperately searching for an exit. The hem of the skirt has given up trying to reach the knees and decided to settle somewhere between the hip and a point midway to the knee.

The neckline seems to be of a semicircular cut, but this is only a guess, because the entire neckline is buried under an odd type of black fur which, after a second glance, turns out to be a writhing mass of long, black, curly hair. After your eyes have fallen back into their sockets you look again, mesmerized, as if in a hypnotic trance. The fur piece does not stop at the neck line, it has oozed over the shoulders and down the arms all the way to the fingertips. Desperately we look for some touch of harmony and we find it. The legs are imprisoned in nylons which mercilessly hold down a patch of black jungle. Everybody has stopped eating and a heavy silence hovers over the scene. The apparition approaches. We make a feeble attempt at nonchalance but out of the corner of my eyes I see that one of the GG's has turned char- treuse. Recklessly, I start a series of pointless re- marks about the weather, but to no avail. Even Marie who has seen more TV's in her lifetime than I can ever hope to meet, has lost her usual aplomb and is sitting across the table gripped by paralysis.

Pamela sits down. The hem of her dress grace- fully slides up another three inches, but it is bliss- fully hidden under the table..... Slowly a semblance of normality returns to the scene as we all make at- tempts at diplomatic pretense, which is highly diffi- cult. A few minutes teeter by and suddenly Pamela pushes her chair a few inches away from the table and decides to cross her legs...one knee is trying to come over the other...she is about to make it....oops.... it doesn't quite reach...another effort and there! One knee is now resting triumphantly over the other five inches above the level of the table....Marie, who is sitting directly across the table, gasps and suddenly remembers she has forgotten something on the stove. The two GG's have definitely lost their appetite and are nervously toying with a fork over food that is no longer tasty. Then a hairy hand slides over the trium- phant knee and begins to caress it with slow strokes... that does it. The meal is suddenly over. That night both GG's begged Marie to please put locks on their bedrooms. Our friend took off early next morning.



Now what's wrong with this picture? We all have some friends who, for some reason or another, usually wife or office, do not shave their bodies, BUT they are aware of the incongruity. Their own eyes can see that a jungle of hair, makes a frankly UGLY picture on any TV. So, they buy a dress ( the right size of course ) with long sleeves and high neck and sheath their legs with any of a variety of stockings (elastic, business sheer, etc....) which hide the ugliness. It seems to me that this is basic for two reasons: first I cannot conceive a TV without a certain esthetic sense. ...the feminine image must provide some beauty and pleasure to the TV himself, otherwise the entire effort makes no sense. Second, ( and this is perhaps even more important ) we make a good impression on others This is part of our search for friends and tolerance. I do not mean that the image must be gorgeous...very few TV's are physically endowed that way ( the Lucky devils!!) But, what makes a TV pleasant company for others AND ESPECIALLY FOR NON-TV'S is his honest exposure of that femininity he carries within his heart ....and femininity is sweet, serene, quiet, lady-like. We cannot make a mockery of that femininity, we must not be a vicious cartoon--grotesque, monstrous. This will surely scare people, as it scared the two GG's of my story. It was a nightmare not only from an esthetic viewpoint but from the standpoint of manners.

Such TV's belong behind locked doors and should stay there until they learn to behave like civilized people. But let us go on with more cases.

CASE # 2. A TV is invited to a home to meet new friends. There are some non TV's present. We have been " working " on the latter to obtain their acceptance. We have been trying to prove to them that TV's are a nice bunch of people...we seem to be succeeding...they have met a few TV's and up to now their reaction has been positive. They think we are well behaved...they see that we are not a bunch of sex maniacs...that we are harmless and very happy human beings when we can be ourselves....So our new TV friend shows up...appearance not bad....seems to be charming and during the first few minutes a very

pleasant atmosphere seems to be developing,.....suddenly our TV friend gets up and addressing one of the GG's present says, " Do you think my legs are allright?" and proceeds to lift his skirts way up...She gives a little gasp and tries a polite response,...but our TV friend is not satisfied. He must show his legs no matter what...he keeps pulling his skirt up every five minutes,...and towards the end of the evening he has managed to step, out of his skirt entirely to show his petticoat and lingerie to those present. Nice?

CASE # 3. Again it's a social event with non-TV's present....the new TV has made a fairly pleasant impression until he gets up from his seat and without asking permission from the hostess, proceeds to go to the kitchen, searches for a bottle of liquor, grabs it and takes it back to his seat, and starts pouring glass after glass. Just plain bad manners--unbecoming in any quest, but absolutely unforgivable in a TV....

CASE # 4. A home opens its doors in hospitality to a new TV and he is told to " make himself at home..." What hostess does not realize is that "home" to this quest is some sort of a pig pen whose inhabitants have never heard the word consideration. The TV uses the phone indiscriminately and ties up the line for two solid hours without regard for the needs of the household. He will help himself from bottle and refrigerator without once thinking that it might be a nice gesture to bring a little something besides his marvellous self. He will try on any garment or hairpiece within his reach without asking for permission. The bathroom is left in shambles, powder spilled, Klenex, used and left laying around, towels covered with make up, and he wonders why no second invitation!

CASE # 5. After much effort and months of indoctrination a TV wife has begun to accept her husband's TVism as something not unpleasant and rather harmless. She has even consented to meet other TV's and their wives. the TV husband is hoping that after she meets a few TV friends she will be even more amenable to his dressing at home. The rest of the group is aware of the importance that this first impression will have



in the future attitude of the TV's wife. It will mean happiness or unhappiness for the TV husband. And what happens if any of the types discussed should appear? All the poor husbands hopes and patient explanations go down the drain. Or there'll be a case#6 as below.

CASE # 6. Who'll deliberately make a point of telling the wife that TV is crazy behaviour and that she should put a stop to her husband's "perverted desires." You think I am dreaming all this? No indeed!! I have seen it happen. I have known TV's whose entire effort is spent on trying to prove to the GG's present at a social gathering that they are truly "he--men," they proceed to act in a supermasculine way. There is a desperation in those TV's... a horrible fear of admitting their femininity....and they are caught by the by the obsession to deny it, they want to make others believe that it is just a lark, a joke. They are actually apologizing to the non-TV's present for having fallen into this " disgusting behaviour." How much of a hypocrit can a TV be?

Up to this point I have written only about unpleasant traits. Let me underscore here that these are all exceptions to the rule. As the two psychologists who spent two entire days with more than 70 TV's, last Halloween can testify, good behaviour is the rule, not the exception. If it were not so, we would indeed be insane in continuing to meet new TV's and cultivating the friendship of many others. I wished however to bring up these exceptions because of the old proverb about " one rotten apple spoils the whole basket," or " tell me who you associate with and I'll tell you what you are." We all know how precarious our position is in our present society, how eager public opinion is to condemn Tvism or anything that is unconventional.

So knowing this, one does not have to be a mental giant to see how important it is for each one of us to show ourselves in the most savorable and pleasant light to others. That is why even a handful of bad examples such as those I have just described will hurt all of us whenever we attempt to have non-TV understanding and acceptance. Whenever we decide to leave the locked-room stage we must realize that we are taking

a big responsibility on our shoulders ( even if we wear a strapless evening gown.) We are all timid at first in our search for sister souls. When we finally meet them, we feel happy, relaxed, contented, and sometimes we gain enough courage and self-assurance to wish to meet non-TV's. This is the biggest responsibility of all. Other TV's will be tolerant of our weaknesses as human beings. They can easily understand and see our awkwardness. They know what loneliness and frustration can do to the human spirit and they will be super--tolerant of our mistakes.

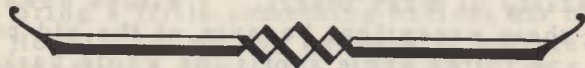
But, non-TV's are not in the same category. We have to " baby " them into accepting us and understanding what we have gone through. We want to show them the feminine side of our personality and convince them that this side is real, is true, is a sincere form of expression. Any action, gesture or step we take, away from the picture we want them to see, is going to make our task that much more difficult.

If we love femininity the way we say we do, then for heaven's sake let that femininity come through in its best light and not as something that we are ashamed of, as something that is hateful and undesirable.

This, to me, is to commit social suicide.....and exile all TV's back to their locked rooms.

Love,

Susanna



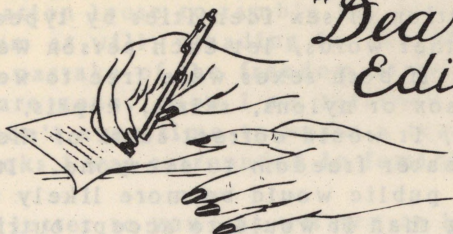
Ole King Cole was a merry old soul;  
We wondered what kept him so keen.  
Then, 'neath his robe we saw traces  
Of satin and laces.  
For the king loved to dress as the Queen!

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.  
I'd call that a fetish and I think you would, too.

by TECLA 38-M-2



## "Dear Editor"



Dear Editor:

When I became aware of my taste in clothing, I naturally sought explanation, and pursued several lines of inquiry before I discovered your organization. As the result of these, I have information from various groups, psycho-analytic, sociological, historical, etc. Freud had ideas which were useful, and, of course your group added substantially to the store of information.

Transvestism is attributed to a long list of causes, but there is a transcending concept threaded through them all, and to me this suggests something which may be of value to everyone. It is suggested that a nearly universal sex psycho-neurosis exists and is manifest in regular pre-occupation with sex identification of the individual. Certainly it is important that sex identification be known for purposes of love making and reproduction, but its importance is certainly much less in all other activities, yet by tradition the individual is clothed, almost from birth, in such a way that the sex of the person can be determined almost as far as he can be seen. Why? Does not this indicate a functionally abnormal pre-occupation with sex?

It is certainly more important that doctors be distinguished from non-doctors, yet this is generally done with a piece of paper or an insignificant pin, or both. The same can be said of Ph D's and others, yet the inability to tell at a glance is apparently of no concern: A pin or a Diploma will do as well.

The ability to tell sex by clothing worn serves to attract men to women, but this includes undesirable men at times, and in a few instances has been of injurious or even fatal results to women.

What I am attempting to do is lay the foundation for a separation of sex identities by types of clothing worn. In other words, let each person wear whatever he pleases. If both sexes were free to wear high or low heels, sox or nylons, skirts, capris, blouses or shirts, etc., it would correct some of the difficulties and give greater freedom to everyone. It seems to me that the public would be more likely to accept such a thing than it would to accept outright imitation of females by males, as there is always a dislike for deceit, no matter how altruistic. I am afraid that the concept of the superiority of the male is so deeply engrained on religious bases that the dual personality concept you are attempting to attain tolerance for will be very slow in coming.

Though I have gone to occasional Halloween parties dressed as a girl (and won prizes at them), I would dislike having to do it all the time. The clothing is pretty, but it is hard to take care of, too hot during the summer, and it takes too long to put it on and take it off. Make-up presents the same situation: Although it is capable of striking changes in one's appearance, continual practice appears mandatory, and it is time consuming.

Left to my own inclinations, I favor variety. Once in awhile I would go to full costume to either extreme, but most of the time comfort, convenience, and my feelings of the moment would govern. Perhaps a composite costume would prevail. During warm weather, perhaps shirt, bermudas, nylons and heels for lounging around.....R.F., Utah

Dear Virginia:

After a somewhat carefree summer indulging in my rather moderate feminine wardrobe, necessity and my circumstances force me behind locked doors again. And though our association has been a brief one, I cannot express what it means to me now that I have returned to my shell.

Living alone for several months in a large house,



dressing as I pleased when I pleased; turning a rather vivid imagination loose to ramble the fertile fields of transvestism at will; pleading for the female within me to partake of the freedom of solitude: these golden days are gone. Now I am returned to the one of whom I hadn't even time to waste a tear during the hours and weeks I was surrounded in femininity.

My first letter to you was written as I embarked on this great adventure not knowing what to expect. You helped me. You removed the shame; taught me to look for meaning in my desires. This I did and through you I begin to know what is in me. It is the beginning of a long, long road. Someday, I hope, we will meet at the end of that road.

One of the few transvestic joys of my present state is the study of the pages of my collection of "our" magazine. And this is why I write you. Some things of which you write disturb me. Please do not permit the petulance of rude individuals to enter into your consideration of the past, present or future of your work. After lengthy experience in the "cause," I am hopeful that you are aware that there are those who simply cannot be pleased!

Working in the world of entertainment, I am abundantly aware of this truth. But (and, this is most important) if what you are doing has the effect that I try to convey above on many, how can the petty complaints of a few selfish malcontents cause you so much obvious consternation?

When (and if) I discover things about which to complain, I will because I want this "cause" to advance, I want TVia to live. I want so very much to help and it seems to me one of the best ways to do that is to maintain a vigil on your morale, Virginia dear.

I am your friend. I am deeply in your debt. I am sure you know there are many, many more like me. Think of us when the unreasonable detractors get you down.

One of my proudest acquisitions in recent years has been the code identification which I sign below.

Your sincere friend,

Tecla 38-M-2

Dear Virginia:

I am writing you to tell you more about myself.

My first begining in TV started when I was 15. I saw my mother's pretty panties, and I just had to put them on. At age of 15 I was small and slight for my age, so they fitted just perfectly. From this moment on I continued to dress in my mothers clothes every chance I could get.

When I was 17 I went on my first femme-trip. I dressed up in skirt and sweater, nylon seamless stockings to cover thehair on my legs, (I couldn't shave them as I used to swim a lot) White bobby socks, white bucks, and a shorty coat. I combed my hair into bangs, it was long and wavy and put on a scarf. I had found in my mother's drawer, long brown hair she had saved from her youth, and pinned it under the bandana, so it would hang below and give the effect of long hair. I was a little nervous as I left the house. But, it was dark, which gave me a little more confidence.

As I stepped out into the cooling evening air I felt a breeze up my skirt that gave me a feeling I will never forget. From that moment on I was a true TV. I walked down to the local movie and went in. As I was leaving I looked at myself in the lobby mirror. When I looked up, a lady was standing next to me. I must have blushed a little, but she didn't seem to notice anything, and I knew I had femme-passed.

On another occasion, I even went out in a brief tennis outfit so short, you could almost see my panties. I just walked around the neighborhood, tennis racket and all. Some young man came driving by



that afternoon, and asked me if I would like a ride. I just shook my head and he drove on.

Since those days, I have become larger and older and I don't think I could femme-pass in public. I now do all my dressing in motel rooms, as I travel. I would love to meet and correspond with other FP's in the San Francisco Bay Area.

Earlene 5-G-15

Dear Virginia,

Please send me a copy of your pamphlet on the Phi Pi Epsilon Sorority. I have received Transvestia #12, and # 13, # 14 so far and have greatly enjoyed reading each one.

I have a TV for quite a few years; however I have always suffered a guilt complex. Your publications are helping me to understand why I am the way I am, and the guilt complex is fast disappearing.

I greatly admire what you have been doing and certainly hope you can keep up the wonderful work. I will be glad to help anyone I can. I will be retiring from the Air Force in another year or two and at that time, I will be in a better position to assist, but in the interim I will do what I can. Primarily what I mean by assisting is in reference to Sorority work. I would also like to contribute to Transvestia, however, I don't know just what you would be interested in from me. Maybe your readers would be interested in an article written by a TV who has been a devoted Air Force Career man for over 20 years. During most of this period, I have been an active T V. Actually the only problem I've had, has been the objections of my wife.

Incidentally, I recently sent her a pamphlet that you wrote and sent to me at my request. My wife's comment was that she had read it and hopes that we can work something out when I return from overseas. This is encouraging, because our marriage was close to being on the rocks just prior to my departure.

Thanks again for everything, I remain,

Doris Louise 32-G-6 FPE

Dear Virginia,

Before I say one more thing, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for offering me at least the beginning of reassurance in a hope I had almost lost--that a transvestite could be a transvestite and still be an intelligent and contributing member of society. I was really beginning to feel that I could be no more than a sort of disgusting parasite, whose mind, ideas, and ability to produce would be completely ignored because of one desire which needed very much to be fulfilled, but which society had chosen to judge "unacceptable." And when one has to stand alone against society, he finds himself beginning to suspect himself of all sorts of horrible things and feeling nothing but destructive guilt. But to find a group of individuals who have the same desires I have, and who are attempting to deal with them maturely, but honestly--now I have hope again.

I hope I am not sounding maudlin, but I am most sincerely grateful for your efforts, Virginia, and I do very much want to become a member of your Transvestia sorority. At this point I am very much behind.

Its hard to think even of being called by a feminine name--Diana is the name I should like to take. Lack of financial affluence, the time required to make contact with other TV's, etc, are going to push my goals farther away that I would like; but to know that my goals are now within reach, makes the waiting less painful. That in addition to the fact that I have been able to find some resolution while still quite young, twenty two, makes the anticipation almost healthy, when it could have been so tragic.

Sincerely,

Diana 51-m-1 FPE



## "VIRGIN VIEWS" -- by VIRGINIA

### PREACHING, TEACHING OR PLANTING SEEDS.

It has come to my attention that some of our readers have commented about my editorials that "Virginia is preaching again." Everyone is entitled to their own opinion and can call them as they see them." To those who choose to regard my observations as "preaching" there is but little I can do and, as a matter of fact, there is little I want to do, because I don't believe these people are very far along in their development.

These are the people who are looking for erotically stimulating stories and nothing else in TVia, and space that is "wasted" on an editorial is space that is not giving them their erotic moneys worth. I personally am sorry that anyone looks on what I have to say as "preaching", not that I think I have all the answers or that what I say is necessarily so, but because their interest have not risen much above the belt I'm not sorry for me, I'm sorry for them.

I have often said to various people, when explaining about TVism, that there are but few activities, the study of which, reveals more about human behavior than that of TV. This is because it has ramification in all kinds of areas. This is a fact that is not immediately apparent; neither to many TV nor to psychiatrists. To make this fact evident was one of my purposes in founding TVia and in continuing it. Probably nobody in history has had contact with more people, more material, more ideas, more everything having to do with this subject than I have. I don't say this to brag, I say it as a statement that because of this everyone should pay attention to what I say - far from it. I find myself in the position of the old poem "I used to think I knew I knew, but now I must confess, the more I know, I know I know, I know I know, I know the less".

Twenty five years ago I could have told you all about TVism, what caused it, and what it accomplished. Fifteen years ago I could have told you the same things,

but, I would have had different reasons. Ten years ago I could have told you everything about it, but with a third set of reasons. Today I can't tell you everything about it, because I have acquired enough knowledge and seen enough of this whole phenomena to realize how little we really know about it. But back to my editorials---

I see myself as having four functions as the Editor of Tvia. First, of course, is to find TVs, by advertising, by any means and helping to bring them out of their closets and letting them know that they are not alone.

Second, to provide entertainment and a means of communication and self expression through our publications. Thirdly, I feel that it is my obligation to pass along ideas, that help one to understand, accept and explain to others, and to live with what for all of us has been a difficult thing. Since so much material and ideas cross my desk anyway, I would be remiss, as I see it, not to pass these on to you. How else could I do it but by an editorial? Now, some may call these "preaching" if they think I am trying to hand down from above all the answers, which I most assuredly am not, since I don't claim to know them myself. Or they can be called "teaching," which is a little closer to the truth, insofar as circumstances and fortune have given me access to material, experience and expressions that have been denied to many others. Having experienced, expressed and learned, it is only reasonable to pass this on to someone else in the form of teaching.

There are teachers and teachers. Essentially the job of teaching merely means relating and explaining something one person knows to persons who do not know it. But the secondary aspect of teaching is not merely to provide facts for people, but to stimulate them with ideas--to plant seeds as it were for them to cultivate, develop and, hopefully, to harvest. If I expected all the people who read these editorials to believe them as they first see them, I would be a bigger fool than I think I am. But if I can set forth some idea of mine in such a fashion that causes, you to think, I will have done this part of my job. Even thinking in order to disagree is better than coldly accepting something,



someone else says. So I set forth various ideas that come to me. Elaborate upon them, work out a conclusion and then make this into an editorial with the hope for all, that there are sufficient among the readers who will read and then think to make it worth while.

Whether you think positively or negatively about what I say isn't important, but that you think at all, is. As I said, in the beginning I am sorry for those that regard these editorials as preaching since it is obvious that they are not going to be stimulated to cultivate ideas nor develop further ideas of their own. I am glad we do not have too many of these amongst us. For them there are numbers of pages of stories, articles and histories in TVia and I am hopeful that these please them, but the three or four pages of each issue that are used by Virgin Views column and occasionally by an article outside of this column together with a few pages given over to Susanna for her observations, will continue to be used for this seed planting operation for the benefit of those people who like to think, and who appreciate the stimulation of new ideas. Those who think will gradually develop self understanding, self acceptance and peace of mind, those who do not will continue in locked rooms, if not physically, then mentally. They will never really develop a femmeself as they will remain in the realm of erotic fetishism and guilty and secret expression of something which they will always feel ashamed of and guilty about.

While some are so conditioned to the fear, guilt and shame routine that they can't believe there is any other way to live with TVism (some even masochistically enjoy these feelings) a good many others have grown in understanding, acceptance and finally to true enjoyment of their femmeselves. This has occurred because of the presentation of new interpretations, new experiences and the development of a new awareness of and appreciation for the feminine role in like. I am pleased and happy in the realization that in the lives of many of those in whom this growth has taken place, my "preaching" teaching or seed planting, call it what you will, has played a part.

Virginia.



# EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

BY *Virginia*

I. CLIPSHEET AND TV TALES: Those of you who had ordered the Clipsheets before # 14 and at the old rate of \$ 1.00 each, or 6 for \$ 5.00, have recently received a notice indicating the amount necessary to readjust these up to the new price. It was rather difficult thing to explain on my little sheet and I don't think I was able to do so clearly enough. Many of you have sent back the indicated amounts, but few of you have apparently recognized that those amounts merely adjusted the Clipsheets to the right amounts. They did not pay for any TV-TALES. I hope that the first of the TV--TALES which was sent to all those subscribing for the Clipsheet in place of one issue of the latter was interesting enough to result in enough subscriptions to warrant its continuance. For those of you who have not previously subscribed. These are short stories about 16 pages, sell for \$1.50 singly or 4 for \$5.00 and will be published at irregular intervals about every three months so that at least 4 will appear each year.

II. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Every few days or so I receive a letter from someone asking about some aspect of the TVs problem. Many of you found TVia after it was pretty well established and did not therefore see many of the earlier editions. I think that about every problem of importance to the TV has been discussed in these pages in one issue or another. Since I do not have time to answer these inquiries with letters I suggest that more of you fill out your file of TVia with some of the back issues. Back about # 15 I prepared a leaflet entitled "What has Gone Before," which outlined the main contents in the first 15 issues.

My code number for this piece of literature is S-4. If you would like one sent with your next order just ask for S-4 and I'll put it in. Although each TVia bears a month and year date, actually none of them is particularly timely, that is, the stories, articles etc. Printed two years ago are just as interesting and useful today as they were then. Many of you have wished that TVia would appear monthly so you'd have more to read,



yet you do not fill in with the back issues. At the special back issue rate of 6 for the price of 5 (\$ 20.00) they are only \$ 3.33 apiece, so why not fill in the holes in your collection and make it complete?

III. SPECRETARIES AND LISTS: It is becoming increasingly apparent to me that in view that it is manifestly impossible to run a business that grows every day in size and complexity all by myself. I am going to require help. Everyone volunteers to help, but the kind I need can't be parceled out to volunteers. I need someone to do what Joyce did. Not just the Mirror, Maryann is handling that, but, someone to help in recording, packaging, mailing etc. To do this they must have access to the mailing list. Now I have always said that I kept access to the list limited to myself, my wife, and in their day to Barbara and to Joyce. I am therefore going to have to find someone that I can employ to assist in this. Naturally I'll try and find a reliable and understanding person. But she could not help unless the address cards were in her hands while she did the job.

Now the great majority of you use P.O. boxes, and many of you use pseudonyms, so the problem of security is really not as serious as it might seem. What I propose to do therefore is to set up two lists, an "O" list for open and a "C" list for Closed. Any of you who feel it is necessary for you to be on the "C" list must tell me to put you on this list. I will then handle the "C" list personally and let my hired girl handle the "O" cards. This will probably mean a slightly longer delay in getting things mailed since I will have to wait till I can do the job myself whereas the girl can do it several times during the week. However, it appears to be the only solution. I really don't think there are many of you who need to be on a "C" list because either you revealed your true names when you ordered in the first place thus showing that you were not too scared, or used a false name, in which case it doesn't make any difference anyway who sees it. Naturally Contact and FPE forms will continue to be handled by me personally. So if you feel you MUST be on the "C" list please let me know soon, otherwise I will assume that the "O" list is O.K. as far as your concerned.

III. PIRATES AGAIN: Once again it comes to my attention that there are alot of dishonest people in the world. Even though TVia is copyrighted, it does not stop, people from copying it and selling it. You can always recognize a pirated copy by muddy pictures, by the fact that it is magazine bound--that is, not a square back with the name and date vertically along the binding. All issues since # 11 have had square backs, and the name on the binding since # 17. Moreover, all the subscription information on the inside back cover is missing. If this copy has a blank inside cover it is a copy. You may order directly from CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS BOX 36091 LOS ANGELES # 6, CALIFORNIA. at \$ 4.00 per issue. I would appreciate the name and addresses of shops selling pirated editions of TVia from # 16 on. Thanks.

IV. ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Word has gotten to me that some of you are unhappy because you received no acknowledgement of material submitted for publication. Because of this I have printed up a little slip indicating that material has been received and whether it is suitable. It is so easy to sit back and pick on some little thing to say, "why doesn't Virginia do this or that." I'd like to be able to write letters, answer questions and do a hundred other things, but there are only 24 hours in the day. I have a regular job that takes about 9-10 of those hours and eating and sleeping have to be given alittle consideration as of the demands of my wife, son, and business-social engagements.

Each little thing is another 5 minutes, and do they ever add up. However, I don't want anyone to be unhappy so I will use these slips, but please understand, that I have no way of predicting when an acceptable item will be used.

While we are talking about material, I might just as well put in a plug for it. As I've said many times Transvestia, the Clipsheet, the Mirror, and separate stories are composed of material sent in by you the reader; I only arrange it and get it printed. So if each of you will take a little responsibility for providing interesting material all of these publications will be more interesting to everyone.



Remember, we are now offering payment at \$ 1.00 a page for material in Tvia or separate stories that are more than 10 pages long and which is not a case history, letter to the Editor or a Cover Girl story.

It is not alot but, it is something. With more material submitted it means there, is more to select from and the quality of the whole operation goes up. Particularly is this the case with the Femme Mirror. Maryann will do her best to organize and make an interesting paper for you, but since it is composed almost entirely of ideas, gossip, helps, suggestions, and comments from your letters it requires your participation.

Many of you don't subscribe to the Mirror. This is frankly a plug for you to do so. It is only worth the effort if enough people show an interest. Since this is the only publication that has existed that aims to provide a form and discussion place for Tv's on their favorite subject, it ought to be of interest to practically every reader of Tvia. In it you can participate on a personal level and talk to and about others even tho' you live in an isolated locality or "locked room." Try it. \$ 1.00 per issue, \$10.00 per year, published monthly about the 15th.



*Person To Person*  
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

5-L-11 Married FP, 28, Desires corres. especially with others in Calif. FPs, but will answer letters from anywhere. DONNA

32-D-4 TV, 27, Anxious to corres. and meet understanding woman & other TVs, N.Y.C. area. BARBARA

22-G-2 Married TV, 31, wishes corres. and meet others in Detroit area. Answer all letters. BETTY

38-B-5 Married TV, 38, Philadelphia area wishes corres. and possibly meet others. WENDY JEAN

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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 solicited 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.



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