

# TRANSVESTIA

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*No. 27, 1964*

# 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. It's purpose is to help it's readers to promote:

## UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

\*\*\*\*\*

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



Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

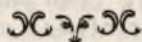
EDITOR

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ROMA IN WONDERLAND-- Cover Story	2
"JUNE" RECALLS--The Fiancees' Side	11
HAPPY BEGINNING--Fiction	16
WHO FOOLED WHOM--Fiction	36
SO THEY WERE MARRIED Con't. --Fiction	41
BOOK REVIEWS	54
POSTURES ON PARADE--Article	56
AN EXPERIENCE TO SHARE--True Story	59
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	62
A WAY OF LIFE--Article	70
FIELD TRIP REPORT--Article	74
SUSANNA SAYS--Column	76
VIRGIN VIEWS-- Column	78
DEFENSE FUND REPORT	86
EDITORIAL EMANATIONS	87
PERSON TO PERSON	90

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# Roma

In

## Wonderland

◆ I'm Roma, and I'm glad of it. Though let's be frank, I owe most of my ability to feel pleased with myself to somebody else "June". She took me in hand and patiently taught me to be as near as outraged nature would permit to what I'd always wanted to be. Perhaps even a little nearer. This roughly, is how it happened.

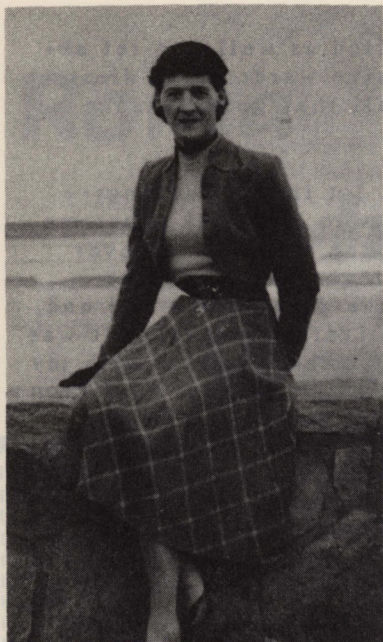
In 1957, after years of increasing FP activity, I left the family home and took an apartment of four rooms in a beautiful and fashionable building way over on the other side of the city. There I planned to live as much of my life in a feminine role as my business and conveniently limited social obligations would allow. I had an interior decorator in and said "furnish, equip and decorate this entirely bare apartment for my sister who is going to live here alone and who has a super-feminine, exotic sensuous nature. And that is precisely what the man did. You should have seen it--all it was short of was mirrored walls in the bathroom, a swans-down seat for the john and a built-in Afghan Hound. I loved it, but the few ordinary friends who visited me (and the janitor) thought it very strange. I explained that it was designed for my sister who would be joining me shortly--and to



so a month later Roma was installed as well and set about building up a new and extensive wardrobe of dresses furs, lingerie, shoes, wigs and all that goes to make a well established TV life.

I went out and about quite a lot in the evenings--sometimes to visit a good friend who knew all about me and more often to the theatre or the movies. I never got into any trouble except one night when I forgot where I had parked and had to take a cab home and had difficulty in getting rid of the driver on arrivall It was a great thrill to ride up or down in the elevator with my neighbors and to realize that there was neither suspicion nor recognition. Later I started to go out in the day time walking in the park, shopping in the big department stores or sipping brandy and sodas on the terrace of the sea front hotels. One night while seated at the pink tinted mirror in the very plush powder-room of one of these, two women came in and placed themselves on either side of me. To my horror they were the wives of two b usiness associates and close friends. I had dined at the house of one of them only a few days earlier! This, I thought, is the End. But, having glanced casually at me they got on with their repair jobs made one or two scandalously illuminating remarks concerning another woman I knew and tripped out to refoin their husbands in the restaurant. Saved again!

Shortly after this, I decided that a holiday would be a good idea and went on a thousand mile voyage down the coast in a passanger liner taking with me my De Soto sedan and a trunk containing a selection of femining and glamorous sports wear. During the first two days when no one knew who was who on the ship, I changed after dinner each evening and enjoyed the keep of the first class accommodations as a girl. After that, when the ship's officers and stewards had naturally got to know by sight the people who were traveling, I had to change my habits and used to slip through the barrier into the tourist-class part of the ship where I was able to do the same things in different company. Actually Had I been found out, it would'nt have been too bad because seeing that I was behaving most respectably, the worse that could happen would have been a severe reprimand



Upper Left: Roma in 1958

Upper Right " " "

Lower Left: Roma in 1959

All of these shots were taken before June took a hand in Roma's development. Left was the way Roma first introduced herself to June. She was a brunette then.



from the ship's captain.

Arriving at my destination- the car was unshipped and I proceeded home by road. Each morning I dressed in leisure wear for motoring and, having paid my bill the night before, slipped out the back entrance of the hotel before the staff were about, and away through the lovely countryside with the sun just coming up. In the late afternoon some few miles short of my day's objective, I would drive off the road into some secluded spot and there change back before proceeding into town to a hotel. Altogether a marvelous experience with no mid-adventures except when a large and predatory baboon emerged from the bush..When I was standing in bra and girdle only, and after scaring me silly snatched my one and only best shoes and disappeared back into the undergrowth.

After some months I became more than a little bored with my own company and decided that at all costs I must develop a small circle of acquaintances. As I knew absolutely no other FP's. I made up my mind to disclose my way of life to four old and reliable friends and their wives and to appeal for their sympathetic acceptance. I invited them all to call on me for a martini session one evening and dressed carefully for the occasion. I pinned on the front door a cheerful little note saying "Out for fifteen minutes" Martinis are mixed, please go inside and help yourself. I remained in my bedroom until they were all well into their second drinks and then made my entry saying "I know this will be a considerable surprise to you and I apologize, but will you please give me first a martini and secondly a fair hearing while I tell you what it's all about". They were literally speechless, but after I had briefly and simply put my case to them they could'nt have been nicer, particularly the wives. I must, in passing, say that since then my secret has been disclosed to a considerable number of others. And no one has ever been in any way offended or antagonistic. FPs would do well to realize that really nice people the world over, after learning about them, be just as nice as they themselves are able and prepared to merit. If you are a self-interested, unsociable, over-scented, charmless bore when dressed and in company of people, they will look down



their noses at you and avoid you--but it will not be your self-feminization they are protesting against.

Not very long after the end of 1958, I met a very lovely girl called June who was a fashion adviser. She ran a charm school and model agency in another town. As we proposed to marry I felt it was both wise and fair to disclose my hobby. One night I showed her a collection of photographs. After she had recovered from her initial surprise I told her all about it. A few weeks later early in 1959, she decided that she must meet Roma before deciding whether our relationship should continue on it's current basis. This due course, she did and she writes of her reactions and how she decided to accept the situation and to perfect it as far as possible by way of her charm school technique in her own article following this.

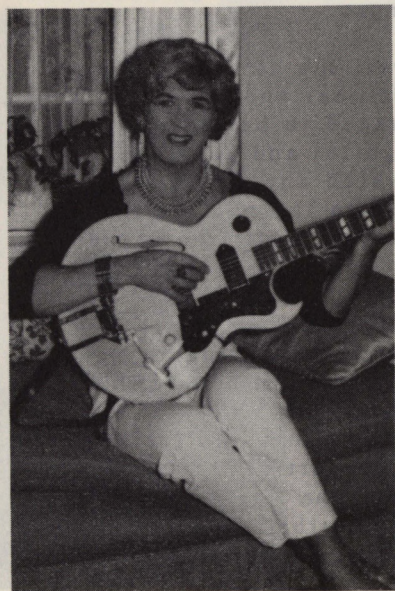
The charm course was really hard work, but worthwhile and it is a pity that all FPs cannot have the benefit of a similar experience. Working in the school afterwards was also most satisfying emotionally and as by this time we had moved away to another and much larger town where I was unknown. I suffered no embarrassment in my business life as a result of acting as June's assistant and gimmick. Of this period also she will tell herself.

Some of the changes in my appearance as the result of my training may not be apparent from the black and white pictures but, there are others that will, and I would like to mention one or two. First, after the first six months, June was quite sure my hair was the wrong color and said that it's blue-black shade gave me a hard rather masculine look. She also pointed out that it was sometimes too set and wig-like. Accordingly I was changed to a loose wider style and had ash blond streaks introduced. The latter she considered much of an improvement that she then made me completely ash blond which color I still maintain.

As far as dress was concerned, June decided firmly against tight waists. Full, fussy skirts and frills and flounces generally. She felt that such things were only suitable for young and pretty GGs and that a tall well-



Roma in 1959  
after June had  
entered the pic-  
ture.



Roma Today.



built woman should aim for elegance and dignity. Accordingly lots of my favorite dresses and blouses were thrown out and replaced by simple classic clothes with a good enduring fashion angle. This of course, is good business, as well as improved appearance, as one really good hundred dollars worth of the pretty-cheap things.

Similarly with shoes, she said, my heels were extravagantly high and would be worn only by "hoopies" She pointed out that the fashionable shoe for many years to some looked like having a narrow pointed toe and a stiletto heel of moderate height and made me buy a number of pairs of very good ones right away. How right she was in this as in many other recommendations.

Where foundation garments were concerned, she was equally ruthless. "Unless a girdle on a waistsnipper definitely corrects an important figure fault--don't wear it", was her judgement and I must admit that to wear thirty dollars worth of all that corsetry just to support your nylon hose doesn't make much sense any more than wearing a right waist-nipper under a shift dress does. And so, lots of my expensive, unnecessary lace and lastic glamorous pieces followed the frilly, fussy, follies into the limbo of forgotten things.

In one field of dress however; she did allow me unrestrained glamour--my slumber wear and boudoir clothes. I was allowed, and even encouraged to build up a collection of the most delicious nighties and negligees in a variety of lingerie colors and which any movie star would be glad to own. Initially I suppose it was a gross extravagance, but now six years later, I still have them all, it doesn't seem so terrible.

As the months and years slipped by my feminine personality also developed under June's guidance. All her suggestions I took. I took courses in needlework and dressmaking and also learned to play the guitar quite reasonably well. I had always been an enthusiastic cook and by the time I had mastered the art of flower arrangements and other domestic crafts, June was always ready to hand over to me complete responsibility for house-keeping in our pleasant and spacious apartment and I



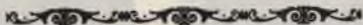


Roma.  
Ready  
for  
Parties  
at  
home  
or  
away....  
Hostess  
or  
Guest  
she  
likes  
either  
role.



feel that I had really come alive. This arrangement worked marvelously as I was ideally happy and contented while June was free of domestic ties and able to devote her thoughts to the semi-social side of her business life in which having an ordinary husband to consider would have been to say the least of it, a severe handicap.

Now we are in yet another part of the country and live in a rural circumstance in a large house among magnificent scenery. I have my own apartment on the top floor consisting of what June calls the play girl's pad, plus a dressing room with rails for all my gowns and the sort of makeup table even Liz Taylor would'nt mind using. We call the apartment Ma Folie (My Extravagance) and I guess that name just about wraps the whole affair up.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Never before have we had the pleasure of a fiance's or wife's viewpoint about the matter presented simultaneously with the story of the Cover Girl herself. In this interesting case such an additional contribution is made on the following few pages by "June" who gives her own side of the matter. We especially thank her for this contribution which we regard as unique, both from the fact of it's simultaneous appearance with the Cover Girl's story and for it's contents as well. Surely, "June's" acceptance of Roma and working with her as she did is wonderful. Whereas, the circumstances were unusual too, in that "June" owned a charm school, she herself must be a wonderfully understanding person and our hats are off to her. It's too bad that more wives who, though they might be unable to do as much for their "girls" could not at least show some of the same perceptiveness displayed by "June".

It will interest all readers I am sure to know that Roma, though not the first Cover Girl from outside the U.S. (Joan in #8 from Australia captured that honor) is the first one from the continent of Africa. She lives in the Union of So. Africa. This shows again that our sisterhood extends to all parts of this earth.





Today's  
Girl  
is a  
Glamour  
Puss.....



Who  
likes  
white  
fur  
I  
think...





by "June"

# June

## Recalls

---

◆ When I first looked up from my fashion magazine and saw Roma standing in the doorway of the living room, my first impression was one of utter bewilderment and shock. It is not easy to take in one's stride the face that one's fiancé has suddenly been transformed into a most passable presentation of an expensively dressed woman--even down to an ermine stole. Not even if you have previously seen masses of pictures and have been invited round to meet his "other half" so that you can decide whether or not to abandon the engagement.

I was literally speechless for a minute or so and then my judgement and my critical faculties came to the surface and went to work. I had always dismissed men who dressed as women as essentially homosexuals. This wasn't one as I already had plenty of good reason to know! And yet, he had a natural feminine aura about him. Roma seated herself crossed her legs (a little too obviously) and lit a cigarette. We talked a while and while doing so, I studied her with the critical eyes with which I study my charm school students. She was dressed expensively and quite well but lacked style and chic. Her makeup was very complete but a little over-done particularly her cheeks and she obviously knew little about the correct relationship between foundation and powder shades. I wouldn't personally have worn those black velvet gloves--not with those suede shoes. Her height and size demanded a large, very large, handbag and not that silly little cocktail nonsense she seemed so proud of. Also her gestures and mannerisms were fussy and exaggeratedly feminine.

Suddenly I realized two very important things. First

I knew I couldn't banish this person from my life--she was too long established with herself. Secondly, I wanted to use all my training and art to improve and perfect her impersonation so that she would--if she must exist--come up to my standards and be a credit to my work as a fashion adviser and makeup expert. That way, I felt, I could perhaps justify to myself a situation that previously I would have found quite unacceptable.

We went to work the following morning and I insisted that she take the whole course I give my girls, even down to gymnasium work early in the day in black leotard and tights. Then the usual mannequin training in walking, turning, descending steps, how to remove a coat or stole in order to display for the audience both that garment and the dress underneath. Putting on and taking off gloves and the whole routine of fashion salon work. We walked miles window shopping while I taught her what good fashion was and how to recognize it. Browsed through countless French and German glossy magazines and spent hours just sitting in so-called smart places watching the female scene and picking out the women who were really chic from the great mass who merely thought they were. Roma loved all this and tried hard and patiently. For our theory work we went diligently through social etiquette, wardrobe planning, and health maintenance. When a school course in elementary hairdressing and wig care (at which) she rapidly became proficient, manicure and of course, ordinary and illusion make-up on which she had a practice session everyday. Finally in order that she could learn and appreciate all facets of a woman's life, I made her suffer my lectures on feminine hygiene!

After three months, I stopped and took an inventory of achievement and I must confess that the improvement in Roma was quite spectacular. A fact which was roundly confirmed when I arranged for her to be hostess as a little cocktail party attended by all her special confidential friends. None of whom had seen her since I took her in my charge.

It seemed a waste that having herself been groomed she should not assist me in my work at the charm school and so I took her in on this firstly, for receptionist and clerical duties and later as my stooge for demonstrations

to a class. Specially successful for new students lacking in confidence was to introduce my 'finance' to them at this first lesson and then at the second lesson to introduce Roma. The angle being that if an ordinary male could be made by clothes, makeup and department store know how into an elegant, graceful well groomed woman, how much more could they as females suspect to achieve if they really worked at it. She was also very useful to one being able (though knowing both ways) to enter a room and sit in a chair, come down stairs and walk all the wrong ways so that I could point out all the errors to the class.

The following vacation we went to stay at a smart holiday hotel and the first night I took my seat for dinner in the crowded restaurant and awaited with some trepidation the arrival of Roma. My idea was to see how she would cope with the attentions of the Maitre D'hotel and the critical eyes of the patrons. I needn't have worried the Duchess of Windsor could've done it with greater poise and as the maitre'd took her ermine stole and draped it over the back of her chair and she calmly chatted to me while removing her white evening gloves, I realized that for both of us it had been very worthwhile.

Many people, having been able to see for themselves how proper training from a charm school has made Roma into a pleasant, well-mannered, elegant woman have suggested that I should offer such instructions and guidance more widely and in particular design a postal course for would be girls out of town and overseas. I wonder if readers of TRANSVESTIA think there is anything in that idea. If so I would certainly see what could be arranged.

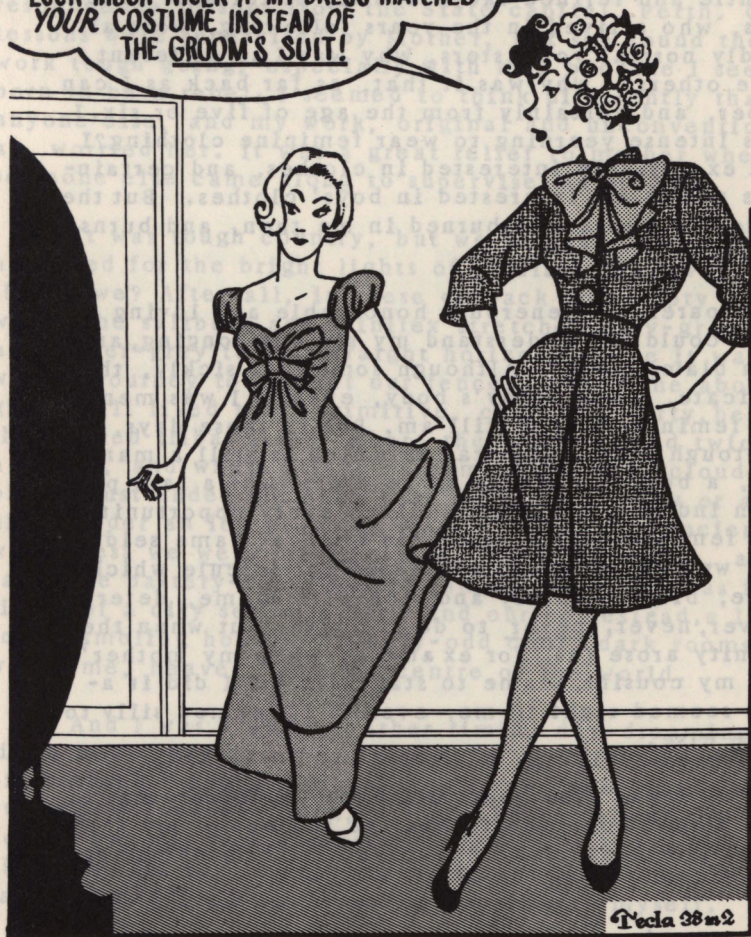
\*\*\*\*\*" June \*\*\*\*\*

ED'S NOTE: There are lots of books on charm and grooming in the library, but they are all written for GGs. June, being aware of the FP's problem could write a course which would cover these areas where the FP needs particular guidance. This would require a lot of work on her part and would have to be paid for. If you would be interested and willing to pay (price of course unknown) let me know--on a separate card, please, not in a letter. I'll pass it on.



# THE 'SISTERS'

YES, I KNOW IT'S *YOUR* WEDDING, SISTER DEAR!  
BUT EVEN THOUGH I AM "BEST MAN"- IT WOULD  
LOOK MUCH NICER IF MY DRESS MATCHED  
*YOUR* COSTUME INSTEAD OF  
THE GROOM'S SUIT!



Tecla 38m2

by Virginia Joy (FE-M-1)

## The Happy Beginning

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◆ I was born on a sheep-station in the Australian outback. My father was a strong, kind man, my mother a gentle and refined lady, and my sister and three brothers, who arrived in the years following, were all splendidly normal youngsters. Why was I so different from the others? Why was it that, as far back as I can remember, and certainly from the age of five or six, I had this intense yearning to wear feminine clothing? I was not excessively interested in clothes, and certainly I was not at all interested in boys' clothes. But the desire to dress as a girl burned in me then, and burns in me still.

My parents - generous, honourable and loving people - could not understand my strange longing, and who can blame them? Although somewhat sickly, thin and delicate, I had a boy's body, even if I was mentally very feminine - as I still am. But in those days, and in that tough part of Australia, which is still a man's country, a boy who wanted to be a girl was a rare phenomenon indeed. Although I seized every opportunity to wear feminine clothing, these chances came seldom, and if I was caught I was subjected to ridicule which made me, blushing hotly and sick with shame, determined never, never, never to do it again. But when the opportunity arose (as, for example, when my mother's nieces, my cousins, came to stay with us) I did it again; it seemed right to me, even if it seemed silly to everyone else.

Until I was nine years old I strove desperately to act like a real boy, and to win the respect of my father and of the many men who worked for him on the station.

The station itself (it would be called a ranch in America) was on the fringe of the desert. It was a huge property, scores - perhaps hundreds - of thousands



of acres; it had to be big because that dry land could carry only fifty or sixty sheep to the square mile. Our nearest neighbours were forty miles away, and the nearest townships were both desolate-looking gold-mining settlements: Mulligan's Find a hundred miles north of us, and Barribarri, ninety miles south.

It was a vast and lonely land, and of course we children did not go to school, but were taught by correspondence lessons from the State capital, Perth. Our lessons were supervised by Mother, but she found the work tough going, especially with me, because I seemed born to be a rebel: I seemed to think differently than anyone else, and my work, original and unconventional, worried her. It was a great relief to mother when someone else came along to supervise my studies.

It was tough country, but we had fun, and never hungered for the bright lights of civilization. Why should we? After all, in these outback and empty areas where the saltbush and spinifex stretched grey-green and silver-grey to the straight horizon, where it was a week's journey to inspect our fences, where the aborigines still lived their primitive, cheerful, dirty, healthy, naked tribal lives, where the mail arrived twice a month, and where strangers came driving in clouds of red dust under the huge blue glare of the sky or at night under an icy blaze of stars - in all this ancient wilderness we were civilization. The oil lamps, and later the battery-fed electric lamps, were to us as the lights of a city set on a hill; and our homestead, a long, low, rambling house of twenty-odd cool, dark rooms, was home, heaven, and the centre of the world.

And I was a quiet, rather timid, day-dreaming little boy, very quick at lessons, a voracious reader of anything I could find, a good friend and helper of our gentle Japanese cook, a ready helper about the house, but not very effective, even for a little boy, about the station. I kept trying to act like a manly lad, but deceived no one except, perhaps, myself.

Then Aunt Jemima came to stay with us. She was my father's only sister, and had been born on the station, but for some reason we children had heard very

little of her. Cousins had told us that she had married beneath her and had somehow sunk in the world, but details were lacking. We had a vague idea that something disgraceful had happened to Aunt Jemima. When we met her we were surprised.

She was a tall, handsome woman with gay, warm eyes and a voice which, when she raised it, could be heard a quarter of a mile away on those hot plains. She carried herself like a princess, and was treated like one by almost everybody, because that's the kind of person she was. She was afraid of nothing, regretted nothing, complained of nothing, and was always alert to help anyone or anything in trouble. She could ride like a jackeroo, cook like a French chef, sing like a contralto angel, swim, play tennis and cricket, shear a sheep or sew a petticoat, with equal ease and enjoyment. She was the most accomplished person I have ever met, and the most vital. Her dark eyes missed nothing and felt for everything: they could dance, flare, flash or melt with a sudden and wonderful tenderness. I gave her my love and admiration on the day she arrived, and she still has them. In return, she gave me the key to undreamed-of happiness.

Aunt Jemima had just become a widow, but she allowed no trace of this tragedy to appear: it would have made other people sad.

With her she had brought her only child, a quiet, shy, gentle and very gifted lad of my own age, called Pat. And, as she had been touring the great cities of the world for years, she had superb presents for each of us - for each of us, it seemed, except me. Before she had been in the house an hour she had unpacked enough of her baggage to give my father an original Cotman watercolour, my mother a beautiful antique silver hand mirror, my sister a golden bracelet set with emeralds, and my brothers some ingenious toys and sporting gear. Then she turned and looked at me with those superb eyes of hers. I looked back. Although she had taken no more parcels from her luggage, I could not believe that so wonderful a person would have forgotten me - even though I was a bit of an oddity. And, in any case, how could she know about my



secret yearning?" She said "You don't believe I've forgotten you, do you?"

"No, Auntie" - and I was quite sure of it - "you wouldn't do that."

She gazed at me earnestly. "No, I wouldn't do that. Thank you." She smiled suddenly. "Come. Come and see what I've brought for you." Taking both Pat and me by the hand, she led us to her room. When we were inside it she closed the door, turned to me, and stated quietly: "Robin, I've brought you Pat. Is that enough?"

I was bitterly disappointed. After all, I thought, Pat was for all of us to play with, and probably more for the others than for me, because when he found out what a sissy I was he wouldn't want to play with me at all. But even as this thought curdled my joy I realized that Pat was watching me sadly. I have always hated to hurt anyone's feelings, and I couldn't bear to let him think that I was less than delighted to have him for a playmate. So I cried: "Of course it's enough, Aunt Jemima! It'll be wonderful!" And I forced myself to grin. I almost forced myself to believe what I was saying.

She smiled. Her calm eyes had missed nothing of the expressions which had swept over my small face. "It might be more wonderful than you think," she told me, adding: "But I brought you something else as well - all the way from London, Paris and New York."

My heart leaped strangely. Aunt Jemima indicated a large suitcase standing on the floor. "That's all for you. Would you like to open it?"

Perhaps it was telepathy, but an incredulous hope, a magical premonition, was flooding over me. I found myself trembling as I pressed back the catches and lifted the lid. Nothing was visible except tissue paper. I lifted that. And then I knew.

I knew that I had found a precious friend and ally. I flung my arms about her and, to my own as-

tonishment, burst into tears.

Aunt Jemima's strong, soft hand patted my tousled head. "Aren't you going to see what's underneath?"

So grateful, so overcome with the wonder of it, I could only gulp. In the corner of the room was a wash-basin, in which I carefully washed my hands and arms. When they were quite dry I approached the case as a lover approaches his beloved: it seemed to be full of lace, and silk, and nylon, and embroidery, of flounces and frills and sweet, feminine daintiness. Carefully, reverently, I lifted out onto an armchair: A girl's party frock in white nylon, with petty and panties to match; a pink silk dress, also with matching slip and panties; two warm woolen dresses for winter (one trimmed with fur) slips with bodices, slips without bodices; several pretty hats in hat-boxes; four pairs of pretty shoes or slippers; sundry pairs of socks; a jewel-case containing a bracelet, several necklaces and some brooches - and there were many other dainty, feminine things to delight the heart of a girl of my age. And every garment had my name embroidered on it. I heard myself gasping, over and over again: "Oh, Aunt Jemima! Oh, aren't they lovely!"

Aunt Jemima commanded: "Now, go and have a bath, and when you are cool and clean and dry come back here, and Pat will help you to dress."

A new thought struck me. I gulped: "Pat will laugh at me!" For answer she handed me a photo-album in which were photographs and newspaper cuttings of a pretty little girl dancing, strumming the guitar, or just playing in a charming, girlish way. For a moment I could not understand. Then I looked on the cover. "Pat Jones" it cried in letters of gold. "The World's Greatest Juvenile Female Impersonator!"

I glanced at Pat: he was gazing at me steadily. Was he wondering if I would laugh at him? But my face showed my admiration. Aunt Jemima kissed us both. "You need one another," she told us seriously, and went out softly. We could hear her smiling voice teasing my youngest brother as she sped down the



broad corridor. His delighted laughter followed hers.

I returned to the dainty heap of girl's clothing on the arm-chair. As I had seen my cousins do, I picked the dresses up one by one and held them before me as I stood in front of the mirror. "Golly!" I cried unbelievably, over and over again. "Golly," adding at length: "Pat, your mother must be one of the most wonderful, most understanding, most generous people in the whole world!"

"Of course she is. Everyone knows that. Now you'd better go and have that bath, and when you come back I'll help you dress. I'm quite a good lady's maid'."

When I returned from the bathroom I was startled to discover a pretty little ballerina in a white tutu and satin ballet-shoes. "Come on in," said Pat, enjoying my astonishment. "I just thought I'd show you how you'll look when you learn ballet." She pirouetted prettily. "Now let me help you with your clothes. See I've laid them all out on the bed for you." On the bed were the white party dress with its flared, filmy skirt, its several frilly white petties, matching panties, with white socks and blue shoes. There was a large satin sash of the same blue, and, in a blond wig which matched my own hair, another blue ribbon already tied in a pretty bow.

I felt so feminine at the sight at these lovely things that I cried: "Oh, Pat, you are a dear! I'm going to love having you here with me!" and almost before I knew what had happened I had given my new dancing-girl-friend a kiss on her blushing cheek. Then I wriggled into my clothes, which fitted perfectly. Pat tied the sash in a big blue bow at the back, and carefully adjusted the wig. Then we both stood in front of the mirror, hand in hand, and admired ourselves.

"My! " breathed Pat. "Don't we look nice! I'm so glad I've found you, and you've found me!" We put our arms around one another's shoulders and gave each other a good hug, just like any two happy little girls.

The door opened, and in walked Father, and

Mother and Aunt Jemima. I felt the red flame leap inside my face. Were they going to ridicule us?

At Father's suggestion we all sat down: Aunt and Mother on chairs, we children on the bed, and he himself on the table. For a moment he gazed at Pat and me inscrutably, but I was relieved to notice that his eyes were twinkling kindly. "Well, girls," he said. A vast, secret joy flooded over me. How wonderful it was to be called a girl!

Father went on: "It's all right, kids. We've just had a good talk, the three of us, and I think we understand better than we did before - at least, I do. It seems I had a lot to learn. Anyway, I'm not going to ridicule you, Robin, and I'm not going to try to change you any more. So you can stop your - gallant - efforts to be someone else, and just be yourself from now on. And of course, that goes for you too, Pat, because you and your mother will be staying with us for a long while, I hope. And now I'm going to let someone else tell what we've planned for you both." His handsome, strong face, with its brilliant blue eyes set deeply in the tan, turned now to his sister.

"Well," Aunt Jemima began, "it's a long story. Where shall I start?" She paused for a moment. "You know, Robin, that since before you were born I have been touring the great cities of the world - firstly with your Uncle Jo, who was my very beloved companion, team-mate and husband, and then with just Pat." Her eyes were a little misty, but she went on: "Now I think you knew that your Uncle Jo was an entertainer, but it seems no one told you that he was a female impersonator - and the best one in the world, because he was a great artiste. He was more than that, though; he was a very complete person - he wasn't just kind and strong, fatherly and brotherly; he was also motherly and sisterly. Of course he loved feminine things - feminine clothes, even feminine thoughts - but he was also a man, wise and generous, and upright. We did a variety show together - a complete two-hour show - and it was always booked up at least two years in advance."



Now, when Pat was born, his daddy and I decided not to encourage him to follow in his father's footsteps there's too much pain in this sort of career for anyone who is not a born impersonator. We wanted our child to grow up into a normal boy. He was never encouraged to wear girl's clothes, or to like girlish things, and he never saw his daddy in feminine attire until after he was six years old. But by this time he had shown all the signs which, for reasons which nobody knows, you have shown too. Heloved girlishness, girl's clothes, girl's activities. But he loved boyish ones too. And so, when we could see that Pat was born to be a girl-boy, a female impersonator if you like, we stopped hiding our secret from him and he stopped trying to hide his secret from us. We began training him, and he soon became the star of our show, as you can see from that album of photos and cuttings."

Pat blushed, and looked down at his pretty lap.

"And now," Aunt Jemima continued, "about your future, Robin. All the time I was away touring the world I wrote regularly to your parents, and they were wonderfully conscientious in writing to me too. I've been very interested in you children ever since you arrived on earth, but when I heard about your desire for femininity I became more than just interested. Now it happened that about that time a cook was needed here on the station, and I was able to recommend one for you, the wonderful Japanese gentleman who is working in your kitchen at this minute - Hiro sake. Of course he's a good cook, but he's far more than that before he left Japan for political reasons he was an actress in the famous NO dramas, and always played female roles."

"I wish I'd known! I exclaimed.

She smiled. "I badly wanted to write special letters to you, Robin, but decided to wait until I could talk to you in person. But I kept asking your friend Hiro sake all sorts of questions about you, and sending for photographs of you, and even, lately, getting your measurements sent, so that I could buy these pretty clothes and give them to you - if you were as nice as I expected.





I could hardly believe my ears. "Do you think I'm nice, Aunt Jemima?" So many people seemed to think I was crazy, or ridiculous, or even downright horrible.

Aunt Jemima smiled that wonderful, luminous dark smile of hers. "I know you're nice, little rabbit! Now you must stop interrupting, and listen to what we propose. Are you listening, dear?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Jemima!" Listening? I was far more than just listening: I was poised above her words like an eagle, ready to pounce on every smallest syllable of every word.

"Good. Then how would you like to be a girl for much of the time, and a boy for the rest of the time?"

"It'd be wonderful! Er - I don't suppose there's any chance of me being a girl all the time - ?"

None whatever!" Aunt replied cheerfully. "In the first place you'd be bored too often; in the second place, you'd only be half yourself. You know that I can do lots of masculine things as well as feminine things. So could your Uncle Jo. And that's the way I want you to be, too. You must learn to use all your talents. Now let me continue.

We're going to allow you both to let your hair grow until you're old enough to go to University, when of course it will have to be cut off; but then we'll have it made into real wigs for you. Until then you're both going to learn to be both ladies and gentlemen. You'll also learn dancing, acting, singing, and at least two musical instruments each. Probably you'll learn judo from Hirosake; he's a very versatile person too. From time to time I'll take you to some theatre in one of the capital cities, and once or twice a year we'll get you some stage experience. And last of all, when you've graduated from University, we'll launch you both on the world - the greatest team of impersonators in the history of the Stage!"

We did not abandon my sister and brothers; indeed, we learned to be big sisters and big brothers to them- when Pat and I were not toiling with eager appetite, with Aunt Jemima.

When we were twelve we made our first public appearance - on an improvised stage at a bush concert in Mulligan's Find. We had evolved a routine which included dancing, singing, juggling, miming and a guitar duet. The act involved several quick changes from boy to girl and back again, and we produced it with complete confidence, because Auntie Jem (as I often called her affectionately now) had said it would bring the house down. She was right. Our parents, who had been rather apprehensive, were proud of us. Aunt Jemima gave us a fortnight's holiday (which we spent as tomboyish girls) and then set us to work again - girls one week and boys the next.

Now it happened that Pat had something of a flair for writing plays and skits, and I had already begun to compose songs: these were talents which Auntie Jem had discovered in us. So, when next we appeared in public (in Barribarri a few months later) we included in our act a little sketch of Pat's with two of my songs in it. It was a hit, too.

Six months later we travelled to Perth, where we visited as many theatres as possible, and took part in a special charity concert in aid of the Bush Nursing Appeal. This was our first city appearance in such a fashionable affair, but we were not perturbed by that until, a few minutes before the start of the show, we sneaked from our dressing-room onto the stage, and peered out through a narrow slit in the curtain. Pat looked charming in a shimmering blue nylon frock which she had made herself, and I was wearing my favourite wine-red velvet dress with lace at cuffs and collar. Our rehearsal, which had been held in a small adjoining hall, had gone with a swing, and until we looked out through that curtain we had felt pretty pleased with ourselves. But what we saw then left us almost stupefied with fright.

To our wide bush-baby eyes, used to the shanties



and little halls of the outback, this auditorium seems enormous, monstrous, like some great hellish cavern, nightmarishly glaring with yellow light and filled with what seemed like millions of people, all very distinguished and important. How could our little act impress such a huge and sophisticated multitude? Forgetting all that Aunt Jemima had taught us about trusting God, we felt suddenly small, insignificant, ridiculous, and when a stage technician approached us, we almost turned and ran.

But we did not run; in spite of our mild panic, Aunt Jemima's training held firm. So we stood, hand in hand like two cute schoolgirls in their prettiest dresses, and smiled up at the tall gentleman. "Excuse me, girls," he began rather worriedly. "I'm looking for a couple of boys called Pat and Robin. D'you happen to know which dressing-room they're in?"

"I know which dressing-room they're in?"

"I know which dressing-room they're out of," Pat replied courteously. She turned to me. "Where do you think they are, Robin?"

"I think they're out here on the stage," said I truthfully. And I giggled; I couldn't help it - the relief was so great. If this gentleman called us girls, then perhaps our act would be a success after all.

The technician frowned. "Please be sensible. Do you know where those lads are, or don't you?"

"We do, sir," Pat answered, with her lovely, innocent smile, "and they're right here, standing before you."

"Sure," said the tall man ironically. "And I'm a fairy sitting on a blade of grass. Now come on, there's a good girl. This is important, I must find those lads. I'm in charge of the lighting for their impersonation act, and I have to know how dim they need the lights. You see, the place is packed, so packed that we've actually got some VIP's sitting on the stage; and at that close range you can't expect boys to look like

girls without dimming the lights. So if you sweet young things will just tell me where to find them -"

Skipping forward, Pat produced a bouquet of flowers from the gentleman's left ear. I took the bouquet and made it vanish before his eyes. Then, in a flurry of frills and flounces, we each turned a cartwheel, followed by two back flips. After which we curtsied deeply.

When the technician had recovered from his astonishment he grinned admiringly: "All right, kids. You win. You are Pat and Robin. And you don't need the lights dimmed.' If the rest of your act is as good as that bit, it'll be the event of the evening." He consulted his watch. "Now you'd better skedaddle. The curtain'll be going up in about a minute." Hand in hand we skipped off, confidence flowing over us again like liquid gold. We knew we'd be all right.

And so we were. We had to take four curtain calls, which we did in four different costumes - two masculine and two feminine.

Aunt Jemima was pleased, too, and kissed us both (she always treated me as if I were her own child equally with Pat). Then there was a knock at the door, and a short, thick, dark man in a tuxedo was shown in. Pat and I were back in our velvet and nylon dresses by now, and the gentleman looked shrewdly at us for a moment before he turned to Auntie Jem. Then his narrow eyes opened in surprised, pleased recognition, and he strode across the room, both hands outstretched. "Jemmy! Jemmy Jones!"

"Isn't this nice!" cried Aunt Jemima, smiling even more gaily than usual as she rose to give him her hands. He kissed them gallantly. "I've been rather expecting you; the producer told me he thought you'd be here." It seemed that this gentleman was an old friend of Auntie Jem's and Uncle Jo's, for he began talking enthusiastically of "the old days" when he and they had worked together in far-away and fabulous theatres. But at length he said"



"I mustn't keep you. I know you'll be wanting to get these two youngsters off to bed. But I would like to meet them, if I may. Their act is terrific!"

Aunt Jemima turned to us. "Girls," (she always called us girls unless we were definitely playing the role of boys - which is one of the many reasons why we loved her) "Girls, this is a gentleman whom I hoped you'd meet one day - Mr. Robert Dulac. Mr. Dulac is one of the greatest impressarios in the world," We both smiled and curtsied slightly, but he strode over, took our hands in his, and gazed at us keenly, quite impersonally, as if he were inspecting a picture offered for sale.

Then he said: "Why, they are girls, and very talented ones, too - almost as talented as you, Jemmie!" He let our hands go. "Now I insist that you young ladies work for me. Why, with talent like that, we could have your names in lights at the great variety theatres of the world - Sydney, London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, New York, Los Angeles -"

"Not for a few years yet," said Aunt Jemima firmly. "Not till they've got their degrees."

Mr. Dulac protested vehemently, but Auntie would not budge. She had promised my parents that we would not take up a stage career until we had completed our education - and that was that.

The months, the years, faded past us almost unnoticed. Our hair grew until we had to wear it in plaits. Each year we took part in two or three stage shows in one or other of the State capitals, but other than these holiday-times, it was work, study, practise - very full were our lives, very active, and very happy. We passed our first public examinations; we matriculated; we were ready to enter the University.

There was just one thing that had to be done first; we had to lose our lovely long hair. Aunt Jemima grasped the scissors. We waited sadly.

Nothing happened. There was a long silence.

Then Auntie said quietly: "I can't do it, dears."

I gulped. "Would you like us to cut one another's hair, Auntie Jem?"

Again a pause. Then: "That was good of you, Robin. And very loyal, because I know how you've both been dreading this moment. But I don't think we need to cut it off after all: there's no law against boys having long hair - not even at University. And besides, as you're going towards a special stage career, it'll be a wonderful gimmick for you. Of course, if you appear as boys with long hair it may mean that you'll have to prove your manhood as well as your girlhood - but perhaps that might be a good thing after all."

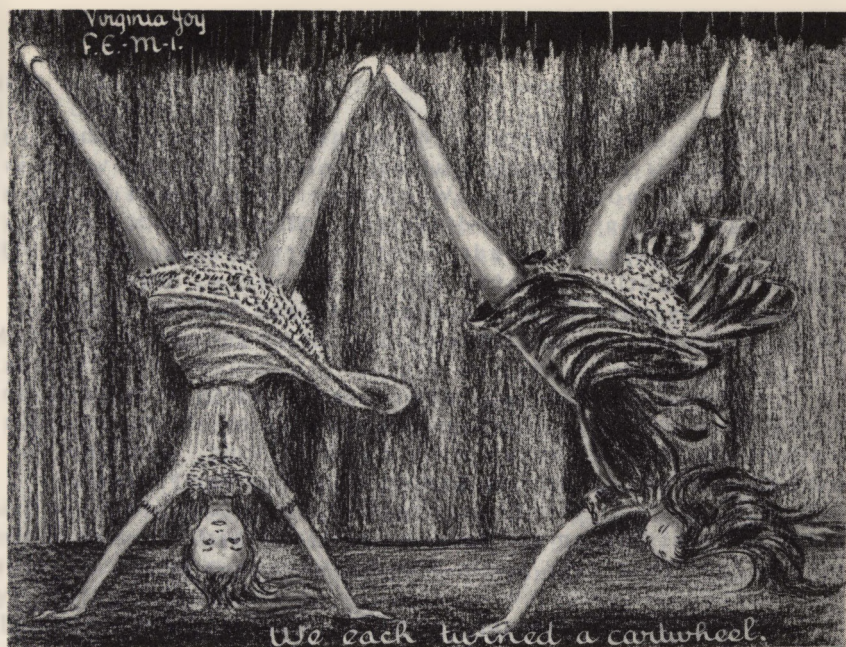
And so it was settled. We kept our long tresses intact, to our intense delight. Auntie Jem rented a house for the three of us, right on the boundary of the University grounds, and we all went there to live.

When Pat and I began our first day at the University there were muttered comments and low, derisive whistles when we entered our first class. But we said nothing. At our second class the process was repeated, and again at our third class, and at our fourth. But we said nothing, did not retaliate in any way until the day's classes were over. Then we strolled about the grounds, discussing the day's work.

We were approached by four undergraduates, a year senior to ourselves, who were keen to show off before their girlfriends. They stood in front of us, saying nothing to us directly, but making sneering comments about our hair to one another. We noticed that other undergraduates were watching carefully, but we pretended to notice nothing. We moved away, towards the goldfish pond. The sneerers followed us. We still paid no attention. They drew closer. We kept on talking about the lessons of the day. They jostled us. We moved on a little. One of them pulled me by my plaits; another tried to cut Pat's hair off.

We threw the four of them into the goldfish pond, and went on quietly talking. Hiro sake had taught us





well.

The young gentlemen, dripping with green slime clambered out and charged at us, yelling. We threw them into the pond again. When they climbed out this time they left in another direction. There was a burst of applause from the hundreds of undergraduates who had been silently watching this performance. We had no further trouble from the sneerers, and indeed later received handsome apologies from all of them.

But the incident was not closed, and in a few days we were called up before the Vice Chancellor. When we had explained why we wore our hair long, and why we had had to defend our honour, he sent for Professor Schmidt, head of the Department of Sociology. We had a long discussion on the subject of transvestism, and on the fact that very little was known about it.

Eventually Professor Schmidt, who had been growing more and more animated, broke in with: "It seems to me that the University is in a unique and very interesting position." He turned to us. "We have a chance here to lead the world in a largely unmapped field of knowledge. There are two aspects of transvestism which need to be studied: one is, of course, the motivations and behaviour-patterns of transvestites or eonists themselves; the other is the reactions and behaviour-patterns of people gradually accustoming themselves to the presence in their midst of known transvestites. Now supposing you two were to wear feminine garb whenever you are at University: there would be no deception involved, because by now everyone knows that you are men, and very tough ones at that: indeed, in a sense there would be less deception if you wear feminine clothing than if you don't, because you are at heart more girls than boys. And of course, if you appeared as girls, the University would be in a superb position to evaluate all sorts of factors relative to this situation." He turned to the Vice Chancellor. "The circumstances are uniquely favourable for a break-through in this field. What do you think, Mr. Vice-Chancellor? Could these two appear as girls again, in the cause of science?"

The Vice Chancellor hesitated, and would not



give a decision then and there. But several days later, after conferring with his colleagues on the Senate and the Professorial Board, he agreed. It was not a big university, and it was keen to make a name for itself in the international academic world. And so Pat and I (when we had received Aunt Jemima's smiling approval) literally let our hair down, and became college girls.

For us it was a most satisfying life. The study enriched and stimulated our intellects; the occasional parties at the University were a delight to our feminine hearts, and we knew that we were helping to solve a problem which had afflicted uncounted people.

Curiously enough, we became very popular with both men and women students, most of whom soon half-forgot that we had proved ourselves to be men, and treated us like the pretty girls we seemed to be. Lastly, in the course of his researches, Professor Schmidt discovered Virginia and her Chevalier Publications; and before long we had the special pleasure of reading Transvestia and of corresponding with our sister TVs. The years rolled joyfully by. We graduated, Bachelors of Arts, with Honours.

That was last year. All this year we have been practising and rehearsing for our stage careers. We have signed a contract, at a splendid salary, with the famous Robert Dulac. Next week, under the guidance of our beloved Auntie Jem, we are to begin touring the world, from great city to great city, from theatre to theatre, on all of which our names will appear in lights, among those of the other stars.

But what of marriage? Pat and I love one another more deeply even than twins do; but are we never going to fulfil the masculine sides of our natures, and find real girls to love as well? Why, we love scores of girls already! But are we never to marry two of them? Our lives have now reached the beginning of a wonderful career; but is our story never to have, as the love-stories say, a "happy ending?"

Of course it is! But that will be another story!



LORRAINE, CALIF (no code)



JOAN 30-L-1 FPE



BEATRICE 33-B-2 FPE



DIANA JOYCE 32-H-4 FPE



## Who Fooled Whom?

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◆ New Orleans is a city noted for its cosmopolitan acceptance of strange behaviour patterns and also for the world famous Mardi Gras celebration which it has each year. During this festive time, people who want to can get away with almost any kind of crazy actions as long as they don't damage other people's persons or property.

Several years ago, I decided to get into the spirit of the wild Bacchanalia by going out in feminine clothing. I have forgotten to tell you that at that time I was in my twenties, about six feet tall, and slightly built. I have never been considered effeminate in either appearance or manner. I have a good job as assistant buyer in a large department store and make a good salary. My interest in wearing dainty feminine clothing is just something which I enjoy in the privacy of my bachelor apartment, and I consider it nobody's business but my own. Or it was, until the adventure I am about to relate to you.

It was late in the afternoon when I finished getting dressed in my feminine finery. Slowly and with fear and anxiety in my heart I left my apartment and went through the almost deserted streets towards the area where the festivities were taking place. Once there, I knew I would be fairly safe, but in the meantime I had to be very careful to avoid discovery in my disguise.

I was wearing a fairly short flaring skirt of closely pleated black satin, with a long sleeved blouse of shimmering white satin. Taut dark nylon hose, high-heeled black patent leather pumps and a broad snug belt of the same glistening black leather around my waist, completed my outer costume.

On my head I was wearing a wig of long wavy black hair, trained into a neat page boy coiffure, and this swayed against my neck and shoulders with an exotic sensuousness. I found this very enjoyable and I hoped it would be exciting and provocative to all who saw me,

and would emphasize my feminine appearance so that there would be no occasion for my actual gender to be questioned. Long pendant earrings and a vivid makeup completed the effect. As was the case with all of the revellers, I wore a half, or harlequin mask. Tight black kid gloves hid the masculine contour of my hands, and I wore a silver slave bracelet on one wrist, over the gloves, with a rhinestone bracelet on the other wrist.

To achieve a truly feminine and attractive silhouette for my body, beneath these delightful outer garments, I had resorted to my most stringent female inner clothing and accessories. I wore a firm nylon brassiere, with the cups padded out to give me a full high bust-line which any real girl would envy. About my hips I wore my newest padded pantie girdle, one which I was sure would perform the dual job which was required. First it had to hide any trace of my masculinity under all circumstances. Second it had to impart to me a lushly rounded feminine figure, to complete my temporary transformation into a lovely girl participating in the Mardi Gras celebration.

It had been quite a struggle for me to get into this tightly elastic pantie girdle, but once it was installed on my body, it was worth everything it had cost and the struggle of putting it on. The very tight top cinched my waist into a remarkable small diameter, and the flesh which was thus displaced was firm and molded into a charmingly feminine derriere. I could feel the taut caressing grip of the garment at all times. The relatively long legs of the pantie girdle extended well down my thighs, so that each step made me conscious of the constriction being imposed upon my hips. Straining garters down from the legs held my nylon hose up along my legs in wrinkle-less beauty and I truly felt that not only was I safe from detection in my masquerade, but also gave the appearance of a very attractive and seductively formed girl.

Soon I found myself in the midst of a festive group who were parading and singing in the street and progressing vaguely towards the real center of the activities. There were men and women of all ages even children, and all decked out in some form of costume, or at least



wearing a mask to hide their true identities. I tried to get into the abandoned spirit of the occasion but I soon found that my limited experience in walking in high-heeled shoes was beginning to tell on me for my feet and ankles became tired long before I wanted to leave.

I noted a tall handsome fellow, masked and wearing a cowboy outfit. He kept glancing at me as we both milled around in the crowd. At first I feared that he had penetrated my disguise and knew me for what I really was, a transvestite using this celebration to expose myself in feminine garb. But soon I realized that he was taken in by my appearance and was approaching me as he would any attractive young lady under the circumstances. By now my feet were nearly killing me and I eased my way to the edge of the crowd with the idea in mind to find somewhere to sit down for a few minutes to rest.

I emerged from the hustle and bustle of the milling throng, I saw that the cowboy, complete with boots and a ten gallon hat, was obviously following me, with the intention of getting better acquainted. This seemed safe enough for there could be no question of his getting sufficiently intimate in public to penetrate my disguise.

"What a mob", he said as he stood beside me. "I'm tired too, let's go into this bar and have a drink while we rest for a few minutes."

I slowly nodded assent not daring to speak for fear that my voice would give me away. In a minute we were seated in a booth and enjoying long cool drinks that would revive our bodies as well as stimulate our minds. Sitting there the tight compression of my pantie girdle was a constant reminder of my masquerade, but the success of my costume was proven when he slowly reached out and took one of my gloved hands in his. However, I realized that I was playing with fire for if he got insistent he would soon discover his mistake, an eventuality which I did not even want to contemplate.

After a few minutes and another drink, I thanked him for his hospitality and said that I had to be getting home. To my surprise this did not seem to disappoint him at all, and after paying for the drinks, he insisted

on walking me home. I was horrified but finally figured that I could get rid of him on the way, or at least brush him off at the entrance to my apartment.

At my door, I became adamant and refused to let him in. This game of deception had gone too far already and I had visions of getting into real trouble with the cowboy and even with the police if he ever discovered the truth. In the maelstrom of the milling mass of festive humanity, my pretending to be a girl was all right and right in tune with the spirit of the occasion. But in private, and with this manly cowboy it could be interpreted as something else and I wanted nothing at all to do with that kind of trouble.

Now to my startled amazement the cowboy grabbed me tightly and planted a long passionate kiss on my full carmined lips. At first I was shocked, but almost immediately I felt something strange happening to me. This was too much - far more than I had ever bargained for. I struggled free of his embrace and unlocked the outer door. Now the cowboy grabbed me again. His right hand held my left elbow from the back keeping it straight. His left hand held two of my fingers on my left hand bent sharply back. Any attempt on my part to struggle only resulted in terrible agony in fingers which felt as if they were about to break off.

In his grip, I had to lead him to my apartment and open the door with my free hand. Once inside he released me from his punishing grip and again enveloped me in his arms. I was in a whirling panic as this man would undoubtedly give me a terrible beating when he discovered that I was not a seductive and alluring young girl, but only a frightened young man masquerading as one. What alarmed me even more was the fact that I could feel myself reacting to his kisses in a way I would never have anticipated.

Now I struggled again to escape his embrace using all my strength and agility to free myself from his disturbing caresses. I thrust my hands against his chest, pushing away and to my surprise, I found my hand clasp- ing to full firm feminine breasts. Now I noted that there was no roughness on his cheeks, such as appears on any man very soon after the closest shave. As I



staggered free from him, my eyes sought his full outline. I noticed the broadness of hip and the lack of muscularity in his hands which was out of place for a virile male. His hat had become slightly displaced during our wrestling and locks of fairly long hair were straying out from beneath the voluminous cavity of his stetson.

"WAIT," I whispered intently, "who is fooling who, maybe it is alright?"

I quickly unbuttoned the front of my blouse and removed it, along with the falsifying brassiere which disguised my plain male chest. In response to my self exposure, the cowboy slowly unbuttoned the heavy plaid shirt he was wearing, as he opened it I could see a broad tight brassiere which was trying without success to hide two very real and exquisitely large feminine breasts. Now he flung off his hat and his undoubtedly girlish hair was revealed in all its glory.

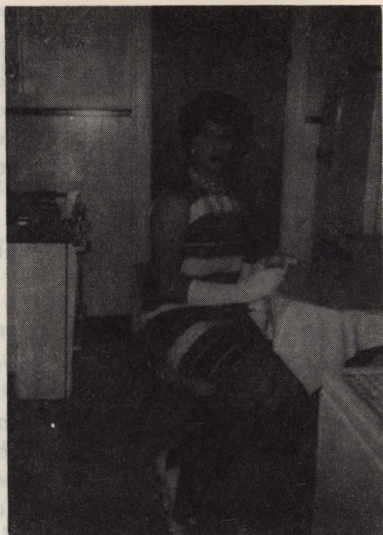
In return, I tore off my wig, proving that I was basically a young man who had been hiding behind a feminine disguise for the purpose of the Mardi Gras and because I liked to wear lovely feminine clothing. It took only a few more moments for each of us to be convinced of the other's true gender and feelings. Now when we kissed I knew it was alright for my soul and body to be stirred to their fullest depths.

Obviously I cannot go into detail of what happened that night. But I can assure you that the cowboy and I were married within a week. We both still like to indulge in our hobbies of wearing the clothing of the other sex, and often we go out as man and wife with the roles reversed for each of us, and we have a wonderful time.

"We wouldn't worry so much about what people think of us, if we only realized how seldom they do."

"Always put off till tomorrow the thing you should not do today."

"The person who rows the boat generally doesn't have time to rock it".



SALLY 32-B-7 FPE



She made this dress herself

DARLENE 5-C-5



Before I started High School, mother had a very serious talk with me. She said she loved me in dresses, hardly ever thought of me as a boy, and was sure I felt the same. I said I did, that I loved being a girl. But she said while I was too young yet to decide for sure what I was going to be, I ought to have some idea. While girls could now go into almost anything boys could, still there were a few occupations they were not suited for, and where dresses could not be worn. So if I had any idea of wanting something of that nature, now was the time for me to change back to being a boy. I asked her what sort of a boy I would make if I changed right then to boys' clothes. She said a very pretty one. I said that was just it, I would be a girl in boy's clothes, could not help being sissified after all my years as a girl. She admitted it would be hard to change. So I said that both Miss Brett and Miss Cowan, the senior teacher, had always said I was specially good at figures, and I liked all those subjects, that I thought I would like to take up commercial work and typing, and could easily get a good position as bookkeeper or in a bank. Being a girl was no handicap at all, and she knew there were plenty of girl-boys in those positions. So that was settled and I have never regretted it.

But soon after starting High School I ran into a trouble I had never had before. They played basketball, had a senior team in a league with schools in near-by towns. There was a sort of junior team but no league, we just chose sides and practised. So as we played in our gym uniform and came to school those days in it, there was no trouble about dressing with the rest of the team. But in my third year I was told I was wanted on the senior team, and that meant trouble. It was not bad at our own school for we dressed and changed in little separate booths, and I could probably always get one by myself. But from what I had heard about some other schools, we had just one big room where we would all change into uniforms and back into our dresses. I did not see how I could possibly manage it. Had other girl-boys been on the team and had I been known as one, it would have been allowed for.

But almost none of the teachers knew I was a boy, and none of the students except Karen. Of course I could have explained, but it would have made a lot of talk about passing as a girl for so long, and anyway I was so happy being taken for a real girl, and into more girls life than even a girl-boy could be that I did not want to upset everything.

Miss Brown, our P.E. teacher, coached and managed the team. She was a lovely person, but could not understand why I hesitated for she had no idea I was a boy. She said I could run well and was taller than most of the girls and was needed on the team. So it meant disappointing her as well as getting in bad with the girls when I could not explain why I refused. So as usual, mother and I went to see Miss Brett to see if she could think of something. She could not, but said we would have to explain to Miss Brown and perhaps she could fix it for me to change privately. She said there were just two schools where I might have trouble. She and Miss Brown had gone to college together, and since she had not seen her for some time, she was going to invite her over for the next evening and I was to drop in on some excuse, and of course the team matter would be brought up.

So the next evening I took over some things that mother had ironed, and was invited to stay. Soon Miss Brown tackled me about the team telling Miss Brett she could not understand why I hesitated when she knew I liked to play. So I said "Miss Brown, I do want to play, but there is a special reason. There is no way I can think of to get out of changing all our clothes together at some of the schools where we all have to change in one room." "I don't understand you Betty. What does it matter. I did not think you were that shy", Miss Brown replied. I said "Miss Brett has known me since a baby. She can explain." Miss Brown turned to Miss Brett, "Well Anne, if you know any reason, what is it?" "Just that Betty is not a girl that's why", Miss Brett said quietly. "What on earth are you saying, Betty is a perfect girl. I haven't a nicer or more natural girl in any class" Miss Brown said in surprise. "Quite so, but while Betty is a perfect girl mentally, she has a boy's body, even if she is small boned and girlish looking" Miss Brett explained. "well, I suppose I have to believe



it," Miss Brown replied in amazement, "but Betty, how is it no one knows you for a girl-boy like the others?" "Miss Brett started me as a girl in school and as I was the only girl-boy then, it was easier and better for me to be taken for a girl, and anyway I have been a girl so long now, I honestly hardly ever think of myself as a boy, except when something like this turns up," I replied. "It's still hard for me to believe, but I can see your concern about changing. But we don't change completely," Miss Brown said. "No" I said, "but the trouble is changing from my regular corset to the girdle I play in. There is about nothing underneath. And Miss Brett remembers the time my bra strap broke". "That was really funny, though not for Betty at the time" Miss Brett put in, "She came tearing into the school from the game, and she would have puzzled an anatomy student. One breast was where nature put it, the other down at her belt".

"It is a problem all right," Miss Brown said thoughtfully. "One school has just the one room and I will have to try to think of something there. But in the other one we have little booths like ours. I always change too, so I could share your booth. You would not mind that would you?" "Of course not", I said, "as long as it was someone who understood."

In a few days she came up with a solution. One girl was always appointed each term to look after the game. As in this one school there had been trouble from someone getting into the big dressing room and taking things, they had cleared out a small room with a lock on the door to store our things. No one was anxious to be the keeper as it meant being separated from the rest of the girls, so it was easy for me to volunteer. I could change in a hurry, and if anyone wanted in I always had the excuse that the lock had slipped, and of course I had to get some clothes on, before I opened the door to see who it was. So that problem was solved, and I played with the team all through the rest of my time at the school.

With my liking for commercial subjects I kept well up in my classes, and when I graduated had no trouble finding a position. I decided on a bank as it seemed to offer more chances for advancement. Being a girl-

boy helped a lot. Women had long been important investors and handled so much money that women managers were common. Many girls quit to get married soon after being trained, so being brought up as a girl yet certain to stay with the bank was most important, and I was assured I would be in line for promotion as soon as I was familiar with the work.

So we decided on a complete change. Alice had married and lived in town. Irene, of course, was with her first love in a large beauty parlor, run by an old lady who wanted to retire and offered her the chance of buying it on easy terms. Then mother was offered a housekeeping position with week-ends free. So she decided to sell our house and moved into town. An old friend was a real estate man and he helped us, soon finding exactly what we wanted, a nice small house close to the business section, and a deep lot where we could garden. A young couple took our old house and this provided the down payment.

But moving was a hectic experience. The old couple in our new house were moving to a warm dry climate on account of some lung trouble, so we expected to move gradually. But we had promised the young couple to move in time to let them get settled before their expected baby arrived. But the baby fooled us by arriving ahead of time. We had to dump everything into any box that was handy and get out. Hunting for spoons in our new home I found them with the bedding.

With everything in confusion and piled all over we were trying to get some sort of order, and tired and hungry thinking of how to get some sort of lunch, when a very pleasant lady came in, introduced herself as our next neighbor and said she was sure we were in too much confusion to eat properly, so she and her husband wanted us for lunch and to get acquainted. We were glad to accept.

The neighbor was a builder who had been lucky in buying and sub-dividing land, so while hardly middle aged had partly retired doing just enough to keep occupied. They had one daughter, my age, a bookkeeper in a hardware store that her father had an interest in. She was a lovely girl and I felt I wanted her for a friend and she



seemed to like me in turn.

That evening I was pushing the lawnmower in our back yard and quite willing to stop when she came to the fence. We had a long girl gab-fest, and I found while she went to work earlier and quit later than I did our noon hour was the same. So we walked home and back together. Mother and Mrs. Lawrence became fast friends, and I was soon running in and out at their house like a second home, and they told me they looked on me as the sister they had always wanted for Evelyn. Only, as Evelyn told me after, they could not understand why, when I was her best girl friend I always made some excuse for not running up to her room to see new dresses or sit and talk while she dressed.

She got me into all the church affairs, and I was soon part of everything and enjoyed it. We never lacked for escorts, in fact I had to discourage some who showed signs of becoming too interested. Promotion at the bank was rapid. From operating a bookkeeping machine I advanced to being an assistant accountant. Mother quite often had evenings off as well as week-ends, and Irene, of course, had a day off, so housekeeping was easy for us.

Everything was simple and lovely with interesting work and fine neighbors, until I was just past 23. Then it happened.

Coming home at noon one day, traffic was very heavy at the first cross street. Evelyn and I had just gotten there when a woman slipped and fell a short distance away. Several went to help her up and Evelyn's attention was distracted, so she stepped off the curb right in front of a car turning the corner. I managed to grab her arm and jerk her back but it was altogether too close. Both of us were upset, and although she soon got over the shock, I did not. All afternoon I could hardly keep my mind on my work nor pay attention to customers. Instead of getting over it I seemed to worry more and more about what I would have done if she had been killed or even hurt.

I was so quiet that evening that mother noticed and asked if something had gone wrong at the bank. I

started to explain, and in explaining got my own explanation. After all these years Jack had suddenly come back, taken over from Betty and was deeply in love with Evelyn, in fact, as we looked back, had fallen in love when she and I had talked together over the fence. I asked mother what on earth I could do.

"Ask her, of course," she said. "We know they all like you, she loves you like a sister."

"That's just it," I replied, "what will she say when she finds out, and how can I get her to love Jack instead."

"You can't get her if you don't try," mother urged, "anyway there is nothing odd or unusual about being a girl-boy these days. All you have to do is explain your life and why you never think about being a boy. Lots of girls these days marry husbands in skirts."

Since we knew that Evelyn would tell her parents, though we were sure they would say it was up to her to decide; mother thought it better for her to explain fully to them first so they would understand and not be surprised when Evelyn brought it up. She was home the next day and as usual went over for mid-morning coffee and talk. What made it easier for her to bring up the matter was an account in the paper about a woman prominent in financial circles who had just died and to everyone's surprise was found to be a man who had lived as girl and woman all her life. Mrs Lawrence said it seemed odd that she had kept her sex such a secret all her life when no one thought anything at all any more about deciding to live as one of the sex he or she was best fitted for. Mother said that likely he was so used to being a woman that he never thought of himself as anything else, and so never thought of explaining. Then she went on to say that there was such a case in her own family that she had come over on purpose to tell them about. Then she gave them my history and said that after so many years everyone had really forgotten that Betty was really Jack but only in body. She went on that the accident brought out that Jack was very much alive and in control and was deeply in love with Evelyn. Mr. Lawrence spoke first, "It has me beat. I was sure I could always spot a girl-boy. There is always some



little thing that makes me wonder. But Betty is absolutely perfect, no wonder we never suspected. As to Jack, that is entirely up to Evelyn, it is her whole future life. Somehow or other, while I expect her to marry sometime, I never thought of a son-in-law in a dress. But from what you say, Jack was intended to be Betty. I have liked Betty ever since you moved here and I don't think Evelyn could do better than to say yes."

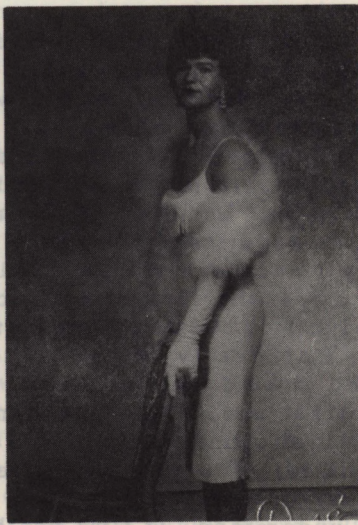
Mrs. Lawrence said, "I feel the same as Jim. I have gotten to love Betty like one of my own, and I know Evelyn loves her too. I don't think it will be hard to include Jack in that love. One thing sure, they will get along together, for they have had three years now together without one quarrel. Jim here says no one can understand women sometimes. Well, there have been plenty of times I couldn't understand him either. But I just went along with him, thought that was the way men were built and nothing I could do about it. Girls like Betty can understand both sides. So for my part I hope Jack wins out. But I won't say anything to Evelyn either way. Still I think she will know how we feel about it without asking."

I often went over to their garden on hot evenings for they had a lovely cool seat that caught any breeze there was. That evening it was Jack who went over feeling as shaky as Betty ever had felt in her whole life. Evelyn noticed it at once and asked if anything was wrong. I said not wrong, but her near accident had upset things completely for me. She said that was not hard to understand, it was a shock to her too and she was lucky I had been there to pull her back, but she had got over it so why should it affect me so much. I said "Evelyn it's because I am not the girl you think I am at all. I am really two persons and the one that has been buried since I was small has all at once become the most important one. Your accident brought him back. I know that sounds crazy. So, dear, will you please just let me tell you about my life, and not say anything, just try to understand, till I get through. If you can only understand, it will be the most important thing in my life to me"

So I started from my birth. She gave a sort of



MISS "X" (no name on pics)



KARIN 5-H-13 FPE (Prof. Pics.)



gasp when I said I was born a boy, started to say something then was silent again. She laughed at my accident with my only pants and some other incidents but was very serious and thoughtful all through. When I finished it I said. "I can see now, dear, that I should have told you and your parents right at the first that I was not the real girl you thought I was. But please try to understand that it was not on purpose. I honestly have not thought of myself at all as a boy for years, and never think of having to explain."

She said, "Yes, I can understand that, for even now I can't seem to get it through my head that you are really not a girl. You must be one of the ones that I have read about who are intended to be girls but somehow get the wrong body." I replied that I had thought so too. But the shock yesterday made me find out that I am a man too. You know that Betty loves you like one of her sisters. Well, Jack found out that he started to love you the first time he saw you. He loves you more than any other girl in the world and always will, and wants you for his wife. Is there any chance at all Dear that you can get to love Jack as well as Betty"?

"Jack, I suppose that is what I should call you to-night," she said. "I can't answer you now. You have me so confused and mixed up, I can hardly think. Please don't think that I blame you the least little bit for not telling us before you are a boy. But it means my whole life to me for if I marry I stay married. I must have time to think. I don't think I will sleep much tonight after this."

"I am sure I won't either," I replied.

"I know, Betty or rather Jack, I promise you I won't act girlish and silly and keep you waiting. Betty is too dear to me for that. Perhaps I can transfer my love," she said. So I went home with a bit more hope than I had had.

I got through the next day somehow. Luckily I had no important things to decide. One minute I would be full of hope from what she had said, the next one down

in the dumps. As usual I went over and we sat in the same place. After a little talk about what had been doing that day I said "Did you think about last night"? "You mean did I think about anything else. You were in my mind all night and all day."

I was practically no use in the store. I couldn't add two and two and get it right. I kept thinking about what you said that you started to love me the first time you saw me. Of course I have had dozens of girl friends, some very close ones. But somehow that night you moved in and we talked over the fence, I can see now that I must have felt you were different. I can't explain it, but I just knew that I had to have you for a special friend. So I must have started to love Jack then too. So Jack if you are sure you want me I will marry you and try my best to be a good wife."

The next few minutes are our own private ones. Then Evelyn said "We must go in to dad and mother."

I said, "They know about me because mother told them yesterday." "I know, she replied, I told them about you Jack, and they said it was up to me. But I know they will be glad for they love you too."

So we went in hand in hand. Both started to laugh. Mr. L. said, "Well we have often wished Betty was one of ours, now we will have Betty and Jack too."

I said, "I hope you can love Jack like you have Betty", and Mrs Lawrence replied, "You know we will just because you are still Betty too, I know you two will get along together. Evelyn could not have found anyone we would like more."

Naturally the engagement was a small sensation as few in the bank and no customers knew I was a girl-boy. But we got good wishes from everyone. I got my holidays in July and could get them extended to a month. Evelyn could take hers as soon as she got someone to take her place. So we decided to have a quiet wedding in the Lawrence garden, which was screened from the street by the house and shrubs. Guests were some from the bank and some close friends. Unlike old time weddings



where the groom was just a necessary nuisance in the feminine affair, what a girl-boy wore at the wedding and for going away was almost as important as the brides dress. Evelyn's dress, of course, was the traditional white with pearls I had given her. Irene was bridesmaid in blue. I wore what had always been a favorite of mine, a grey suit with plain skirt and fitted coat, and white blouse. Evelyn's gift to me was a lovely gold necklace of flat discs linked to gether and drop earrings to match. My best man was a girl-boy from the bank who was a friend of both families. He wore a light blue suit nearly matching Irenes dress in color.

For our honeymoon we decided to see the eastern part of the country. But on busy roads the one driving could see almost nothing of what he passed, so we went by bus and train, stopping off where we felt like it. First we went to Niagara where we took many pictures, and met a young couple who told us of a quiet resort on a New York lake. Then we spent a week in New York city, and engaged rooms in a quiet, family-style hotel. We made friends at once with a middle-aged couple with four boys and one very pretty girl of fourteen. Going around the city with them we noticed how careful and attentive the boys were with their sister, carrying her parcels and opening doors for her. Evelyn remarked one evening that boys were not always so good to their sister. The mother laughed, saying "No, four years ago he would have had to look out for himself." We were certainly surprised, and asked how they happened to have the one girl-boy. They said it was more the boys doings than theirs. She explained that naturally they wanted girls in the family as well as sons. But five boys arrived, before an accident put an end to any more children. The boys themselves badly wanted a sister too. They had girl-boy friends and liked them. So they talked it over among themselves and decided that as they could not have a real sister, one of them would have to become a girl-boy to partly make up for it. After carefully considering the looks and ways of each of them, they had decided this boy was the best looking and most suited in other ways for the change. So they put the proposition up to us. "We, of course, did a lot of thinking about it," the mother said, and explained to him in particular that it would alter his whole life to a great extent, and that

it would be about impossible after a girl's education to change back to a boy. But he was perfectly satisfied to be the sister, in fact said he had often wished watching other boy's sisters that he had been born a girl, for he loved the looks of their clothes. So we got him a girls outfit and a wig, and he looked so natural and pretty and loved his new clothes so much it decided us. That was four years ago. We sent him to a relation who had a family of girls for the summer. He went as Harold, came back as Edith named for her aunt, and in love with her new life. We sent her to a girl's school where they had many girl-boy pupils and she has had a girl's education. It is funny isn't it though that she would not change back for anything, yet the boys think it was a big sacrifice she made for them and try in everyway to make up to her for it. If she was easy to spoil they would have her completely spoiled."

On our return, I got a lovely present from the bank. Before we left they had bought a building in a new part of the city to open a branch. Many of the women customers lived near it. So since I had worked with most of them and knew their problems, they made me assistant manager of the branch, and after a few years manager. We decided to continue to live in the old house, so close to both sets of parents. Mother no longer needed to work so we built on an apartment for her.

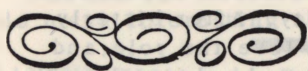
Next year our first son arrived. I had told Evelyn that no matter what sex the baby would have her name. She objected that it was a girl's name and she wanted a boy. But I replied to that, that it was also a boy's name in England. She had firmly decided that the first boy would be a girl-boy like his father. So Evelyn he was. Naturally he was his grandfather's favorite, and soon showed he had inherited his love for building. So as soon as he was able to walk almost, a small girl-boy followed grandfather around on all the jobs, and the workmen soon knew her by name and talked to her. Before she was in High School she was doing a lot of the book work. After graduation she took over a lot of the real work. Mother said that her mother would have had a fit at the idea of a girl in a pretty dress bossing carpenters and masons, and two fits if she had seen one in rubber boots and overalls bossing bulldozers digging out cellars.



As Mr. Lawrence gradually eased out of it, she took over almost entirely and went in for house building. With her woman understanding she knew what wives wanted in houses and could plan to suit them. So she is doing will.

There is little more to add. Three more were added to our family. I am now retired on pension. Our parents have passed on. Now we in turn are grandparents, and our children complain in their turn that we spoil their children. We have had a good life together. Of course we have had our arguments, plenty of them for Evelyn has a mind and ideas of her own. But on our honeymoon so many years ago, we decided to try to talk such things over quietly, and see the other's viewpoint. Whether we did or did not think alike, we never missed our good-night kiss.

So I can close this story of my life with the fairy tale ending. "They were married, and lived happily ever after".



#### PRESCRIPTION

by Phyllis (22-A-1)

When evening is here, yet you feel so low  
'Cause you're all dressed up and no place  
to go.

Things seem to be wrong and you're tired  
to boot.

If I were your doctor I'd get to the root.  
I'd prescribe a large dose of pencil and  
paper

Then send it in for the Mirror-or maybe TVia  
You'd feel better then-need no doctor to to  
see ya.



# BOOK

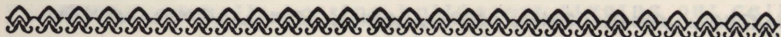
KING RAT by James Clavell. Paperback, Crest Book No. 1639; 352 pp. 1963. 75c ( Also in Hardcover. Little, Brown & Co., 1962.)

This novel, in most of its scope, has no special interest to the readers of Transvestia. Nevertheless, it is a fine piece of writing and deserves to be read on its own merits as a gripping account of life in a prisoner-of-war camp near Singapore. However, it also contains a very perceptive TV story woven in as three short sections and a final half-page. (pp 48-52, 217-221, 253-258 and 343-344).

The story covers the career of a young RAF fighter pilot as the actress of the camp theatrical company. He was forced into the part, against his wishes (and probably hidden fears), by the senior officers who selected him purely because of his youth and appearance rather than any showing of femininity. After bitterly resisting it, he suddenly learned to love the role; and rapidly developed into a transvestite who dressed and acted as a woman at all times. As the sex-symbol for 10,000 starving men, he was worshipped by all --- and despised by all except his two fellow actors and a handful of homosexuals. Despite a life of utter chastity (if I read it correctly), he could not convince even his former commander of his integrity. His inner turmoil is seen only from three outside viewpoints, but it is obvious that the author has considerable understanding of the problems of TVs. Finally, the liberation of the camp meant the end of everything to the "actress," and she ended her life.

If, as is promised on the cover, Columbia Pictures converts this book into a movie, it will be interesting to see whether they include this little side-story. It would be better to leave it out than do it badly!

SHEILA (30-B-2FPE)





# REVIEWS

OVER THE SEX BORDER, by Georgina Turtle  
Victor Gallancz, 318 pages, London, 1963, 30 Shillings

This book gives expression to one person's attitudes and opinions about change of sex. The author is well qualified to express her views on the subject because she was born a male and at age 37 years was officially changed to a female by the correction of male to female on her birth certificate. During her male episode, she served as a Surgeon Lieutenant in the British Navy and had a successful dental practice after the war.

The genetic difference between male and female are stressed and explained in detail. In addition, the emotional components are evaluated. From the medical point of view there are few specialists who have any experience in the field of transvestism and there is a dearth of published scientific material on the subject. The important aspect of treatment as it concerns both the doctor and the patient plays an important part in the book.

For the TV or the TS, Over The Sex Border will provide much interesting and provocative reading.

TRANSVESTISM, by David O. Cauldwell, \$2.00  
Sexology Corp., New York, 3rd. edition, 1963, 128 pgs.

Although the original printing of this "first major book wholly devoted to the subject of transvestism" was in 1956, many of the contributions in this third edition are still pertinent to our present understanding of the subject.

In the Preface, one thing is made clear: "whether we consider transvestism an inherited constitutional phenomenon or a manifestation of personality disorder and social conditioning, we cannot escape the need for studying this sexual deviation in all its many ramifications and varied forms of expression.

The latter half of the book is replete with illustrations and illustrative case history material. Much of what is seen and read is familiar to the readers of this magazine; withal it provides one with a sense of belonging to study the scientific account of the history and development of understanding of the condition of cross-dressing, known as transvestism.

Leo Wollman, M.D.



## Attention Ladies!

**FORGET** about faces! Too much attention has been paid to faces.

Your face can be a mask, but your body—the way you stand, sit, or walk is a dead give-away.

The Susies and Sylvias pictured here may think that their faces are their fortune, but we know that their postures are most unfortunate!

The pictures on these two pages were printed originally by the National Dairy Council in 1951 as a small leaflet. We trust they will not mind the reproduction here since they were emphasizing posture which applies to all girls, GG or FP.

## Postures on Parade . . .

**LISTEN**, my children, and let me talk  
Of the dreadful ways that ladies walk:  
Look, while we show you a style parade  
Of ladies doing a promenade,  
Just to illustrate, all in fun  
How your walking should NOT be done  
Horrible samples will soon appear  
Who by posture will make it clear  
Just what happens to women fair  
Who do not know or who do not care  
How they look when they take the air.

Stop, Look, Listen, and tremble, too.  
Do these walkers resemble YOU?



## . . . Sylvia Slouch

**FIRST** with a slinky backward crouch  
Enters Debutante Sylvia Slouch.  
Up with hips and down with seat,  
Here is Sylvia, all complete,  
Saggy shoulders and sunken chest,  
Poor old diaphragm quite depressed,  
Who is Sylvia—she's a sight!



## Susie Swayback . . .

**NEXT** we beg to introduce  
Susie Swayback, on the loose,  
Sue is full of curves and graces,  
But she curves in frightful places.  
See the hollow in her spine.  
Note the most distressing line  
From her chin down to her shoesies,  
Ah, the streets are full of Susies!





### ... Hortense Hump

HERE'S a dowager, sleek and plump,  
Cursed with a dowager's famous hump.  
Lots of dowagers get like that  
When they're lazy, and rich and fat.  
Is it something that she ate  
Or because she won't stand straight?  
Humps belong on camels, madam.  
Ladies never should have had 'em!



### Samantha Stoop ...

DOWN the street with a sort of droop,  
Here comes trotting Samantha Stoop.  
Here is a student who loves her books.  
(Oh, how study can ruin looks!)  
Shoulders stooping and head out-thrust.  
Laugh if you will and weep if you must.  
Wherever, she goes, in thought immersed.  
Her legs go last and her nose goes first!



### ... Sally Stiff

PARADES, of course, are lots of fun  
But what girl wishes to walk like one?  
Yet Sallie Stiff, the crazy nut,  
Has got a military strut.  
With shoulders stiff and backbone rigid.  
She has a gait that's simply frigid.  
If the army saw her, they'd enlist her.  
But where's the man who's ever kissed her?



### Conclusion ...

NOW that we've tactfully put on the spot,  
Ladies who walk as they plainly should not.  
If our review is to do any good, we'll now  
Show someone who walks as she SHOULD!  
So in conclusion we're pleased to present,  
Miss Poly Posture, a maid heaven-sent.  
Easy and graceful, natural and fine,  
Showing respect for her chest and her spine.  
All of her inwards in perfect alignment.  
Here is the essence of grace and refinement.

Do you observe, as she comes into view,  
She walks exactly, precisely like YOU?  
Then let us add, according to plan,  
"Not as you Do, dearies,"—"just as you CAN!"



JEANNE 37-B-1 FPE



WILMA JUNE 32-S-11 FPE



# An Experience To Share

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◆ In the realm of TV as in all other human endeavor we are the sum total of our experiences. They all affect us in one way or another. Even the vicarious ones often give us courage, and tend to "free-up" the timid souls, allowing them to enrich their lives with similar experiences. Then too, we operate on our (puritan) environment just as it operates on us, and if there comes into being a large body of successful (not injurious to society or its members) TV experience which can be banked toward a day of accounting, we will have won our right to a place under the dryer. In this vein I believe that a calm polite, and straight forward approach to any situation will find the vast majority receptive, and helpful.

To illustrate the point, I'm sure that most TVs today have yet to invest in a custom (fitted) foundation garment for those special occasions when a sheath is called for and the figure must be feminine. If your experience paralleled mine the standard ready-made garments leave unseemly bulges at the waist or higher, because the standard curves just aren't the same. The custom foundation is meant to remedy this situation but most of us go down the path buying ready made in a guilty manner that gives the game away before it is started. Most sales ladies are quite well experienced and have encountered all the various situations that can be associated with their line of work so that hedging on the truth is a dead give away. I decided to pick a custom corsetiere, tell the truth, and ask for her assistance. I found an ad in the Yellow Pages that looked promising. It specified "Men, Women's and Children" and "individually designed..." I made three dry runs to the shop. I even waited for about 10 minutes in the waiting room on one occasion in the process of getting up my courage. Finally, on the fourth pass I met the corsetiere. She had another customer, a lady, but when

I rang the bell, she came to the waiting room and inquired about how she might be of help. When I said simply that, "I wanted to buy a corset" she said that she had a customer just then and would be able to take me in about 10 minutes if I would please take a chair. I said, "thank you" and sat down. About 10 minutes later, good as her word, she ushered out her other customer and asked me to step into the fitting room. She suggested that I hang up my suit coat and started to leaf through the catalogue, obviously going to the supports usually sold to men. When I noticed this I asked her if I might "speak frankly". She said, "yes, certainly", so I told her the unvarnished truth. I told her "I like to wear women's clothes", and the type of foundation I want is one that will help me towards a more feminine shape and a standard size 16 dress. If she was surprised she never showed it and if there actually was a "recovery" it was effortless in its perfection. She said she understood and inquired if I had some particular style in mind. I said, "No, this is my first experience and I'd like to know what the various garments pictured really offer in the way of features". She went to a bureau and took out several sample garments and we discussed their unique features at some length. She then inquired whether I might be more interested in an all-in-one corselet with artificial breasts. I said yes, but I would prefer the more standard type garment first, which rather settled the matter. We finally agreed on a style and then she brought out a book of materials from which to make a choice. I heard her detail the features of seven different materials and then made my choice. Then she asked me to remove my belt and the items from my pockets while she brought out a "fitting" garment. She placed it around me and pulled the tabs up tight. We talked about whether or not I might successfully attain a 28 inch waist and she said that it would prove to be too uncomfortable to lace that tightly right now, however, continued use of the corset would soon make it practicable. She took a number of measurements and we agreed on the front and back heights and lengths. Then she asked me to sit in the chair nearby so that she might recheck the lengths. The whole procedure took about half an hour and I couldn't have been more pleased with the service. The fitting garment was then removed and



while I returned the paraphernalia to each proper pocket the corsetiere figured up the cost of my garment. She told me that I would be able to pick up my corset in 3 1/2 to 4 weeks, and I, of course placed a deposit on it.

Four weeks later I called her and established that my corset was waiting. I made an appointment and went to the shop at the agreed time. Quite frankly, I was nervous as a cat because I had made up my mind that I wanted to try the garment on before accepting it and I was wearing a "Majic Lady" panty, nylon stockings, and chemise under my male rags. However, the corsetiere's tact and obvious lack of concern helped me over the rough spot. After fitting and adjusting the garment she had me practice tying the special slip knot used for lacing corsets and also instructed me in sitting and rising from a chair because quite obviously I needed the instruction. I wore the garment home, and though I don't wear it constantly I have now become used to it and find it quite comfortable.

Should this little writeup help any of you who have not done so to seek out your local corsetiere for a personal fitting I have only one bit of advice to offer. Wear appropriate feminine undergarments for the first fitting. I didn't care for the idea of applying a "fitting" garment over my trousers and I am sure you won't either if the thought occurs to you.

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PREScription  
by PHYLLIS 22-A-1

When evening is here, yet you feel so low  
'Cause you're all dressed up and no place to go.  
Things seem to be wrong and you're tired to boot,  
If I were you doctor I'd get to the root.

I'd prescribe a large dose of pencil and paper  
And tell you to write of your happiest caper  
Send it in for the Mirror-or maybe TVia  
You'd feel better then-need no doctor to see ya.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Virginia,

I started cross-dressing about the age of 10, why I don't know? But, can only say its wonderful!! I have five sisters and do remember that I could never figure out why they could have a new dress any time they wanted it, and I could have new trousers only when the pair I had nearly wore out. I also couldn't fathom why they would go crazy over their slips and dresses, when to me, trousers were just something to wear.

Although this was over 30 years ago, I remember distinctly the day the whole family went on a picnic, It was very beautiful that day, and so they said they would be back in the evening. When they had left, I sat there doing nothing, it came into my head to pull down the shades and find out what was so special about a dress, and slips,&panties. My youngest sister was about my size, and so I gathered the neccessary clothes. Since I noticed that they went way out over anything that was of silk or satin, that was my selection.

As I put on the panties, I admit that I was excited and then came a bra, the slip and then the silk dress. As each step progressed, I became more deeply hooked into wanting to dress in girls clothes. The feeling was tremendous. From then on, I would do something feminine when ever the chance arose.

I had my own room, I hid some of my sisters things between the mattress and spring. When in bed, I would sneak them out. Alas, one morning my Mother caught me in panties and a slip, I must say she sure warmed my seat for me. After the sea warming she made me put a bra and a dress on, and paraded me before my sisters and brother who laughed at me, (about the cruelest moment in my life). My oldest sister after laughing at me, proceeded to berate me on my desires, telling me, that I was wrong to do such a thing. That night her boy friend, who was a medical student, came over and suggested to me, ( I was still dressed as a girl,) that maybe, I wanted to be a girl.



He could not understand why, I just wanted to dress this way even when I did explain my feelings to him. I told him no operation and that was that! That night I went to bed, humiliated and defeated.

The next time I dressed in girls clothes, was the following summer, when I had been swimming too long. I sat in the sun many hours, result a terrific second degree burns on my back and legs. Since I could not don a pair of pants or a shirt, I was put in my bedroom, after about five days, Mother said, I would have to get out for fresh air. Since I couldn't wear trouser or shirt, she handed me a pile of clothes, you guessed it, it was a pair of my sisters panties (cotton) a slip and a dress, ( she said I didn't need the bra). At first I said no! But, she insisted that I was going to have fresh air and finally consented. I was hooked again, even tho' the clothes were of cotton. But, to this day, I still prefer silk or satin. That summer I spent in the back yard, dressed in dresses etc. I enjoyed every minute of it in spite of the sore back!

I am now married and I can say to a single TV, talk your desire over with your intended bride, before marriage, as it is rough to get it over to them afterward.

Sincerely,

BARBARA 32-P-1

Dear Virginia:

I discovered something last night which made me very, very happy. I have to tell someone about it or I'll positively burst.

Last night after I had dressed and put on my make-up, I was doing what I usually do, looking at my reflection. It seemed to me rather suddenly that I really didn't need the thrill of watching myself any longer. I decided to put the mirror away and after I had done this I found something had changed within me. I was no longer Charles, pretending to be Judy, I was Judy. I was a woman. I knew all the while that I was still a

man, but that part of me was now in the background. The various things in the room, sport car magazines, guns, clothing etc., now belonged to my "brother" and these things which meant so much to him did not interest me in the least and I didn't have to think constantly about whether or not my movements were girlish because I felt natural, relaxed and confident, in any situation. My future wife's picture was no longer of the woman I loved, but of a dear friend. To say that I was happy would be a great understatement. In fact I can't think of a word to describe my feelings. I don't know how or why I so suddenly entered this other world, but I do know that I love it dearly.

I'd like to know if this is just one more step into the state of FEMMEPERSONATION, or possibly a step into insanity. If I am insane, then the loss of sanity is not a loss but a beautiful gain.

I guess I'm asking you if it is right for me to so thoroughly enjoy myself. I have reached a plane of happiness which I never even imagined in my most impossible dreams. In fact I'm so happy that it almost hurts.

Well, there is my good news.

Your Beautifully and Completely  
Happy Sister,  
"Judy"

Dear Virginia:

My congratulations to you for your magazine. I am a new comer and feel like an ugly duckling among your charming and glamorous Cover Girls. I'm a new girl but not new when it comes to cross-dressing. I started when I was six or seven years old.

No reasons or any situations in my early childhood have made me a TV. Mother nature just told me "You are a little girl and only in girls dresses you will find peace of mind and harmony".



I'm now 45, and still feel the same way. Someone might ask me to go and see a psychiatrist. That would, however; be the last thing I would plan to do. After studying carefully their different theories, I have to say, they know very little about the subject. A lunatic asylum for a patient. Secondly they believe that cross dressing and homosexuality are the same thing. Of course they are siding with others. But my experience is they are absolutely two different things. Because I have no friends here in the U.S.A. I cross dress very little, but while living in Scandinavia, I did it often.

While working many years in the theatre and movies it was rather easy to explain it away to my friends. People in show business have freer hands. Here I send a check for 3 copies of the magazine. I wish to find good friends through your magazine.

Yours,

Irma

Dear Virginia:

For many years I have been receiving various independent and free-thinking publications. Whenever I would come across a promising add, I would eagerly subscribe, but time after time I was sadly disappointed. Sure there were some articles for and about TVs. However; they were only a good will offering to their new interesting subscriber. Outside of the excellent book by Nutrix, I did not find what I sought. A magazine of and for us "sometimes girls", one we could call our own.

When I say your add in "Confidential Flash", I thought this could be it. I ordered an early issue to find out your purpose and objective and a later one to see if you had accomplished any of them. And furthermore whether you had strayed into other fields of interest.

I just don't know how to express myself to you Virginia, I am overjoyed. After reading both issues several times, I am most happy to report you have done

your self proud Ma'm. Not only have you not deviated from your assigned objective, you have developed and enriched them to the N'th degree. At last I belong to a family, yes, truly a family of shared interest, drives and an almost personal contact with others of our cult.

Please continue, I will do my utmost to support your sincere efforts with articles and maybe a photo or two. At present, I am involved in various activities and cannot do so now, but I promis to work on it some time soon.

Sincerely,

"Veronica"

Dear Virginia:

While I enjoy your magazine, it is something of a mystery to me, in spite of the objectives printed inside the front cover - why you bother.

I should think you could spend your energies elsewhere with great reward to yourself and society.

Sure, it is nice for our little group to have the magazine, correspondence, etc., but it is true finally that we are neurotic people who, like all neurotics, can live with our compulsions, as many do - or get treatment. There is no more reason for us to be understood as a group than for people who compulsiviously wash themselves or save string, need to be understood.

In an activity like this, you will get only monetary thanks from people who are glad you share their problem. From a long time point of view, you are "flailing the wind", and will wind up with the dirty end of the stick in your hand. For as long as you continue, I send you my best wishes, and good luck. Get smart. . .

Cordially,

Jack

32-W-5



Dear Virginia:

I am one of your newly acquired readers having just received my copies of Transvestia and other assorted material from Chevalier.

For no reason at all, other than to correspond with someone who understands transvestism, I would like to tell you how my becoming a transvestite took shape. As you know, it helps to bring this in the open for frank discussions.

I can recall, vaguely, that as a child I became aware of feminine things as my mother would often dress me in her nightgown and allow me to play with her lingerie. When we went on visits to friends of my parents, I became somewhat of a kleptomaniac--taking things such as bras, panties and girdles from these women; but never would wear them. I would take them home and hide them and when I had moments, would just look and feel the excitement from them. Then one day my mother caught me with this collection of lingerie (I was about ten) and after much embarrassment, I explained how I got them. She made me return them, and from that time on till I was 25 this urge completely left me.

One day after I had been married for about two years, I was going through my wife's drawers looking for something and I came across a pair of her pink panties. It was then that this urge came back to me stronger than ever. She was at the store at the time and this urge was so fervent that I couldn't wait to get my own clothes off. When I slipped on the panties, a feeling of excitement shivered through me.

Later on that night we were having a few drinks before dinner and I brought the subject around to lingerie asking her about different types of sizes, etc. As she spoke I again felt this electricity that flowed through me when I was wearing her panties that afternoon. It was then that I decided to talk to her about this urge, but in a sly manner. I told her that while I was dressing in the morning, just for a joke, I tried on a pair of her

panties and that I liked the feeling of nylon better than men's shorts (etc.). She just laughed and made no cutting remark, so I let it drop. I told her, however; that I would like to have a couple pair of panties to wear. She made a mild protest but nothing further was mentioned. Later that week, I bought two pair of cheap panties and thus embarked upon the primary stages of transvestism.

As time went on, I would buy her panties for her and in turn, she would give me her old ones. She had quite an assortment of lace panties called "sherrio" by Van Realte which I still adore to this day. On the weekends when she would go shopping, I would also wear her girdles, stockings and slips, loving to parade around the house.

Much time has since passed and I am Divorced. A lot of our trouble was certainly not the whole business of cross dressing but there was a certain portion. My wife never did understand and quite frankly, neither did I, the whys of my feelings.

I feel confident that had we had TRANSVESTIA and articles like "The Transvestite And His Wife", things would have been much easier for both.

To this day I still cross dress and have enlarged my lingerie so it includes bras, corsets, panty girdles, full slips, stockings and nighties.

Yes, I know the feelings, guilt complexes involved with TVism, but believe me, your articles have made me feel much better, especially having the feeling that "you're not the only one".

Sincerely,

"Claudette"





BETTY 20-H-1 FPE  
&  
MISTY 20-G-1 FPE



L to R.  
BETTY 20-H-1 FPE  
MISTY 20-G-1 FPE  
EILEEN 46-H-1 FPE

ALL wearing Misty's  
7' Silver Fox Boa.



THE THETA GIRLS  
EDWINA LYNNE GERALDINE JUDY FRAN CAROL

by Darlene (30-H-1 FPE)

# A Way of Life

◆ As a subscriber to TRANSVESTIA, and an aspiring FP. I would like to express my own opinion on certain points and at the same time, relate to you the experiences and challenges I have encountered thus far. In the hope that they will prove to be of interest to other readers, but more importantly of some assistance to another "girl" less fortunate than myself.

At this writing, I am thirty years of age, married and the father of three children, two boys five years old and one year old, and a daughter six years. In addition to this, I'm prematurely grey, a "Miss Clairol" rinse addict and my daily form of exercise is the constant struggle to retain some semblance of a size 20 build.

For many years and until recently, femiphillia manifested itself into an insurmountable problem that could have tragic results for our entire family, were it not for the unswerving love, compassion and understanding of my wife, plus psychiatric guidance and orientation from a qualified doctor. What once had been a complex problem has been transformed into a "way of life" for me which my wife shares as an equal partner. I shall attempt to clarify this statement further on in this article.

It is the opinion of psychiatrists that transvestism with it's varied characteristics is sewn into a child at a very early age and further cultivated by well-meaning mis-guided parents. In retrospect, I find this to be true in my case.

My mother has always been very possessive of me, possibly because I am the youngest of four children and, being unable, or as I suspect, not caring to bear more children, she wanted to smother me with protection. All hurts and disappointments were minimized by her



and she comforted me when the rough world of the male became too much of a struggle. To be sure, maternal comfort and a degree of protection is desirable, but if not seasoned with a few bare facts and truths about life, then it assumes the role of refuge from anything which is unpleasant by affording shelter to a fantasy which has been shattered by realism.

In the opposite corner is the man labeled "Father". He is a man with a sensitive soul, but one who was raised under the iron fist of a dictatorial mother. This, and the fact that for many years my Father was an infantry officer, was a great injustice to him. I regard this as tragic, because he is basically a kind and compassionate man, but one who is absorbed in his own little world of system, perfection and blind obedience to orders which, no doubt is the mark of a good military man. In his endeavor to be a good soldier, he felt that these traits were a basic necessity and further, it would be well to instill these fundamentals in the children, in order that they would lead a "well organized" life. Needless to say, I found the "refuge" of my Mother to be more soothing. I had to make the choice of taking refuge or standing "Court Martial".

By the time I was out of diapers, I was terrified of my father and so, throughout my childhood, I avoided him whenever possible. I was forever being "chewed out" for not "moving out", "falling in" or reporting on the double in dress blues at the bark of a command. Naturally, failure on my part resulted in the choice of "going directly to jail or not passing go" or seeking refuge. Due to this type of up-bringing, I don't know whether or not I love my Father because I have never been able to get close enough to him. If, however; now that I have a way of life, I obeyed an order bellowed forth to report "on the double", it would really flip the Major as I double-gaited into C.P. resplendent in "Blue Dress" and heels, complete with good conduct and occupation medals tinkling from my charm bracelet.

Here you see two parental extremes, which I hope will be food for thought to a mother or father who may read this.

The first recollection I have of a transvestic nature is preceeded by a fetish for panties made of rubber. As early as the age of four or five I expressed the desire to be the baby, whenever my sisters and I played house, because I hoped they would dress me in rubber panties. I still get a thrill when I wear rubber panties, especially when my wife puts them on me. The comforting feature is the fact that she likes to dress me, because it means happiness for us both and it also tends to revive our romance, which all too often fades into oblivion after a year or two of marriage.

I believe it was during my tenth or eleventh year that I discovered the security and sense of belonging that accompanies the wearing of feminine clothing. I slipped into a girdle I found in the attic and at that instant the feeling of being held so firmly caused my heart to race with excitement. At the same time, I could feel the frustration releasing itself in a surge of ecstasy. Eventually, I began to wear other pretty things and spent all my spare time alone in my room getting better acquainted with the "lady" that I wanted so much to be.

At seventeen I entered the Air Force and while attending a technical school, I was confronted for the first time in my life with a human being who, I am learning, possesses the type of love, compassion and understanding that is almost extinct in the world of today. This person is my devoted wife and these qualities that lend themselves to her personality, simply radiate and illuminate the world around her. After courting for about three months, we became engaged, after which I went overseas for a period of fifteen months. It was during Christmas leave of the following year that we were married and after a brief thirty days, I returned to Europe for another six months. Upon being discharged, we lived with her parents for more than a year. During this time there were occasions when I could wear some of her things when the family was out. This continued until the day she discovered that I had worn one of her pretty night-gowns. Although she was shocked by my adventure, she listened as I poured out the details of my life.

My wife is from a very closely knit family where there are no secrets or jealousies toward other members,



After confiding in her mother, the consensus of opinion was that we should be divorced, but Sally is an exception to the human race, in that she has an objective outlook toward everyone, regardless of how hard they step on her. I know this to be a fact, because I stepped hard, with both feet and for a very long time.

Both of us want to a psychiatrist and it was then that Sally said "I love my husband so deeply, that I'll put up with his idiosyncrasy". At this time she was coping with me, but not joining me. After two visits, I discontinued treatment, because I was afraid that I might be cured. From then on, the subject was not brought up voluntarily by her, although she did allow me to wear ladies panties.

What nearly caused the ruin of our marriage was the fact that, for a long time I was satisfying myself by dressing in my pretty things and gratifying myself behind her back. This caused me to be too tired or too depressed after having my secret thrill to satisfy my wife's needs. Gradually, this situation evolved discontent and I began to focus my attention toward another woman. Two things attracted me to her, First, I liked the way she dressed and secondly, I thought I could prove to myself that I could be a real man. The latter, of course, I found impossible and I'm not sorry, because I do love being a woman and I keep trying to improve myself. Upon discovering this romance, my wife gave me the choice of seeking help or leaving her.

Both of us made a number of visits to the psychiatrist and after receiving proper counselling, Sally and I were made aware that "our" beliefs are not perverted or abnormal. Now that Sally knows the goal that "we" strive to attain, she wants to share our femme world with all of us. We are both very happy together now. We share each others clothes, we shop together for pretty things and if she goes shopping alone, she usually buys a suprise for me.

For femmiphillia and marriage to be in concert with each other, there has to be a harmonic structure built on just two things; immeasurable love and understanding on behalf of both parties.

by Sheila (30-B-2 FPE)

# Field Trip Report

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◆ As readers of the Femme-Mirror should know, I have been getting around quite a bit this fall and winter of 1963-64, and Virginia suggested that I might put down a few words to describe what I've seen. As my employer's files have now been enriched with some 20 pieces of deathless prose giving the technical part of the story (this is known as a market survey, and is the greatest invention since falsies), here is the feminine viewpoint. But first a few statistics; Mileage = 25000; Planes = 49, from a Beechcraft Bonanza to Convair 990s; Cover-Girls = 7, FPE members = 25, other TVs = 25 in round numbers.

The most important point to me is that such a trip would have been inconceivable five years ago. The girls were there, all right, but no one could ever have found them; hidden, isolated, perhaps at best knowing one or two other TVs, and deathly afraid of exposure, they would have been as unreachable as the stars. Now it's easy, thanks to TRANSVESTIA's penetration of the veil of ignorance and fear, to find one's way around TV-land. The lines of communication stemming from Los Angeles alone would make this possible, but, busy little spiders that we are, we have set up cross-links that make a fantastic cobweb indeed! The effects of this are incalculable, but I'm sure it's fair to say that the life of every TV this has touched has been changed permanently for the better. By permanently I'll go so far as to guess that for the next 100 years, at least, no TV need grow up in the sad state of fear, ignorance and guilt through which all the present readers passed. If I ever saw the signs of a self-sustaining chain reaction, this is one!

All this communication inevitably has produced all sorts of results. While we're spending a lot of time on gossip and other trivia, we are also sharing our experiences, strength and hopes with each other. By this means



one can come to know herself; by looking into the living mirror of a hundred faces, each struggling with similar problems, beats any therapy the psychiatrists can offer in their "fifty-minute hour". The small-town owners don't perhaps have as much experience as the city types, but their questions can, and do, give the rest of us some things to think about. Many a silly notion, cherished in secret for years, is vanishing under the scrutiny of this sisterhood. My private cobweb, now covering four continents, has certainly made a new person of me.

Another important thing is the feeling of security. What does it take to encourage a normally cautious person like me to land at the airport of a city I've never seen, take a five mile taxi ride to an obscure address with a suitcase full of clothes whose very possession is evidence of unusual activities and interests, enter a house to meet people whom I've met only by letters, and entrust to them my reputation and even personal safety? This is not done lightly - and yet, with the knowledge of the Chevalier security system in mind, there is little fear in my mind when I do it! I can hardly think of a greater tribute to the dedication and integrity of Virginia, the person responsible for setting up this system than the preceding two sentences. Of course, we cannot leave it all for her to do; there are and will be a few uninvited and irresponsible passengers on this railroad, and it is up to all of us to do our part in keeping it safe and clean.

And what of the girls, my hostesses and guests on this wild ride? They are all different, and yet they have much in common. Tall, short, slim, broad; from the incredible beauty of Eileen to a few faces that only a brother could love, they have an attitude which I can only describe as "joyful". (One can scarcely use the much abused word "gay", but I'm sure we have a lot more true gaiety than the tearful users of that term.) Clever, ingenious, courageous; these are musts for any TV, in her calm determination to ignore the laws of physics and defy the laws of man. In addition, one cannot help but notice a certain calm serenity, the sort that comes only to those who have been through Hell and know they don't have to repeat the trip. (There are

exceptions, of course). The medical "experts" might well take another look at these cool-eyed ladies before they continue to prattle about those "suffering" from transvestism! Full of plans for an uncertain but surely delightful future, these girls and their successors yet to come are a living tribute to the planning and work which made it all possible.



### DOUBLE OR NOTHING

Of course, it's lovely to be a girl  
Soft and sweet, and (I hope) twenty three  
To purr with delight over every pearl  
And make myself lovely as I can be.  
Spend hours perfecting my best wig's curl-  
Thoughtless, and charming, selfish and FREE.

But the world of men, though far from clean  
With it's roar and clatter, and smoke and flame,  
shows another side of what joy can mean:  
To build with steel, in an endless game  
Or to fight-and master a screaming machine,  
Makes life as a lady seem all too tame.

Some praise the splendor of Coccinelle  
And the joys of hormones and surgery  
But at forty-nine, will she look so well?  
Or, there are those who'd make a "HE-MAN" of me  
With a hairy chest, and a barn-yard smell  
And a voice like a bull-ape fresh from a tree.

Reformers and tempters alike, beware  
Before you peddle your tales to me  
I've heard them all, and I wouldn't care  
To be anything but a straight F.P.  
I'm neither transexual nor square,  
And as I am I intend to be.

Sheila 30-B-2-FPE





## "SUSANNA SAYS..."

Dear Virginia:

Sorry my dear, but the next TVia has to be published without SUSANNA SAYS. . . . I simply have not got the time to send you the usual report. I am absolutely swamped with this awful World's Fair and the job is proving rather tough on poor Susanna. So much so, that she spends most of her time inside a closet. I hate to miss an issue after all this time, but I'd rather let you know in advance so that you won't have to hold the presses until the last minute for me. . . .

Love,

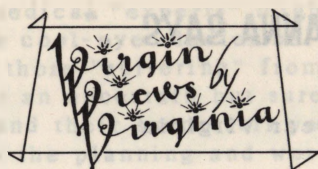
Susanna

I am sure that I speak for all of the readers of TVia when I say that we will miss Susanna's usually sparkling and perceptive comments this month, but such is life. I know she is a busy girl and we'll just have to forgive her this time and look forward with extra interest to what she has to say next time. Let's hope that the political conventions don't prove such a time consumer to her too that we will again be deprived. We'll be waiting for you Susie, when next we open the page to see what

## "SUSANNA SAYS..."

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Editor



PSYCHIATRY ....

PSYCHOLOGY ....OR..

PHILOSOPHY ....

◆ When you stop to think about it, cross dressing is rather an odd behaviour pattern. I don't mean odd just because it is statistically unusual. I mean it is odd because it has such a hold on it's devotees, yet requires no outside stimulant like alchochol, narcotics, tobacco; no other human partner like homosexuality, masqchism, sadism, voyeurism, non-human, non-chemical or plain debauchery; no attractant like horse racing, dice and card gambling; no victims to swindle or take advantage of; in short it needs nothing outside of the person himself but some articles of clothing. Cross dressing must surely be unique among the various "diversions" both immoral, illegal or unwise that the human species is given to. And yet once one is "hooked" the drive is surely as permanent, intense, and deep rooted as any of the above.

In view of the unique character of the problem it leads one to wonder in which of three catagories of enlightenment one should look for it's understanding. Of course the category employed by both the man on the street and by many psychiatrists is that we are some kind of nuts and should properly seek our solutions in the fields of psychiatry....to be brain washed out of it to be blunt. However; as has been pointed out on other occasions in this magazine, psychiatry does not offer much real understanding and no "cures". Such remissions as may occur are usually brought about by the individual himself simply as a matter of self control in the interest



of other aspects of his life. Several of our own group have made this attempt and to the extent that it is successful and brings them greater peace of mind I can only say "more power to them".

The next place to look is the field of psychology or perhaps we should say socio-psychology because the field of sociology is definitely involved. Most of the previous attempts by myself and others writing in this magazine to find a rationale on which to base a satisfactory explanation have been in this field. And it probably is still the most fruitful. However; there are many people both TVs and outsiders who either do not understand psychological matters, have no faith in them even if they do understand or would feel on safer ground in another field. So while I have not personally given up my interest in the psycho-social approach, I think it might be rewarding to explore still another field for the benefit of still another point of view.

I refer to the field of philosophy. I might have said religion, but this is a dangerous word to use as it implies too much and too many things to too many people. However; philosophy and religion are closely entwined, so let us talk about both together.

On the inside front cover of TRANSVESTIA at the bottom of the page there has been for many issues back, a statement from the "Sayings Of Jesus" as given in the Gospel according to Thomas. Probably most readers thought this was just taken as a religious quotation for such justification and authority as it might lead to our behaviour pattern. Not so! It appears in every issue because it expresses in few words some things which, though common to many cultures ancient and recent, are generally overlooked by every one. In Christianity and in Judaism from which it sprang the story of Adam is told "He was created in God's image". The female was created from Adam's rib, but before that was related in Genesis 2/21 it had already been said in Genesis 1/26, 27 "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness (27) And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them".

In all cultures worshipping a Supreme Being, it is implicit in that supremacy that He must be all things to begin with in order to create any individual things. Being all he must incorporate both masculine and feminine character. Thus the Yang and Yin of the Chinese (the symbol chosen for FPE) symbolized by the Monad represented a totality in the circle which was divided into the two intertwining masculine and feminine, yang and yin portions. Thought of in this way, the Saying of Jesus quoted on our inside cover is equivalent to indicating that we can enter the Kingdom when we become God-like that is when we cease being divided beings and combine all noble human qualities in one individual.

Philosophically the matter may be easier to grasp. The ancient Chinese and Japanese philosophers thought of the world as being divided primarily into heaven and earth the two polarities of nature. Man was always in between. Nothing could be created except by our interaction of heaven and earth. They proceeded further to examine mankind and found that he exhibited two polarities which could be represented and thought of as Wisdom and Beauty: And nothing worthy could be created except by the interaction of these two. Masculinity and femininity male and female are obvious polarities and only through their union can other living things be created.

Nature herself is always in balance, in harmony, not in conflict. Her polarities are turned toward each other to fortify and fructify each other unfortunately where Nature tends towards unity man has created diversity which is to say the two polarities of our nature are in opposition to each other, not in a composition with each other. Man in his search for knowledge and information with which to handle his environment has indulged in a vast amount of classification and comparison which is all right up to a point, but comparison promotes diversity and separateness and not unity thus further driving apart these forces which should be working together.

The great psychological investigator Carl Jung invented the terms Animus and Anima for the two polarities which the Oriental philosophers termed Wisdom and Beauty. He taught that in every male there was a feminine aspect to his psyche which he termed the "Anima"



and in every female a corresponding masculine principle termed the "Animus". A large portion of all of man's trouble (using the word to cover both sexes) stems from his inability to recognize, accept and integrate the Animus and Anima in himself. Perhaps if our minds were geared to unity than to diversity we would see ourselves as total beings and strive to be a little of everything rather than always emphasizing one polarity and forgetting, denying or fighting the other one. This is either a natural custom or a natural cause (it being a case of the chicken and the egg) of living in a world that is overwhelmed with polarization; it's Catholic, Protestant or Jew in religion, Democrat or Republican in politics, capitalist or communist in economics, science verses are in philosophy, black or white in race relations, labor or management in industrial relations, liberal or conservative in opinion and so on and on in every aspect of our existence. We would be much further ahead if we could recognize that in each of these opposites there resides something of the other and that each therefore has a contribution to make and that the best between all these lies somewhere in the grey area between blacks and whites. Nature progresses through the unity of opposite polarities in a state of dynamic balance while man constantly attempts to choose, support, intensify and tie himself to one or the other extreme.

In the realm of relations between the sexes we find more polarization and separation. The male works more with a rational, scientific, mathematical and mechanical approach to life--with mind, to put it simply. The female operates more on instinct, intuition and emotion. Now mind is more disciplined than emotion and in the necessities of conquering his environment and subduing the planet mind has taken the leadership away from the emotion. Yet mind can and has become something of a tyrant in that it invents, uses strategy, and devises means of grasping and taking things for self advantage maintaining and rationalizing that this is the greatest good. Yet ironically, mind, which prides itself on it's superiority and denies the importance of emotion actually is in an inferior position. For mind can only contemplate, experiment and advance hypotheses, but emotion can feel and experience, and experience is a much higher form of knowledge than contemplation.

Man is psychologically androgyneous Animus and Anima again) his psyche contains within it heaven and earth, that is wisdom and beauty or thought and love. Yet these poles are constantly in conflict with each other. Man cannot be truly mature and realize the best that is within himself until he is able to integrate and make peace within himself between these warring factions. His true maturity and evolution cannot be achieved except through the interaction and cooperation of these two phases of existence. Women are aiding this development greatly because they are acquiring in addition to their beauty emotion-love (Anima) outlook, the wisdom, thought-reason (Animus) abilities long the exclusive province of the male by going to school and learning the complexities of science, mathematics, economics, government, law, medicine, etc. They are thereby acquiring a new set of tools to handle their battle of life. But the male on the other hand is so very disdainful of the emotional content the feeling side of life that far from investigation and acquiring some knowledge of it he denies and degrades it as an inferior method of dealing with existence. The average man ignores or denies the Anima within himself, shows little sympathy or empathy (feeling for and feeling with others). In fact, present day cultures indicate that the highest and most noble condition of masculinity consists of fighting a war to protect home and family. In reality the male's lack of emotional insight is one of the world's greatest problems. Whereas women are building wisdom into their emotional life men are not doing much in the way of tempering reason with feeling. This results in a lack of communication between the sexes. The famous "war of the sexes" is in reality almost complete ignorance each of the other due to our fetish for disparity and divergence instead of co-ordination, co-operation and unity. By and large men do not have a deep and abiding appreciation of beauty and women are not interested in discipline and precision, yet many of these aspects of existence are valuable and would contribute to the maturity of both sexes if their attitudes were open and receptive.

Yet the emotional content of a man cannot be denied totally even though he pretends to be really wise, a man must love someone greatly, and that someone is usually a woman. Through her he can supplement his own lacks



and he is willing to recognize the big ANIMA in her while at the same time denying the little anima within himself. As indicated at the start of this essay nothing valuable in nature was built except through the union of heaven and earth and with man only through the union of wisdom and beauty, thought and emotion, Animus and Anima (masculinity and femininity). This is the road to real psychological maturity and accomplishment. Thus the Animus-Anima intergration and balance is the fullest state of virtue, making man and women sons and daughters of God. "When you make the two one....and when you make the male and the female into a single one.... then you shall enter the Kingdom". Now do you see the significance?

But what direct bearing does all this have on the TV? While I am not sure that it has anything to do with the initiation of the phenomena in the beginning, I am sure that it has much to do with the continuance. Regardless of the circumstances under which a male person learns about cross dressing, and regardless of any extraneous factors such as particular favoritism for above, corsets or what not, by the time he has progressed to the complete outfit and can see himself in the mirror as a woman he has begun to experience an integration of his Animus and Anima. He is becoming aware that existence does not require two opposite polarities fighting each other, but that there are two different aspects of life--two different points of view if you will both of which are necessary, neither of which is better, which together compliment each other and create a whole between them (rather than a hole). Collectively these two approaches make for a more completely integrated and functioning being provided--a few things. Provided first that the individual rise above the culturally divided and short sighted mass opinion that promotes division rather than unity through condemning anything in males which has arbitrarily been awarded for females. It is the awareness of this and the lack of rising above it which is responsible for guilt feelings and none can really be happy and integrated while carrying around a load of guilt. Secondly, it requires what I have referred to before--wisdom, Moderation and Perspective. One cannot go off the deep end in this matter any more than in any other, especially since we all have responsibilities to others. Recognition

of the values to be gained through integrating our Animus with our Anima is the important thing. Actually feminine attire and our wearing of it is merely an exterior indication of this unification. It is a means, a pathway toward it. In our culture it is almost a necessary way to integration, because only the very rare individual will be able to recognize and appreciate his Anima to any degree due to the conflicts and guilt feelings which such a recognition arouses in him.

Some few having recognized and made peace with the Anima (which can as well be thought of by Susanna's term, "the girl within"), have found that dressing of itself is not as needful as it used to be and have lessened or discontinued it. This is not to be confused with discontinuance through "purges" or rejection which are due only to an unmanageable load of guilt and non-understanding. I am referring to those who have successfully recognized, integrated and made peace between these two halves of their psyche. Such persons are admittedly few and far between. There are, however, quite a number of us who have succeeded in recognizing our Anima sides giving expression to "her", originally through dressing and subsequently simply through an integration of our inner selves in our daily lives. Dressing may still remain a very pleasant activity and a source of renewed emotional awareness and may continue with greater or lesser frequency all our lives. The important thing is not necessarily to conquer the dressing but to recognize what it is actually doing FOR us, and recognizing this, to actively attempt a greater degree of integration in our ordinary lives without any guilt feelings. I believe that this is the true goal and virtue of FemmePersonation.

Of course, those who, for family reasons, are unable to use the gateway of actual dressing either at all or on a more restricted basis have an even more difficult time arriving at such integration. However: mental recognition of the desirability of unity as opposed to diversity in such fields as emotion vs. reason, wisdom vs. love (beauty), intuition vs. knowledge, etc. should give him a start toward the same end. It will be more difficult because he will have no easy means of surviving and conquering the attacks of guilt and uncertainty, but it can be done and I hope my words in this article will provide a jumping



off place for those who unfortunately find themselves in this category. Even though you cannot get out of the "closet" physically, use your imagination, imagery and fantasy not only for pleasure but as an active mechanism to break out of it figuratively.

If the Animus-Anima concept is as fundamental as Jung thought it was and if the urge to unity as against diversity is as strong as I think it is, the difficulty of "curing" FPs by psychiatric means becomes understandable. I feel that the practicing FP has unknowingly made contact with his Anima through the mechanism of dressing--the exterior manifestations of femininity in our present culture. These initial steps toward the integration of Animus and Anima he unconsciously feels to be steps in the right direction and knowing this he fights desperately to retain this bit of integrated maturity. He knows that in this direction lies the ultimate virtue and the ultimate good and therefore does not wish to be diverted from this path simply to conform to a social pattern. The only virtue of which is that it is conformed to by a majority of mankind. Albeit at enormous neurotic cost). Various aspects of our current social pattern are immature, unprogressive, constricted, destructive and obstructive to the achievement of the higher state that man will one day attain. A perceptive individual therefore fights against this suffocating conformity for the sake of conformity.

Recognition and acceptance of ALL of our potentialities is the road to maturity-individuality and socially. The perceptive person having by one means or another stumbled on a means of accomplishing even a part of this will cling strongly to it. God IS a blend of all. Animus and Anima, and to the extent that we can blend them likewise we are a step closer to the Kingdom.



## DEFENSE FUND

As most of you know we have been collecting money for a Defense Fund in New York. Some of you don't know this because we ran out of the appeal letters before we ran out of people to send them to. Don't feel, however; that because you did not receive one that you cannot contribute or that it is too late, it is not. The situation is as follows;

One of our number, a person of upstanding character and responsibility with an unblemished record was arrested in N.Y.C. on an old, outdated ordinance; was convicted, given a suspended sentence in spite of the attorney's plea that the law under which he was being tried was unconstitutional. Therefore; this decision is being appealed to a higher court. Decisions in appeals Courts are matters of Record and help set precedent for other similar matters elsewhere. Thus it is definitely in the interests of all TVs to help win this appeal. The matter of TVism has never been the subject of an appeal in any state and thus there is no "body of law" to point to when one of us is charged with "masquerading" etc. We hope to remedy that situation through this appeal.

So far we have sent the attorneys \$490.00 collected from 70 contributors. Additional moneys have been collected in N.Y. and altogether there has been enough donated to pay the initial costs of this appeal. I wish to offer not so much my thanks as my congratulations to our readers that so many have recognized the need and have agreed with me on the necessity of doing something about it. However; the job may not stop here! If this appeal is lost it will be carried to a higher court (Even if we win the State can appeal.). This will involve additional expense. So I solicit those of you who have not done your bit to do so and send in what you can, marked as being for the DEFENSE FUND. Any moneys that do not have to be spent on legal costs will be turned over to the Foundation to further other projects it will be undertaking.. So, BE PART OF THE FIRST LEGAL EFFORT EVER COLLECTIVELY MADE IN THE INTEREST OF TVs.



# *Editorial Emanations*

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I. REASONS, EXPLANATIONS AND APOLOGIES: Seems there are complaints on lots of scores, so I've decided to lump them all together:

- a) TVia #26 and April Mirror were way late.
- b) There were lots of typographical errors in #26
- c) Some copies of #26 had duplicated pages.
- d) I have reused cartoons a second time in TVia and FM.
- e) Some of the printed material is old.

That's quite a batch of gripes to handle at once but I'm a husky young girl so I can do it. As most of you know Chev. Pubs. is entirely a before breakfast, after dinner and weekend affair with me. The rest of the time I work-like you. It happened that I have had a number of necessary family, business, and social evenings close together in the last 2 months and this robbed me of much of the time I would have put in on TVia and Mirror, result--I got in a real bind. I was so late by that time (and I had had to get a new typist who was told to proofread her own work but didn't), that I just took the material from her and printed it. The bindery got careless with some issues and if yours was one of them, send it back and I'll send out a good one. I have unintentionally duplicated cartoons because unknown to me the printer made 2 sets of prints from a batch of cartoons I gave him and they were mixed. Since I can't remember all those that have been used, I have some times picked out a previously used one. . .sorry. As to old material, everybody doesn't know it's old, and it can't all be printed as it comes in, so if it is interesting I use it-when I have time to edit it, print it up and place it in an issue.

All these matters sound as though they were easy to solve but they aren't. I just felt you'd rather have TVia a little late and with errors than have it held up still longer, until it could be perfect. I just keep doing things the best I can. If anyone has a new or used 4th dimensional, doubly energized, nuclear powered, all transistor, Time Expander available at a good price I could use it. However; I think I'm finding some ways of solving some of the problems, so stick around and see.

II. TV TALES: A number of you decided to subscribe for "Tales" #1 after it was exhausted. I therefore started you with #2. I would like you to know that a small re-run of these will be made because we found a few excess covers. If you want to get in on these please order them over again right away before they are gone the second time. "Tales" #3 is also out now. It is completely a cartoon story entitled "The Test of a TV" Don't let this one run out on you. #2 is still available but with only about 50 copies left. I don't mean to be repetitious but I hate to have to tell readers that something is all gone. Such is shortly going to be the case, however, with the early issues of TVia up to about #10, so if there are any "holes" in your set you'd best speak up now before it's too late (At this writing there are just 6 copies of #7 left).

III. DRESS CATALOGS ALL GONE: I have to announce that all of the Dress Catalogs are gone and that they will not be reprinted. John Aaron has gone into a regular dressmaking business and has no time for custom work, but he said that he would try to accomodate anyone who had already gotten the catalog, but not to print anymore.

IV. CLIPSHEET OUT: This item being published at irregular intervals has to be announced at the time it is ready. Therefore may I say that Clipsheet #16 is now available.

V. NAMES: Every now and again I get pictures, manuscripts or letters without a name, code or other identifying mark. I hate to print anything without credit, but I'm not psychic so mark 'em, Please.

VI. THETA'S ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP: Just a word to again remind those FPE members who live too far away from others to take part in forming chapters. THETA in Madison, Wisc. has offered the hand of friendship and the feeling of belonging, to you. You can become an Associate Member of Theta and receive their bulletins and letters no matter where you live. For information write to Fran 49-C-FPE % CONTACT and it will be forwarded to her. No fee is charged for this, but stamp the envelope.

VII. TVISM AND YOUR OCCUPATION: Sheila's article on the "TV Engineer" in TVia #25 brought forth the suggestion that others might do a short 2 page article on how they feel TV has blended into their careers. This might shed some interesting light on various aspects of



the subject not previously thought about seriously. Let's have your contribution to this, or any other type of contribution for that matter. TVia lives off what you girls feed it you know, and sometimes the diet gets a little thinned out, so get out the pen and paper.

VIII. FORMER COVER GIRLS: ATTENTION: It has been suggested that it would be interesting to hear from all former Cover Girls about what has happened in their lives since the time they were on the cover of TVia. Just a short bit PLUS a late picture would make interesting reading I'm sure, I'd like to handle them about 6 at a time, so how about ANNETTE (5), GENEVIEVE (6), DENISE (7), JOAN (8), ANITA (9), and CHARLOTTE (10) letting us know what goes with them, we'd all like to know.

IX. PERMISSION TO USE PICTURES: I have been asked to write a series of articles on TV for a new magazine about to make it's appearance. In addition I have made arrangements with a lady writer to cooperate in getting some material on the subject into the respectable magazine world. Such articles are always more interesting where they carry pictures. If any of you would be willing to allow your pictures to be so used it would help. Obviously, I would not use them without written permission. As to payment, I can only offer whatever the publication pays for pictures. I would be glad to pass this on. It is usually \$5. to \$10. Please let me know if you are willing. It is the girl shots that would be wanted of course, and no indentification of your male self would be made.

X. YOU DON'T RESPOND! At various times I have asked the readers of this magazine for their opinions and help or contributions in determining policy or in presenting material. You came through grandly for the Defense Fund Appeal, but on policy and material for TVia it's not so good. What about the cartoon book idea I asked about a couple of issues ago, what about some serious articles about what is really involved in TV so that we can get together a good sown-to-earth Foundation Publication for medical publications etc. And those of you who have never filled out our current questionnaire, please ask for it and help in this regard. TVia is yours, I'm only the putter-together but it requires your help and contributions.



*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.

There still seems to be some confusion regarding the use of this service. It is open ONLY to those who have filled out the required CONTACT or FPE forms--this goes for both advertisers and answerers; (2) Neither of these applications will be sent until the reader has bought at least 5 issues of TVia from Chevalier. This is not being mercenary--it is simply a way of assuring us that the applicant has a genuine interest and will be a continuing reader and not just a fly-by-night curiosity seeker; (3) FPE members must pay the \$1 forwarding fee as their membership dues do NOT go to Chevalier but to the Foundation treasury. (4) Mail for forwarding MUST go to the address of CONTACT given above, not to Chev. Pubs. at Box 36091, L.A. 36, Calif. This a Post Office requirement. (5) Letters for forwarding must be in a stamped but unsealed envelope.

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35-S2- FPE Lonely TV, 44, like to correspond with and ultimately meet sincere TVs. I travel frequently between Cincinnati and the Twin Cities. Laura

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- "TRANVESTIA"... A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1 st of even numbered months at \$4 per copy.
- "FEMMEMIRROR"... A 16 page newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Published 15th of each month at \$1 per copy. Yearly subscriptions 12 for \$10.
- "CLIPSHEET"... News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50 per copy. Yearly subscription \$5.
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## SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSVESTIA from #3 to current issue are available at reduced rate of 6 for \$20. Select any issues needed to fill out your library.

Back issues of Mirror and Clipsheet (as available) are offered at 6 for \$3 and may be mixed as desired.

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# Publication Policy

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

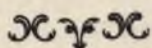
1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made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

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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 the correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for a time and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. Member of Phi Pi Epsilon need no further application and may use the service by paying the regular rates.

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