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Transvestia



Volume IX

No. 50

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "other side" and seek to express it. The magazine provides--

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

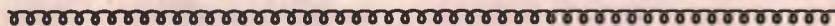
to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

in place of the loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANSVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this magazine.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.

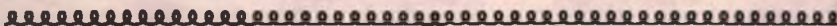


THE COVER DESIGN

The cover design symbolizes the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides - mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) - the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being - not all masculine - mind and reason, abstract and unseen - and not all feminine - beauty, desireability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"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".

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.



Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contribution Editor

SHEILA NILES
Literary Editor

MARY NEILSON
Ass't. to Editor



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Purpose of the Society



Our Leading Lady

This Is My Life

by Debbie Lee (32-R-9) FPE

It feels funny to sit down to write one's own life. It's like writing those "true confessions" and knowing that hundreds, perhaps thousand of people, TV's and non-TV's will be in possession of data which, until a little over a year ago, was held within me as my deepest secret. Of course I am a transvestite and I think I have been one all my life. But before I go into history, let me introduce myself: name: Debbie - married - several children -six-footer - masculine looking in male clothes - not bad at all when being Debbie (at least I photograph fairly well) - I wish I weren't married -- and I wish I were a few inches shorter -- and of course a few (quite a few) years younger. I am taking electrolysis - and I dress every single day of the week. I am very happy when dressed and my greatest joys come when I am able once in a while to stay dressed for several days. I wish I could stay dressed the rest of my life.

My first recollection about cross-dressing goes back to the age of 10. It is vivid in my mind because my mother gave me a severe beating when she found me in my bed-room parading around in my sister's clothes. Of course neither the beating nor her warnings did any good. I kept stealing clothes from sis who was two years younger, and hid them in the attic and the hay loft. As you may gather, we lived in a small farm. The hayloft was my world and I spent many happy hours there wearing my treasures. My folks were poor, without much education and extremely strict with us children. I grew up with 2 sisters and a brother, and as far as I can tell, none of them were aware of my inclination to wear girl's clothes.



Debbie
as the
Hill Billy
Bride



Debbies Brother
as a Clown



Unlike my younger brother I was a mamma's boy and I was very much of a sissy. I hated to play rough games, disliked intensely all kinds of sports and from grade school on I never got out of the sissy category. My greatest desire was to see, touch and feel next to my body anything with lace and ruffles, preferably of satin or taffeta. I guess my TV beginnings must have been fetishistic because I remember how much I loved to wear my sister's bloomers and fondle and cuddle the laces and satins next to my skin. I must point out however that there never was any sexual reaction connected with my dressing.

Between the ages of 10 & 13 I became one of the best altar boys in our community under the tutorship of nuns where I was attending a catholic school. I was the one who always volunteered when there was a call for altar boys. What they did not know was that my eagerness was not the result of faith or deep religious feeling, what I loved were the lacy surplices and the satin cassocks. And everytime I wore those garments I would make believe I was wearing girl's clothes. There I was, all dressed up, walking all around the church in front of everybody, very proud in my lovely laces and the swishy satin. Wonder what the nuns and priests would have done if they could have read my heart! I think that from that time on I developed a desire to show off in dresses and this must have led me to the world of show business of which I later became a part.

At the end of my 13th year, the good nuns felt that I was destined to become a priest. How else could they explain my love for surplices and cassocks! So off I went to a Seminary. Of course I couldn't dress there, but the surplices and satin cassocks, altered by my vivid imagination, became lovely frocks and dresses. Needless to say, the few times we put on a play on the stage I managed to get a feminine role, although some of the pleasure was gone inasmuch as we were not allowed to wear lingerie under the dress and had to put up with our standard masculine



The Blond Amazon



Happy Birthday



As "Dolly" in a play

underwear. Horrible incongruity!

Finally I became fed up with seminary discipline and became impatient to get away and go back to my hayloft. So at the end of my sixth year one event helped me to get away. It was my first sexual experience. I discovered I liked girls a lot, but the good fathers took a dismal view of my discovery and decided the Seminary could exist very nicely without me. So I was now 18 years old and returned home. But that same year a circus came to town. I heard they were looking for musicians and since I had learned the clarinet and the saxophone I proceeded to apply for a position in the band. I was hired and when the circus moved on I moved on with it leaving behind my small Indiana town and my private paradise in the hayloft. From town to town I traveled with the circus and played in the band, but the sight of all the beautiful costumes all around me was driving me crazy. How I wished I could dress up! Of course I would have never dared tell some of the circus girls of my desires, so I did the next best thing: I became friendly with the clowns. At least they could wear colorful costumes with ruffles, and lace and satin and made-up faces! Pretty soon I was a good pal of one "Sorrowful Sam". Soon he took me under his wing and proceeded to teach me a clown routine. I was not a very good clown but good enough to become a regular performer. It was a happy moment when I put on for the first time my clown's attire... I still remember it: it was white satin with big red polka dots and ruffles and laces around the collar, sleeves and ankles.

For a year or so this was my life, a happy life. Then we reached Chicago for a six-month stand at the Century of Progress - the Chicago Fair. And you guessed it. Here I met for the first time in my life those (to me, then) beautiful creatures called female impersonators. They, with the famous Sally Rand, had their own show at the Fair and soon I was a frequent visitor and friend. Just imagine my feelings seeing



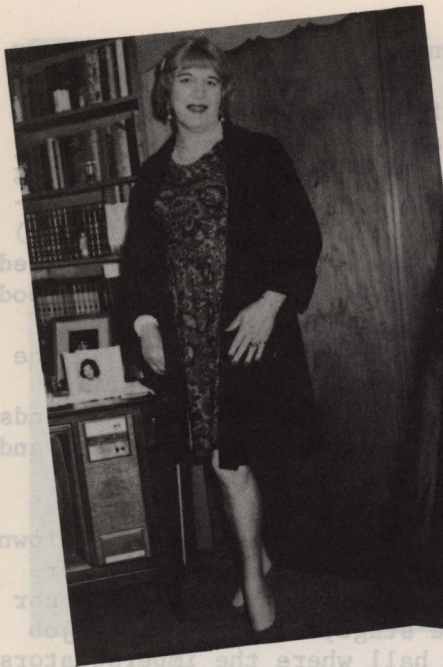
Debbie The Domestic Girl

all that glitter and gowns and lingerie. I was only 20 years old and I was a pretty boy, still very much of a sissy, just oozing femininity. And of course it had to happen. One day they dressed me up from the skin out, and I am convinced that no human being can possibly experience a thrill so intense, so fantastically devastating, (so indescribably delicious) as the thrill felt by a TV when he gets fully dressed for the first time. That is what I felt when I stood in front of a mirror and saw Debbie for the first time. To me, she was the most beautiful girl in the world, this despite the fact that I was bigger and taller than most of my new-found impersonator friends. They baptized me as Debbie, the Amazon Bombshell, and this is the way they billed me.

When the circus left Chicago there was one clown less in the troupe and one additional female impersonator in Chicago. Since I did not have an act nor routine to perform on the stage, they gave me a job as a barmaid in the same hall where the impersonators put on their show. I must have done a good job of it, because after we left the Fair I was again a barmaid at The Red Door in Calumet City, Illinois. My friends kept prodding me into developing an act and finally I made my debut on stage at Club 48 as a "Hillbilly Bride". What a thrill everytime I went on stage, and what a thrill to see my name outside.

For about two years we traveled from town to town and finally we made the French Quarter in New Orleans. Everything was rosy and happy, but fate had other designs on my life. A terrible fire broke out and I lost everything I owned. The shock was too great and I felt that the whole world had crumbled under me. So feeling defeated, I went back home and settled down to a more masculine type of life.

My folks were getting on in years and really needed help on the farm. At no time did my parents become aware of my love for women's clothes. My mother seemed to have forgotten that one incident in my childhood. And so, I met a GG and we got



Just Debbie



married. We had a boy and a girl. After a few years I told my wife of my TV desires and she, somewhat reluctantly, allowed me to dress on rare occasions. Of course the children never did learn of my TVism. Somehow my life in show business was pretty well forgotten and I put my shoulder to the wheel to earn a good living for my family. Unfortunately the marriage -- after 7 years -- ended up in divorce. The main reason was not TVism but religion. My wife wanted to bring up the children in the Christian Science faith. I suggested that she let me at least raise the boy as a Catholic, but she wouldn't budge and so we parted.

I moved to New York City where, with the help of a cousin, I took up printing and became a pretty good one. (I guess I'm entitled to one good commercial plug). At the shop I met and fell in love with the book-keeper. Second trip to the altar. Living with my GG was sheer heaven. She loved both the man and Debbie. And Debbie of course was in paradise. Many a night we'd sit down and play "strip poker" and guess what. I'd end up wearing most of her clothes. What fun we had. But again fate took a hand. My wife was pregnant, and had an accident, became ill and finally died of kidney poisoning. Once more my world crumbled about me. I spent six weeks in the hospital with a nervous breakdown.

Back home Debbie came to life again and she & I lived and worked together. At his period of my life I began to wear lingerie all the time under my masculine attire. It was the man on the outside and Debbie underneath. I joined several organizations and revived my hillbilly bride act. Debbie thus waw again in demand, from PTA to American Legion, Elks and what-not. Happiness returned to my life. It was wonderfull to be Debbie again on stage and at home.

And now we come to the final and present chapter of my life. It starts with my third marriage. Before



Debbie at Casa Susanna

the children came - my present wife warmly accepted Debbie. I kept up my entertaining and freely dressed around the house, helped her with the house work and provided a good living from my printing shop. Then the children came, and (Oh, Susanna, how right you are) Debbie had to go into hiding, being able to appear only when and if the coast was clear. My TV activities were drastically reduced, but not stopped. I managed to do a bit of entertainment once in a while and dressed in private as much as circumstances permitted. I did manage, though to accumulate a nice wardrobe, lovely wigs and all those things so dear to a TV's heart. Nature however played a nasty trick on Debbie. The wife entered the menopause and the boom dropped. Debbie was told off in no uncertain terms. Bitter arguments and quarrels followed and naturally the children became aware of the facts regarding their father. How could they miss them with all the screaming that went on!

Not wanting to break up the home, I have stayed on, although the atmosphere reminds me of what the demilitarized zone in Viet Nam must be and the children have accepted Debbie's existence rather philosophically.

But a ray of sunshine has cut through the home clouds. Debbie, through a friend, went one Summer day to a resort far up in the Catskill mountains. It was Casa Susanna. There I met the most wonderful people in the world. With Susanna and Marie and all the TV friends I have made in my many trips there, Debbie blossomed forth and is able today to be herself in an atmosphere of friendship, understanding and tolerance which is a far cry from what she can find at home. What of the future? I've ceased to worry. I have learned to enjoy each day, one at a time. But believe me, even if science should ever find a way to kill the TV's desires, I would be the last person in the world to want to discard a condition from which I've derived some of the happiest hours in my entire life.

FICTION



Turner's Triumph

by Jeri (49-K-3) FPE

William Turner had two hobbies -- Pastimes perhaps would be more accurate. Going to movies was one of them. He never missed a new movie, whether it was an Italian epic or a musical comedy. Sometimes, in the case when a first-run show would be held over for several weeks, he would see it several times. He was an expert on movies.

The movie he was watching at the moment was another in the series of the Mondo Cane type: a bewildering montage of the bizarre and the beautiful, the commonplace and the obscure. He didn't particularly like this type of movie, preferring either costume-dramas or an elaborately staged musical with exotically dressed stars. While he munched delicately at his popcorn, the film dissolved to a shot of an African warrior of fierce mien and haughty stature; the music of the sound track segued down while the narrator described the dressing of the warrior's elaborate conical hairdo with fresh cow dung. William Turner felt faintly nauseous at this. A few kernels of popcorn escaped his fingers and fell onto his skirt.

Oh, yes--perhaps a word about William Turner's second hobby is in order, since it involves the first: William Turner was a transvestite. His greatest pleasure was in dressing himself from head to toe in woman's clothing, and then, because it was irresistible, he felt he must go out while he was so dressed. For a long time, he confined himself to late-evening walks around the block. One night, he screwed up his courage and went to a movie. There, in the dim theater, he felt secure in his disguise while participating in the world as if he

were in fact a woman. He always sat in the back, always sat through two shows until the outgoing crowd was large enough to give him additional protection, counting on the bright lights of the lobby to give him further screening from his partially-blinded co-patrons. He probably had little to worry about; he had invested in a fine wig; he dressed carefully, tastefully with an eye not to stand out in any particular way; he enjoyed himself.

Anyway, while William Turner was brushing the popcorn off his skirt with a napkin, the African disappeared from the screen and the music changed to a wierd, raga-like theme while the announcer suddenly said, "If you're a transvestite, you'll probably want to go to the monastery of Lo Mantang. High in the Himalaya mountains, fabled location of Shangri La, a group of monks has forsaken the ways of men in a different manner." William Turner's wig nearly flipped. He inhaled several kernels of popcorn. There was a faint roaring in his ears as the narration went on:

"Newly accessible by air, the monastery at Lo Mantang has been in existence for hundreds of years. The recent discovery of the uses of the medicinal herbs grown only on the high plateaus here has brought the twentieth century to this remote region. Far from shunning the manners of the Western world, the monks of Lo Mantang have eagerly embraced commerce with the West." As the narrator continued his dialogue to a flute-arrangement of "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody", the camera showed scene after scene of monastery life, ranging from a complete Western-style beauty parlor to monks engaged in their daily devotions while dressed in haute couture from the Salons of Paris. Elaborately embroidered silks and brocades from the Orient jostled elbows with nylon and dacron from the West. It was a fantastic spectacle.

Transmedia

William Turner sat spellbound through two more showings of the film. When finally the theatre closed for the evening, he reluctantly arose and on unsteady high heels, tottered out of the theatre. He had a strange premonition that he had seen his last movie.

After a fretful, sleepless night, Turner spent a miserable day at work. More than ever he hated his job, his co-workers, his entire life in a society that condemned him because he desired to adorn himself in a different manner than other men. What was it that the narrator had said? "They dedicated themselves to personification of the beautiful." Yes. There was no doubt.

That evening, Turner felt the urge to change clothes once more and see the film yet again. Instead, he put on a fresh shirt and went to the city library where he read steadily until the library closed. The only reference he could find to Lo Mantang was in a pharmacology journal. He looked up its location on a map of the Himalayas, finding only a faint smudge, so small was the area he looked for. Impatient, he looked for other books on the surrounding territories. He found several on Tibetan religions which he checked out; there were a few on Sikkim, and some others on Nepal. He took them all home and for a week, he read for hours every evening. There was nothing! No clue--not a trace of Lo Mantang. Was this too another fable-- another Shangri La? William Turner felt a keen despair overtake him.

He thought again about the film--Wait! Wasn't there something about air service? That meant that there was some sort of a commercial schedule into Lo Mantang. The next morning he called a travel agency.

To his utter astonishment, the clerk at the travel agency could and did give him complete and

accurate details. Not only that, but it was only about thirty seconds delay until the clerk had the information. "My!" said Turner. "That didn't take long!" "Well," said the clerk. "The first time I looked it up, it took two weeks. You're the fifteenth request I've had for that this month. What's in--uh, Lo Mantang?"

"Oh--uh, you see, they--uh--they export a medicinal herb that I'm interested in. Yes--that's it, a medicinal herb."

"Oh, I see. Well, the total fare, round trip, is \$3783.36."

The figure staggered Turner's mind. "Th-three thousand..."

"That's right. That's coach-class. First class is about one thousand higher--just a moment, I'll give you that exactly."

"No-no, don't bother. Uh--how much is one-way?"

"Just a moment." There was a pause, then the clerk returned to the line. "One-way is \$2042.15--plus car-fare to and from the airport." There was a faint note of sarcasm in his voice.

The next day, the travel agency sent him the complete routings as well as those two fantastic sums. For several weeks, Turner lived with nothing in his mind but the mysterious monastery--that and the utter impossibility of ever going. He had never before felt the need for an undue sum of money, so his savings were very small. His possessions were relatively low in value. For years he had poured money into his wardrobe and now, he could find little or no comfort in it. His wardrobe seemed once more a symbol of defeat, a feeling of a heavy weight suspended from his neck.

Transmedia

He was sitting in his apartment one night, adding up one more time the column of figures that represented his total wealth, when the telephone rang. He answered it and a voice on the other end said, "Mr. Turner? I saw the movie the other night." Turner waited a moment, then said "And?"

"I--uh--well, there's a cheaper way to go, if you're interested."

Turner recognized the voice of the clerk from the travel agency, but there was something--a repressed excitement--an urgency.--"Yes?"

"Can I talk to you?"

"Why--sure, why not?"

A short time later, the young clerk was seated in Turner's apartment.

"You see," he said, "After I saw the movie, I got to wondering--you know--so many requests and all. Well, yours was the only address I had and when I looked up in the city directory and saw you weren't connected with any medical organization, I sort of figured..." He looked down at the floor a moment. "I think you can understand if I tell you that I want to go there myself--and not for any medical reasons, either!"

Turner nodded his head. "Alright. Assume then that I am interested in something else. You said something about another way--"

"Yes. Forget about the air service. If you take working passage on a steamer--" he went on explaining an elaborate, but certainly inexpensive method of travel to the Far East. "Then you take the train from Calcutta. It takes about four days to the border, then you can either go with a caravan, or walk to Lo Mantang."

"How--how much would it cost?" asked Turner.

"Probably about seven hundred dollars. But that's one-way. Of course, you can always borrow money from the American Embassy to come home. Except in Lo Mantang. There's no Embassy there."

"Very interesting," said Turner. "Ah--you're going?"

The young man looked at him sadly. "No. I couldn't leave my family. I wouldn't. But--I'd like to know--you know, about the place. So if I can help someone else to go--maybe I can find out. If you go--would you write to me and let me know?"

Turner felt oddly moved. "Certainly. But I don't see how--"

"Look! All it takes is a little courage. My god, don't you even want to know? This may be the chance of a lifetime!"

"Suppose it is simply another myth--like Shangri La?"

"Was that a myth? After all, isn't Shangri La a state-of-the-mind? An attitude--a dream in life--"

After the young man left, Turner spent a long time just staring at the wall.

The next morning, Turner felt intoxicated as he calmly walked into the manager's office at work and resigned, effective in two-weeks. He withdrew his money from the company retirement fund, cashed in his life insurance policies, closed his checking and savings accounts, sold his car, television set, and finally with an air of finality, sold his wig and wardrobe. The last proved very difficult, inasmuch as he couldn't bear to accept the ten-percent value he was offered. Nevertheless--on the pretext

Transvestia

he was selling his deceased wife's clothes, he disposed of everything, down to the last pair of hose.

He got a passport, bought two pairs of heavy walking boots, a sturdy canvas duffel-bag, packed a razor, clean shirts and a few personal items and set out, hitch-hiking to Florida.

By the time he reached Florida, he was already tanned by the sun. A few dollars slipped to the union agent and he was booked for a working passage on a P&O liner bound for Adelaide. Seven weeks later he left Australia, bound for Hong Kong on a tramp steamer, this time as supercargo. From Hong Kong, he carefully invested a few dollars in a ride in the cargo compartment of a Flying Tiger to Malaya, then by coastal steamer to Calcutta. Five incredible days of riding the train across the plains of India brought him to the foothills of the Himalayas.

He spent a week in a Nepalese jail because he made the mistake of offering a government official a bribe in public, and then accepting the adamant refusal of the offended official as being a statement of fact. After his release from the Katmandu jail, Turner began seeking ways of finishing the journey. He was a mere three hundred miles from his goal--a thumb-nail's width compared to the distance he had traveled so far. Another week found him in Pokhara, half-way there. But further, it was impossible to go.

To his dismay, Turner found that there were no longer caravans going to Lo Mantang. The air service from Calcutta had taken over and was so much cheaper and quicker than the fifteen day journey through bandit-infested territory that the caravans had moved elsewhere.

He spent two weeks in Pokhara, trying to decide whether to go back to Calcutta and try to make arran-



Cindy - Calif.

gements to fly in, but his dwindling resources prevented him from turning back. He had, by this time, mastered enough of the clicking Tibetan dialect to make himself understood and to the amazement and amusement of the local citizenry, he paid an outrageous price for a yak, loaded it with supplies, and trekked off for the cleft between Annapurna and Dhaulagiri. For eight days, Turner trekked down the valley of the Kali Gandaki, then began to climb. On the evening of the twelfth day, as he slept exhausted in the thin, cold night air, the lure of the valuable yak brought a club-wielding bandit to an appointment with Turner. A quick tap on the skull, a body dragged to the edge and rolled over--and the yak was led patiently away to finish its cycle of existence in another place.

The only thing that saved Turner from immediate death was the fact that he hadn't had a haircut in several months, consequently he was not completely unconscious when he was rolled off the trail. His body refused to answer any commands, however, and so Turner was completely relaxed when he landed in a cleft some fifteen feet below the trail.

In the morning, Turner was amazed to waken and find himself still alive. He managed to drag himself painfully back to the trail where he slumped in exhaustion, his lungs screaming in the rarefied air. He lost consciousness, revived, fainted again, and woke once more to find that his body was pointing up the trail and dragging itself along. He marveled at this, his brain totally remote and unaffected as the body alternately heaved itself along a few yards, then collapsed. Inside his head, a voice was saying "Gee, Turner old boy, you really are tough! Hurray--you made nearly fifty feet that time! Gonna try again? Sure, why not--hands sore? Bleeding? Can't feel a thing, old boy." The sun went down. After a while it came up, stayed a while staring at the grotesque figure now crawling, now hopping, now falling forward, then changing its

mind, the sun went elsewhere.

And so on . . .

The High Lama of the Lo Mantang monastery was seated in his study, contemplating the lacquering of his nails when a respectful underling brought news of a marvelous sight. "Serenity--there is a man."

"Indeed," replied the Serene One. "That is not surprising news to this one's ears."

"This one is from the West, O Sublimity. He has come on foot, through the mountains, suffering terribly."

"All men suffer." replied the Sublime One.

"This man is dying, O Delicacy."

"In ninety-nine years, all cratures now alive shall be dead." intoned the Delicate One. Yet, a strange thing was observed that morning for the High Lama only stayed for three lacquerings of his nails, rather than the customary seven.

His hunger past all hungering, his thirst resigned now to a dull raging in the tattered hulk that was his body, Turner topped the last rise and stared through a red haze at the distant buildings. Forbidding, desolate, drab-looking, the monastery looked no different from the others Turner had seen back in the happier times when he could stand erect and walk about like a tourist. A strange thought took him: he must get to the distant place and find a mailbox--of all things, to send a postcard to his friend, telling him that this too was another lie in the fabric of existence.

Thus, when the High Lama, delicately holding the folds of his gown in one hand, approached Turner

where he lay outside the gate, he was astounded to hear the dying man raise himself on one elbow and ask in plain English, "Do you have an airmail stamp?"

Rationalizing that to allow an unsolved enigma to expire was a greater sin than interfering in the destinies of men, the Lama gave orders that Turner be brought inside, nursed if possible until he was well--if such was his fate. It was--and scarcely three weeks later, the Lama found his guest seated upright on his pallet, weak, but able to converse.

"You speak English!" croaked Turner in amazement.

"I speak many languages." stated the Lama, matter-of-factly. "I have much use for languages in dealing with those persons interested in the herbs and the extracts we produce here. I suspect however that is not your interest. Tell me, Mr. Turner-- why did you come to Lo Mantang?"

Turner related his adventure. "--and so, I came here to see if the story about the monastery was true."

"And now Mr. Turner?"

Turner showed an earnest face to the High Lama as he said, "I want to join your group."

"It is out of the question, Mr. Turner." The Lama turned and stalked out of the room, his high heeled shoes clacking on the stone floor.

Turner felt a tear begin to form in one eye; after so much, and so long--and he would not be permitted to enter.

After a few more weeks, Turner was well enough to move about freely. To a point. He was denied entrance to a large part of the monastery. One day he was summoned by the High Lama, the first time

since the sickbed interview.

If Turner had entertained any hopes about the Lama changing his mind, they were dashed immediately: "Mr. Turner, you must make your preparations to leave Lo Mantang." The Lama coughed delicately by way of punctuation. "You are well enough to travel and I'm sure you will agree that you will soon have pressed hospitality to its limits. Ah--when may we expect the sorrow of your absence?"

Turner inclined his head sorrowfully. "I don't know," he said honestly. "I--I haven't any money. I don't know how I'll make arrangements."

"What? Is there no-one you may borrow money from, then? A relative? A friend?"

"No-one." said Turner. In the stone-walled room, the word echoed.

"What possessed you, Mr. Turner, to come this great distance knowing you would not be able to leave? Surely you could not have reasonable expected us to welcome you out of hand. Whatever gave you such an idea?" Both the Lama's eyebrows were raised.

"The movie--" said Turner. "After I saw the movie, I thought--I thought--that maybe here I would be understood."

The Lama clucked his tongue sympathetically. "Forgive this stupid one. Aiee! That movie! In exchange for some small considerations--some trinkets that struck our fancies, we permitted the taking of pictures. And what has it brought us? I have received hundreds of letters, inquiring about this place. Hundreds of letters--and one fool who staggers through the mountains demanding to live here." The Lama smote himself on the forehead.

"Hundreds of letters?"

"Truly. All asking about the monastery, all begging for invitations. Many even ask for money to make the journey. What manner of people are these?"

Turner could have given him a clue, but he chose not to. He remained silent for a short space, then said, "Is there some way that I can earn money here, until I have enough to leave?"

The Lama looked at him in surprise. "Well! A moment ago you were dying to have me ask you to stay--now you wish to leave. Very well. We shall see what possibilities exist. But, tell me, Mr. Turner. Why so resigned to leaving now?"

"Some men hold selfish dreams..."

"Indeed!" The Lama considered this. Eventually, he said, "I will see what we can do to help you, Mr. Turner."

"Yeah--thanks."

The next morning, Turner was again summoned to the Lama's chambers. There was another exotically attired person present whom the Lama introduced as that worthy in charge of the mundane matters of international finance, credits and exchange--in short--the bookkeeper.

"We can usefully employ you for a time, Mr. Turner, if you have any ability in office procedures."

"I was an accountant in an office before I came here." Turner answered.

"Splendid. You may begin at once then. Ah--remuneration--I do not have knowledge of pay structures in large corporations--in any case, they would

not apply here, I think. We shall of course provide you with room and board and additionally, recompense you for your efforts at the rate of fifteen thousand piastres a month--how much is that in dollars, Meyer?" the Lama asked his bookkeeper.

Many years later, a slightly harried looking man with the grey of early middle age at his temples returned to his house and wife in the suburbs to find his spouse all agog over a mysterious letter bound in a queer sort of brownish envelope. The very fat envelope was covered with exotic stamps legendary postmarks and several forwarding addresses.

"Who's it from?" demanded his wife.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he answered truthfully, "I can't seem to make out the postmark--Boy! This thing has been all over the world."

"Well open it for heaven's sake! I'm dying of curiosity!"

He opened the envelope, read it aloud and replaced it in the envelope. He sat down on the couch staring at the ceiling with a bemused smile on his lips. His wife stood with open mouth.

"Why--it doesn't make any sense at all. Was that someone you know, dear?" she asked.

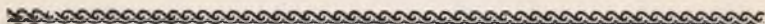
"Mmm. A long time ago, when I worked for the travel agency--remember?--I helped a man make out a route for a trip. He always said he'd let me know how he made out."

"It sounded like some kind of a trip, alright! Wow! But--the end doesn't make sense, does it?"

"Why not?"

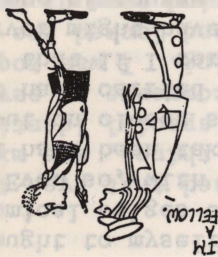
"Read it again for me." she asked.

"Sure--let's see--the last page--ah! Here:
"And so, after working for some time as an account-
ant, I was very pleased to be promoted, as it were,
when my superior abandoned his secular duties. You
see, what no-one ever realized is that this is after
all a religious order. Of course, I stayed on. After
all, the job had some interesting fringe benefits
for the higher echelons. I discovered then or learned
that what we had considered as important, was really
the first step--and the last, but it took me twelve
years of the most concentrated study to finally
realize that. In the end, rather than they accept-
ing me--I accepted them. And so, my friend, I dis-
charge my last duty to you. Even as I write this,
the Old One lies contemplating the end. He has
named me successor. I feel most humble. Never did
I realize, sitting there in the darkened theatres,
that one day--I would be Lama Turner!"

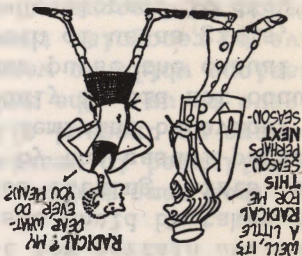


MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

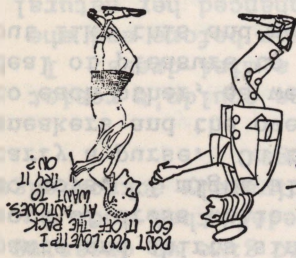
TVia exists on the contributions of its readers. I couldn't write it all and if I did you' think I was trying to hog the limelight. So lets have your creative selves get to work with interesting bits of your own past experiences. Other readers like to live through the interesting experiences of others vicariously. Lets also have fictional pieces especially those in which the TV theme is subtle or unexpected in some way. The more unusual the more interesting. Articles, poems, gags etc. are also needed. I have to keep quite a backlog on hand to allow for the time involved in getting around to editing them getting them typed and finally into the magazine. So, to paraphrase the expression, "Don't just subscribe, say something." I'd rather have too much than too little in the file and right now there is not enough. Ed.



IM
A
FELLOW.



RADICAL & MY
DENE WHAT-
EVER DO
YOU HEAR?
WELL, IT'S
A LITTLE
RADICAL
FOR ME
THIS
SEASON -
PERHAPS
NEXT
SEASON.



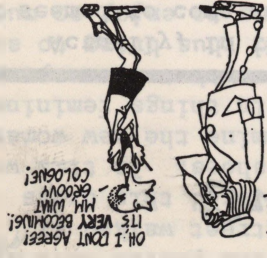
POST YOU LOVE IT?
I
GOT IT OFF THE PACK
AT ADVANCE.
WHAT TO
TRY IT
OUT?

BE MY
GUEST
I CANT
TAKE MY
EYES
OFF YOU
HINDSIGHT.



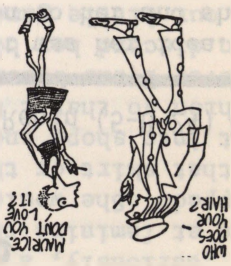
I LOVE IT
MAY I
SAMPLE?

IT'S PLAIN
BY COUNT
HAMPER -
DONT YOU
LOVE IT?



OH, I DONT AGREE!
IT'S VERY BECOMING!
MM, WHAT
GROWN
COLORNE!

I LOVE IT.
I USE CLAUDE
BUT HE GIVES
MUCH TOO -
A CUT
SEVERE



MURICE
DONT YOU
LOVE
IT?

WHO
DOES
YOUR
HAIR?



FICTION

Dress Alikes

by Robin (5-B-24) FPE

Actually, in the beginning, it was her idea. It seemed to come as an inspiration to her and she often wondered why she hadn't thought of it before. It actually turned out to be a great deal of fun.

Thus it was that we adopted the practice of wearing matching clothes. Naturally it had to be pants and shirts since girls can get away with that sort of dress while the other way around is taboo to boys. I might also add that of course I didn't carry a purse. On the other hand we had matching sneakers and the over all effect was that we belonged to each other, as we truly did. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to note how much she enjoyed going out like this and noting how possessive she became.

I became so used to all of this that I had no objection to tinting our hair the same color which had a remarkable effect since her hair was a bit short and mine was long as is the fashion these days. I thought to myself that except for certain obvious anatomical bulges on her part she could be taken for me. Even so, with certain loose fitting shirts, she might have been taken as a boy by the casual passerby, but on closer scrutiny her feminine behaviour would have carried the day. Oddly it did not occur to me that if I were holding her purse the casual observer might have mistaken both of us as girls, this one of course being under-developed. It didn't occur to me, I suppose, since I was authentically attired as a boy (as she was) and all of this was an acceptable thing. In the end it was to become a natural thing for us to do, and we identified our-

selves with it.

Curiously, a time came when she peered more and more at feminine things when we street walked or shopped. She would note how she liked this dress or that skirt or those "darling" shoes. In time we went into shops and she would examine the new womans fashion so that I became tutored in things feminine. However I was becoming apprehensive that she may soon discard her boyish attire and thus bring to an end our little game that I had come to enjoy so much. I became even more apprehensive when she experimented with cosmetics on occasion with the ominous implication that she wanted to be more feminine and that she was entering into a womans world where I could not follow. It was not a disaster so much since I still had her, but I just hated to give up dressing look-alike. After a time I conceded that such a course was inevitable and even privately acknowledged that it might lead to better things.

At last the day came when she couldn't resist any longer and purchased herself a mini-dress. I had never seen her dressed this way before and she did look lovely and her makeup enhanced her natural beauty. I never again saw her in pants. It turned out to be much more fun with her dressed in this manner and my fondness had turned into the thrill of love. I really and truly became very devoted to her.

Then came the day she confessed that even though she delighted in wearing feminine things, she missed the days we dressed alike and the special identity it gave to us. She made strange comments on several occasions while we were out shopping. I was too naive to recognise them as hints and lacked the intuition to discover the import behind some of her remarks. Finally she came right out with it and said that I would find wearing a skirt fun and we could dress alike just as before. Naturally I objected, pointing out that the other way around was

Transvestia

acceptable but what she proposed was out of the question. "It just wouldn't accomplish anything," I insisted, "and besides I would be too mortified for you to see me that way, not to mention the idea of appearing in public."

She was clearly hurt and I was alarmed thinking that our endearing relations were headed for the rocks.

Then she pointed out that it wouldn't do any harm to try, and anyway she had worn pants and shirts for all that time. For longer than she had intended for that matter, just to please me. "Besides" she added with a typically feminine low blow, "It just shows that you never did care for me at all."

Naturally I was completely unable to see her logic since it was highly improbable that there was any logic in the first place. Reluctantly I consented, only to prove that she wouldn't like it at all and thus have the matter gone forever.

It was to be much more of a matching job than I had considered, being item for item from the skin on out. Her tastes had drifted to the ultra feminine state so that the next day despite my obvious embarrassment, my protests, I was to find myself encased in the most delicate pink panties. She smiled happily as she helped me dress beaming with pleasure as she passed each dainty item, and carrying on a running commentary. "This lace cup bra is nylon/Lycra spandex back with adjustable straps. It has special built in falsies." Then later. "You'll adore this slip. It is just like mine. We luckily wear the same sizes. Notice the lace and embroidery. Sheer luxury." And so it went until I was completely attired as she was; hose, girdle, skirt, blouse, and "cute little pumps"...Unbelievably I was standing before her dressed entirely as a girl.

She fixed my hair to be exactly like hers and

carefully applied makeup, then stood back delight gleaming in her eyes. She guided me to a full length mirror where we both stood staring in wonder. We looked alike! It was incredible. We truly looked alike. Not only did I match her attire article for article, we actually seemed to be twins. It was amazing. So amazing that my mortification was forgotten as I stared in awe.

With great misgivings I consented to go shopping with her dressed as a girl. The first moments in public were quite unnerving, but I had nothing to worry about as I passed beautifully, which I should have surmised since we did look so very much alike. Nevertheless it was a rather shaking experience as my "cute little pumps" propelled me into a department store and guided me to ladies wear. We were in lingerie to be precise, and I was petrified to find myself in full public view surrounded by and examining such delicate intimates. The sales girl was most helpful and suggestive which had a calming effect as I pondered which articles I wanted to buy. Of course they were to match my dear friend's attire and we were really purchasing together. However it was still an odd sensation to agree on lavishly trimmed panties and actually make the purchase. Eventually in disbelief I found myself in a dressing room trying on a mini dress. I did discover that bit by bit I was becoming less anxious and taking the events more and more naturally. It was indeed a most unusual adventure which pleased me only in the sense that the series of events so obviously pleased her.

She maneuvered me into moving into her apartment and moving me out of mine. She accomplished the later herself and to my chagrin dumped all my male attire off at Good Will. Thus it got to the point where my only possessions were feminine. Not only was I living as a girl but I was taken as a girl by all concerned. One thing was leading to another.

Transvestia

I was alarmed one evening when she announced that she had a job offer for me at a large woman's apparel store where she worked. The interview was frightening for I feared that most certainly I would be discovered, so it came as a complete surprise to me when I was offered the position. Our jobs were to act as combination sales girls and models. That is we would wear various dresses or skirts and blouses about the store and behind the counter to show them off and consequently improve sales. It worked very well, particularly as we looked so much alike. The store gained many new customers though clever advertising featuring the "twin" model sales girls. I noted that another large store in desperation duplicated the entire procedure.

Time has passed happily for us. Wisely we saved our money and both of us were able to complete college and obtain teaching certificates. This gives us our summers together which we devote to travel. The best thing of all is that we adore each other so very much.

Dressing like this has long since become very natural and I find myself in love with all my dainty things and know that I will never change. It is a wonderful way to live and even more so since I am living with a most wonderful person.

PROBLEMS OF AN AGING TV

I shave my bosom though I know
That it will never ever show.
The other day I had to cough--
And darn near cut a nipple off.

CONNY 32-V-2 FPE



Linda Cleveland



1



"LINGERING"

Contributed by
Gerda of Denmark

2



3



4



DANISH
GERDA
I

"What takes you so long
in there?"
"Constipation, Mother!"

"Well a good dose of
Castor Oil will fix
you up then!"

Kabuki

Reprinted from the Oct. 1964 issue of National Geographic Magazine, pps 483-485...in part:

"I remember another entertainer in Tokyo, a great beauty named Tomoemon. Tomoemon is a star in the world-famous Kabuki-za Theater, and a symbol of feminine charm to thousands of Japanese admirers. It matters not at all that Tomoemon is a grown man and the father of two young sons. Men have been playing the roles of kabuki heroines for more than three centuries. A real woman on the kabuki stage would be altogether unthinkable.

"The tradition grew up in the Tokugawa dynasty, centuries ago", Tomoemon told me in his dressing room as he changed for a scene. He sat gracefully on the tatami matting before a low mirror, retouching the chalk-white pancake makeup that beautifies kabuki heroines and geisha. An attendant arranged the magnificently embroidered courtesan's robe that must have contained 20 yards of material.

"In early kabuki, women played the female roles," Tomoemon continued. "But gradually the conduct of the actresses became improper. The shogun, or dictator, finally forbade women to take part in the performances. Kabuki was reorganized into serious drama, with men taking all the roles."

I had heard that the profession of onnagata--the actor who impersonates females--is a very proud one. Tomoemon told me that he was the seventh generation in his family to bear the stage name Tomoemon.

"Onnagata is a way of being as well as an art,"

Transvestia

he explained, penciling thin lines over the white makeup to create a mask of tragedy. "One cannot only play the woman. One must be the woman, or else it is merely disguise. (How true!) "But we are fortunate today, we onnagata. We lead normal lives on the outside. Once upon a time, all onnagata were required to dress as women both inside and outside the theater. They even had to use the female entrances to public baths."

Curtain time approached, and I had time for one question. With all of Tokyo's new wealth, I said, with the emphasis on change and progress, what would become of the old values? Would kabuki, for example, survive among a younger generation that seemed to care little for tradition and the past? A faint smile lit Tomoemon's stylized features.

"Kabuki will survive," he answered quietly. "Like any great art, it is based on human truth. Truth appeals to all generations. Is it not the same with your Western art? Will Shakespeare not survive in the modern age?"

COPIES OF VIRGINIA'S TAPE FROM THE BURKE SHOW

It is a little awkward to say this since it sounds too much like blowing my own horn but I know some will be interested so here goes.

I have received a copy of the voice tape from my appearance on the Alan Burke show March 2nd. One of the girls out here in L.A. whose hobby is taping has expressed a willingness to make a copy of this tape for anyone who is interested. If you want one send a 5 inch reel of tape plus the return postage to me and I will get her to copy it for you and will return it. Her only stipulation is that you provide lubricated tape as the non-lubricated variety wears out the recording heads. Tape can be mailed at 4th Class rates so mark your package accordingly.

The Guilt Factor

by Lil - Calif.

Part of the fun, and a tasty part indeed, of having both parts of the best of both of the possible worlds (both man and woman) is the recovery of what "Shouldn't oughta be done!" As a child you used to steal apples, thumb your nose at teach behind her back, dump a garbage can on Hallowe'en. That's the revolt that must happen in every child if he is, ever, to become an adult. And that same impulse to revolt, that same pleasure in revolt, must obtain in every adult if society isn't to stagnate.

A lot of adult revolt comes out in highly unpleasant ways...nagging at the spouse, hyper-criticizing the children, dragging the feet at work. It just doesn't pay, in terms of human comfort.

I propose that his revolt comes out in therapeutic ways...in us as children and in us as adults.. in doing, probably, the "most revolting" thing possible...with our present mores and folkways...playing, and working, at being the opposite gender. And offhand, I've never found anything in life more delightful than the opposite sex.

We could, more acceptably, rob a bank, bash a citizen bloody, embezzle \$50,000 from the Red Cross.. but, in my considered experience, there's much more pleasure in indulging the giddy revolt of feeling and seeing just how pretty I can be. I feel guilty, sure...but that's a tasty part of it, labeled as "shouldn'toughta be done".

I'm wondering, I am, how much diminishment there would be in my pleasure and comfort in being a girl, ad lib, if suddenly the folkways and mores should disappear in a puff...and I could, without censure, with happy public acceptance, be my feminine self in all facets of living, private, public, and personal. I'm wondering.

Paris Fashion Wigs

FEATURING

All 100% human hair wigs, wiglets, switches, pony-tails and falls -

Service department for expert styling, cleaning coloring and repair - all work done by skilled specialists -

Private fitting booths -

TV's welcome -

Call, write, or come in for consultation -

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Glendale, California
opposite Security Bank
Phone 241-5619

Gloves - Which and When

A woman with an innate sense of fashion knows that any costume, no matter how beautiful, needs interesting and appropriate accessories. Each accessory should make a fashion point. Its role may be to accent, to harmonize, to be bold on purpose, or to complete the picture in quiet good taste.

What to wear with what, is the most important element in choosing accessories. How does this work in the case of gloves?

What a glove is made of, the colour and the length of the glove, are the three most important points to consider.

When to wear a glove with a very positive identity (a shaggy surface--a brilliant colour) will be a matter for you and your mirror. If your suit is shaggy, a smooth-surfaced glove will look better than more fuzz. If the fabric of the costume is a smooth matte-finish, shiny kidskin or satin may be exactly the highlight you need.

If material is the fashion point, link it with occasion as well as the costume. Sueded leathers, cottons, nylons and thin kidskins look best with city clothes; heavier calfskin or textured leathers like pigskin are smartest in the country. With tweeds, the string glove looks well. For cocktail or evening parties, velvet, satin, silk, taffeta, cotton and nylon with sueded finish, doeskin and glace kid make their appearance. Textured fabrics have great fashion flair: ribbed jersey, brushed wool, corduroy, pique, hopsacking, knits. Cotton and nylon are popular with summer fashions.

Transvestia

There are no set rules. You must combine common sense and fashion sense every time. You wouldn't wear satin to the super-market!

Like colour in shoes, colour in gloves is a matter of taste and trends. If it's a "purple" year, you may decide that your purple suits looks best with matching gloves. Or purple gloves may be the single note of purple in your wardrobe...to be worn as an accent with brown or blue or beige or grey.

If you are conventional at heart, it should make you happy to know that black and white and beige are always in fashion and can be worn with any colour. The beige family is not only basic but versatile including a wide range of shades from sand, bone, chamois, tan to chocolate--and all the browns from mocha to mink.

Accent colours are usually subtle off-shades in very bright versions: avocado or chartreuse or grass green, sharp lemon yellow, bright red, bright orange, shocking pink, turquoise blue, purple.

Pastels (pale pink, blue, lavender, yellow, green) belong to summer weekends, garden parties, country club dances, weddings.

Your over-all rule for colour is match--or contrast. If you are matching, you may use lighter or darker shades in the same colour family, such as paler or darker blues, reds, greens. You will never confuse hues: a red with blue in it is quite different from the red with yellow in it. You won't wear a brick-red glove with a wine-red suit! The rules for choosing an interesting contrast are like the texture story: a matter for your own critical eye and your own revealing mirror for an over-all effect.

--- DRESSES ---

READY MADE and CUSTOM MADE

FORMAL -- COCKTAIL -- STREET

I am an understanding woman acquainted with the problems of TVs. Please feel free to call or drop in. I have my own private shop and fitting rooms and will make dresses to measure.

FITTINGS BY PRIVATE APPOINTMENT AFTER 7 P.M.

My charges are very reasonable. You CAN afford to have a dress made just for your femmeself. She'll love it and you'll be proud of her.

Mention TRANSVESTIA or Virginia

I will also be glad to make any necessary alterations on items in your present wardrobe.

As a service to those outside of the Los Angeles area I will be glad to do personal shopping for you. Please write me for details of this personal service.

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Phone (213) 657 8864



Wilma (32-T-6) FPE



Dorothy
(35-M-5)



Marilyn

Pants, Pants, Pants

by Terri (30-S-4) FPE

Everywhere we look today we see women in pants. From stretch slacks to the harem pants of lounging outfits. It is becoming extremely evident that except for formal occasions when skirts are absolutely necessary and in business, that women are foresaking their skirts for pants. The new short skirts have added stimulus to this change with many women who feel constantly harrassed wearing skirts. So as soon as possible into pants. Now the new pants suit has added fuel to the fire.

As a TV who loves to wear skirts I look at the pants scene with mixed emotions. Soon I may be wearing pants as much as a woman as I do as a man! I am particularly becoming weakened to the idea of a pair of pants in a hostess outfit. But do the girls realize that pants forsake all of the traditional inherent advantages of being a female?

First there is the loss of sex appeal. Tight pants are sexy but nowhere's like a tight skirt, nyloned legs and high heels. Men are attracted and stimulated by these items. Secondly there is the loss of the valued feminine guise of fragility. A female in pants can do anything a male in pants can do (practically speaking) so the male is less inclined to show her the little courtesies that a female in skirts enjoys. Thirdly, she loses the ability to be faultless in a male's eyes. A female in skirts may make mistakes but the male overlooks them so that he can look at her legs. When in pants the male has nothing to distract him.

So as a prejudice TV, who doesn't want to give up her skirts, I say Women of America follow the TV men of America and stay in skirts!

Announcement

Two different types of problems have arisen with the last two issues which are going to require some changes. 1) I have always shown a month as well as a number on the outside cover of Transvestia. In February I made arrangements with a large magazine distributor in So. Calif. to spread TVia over some 35 different newstands. After being out for about 2 weeks a large number were returned. On checking as to why, the distributor noticed that the issues (N. 48) was marked Dec. 1967 and newstands just don't want old material. They had no way of knowing that that was the current issue. In their frequent sweeps through their stocks they simply pick up all past dated items and return them. From this experience I learned why magazines coming out in March are dated June or even July. It makes them up to date longer and prevents the newstand from returning them.

2) Due to circumstances beyond my control i.e. problems at the printer, No. 49 was 5 weeks late in appearing. Understandably this worried scores of you and I was deluged with what I've come to call, "Where the hell is it?" letters. Since I find it almost impossible to keep up with essential correspondence on top of everything else I was simply unable to reply to these and this worried you even more and I got a second crop of mail from some. I can't blame you but there was nothing I could do about it but wait the situation out. The minute the issue was available we worked till early morning getting it out.

On top of these matters is the fact that what with my making lecture tours, sometimes taking a vacation trip, being sick or other demands on my time I cannot always get the magazine put together and into

the hands of the printer on the 15th of the month prior to the supposed 1st. of the month printing. This means that it will be late from a couple of days to a couple of weeks. This in turn begins to make subscribers wonder if their subscriptions have run out, whether we got the order in the first place or whether shipment was lost in the mails or what.

So, in view of these three factors I am making a small change. (1) The month will no longer appear on the outside front cover and on the spine though I will probably still put it on the contents page. (2) I will continue to publish on an approximately every other month basis but will not feel so harried by a first of the month deadline. I will just do it as it is possible for me to do it. As we get larger, and we are, (I increased the printing 50% with \$49) the pressures of record keeping, mail and shipping mount and I'm tired of being under pressure all the time. 3) Since the date of appearance will therefore be somewhat more irregular than in the past there has to be some way for you to be assured that your order has been received and recorded. Therefore if YOU will put in with your order a small slip of paper saying, "Your order received and recorded on (date)" AND a stamped, self addressed envelope I will be glad to acknowledge the receipt of the order and mail it back to you. This only applies to advance orders of course as others will be mailed to you in a few days. This way you will know that the only reason you have not gotten the order is that it is not yet available. It is simply impossible to write personal notes on these matters. If you want assurance of receipt and recordation this is the way to do it.

When you subscribe for a year you will in effect be subscribing for 6 issues spread over approximately 12 months...it may be 10 or 13 but you will get your moneys worth in due course. Nobody has been able to accuse me of dishonesty yet and they will not be able to in the future but you will have to have patience and wait and trust me to get it to you.

Transmedia

I would like to suggest that those of you who want reading material more often than every other month order in between those back issues that you do not already have. Nos. 1,2,4,6,7,8,12,26 are out of print and there are not many 16s,17s and some others left. But there are sufficient of the others. Nothing in TVia is dated and the stories, articles and other material in Nos.3 and 5 (earliest issues still available) for example, are just as interesting and pertinent as the issue you are now reading. In addition to this many of the problems and interests of readers who have joined us in the last couple of years were discussed long ago in earlier issues. For example in Nos. 28,29,30 and 32 there is a series of four articles by Beatrice on "What to Wear" telling all about sizes, styles, suitable types, colors and materials for various kinds of figures etc. Yet every now and then a new reader wants to know something about these matters. It has all been done in the past and I cant very well fill new issues with rehashes of past material or the old time readers would have a justifiable gripe. So order the back issues whether one at a time or in the 6 for \$20 back issue deal.

Along this same line some awfully good material appeared in the FemmeMirror. There are still various amounts of about 32 different issues in stock and at half the original price, namely 50¢ each in a minimum of six at a time you certainly cant beat it. Of course, for those who like scrap book materia there are also the back issues of the Clipsheet which can be had separately at the same price figure (same minimum) or mixed as you wish with the Mirror so long as it is a \$3 minimum order.

So thats how it is. I hope you understand the necessity for these changes and will cooperate with them. Remember for advance orders only, if you want to know for sure that the order was received and recorded send me a card in a stamped addressed envelope and I'll return it to you. In fact you can always get quicker answers with such cards on any subject.



Charlene
(49-B-5) FPE



Charlotte - Colo.

Letter to a *Library*

by Eloise (21-F-3) FPE

Editor's Note:

The following letter was sent by one of our girls to the Boston Public Library. It is reprinted here to show the enterprise of Eloise but also to serve as a model and suggestion to the rest of you to do the same. Don't just bemoan the lack of public information and understanding, do something about it. This is a simple way to start. Moreover, I'll pitch in with you....If any of you will send me a letter addressed to the librarian of a city, county or state library or that of a University, telling them that you are donating the book *The TV and Wife* to the library and will send me your check for \$2 (half price) I will ship it to them and pay the postage (48¢) myself. This way we could get the information around. Isn't the help you've received worth \$2 to help others?

Head Librarian:

Dear Sir or Madam:

Happening to glance in the library card file under "T" I found a new heading, "Transvestism". I have looked for many years for this listing. The library is keeping in step with the times. All types of subjects are openly discussed now which in the past were not even mentioned. The book selection committee, not being familiar with the subject could not be blamed for doing a mediocre job. They could not have selected two worse examples to illustrate the practice.

"A Year Among The Girls" is slanted and full of

personal attacks. The petty vindictiveness of the author vitiates what could have been an authoritative work. This leaves us with merely an account of the personal reactions of one man and no insight into the condition.

The less said about the other book the better. "Mr. Madam", has nothing to do with Transvestism. It is the purported life story of a homosexual who used transvestic activity as a part of his "stock in trade". It is not even a good description of homosexuality. Most Homosexuals live quiet lives and do not go in for extreme behavior like this. There are many who live their lives indistinguishable from their neighbors. This book is a description of wild uncontrolled and near psychotic behavior, typifying only the way-out group. Much of it is fiction.

Fiction is one thing. A book that is purported to be a true life story, but is in fact largely fictitious does not belong in an institution where people are seeking the truth. To put inferior works on the shelves, after so many years of ignoring the subject does an injustice both to the transvestites and to the library, in that doubts are raised as to the ability of the library to supply factual information.

The truth is that the majority of male transvestites are hetero- not homo-sexual. Surveys have shown that the percentage who are married and have children is about the same as that of the general population. I myself have enjoyed dressing in feminine clothing at intervals since childhood. I have never taken part in a homosexual act nor ever desired to. I simply am not inclined that way regardless of the type of clothing in which I am attired. I know many others who are similar.

I belong to an organization which is working to bring enlightenment to the public on this subject. I enclose a pamphlet which discusses the subject with clarity which I hope you will find of value.

Transvestia

When the problem of transvestism comes up in a family the memvers search frantically for information. Doctors dont know much about it and neither does anyone else. Imagine the plight of a worried mother or wife who has found her son or husband dressed in her clothing. She comes to the library seeking information and finds "Mr.Madam"! After reading that and thinking that this describes her son or husband she is liable to commit suicide or do away with him. At the very least it could make a bad situation infinitely worse. May I suggest that the library make a point of obtaining the book, "The Transvestite and His Wife". This book was written specifically as a guide to the wife faced with this problem. It was published by Argyle Press in Los Angeles in 1967 but can also be obtained from the address given on the enclosed pamphlet.

You would serve the public better either by removing "Mr. Madam" from your shelves or at the very least file it under something other than "Transvestism" as it does not deal with that subject at all. The library has the obligation to provide information to people concerned with this problem which will help enable them to deal with it. I hope you will do your plain duty of getting a book that will help and removing or relisting one which can do irreparable harm.

Yours sincerely



"I'll be glad when he gets operated on. He's the last one in the office"

Public Relations Trip

by Virginia

My appearance on the Alan Burke show in N.Y. March 2 was a big success in more ways than one. Susanna has given a listeners opinion in her column so I wont dwell on that. But the other form of success was in the mail response. There have been well over 100 letters of inquiry for the leaflet, price list etc. mentioning the fact that they had heard the program. Interestingly enough a fair number of the letters were from GGs of one kind or another at least one from a woman who indicated a willingness to learn because of a "relative" and perhaps understanding might result and bring a measure of happiness where there had been none for years. I take this "relative" to be son or husband and if happiness can result from this introduction to the subject it will be wonderful.

As I indicated in #49 I will be making another trip in May and while other stops may develop between the time of writing this and my departure the appearances already arranged are as follows:

- May 5 Fly to Washington D.C.
- May 6 Washington D.C. "Here's Barbara Show".
- May 7-8 In Washington sight seeing and???
- May 9 Fly to Cleveland meet group that night
- May 10 Do Alan Douglas Radio and TV show
- May 11 Fly to Chicago to do Kup's Show on WBKB and Marty Faye's show on WCIU
- May 12 In Chicago, probably meet with some FPES
- May 13 Fly to Boston
- May 14 Seminar on Transsexuality at Amer. Psych. Convention. Show on WBZ one day this week. Meet with N. Eng. chapter this week
- May 18 or 19 Fly New York
- May 20 Barry Farber show WOR New York

Transvestia

May 21 to May 30 as yet uncommitted. Other N.Y. shows like Barry Grey, Long John Nebel have shown interest but are uncommitted. Baltimore Philly, and Pittsburg have stations affiliated with WBZ in Boston in the Westinghouse network and they are being contacted with hopes of doing something. Have asked members in Atlanta, Miami, Palm Beach, Dallas to try to dig something up to fill this period.

May 30 Fly to Chicago

May 31 The Jerry Williams show in Chicago on WBBM-TV

June 1 Meet with the Chicago chapter FPE

June 2 and after, vist with Fran in Wisc. on on to Minneapolis if WCCO-TV responds.

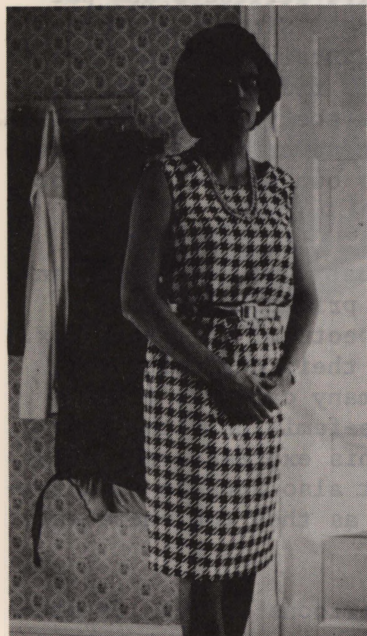
So there are 6 appearances definitely scheduled and several more "in the works". The response both individually and educationally of these appearances is generally great and spreads our story widely. I may well be not the only one who CAN do this, but so far with the exception of Ann 10-M-2's appearance in Washington TV a year ago am the only one who IS doing it. It is fun and all that traveling around, but it takes a lot of time from other responsibilities I have as well as a lot of money. I am simply not in a position to stand this sort of cost personally. I am getting \$100 toward the trip from the Cleveland show but the other shows generally dont pay. So as I asked you in #49, if you are able and if you appreciate "being found" yourself and knowing that you aren't alone, please help me to find others by this means. Send me a few bucks toward this cause. It will be acknowledged and trip expenses will be accounted for and sent to each person contributing. I'm not trying to make money for me, but to carry the work further to more people and radio and TV is the best way to do it. Since most of you are not in a position to do more active things for the cause I would appreciate your assisting me to do it for you in this way.



Charlotte



Joyce - Calif.

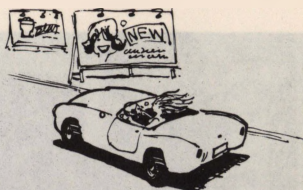


Angelica - Denmark



Ruth (9-C-1) FPE

Signs of the Times



Cartoonists are not only attuned to the funny side of life but also to its ridiculous and off beat aspects. Thus a number of cartoons reproduced in the following pages are based on the ever more obvious movement from the extreme polarization of masculine and feminine, clothing, hairdos and accessories toward the center position of being more and more alike. Cartoonists generally being of the older generation see this movement as ridiculous and comical rather than a manifestation of a social movement away from the fixed, structured and compartmented living of previous years. It is part of the protest of the young against all manner of false, unnecessary, hypocritical and divisive attitudes and patterns that afflict our culture. Since the older generation always seeks to maintain that to which it is accustomed holding up to ridicule is one means of attempting a "put down" of the younger generation. Of course it wont succeed--it never does--the younger generation always goes its own way--even as you and I.

Other cartoons depict that curiosity which anthropologists detect even in primitive cultures about the sexual-genderal aspects of the other sex. Most cartoonists being male, their curiosity is aimed at the females. Thus many cartoons place a male in a more or less female-feminine situation with appropriate caption. This expresses not only the cartoonists curiosity but also appeals to a large proportion of his readers as they too share this inherant curiosity.

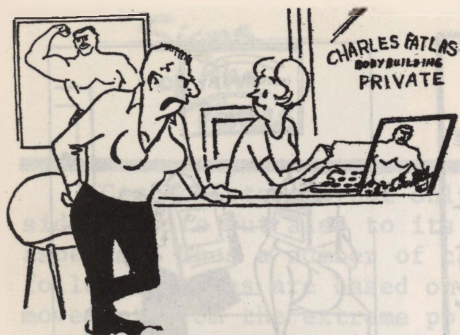
Reproduction of these cartoons in TVia is not intended as a plagiarism of others work but rather as a commentary on our times. As the sources are not known there is no way of giving credit.



"Beat It!"



"THE TISSUE COMMITTEE WON'T LET ME REMOVE IT, MR. KINTE, BECAUSE IT'S A NORMAL UTERUS."



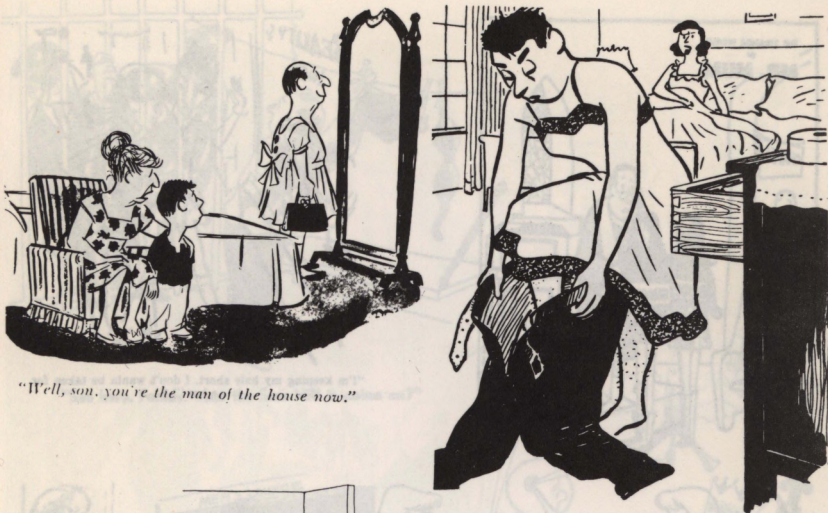
"I've got a complaint . . . he sent me the
WRONG body!"



"Meet George Smith—The best female impersonator in the business!"



"Are you really going to make me a woman or are
you just ribbing me?"

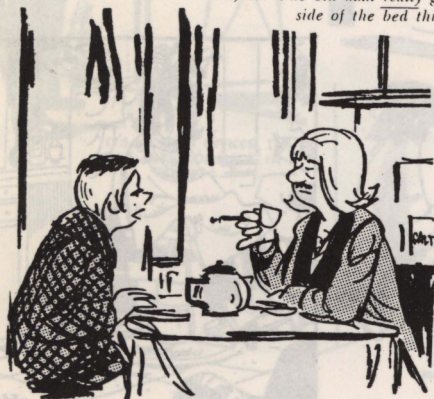


"Well, son, you're the man of the house now."

"For heaven's sake, Fred, wake up! Your shirts have been changed to the left-hand drawer—remember?!"



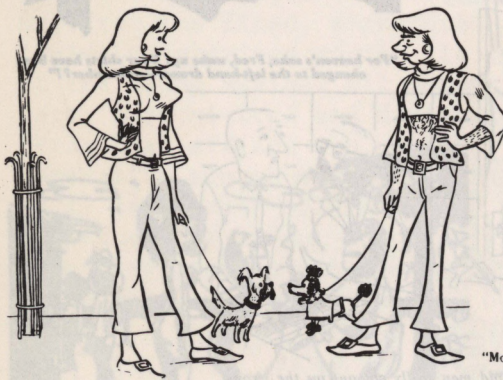
"Oh, no! The old man really got out on the wrong side of the bed this time!"



"You're wearing the **WRONG HAIRPIECE AGAIN!**"



"I'm keeping my hair short. I don't wanta be taken for a boy!"



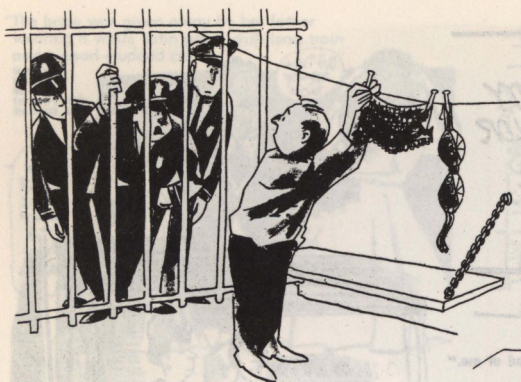
"Mom, I can't decide whether I wanta be a boy or a girl today."



"No sweetie, this is your Aunt Alice. Your Uncle Bill is out parking his car."



"You're right, Dad! She says she's a BOY!"



"See here, Fenley, what the Sam Hill is aoina on?"



"I am the King-
Wait Till You See Our Queen!"



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER, I'M
C.I.A. AGENT IOI-MALE, IN
DISGUISE..."



"I'd love to introduce you to my daughter, Martin. How-
ever, that happens to be my son!"



"I'm going to be late. Two guys are ahead of me."



"I guess my mother doesn't worry about me going out with you"

"Well, if you're asking me, I think it makes you look kind of effeminate."



because she thinks you're a girl!"



"We call ourselves the Fortuna Brothers, but actually one of us is a Fortuna sister."

"The bride was given away by her father wearing a white satin gown with long train and a pearl-studded crown."

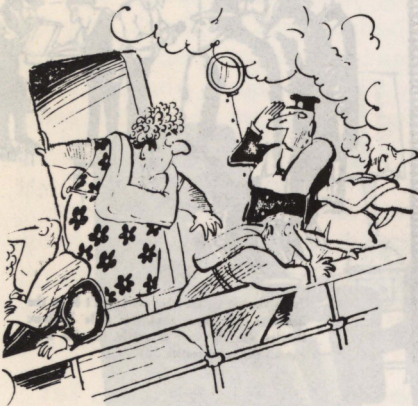
Thanks to
Mary Pizarzi,
Box 48 R.M.,
1st West State St.,
Cheverlyville, N.Y.



"Dear, if you're going shopping wearing the only pair of pressed slacks I own—may I come along in this lovely new thing of yours?"



"But His Politics Are Unimpeachable!"



"HELLO, I'M THE CLEANING WOMAN!"

"Permission to get the women and children into the lifeboats, Cap'n?"



"Don we now our gay apparel. . . ."



"Well, well, my old Navy buddy!"



"When You Are No. 2
You've Got To Try Harder!"



"now that it's gone this far I don't have the heart to tell them that this Mille LeBlanc they're dueling over is really Antoine Beauchamp the transvestite . . ."

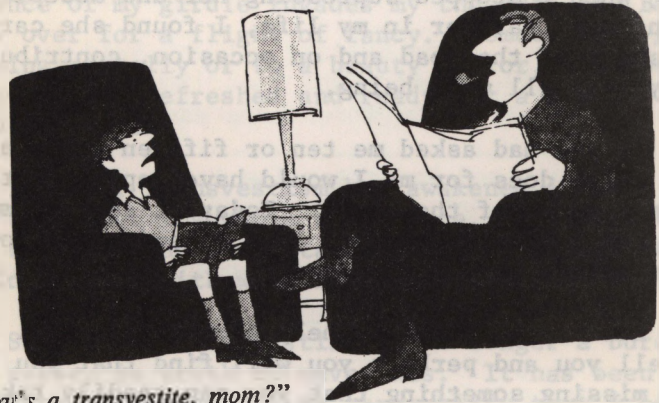


MEETS THE KIND OF GIRL
WHO WEARS WELL..

Mansbridge Daily Sketch
 "When are you going to be a man,
 like your mother?"



HE WEARS YOUR HAT
 YOUR DRESS, YOUR COAT.



"What's a transvestite, mom?"

TV Chemist

by Barbara (7-H-2) FPE

As I reflect on my life I marvel that I am a TV. I marvel that in all the years I spent in ignorance; not knowing what name to apply to the strange one I knew myself to be; that I did not stray from the concept of Transvestism.

For years I felt ashamed, plagued and bedeviled by urges which I felt could only be ignoble. But yet my guilt was not genuine, for I did not hate this feminine creature for her love of fashion, art, color, and delicacy, even though it embarrassed me on occasion.

How to reconcile this woman-like creature with the warrior-scientist, physically powerful male?

A lamp was lighted. The light of understanding whose source lay west of the Rockies reached out to me. I would be different had it not. Thank God it did. When I stopped supressing her and accepted her as an equal partner in my life, I found she carried her share of the load and on occasion, contributes to my over all well being.

If you had asked me ten or fifteen years ago what TVism does for me I would have replied nothing, it is a curse of the Devil. Today it adds to my life and I have learned to love it and my fellow human beings that much more.

How can it possibly help a chemist? Well let me tell you and perhaps you will find that you have been missing something that you can readily take advantage of.

Primarily Transvestism provides an outlet for me that is completely alien to my every day surroundings. The muted femminity of my bed and bath are in relative contrast to the harshness of heavy industry. The soothing influence of a perfumed bath, a soft nightie and a silken robe coupled with a good book conditions me for another grueling day in the pressure ridden atmosphere of a busy lab.

Transvestism provides one with an all consuming interest in fashion, cosmetics, and beauty aids in general. This excites my professional interest in the chemistry involved and leads to collateral reading. Since chemistry is such an all embracing field this frequently leads to thought patterns which overlap into my particular field of interest.

Chemically speaking we are an oddity since we are comprised primarily of a male body and an assortment of natural and miracle fibers, elastomers, dye-stuffs, pigments, plastics and metals of various types which when properly assembled resemble a lovely (we hope) woman.

A secondary bonus is provided when as I sit at my desk with one of those vexing problems that crop up now and then. Sometimes my mind goes blank and my thought processes stagnate. Then the firm insistence of my girdle invades my thoughts and Barbara takes over for a flight of fancy. Sometimes I go shopping mentally or to a beauty parlor, but when I return I feel refreshed and ready for a new try at the old problem.

Thirdly, Transvestism has awakened in me a desire to mother the whole human race. A desire to be more tolerant and understanding and to extend compassion to all with whom I associate.

So you see Transvestism is no longer a burden or a curse, in truth it never was. It has been the awakening of a facet of my personality that I honestly

Transvestia

like --- in the dark or in the full light of day.

When I look in my mirror and see a person clean and neat and all in pink loveliness I think how hard I tried to kill her and I ask "Why? Why?" she represents cleanliness, grace, beauty, warmth, love and compassion. She is civilized, orderly and conscious of social graces. She has never taken life, she seeks only to nurture it. She does not devote her time and skill to developing more efficient ways of exterminating her fellow man and yet she must be hidden lest by showing these characteristics to the world she bring disgrace and ridicule upon her loved ones.

But the very fact that she exists is a triumph of the spirit and she exists not as a separate entity but rightfully as part of the whole.

BARBARA

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Susanna Says . . .



Hi, everybody:

Eastern TV's are still talking about Virginia's televised interview on the Al Burke show. It was a most refreshing breeze aimed at the hot and sticky weather of public opinion. Even those TV's who are usually quick to disagree with Virginia could not find much to complain about. She did not make a fool of herself...she looked and behaved "real" under the pitiless glare of the Television cameras...and above all she stole the show from Burke who has the reputation of being one of the toughest, most merciless hosts on the television screen...Virginia had all the answers...she parried...counter-attacked...and kept the dialogue on her grounds all the way. If one did not agree with everything that Virginia said it would be pretty difficult to suggest a better presentation of "our" subject to an audience which can be conservatively estimated in many, many thousands. As Dr. Benjamin remarked "it was a very nice public relations job". The TV image emerged in a most palatable guise totally devoid of all the usual "sick" connotations.

The lesson I would like to draw from Virginia's top-notch presentation (as far as the rest of us goes) is the imperative need to learn to talk. There are many TV's who are so incoherent about putting forth a good argument that they couldn't talk a cat into catching a mouse. I've said this before, but it needs to be repeated: TV's should learn to be

good defense lawyers, not only from a crusading standpoint, but for their own protection when confronted with an irate wife, a surprised child, or a shocked friend.

Burke tried to trap Virginia quite a few times, but Virginia neatly fielded his thrusts. The only time when Burke nearly scored (not quite) was when the subject of TV's taking female hormones was brought up. Burke was obviously trying to have Virginia admit that any TV who tries hormones is actually saying he wished he were a woman in body as well as in soul, and that this could very well be the doorway into transsexualism. Virginia spoke very bluntly: "If I'd had \$5,000 when the Christine Jorgenson story made the headlines I would have hurried to Copenhagen. Fortunately I didn't have the \$5,000 and so I stayed here, and had time to think. Today I wouldn't have the operation for love or money."--- Such a statement marks the boundary between the TV and the TS. The TV rejects the thought of surgery. He enjoys living the two sides of the human coin. The TS hates the masculine side and is willing to do anything to get out of the male role thrust upon him by nature.

Let us notice however that Virginia underscored the fact that she had time to think about the entire question. And here I think we find a very vital part of the matter. To think about something implies being in possession of sufficient data so that our conclusions may be meaningful. If we think in ignorance, we just don't get anywhere. We need information in order to think about ourselves. Have you noticed that most TV's relate the very same experience: "When I first realized I wanted to wear girls' clothes I thought I was some sort of a freak, or perhaps a latent "queer", I was upset and scared." Now, if a TV can harbor such thoughts about himself because of insufficient data, it is not at all surprising that society in general harbors the very same thoughts about a TV since society is forced to think about us

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without having sufficient data.

And how do we go about gathering information? Those of us who have been lucky to meet many TV's and TS's have been able to gather information, make comparisons and learn a great deal about ourselves. We are in possession of enough data so that we can say: I'm a TV and not a TS. But, let us stop and consider that there are many TV's who have not been so lucky and therefore they do not really know whether they are TV's or TS's. I dare say that there are some TV's who are really TS's and they do not know it, just as there are some who think they are TS's when they are really TV's. The problem is then a matter of self-knowledge. I realize some of you may reject my assumption. You may say: "Come on, Susanna, how can one be a TS and not know it, isn't it pretty obvious?" The trouble is that it isn't as obvious as one may imagine, at least in some cases. I have known TV's, convinced that they were extremely fond of cross-dressing and nothing else, who, over a period of time, experienced emotional changes which led them to a TS level. The answer here could perhaps be found in the fact that they had been TS's all along but didn't know it. That is, the TS drive was dormant, repressed, or just budding...and it took a certain amount of time in TV experiences for the TS urge to appear.

Some schools of thought contend that basically the TV is very fond of his male sex and extracts a great deal of pleasure from it, while the TS actually hates his male sex organs and can't wait to get rid of them. These diametrically opposed attitudes are supposed to underscore the main difference between a TV and a TS. But, there are those who believe that there is not much distance separating love from hate and that it is not too difficult to learn to hate that which we love. Anyway, these are all theories and it is not my purpose to prove or to disprove them. All I know is that I've known about a dozen TS's who have had the operation. I

met them all before the sex change, and some of them, at first, did not know they were TS's,...they only knew that they enjoyed dressing and would feel much happier as girls than in their male role. As they multiplied their TV hours they became convinced that this was the way they would like to spend their entire life and the heck with the trousers and neckties! Their main concern was the problem of the law and of society. How would they go about earning a living dressed as girls? Could they have a satisfactory social life, or family life?...And then there was the matter of physical appearance. After massive doses of hormones would they still retain certain male characteristics that would make them look odd, freakish? So they took the big step.

Dr. Benjamin writes in his fabulous study: "The Transsexual Phenomenon" that he does not know of a single one of the TS's operated on who regrets what was done. Far be it from me to dispute this statement. I admire Dr. Benjamin too much for that. But the germ of a doubt gnaws inside me. If I were a TS - I say to myself -- and had had the operation, would I be willing to admit to any living soul that I regretted my decision, if I really did regret it? True every single TS I've talked to after the operation tells me she feels on top of the world, what a relief! What a sense of freedom! Of being one'sself at last! And still, my doubts remain. I cannot quite accept such a dazzling scene of happiness when I observe a human being who is still secretly concerned with the size of her hands for instance. Hormones and operation notwithstanding, big hands will always remain big hands...thick necks will always remain thick necks...six-foot and over in height is not shrunk by hormones...even the voice is not quite what it should be...and so on...Moreover, I've seen TS's who earned an excellent income before the operation. Today, they have to be satisfied with half a salary or even less in jobs which are a far cry from the activity they were most proficient at... Some have found that their newly acquired sex has

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monetary value and it becomes a source of income... to me that is a step down the moral scale and cannot possibly be a source of true happiness...My question: what happens when they grow old? HMMMM?

Another gnawing doubt: this brand new girl returns to a world of GG's who can outclass her, outdo her and outgirl her in all departments of life. The competition that the TS finds in all GG's is -- to me -- almost overwhelming. They are girls without childhood, without a past as little girls, as teenage girls, as adolescent girls. In other words they are girls who must face the world with the terrific handicap of a lack of those formative years in which the GG learns to be a woman, a wife, a lady. -I can well understand the exhilaration and joy that they must feel right after the operation. How those first few months must be full of wonder, adventure and delight, but my suspicious nature leads me to conjecture that that exhilaration must pale and that happiness must tend to dim when the full impact of the new reality and its projections towards the future begin to be assimilated by our synthetic girl. Very few of the TS's I know have learned to move and gesture with that suppleness that is exclusively female. You can still see the stiffness of their bodies on the dance floor, even walking. And a few of them are still fighting the eternal beard problem which does not go away with the hormones.

I have been terribly negative up to this point. I tend to see faults rather than accomplishments. But I maintain that one must be a super-realist when one is a TS, or simply a TV. More realistic than most human beings. And I am afraid that most TS's do not exhibit enough realism before they take the final step. They do not analyze with meticulous care all the facets of their problem. So much so that there is one TS that I know who had the operation and today is earning a living as a man! She continues to dress in masculine attire because she found out that she could not stand the small income

she was offered as a girl. She makes twice as much as a man. She gets into dresses when she gets home at night and week-ends! (TV's take note!)

But let me try to be impartial. Perhaps actually being a girl (though a synthetic one) more than compensates for all of the shortcomings I've mention. Perhaps life -- difficult though it may be now -- was worse before. Perhaps the frantic craving that permeated their entire existence--now gone -- has been replaced by a certain peace and serenity which an outsider cannot properly evaluate. Perhaps the liberated personality finds in her newly found freedom a reward that more than makes up for the tortures of the transition. Perhaps...perhaps...

But my biggest concern has to do with the TV who thinks he is a TS without actually being one. He has literally talked himself into thinking that he is a TS. The joys of dressing are so sweet that they tend to distort reality in the TV's mind. He finds himself surrounded by a scented mist which dims his vision, distorts his perspective, blocks his reasoning powers. He reads about TS's. He may even meet some of them. And he proceeds to create a gigantic day-dream, a monster mirage in which he thinks he'll find solution to all his TV problems. Usually such a TV has pushed his TVism too far. He has allowed it to erode his job, his working capabilities, the equilibrium of his home life, his sense of values. He may have already lost the love of his wife--and in this state of depression, he actually invents a TS escape route. If I cease to be myself --he says-- If I actually die and become someone else in the form of a girl -- all my problems will disappear. The new girl cannot possibly be held responsible for my failures. It is a way to start afresh...to transmigrate while still alive. This TV is not a TS. He has just found a deathless way to commit suicide.

Of course I will not dispute the fact that there

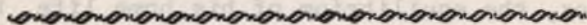
Transvestia

may be some TV's who are actually borderline cases, incipient TS's. They frankly admit that if circumstances were such and such (age - lack of family responsibilities - appropriate physical characteristics -- financial affluence) they would seriously consider living the rest of their lives as girls. They confess being quite disgusted with their lives as men and would have preferred to have been born GG's. The TS thrust is there, but it is held back, repressed, crushed under the realities of life -and is held only as a pleasant day-dream, as a wish that cannot ever be fulfilled. Such TV's usually manage to survive quite satisfactorily. They immerse themselves in various activities (aside from their TV life) and they do find enough pleasures in their everyday existence to counter-balance the impossible dream.

The important thing is to know oneself and to learn that TVism far from being a handicap can, and should, be turned into an asset in our lives. I am not saying that it is an easy task to tame the "girl within" but I do say that she can be turned into a wonderful ally to help us live a happier and richer life.

Love to all from

SUSANNA



FPE - North Europe

Our readers in Europe will be pleased to know that an FPE organization exists in Europe too. Its headquarters are in Sweden and TVs in the various European countries are invited to make contact with it. If you read Swedish you'll be interested to know that it publishes its own magazine too. It is called "Quinno - Spegeln" which I'm told means "Femme Mirror" For further information write to

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You Can't Add by Subtraction

by Virginia (5-P-1) FPE



This may seem like an odd title but it will become clearer later on. Susanna and I agreed to devote both of our columns this month to the problem of transsexuality vs. transvestism. She cleverly used my comments on the Allen Burke show to lead into the subject. And in passing I must give her my thanks for her kind words about my appearance on the show. Judging by the mail received it was well worth it as many new TVs crawled out of the closet to write for further information.

But to get to the subject of transsexuality - I have felt for sometime that an editorial devoted to this subject was in order, but other things kept taking precedence. Now that it is becoming somewhat easier to accomplish the surgery (New York, Baltimore, Los Angeles, Tia Juana to mention a few besides Casablanca) more customers turn up. At least half a dozen former readers of TVia that I can think of right off hand have already had the surgery and several others are awaiting their turn. While it makes me happy that more members of the medical profession are rising above their Victorian bigotry regarding such surgery, the number of persons asking for and achieving it does not make me happy.

When I say "make me happy", I'm not referring to rejoicing but to my feeling of concern. I am disturbed - might be a better way to phrase it. Let me make it clear right here, however, that 1) I know

full well that there are many persons whom I would describe as "true" transsexuals and 2) that I am all in favor of such persons finding surgeons who are able and willing to relieve them of their lives burden through surgery. But you may have noticed that I referred to "true" transsexuals and you ask what are they? So, as in all good discussions, let us start with a definition of terms. I would define a transsexual (male type) as being one who felt inadequate, inappropriate, inefficient, and uncomfortable in the masculine role and who was also inadequate and unhappy in the male role. Such a person believes that in the female sex he will find release from these negative feelings and in the feminine gender will be able to be an efficient, comfortable, happy and effective member of society.

Note that I distinguish between female sex and feminine gender. I believe that the true transsexual must have a distaste for or an inability in both the sex and gender roles simultaneously to qualify as such. The TV can feel more at ease in the feminine gender without having to give up his maleness to do it. Now inherent in this sort of definition is the dissatisfaction with the role of the so called active or aggressive partner in sexual activity.... that of being the "insertor", as it has been called. This implies an unfulfilled yearning to be the "insertee" or the recipient in the sexual act. To put it bluntly a true TS must have a conscious or unconscious wish to receive a male penis.

Some readers will say to themselves that this is the same as saying that TSs are just homosexuals with surgery. No, not as a general thing, they are not but some who have made the change were just homosexual penis-receivers before surgery and the only difference after surgery is that they can now do it in front and with a straight male without fear of contradiction as to their femaleness. No, as I see it a transvestite is a male who finds extra pleasure and comfort in the gender aspect of the female-fem-

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inine unity, and a homosexual is a male who finds extra pleasure and satisfaction in the sexual aspect of the unity...that is as a receiver under some conditions. One can't make precise rules concerning homosexual behaviour, much as the general folklore would lead one to believe. Certainly the drag queen represents only a small percentage of the homophile community so that the pseudo gender role of the queen is not representative nor, for that matter, is it genuine. By and large the drag queen, regardless of how beautifully he may makeup or how gorgeous his dress, does not feel feminine nor project it as far as personality goes. So that for all the appearance the queen is not really portraying the gender. However, he does wish to serve other males and usually does so in the recipient role.

Thus we have the TV male borrowing the feminine gender role and attributes and leaving behind the sexual, i.e. the female receptivity; and the homosexual adopting the female sexuality and leaving behind true feminine gender qualities (swishiness in a male is not femininity but effeminacy, quite a different thing). The TS on the other hand borrows them both at the same time. So much for my position on the three patterns. Others do not agree with this I am quite aware. It will be obvious from my definition of a true TS that one who has married, and fathered a child is practically excluded. This is because the ability to father a child has proven 1) that he was aroused by a female to the point of erection and 2) that he was able to maintain it well enough to achieve intravaginal orgasm. In other words all of his neurological circuits involving sexual "instincts" and attraction to the female were functional so that he could not be said to be inadequate and ineffective as a male.

The reply to this by various competent authorities is that such persons say that they were able to accomplish the act by "imagining" that they were the female and that the woman was a man. Sorry, no

dice! I can't possibly buy this regardless of the authority of the person making the assertion. Erection is a physiological phenomenon over which a man has little positive conscious control. He can think erotic things and perhaps it will occur, but he can never be sure, much less control it. Moreover, the sexual mechanisms are quite primitive in the line of evolutionary development and are largely carried out by nerve pathways in the "old" or hind brain just as in lower animals. The newer or more Human part of the brain, the cerebrum, contributes a lot of modifying influences to the total sexual process, but it does not originate or mediate the instinctual patterns. Thus it is easy to see that one whose neurological maleness was impaired or modified in some way would be inadequate as a functioning male and would feel uncomfortable and ineffective. But it is nearly impossible for me to believe that these more or less automatic responses set off by the sight and closeness of a sexually responsive female could take place if the individual was telling himself that he was really a female and the woman was a man. The whole male sexual reflex is so easily inhibited--erection is so easily destroyed or rendered impossible--that such an imagining would surely be highly inhibitory.

Well what of it, where does this lead us? It leads precisely to the statement that there are a lot of persons who state that they want surgery and who because of this statement consider themselves and are assumed to be transsexuals and therefore entitled to and justified in receiving it. I am afraid that I must take a strongly opposing position. There are two types of persons requesting surgery who should not be given it because they are not really transsexuals and will not solve their problems by going that route. First there are misguided homosexuals of the drag queen variety who seek it as a means of making more effective liasons with males. Such persons achieve the sex via surgery and acquire the gender as a by product...a matter of necessity and practicality for the accomplishment of their ends.

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Secondly there are the misguided TVs who seek surgery with the idea that this will be the pinnacle of success, the graduation, the diploma, the ultimate promotion in their transvestic lives. They have in effect utilized the destruction of their maleness as a final effort to justify and guarantee their right to be "women". That is they acquire the sex as a by product of their fight for their right to the gender. The price is too great. Susanna's phrase, "a deathless way to commit suicide" is so appropriate and true.

There are many of these operation-seeking TVs who have various other psychological hangups in life, they may be shy, introverted, unable to relate to people and be part of the ongoing scene. They may feel intellectually, educationally or socially inferior or in other ways just "not quite with it". Because their lives as men are not entirely satisfactory and because they are TVs on top of it, they gradually come to the conclusion that everything would be rosy if they could just get rid of that penis which becomes the symbol of all their neurotic hangups. It is as tho they regarded the penis (and testicles of course) as some sort of causes for their life condition and a barrier to achieving the stress-free life that they feel they could have and are entitled to. Thus the idea grows on them that to be rid of that barrier they would wake up in a land of milk and honey, without stresses and problems. Oh they will verbally acknowledge that "women have their problems too" but you don't feel that they really think these problems will become their problems too.

So this is the reason for the title, "You can't add by subtraction", meaning that you can't add peace, joy, beauty, a carefree existance without problems, etc. to your life by subtraction of part of yourself namely your maleness. The elimination of the penis will not automatically insure all these things for you. I have talked at length to a lot of persons who seek surgery and find one thing in common about

them - you can't really talk to them. That is you can't reach into their real selves. Their minds are so made up that the most persuasive logic falls on deaf ears, enumeration of problems and complications is a waste of breath. They are beyond reach. All thinking and rationalization and planning is aimed at achieving surgery with a bland if child-like certainty that all present problems will automatically disappear. Wishful thinking and divorce from some of the aspects of reality is characteristic. The same self-protective rationalizations that prevent the operated individual from admitting that perhaps it was a mistake, as Susanna points out, work to protect him in the pre-operative state from possibly being talked out of it beforehand. It is self delusion to begin with and continues the same way after surgery.

I can just hear the screams of anguished irritation from some readers now. But one only screams when one is hurt and when the truth hurts, is when someone gets to ones inner true self with the truth. It does hurt and it brings forth screams. "Just who the hell does Virginia think she is putting us down in this high handed way? Does she think she knows everything about everybody?" Of course I don't, but I've done an awful lot of observing, talking to people and thinking about this whole field and I am convinced firmly that only about 20% of those people asking for surgery are really TSs and should have it. The rest have been led by circumstances, wishful thinking and desperation down a lonely path towards a mirage that seems to offer fulfillment but actually only provides a whole new bag of problems unimagined from this side. Susanna's observations about not having had a girlhood and a growing into the role and a total feeling and about being "outgirded" by the GGs is so true.

What then is the answer? If you can't add by subtracting what can you do? Well it's not so difficult...you "add by adding". That is you start with

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what you have and add to it, giving an ever increasing, ever broadening (no pun intended) view and experience of the human condition. This is what TVism can and should do for you. You've got your own quota of male-masculine human experience. The only thing wrong with it is that in our culture it leaves you an incomplete human being. So what do you do...being a TV you add femininity to it. You can't add femaleness without subtracting maleness and since you lose as much as you gain (really more since one you've had all your life) you really don't make any progress in human experience. If, on the other hand, you add femininity to your stock of experience you are richer by that amount. I can certainly speak from experience here in that by retaining the male-masculine portion of my total humanity and adding Virginia's feminine experiences and expressions to it I surely enlarge my total experience of human existance greatly. The only thing that the TS can do that I cannot do is to receive a male penis vaginally. I will admit that this may well be a great experience and one which I will never have. However every purchase has its price and when the price asked is too high for the value received I don't buy. And in this case I feel that what one has to give up of total human experience to gain this particular special experience is just too high a price.

While I agree with most everything that Susanna has to say in her column I will take exception to one thing she refers to and that is the matter of what she called "incipient" TSs. I'm not sure whether she really feels there are such or is merely throwing this in in her stated effort to be impartial. For my part I feel that true TSs are a breed apart motivated by conditions whether of heredity or environment (nature or nurture) which have set a life pattern for them that is characteristic of the breed and for whom there is simply no other solution. I'll broaden it to assert that each of the three behaviour patterns often confused by both lay and professional people because they have some symptoms in common,

namely Homosexuality, Transsexuality and Transvestism are really three separate patterns because they have three separate underlying motivations and needs to be filled and each is probably the result of a separate group of causative factors...thus the TV or the HS who thinks he sees the ultimate in the TS position is doing just as Susanna said, creating a "monster mirage" The energy and single mindedness which the pseudo expends to keep this mirage "blown up" and in good repair both to himself and to others is really amazing. For the true TS this is understandable for it is an escape from an untenable life situation. But the pseudo TS is just as positive and determined...perhaps even more so because I'm sure there is a good bit of self delusion which must be sustained too. Any weakening, any inclination to listen to the siren song of those who would talk him out of his contemplated "deathless suicide" would destroy the whole beautiful creation leaving only a sort of psychological nothingness where the wonderful mirage had been.

So the burden of this editorial as with Susanna's column is to try to catch some of you before you have created this beautiful but monstrous mirage for yourselves which must be maintained at any price..right up to and including the first incision by the doctors scalpel. Try to see in your TVism, your Femmiphilia (love of the feminine) to use my word, that which can add much to your total life experience when kept within reasonable limits. Neither life style - masculine or feminine - is a bed of roses. Each has satisfactions and problems characteristic of itself so why jump out of the frying pan into the fire? Rather, you can multiply your total life experience by adding to what you already have. You can experience the femininity that is in you..the womaly part of you in many ways, in addition to your manliness. They need not be mutually exclusive but you must recognize the possibility and seek to achieve it as it will not come automatically. Neither, ironically, would it come automatically after surgery. Gender

has to be learned by everybody and we TVs are just gluttons for punishment (such sweet torture) in insisting on learning two genders. So here's to your "girl within" may she live with her brother in some sort of reciprocity for the mutual enjoyment of both rather than in a bloody civil war in which one must die. As the kids say these days--"Make love not war". TVing is a form of love. TS is surely a war in which "she" kills "him". And the bitter dregs and destruction remain as they do after any war. Reconstruction is so time consuming, wasteful, and heart rending.

Well so long for now, I've got a lot of "loving" to do. I signed my armistice a long time ago.

VIRGINIA

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TOM.
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BEING
WATCHED.

TV

Editorial Emanations

I. No. 49 OUCH! Thought you'd never get it didn't you? Well so did I. I have a deal with the printer to get the finished magazine to him on the 15th of the month preceeding the date of publication and due to the press of other things I was about a week late. But he had all types of trouble with printers, binders etc. so that I didnt get it until about 5 weeks after it was due out. On top of that the artist, one of our "dependable" members who had promised to do a cover for me dropped out of sight so that added to the delay and finally the printer just had to dummy something up as a makeshift in order to get it out at all. I'm sorry for you and for me and I've also been swamped with letters of inquiry, but there was little I could do after it was in the printers hands.

II. CALIF. SALES TAX: It would be greatly appreciated if subscribers living in California would remember that all items except TVia itself and Clipsheet (both periodicals) are subject to the 5% sales tax and would remit same with their order. With increase in postage and taxes I can no longer just absorb them, so please pay me the tax as you would any other vendor.

III. CONFIDENTIALS SECOND ARTICLE: Thanks to all of you who responded to my urging to write to Confidential about their scurrilous article last November. Probably most of you have seen the result. If you didnt I'm pleased to report that in a subsequent issue (I think it was dated March but not sure) they published a considerable number of letters all but one of which were from TVia readers. And you all did a great job of showing not only indignation but doing a good job of education. Of course the small minded editor had to ham it up with "cute" little comments

at the end of each letter, but these served to tell more about his mentality than they did to down grade the letters. Interestingly enough from the two different articles we have acquired about a dozen new readers who read between the lines and could see that there was something here for them. That is, a dozen who stated that they saw the article in Confidential. How many other of our new subscribers also came from that source I dont know. But it shows that "it is an ill wind that blows no good". Also it shows that when a number of us do something collectively we have an effect. Wish we could do more.

IV. F.P.E., CHEVALIER AND VIRGINIA: There are quite a few among our readers who apparently do not understand the relationship between Fran and FPE and Virginia and Chevalier. Fran does not, for personal reasons, want to become involved with a box address in her home city. Thus Chevaliers box is the place to send FPE correspondence and it gets forwarded to her. If it is something that I do not have to deal with it is forwarded immediately if you send it in a stamped envelope. If it is an FPE application or something else that I have to have a hand in, it is saved up about a week or 10 days to make a "pouch" which is sent to her via insured mail. This makes a little delay. At the other end Fran does all that she does--and it is considerable and I wish more people appreciated her efforts--for free and in her "spare" time. Being a busy and responsible executive and having a wife, 2 kids and a large home to take care of obviously spare time is not too plentiful. So dont be too impatient when you dont get something back immediately.

Chevalier on the other hand is a business that has to keep financial records and order records. You just make extra work for me, and I'm up to my eyes already, when you send one check to cover a Chevalier purchase and an FPE dues payment. It means that I have to enter and deposit it and then make out my own check to FPE and send it on to Fran. This

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fouls up my records and sometimes has caused delays and misunderstandings. On the other hand sometimes envelopes have just been sent to Fran only for her to discover that it contained orders for Chevalier which then have to be returned necessitating more delays and postal expense. So please remember that although I am the Pres. of the Foundation and FPE, Fran, bless her little pink heart, is the functional head of it and I let her handle its details and problems. Chevalier is a big pile of work and detail and getting bigger all the time and it is all I can do even with Mary's assistance to stay ahead of that. So please help out by minimizing the unnecessary work that you pile on both Fran and myself.

V. MONEY ORDERS: For some reason some of you evidently think that a separate money order is necessary for each item purchased. It is not. One will cover the who order so dont waste your money buying 2 MOs. when one will do.

VI. OUR ADVERTIZERS: Those individuals and stores that advertise in TVia deserve your patronage. They are sympathetic to TVs or they wouldnt be advertising in TVia. Please mention the mag. when you call or visit them both so that they will know that the ad paid off and because it will serve to tip them off about yourself and enable them to serve you with more understanding. Several new advertisers discovered TVia as a result of my appearance on the Alan Burke show in New York. As a service to others in your neighborhood why dont you ask those stores that you have found understanding if they would like to be listed. I plan to make up a page or two of just short listings for all of the kinds of goods and services TVs need for both direct and mail order. So do your bit by "selling" your friendly stores on the idea. Cost: \$7.50 per issue for four or six lines depending on space available. Larger ads are \$40, \$20, and \$10 for full, $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ page ads respectively. Increased advertising means more sources for everybody where they can be served with understanding and respect, but I cant find them, you will have to.

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2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
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