

TRANSVESTIA

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Purpose of Transvestia

The customs and attitudes of our society while recognizing and allowing great freedom to the female in the expression of the masculine side of her personality are largely blind to and repressive toward the male who discovers the feminine aspect of his total self. Feminine expression in the male does not imply sexual deviation. This magazine is dedicated to the needs of the sexually (that's heterosexual) normal individual who has discovered the existence of his or her "other side" and seeks to express it.

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

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

By means of fiction, articles of opinion, true experiences, etc. It's purpose is to help it's readers develop.

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

"When you make the two one ... and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE ... then shall you enter the kingdom".


A "Saying of Jesus" from the "Gospel According to Thomas"

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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OUR COVER GIRL

Dual Personality

Lili - New York



Dating back twenty-seven years ago, early on a beautiful mid-autumn morning, a lovely baby girl was born along with her twin brother under mysterious oriental skies. Unfortunately her existence was completely ignored by the world till she struggled within herself to gain her freedom and independence.

The name of this girl is Lili. Today she is a very charming young lady. From time to time she still remembers that she has a very handsome and wonderful twin brother who has rendered her vital assistance in gaining her recognition and space for her existence. He discovered her when he was about five years old. One day grandmother clipped a bobby pin to his hair, to stop it from falling over his forehead. At first, he strongly rejected this act, but strangely a little later, he was inwardly pleased by this little bit of femininity. Despite his age, he realized that he was experiencing the very first sweet taste of things which belong to the fair sex. Eventually he began to enjoy it, but mixed with a feeling of shame and shyness. Everyday he was hopefully expecting that grandmother would do it again, but to his disappointment, it never happened again. When he was nine years old, studying in grade school in the local village, he found himself hiding behind

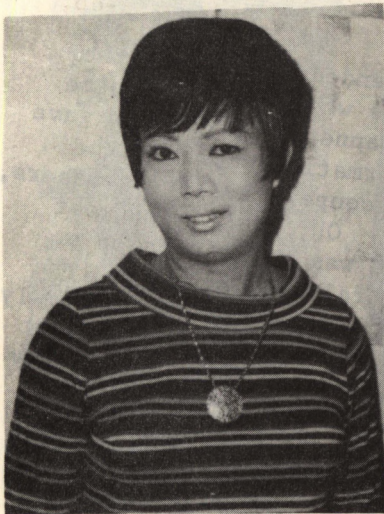


Miss Lili
the
Oriental
Bombshell

an altar in a deserted Buddhist temple. He and his most trusted classmate were making bobby pins by splitting up ends of the joss sticks from the incense burner. Lili's brother then put two on himself, and his little friend helped him put on an additional one in order to create a nice hair-do. Well, my dear sisters, that was when poor little Lili pecked her way thru her shell.

During Lili's high school years, she realized that she must study hard to gain freedom and recognition. Therefore most of her time was devoted to her books. But, during many of the important holidays, when the whole family had plans for an outing, she always found excuses to stay behind; partly for studying and partly for taking advantage of a once-in-a-blue-moon chance for complete privacy. She would carefully don her mother's or her sister's dress. At those moments, she really enjoyed the experience immensely, because she was thrilled with excitement, an unusual pleasure and wonderful personal feelings. Many times, she would sit in front of the largest mirror in the house clipping bobby pins to her hair to cultivate a nice simple hair-do, she would then let herself indulge in some sweet day dreaming. Often after this, just as every TV sister in the world does, she had a feeling of shame and guilt. She even resolved to herself that she would not do it again, but that decision never lasted long.

Lili, filled with ideas and desires, and with a definite purpose in mind, came to America. She was clever enough to pick the right place to settle down and then she started searching for her own world. One day she read in a newspaper that tickets were available for a masquerade ball sponsored by some charity organization somewhere in Brooklyn. Now, Lili was all excited, because she had an intuition that through this kind of opportunity, she might be able to find somebody who would understand and enjoy being a part-time girl, then she would not have to keep on suffering the terrible loneliness that most



More Lily

of our TV sisters have experienced. At the designated time and place, Lili showed up for the party beautifully dolled up from head to toe. It did not take too long before Lili had made an impression as an outstanding Oriental beauty. Among many of the guests who went over to make friends with Lili, there was one tall, distinguished gentleman by the name of Bert who politely asked Lili's permission to let him take a few pictures of her. Finally, Lili found out that he was a tiptop photographer and a very understanding person. Since then they have been very good friends. For picture taking, they traveled all over Staten Island, Bear Mountain, Rockefeller Center and the high spots of New York. Everywhere they went, everyone admired Lili's looks and elegance. One instance is typical of all their trips, and is interesting enough to mention: They were seated at a counter in a restaurant at Staten Island next to an Army Colonel and his wife, Lili was next to them and Bert, after a trip to the washroom, passed by the Colonel whose wife was saying: "No, dear, that's not her 'Boy Friend', he's probably her father-in-law." The colonel answered: "She is pretty. How lucky can a father-in-law be."

On one occasion, Lili attended a party in the Bronx, where she met Jeannette who was a very nice and helpful TV old timer. Jeannette generously gave her a lot of valuable TV information, such as the names and addresses of those cooperative dress makers, corsetiers, beauticians, etc. Oh, one of the most important items she mentioned was Marie's Salon on Fifth Avenue, famous for natural looking wigs. The following morning, after the party, Lili successfully made an appointment on the phone with Marie. About two hours later, she found out that Marie was a very kind hearted and understanding lady, and Lili got a very beautiful hair piece from her. Unexpectedly Lili got her biggest surprise when Marie told her that her hubby was also a TV, so the evening of the same day, in a large comfortable uptown apartment, Lili was introduced to a very pleasant and bewitching



Lily Has "It"



Do Two Lilies Make
a Bouquet?

gal by the name of Susanna, who, as most of you readers know, contributes with deep devotion to this excellent magazine, and helps with an open heart and hand all those who experience the loneliness of their inner femininity.

Through Susanna and Marie's hospitality, Lili has had many wonderful and memorable weekends at their summer resort - Casa Susanna - up in the Catskill Mountains, where Lili became friends with many TV sisters, such as Jody, Kathey, Debbie, Alice and many others. Just this year's Labor Day Holiday, Lili was lucky enough to meet a V.I.P. by the name of Virginia, who, does not need further identification. They spent a very pleasant weekend together at Casa Susanna along with a group of visiting sisters.

Lili has had many interesting adventures in TV-land. She might be willing to tell her stories if you readers would kindly lend her an ear. Of course, she would not mind to show you many of her Polaroid pictures taken by her photographers, Bert, Susanna and Jody.

Now, my dear friends, you may wonder how a simple bobby pin made from a Buddhist joss stick, could project Lili into such a real life existence. She is convinced that her grandmother cannot be blamed because the seed was there when she was born. If it had not happened this way, it would have been triggered some other way, perhaps in another form or later in life. But she is sure that it was meant to be.

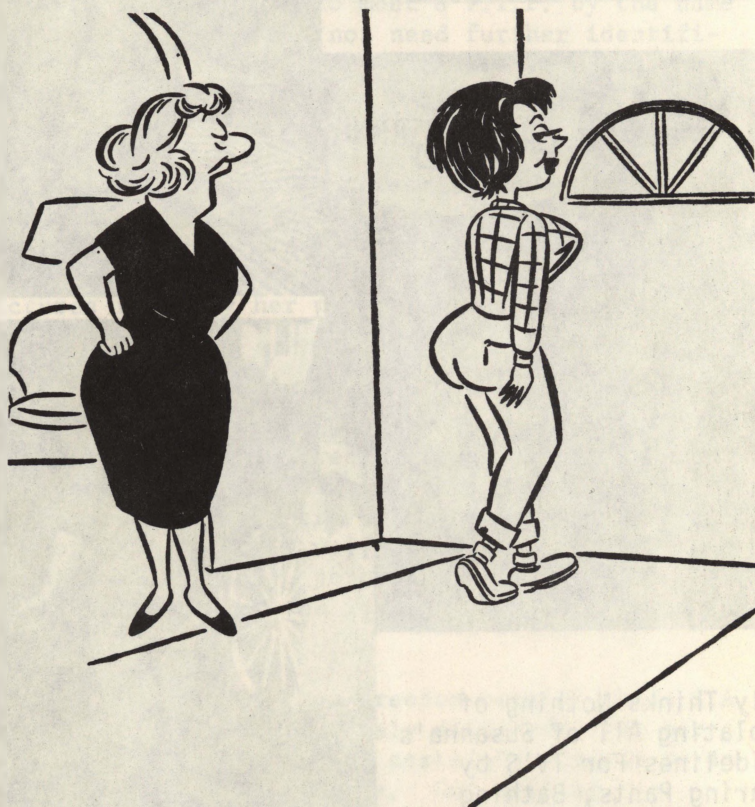
Lili is enjoying her freedom here in the U.S.A., a community which is entirely different from her war-torn homeland, and she certainly expects to enjoy it the rest of her life. God willing.

Today Lili is at peace with herself. Gone are all feelings of guilt and shame, she feeds strength



Lily Thinks Nothing of Violating All of Susanna's Guidelines For TV'S by Wearing Pants, Bathing Suit, Bikini etc. and does it at Casa Susanna, yet.

and vitality into her part-time personality which, somehow, seems to benefit her brother's own individuality. Some people might think hers is a weird existence, since she must share one body with her masculine alter ego. But both of them realize that they must make the most out of what life has given them. And, despite the problems which all TVs must face, Lili and her brother are a happy twosome. They both laugh, and seldom cry. And in their own separate ways, have gained for themselves the love and respect of many wonderful friends.



"Honestly, the way you teen-agers dress today. How do you tell the girls from the boys?"



Movie Contract Lily?
Cheesecake



Edwina Bergen
& Charlene McCarthy



Water Nymph



Of Course My Wife's at Home, Jim, Where's Yours?



Hey, where can I change clothes? I want to wear cool skirt and blouse for the rest of this trip!"

From Wales to Wedding Bells

FICTION



by Yvonne FE-S-3

Continued from TRANSVESTIA # 47

Elaine said, "Jim, have you ever worn women's clothes before? When I first saw you I thought you were a girl, then when I found you were a man I thought you had put those clothes on deliberately. Of course that was before I knew the girl had stolen your car and all your male clothes. Since yesterday afternoon I have been watching you closely and I think you like wearing skirts, am I right?", she asked.

It was true, he really did enjoy wearing women's clothes and yet he felt he could not reveal to this very attractive young lady something he secretly thought to be a weakness.

Then Elaine spoke again, "I am right, aren't I? And you are frightened to tell me the truth."

Reluctantly Jim was forced to admit her deduction was correct. "Well," she continued, "I am pleased because I have some suggestions to make, but let me finish what I have to say before you pass any comment. I had thought it all out before the police came and I was hoping you would agree when I offered to take you to the station".

As she spoke, Jim's excitement mounted and as she outlined her suggestions he could hardly contain his mounting pleasure at her proposals. She told him she was expecting a friend to come and spend the next week with her, but her friend would not be arriving until Sunday afternoon, so she proposed that Jim stay at the cottage with her until the Saturday evening before, and since it was the Tuesday lunch-time, it would give him almost four clear days at

the cottage. It was Elaine's next suggestion which pleased Jim most of all.

She said, "If you are willing to agree to certain conditions I make, I will let you have what I think you will say later, the best four days of your life so far. You can spend every minute between now and Saturday evening wearing feminine clothing. I think that with a little padding and suitable corsetry, any of my clothes will fit you. I have an extensive wardrobe here at the cottage and my friend will not mind if I have to borrow some of hers. Two of the cases you carried in last night are filled with her clothes, ready for her holiday next week. Now the conditions you must comply with if you are going to stay; First, I will not tolerate any romantic or emotional entanglements. You must treat me exactly as if I were your sister, this is very important. Next you must wear whatever clothes I select, but of course you can rest assured everything will be extremely feminine. Finally you must do everything I ask and do not ask me any questions". Before Jim had time to speak, Elaine continued, saying, "I can see by the expression on your face that you agree to my conditions, so into the bathroom, have another shave and get all the hair off your legs and arms and your chest as well, while I sort out the things I want you to wear."

Jim had only just started to shave his legs when the bathroom door opened a couple of inches and Elaine tossed something in, saying, "Put those on when you have finished and come into the living room". Jim picked the garment up and found it was a padded pantie girdle, with thick foam rubber hip and derriere pads, it looked to be much too small for him and sure enough when he had finished shaving it took him almost five minutes to wiggle his way into the tight fitting garment. He realized it had obviously been specially made for the purpose as the outside was the same color as and an almost perfect imitation of his skin and it gave his hips and thighs

a very feminine appearance, concealing his masculinity completely, for a moment he pondered upon why Elaine would possess such a garment but finally presumed it must belong to her friend.

Going into the living room he found Elaine waiting for him. She already had a pile of clothing laid out on the settee and with a curt "No questions!", sat him on a small stool and produced a pair of the most realistic artificial breasts and proceeded to fix them to his chest with spirit gum, they were so well made and fitted that when she had carefully powdered the faint mark of the join with his chest, it was almost impossible to detect they were false.

Elaine stepped back to admire her handiwork and said, "You had better get used to the feel of the pantie girdle and falsies as you have got to wear them all the time from now until Saturday evening, even in bed, of course you will have to take them off when you bath etc., but there is another girdle exactly the same and they are easily washed, so there will be a clean one to change into each time."

Jim was too thrilled to speak and answered with a shy smile. Now she produced a garment the like of which Jim had never seen before, made of white nylon with the top and bottom trimmed with lace, he would have described it as a combined bra, waist cinch and garter belt, slipping the straps over his shoulders, Elaine fastened the front with what seemed to be dozens of hooks and eyes and then started to pull tight the laces at the back. Jim let out a little gasp as she pulled.

Elaine said, "I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you will have to suffer in the cause of beauty as women always do. None of my clothes will fit you unless you are willing to be laced very tightly."

Jim replied, "Oh! I don't mind, you can pull as hard as you wish, only I have never been tight-

laced before and it seems rather strange, I won't complain again". Almost immediately Jim regretted these last few words, as she began to pull the laces tight with vicious tugs, she was not satisfied until she found she could not pull his waist in another fraction of an inch. From a paper packet she produced a pair of fully fashioned fine nylon stockings and helped him to put them on, adjusting the garters carefully until the seams were perfectly straight. Selecting a full length lace trimmed white nylon slip and matching panties from the heap on the settee, Elaine helped Jim on with the panties. Neither spoke, and he stood obediently as she smoothed the panties up over his padded hips and followed them with the slip, which fastened down the side with a long fine zip. Now he appreciated why she had pulled the corset tight, as it fitted over his bra, waist and hips like a second skin. Then Elaine disappeared into her bedroom, returning a few seconds later with a long blond wig and a well stocked tray of make-up.

"Now comes the ticklish part," she said, "first I will give you a quick manicure and paint your nails. It is a pity they are not a little longer but never mind, if we have sufficient time to get to town this afternoon I will get you some artificial ones to wear for the rest of the week. I am going to pluck your eyebrows and then fix your wig and make-up, so if you will just sit quietly on the stool and don't interfere, I will soon be finished."

Jim did as he was told and for the next half-hour sat patiently on the stool while Elaine worked her magic. When she had finished she helped him to his feet and without speaking helped him to put on the dress she had selected. He was so overcome with emotion that welled in his throat, he would not have been able to reply if she had spoken to him.

Fashioned in crisp white linen, with short sleeves, vee neckline and short straight skirt the dress fitted like a glove, and Jim began to wonder if he

would be able to sit, walk or even move by the time she had finished, especially when she produced a pair of white pumps with very high, slender stilleto heels and slipped them on his feet.

At last, Elaine spoke, "Nearly finished now, just a little jewelry to add the final touch." A three row pearl necklace was fitted round his neck and tiny droplet pearl earclips in his ears and handing him a white bag and gloves, Elaine said, "Now you can have a look at yourself in the full length mirror in my bedroom", taking his hand she led him slowly across the room, with wisps of blonde hair tickling his neck and cheeks.

He would have fallen several times without the help of her guiding hand, his heels were much higher and the skirt of his dress much narrower than those he had worn the previous day, but Jim persevered and after a few faltering steps shook off Elaine's hand.

In her bedroom he was astounded at the reflection he saw in the mirror, he could hardly believe his own eyes. The skilfully applied make-up had disguised the masculinity of his face and Elaine's skill had given him a perfect feminine figure, with the long blonde hair and scarlet nails he felt he looked as smart as a film star. Elaine looked at him and smiled "Can't really believe your eyes can you?" "No", admitted Jim, "It is unbelievable. Who would think clothes, wig and make-up could make so much difference. I feel like a different person and certainly look like one."

"Yes", she said. "I thought you would be surprised, but actually I am not. When you asked me in the bathroom this morning if I thought you could pass as a woman I realised that with strict attention to the small details you could easily pass, in fact it was your remark which put the whole idea into my head. I watched you all the morning and you gave yourself away all the time. I could see you were enjoying

wearing the red dress and it was not until the police arrived that you felt any embarrassment, so I offered to take you to the station. I thought it over during lunch and while washing up and as a result suggested you stay until Saturday. Incidentally, the whole outfit you are wearing now was chosen deliberately".

"Why", Jim broke in, "I will admit I like wearing women's clothes. Yesterday was the first time I have ever worn anything remotely feminine and I would not have put them on then if I had not been forced to do so to cover my nakedness and even then I hated having to put them on. It was as if I knew subconsciously I would like it and once started would not be able to stop. Anyway why did you select this outfit deliberately".

"You will notice everything you are wearing, including the handbag and gloves except for the nylons is white. In fact it is just the sort of outfit a bride would chose for her wedding, a dress to flatter her figure and show off her legs but not the sort to wear for a shopping trip to town, and quite frankly I thought a brides outfit would create a greater impression for your first real contact with feminine dress than one selected at random."

I did not realize the implications of the all white outfit", said Jim, "But you are perfectly correct, it has made a big impression. It is absolutely wonderful and I feel as if I never want to wear men's clothes again".

Now Elaine had a broad smile, "All my deductions were correct, but no more gossip now, go out into the garden and practice walking in those heels. You will find they are much higher than the ones from the case. I will get changed and fix my face and then we will have a ride to town. There is quite a lot of shopping I would like to do."

Outside on the garden path, Jim walked backwards

and forwards along the narrow strip of concrete. He found his balance was much better on its smooth surface than on the soft carpets in the cottage. Gradually he found he was becoming accustomed to the restrictions imposed by the tight pantie girdle and the narrow skirt of the dress. Some time later, Elaine joined him outside and expressed admiration at the progress he had made in such a short time. Soon they were in the big car, riding smoothly towards the town, Jim sat with his knees held tight together and his hands laid primly on his lap, occasionally he looked at his reflection in the vanity mirror on the sun visor and then admired his nylon covered legs. He was surprised to discover he had dimpled knees just like Elaine's and with the hair removed his legs were just as shapely as hers. They rode along in silence and reaching the town Elaine parked the car and switched off the motor.

She turned to him and said, "Just one question Jim. Do you intend to spend any of your reward money when you get it, on buying any women's things?"

Jim smiled, "I have already decided to spend every penny of the reward, and none of it on men's clothing."

Elaine said "Would you like me to get a few things which I know you will need, and then you can repay me when you get back to London."

"That would be very kind of you, but remember there is only five hundred pounds and there are a lot of things I shall want." "Oh, you can be sure I will not waste your money," Elaine said. "But there are a lot of things you will need which for a start you might find rather embarrassing to buy. I think you will find you will have to invent a sister or a girl friend. Stay here in the car and I will be a quick as I can."

Jim became very uneasy as soon as she left and

he wished fervently he had stayed at the cottage. His nervousness increased when several small boys approached but his thumping heart slowed a little when they walked by without bothering to look at him. Several times during the next hour, Jim had anxious moments when different people approached and he breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Elaine approaching, laden with bags and packages which she tossed casually on the rear seat. With his nerves on edge, Jim was in a hurry to return to the seclusion of the cottage and he pressed her to leave immediately. Elaine assured him he had no need to worry, only his voice could give him away and they could work on that during the next four days. Back at the cottage, Jim excitedly helped her to open the parcels and was surprised to find she had brought almost everything he would have purchased. Two dresses, several skirts and blouses and a variety of undies were unpacked. Jim spent a very pleasant couple of hours trying on each garment. For the remainder of the day he wore a full-skirted candy striped shirtwaister but Elaine insisted he continue to wear her narrow skirted slip, pointing out it would prevent him from taking any long masculine strides and force him to walk with dainty feminine steps. They also discussed the question of a name for his new self and finally decided that for the remainder of the week Elaine would call him Sandra.

The next four days passed very quickly, each day Jim helped her with the chores and the rest of the time they devoted to training Jim in how to pass as a woman. He had told Elaine that he intended to spend as much time as possible dressed in women's clothes when he returned to London, and she offered to teach him all she could. Eager to learn, he quickly became proficient at all the feminine arts and spent hours speaking into her tape recorder until he was able to modulate his voice to a soft feminine pitch.

All too quickly Saturday morning arrived, and

over breakfast Jim was very quiet until finally Elaine asked him what was wrong, he told her he was dreading having to don the coarse masculine clothes the police had lent him.

She gave a little chuckle. "I have been thinking about that too, you have learnt very quickly and I think that providing you are careful you could easily pass as a woman without difficulty. So I have another suggestion to make. I spent about a hundred pounds of your reward on those clothes and if you promise to pay me back as soon as you can, I would be willing to lend you about another hundred and fifty. Then you can spend the next two weeks of your holiday, wherever you wish and dress just as you are now."

Jim was elated with this idea and felt like hugging Elaine, but refrained. The previous day he had inadvertently asked her a question about herself and she had become very angry, pointing out he had agreed to her original proposals and must keep his word. Together they discussed Elaine's suggestion and decided the holiday resort of Blackpool would be a good place to go, any small slips he might make could easily pass unnoticed amongst the holiday crowds. The only snag would be when he returned to his flat in London where he was well known in the locality. Elaine said that providing he returned late at night he should be able to get in without any difficulty. Jim suddenly thought about the padded pantie girdles, falsies and the combined bra, waist cinch and garter belt. Elaine had overlooked the fact they were essential items, but as soon as he mentioned them she offered to give them to him and it was only with difficulty he persuaded her to add their cost to the money he owed her.

He borrowed one of her cases and they packed everything except the police clothes which she promised to return to the police after she had taken him to the station. It was not until he was on the

train travelling towards Blackpool, that he realized he knew absolutely nothing about her. He did not even know what city she came from, but he had promised to post the cash he owed, the case, and several other small items he had borrowed, back to the cottage so he hoped he would always be able to get in touch with her there.

At Blackpool he booked into the largest hotel he could find. Time passed quickly and for the first few days he was constantly on the alert, but soon found he could relax a little. Elaine's training had been so good that gradually he began to act like a woman without any effort. Most of the time he spent wandering round the shops and stores, making small purchases. The shop assistants accepted him without question. Once or twice he had to fight off the attentions of amorous young male holiday-makers, but fortunately they were not too persistent. Gradually he began to toy with the idea of getting a job in Blackpool and living the whole time as a woman. But he realized he would have to return to London to claim the reward. He decided to complete his solicitors training and when he had passed his exams decide then whether to live as a man and spend all his spare time as a woman or make a complete switch. There would be numerous difficulties to be solved but having no close relatives would make things much easier.

On the last day, Jim packed his cases, folding the dainty clothes with loving care, he had certainly had a much better holiday than he expected and was very sad now it was over. He was determined that as soon as finances and other circumstances permitted he would have another fortnight as a woman. He timed his arrival at the flat perfectly and got in without seeing any of his neighbours. Settled in bed he reviewed the past few weeks in his mind and decided he would tell his colleagues at the office nothing about Elaine and would certainly not tell them he had been wearing women's clothes. He would

make out the police had picked him up and looked after him. This story was accepted without question and he soon settled down to work.

The first job his boss gave him on his return was to handle the transfer of a block of property in Soho. A new client of the firm's was purchasing this and intended to make part of it into a nightclub. This deal could bring the firm a lot of new business and considering he had sufficient experience, Jim's boss instructed him to devote his whole time to this account and deal personally with everything. Jim discovered the new client was on holiday and for a week or so he had to deal with a representative, who turned out to be a young man about his own age, called Frank Taylor and they soon became good friends. Between them they successfully completed the purchase and went ahead with the conversion arrangements. Part of the upper floors were to be made into small luxury flats and part into offices while the lower floors were to become the nightclub.

Each evening Jim dressed as a lady. He had received his reward money and sent Elaine what he owed her and also returned her case, wig and the other items he had borrowed, receiving a postcard in reply. His first purchase with the money was a long blonde wig and when he had gotten it styled to his satisfaction, he made several forays out while dressed and had passed easily.

Frank told him that his boss, Mr. Peter Owens was well pleased with the deal and was leaving everything to him. As a result, about three months later Jim met Mr. Owens for the first time. Immediately he felt he had met him somewhere before, but could not remember where. He tried desperately hard to remember, but finally gave up and when they had concluded their business, he set off for his flat. On the way he happened to look in a jewellers and spotting a pair of ear clips decided to go in and get



Sharon - Calif.

them. The man was a shrewd salesman and brought out large trays of earrings for Jim to see. A large notice on the counter advertising Ear-Piercing took Jim's eye and on the spur of the moment he asked if he could have his done. The man expressed no surprise and said, "Yes." immediately. While the jeweler was preparing to carry out the small operation, Jim asked why he was not surprised at his request. He told Jim that he had pierced the ears of several young men in the last few days and in fact all of them had asked for double piercing, they had wanted two holes put in their lobes about a quarter of an inch apart, the idea was that it would enable them to wear much heavier and longer earrings without any danger of the lobe tearing. He even showed Jim some of the earrings they had ordered. Straightaway Jim asked if he could have his done in the same way and twenty minutes later he walked out of the shop with his ears tingling and two tiny plastic sleeper plugs in the holes the jeweler had put in each lobe. He had also ordered and paid for two pairs of long, elaborate chandelier type earrings. At the flat he peered in the mirror and was dismayed to find the sleeper plugs were much more noticeable than he had hoped, already he was regretting his impulsive action. Next morning at the office he felt rather self conscious but no one seemed to notice, at least no comment was made and he got on with his work. After about half an hour he was told the boss wanted to see him and as soon as Jim opened his office door he was subjected to a torrent of abuse. The boss said the chief clerk had told him about Jim's ears and he wanted to know if Jim intended to start wearing earrings in the office. It had also been noticed that Jim's eyebrows had been plucked and that on several occasions lingering traces of perfume had been detected in his office. His boss insisted Jim was a homosexual and stated that such behaviour would not be tolerated in his firm. Jim's protests were ignored and finally after a stormy ten minutes he was given a check for one month's salary in lieu of notice and twenty minutes to remove himself and all his personal

belongings from the premises.

Later in the morning Jim rang Frank from a call box to tell him he would no longer be dealing with the Owens account, but Mr. Owens himself answered the phone. When Jim told him he had been sacked, he suggested Jim call at the nearly completed night club at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and he would try and help Jim to get a new job.

The night club was due to open in another two weeks time and Jim was surprised at the luxury of its appointments. It apparently was going to be a very expensive establishment. Ushered into Mr. Owens office, Jim had the shock of his life, for seated behind the massive desk was the smiling figure of Elaine.

He was dumbfounded and when he recovered his speech, blurted out, "What on earth are you doing here, I never expected to see you again, although I was hoping I should."

With a smile she said, "Sit down and calm down, Jim. I think you are due for a few shocks. I have a perfect right to be here."

"Well, what about Mr. Owens?" queried Jim. "All this is mine," Elaine said, "I am Peter Owens." She grinned broadly as Jim gasped with astonishment. He was completely bewildered and it was some seconds before he recovered his wits and stammered, "I don't get it. Who are you? Elaine Barnett or Peter Owens? You can't mean they are the same person, it is impossible!"

"Well listen Jim and I will tell you a little story which is perfectly true, I thought you would have tumbled to things back at the cottage, but you did not, so when I returned to London I avoided meeting you for as long as possible and did all my business through Frank. When we did finally meet I ex-

pected you were going to recognize me then, you seemed a little confused but still did not say anything. It proved that my impersonation was better than I thought."

"Your face did seem familiar when I saw you yesterday", said Jim, "But for the life of me, I could not remember where I had seen you before, and since then I have been occupied with my own troubles and did not bother anymore. At the cottage I did wonder about the pantie girdle and the falsies, but you had forbidden me to ask questions so I presumed they belonged to your friend. Now that I think about it, you showed an extraordinary grasp of the problems of female impersonation when you were teaching me what to do. I should have guessed, I suppose. Of course I am assuming that you are really Peter Owens."

"Yes", Elaine replied, "You guess correctly, I am really Peter Owens. The pantie girdles and falsies belong to Elaine Barnett, actually I am wearing some similar now, but let me tell you my story." Jim began to appreciate how lucky he had been in the past few months as Elaine told him about her life. She said, "I am exactly like you, a man who loves to wear feminine clothes, only I discovered my love when I was about five years old, not twenty five as you have done, and as I grew older, I found the desire to dress increased until when I was sixteen I decided the only thing to do was to try and earn my living as a female impersonator on the stage, but it was not quite so easy as I thought. It was terribly hard to get started, all my friends thought I was insane and ridiculed me, my parents and family disowned me and I had many narrow escapes from trouble with the police through wearing feminine clothes on the street. The only relative to stand by me was the uncle who left me the cottage. He was fairly wealthy and paid my living expenses many times in the early days. When he bought the cottage as a holiday retreat he insisted I should go down and visit him as his niece as often as possible and right up until he died I spent many happy

holidays in Wales. His idea was, it would give me the opportunity to wear feminine dress without fear of detection. He introduced me to all his friends and acquaintances as his niece Elaine, he even managed to get me a driving licence and National Insurance cards in the name of Elaine Barnett. With his help I became a very successful Female Impersonator and have performed in cabarets in this country and all over the continent, I even spent a couple of seasons in South America where people with my talents are more popular than in this country. So far I have managed to keep my life in Wales completely separate from my professional life and when you turned up I was of two minds about helping you, but when I thought about the difficulties I have had to overcome in my life, I decided the least I could do in the circumstances was to help you as much as I could. After you had left I came to the conclusion I had been very foolish and decided to avoid any further contact with you. Of course, it came as a very great surprise to find you worked for the lawyers I had commissioned to act for me, my original legal representative having died. Frank will not be able to act for me after today which would have meant I would be meeting you quite regularly and I felt sure you would recognise me sooner or later, so yesterday afternoon after you left I wrote to your old firm and told them I wanted somebody different to look after my account. Perhaps you think that was not a very nice thing to do, but I'm afraid I had no option, after spending years building up two distinct personalities I could not afford to have everything destroyed without taking action. I expect your dismissal this morning was the result of my letter. Tell me, what really happened?"

Jim told Elaine that her letter had not been mentioned and the reason given for dismissing him was because they had noticed his ears had been pierced, his eyebrows plucked and he occasionally used perfume. They had jumped to the erroneous conclusion he was a homosexual and used that as an excuse.

"Yes," Elaine continued, "I had noticed you have had your ears pierced, but more about that later. I hope you will not think too badly of me and blame me for losing your job, because I intended to ring up and ask you to come and see me this afternoon even if you had not got the sack this morning, hence the fact I am Elaine Barnett today. It was my intention to ask you if you would like to come and work for me, it may not be quite so secure as the one you have lost, although it has proved to be disappointing, anyhow let me start at the beginning.

"Some years ago, I performed at a night club on the continent and ever since it has been my ambition to own a similar one myself. Of course, there was not much hope until my uncle died and left me quite a lot of money. For nearly two years I searched for a suitable site and then I found this place and we open in two weeks time. Jim," Elaine continued, "My night club will be a rather unusual sort of place, at least for London. I like to think I am being philanthropic and helping some young men like ourselves, but of course I want to make money as well.

"For the cabaret I intend to book female impersonation acts exclusively, filling in whenever necessary myself. All the other players will be transvestites too. There are enough of us about, although they have proved rather difficult to find. To avoid any trouble with the police I will not employ anyone with the slightest homosexual leanings. I have found four young men willing to work as waitresses. Frank is going to be cloakroom "girl" and general factotum, but the young man who was going to be the cigarette "girl" backed out yesterday and that is where you come in Jim. Would you like the job?" Without waiting for a reply, Elaine went on. "Before you accept, Jim, there are several conditions which you ought to know. I want these six young men to wear feminine dress the whole time, even when they are not at work, as you can imagine they will be subjected to very close scrutiny by the customers. I want perfection

and in my opinion it can only be achieved by having young men willing to live the part for twenty four hours a day. Very quickly they will become so used to feminine dress, make-up, etc., they will not have to act but will be completely at ease as girls."

Jim was wild with delight. To have such a job offered to him was beyond his wildest dreams. He could contain his excitement no longer and burst out, "I'm your man Elaine, or should I say girl!"

"Wait a minute Jim," Elaine said, "there are some more snags, although I do not expect you will consider them so. Very few people understand transvestism and I don't want to create any wrong impressions, so you must all be very discreet. I hope the club will become very select and no one must find out that you six live as girls the whole time. For that reason I have kept six of the flats vacant. Perhaps if the club becomes popular public opinion will become more enlightened, but until that happens or at least until you become so feminine there would be no possible fear of discovery, you six will be virtual prisoners in the building. If you take the job you will have to let your hair grow and wear a wig until it is long enough, I have already arranged for a hairdresser to visit the club each day and look after everybody's wigs and hair-do's. Of course as cigarette girl your costume will be rather brief and flamboyant and your hair, jewelry and make-up very elaborate but I expect you will like it. Have you made up your mind? Are you going to take the job or would you like time to think it over?"

Without any hesitation Jim said, "It's perfect, I could not have wished for anything better. How soon can I start?"

"Well, the flat is furnished already and you can move in tonight. Pack up all your male clothes and let me get rid of them, then tomorrow morning you can start living as a girl."

"Give me two hours to put my affairs in order and pack my belongings and I'll be back." Jim said as he shot out of the room. It took him a little longer but his time limit had only just expired when he returned and found Elaine waiting to show him the flat. It was four rooms and was much larger than he had expected and extremely well furnished. After a few minutes Elaine left, promising to return in about an hour. Jim wasted no time. Quickly he unpacked and hung up all the feminine clothes he had brought with him. One of the closets was locked but there was ample room for his clothes. When Elaine returned she opened the locked closet and showed Jim the clothes he would be expected to wear as cigarette "girl". They had been made for the young man who had backed out at the last minute and she wanted Jim to try them on to see if any alterations were required. During Elaine's absence, Jim had had a quick bath and had dressed in the full skirted candy stripe dress she had chosen for him in Wales, hoping she would be pleased with his choice. She congratulated him upon the speed of his transformation, but not his choice of dress, pointing out that for some time he would have to wear very tight skirts even when off duty.

"Jim," she said, "I think I ought to tell you right from the start, I intend to be very strict with you and your five colleagues. Much of the success of the club will depend on your ability and you have got to be good at your job. Jack, the young man whose place you are taking would not tolerate my discipline, he flatly refused to have his ears pierced as I wanted. You may have guessed the other young men whose ears the jeweller had pierced were Frank and the other four, perhaps he thought then that you were taking Jack's place, but I am very pleased you had your done because I am having some very elaborate earrings made for you to wear."

While she had been talking Elaine had laid out the contents of the closet and Jim found his working costume was very scanty. Made of shiny scarlet satin

with a tiny frill of black nylon net at the bustline and a very short skirt of the same material, it was cut just like a one-piece strapless swimsuit, with this he would have to wear very fine black nylon tights and black patent shoes with six inch heels.

Jim was fascinated with the shoes and when he picked them up to take a closer look Elaine said, "I hope you like them, Jim, because you have got to wear six inch heels all the time from now on, until you become so accustomed to them you can stand for eight hours at a stretch without discomfort. In my experience," she went on, "I found most female impersonators failed in their art because they did not take enough trouble with their walk. The deception is perfect until they move and then they stomp about like guardsmen in jack boots. I believe that if I make you 6 girls wear very high heels and very tight skirts when off duty, you will be forced to take very short steps until eventually you will always walk in a feminine way."

Having already agreed to accept Elaine's conditions, Jim did not complain and secretly looked forward to wearing the high heels and very tight skirts. When he came to try on the clothes which had been made for Jack, he found they fitted perfectly except at the waistline, but as he had already been wearing a waist cinch every day for some weeks, even under his male clothes, it did not trouble him when Elaine pulled the laces extra tight. After helping him to dress she sorted out the clothes he would not be allowed to wear and locked them up in a closet. When she finally left her last words were, "Don't forget you are no longer Jim, but Sandra Parker." Jim decided to start practicing walking in the very high heels but his legs very quickly began to ache, so changing into a lacy royal blue nylon nightie, he went to bed early.

Next morning he was introduced to the other young men and dressed in his working costume started

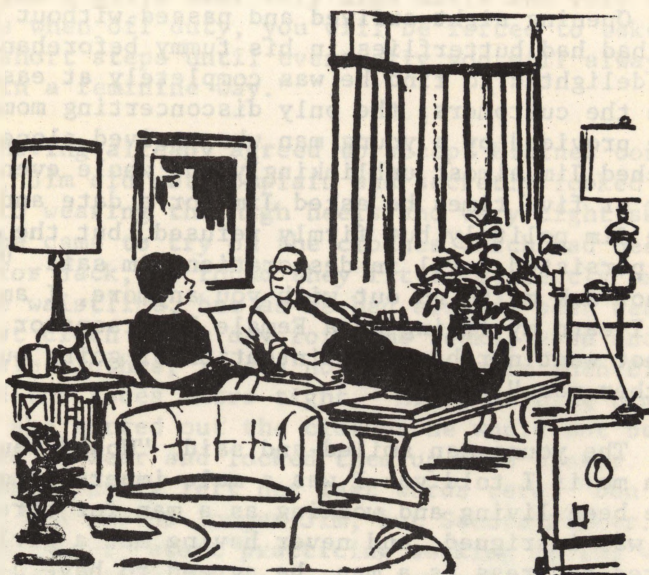
his training. He found his working wig was a pink tinted blonde and elaborately styled. When his own hair was long enough it would have to be tinted and styled the same. They were given a thorough training, Elaine having engaged a teacher to give them a quick model's course. Before a week had passed he found his former life was becoming a hazy dream. He was completely at ease as a girl and even started to think like one. Frank and Jim helped each other as much as possible and they became close friends again. He discovered that Frank had been having hormone treatments for several months in an effort to become more feminine and the results of the injections were now becoming apparent. Jim decided to start the same treatment although the doctor warned him it might be some months before he would notice any difference.

Opening night arrived and passed without a hitch. Jim had had butterflies in his tummy beforehand but was delighted to find he was completely at ease before the customers, the only disconcerting moments were provided by a young man who arrived alone and watched Jim almost unblinkingly the whole evening. Four or five times he asked Jim for a date and each time Jim politely but firmly refused, but the young man persisted until in desperation Jim said, "Please do not ask me to go out with you anymore, I am a man and I earn my living as a Female Impersonator, but I do not want nor have any intention of going out with another man."

The young man smiled and said, "Would you go out with me if I told you I was a male impersonator and have been living and working as a man for three years." Jim was intrigued, and never having met a girl who wanted to dress as a man, he agreed to have a talk with her after the club closed. Later she told him her name was Pamela Marshall and having always had a desire to dress as a man she had taken the plunge three years before and since then had lived and worked as a man without difficulty.

The club was an instant success and became very popular, and Pamela came almost every evening. She and Jim became firm friends. Later, when Elaine permitted Jim and his colleagues to go out dressed as girls whenever they wished, he and Pamela went out together on his night off and when their friendship turned to love, they exchanged identities, Jim keeping Sandra Parker as his professional name.

The club is a continuing success and Jim has done every job on the staff, at the moment he is working on his own cabaret act and very soon hopes to go shopping for a brides outfit similar to the one he wore in Wales. But this time he hopes to wear it to a wedding. HIS OWN.



"The girls are coming over in an hour, if you want to stay here, you have to wear one of your dresses."

Tricky Solution

ARTICLE

Barbara (7-H-2) FPE

You want that new dress very much, don't you. The nice one I mean? You have even made dry runs on the store and you saw just the dress and in your size too. How tantalizing it looks hanging on the rack. Wouldn't you love to try it on? But in addition to being a TV you are also a respected member of your community and the thought of picking out a dress isn't so bad but paying for it at the counter and the stares of women shoppers and sales people gives you cold feet. Would they guess it was for you? The answer is yes, if you act like a creep.

However, I have a method I sometimes use in the larger dept. stores. The checkout type. These stores usually have a huge ladies wear department and browsing can be done quite unobtrusively. This method of course is sneaky, underhanded and beneath the dignity of all but the most depraved. In short it is wonderful.

I stumbled upon it quite by accident. I was invited to a party on short notice and all I had to wear were summer things (it was Fall). Shopping by mail was out of the question since time was a factor. Friday night I made a dry run though the store getting an idea of their stock. After I got home I decided on what I wanted. In this case I elected to buy a black wool jumper and sissy blouse.

The following day at 1330 hours, which is a good time since most GG's are home cooking, I went to the store, got a shopping cart and headed right for the Baby Department. There I picked up two dozen diapers, a dozen bottles, two relieving blankets, and a toy. Next I went to the ladies department

and found my jumper and blouse. Then I proceeded to the check out stand.

My what a thoughtful husband I was, getting my wife something new to wear home from the hospital with our new baby. The sales clerks couldn't have been more helpful.

The baby things? I returned those for my refund the next day. Sneaky huh! P.S. I wouldn't suggest anyone use this method more than once every nine months in the same store.

POEM

Letters

by David

There are letters in my mail box,
Every morning after eight
There are letters in my mail box,
When the afternoon is late.

There are letters that are witty,
There are letters that are gay,
There are writers more's the pity
Who haven't much to say.

There are letters that are wheezy,
There are letters that are good,
There are writers who are cheesy,
And who write in dreadful mood.

There are letters that are brave,
There are letters that are strong,
There are writers who are slave,
To everything that's wrong.

Letters come from Dick and Harry,
And from other people too.
From girls who want to marry,
And from nuts there's quite a few.

But I'm looking for a letter
From a girl out in the West,
And the day will be the better,
When I read her merry jest.

I look forward to that letter
From the one whose name is 'Virg.
For though I've never met her,
She always puts me on the verge.

She has wisdom, she has pride,
She has vision that is wide,
She's a TV and a winner,
But she never was a bride.

With apologies to Virginia



POEM

While I Wait

by Wilda 20-Q-1

As days go by I wait.
Darn it, TVia is late!

I must blame the mail,
'Cause Virginia won't fail.

So my patience I keep
For it's no use to weep.

Just can't wait to see -
Who the next "CG" will be,

To read stories and news,
The gossip and reviews.

So - I continue to wait.
Darned TVia is late!



A Few Thoughts On TVism

Virginia Joy FE-M-1

In his introduction to OVER THE SEX BORDER by Georgina Turtle, Kenneth Walker, a world authority on sex, says: "In every normal man there lurks a woman, and in every normal woman there lurks a man." Is not a transvestite a person in whom the hidden femininity (or masculinity, in the case of a woman) cannot be kept hidden?

The mental aspect is important, more important than the physical, in happiness and fulfillment. We all know of people who are very happy, even though they may be blind, or crippled, or otherwise grossly deprived. Well, we have a physical problem too, but at least we don't need to have it all the time, and we can be happy even when we're obliged to wear the wrong sort of clothes and to act a role which we would rather not act.

Completeness is both masculine and feminine, and anyone who was one hundred percent masculine or feminine would be intolerable - and, fortunately, impossible.

Mentally we can be feminine for most of the time, if we wish - and if we have the strength. We can be pure, loving, gentle, gracious, - whatever are the most precious qualities of girlhood and womanhood are not denied to us if we are prepared to use them.

When Transvestism is practised solely for auto-erotic purposes it is merely fetishistic or narcissistic lust. But transvestism in which the aim and practice are the expression of one's femininity, in a pure, feminine way, as a girl or woman would express her femininity, then it is honourable and good. The proper price of dressing like a lady is to act like one. The price of femininity is femininity.

We can know ourselves to be feminine, no matter what the world thinks. And, if our religion permits us to believe this, we can remember that it is our mind, or soul, or consciousness, which endures, even when the body is dust.

My own experience suggests that it may be best for TVs not to marry, unless their fiancées know of their TVism and heartily approve. Mere toleration is not enough. If you have not told your beloved, do so very gently, and as gradually as seems wise, even if it takes months.

For many of us discretion is the better part of girlhood, and where the law prohibits us from going on the streets dressed as we should be - then we should work to change the law.

We need never be ashamed of our femininity, so long as we act and think like ladies to the highest of our understanding. Our sympathies, our charity, our understanding of other people's problems, our helpfulness to everyone, our wide compassion, should all be more than those of a typical man or of a typical woman. We are doubly gifted: we should be doubly givers.

Love the world and everyone in it. Love is the most feminine thing of all. Radiating it, we can be most ourselves - and the best possible advertisements for our cause.

We are sisters: let's be sisterly - not only to one another (how I would love the opportunity!) but to everyone. We can do this even in male attire (after all, slacks don't deprive a woman of her warm heart, or of her love of children, or of her sympathy for everything in trouble). Sooner or later, by doing as the finest women do - or even better - we shall help the world to accept us as it has accepted other 'crackpot' reformers in the past - not because of their rational arguments, but because of their actions: pure, unselfish, courageous and good.

A genuine TV does not accept the conventional limitations of his sex. All progress is made by people who do not accept conventional limitations. At the moment, it is still widely believed that femininity is inferior to masculinity, and that therefore for a man to yearn to be feminine is degrading. This belief is slowly changing.

Sometimes psychologists and others who should know better pour scorn on TVs because of our desire to change world opinion rather than our own thoughts. All social reformers have had to put up with this attitude. We are in good company.



Rita - Brazil



Peggy - Netherlands

Four Pages of Our
International Readers



Janine - Quebec



Leona - Ontario



Judith - Ontario

A Canadian Contingent



Erna - Denmark
Wera - W. Germany



Wera and Erna
as a Brunette



Carole - Pauline
Two So. African Beauties

LETTER 

Stockholm Report

Anette (FS-K-1) FPE



Dear Virginia:

Enclosed is a pic from our meeting of Sept. 9th. Within the past year after FPE-Northern Europe was chartered we have had three large meetings at nice restaurants besides a lot of small get-together meetings. The largest of these was Sept. 9th when we had prominent foreign guests.

That night we met at a high class restaurant located on the river front with a magnificent view of the famous Town Hall and the sparkling lights of South Stockholm.

Present were 11 FPs, 5 wives and 4 special guests. In her words of welcome Yvonne (President of FPE-NE) pointed out that there were FPE-members from 6 nations together this night (the most in FPE-history?). With us we had the guests of honor, Sheila, our past field coordinator, with her charming wife from USA, and Rosemary with her charming wife from Hong Kong. They had taken this opportunity to visit us on their vacation. We also had our own new members from Denmark, Finland, Austria and Sweden.

Dinner was held in a typical Swedish manner, with some speeches all of which finished with a Skål (a toast) for FPE, the work done and it's future. For me, and I think for all of us, this memorable night was a proof again that we really need an organization where we can meet safely and feel the wonderful friendship. It was a manifestation of a tremendous and fine work done in a humane spirit. Our thoughts went back with gratitude to Virginia and the other girls who have helped to spread the FPE light out over the world.

This night too was, I'm sure, an inspiration for us to continue the work and seek to find and show all now unknown TVs that one can live life in harmony and with peace in mind.

Sincerely, Anette

Dear Virginia,

Sorry that I haven't written to you much sooner. I finally received the prints of our seminar and am sending two group pics.

I cant really express in words how wonderful it was, meeting you and all the other lovely girls and being able to be a girl amongst girls in such a nice way.

Transvestia

My GG, Jeanette and I, may have been pretty quiet people during the hen-sessions, but I guess maybe we're just good listeners.

Cindy enjoyed every moment, living the life she desires and you know, Virginia, since then Cindy is completely out in the daylight. After many talks with Corrine and Darlene, and also Marie, we went home Memorial Day, two very happy people, without any fears or anxious moments any more.

On arriving home Jeanette and I discussed "Cindy" with each of our kids, showed them pictures of Cindy and of others in TVia and really explained how Cindy came about and lived all these years. They both think I am okay in every way. My son is 16 years old and my daughter is 13. Of course, my son snooped occasionally in my belongings and tried figuring out the situation. My daughter discovered Cindy several times just before last Xmas, sleeping in the prettiest of nighties with hair piece and all; that was while my GG was in the hospital.

Now Cindy is like a big sister to her, and she tells me things and asks questions, that she's afraid to ask her mother!

Fathers Day came last June and just imagine what Chuck received as gifts! A set of very pretty, bright yellow shorty pjs (lace and nylon), plus other dainty things like another pretty bra and stockings. So you can see Cindy has been accepted completely in this house. Even though Chuck is here most of the time, I'm always being asked when is Cindy going to get dressed. I usually do once or twice a week, just in the house. Of course I do wear my pretty nighties to bed most of the time.

Jeanette and I are both thanking you again for the opportunity of meeting you and learning so much about the sorority and our group. Am keeping in mind

about writing each of our views on FP's and about Cindys acceptance.

Till next time, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Cindy

Dear Virginia,

I would like to make a comment on the cover of #40 TVia. I like it! I think the symbolism is appropriate. The idea of the male and female blending and becoming many shades of the basic patterns is Nature's intention. No one of us is truly male or female. Everyone has some traits of the other! Myself included. I used to worry about being "different", but now it seems to be secondary. I still am forced to hide my feminine self from my everyday job, (who ever heard of a female airman?), but nonetheless, Leah definately exerts her presence in everything I do. She has decorated my barracks room to suit herself. While it is not a "girl's" room, it is different from the usual run of drab, colorless rooms I have lived in. She has pictures up on the wall carpeting (God knows where she found that here!) a bedspread and most important of all, a light paint on the walls that sets off the whole place. I am very proud of the time and energy she has taken to assure her brother of a restful place to come home to, at least until he returns to civilization!

I digress; getting back to the cover of #40, I would like to see many more like it, that is, more non-photographic designs. I have no ideas right now, but I shall think up something before too long.

I am most willing to help in any way that I can to bring enlightenment to the non-TV and bring our desires and longings out from under the cloud of

Transvestia

darkness that we have been under for so long! Nothing riles me more than to hear someone condemn a group of "different" people just because the speaker doesn't know (nor in most cases care) a thing about them. He bases his decision of prejudice on the word of mouth or biased opinions of others like himself. I hope to God, that no one can ever accuse me of doing anything like that!

I maintain the philosophy that "if you ain't tried it, don't knock it!" So far, I've managed to survive in a highly competitive business using this basic premise.

I am working on a short story that I hope may meet your approval for publication in TVia. It is a story about me and my wife arriving at a compromise on Leah. The only thing I ask is that you do not use my name. I must remain a "ghost", if not for personal reasons, at least for professional ones.

Leah

Dear Virginia

I experienced the now familiar sense of elation upon receiving my copy of TRANSVESTIA.

My joy was doubled upon finding your femmenote and of course I can only comply with your request and relate for the leadership the experience as it happened.

Well girls, as with many of you out there, my sister spends much of her life in the "closet" due to family and professional pressures. In fact she spends far too much time in there. But her presence is not to be denied and of the last eight years, Helen has been masquerading as Rob to earn a living.

So each morning Helen arises and dons her lovely lingerie. Sometimes extensively depending upon the weather and the days planned activity. Normally Helen would wear nylons girdle panties and a chemise. Over this would go white shirt, tie and suit.

On one particular day the weather was humid and I elected to wear only panties, so perhaps fortune smiles on us preferentially after all.

I was injured in the plant. Completely disabled. There was no opportunity to retreat to a secluded area and remove my lovely lace trimmed panties. I was rapidly moved to the plant hospital and after much probing and fussing on the part of the medical staff I was ordered to disrobe for X-ray. I could have refused of course but that might have have proved even more foolish.

So gathering my courage I disrobed and stood before them in the panties I love so much, and I awaited the reaction I was sure would come.

The X-ray technician, a girl, commented first and of all things she said "My, those are pretty " The doctor said nothing and seemed unconcerned and I really think he was.

The only adverse comment came from an older nurse who said "I trust you will have more appropriate underthings for your next visit. To which I replied "Don't bet on it". And that was it.

Calm acceptance of my preference in lingerie.

Had I been wearing a more extensive selection would their reaction have been more pronounced? I don't know. Perhaps I'll find out soon. The price of having Helen with me every day is eventual exposure. I have known this from the start and when it came I was emotionally prepared for it. I am not ashamed of my femininity. It is a blessing which

Transvestia

enriches my life a thousand fold. I have often dwelled upon the possibility of just such an occurrence. When it happened it was anticlimactic. That is not to say it could not happen again and in much less gracious company.

When I think of the wasted years, of how I fought in solitude and ignorance, and now what peace of mind I enjoy thanks to TRANSVESTIA. How different my life would have been had I not followed the counsel of advisers more ignorant than myself. But TRANSVESTIA did not exist then. Thank God it does now.

Well Virginia, I guess that is about it for now.

Your Conn. Sister,
Helen

Dear Virginia:

I'm one of the new ones, starting just recently with a chance discovery of TRANSVESTIA on a newsstand, after 37 years in hiding.

Last month I ordered every available back issue of TRANSVESTIA, CLIPSHEET, and FEMME-MIRROR and got the shock of my life. This huge bundle of information contains just about everything I've longed to know about myself and the private little hell I've lived in since childhood, plus the way out. I took 3 days off work and read continuously, and I'm still reading and rereading every spare minute at night after work and weekends. Its like buying a set of encyclopedias on transvestism, and what to do about it. I want to tell your other new readers that these back issues are the best investment I've ever made. Here's why; for somewhat over a hundred bucks you can get:

1) The reports and opinions of some of the best authorities and psychiatrists in the world, all of which adds up to acceptance of your feminine aspects via Femme-Personation. It costs \$250 to \$2500 for you own private psychiatrist to reach the same conclusion.

2) The case histories, recommendations and techniques of those who have already been over the road, covering the all-important aspects of wisdom, perspective and moderation that you'll need as you find your way out. With the weariness of years of battle with oneself it's all too easy to become a little over-enthusiastic and one indiscreet bit of behavior involving a police incident can cost a guy his job. Some of those CLIPSHEETS forcefully portray what can go wrong if you lack wisdom.

3) Guidelines for the presentation and handling of your way of life with respect to your wife or sweetheart. A stumble here and you might wind up broke, both emotionally and financially.

4) The answers on the correct wardrobe selections to suit your particular needs; color and size charts, where to buy what, etc. I've wasted hundreds of dollars through the years on incorrect fits, bad selections and nonsense. Now I can buy an adequate and correct wardrobe that really satisfies, and at a reasonable price.

5) The inside information on hair, make up, corrections for undesirable features, body padding, voice, walking and such techniques needed to create the result you want. This alone is worth a fortune.

6) Enough humor so you can at least keep smiling while you're pulling the arrow out of your head.

So for the new readers who want the full treatment (and perhaps some of the not-so-new ones that got on about half-way along), I heartily recommend

Transvestia

you take the money out of the bank, arrange a loan, or whatever, and buy every available back issue you can still get your hands on.

Sincerely,

Maureen

Dear Virginia,

Well it finally happened. One of the sensational magazines has finally attacked you and your fine publications and allied activities.

It was with a heavy heart that I read the twisted account of our magazine, its purpose, and its founder. These people are so desperate for anything they can find, which to them can be classed as sensational or controversial, they will stop at nothing, regardless of who they hurt or how. While you certainly have done more to bring transvestism out into the open and reduce the shame which had formerly been attached to it you have yet to force any phase of this on anyone who did not wish it. Now to see it laid wide open from coast to coast before millions who cannot and will not even attempt to understand, is a horrible injustice to you and all of us. While I am a secret transvestite, being one who merely longs for the ability and opportunity while many of you are openly and successfully doing so, nevertheless I share the thrill and excitement in my dreams and thoughts just as you do in actuality. Knowing all you have endured to this point, Virginia, I am sure this vicious and smearing article will not deter you nor will it keep you from increasing your fight to establish understanding and acceptance of our problem. Much luck and success in your struggle and know there are thousands who support you regardless of stupid articles and smears.

As ever, Arline

Soldier to Salesgirl



a Trans-Action

TRUE
STORY

Bertha - Penn.

When war was declared on April 7, 1917 I was only sixteen years old but, like every red-blooded American boy, I was frantically eager to get into it and to do my share to make the world safe for democracy and to fight the war that was to end all wars forever. My older brother enlisted quickly, but I was not quite old enough to be acceptable and I had to wait until I was seventeen.

We all had enthusiasm, plenty of it. We marched around the streets of our city singing:

When Uncle Sam, he gets the infantry,
He gets the calvary,
He gets artillery,
Then BY GOD we'll all go to Germany.
God help Kaiser Bill.....

to the tune of the Old Gray Mare, and believe me there was enthusiasm in our singing.

The day after my seventeenth birthday I was accepted as a recruit by the United States Marine Corp. In a few days' time I was in Parris Island, South Carolina for basic training. That was in February, 1918. The armies of the United States were being built up very rapidly then and I did not stay in basic training any longer than was absolutely necessary. By July I was in France. At the end of that month our unit was stationed near a place that was named Chateau Thierry. But I did not stay there very long, because on the very first day of that famous offensive a German high explosive shell landed right beside me (almost) and when I woke up I was back in Base Hospital and within a week was moved

back to a hospital in England. I was pretty badly hurt and by the time I was ready to be discharged the armistice had been signed and the war was over.

Those in command of all the armed forces of the United States then made a very wise decision: they offered indefinite leave with pay to any soldier or sailor who would enroll in a European college or University in order to complete his education. I had been taking a pre-medical course at home, and here was a chance to obtain some British experience and training which would be invaluable to me. I accepted quickly, and before the end of 1918 I was enrolled as a student in London University, in its medical department.

The winter of 1918-1919 was a hard one, in England. It was very cold and the coal miners around Newcastle were on strike. Coal was rationed, as was all food, tobaccos and just about everything else. Electricity was turned on only a few hours a day, and electric heaters were almost useless. We all suffered - lack of food, of heat, of clothes, of light, of jobs. The army was being demobilized quickly and there were few jobs for the returning soldiers. Millions of Britons existed on the Dole - the few shillings a week which the Government handed out free.

I enjoyed my studies immensely. I worked hard and studiously. I liked the men who were my fellow students. I really was learning. In order to get to know as many students as I could - I enjoy meeting people and understanding their viewpoints - I arranged with a small local store to be a salesman for them and to peddle its wares among the students. Every evening I carried a tray of sweets, tarts and biscuits around the buildings where the students lived, selling what I could. Also I took commissions to procure whatever they needed - and the shortages of everything made that an important part of my job. I was a well-known and not unpopular member of that University.

Usually my commissions were to find certain books, or blank paper pads, or carbon paper which was very hard indeed to locate. Then on one particular evening one of my best customers said to me, "Please get me some stocks and stays!" I did not understand what he was talking about, and told him so. Then, very patiently, he explained to me that the present rage all over England was to wear "stocks and stays" - which meant stockings. The fact is that stockings are warmer than sox - and it was a very cold winter - and that stockings need garters to hold them up, and that garters are always attached to stays (corsets). It was just as simple as that, and I arranged to handle them for him and for anyone else who should want them. And soon everybody did. It was a profitable line. It was the rage in all the colleges and universities of England. I wore them too.

Some learned psychologists tried to explain this fad by saying that all the best men had died in France in the War and that only sissies were left, so they dressed that way. An American poet eulogized in a poem:

"When Cambridge 'comes curvacious
And Oxford struts in stays."

Well, we did strut and we did become curve-conscious, but the real basic reason was the desire for warmth and comfort - stockings are warmer than sox and stays are exceedingly comfortable. I sold hundreds of pairs, in all sizes and colors.

In regard to size, all students are alike and tend to over-emphasize everything. Most wore a comfortable size which, as the weeks passed became too large and I would sell a smaller size. And of course there were a few who followed and enjoyed the cult of tight lacing - which is not as uncomfortable as it sounds. I could tell many stories about this practice.

I remember one particular scene which I thought

of while attending a lecture. I recalled what an audience of students in a similar situation would look like back in the United States - every student lounging lazily in his chair, sprawled out like a rug, unattractive and inattentive; In this British class room by comparison, every student was sitting stiffly upright, his body poised and his attention keenly upon the lecturer. Keen, not lazy. I thought at the time that there are definite advantages in stays.

One evening I had a surprise. I had been making my usual rounds and after a very successful trip I stopped, on my way home, at the "Pub" to imbibe a bit of the "mild and bitter" which passed as beer in this war-devastated country. As I sipped it I gave no especial notice to a few WAAC'S - Womens Army Auxilliary Corp - who seemed to be having a high old time at the other end of the bar, until suddenly I heard one of them call me by name, and rather reluctantly I moved up and joined them. Then came the surprise - there were four, and all were customers of mine! You see, the WAAC'S were being demobilized and the WAAC uniform could be obtained anywhere, cheaply and readily. We all had many good laughs, and I joined the fun. More than that, I bought a uniform myself the next day and I arranged to sell them on commission basis. I also arranged for a dressmaker to do the fittings. Her name was Mrs. Swenson, a war widow who was glad to earn a bit of extra money this way. I gave her plenty of business.

It was all the rage. There seemed to be almost as many WAAC'S as men around the halls and buildings. The WAAC cap concealed the hair, and anyway most men wore hair as long as the women did, which was called the Boyish Bob. White gloves concealed the hands. Heels were low, army regulation. As a masquerade, it was easy.

Of course we had fun. It was fun to march in

step along the street and to salute smartly every officer that passed. It was fun to go into the City and see a show, matinee or evening. It was fun to feel ourselves in the world of women and an accepted part of it. It was fun to wander into the department stores and watch a style show or a lingerie display. It was fun to enter a restaurant and to be accepted as girls. We all enjoyed life, hugely.

One day as three of us were wandering around Harrod's big store I saw a sign that said "Apply here for work." Just for fun, I said that I was going to apply. I was given a long printed form to be made out and signed, which I did. Then I handed it in and the Personnel Manager who accepted it seemed to be very busy because she only glanced at it and at me and said "We'll let you know if we need you." and that was all there was to the interview. I rather forgot all about it.

Almost four months later came the big surprise - a notice in the mail that I had been accepted by Harrod's and should report for work within ten days time. I took it, of course, as a big joke. I was not sure whether the joke was on me or on Harrods, but it was good for a laugh. That morning I went over to Mrs. Swenson's to pick up several uniforms that she had altered, and I showed it to her. I expected a big laugh; instead she said, "You are lucky." That stopped me and made me think. Here were hundreds of thousands of discharged soldiers, and WAAC'S, hunting for jobs; most of them could not find employment and existed on the dole; and here was little me with a paid job offered to me. Yes, I was lucky. Then Mrs. Swenson added "Of course that will mean civilian clothes and dresses."

That made me think. Here I was, in England and completely free of personal responsibility. The long vacation was about to begin and I had no plans of where to go or what to do. I was accustomed to being a WAAC. Why not? I could always quit if I wanted

to. My pay as a marine would continue, and I reported to no one. I decided quickly to try it for a month, or longer.

As it turned out, it was not a month but almost three years.

Well, Mrs. Swenson helped me a great deal. She told me what to buy and what sizes to ask for. I went to a store myself and picked out a dress and also a nicely-skirted suit. I bought cosmetics including a very pretty compact with powder and lip stick. And shoes and a hat or two. (I was lucky to have plenty of money.) Then she took me to the hair-dresser and I was given a cut - boyish bob - and a curl. Then make-up. Then fittings for my new clothes. She suggested that my waist ought to be smaller - to 22 inches - to give me curves and hips. She made the skirts tight so that I had to walk femininely. In short, she made ME and when I left her I was a new-born "Bertha" and I walked about the city with happy confidence in my new role.

A word about sizes. English men in general are shorter than American men, and English women are taller and larger. A six-foot girl is not at all unusual. Both sexes seem to be about the same height. Any person wearing skirts and curves and make-up will be accepted as a woman, anywhere. It is much easier than in America. It is not at all necessary to try to have feminine gestures and mannerisms. They come with the clothes. In fact, any person wearing spike heels and tight skirts will be accepted as a person who wears spike heels and tight skirts - a woman. It is as simple as that.

So I went to work at Harrod's. The job that was given to me at first was not especially exciting - wrapping up parcels all day long - but the store was a pleasant place to work, with employees who were always very nice people. One large room was set up as the "Employee's Club", where every evening the

employees could gather and have fun. There was always a chaperone to introduce newcomers and to see that there was no rough stuff; there were tea and cookies and cigarettes and a phonograph for dancing - I quickly became a popular dancer; I loved to dance and I still do. There is a wonderful thrill in having a man put his arm around your tiny waist and hold you tightly while he leads you about the floor - and also a certain humor in that he does not know what he is holding.....

In short, after three months I decided that I would rather stay at Harrod's than go back to school at London University. I still intended to be a doctor and to continue my medical course, but I was young and there was no hurry. I did carry out a course of reading of the medical text books, and occasionally I could attend a lecture after working hours and I kept myself registered as a student and paid my tuition - but really I was having too much fun as a girl clerk to give it up for a future career. That could wait.

It was an exciting life. The Employees Club was open every evening and there were always people there to play with - cards or dancing or just talk. For clothes, we had the whole store to choose from and we always knew when the next bargain dresses were to be sold. One particular dress - well, one of the boys was to give a birthday party and we girls decided to dress up especially for it; I saw this dress which I simply had to have; it was called a "Four-inch Dress" because the waist line was four inches smaller than usual. First you put on the special corset and then have the dress, a dark green satin sheath, fitted to your new figure. It was irresistible to me, and I bought it. The fitters were experts indeed and easily, well, fairly easily, laced me into the required eighteen inches. It was a heavenly feeling, to realize what curves I had. I wore it three days to become accustomed to it, then went for my fitting of the dress itself.

The evening of the birthday party I made my grand entrance into the Club and I was certainly the Hit of the evening. The boys all clamored for a dance and I was rushed about frantically. They seemed to love to put their fingers around my tiny waist and I certainly felt that the effect was worth all the effort. It was a thrill which a girl gets only once in a great while and I just simmered with excitement. When it was over, I was just too excited to sleep and I tossed on my bed living over every single dance. The thrill of being held tightly and swung about to the delightful music - with nothing more dangerous than a surreptitious kiss in a dark corner - is indescribable and only those who have experienced it can understand.

Well, everything comes to an end at some time. I lived as a girl, completely and genuinely, for nearly three years. Not once did I ever have any embarrassing situation. Psychologically I almost was a girl and I had to remind myself occasionally that I really wasn't. But - I began to think about my future which I hoped to be something more than a department store clerk. I wanted to be a doctor. Also, I began to worry about my beard, although it was fortunately light blond and not very noticeable. But it was a worry.

So, in short, feeling that I had had my fun and it was time to move along, I gave up my happy job and moved back into the world of men. Putting on my American uniform was not only uncomfortable, - it was almost painful. The shoes - big heavy clod-hoppers that seemed to weigh ten pounds apiece. The rough scratchy woolen cloth and khaki. The khaki trousers which imprisoned the knee too tightly. The high neck collar. The ridiculous cap. My whole body ached for the smoothness of silk and nylon, for the comfortable support of stays, for light-stepping high heels, in short for the pleasant comfort of feminine clothing. And a glance in a mirror disclosed to me a sight that certainly was not beautiful nor even

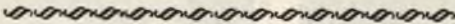
attractive.

But, following my military orders I took ship and came back to America and became the usual uninteresting citizen. I entered college and ultimately got my M.D. degree and set up a practice outside the city of Philadelphia where I built and ran a small private hospital. I am still there, though rather on a retired basis. I work when they need me and when I feel like it.

Now, what permanent effect did this three-years' experience have upon the rest of my life? Was it just an escapade, just a bit of fun, a prank of fun-loving students?

I suppose that no one except myself is entitled to answer that question. I can say this: many, many of my patients have told me that I seem to have a closer insight into the psychological structure of women than any other doctor, a closer sympathy with a woman's point of view. My wife agrees strongly with this statement and has often told me so. That in itself, from a professional standpoint, is of great value. And certainly I have never had any regrets about this experience.

And here is one final thought upon this fascinating subject: I think it is far far better and easier when changing from one evident sex to the other, that the change be complete and permanent rather than just trying to masquerade for a few hours or a day. Becoming accustomed to the role both physically and psychologically is half the battle - or more.



"Mamma, am I old enough to wear a brassier?"

"Shut up, George and eat your dinner."



Paula (30-P-2) FPE



Maryann - Calif.



Louise - Okla.

Book Reviews

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE



TRANSSEXUALISM, A Study of Forty-Three Cases, by Jan Wolinder. (transl. by Helen Frey), U. of Göttenborg, Sweden; 125 pp; 24 Kr (\$4.80 US equiv.) 1967.

This has certainly been the "Year of the TS", with four memorable books to review in this column. That includes the presumably fictional "I want What I Want" (TVia 45) which

even the staid Saturday Review managed to cover in a favorable (though somewhat confused) way, as the story of a "tragic transvestite". The event of the year was Dr. Benjamin's book (TVia 44) which not only dealt with "The Transsexual Phenomenon" but had interesting things to say about us. Now we have its European counterpart, by another outstanding authority. It is tempting, but unfair to both, to make too many comparisons between these two fine volumes. However, it must be emphasized that Benjamin combines research and therapy, and wrote for both the medical and popular reader. Wolinder has relatively little interest in therapy, and makes few concessions to the general public. The two books are only superficially redundant.

Dr. Wolinder has filled a vital function by making the most exhaustive literature search to date

(almost 250 references), and has then proceeded to analyze these papers in comparison with each other and with his own results. As did Dr. Benjamin, he deals in passing with the TV (though less completely) and makes just as clear a distinction between TV and TS. Both also agree in rejecting the behaviorist psychological "explanations" which have confused the world for so long, and explicitly favoring a mixture of organic and environmental causes. Both also present the case histories of many TS patients.

His approach is very much that of a dispassionate scientist, and the reader will do well to arm herself with a medical dictionary and a small text on statistical analysis before tackling this one. She had also better plan on making her own index, as he has not provided one - nor even cross-references when the same subject is discussed on different pages. Despite these minor difficulties, the reader should be able to get the message without excessive use of aspirin. Recommended to all, and especially to the "quasi-TS" who is trying to make up her mind.

CHRISTINE JORGENSEN, A Personal Autobiography. Paul S Erickson, Inc., New York, 332 pages + 16 photo-pages; \$6.95 (9/15/67).

This is certainly the longest-awaited book in the TS field, written nearly fifteen years after the events which not only shook the TV world, but pushed the Korean War, the first H-bomb and the death of George V right off the front page. (All the world except me; I had renounced TV "forever" just a month before, and couldn't care less about those headlines!) It is the first official story since her account in The American Weekly of February and March 1953; naturally, it represents a much more mature viewpoint on the subject than that of others who have rushed into print in the interim. Hopefully, it is not too full of those "selective lapses of memory" noted by Wolinder, Benjamin and others as characteristic of the TS. If not, it is probably unique since every other such

autobiography has proved quite leaky under close scrutiny.

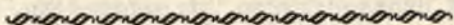
One point, emphasized by repetition on pages 122 and 173, which seems very unusual is her statement that she NEVER cross-dressed, or wanted to, until after the first step of the three-part operation. She even waited until her legal status was established by the US State Department revising her passport! While many TSs have explained that dressing is of little importance to them except as practice for the future, this insistence on complete dissociation from the TVs seems a little exaggerated. However, it would be childish of me to object to such strong support for our viewpoint that TV and TS are separate phenomena, just because the tone is a little less than friendly.

The book covers quite adequately her life prior to and during the operation, but its major interest lies in her subsequent career. The coverage of her tribulations with the press is well told. While she cannot help but be bitter about some aspects of that, she does accept the fact that her naivety caused things to be worse, and can now laugh at many of the episodes that must have been very hurtful at the time. As Dr. Benjamin says in the introduction, we all owe her a debt of gratitude for "extending our medical horizons". Though she disclaims any credit for "carrying banners into battle", she DID take the brunt of public intolerance, and turn it aside. One might even postulate that without her precedent, our magazine would have had to break much more ice and might never have won the approval of the Post Office and the Library of Congress.

Of the many incidents in the book, the most striking illustration of the confused public attitude might well be the edict by an inspector from the Morals Squad that Christine must not use women's public toilets while in Washington, D.C. She was too dumbfounded to make an appropriate response - but I

WISH she had asked whether it was "OK to use the men's rooms?" I'll just bet our Editor would have!!!

Sheila Niles
Literary Editor



"THE EROTIC MINORITIES" by Dr. Lars Ullerstam

REVIEW AND COMMENTS
by Pauline 56-B-2 FPE

This book appeared in Sweden in 1964.

Essentially its message is that of Virginia to the TV community of the world, except that it is voiced at the entire world of psychosexual minorities. The motto of the author is: "Erotic minorities of the world, UNITE!"

The preface mentions that the purpose of the book is to bring down three deep-seated prejudices in western society. First, minorities are persons of inferior human value. Secondly, unusual practices are psychopathological phenomena. Thirdly, society must not help unconventional people to achieve their bizarre goals.

The first chapter explains why erotic minorities are not accepted by our intolerant society. The first reason is biological; nonconformists are rejected in any society, that of children included who will already tease their classmate who dares not to dress as the group. The second one is anthropological; every primitive tribe starts having taboos in sexual matters as soon as it reaches a certain level of religious organization. The third one is historical; occidental culture is the most antisexual that has ever existed. It seeps with

puritanism and christianity is probably a main cause: the church has used sexual taboos as an instrument of social power. If the catholic church is becoming lenient about contraceptives, it is still ABSOLUTELY INTOLERANT about any deviation from normal psychosexual life, that is, copulation in marriage. A fourth explanation is psychological; the oppression of minorities satisfies one's need for feeling superior. Furthermore, man is always quick in condemning others doing what he himself does not dare to do or admit he would like to do. The man who does not admit that a part of himself is feminine or tender will be the first to reject transvestism in others. Even the most broad-minded people today, although they may admit that they have no objection to minorities getting together, will never offer their collaboration in HELPING these get-together and contacts. In other words, society does not feel obliged to help all these desperate, lonely TVs and others, who suffer psychologically for years and are much more in need of mutual contacts and friendships than of a free psychoanalysis.

In the third chapter the author is compassionate for lonely people but he says that this loneliness can easily be prevented by establishing proper contact with somebody whose psychosexual instincts have developed in an opposite direction. For every sadist there is a masochist, for every male TV there is a female TV, etc. He regrets that legislature does not ENCOURAGE contacts, publications as *La Plume*, etc. Sexologists are condemned for qualifying perverts as sick, psychopathic persons. The moral judgment on deviates is the same in modern textbooks of sexology as 2000 years ago in the Bible. The paper by a Swedish electroencephalographer who claims of having detected "abnormalities" in TVs is considered another example of pseudo-scientific morality, since EEG are often abnormal in the general population and that author did not have proper controls. The chapter is concluded with the sentence: "Deviations offer great possibilities for

happiness; this is why they are good in themselves and should be encouraged".

Transvestism is treated in the eleventh chapter. He rightly mentions that the heterosexual TV is special and different from TVism as a symptom of other needs. "The hetero-TV wants to be accepted as a woman and receive compliments from men; he wants to be accepted as another woman by women; physically he is all male, hormones and chromosomes included. He identifies with womanhood." The author continues: "Many of them have to wear ladies underwear to be potent with their wife. Several wear these all their life, day and night." The intolerance of society is cruel. Jeers, jokes, exposure, etc. Nobody helps the TV. Yet, the historian Ruth Benedict has studied Siberian tribes who used to revere and respect TVism, who were supposed to be given supernatural powers by the gods. Condemnation in the Bible is recalled (Moses 5:22).

Chapter fourteen suggest sexual reforms in society. Suggestion number 3 will interest all of us. "Create offices, government operated, dedicated to establish contact between the erotic minorities. The staff would include a psychologist, a physician, etc. After an interview not unlike one in a matrimonial agency, a competent staffman would find another person whose sexual profile matches exactly the unusual desires of the applicant." Newspapers would contribute and openly advertise a "deviate" column; this would replace the under-the-counter sheets one can find in New York on 42nd street. Clubs should be organized where exhibitionist could exhibit in front of a selected audience composed of voyeurs, etc. For those poor creatures unable to find a complementary mate, government brothels would provide any service. The underworld would stop controlling prostitution.

Chapter sixteen opens-up with, "Away with a society of sexual favoritism", meaning that the only

favoritism right now is for "normal" heterosexual married couples. Society must become interested in the problems of the minorities and be generous; "charity drive" clubs should investigate the help they can give to homosexuals instead of always concentrating on the cripple. Young girls should voluntarily offer their "services" to tuberculous patients deprived of all sexual gratification.

This is a great book. It has the same spirit as the pages of TViam. TVia is the living realization of what is suggested by Dr. Ullerstam. We owe that man a Ph.D. Honoris Causa in Rerum Transvesticum...

I'll try to meet him next time I go to Stockholm, and explain to him what FPE is.

Pauline

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Susanna Says . . .



Hi, everybody! I guess I should start by saying "Merry Christmas"...and this salutation alone sends little chills down my bare back. The year is over - I'm a year younger - and a big question mark waits for us around the corner. Can we say that this has been a good year for TV's? From a legal standpoint it has been a bit easier on many of us. At least in the

New York area there's been hardly a ripple in the daily press--I recall the time when the Daily News would run almost a weekly serial with pix and stories of fellows being arrested for wearing feminine attire. Today, the papers seem not to care a hoot. A man in a dress is no longer a newsworthy story. I feel that --regardless of our personal feelings toward hippies-- we should give them a vote of thanks for making life easier for us. After all, their long hair, their untidy habits and their defiance of all moral and legal codes has made a huge dent in our social steel frame-- and no matter who the policeman may be, a penchant for LSD and marihuana is a lot more destructive and dangerous to him than a weakness for lipstick and skirts. The hippies' rebellion against all of society's accepted mores cannot help but strengthen a relatively milder form of rebellion such as ours. Do you want a concrete example?

A clipping from a New Jersey newspaper. Front

page. A headline two columns wide, two inches tall: GARB OF WOMAN LEGAL FOR A MAN. Ashbury Park - Municipal Court Judge Eugene Capibianco ruled yesterday it is not illegal for a man to dress like a woman -- unless the man also happens to be carrying dangerous weapons or is doing something else illegal. Oliver J. Ware, 19, Comstock Street, was found guilty of violating the municipal code by appearing on a public street dressed in woman's clothing. Police said he was wearing a woman's wig, a miniskirt, and knit stockings when they arrested him on Comstock Street Monday night. However, he also was carrying a ladies' pocketbook containing three large knives. "If the testimony merely showed you were wearing women's clothes and nothing more, I would conclude you hadn't violated any law," Judge Capibianco said. "But you had in your possession these knives and you also had an identification card belonging to a young lady for the purposes of practicing some deceit." Ware was fined \$50 on the municipal code violation and fined \$100 on the disorderly conduct charge of carrying a dangerous weapon for an unlawful purpose. Mr. Capibianco had reserved decision after the hearing Tuesday, saying he questioned whether it is considered "indecent" today for men to dress like women, or viceversa. "We're living in unusual times" the Judge said. "Women go around dressed as men, wearing slacks and with their hair cut short. I've seen women walking along the street and I can't tell if they are girls or boys."

And that's the text of the story. Obviously Judge Capibianco is the kind of judge any one of us would dearly love to meet in court. We don't carry knives and we readily admit our identity if questioned.

And speaking of going out dressed. I've come to a conclusion which is not too pleasant to consider in our TV social activities. One TV going out dressed has a fifty-fifty chance of passing. Some have a better percentage, others a less favorable

one. But these percentages take a literal "dive" when two TV's go out dressed. And the situation becomes even more risky if there are more than two TV's in the group. The shortcomings of one are multiplied when next to the shortcomings of the other. The ideal going out situation is to be one TV among non-TV's. Two TV's riding in a car run a much smaller risk than the same two TV's getting out of the car and walking into a store to do some shopping. In this case it is much wiser to let one of them (the one who passes best) go into the store. Of course the problem becomes extremely touchy when it comes to deciding which one passes better than the other. This is one subject where most TV's do not agree. We are extremely conscious of our friends' shortcomings and peculiarly blind to our own. This mental attitude can be rather amusing sometimes. I know one TV who walks like Charlie Chaplin in heels. And yet this very same TV takes great delight in making fun of another who happens to walk pigeon-toed. Well?

And speaking of shortcomings, here's another difference between feminine and masculine movement; my dance teacher brought this up at one of our lessons. She pointed out that a woman can twist her torso using her waist as a pivotal point (hips motionless) to a much wider angle (or to greater degree right or left,) than a man is able to. There is a peculiar stiffness attached to a man's movement in this body area which is seldom found in women. And by extension, the same thing applies to the neck. A woman's chin can get much closer to her shoulder when turning her head than a man's. She has a more pliable, elastic neck than a man. And she can make an incredible series of independent movements which a man is usually totally unable to perform without involving big chunks of his body in the operation. **Therefore,** a graceful TV **MUST** exercise in order to **slenderize** his waistline. This gives him not only a better appearance but enables him to achieve that freer waist motion which is characteristic of the GG.

Transvestia

Believe it or not, there are a few yoga exercises which are just about perfect for this purpose. I highly recommend them to those who like to get as close as possible to perfection. And at the risk of being chewed up by my beer-drinking TV friends, beer is a waist's worse enemy. Remember, if you insist on going out, a dress, a wig and make-up ARE NOT ENOUGH. Walk, posture, movements are EQUALLY IMPORTANT. Forgive me if I sound repetitious on these points, but I see so many TV's who COULD pass very nicely if they would just do something about these elements which their looks call for. If they would put a little effort along these lines they could avoid a great deal of embarrassment to themselves and to their friends when they find themselves under public scrutiny. And before I leave the subject. Try the following pose to test your ability or lack thereof to twist comfortably.



Once you are all dolled up put a mirror in front of your living room sofa. Face the mirror and curl up on the sofa. Let us say that your weight is mostly on your left leg. You are actually sitting on it. The right leg is also bent in front and parallel to the left leg. All you see in the mirror is the right leg and the left knee, just behind the right knee.

Comfortable? Sit straight. Now reach with you left hand and grasp your right ankle, gently. Your elbow is touching the top of your right thigh and you have placed the middle finger of your right hand touching your lips, you give the impression that you are biting your nail. It's a cute, feminine pose which, as a matter of experiment I've asked several GG's to try. Most of them can take that pose without any trouble. But TV's? The strain is unbearable. Their waists just don't give as much as they should. I hope Virginia has the space to give you a sample of the pose I'm talking about. I worked what seemed like hours to achieve a pose that wouldn't show the strain I was feeling. And as you can see I had to abandon all hope of actually grasping my ankle. When I did you could see muscles emerging along the upper arm. I copied this pose from an ad in a magazine. I assure you the GG did it a lot better than I could.

Now to an amusing incident on our way to Casa Susanna during this fall. There were three of us in boys' uniform. But as usual, specially inside the car, we forget masculine names in anticipation to the two days of dressing that are about to begin. We stopped for coffee at one of the service areas on the New York Thruway. While we sat at the counter waiting for our order, Suzie (not Susanna) asked Debbie: "Say, Debbie, did you get the doll? (Debbie had ordered a doll by mail - it is called "Debbie Doll") Debbie answered: "No, not yet, I'm real worried about it." - And Suzie remarked: "I'm having the same trouble with the girdle I ordered." - At this point they both realized that the waitress was standing right in front of them and was looking at them with a big grin on her face. - Needless to say the conversation abruptly died.

I am also sending Virginia a second picture. This one belongs to Joanne. A TV I met rather recently but who had a rather unusual experience to tell. She has just won a beauty contest by mail on the strength of a pix very similar to the one I'm



Joanne

enclosing. It seems that a certain manufacturer of ladies garments in Florida advertised a contest via one of the popular magazines. All that was needed was to send a picture showing the candidate wearing a garment purchased from said manufacturer. Since Joanne had bought a skirt from them, she took her picture and mailed it, including of course some of her vital statistics. You can imagine how surprised she was when she received an official letter from the manufacturer in which she was informed that she was one of three winners and as such she was entitled to a week's vacation in Miami at the best hotel, a car at her disposal, a complete wardrobe, and radio and television appearances plus the chance of a modeling job. Right now Joanne is a total dither...how to salvage at least something from her winnings...without running the risk of being unmasked and disqualified. Her last remark to me was: "if it weren't for my voice--I'd take the chance." ---Does anyone remember my "voice improvement crusade" in last TVia? There you have a perfect example of what I meant when I said that voice can be 50% of the whole picture we are trying to project.

And so it goes...we are finishing another year, and of course we all dream of better times to come...and specially of a world in which every TV will sit

like a lady. (How often must one say the same thing until it penetrates?) I am still witnessing sloppy sitting procedures...walking systems that belong in some movie about prehistoric dinosaurs....But - never mind my raving and ranting - I just do it to be obnoxious and to be sure you remember Susanna as some nasty entity born on a dark Halloween night. All I promise for 1968 is that I'll be haunting all of you throughout the year whenever you open an issue of TRANSVESTIA. And as a last thought for the year: STOP BORROWING the mag...BUY IT!...

Love, SUSANNA

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
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Phone 241-5619

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No matter how close one shaves, and how expertly one can put on the necessary but time consuming make-up, a beard can not be covered successfully for several hours or a day.

YOUR BEARD CAN BE REMOVED!

Your skin will be smooth, lovely and
hair-free forever!

I am using the blended method of combined electrolysis-thermolysis with Air-Flow, the latest equipment of its kind. It is safe permanent and Air-Flow is a method that cools and desensitizes the skin for greater comfort.

I am an understanding person and am constantly working on many TVs. My office is quiet, private and all contacts are held in confidence.

GIVE YOUR FEMME-SELF A CHANCE--

To have a smooth, hair-free skin. She deserves it and will thank you for it.

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Virgin Views

by Virginia

On November 18, 1967 the Alpha chapter of FPE broke new ground in the process of education of the non-TV. We had an Open House to which we invited all those persons that any of the members had disclosed anything to about themselves. Some were relatives, some were professional some were just acquaintances or friends. But they came. We had a discussion and a lot of interested questions followed by refreshments and general socializing. It came off very well. There were about fifty outsiders and eleven members of Alpha present, as well as four wives. Since this was so successful the group plans to hold a somewhat similar gathering sometime in the Spring and make a point of inviting, lawyers, judges, police officials, doctors, marriage counsellors, ministers, probation officers and members of any other profession which may have an interest in the field. This should go a long way toward breaking down the barriers of ignorance and prejudice that beset us at every turn.

In the hope that other chapters and groups might be interested in following our lead and seeing what we did and how we did it I have reproduced on the next page the little invitation that was sent out. The front cover (it was a double folded, one side printed little booklet) was the drawing of the split head figure which was used on TVia #40.

Following the drawing is the talk that was given to the group prior to the question period. This too is reproduced here for any suggestions or value it may be to any other group in attacking the problem.

Talk Given to Open House Party of Alpha - FPE

Good Evening Friends:

Literally I can say friends because if you were not friends of at least one of us you wouldn't be here. We have invited you here in the interest of both you and ourselves. All of you know a little about at least one of us. We hope that you will talk with, ask questions, and get acquainted with others of us. This will give you an opportunity to get some experience of the phenomenon of transvestism on a broader basis (no pun intended) than just from one individual. For our part this gathering gives our girls a chance to come in contact with the outside world in a small way as it is embodied in you, our guests for this evening. Transvestites live too much of their lives in loneliness and fear and this sort of a gathering gives them an opportunity to be people with other people who are not transvestites and thus to get "outside" in a sense. We appreciate your coming for our part and hope you will find the evening interesting for your part.

Now, since the majority of you do not have any very deep understanding of the phenomenon you are witnessing this evening it will be worthwhile to discuss it a bit. In the first place, the name! Transvestism just means "cross dressing" in latin. People have a tendency to think that things are more impressive in latin than in English, thus the name. It has also been called "Eonism" after our spiritual god father, or god-mistress if you will, the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, a nobleman in the court of Louis the 15th of France. However, the word transvestism

The drawing on the front of this invitation is symbolic of the philosophical basis of our organization.

The ancient Oriental philosophers considered man to be a manifestation of two polarities, WISDOM AND BEAUTY. The head shown in the drawing is therefore symbolically divided between masculine-Wisdom and feminine-Beauty since masculinity is commonly thought of in terms of what man thinks (wisdom) and femininity as what woman feels and represents visually by her appearance (beauty). The line, therefore leaves most of the top of the head (brain and mind) on the masculine side and most of the face, showing beauty on the feminine side.

Cutting the head in another way is the line that represents the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" and "Yin"--the masculine and feminine principles. This line too divides the figure into the mind-wisdom and face-beauty areas. Appropriately there is some face on the masculine side and some mind on the feminine side. The total symbolism is intended to depict the wholeness of a human being--not all masculine, mind, reason, abstract and unseen--and not all feminine, beauty, desirability and appearance--but rather an integration of both.

The transvestite simply uses the outer manifestations of femininity-clothing to enable him to feel, be aware of and express some of this other part of himself which is prohibited to him by current cultural norms.



PHI PI EPSILON is an organization of transvestites, it is the social branch of the Foundation for Personality Expression and is international in scope. It seeks to assist transvestites (Femmiphiles) to accept themselves and non-transvestites to understand the phenomenon.

In the interests of furthering public awareness and understanding the Alpha Chapter of Los Angeles is holding this open house. We hope our friends will use the opportunity to socialize with us, question us, and seek to broaden their knowledge of us as people.

Please come and enjoy the evening the talk and the refreshments with us.

The ALPHA CHAPTER
of PHI PI EPSILON SORORITY

Cordially invites you to an
Open House.

Date: Saturday, November 18,
1967

Time: 8:30 P.M.

Place: Conference Room of the
Clouds Motel 3400 West
Third St, Los Angeles.
Just east of Vermont
beyond Ralphs Market.
Conference Room is at
the end of the room-
ing area on the right
hand side.

A short discussion of trans-
vestism and its implications
will be given by the founder
of our organization, Virginia
Prince Ph.D. at 9 P.M. follow-
ed by a question period and
refreshments. Please let us
know if you will attend by
writing Phi Pi Epsilon Box

has been destroyed as a useful name for this phenomenon because it is employed by reporters, laymen and even by medical people without making distinctions between the various kinds of people that cross dress. Thus you will read about a police raid on a homosexual hangout and see that they "picked up 8 transvestites--men dressed in feminine attire". These persons would not be of the type you see among you tonight. They would be homosexuals of the effeminate type usually called "queens". Again you may read about persons who have had sex change surgery or who are trying to arrange it. These persons if they utilize feminine attire, will be called transvestites too. Yet they are more properly called transsexuals--like Christine Jorgensen. Both of these groups, the homosexuals and the transsexuals, are interested in sexual relations with males, the difference being that the former wish to remain males themselves and regard their male organs as sources of satisfaction while the transsexuals do not regard their male organs with any pleasure but wish to have them removed and female organs surgically constructed so that they may behave with a male as a female would.

So where does that leave persons like those you are meeting here tonight? We are of a different type and thus to avoid confusion I am trying to get a new descriptive name accepted, that of being a "Femmiphile" and the condition that of "Femmiphilia". These words mean "love of the feminine" for that describes our position exactly. We are heterosexual males whose sex objects are females and who for the most part have no desire to change sex. Statistics show that 70% of femmiphiles are married and about 70% of those have children. This is not to say that there are not those in the transvestite group who feel that they would be more comfortable in their total life if they were allowed to live a completely feminine life and that to do so with security and comfort they should have the sex surgery. These persons however are usually those whose sex drive is not large so that they would be making such a change

for greater convenience in their gender role, not because they sought experience as a female with a male. So the three conditions, homosexual, transsexual and transvestite all have separate motivations and just because all three may have the same behavior symptom does not make them the same thing any more than three men with a high fever all have the same disease.

This leads directly into the question of sex vs gender. Most people assume that because a certain gender commonly goes with a specific sex that the gender role is an innate result of the sex of the individual and just as biologically determined and as immutable as is the sexual anatomy. Such is not the case. Many studies, particularly those on persons whose true sex was wrongly determined at birth and who therefore were brought up in the wrong gender role, have shown that gender is a learned and culturally determined pattern of behaviour. Thus masculinity and femininity in a particular culture are set forth by that culture and young males and females are therefore brought up to "fit" these pre-determined patterns of behaviour. These patterns are all encompassing: What we wear, how we act toward the same and the opposite sex, how we anticipate we will be treated by others of the same and opposite sex, what emotions we are entitled to express openly, to some degree what sorts of occupations we can enter (though this is blurring greatly in recent years), and how we are expected to react to situations and generally handle ourselves are all part of our culturally determined expectations and we all learn them both consciously and unconsciously as we grow up.

But implicit in the idea that we learn a socially defined role is the fact that were we not assigned to the "right" (meaning appropriate) role in the beginning that we would be just as able to learn and live out the other role. Thus it has been found in the studies referred to that actual females improperly

assigned a male status at birth grew up to be perfectly ordinary masculine little boys. Not males mind you, that is along with female a sex word denoting the genetic and anatomical condition of the individual. Masculine and feminine, boy and girl or man and woman are gender words--indicating the psychological and sociological aspects of living. So also true genetic males improperly designated as female at birth may be brought up as such and learn to be feminine and proper little "girls". Were it not for the intercession of menstruation or the lack of it at puberty, such misassigned individuals might go on well into adult life. As it is, discovery of the error in the early teens poses a problem for such persons so extreme that many suicides have resulted from it, and very severe emotional disturbances in those who did not attempt this way out.

So we can learn from the studies on these unfortunate people that all persons have both potentials at birth and it is fortunate that nature does not make more mistakes than she does or there would be even more of such confused people. However because it is necessary in learning to be of one gender to learn NOT to be of the other, one has to learn to deny, destroy, or at best to repress those aspects of ones self that are socially inappropriate in the culture one lives in. But we aren't all turned out of the same mold - all equally strong, equally aggressive, equally gentle, compassionate, perceptive, sensitive, artistic, or whatever. Some of us have these traits more strongly rooted and more fundamentally a part of ourselves than others. This is great if the deep and strong traits are those currently looked upon with favor in the culture we live in as appropriate to our sex. But what if we have some pretty strong motivations and desires to express ourselves, to relate to our environment, to handle our various experiences in ways which do not happen to be culturally acceptable in the society we live in at the time we live in it. Social customs change too you know--lace hankies and beauty spots were just the thing for men in Revolutionary times in

this country; and what would have been thought of Martha Washington if she had appeared in a man's shirt and tight britches and boots like women do today?

Persons, males especially, since social requirements for females are a great deal more lenient, who find themselves in this group have a hard time of it. Society does not realize that gender deviance or personality variance are not the same as sexual deviance. Such little boys are called sissies when small and when adolescent or beyond are classed with the homosexuals and thus called, "fairies, queers, perverts, etc.". Life can be pretty miserable since the individual involved knows perfectly well that he likes females sexually speaking but also that he enjoys many of the prerogatives of females. That is he has an urge to express feelings and attitudes, to wear and to do and to experience some of life in the manner that females of his culture do. Thus he lives an isolated, lonely, fearful, guilt ridden life because he is aware of the conflict between what he knows himself to be and what society would brand him if it knew of his true feelings. Moreover he cannot confide in anyone because the average person equating sex with gender would not understand. Going to the medical literature is of scant help because a) there is very little on the subject, and b) the average psychiatrist is about as ignorant of the difference between sex and gender as the layman. The individual seeks a way out for his inner femmself through the medium of feminine clothing. In childhood this comes from mother or sister when they are not around, and in adult life from a wardrobe of his own bought surrepticiously and hidden away in the garage or carried in the trunk of the car to be gotten out and worn only when the family or wife is away or when the owner is out of town on a trip.

This is where I found myself when I was married the first time. I burned all my feminine things the day before I was married. It didn't work! After a

time I just "had" to give expression to my femme-self. To make a long story short I told my wife after about 8 years of marriage and one child and was divorced on the advice of a psychiatrist who told her I was a homosexual. I was not and I am not. A second marriage followed several years later and was very happy and helpful from a transvestic point of view but ended a couple of years ago for other reasons. But it was after the first wife had run me thru the papers and exposed me that I felt that I had then "lost all". Since this was the case I could afford to give some time and thought to helping others whom I knew existed and whose lives, in this department anyway, were almost carbon copies of mine. Thus I began to publish the magazine TRANS-VESTIA 8 years ago. It was and is dedicated to helping the reader to know 3 things: (a) that he is not alone in his feminine feelings, (b) that he is not a homosexual because he has such feelings and interests, and (c) that he is not psychopathic or "sick" by virtue of them. I tried to find means thru self expression and through reading of others lives and feelings to enable the readers to acquire understanding of their condition--what it was and what it wasn't and through this to achieve self acceptance and to stop castigating themselves for having these feminine interests and finally because of this acceptance to acquire peace of mind about the whole thing.

Much of this could be done through the magazine itself by means of case histories, true experiences, articles of opinion and fiction. But reading such things behind locked doors was still not the ultimate in the achievement of acceptance and peace of mind. Humans are gregarious animals. We do not like to live isolated and alone, we like to be with people and part of groups, to say our piece, to be heard and seen. Moreover, the femininity that our people wish to express is the femininity of the socially active woman, not of the Cinderella type scullery maid who never gets out. Femininity in our culture is a visible and projected thing and the femmiphile wants

just that--to be his feminine self to such a public degree as may be possible under various circumstances of his own physique, his family, his reputation and social position etc. This is rarely possible in a completely public way. Thus the need was obvious for the development of a group wherein the individual could be "herself" at her best in front of other human beings, to act out the desire, to talk about it openly and in short to "BE" a femme-person. To fill this need Phi Pi Epsilon Sorority was formed.

FPE as it is called for short is the social arm of the Foundation for Personality Expression whose initials are by design the same. Its purpose is to collect information and do what research it can and to disseminate in anyway it can information about the subject of cross dressing. This meeting tonight therefore falls within the scope of the Foundations purposes but it is actually put on by the Sorority as such because it is a social adventure for our members as it is an educational adventure for you our guests.

Purists among you may ask why we call it a sorority since it is made up of biological males. The purpose is stated clearly in the introduction to the application for membership in FPE. Let me quote, "This group is called a Sorority and its members, "Girls", because it is of the very essence and purpose of the group to enable its male members to express without fear, to speak without shame, and to act without guilt the femininity that is within them. Therefore, everything is done to enable this feminine self to feel at home and to come forth little by little until "SHE" can be seen, studied, understood and accepted by the masculine self with whom she shares the same body. When this has been accomplished the person is a "FEMMEPERSONATOR", one who has given and shared his life with his feminine self. (To "Personate" means to 'make a person out of'--out of the feminine self in this case). He is then a fuller, richer, more observing and more understanding human

being because he has experienced more of the totality of human life".

FPE, then was formed about 6 years ago and now has chapters in a number of American cities and affiliate organizations in London and Stockholm. It is serving its purpose of helping the femmiphile to understand himself and to achieve some degree of experience with others of like persuasion. Many wives come to these group meetings and of course there are many wives who do not. Various groups have undertaken various projects in the line of public education and this meeting tonight is one of the projects of this, the parent or Alpha chapter of FPE.

Finally then, we hope you will enjoy this time with us, that it will broaden your own experience and understanding and perhaps will have an auxilliary benefit in your lives. Namely that perhaps it will set you to thinking about the artificiality and arbitrariness of the polarization between masculine and feminine in our culture. The fact that in lesser degree this has been true of many previous cultures is no warrent for its continuation when the members of a society finally come to that state of cultural maturity when they can realize that polarization into opposite camps is what is largely responsible for what has been termed the "battle of the sexes" (what is really meant is the battle of the genders); when they can realize further that this polarization results in deprivation of the individuals right and ability to lead as full, satisfying and contributing a life as might otherwise be the case, and finally that the society itself is penalized because almost half of all the inherent talents and abilities of its members are stunted, depreciated and suppressed. Who can deny the benefits to society from unleashing the talents of women since they first achieved the vote. Emancipation of the female is not yet complete, but it is further advanced today than the emancipation of the male. While "she" can now do, be, act, wear, express, experience, and enjoy many of the things

heretofore defined as masculine and thus is able to live a far fuller and richer life than her grandmother, what has happened to the man? "He" is but little advanced as a person over his grandfather. Such advancements as have been made in these last 100 years have been material, technical, social, etc., not personal. A man today lives in an even more constricted personal world than his grandfather did, because everytime women invade and adopt for themselves some action, attitude or behaviour pattern, men relinquish and shy away from it lest they be considered as having "feminine" interests. This is both individually and socially bad because it restricts more and more the total experience and areas of competence open to individuals by means of which they can make society richer and better for all.

We as TVs don't feel that others should adopt our ways nor do we claim that we have the "answers" but we are in a position to see things more "broadly" (pun intentional) and with greater perspective. Perhaps this evening with us will help you to look in somewhat the same direction with better awareness.

"Only thirty more minutes and I'll be wearing high heels and a dress!"



Editorial Emanations

I. DELAYS, DELAYS: Not only am I sorry that this issue is late on arrival but that many shipments are being delayed too, but that's the way it is. I'm involved in the process of finding a new house to live in and new quarters for Chevalier to operate out of and this has taken much time away from regular activities. Although it is causing a delay now it will result in better service to you in the future. One of the local girls is going to begin to work with me on a regular part time basis after the first of the year. Her name is Mary and she has been the Permanent Secretary of the Alph Chapter of FPE since its inception. She is an old friend of mine and one that I trust implicitly. As you know I regard my mailing list and information about my readers as a sacred confidence and go to considerable lengths to protect it. In taking on Mary, who is one of us, to help me with the recording and mailing of orders I can assure you that the same degree of concern will be felt by her. You can rely on her as you could and have on me in this matter.

It will take some time for her to become familiar with the checks, controls and systems that I have devised so she may make some mistakes in the beginning. But if so please just let us know and we will straighten things out. Once she is familiar with things it should take a big load off of my shoulders so that I wont always be behind, always rushed and always having to put things off because something else is more pressing. I am hoping therefore that 1968 will be a big step forward.

While on the subject of delays I had best mention that which takes place between Fran and Chevalier. As Fran must use this address for FPE mail it

means re-mailing it to her. Where stamped envelopes are provided this can be done individually, but otherwise I must allow things to accumulate for a week or so. All applications and such matter go registered mail and it becomes too much of an expense on the FPE treasury to mail too often. This plus the fact that Fran has to sandwich her efforts in between a job and family requirements may cause some delays too, so just be patient and remember that we are all doing the best we can for you.

II. NEW SUBSCRIBERS: The last three months of 1967 have already laid the basis for a bigger and better 1968. Through the effects of my radio and TV appearances in the middle west, the "Part Time Woman" article in the National Insider, through the ad in the mailings of the John Amslow organization, and interestingly enough, through the medium of the scurrilous and defamatory story about TVia, Chevalier and FPE that appeared in the Nov. issue of "Confidential" we have gained a great many new readers. This is fine but it also involves a great deal more work which partly accounts for some of the delay in getting items to you. It also means an influx of new people in due course into the ranks of FPE. Eventually areas that do not now have enough members to form a chapter will be able to do so.

III. RADIO AND TV APPEARANCES: As you have read in past issues I have made a number of appearances on the air. I would like to make some more later this spring. Minneapolis, Cleveland, Chicago and maybe Boston have already indicated a willingness to take me on. I would like to find some spots that pay something to help defray the cost, as it gets kind of expensive. Those of you in the larger cities could help me considerably by calling some of the programs originating in your city and talking to the producers. Ask them if they would be interested in a program on TVism. You don't have to give them your right name, but tell them about the organization, about me, and the fact that I've appeared elsewhere

etc. See if they rise to the bait. If they say they'd be interested, get the name and address of whom to write to and send it to me. I'll then contact them and see what can be arranged. As I don't know the stations and programs in your area I have to ask help. I can help the cause but you have got to help me. It will result eventually in an increase in the number of sister TVs in your area so you get some advantage too.

IV. REPRINTINGS: "Male Actress" and "Pink Mirror" are out of stock at the moment and are being reprinted. If you have ordered either in the last couple of months and got a notification of its being out of stock you can now reorder and it will be shipped before Xmas.

V. BACK ISSUES AGAIN: No matter how often I remind you that stocks are going down, when an issue becomes exhausted I get orders for it. So may I once again and especially for newer readers say that if you want to make your library of TVias as full as presently possible take advantage of the 6 for \$20 back order deal and get the early ones while you can. Many issues are down to a couple dozen or less. And while I'm on the subject, there is a lot of fascinating and valuable material in the back issues of the FEMME MIRROR (discontinued with #45). About 30 issues can still be had at half price (50¢ each when bought 6 or more at a time). Letters, suggestions, hints, ideas, cartoons etc.--it was a sort of house organ but the press of time made it impossible to maintain. It's the cheapest and most useful TV material you can buy.

VI. WIG STYLING: Wigs can be styled to your choice by mail, by Alex of PARIS FASHION WIGS (see ad on page 77). Write him about it. He does mine.

VII. RETURN OF FEMMENOTES: When I send you a little pink or yellow femmnote about your order please return it to me if there is any further problem. I

have so many letters going thru every day that it is impossible to remember each matter and the note will serve to refresh my memory. And sign your letters. I have a couple on hand with no address, code or last name, just marked "Louise" or something. I'm not psychic. I can only wait till the writer gets tired of waiting and writes again. I don't like to leave things dangling but what can I do?

VIRGINIA

~~~~~

## *Person to Person*

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NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members or to those who have filled out a personal information form to join "CONTACT". This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANSVESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to CONTACT Box 36091 L.A. 90036, Calif. Send answers in unsealed but stamped envelope and enclose \$1 per answer unless this has been prepaid.

=====

21-D-3 Separated TV, 49, teacher and ad executive  
would like to correspond with or meet other  
TVs in or near Boston, Mass DOROTHY

=====

### NOTICE NOTICE NOTICE

For some years "CONTACT", our correspondence service, operated out of mailing addresses first on Pico and then on Highland Ave. in Los Angeles. After much writing and waiting the Assistant Counsel of the Post Office has informed me that I can use the regular Chevalier box (36091, L.A. 90036) for CONTACT mail. So in the future all correspondence regarding ads or answers should be sent to the box but addressed to CONTACT so as to avoid confusion with other mail.

# Publication Policy

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

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

## *PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES*

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for at least 5 issues and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for five or more issues. Acceptance is dependent upon approval of an application form and by a personal interview with the applicant's area councillor. Members of FPE need no further application for use of the Person to Person service and may do so by simply paying the regular fee.

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