

SC/STD
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Transvestia



Volume X

No. 55

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

THE COVER DESIGN

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

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

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

A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

22

No.

Volume X

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.




Leading Lady


Transvestia

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VOL. X No. 55

FEBRUARY, 1969

It Can Be Done

Joyce 5-B-25 FPE

The main reason for writing this story of my life, is the hope that it will help some transvestite find the happiness and peace of mind that I have found.

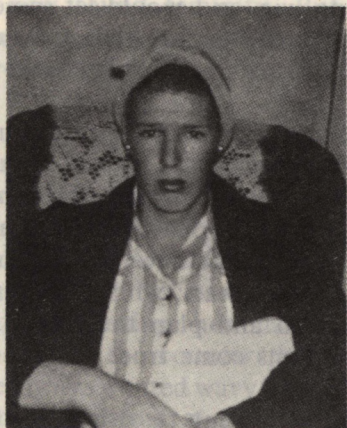
I am a 45 year old male woman who answers to the name of Joyce. I'm 5 feet 11 inches tall and weigh 185 pounds. My right leg is three inches shorter than is my left leg due to an airplane accident in 1951. As the result of this accident I need to wear a brace on my left leg and use crutches when I walk. For forty hours a week (give or take a few hours) I dress and work as a man, the rest of the time I dress, act and live as a woman. It's a wonderful life, I love it and live it to the hilt, not wanting to change the balance of masculine and feminine life in any way. I have never had a feeling of guilt about dressing and acting as a woman. It's just my way of expressing my complete personality. I enjoy feminine things and the feminine way of life, but still prefer to work as a man, so what is wrong with that? Everyone has a hobby of some kind, mine is dressing and living as a lady. Just as most people are proud of their hobby. I'm very proud of mine. It gives me a great thrill when an attractive woman compliments me on my personal appearance when I'm dressed as a lady. A few have even asked me for advice on make up or hair styling, not knowing that I'm a male woman. No! I don't go around bragging openly to everyone about my hobby. Society does not accept transvestism that much as yet. But if by accident, I run into someone who knows me as a man when I'm dressed as a woman. I don't cower or run and hide. I just tell them it's my hobby and I very much enjoy dressing and acting like a lady. People, as a rule, are very

open minded and permissive about transvestism when confronted with it directly and openly, and when there is no shame or guilt shown by the transvestite concerned. For the most part they believe in, "live and let live." "It's your life, so live it your way just so long as you don't bother me."

My story starts when I was about 12 years old. At this tender age it was just a dream, the desire and wish to live my life dressed as a girl. Most of the girls of my age at school and around the neighborhood were either tomboys or fairly plain in appearance. The main difference between boys and girls to me, up until then, had been that girls wore dresses and had long hair. Now they were blossoming into young ladies, wearing lipstick and curling their hair. I was very envious of how girls had the privilege of making themselves attractive, both in dress and personal adornment. While, I a mere boy was required by society to remain a dull and drab looking person. Being a boy I was denied the privilege of expressing myself in beautiful and colorful clothes or improving my physical appearance with cosmetics and other personal adornment.

By the time I was 15, the craving to wear a dress and high heeled shoes was so great I couldn't hold it back any longer. One day when I was home all alone I had the opportunity to find out what it was like to wear a dress and high heels, to be completely dressed from the skin out in feminine clothes. Taking advantage of the opportunity, I dressed in my mother's clothes. Panties, silk hose, slip, bra (with plenty of added padding), dress and high heels. I loved the feel of the clothes and the high heels, the sensation was wonderful, even more wonderful than I had imagined in my wildest dreams. I knew the direction I was headed, this was the type of attire I wanted to spend the rest of my life in.

During the next four years I acquired a dress, slip, panties, bra, garter belt, along with my prize possession, a pair of silk stockings and a pair of high heeled shoes that fit me. From the dime store I had purchased a tube of lipstick and an eyebrow pencil. Dressing up and applying the lipstick when ever the opportunity presented its self (about once a month) at least gave me a little chance at dressing like a girl, but all the time I was wanting more. I took pictures of myself and would study them for ways to improve my appearance the next time I had a



THE START 1937



QUEEN "ROSIE" 1953



1947



1946

chance to dress. All this time I had no wig, so I would let some of my own hair peek out from under a turban hat that I wore when dressed.

World War II came along about this time and I enlisted in the Navy when I graduated from high school. I was just 17 years old. I destroyed all my feminine clothes and make up before going into the Navy in case something happened to me or someone found my feminine attire I wouldn't have to explain my reasons for having it. For the next four years, while I was in the service, all I could do was to dream and plan the things I would do after the war to make my dreams come true.

Upon my release from active duty, I went to visit a girl I had met while on training duty in the navy. She had invited me to spend a few weeks with her after I got out of the service. One Friday evening, shortly after I had arrived, she had just shampooed her hair and was putting it up in pin curls when I remarked, "I wonder what I would look like dressed as a girl?" She answered, "Let's find out." First she shampooed my hair and put it up in tight little pin curls like she had done her hair. She then applied bright red polish to my fingernails. Even though they were short, the polish made them appear much longer and feminine. After the polish was dry she told me to go shave the hair off my hands while she looked for a night gown for me to wear to bed. Handing me one of her nylon night gowns, she said "You will find this much more comfortable than your pajamas. I was in heaven that night with the nylon gown next to my skin and my hair all in pin curls. Saturday morning, after I had showered and shaved she powdered me all over with sweet smelling bath powder. Starting with a girdle that had a lace up waist cincher on it, she preceeded to dress me with a brassiere panties nylon hose and a lacy nylon slip. She had laced the waist cincher up real tight to give me some shape. This forced me to breathe from my chest, also it made me stand straighter. Then having me sit at her dressing table she made up my face and combed out my hair. The doning of a blouse, skirt and high heels came next, followed with the finishing touches of a pair of earrings, bracelet and ring. As I was looking into the full length mirror she doused me with colonge. For the first time in my life I looked and smelled like a real girl. We spent the day cleaning the house and just loafing, with me as her girl friend. The day passed all too fast and I was rather reluctant to give up

my new found femininity. But all good things come to an end, even though we don't want them to. This experience made me more determined than ever to live the feminine side of life.

The next milestone in my life happened about two weeks later. It occurred when I stopped overnight in Portland, Oregon on my trip home. On my way to the bus station in the morning I passed a beauty salon that had a large sign in one of its windows, advertising "Machine Permanent Waves \$6.95, No Appointment Necessary". Looking in the salon I saw only one customer having her hair done, while two operators were standing at the counter talking. On impulse I said to myself, "I have always wanted wavy hair so let's give it a try". Going inside, one of the operators at the counter asked if she could help me. I replied, "Yes, I would like to have the machine permanent wave you are advertising in the window. She said, "Alright, come with me", taking me back and seating me at her booth. She started to work on my hair just as if it was an everyday occurrence for a man to get a permanent wave. As she rolled my hair on rods and fastened them in brackets, we talked about my hair and the care I would give it with my new permanent wave. She was very pleasant and answered all my questions very willingly, even though some of them must have seemed rather stupid to her. The complete process of a permanent, set, drying, and comb out was a very pleasant and rewarding experience. I feel this was due to having no fear or apprehensions about what I was doing or what people might think or say about my getting a permanent wave. I had no feeling of guilt or that what I was doing was wrong in any way. I just enjoyed and loved every second of it. At last I knew what a girl means when she says, "A new hair do really picks up your spirits."

A few months later I was married and my wife of 7 months voiced so much objection the one time I did don feminine attire that I shut the door on femininity for the next six years.

The turning point in my life happened in 1951. I had an airplane accident that sent me to the hospital in extremely critical condition. At the time my future looked very black. Little did I know what wonderful things the future really held for me. I was in a Veterans Hospital for 3½ years during which time the doctors performed numerous operations patching me



1963



WIG



1962



1960

up as best they could. I was not expected to live for the first 6 months, and the doctors would predict a very bleak future for me after each operation. They would tell me that I would be a helpless cripple the rest of my life, with no chance of improvement. Two things happened while I was in the hospital that were to be major factors in my decision to live the rest of my life as I have. The first event was a wheel chair parade sponsored by the American Legion. This was in conjunction with the Rose Parade held annually in Portland. In this case the patients of the hospital were to participate in it.

Prizes were awarded for the most colorful decorations and the most original idea. With the help of three American Legion volunteer ladies, I entered the parade as "Rosie, Queen of the Hospital". They rented me a wig and donated the proper feminine attire required to make me look like a Queen. With their help I decorated my wheel chair with artificial flowers to look like a throne. The day before the parade one of the ladies plucked my eyebrows a little and polished my fingernails. Needless to say, I received a lot of ribbing, but it was good natured and all in fun. The day of the parade they helped me dress in the feminine clothes and made up my face so I looked like a real girl. Much to my surprise, I won first prize and my picture (dressed as a girl) appeared the next morning on the front page of Portland's leading newspaper. This gave me quite a thrill and produced no bad remarks or reactions from anyone who saw the parade or read the newspaper, although I did acquire the nickname of "Rosie" for the rest of the time I was in the hospital. This was constant reminder that I had passed as a girl successfully. Even though they knew I was a male and I was regarded and treated as such by all persons I came in contact with.

The second event was that, my wife had started divorce proceedings after the doctors told her I would be 80 to 90% disabled for the rest of my life. My being in a Veterans Hospital forced her to wait until I was discharged from the hospital before she could file the divorce papers and start court proceedings on me. When I was discharged from the hospital I went to live with my father and brother while she filed for divorce. She took everything, house (paid for), car (also paid for), bank account (around \$15,000) but she was unable to take the one thing I valued dearly, my TV tendencies. To anyone else

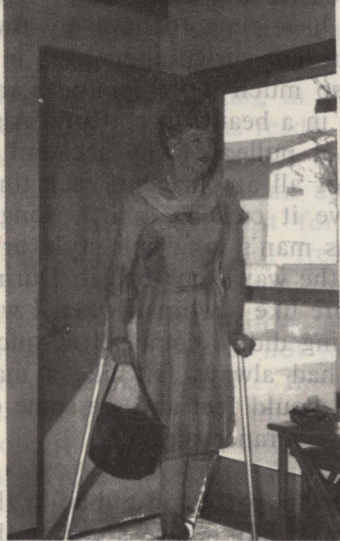
my future looked extremely black, while I looked at it differently. Yes I was divorced, no money (she took it all), no trade or skill with which I could obtain a job and physically unable to work. At least that is what everyone who knew me thought. The way I looked at the situation was that there was only one way to go and that way was up. It was like being reborn again, starting life anew. Life to me, couldn't get worse, but I could make it so much better. I could at long last have the life I had dreamed of so often in the past. I had nothing to lose and everything to gain. With this goal in mind I started the long hard road up hill toward this wonderful life I now live.

After much hard work and perserverence I was able to walk enough to start the next step on the road to my goal. I had obtained a job, but it paid just a bare existence. I had to do better but my physical condition would not permit it in the trade that I knew and was able to work at. I had to find a new trade, one in which I could go a great deal higher in earning ability and in which my physical condition would not impose any limits or restrictions on me. With the help of the California State Rehabilitation Program, I was able to select a trade which was very much in demand and to go to school to learn it at the State's expense. On completing school and landing my first job in my new trade, I was able to move away from my father and brother. At long last I was on my own, away from the prying eyes of my family. I wasn't earning much money, but I was able to start acquiring a feminine wardrobe. Just a few articles at a time, buying them as a man for his sister. I wore the clothes along with makeup during all my free time at home. By wearing feminine clothes and applying make up daily, I became accustomed to the clothes and acquired the ability to apply make up with ease. The first hurdle had been accomplished and it was now time to start the next step toward a feminine - masculine life.

I had been purchasing women's fashion magazines along with hair style magazines from the time I had moved into my first apartment. I had studied the magazines very closely and knew the things I wanted to do. The first two things that faced me were my hairy arms and my bushy eyebrows. I shaved my arms in one fell swoop, I'm sure some people I knew noticed it but no one commented about the sudden change. I started plucking my eyebrows, just a few hairs at a time until now I



ALMOST DRY



SHORT HAIR OR



LONG HAIR



"PERM"

have them all plucked out. In this way I'm able to pencil in extremely feminine eyebrows when dressed as a lady, and while dressed as a man I have no feminine looking eyebrows to cause any comments. During this time I had purchased a cheap wig. Wigs are alright but they are very limited in the way they can be styled. At present I do have an expensive wig that I keep styled for a quick change when I do not have time to have my own hair done. I wanted to have my own hair curled and waved in a feminine style. It makes you feel so much more feminine and ladylike to have your own hair done in a beautiful coiffure. Also your own hair can't be blown off or pulled off by accident. I started to let my own hair grow, not all at once but each time that I had it trimmed I would have it cut in a little longer man's hair style, until at last it was man's long hair style or a lady's short hair style depending on the way I combed it. During this time I was feeling more and more like a woman when I was dressed in feminine attire. This feeling didn't come all at once, it was slow and gradual. Before I had always felt like a man masquerading as a woman. At last I could feel and see some of the results of my hard work and perserverance pay off.

The next major step I took was to go out in public in the broad day light dressed as a woman. I didn't have a car at the time, so the decision as to how I should go about it was rather difficult. But it was made for me one Saturday morning when I was cleaning the apartment dressed in feminine attire. I wanted a cup of coffee, but discovered I was completely out of coffee in the apartment. This made me want some coffee more than ever. But I was dressed as woman and didn't want to change clothes just to go to the store to buy coffee. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning and the weather was cool, so not many people were out and about. Gathering my courage, I put on my coat and went out to the store dressed as a woman and bought the coffee I needed. I went to a small store that I had never been in before so I didn't run into anyone who knew me as a man. I was accepted as a woman by everyone who saw me. With this new found confidence I slowly graduated to window shopping and later on going into restaurants to eat. Over the next four years I kept increasing my activities as a woman, until I was spending my complete weekends dressed as a woman around the house and going out shopping and sight seeing, enjoying the total weekend as a woman. I was even starting to think femininly when I was dressed.

I had been curling my own hair every weekend with some success but I kept desiring to go to a beauty salon and have my hair done by a professional operator. After much thought on the matter and being off work for a couple of weeks, I picked a Wednesday morning, knowing it would be the slowest time in the beauty salon, to have my hair done for the first time as a woman. The morning of the eventful day came. With great care I applied my make up and dressed, double checking every small detail twice. Looking in the mirror when I finished dressing, I was sure that I was ready for this big day. Taking my purse in hand and gathering all my courage, I was off to the beauty salon. I didn't have an appointment, so I just walked in and asked the receptionist for a shampoo and set. I was in luck, there was an operator free and she was able to take me right away. After shampooing my hair she rolled it on rollers. I had to pinch myself as she pinned each roller in place to assure myself that this was not just another one of my dreams. It was hard for me to realize, the woman I was looking at in the mirror having her hair put up was really me. Tying a hair net over the rollers, she sat me under a hair dryer and as she adjusted the hood over my head she offered me a cup of coffee. Relaxing under the dryer with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, hearing the hum of the dryer and feeling the warm air blowing around my head was a heavenly sensation to me. As I looked all around this wonderful place, that was for women only to indulge in and enjoy, and saw all the other women sitting under the dryers, having their hair set or being combed out, I realized that at long last I was a woman among women and on their own grounds. As my operator was combing out and styling my hair in a beautiful coiffure, after it was dry, she informed me that with a hair cut and a permanent wave my hair would look ever so much better. Upon completion of my coiffure, I made an appointment with her for the following week to have the hair cut and a permanent. I was elated as I left the beauty salon, knowing at last I was a woman and could pass even in the close proximity of other women. She surely must have suspected that I was not a female, but she gave no indication that she did. Instead she treated me as her equal, a woman.

The following week I had my first hair cut and permanent wave as a woman. Ever since that time I have been going to a beauty salon every week to have my hair done. I enjoy each and



STUDYING



THE JOYCE
OF TODAY



every time just as much as I did the first time. The barber shop lost a customer but the beauty shop gained one. My hair at present is almost shoulder length. I have designed a hair style to wear when I'm dressed as a man so that my hair doesn't extend beyond the hair line on my neck. With this style, a wiglet quickly converts it into a very feminine appearance. About four years ago I started bleaching my hair. I have had it almost every shade of blonde that is made, and a few other colors too. At present I favor a pure white shade, what with all the different colors of temporary hair rinses available on the market today I am able to change the color of my hair when ever I desire to do. About two years ago I had my ears pierced (by a doctor), which to me has many advantages. I love earrings, the long dangle type, and with pierced ears they don't fall off, also they are a lot more comfortable to wear. In close company with other women, it is just another point in my favor to convince them that I am a woman. NO! The holes in my ears are not noticeable when I'm dressed as a man. I also love high heel shoes and have had a pair made for me with the leg brace on the left shoe and a three inch build up on the right shoe so I can wear them comfortably. On my fingernails I use the artificial, glue-on type of fingernails. This enables me to have long well polished fingernails in a matter of a few minutes. Also if I should chip the polish on one of them while I as wearing them, I can quickly change nails to a fresh one already polished.

When I moved to my present apartment I took another large step forward. Always before I had rented my apartment as a man even though I would spend my time there dressing and acting as a woman. The people in the neighborhood considered me a man who wore dresses. This time however, I was dressed in my feminine best when I went apartment hunting. I rented the apartment as a woman and moved in as a woman. What a difference in the way my neighbors treat me. Yes, they see me dressed as a man going to and coming from work, but they treat me as a woman who wears masculine attire to work in. My life as a woman is wonderful and I LOVE IT, but on the other hand I also like being a man. They both have a good many advantages. A sex change operation is out! I don't want one and have never at any time even entertained the thought of one. I am very happy the way things are and have no desire to change them. I am a transvestite and very proud of the fact that I am. Transvestism has made a much better person out of me, both

physically and mentally.

Finding of the magazine *Transvestia*, meeting Virginia, and joining FPE have meant a great deal to me. Virginia has done so much wonderful work to help transvestites and enlighten the general public as to what a transvestite really is THANK YOU Virginia for making life easier for all we transvestites, both within ourselves and in society in general. I just hope I can be of some assistance to Virginia in her great work and to hope other transvestites may find some of the peace of mind and happiness that I now have.

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STANDING L – R

VIRGINAI	JEANETTE	IRENE	GEORGIA	BILLIE
5-P-1	5-G-1	5-W-12	5-B-23	5-R-7

HARRIET	DEBBI
5-H-22	13-K-2

SITTING L – R

SANDY	DONNA	JOYCE		
5-S-16	S-W-15	5-B-28		
	SHIELA	MARY	LAURIE	CHARLOTTE
	5-P-2	5-N-1	5-S-13	3-C-2

ALPHA FPE HAS AN XMAS PARTY

Telling It

Like It Is

Virgin
Views
by Virginia



Well, here I am at the old typewriter ready for the 1st issue of our 10th year of publication. However I sit here with very mixed emotions. It is a mixture of surprise that I've lasted this long, wondering whether I am going to be able to continue to do so and, to be perfectly honest and candid with you, just a little resentful of the fact that I feel that I'll have to. Does that sound like the old Virginia? No, of course it doesn't. I used to be pretty gung-ho about all this and would almost yell "Geronimo" when another issue went to the printer. Today I'm about 10 years older, about 10 times busier, and a lot tireder.

I think I know something about the way the good Dr. Frankenstein felt after creating his monster and it got bigger than he was both in size and importance. TRANSVESTIA and Chevalier Pubs. are my "monster". The demands made on me by this operation are getting pretty close to my breaking point. You know, this operation started as and continued as a labor of love. One only undertakes an operation like this either for love or money and as it couldn't be the later it had to be the former. But giving love out continuously for about 10 years can be a kind of draining experience. Its pretty discouraging too. I try to explain circumstances, ask for understanding, trust and patience

in the Editorial Emanations sections and then have to conclude that a lot of the readers don't even bother to read it. (That's why this editorial is up front where it counts). Or take the matter of the yellow sheet that all those receiving No. 53 by mail received with it. (Newstand purchasers did not). In that sheet I explained why No. 53 was so late and that the problems of time were just getting too much and asking for your understanding about the impossibility of meeting publication deadlines and suggesting a mechanism to assure you that your order had been received — the postcard with advance orders. Although the majority of you get the message there were enough "where the hell is it letters" coming thru on No. 54 because it had not appeared on December 1 to aggravate me almost to the boiling point. Then there were those few who write berating letters referring to my, "falling into the habit of publishing whenever you feel like it", or cautioning me that my, "getting careless with publication dates is endangering your readership," etc. These are specific quotations.

Really, sometimes I feel like I'm supposed to be an employee of some of the readers instead of their benefactor. And I'm not a bit sensitive about the apparent immodesty of referring to myself as a benefactor(-ess). I know what I've done for the very people that bitch and that's what makes the bitching that much more galling. And in fairness I must say that one of the things that keeps me sustained is that every now and then I get a real heartfelt letter of appreciation from someone because my efforts have helped her to find herself and accept it or to clarify things with the wife so that the marriage is not only saved but better than ever. These are what really count. Does anyone object to being appreciated?

Really and in all candor, there are many times (and Mary could substantiate this easily) when I just feel like saying "the hell with the whole business". Why? Not just because of a few bitching letters certainly. No, what really makes me feel like throwing in the sponge sometimes is my own conscience and sense of duty. I'm getting pretty tired, I want to do something for ME like lying on the beach in front of a fire reading a book. or going to a show or working out in my garden or such. of telling myself, "No, you can't take the time to do that. there is that next issue to get started on, these stories to edit. that article to write, those dozens of letters to answer. that columnist

to put right for some stupidity in print", or any of a dozen other things demanding attention. Unfortunately, along with my sense of integrity (which has lost me a few friends incidently) I'm burdened with a sense of responsibility. I really feel burdened and annoyed by being unable to keep up to a publication schedule, by not answering letters, by not being able to pursue various missionary activities with personages, authors, publications, organizations, etc. And frankly, I'm beginning to resent this sense of duty always creeping up to prevent me from enjoying life as a person or doing something I want to do. I wonder how many of you can imagine just what I mean by all this. Only a handful I'd say.

You see my own personal life is pretty different now from what it was 10 years ago. I'm single, not obligated to a regular job, beginning life over again as a full fledged woman (the ugh not female - that sex vs. gender thing again you know), with a big house and garden to take care of (and it is an obligation that I enjoy as I am loving being a housewife) and with lots of groups to join, lectures to attend, books to read, activities to take part in, in short a life to live. Under these new circumstances finding myself with a series of obligations and responsibilities of my own making it frequently very inconvenient and annoying because it means that they prevent me from doing some of that "living". And frustrations like this have piled up pretty deep recently.

So what to do about it all? I mentioned to one of the girls from back east who visited out here over the holidays that I would see TVia thru its 10th year which would be 1969 but that I didn't know whether I could make it beyond that time or not (I still don't for that matter), but on the train home she sat down and wrote me a nice letter telling me not to consider that thought seriously that there were still many thousands of our sisters out "there" waiting to be discovered and helped and to buck up and take courage in the knowledge that I was needed and that people depended on me, etc. Well, this was a lovely letter and was encouraging and appreciative and it somewhat soothed me. But it still doesn't solve the problem. I have to belong to myself as well as to you the readers, I have a responsibility to my own life as well as to your lives. Something has certainly got to give and it is a question of what. How can I lessen the load of obligation on myself and still keep the

magazine in publication and provide the counselling and advice needed and sought by many of its readers. I am not sure that I know the answers but I can at least think of several measures that will help.

Time and money are the essentials of any problem like this. If you haven't enough time to do something yourself you employ somebody else and that takes money. To get more readers requires advertising which takes money and at the same time multiplies the work to be performed and the burden on ones time. I'm choked for both so here are some stop gap measures.

1) When I took inventory January 1 I found that I had and I'm sure this will be hard to believe, \$9,500 in actual cost invested in printed stock alone, exclusive of the other equipment etc. necessary to run a business. Every year this figure has gone up. It does so because I have to print more copies of an issue than are likely to be sold right away because 1) I have to have some for those that come along later or who can't afford it right now, and 2) because the cost per copy is less in larger press runs. But tying up this money freezes capital which, if available, would be used to print other material like stories, etc. We haven't offered a new novel or TV Tale for quite awhile and the reasons are those we are discussing, time and money. Since I am retired I just don't have a lot of money to be invested in frozen inventory so that until some of that is liquidated I will not be able to bring out new material.

The thing that bugs me is that many of those who are annoyed by the fact that a given issue does not come out on time have large gaps on their record cards of issues which they do NOT have but which we still do. Although I mention it about every other issue and solicit readers taking advantage of the back issue deal both to save them money, liquidate some of my frozen inventory and free up some of my storage space, they are just as likely as not to squeal about the delay in the current issue rather than filling in with old ones. TVia is not a current events magazine like TIME or LIFE you know. Issues from 5 years ago are just as interesting as today's. Moreover to the relative new comers they may even be more helpful since practically every problem known to the TV world was discussed and commented on by somebody in the earlier issues of TVia

and the FemmeMirror. So if you don't get a current number just when you would like to be reading something, for heavens sake order an old one to fill in with. Help yourself and help me too.

2) About the 1st of February or as soon as I can get to it I'm going to take a drastic step in trying to solve the problem I have been talking about. I am going to start at one end of my desk and editorial table and push a large part of what is on it off into the waste basket. Primarily I am referring to letters. I am going to make a desperate attempt to keep current on letters owed from sometime back. I'd like to be able to answer all letters and chat with everybody but since this is impossible and actually would threaten the continuation of the magazine if I tried, I have decided to wipe the slate clean and start all over again. SO if you have a letter in my file awaiting a reply please write and ask the question again so that it will be in the current pile and I can handle it. This is a desperate and inconvenient but necessary step.

3) Now as to letters themselves. I like to read your letters and to learn about your lives and problems and I do read them, but these parts that you require an answer to are simply going to have to be systemitized a bit. Some kinds of problems require elaboration and discussion, but if it is at all possible to so phrase your questions that they can be answered yes or no or by checking off one of several possibilities, please do so. Please further write them on a postcard if they are the kind that can go in the open mail or on a separate sheet of paper if they can't. Please stamp the card and include a stamped envelope with the question sheet. Such a procedure will enable me to take care of the needs of more people faster and your cooperation is sincerely solicited.

Lots of you refer to "the Chevalier 'Staff' " when you write. You must realize that the "staff" consists of Mary and Virginia and that Mary mostly handles only the recording of orders and preparing them for mailing. Questions involving orders will get a note from her but that is her area. She only works with me 2 days a week. Everything else, opening and reading the mail; answering questions where necessary or giving counsel; reading and editing manuscripts; organizing the magazine, and getting it to and from the compositor first and the printer second; handling all FPE mail that comes thru for

Fran and forwarding it; approving all FPE applications and the paper work that goes with it; writing my own articles (like this one); filing all the records; manufacturing front, hip and fanny pads, ordering bras and other things to be purchased; making up deposits for the bank and taking them, paying all bills for printing etc. writing articles such as have appeared in the Insider, Sexology and elsewhere, giving lectures; interviewing new FPE candidates in this local area; meeting and talking with readers from out of state who are in L.A. and want to meet me; carrying on sometime quite lengthy long distance phone conversations with readers in other areas who have found the magazine and want to inquire further or to ask for advice etc., giving lectures, making radio and TV appearances together with the travel and all proceeding arrangements that go with it; conferring weekly with the doctors at UCLA on the research we are doing there; going to the post office for mail and waiting for the postage meter to be filled; preparing the Clipsheets; writing when possible to doctors, columnists, publishers or anyone else who has said something about the field that is in error and needs straightening out; all these and others unmentioned are Chevalier matters that have to be and are done by me personally. On top of that I have a 3 bed room house to clean and care for, do my own laundry, cook my own meals, take of my two cats, work in the garden, handle various personal financial, social and family matters, etc., etc., etc.

Is all the above tedious reading, does it bore you? Do you think that Virginia has "had it" and is just crying in her beer? It probably is boring and probably you think it is a waste of space, but after 9 years of this it has just got to come out. If after reading all those jobs you think that there is much time left for socializing, visiting, having company in, reading, shopping, watching TV or just goofing off you have no conception of time. I've bored you with all this because just for once I'm pouring my guts out about it all so that you will know what I am up against and have some compassion for the few things I can think of to do which will lessen the strain. So please bear with me and understand.

4) When TVia first started postage was 4c an ounce and the magazine weighed 4 oz. — 16 cents postage. Postage is now 6 cents with talk of its going to 7 cents. The magazine weighs 5

and sometimes 6 oz. — postage 30–36cents. This is not much, cents wise but percentagewise it has jumped from 4 to 8% of the sales price. On top of that paper costs, printing costs envelopes, etc. have risen considerably. Do you know anything else selling for the same price today as 10 years ago? On top of that to improve the general overall appearance of the magazine the last several issues have been done by a special IBM computer-typesetter arrangement at a cost of \$2.50 a page to set up. All of this has markedly cut into the nominal profit. When work got too much for me I had to get help and help has to be paid and on top of that there are the state and federal workmans compensation insurance, payroll taxes, etc. Everything else that has to be bought for Chevalier has had to go up to. So-o-o-o-o? So starting with this issue there are only 84 pages to cut down on postage, printing, and composition charges we will only run the price lists every other issue (the odd numbered ones) so that there will be more reading space. This will be much more feasible than trying to raise the price. I realize that \$4 is pretty steep as it is but I can only point out to you that it doesn't pay for just the printing cost of the magazine but for all the other various activities and duties that I indicated above. I can assure you that neither you nor I would work at the per hour rate that would result from dividing the gross profit of Chevalier Pubs. by the hours spent in its activities. But then as I said in the beginning, this project was initiated out of love and concern for fellow TV's, not as a money making proposition and that is the way it remains.

I am somewhat sorry to have taken all this space laying out this problem or spilling my guts if thats the way you'd like to look at it. But its something of a catharsis or blood letting for me because this frustration, desperation and irritation has been building up in me for the past year and I feel better for sharing it with you. I know how much the magazine, the stories, the TV and Wife, the merchandise etc., mean to you out there. I was where you are too you know — 25 years of aloneness — so I understand. I don't want to be selfish and just blow the whole scene, to use a nice hippy expression, but I do feel that my lifes needs and demands at this point are deserving of consideration too and I'm trying to let you see how it looks from here and ask your understanding and cooperation.

You can help therefore by: 1) Writing letters with

questions that can be answered easily on a card or with a stamped envelope. 2) Reask any questions from letters written prior to February 15, the rest are going in the trash. 3) Help me clear the invested inventory and help yourself to good reading and lower prices by buying some of the back issues of TVia and also of the Mirror and/or Clipsheet. At 6 for \$3 you couldn't find anything cheaper under any circumstances and there is a lot of good material there.

4) Please understand the necessity for a somewhat irregular publication date. I'll keep it as near as I can but don't get unhappy when it isn't there when you'd like it to be. Send your order acknowledgement card with your order and then be patient. Incidentally don't send such cards with orders of in-stock items; only when ordering something before it has been printed like a years subscription or for a given issue prior to its appearance.

5) If you are a California subscriber please be thoughtful enough to include the sales tax on all items except TVia, Clipsheet and FemmeMirror. I have to pay it if you don't and this is a further drain.

6) Use order slips if possible or write the order on a separate piece of paper rather than burying it in the body of a letter.

7) Don't include FPE dues money with Chevalier order money, they go different places and it makes me extra work in record keeping.

8) See if you can't interest some newstand or bookstore in your city to carry TVia. There are thousands more just like you out there, just as lonely and isolated, just as fearful, guilt ridden and worried, and just as longing for some kind of contact with their own kind as you were before YOU discovered TVia. Help them to discover it too - newstands are one of the ways.

9) Continue to submit material for publication so that others can enjoy your contributions as you enjoy theirs.

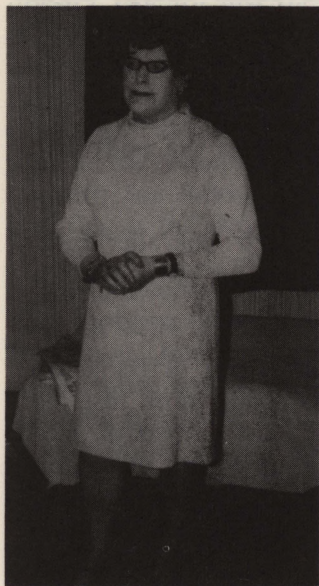
Finally be happy, self acceptant and enjoy your femmeself.

With affection for you all,

Virginia



**SYLVIA FE-B-3 FPE
ALGA FE-A-1-FPE
PAULA FEP-1-FPE
A TRIO OF ENGLISH SISTERS**



ALGA IN LONDON



ALGA IN PARIS



Do Dreams Come True

Jeannette, Del.

Will someone please wake me up! I'M having a dream that is wonderful, yet, it's a nightmare. But, let's start at the beginning.

I was 14 years old and it was a lazy Saturday afternoon. My parents were gone again for one of their usual weekend trips. I'd closed the living room drapes, turned the TV on and lay down on the couch to get comfortable and watch the afternoon movie. But, I guess I got a little too comfortable for I soon fell asleep.

My dream started normally enough, with me, dressed in male clothing, playing with some of my school mates. Then, suddenly, it shifted and I was at home, in Marilyn's (my sister) bedroom, wearing one of her dresses and applying make up to my face. My hair was shoulder length, in keeping with the fashion of the time, so I didn't have to worry about a wig.

After what seemed to be an extremely long time, I was awakened suddenly. Marilyn was sitting on the couch beside me. She had applied lipstick and rouge to my face and was now in the process of applying eye-shadow to my eyes. When I sat up, she jumped and somehow managed to keep from smearing the make up. She told me to sit still, and held a mirror for me to see what she'd done. I sat there, aghast, for I was looking at her

in the mirror.

Let me say at this time, that Marilyn and I, my name is Martin, are twins, very much alike in every respect except sex.

Marilyn persuaded me to let her complete the make up job. We went upstairs to her bedroom and I sat in front of her dresser so I could watch her work in the mirror. After she finished fixing my eyes, she arranged my hair in exactly the same style as hers. It was amazing. We looked exactly alike.

By this time I was completely caught up by the situation and when Marilyn asked me if she could dress me in some of her clothes, I readily agreed. She moved to her closet and chest of drawers and began laying out the clothes on the bed, everything, including something to pad the bra. She had me strip down while she gathered her daintiest items.

Soon I was completely adorned in her junior high graduation formal, nylons, heels, the works. When I stepped in front of the full length mirror on the door, so help me, I was really looking at Marilyn on her graduation day. There is no way to describe the thrill I felt, and I asked her to let me wear these clothes for the remainder of the day. She said a very happy yes, and I returned to the living room.

About a half hour later, Marilyn came down the stairs, and, when I looked up, I received my second shock of the day. I was looking at me. That is, I was looking at her, but, she looked like me as a boy. We'd actually traded identities. She was Martin and I was Marilyn from all outward appearances.

Marilyn explained that she had toyed with the idea of doing this for quite some time but, hadn't thought I would be willing to go along with it and therefore she hadn't asked me. She couldn't explain, either, just what had caused her to start it today but she was happy that she did. I told her that I was glad she had for I was enjoying the experience.

After a while, Sis looked at me and said, "Marilyn, would you please prepare dinner? I'm beginning to get a little hungry."

I was taken completely by surprise, but rallied to the request. Since Mom had taught both of us to cook, there was no problem. After saying "all right, Marty", I donned an apron and went to work. After dinner, we shared the task of doing the dishes and then returned to the living room to watch TV.

The evening passed uneventfully and at bedtime, I led the way upstairs. As I started through the door to my room, Marilyn, or should I say Martin, said "No, Marilyn, that's my room. Your's is over there." Well, what could I say, except, "Ok, Martin, good night." and went to her room.

I began searching her dresser for pajamas, but could find nothing but negligees and baby-dolls. I resigned myself to this fact and, after hanging up the formal and neatly storing her other clothes in their appropriate places, I donned the prettiest of her nightgowns, a beautiful mint green in sheer nylon.

I awoke early the next morning. I selected one of Marilyn's prettiest house dresses and all of the accessories to wear for the day. After getting dressed, I went downstairs to prepare breakfast.

When Sis came down to breakfast, she was again dressed as me. "Good morning, Marilyn." she said, "How was your night?"

"Under the circumstances, I was terribly excited, Martin. "I said, "But I finally settled down and slept very well. How about you?"

"Fine," she said, "but those pajamas will take some getting used to again. After all, it's been about two years since I've worn them to bed."

And so the weekend went, with me living as Marilyn, and she as me.

Our parents take weekend trips once or twice a month and it soon became our habit to trade identities on these occasions. It was great fun. Sis began teaching me all the little expressions and movements used by girls to make them more feminine.

Then, one night, I dreamed that Marilyn and I, in our traded clothing, were in the local theater watching the movie. It seemed something like being on a date, only, in reverse.

I didn't tell anyone about my dream, but, sure enough, one Saturday afternoon about three months after we'd started the cross dressing, Sis began talking about going to the movie dressed that way. I was extremely reluctant to go to town dressed as a girl, but it seemed that she would not take no for an answer and she finally convinced me that we could both pass.

I had a nervous, yet, excited feeling when we walked out of the house. I was wearing a beautiful lavender dress with all the accessories, including nylons and white dress flats. Marilyn was wearing a pair of my slacks, a sport shirt, and a pull-over sweater. As I said, I was nervous, but I enjoyed the movie and afterwards, on the way home, we stopped at a cafe for hamburgers and cokes. We apparently fooled everyone, for no unusual comments were made. After that, Marilyn had no trouble persuading me to go anywhere with her while dressed as a girl.

I remember one weekend Dad had left money with us to buy some new clothes. We decided to shop for each other. I picked through many dresses, tried on several, and finally selected one to purchase. I had more fun than I could ever remember having in the past. Marilyn enjoyed it too, for she got a preview of what she would look like in the dresses without ever having them on.

Marilyn did a lot of baby-sitting during the week and was saving quite a bit of money. One Friday afternoon she went shopping by herself and didn't return home until after Mom and Dad had left for the weekend.

I had already gotten dressed as 'Marilyn' when she arrived. By now I had learned to apply the make up myself. Marilyn handed me the package and told me to try on the new dress that she had bought just for me. I gave one of those feminine little squeels of joy and ran upstairs with the dress. I was so excited that I had trouble unzipping the dress I was wearing, but I finally got it off and turned to the package. To my great and

joyous surprise, it was an exact duplicate of one of her dresses that I liked best. When I had it on and stepped in front of the mirror, I got another surprise. It suddenly dawned on me that Marilyn was wearing the same dress right now and, at this moment, we were identical twin sisters.

We went out that night as sisters and had a wonderful time. The next night, we went to the local malt shop dressed as brothers for a change. From that time on, we alternated our dress according to the mood we were in, at one time being sisters, other times brothers, and other times brother and sister (with me, of course, being the sister).

One night I dreamed that Mom and Dad were at home and Marilyn and I were dressed in our traded clothing. Sure enough, the dream came true and what we feared most would happen did happen.

It was about three weeks after I had the dream on a Sunday that the terrible thing happened. Mom and Dad returned from their trip about noon instead of late that evening as was their habit. They were in the house before either Sis or I even suspected their presence. Caught in each other's clothes, neither of us could do anything but carry on our pretense and hope for the best.

It wasn't until later that night, after we'd gone to bed and the folks were asleep that we had a chance to sneak back to our own rooms and once more become ourselves. Nothing was said about our dressing in each other's clothes during the week so we felt that we'd been successful in our little deceit.

Our hopes were shattered the following Friday afternoon when Dad came home from work about an hour early. He called Marilyn and me into the study and waited until we were comfortably seated before he spoke again.

"Now, children," he said, "I'd like to know just how long you two have been switching clothes on the weekends that your mother and I were gone?"

Well, I knew we were in for trouble and a lump rose up in

my throat. However, I finally managed to stammer "A-almost a year now, Dad."

"Almost a year, huh?" Dad said in a stern voice. "Well, your mother and I have discussed the situation at great length and we've finally reached our decision. We're going to teach you a lesson you won't soon forget. Now, both of you, get upstairs and get dressed exactly as you were Sunday. I'll expect you both back here one hour from now, not one minute sooner, nor later."

Marilyn and I slowly left the study and climbed the stairs. Neither of us said a word as she entered my room and I entered hers. We were left alone with our thoughts as to what the punishment would be and when it would be forthcoming. I got dressed and sat on the edge of Marilyn's bed to await the hour of doom. My mind was running wild with thoughts of the punishment I was about to face. Finally, the time came to return to the study. Marilyn and I stepped into the hall at the same time, and, hand in hand, we descended the stairs. After a slight hesitation, I knocked on the door to the study and upon hearing Dad's beckoning voice, we entered.

Sis and I made no more than three steps into the study. Suddenly we stopped and I suppose our expressions were funny to see for Mom and Dad burst out laughing. Oh, they were there all right, but not as we normally saw them. Mom was wearing the blue serge suit that Dad had had on earlier and her hair was short like a man's. Her outward appearance was entirely that of a man. And, Dad, well, he'd become an attractive middle aged lady, wearing one Mom's dresses and her wig.

After waiting a few minutes to allow us to get over the shock, Dad finally spoke. "You see, kids, your Mother and I like to trade identities too. That was the reason for all of our 'out of town trips'. We were hiding it from you, but, now, we see no reason to do so. After seeing you two in the same position last Sunday, we've decided that the four of us can enjoy our hobby together. Your lesson is that you should have trusted us and confided in us on such matters, but, I guess your mother and I learned the same lesson. That was a very convincing performance, though, and would have fooled anyone but us. We

know you too well.”

About an hour later, and after much talking, Dad looked straight at me and said, “Well, Marilyn, don’t you think it’s about time you and I fixed some dinner for your ‘dad’ and ‘brother’? “I certainly do, Mom.” I said.

It’s been three wonderful years, now since that first dream. Instead of once or twice a month, we now cross dress every week end. Sis and I have even accompanied our parents on a few of those week end trips they used to take. I’ve had many dreams since then, too, and somehow they always seem to come true. That’s what has me worried now.

The dream I’m having now, as I said earlier, is both good and bad. It started out with me just cross dressed as usual. The, suddenly, my entire body changed to that of a woman. My breasts were real instead of padding and the rest of me was a beautiful female body to match. Then, I was down town shopping for some new clothes when suddenly I was naked from the waist down and that part of my body had changed back to male, while the top half remained a woman. The next instant, I was entirely male and once again wearing a dress.

Do all my dreams come true?

If I changed completely to a woman, I think I could make a happy life of it. If I remain as I was before going to sleep, and I’d much prefer to do so, I know I will be happy. But, if half of me changes and the rest does not, I’m afraid I’d have a very miserable life. I’d just naturally want to die.

Please, won’t someone wake me up so I’ll know how I’m going to spend the rest of my life.

Inflation means that the price of mini-skirts increases as the amount of material decreases. It will also be noted that the price goes up slightly faster than the hemline does.

If More Girls Only Knew

I buy her dresses after dress.
Anything she wishes.
Not because her smile is cute,
nor her kiss delicious.

But because she's learned my ways,
found my private taste,
learned my secret, thought it cute.
Now she says in haste . . .

"Buy this dress, that lingerie.
Oh buy that skirt please oh do!
I could wear it - when you don't -
It'd look so sweet on you!"

Anne Chambray

Rank Has its Drawbacks

My secretary's see-through blouse
reveals a glamorous slip
With frothy lace two inches wide,
warm blue. It's quite a trip.

She shows it proudly (well she should)
but wisht I could display
A prettier slip - that'd make her drool -
It sure would make my day.

A slip-top, lace three inches wide,
hued iridescent pink;
Shoulder tiny bow-tied . . . taut.
It'd make that girl's eyes blink!

Trouble is I am her boss
she, "my girl" . . . and cute.
The slip I'd love to show that girl

- beneath my business suit.

More Public Relations

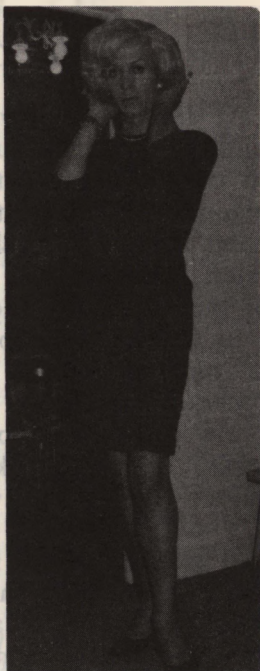
Last year many of you contributed to my P.R. trip around the country. This year (July and August) I plan to go to Europe to visit our European sisters. There are 2 internat. conventions in London and I've adjusted my trip to be there for them I plan to present a paper to each of them. I also hope to give one to the Amer. Pshchol. Assn. in Wash. D.C., Sept. 1. The European part of this trip is my vacation, but going to and from it I am trying to arrange a number of stops and appearances on radio, TV or medical schools - whatever I can do for public enlightenment. This part is NOT my vacation and will make the whole trip much more expensive than just taking a transpolar plane from L.A. to Stockholm. I therefore solicit your help in two ways.

1) I need to know if there are any worthwhile interview type radio or TV shows in your area and whether they would be interested. You can call and ask the producer of the show. If they are, send me the name and address of the station, the show and the producer. I'll take it from there. I'll be in transit LA to NY. June 23 to July 3 and NY to LA Aug. 20 to Sept. 12 with Aug. 1 thru 3 in D.C. Thus in these two periods I can schedule stops around the country.

2) Such stops add much to the cost in plane fare, bus, taxi, hotel and food. So I solicit your contributions to help with this. As before an accounting of receipts and expenses will be made. I'm not asking help to pay for my vacation but I am asking help to promote YOUR (our) cause. Can you and will you?

Tentatively I'm thinking of Minneapolis, Madison, Chicago, Detroit, Albany, Binghamton, N.Y. Boston Wash. Cleveland, Chicago (again) maybe St. Louis, Tulsa, Dallas, Houston, Denver and home. IF something can be arranged. Any suggestions or help will be welcome.

VIRGINIA



DONNA - ILL.



CAROL - VA.



LOUISE 54-H-1 FPE

Finding Louise

Louise 38-Y-1 FPE

A skinny boy of eleven, whom his father was embarrassed to see without a shirt on, sat spellbound in the audience watching the annual camp show. Since this was an all male camp, female parts were played by fellow campers.

Standing in the spot light was a counselor attired in a strapless chiffon evening dress. Appropriately made-up and bewigged in a blond hair piece which fell to his bare shoulders. He, or should I say she, was mimicing Peggy Lee. I don't know why and I can't explain why but a feeling came over me which I never had before. That night I had a dream that I was a girl on the stage attired in the lovely delicate gown.

For the next seven years this experience was completely submerged and nothing further happened to uncover this uncultivated desire.

By now I was a counselor and in charge of the intermediate camp and specialized in coaching baseball and football. (I was good enough in baseball to be offered a bonus to play professionally and in football to make all-city and mentioned for all-state even though I weighed 140 pounds and stood 5'11".)

“TRY-OUTS FOR CAMP PLAY” – 3:00 in the lodge – all interested, please be prompt. – This was the notice on the bulletin board. As I reread this notice a flash back occurred and I saw myself staring at the beautiful blond some seven years ago. Was this incident the one which ignited the flame?

During lunch a few other counselors and I decided it would be fun to attend this meeting just to see what was what. At three o'clock sharp, Bill Johnson, a member of an Eastern college theatre group known for their plays, entered the lodge. Altogether there were about twenty in attendance.

Bill quickly gave a resume of what the play was to be and further told us, that in addition to the usual performance on camp night, which was attended by parents and friends, there also would be a performance for the neighboring girls camp, at their camp, to be followed by a dance.

After tryouts the casting was completed and who do you think got the part of Julie Jordan in the musical "Carousel"? Little ole me. To be honest I was scared to death. The play was to be acted out using the original sound track so it necessitated us all to learn the words so proper lip movements could be made in order to create realism. For me this was not difficult for I have always liked show music and was familiar with the music. The hard part was to act the part of Julie in regards to appearance, movements and grace. Many tireless hours were spent trying to be as feminine as possible in order to achieve my new female stature.

Because of this over indulgence in practicing my part, I was soon nick-named "Julie" as were the fellows who were to play the parts of "Carrie" and "Nettie" and with those in the chorus line. In order to devote as much time to rehearsal as possible Bill Johnson got permission to house the cast in one cabin and for us to be relieved of most of our camp duties. Silly as it may sound you would have thought that this particular cabin housed a bunch of girls by the sounds that echoed over the still New England nights.

Two weeks before the first show, we started to have our wardrobe prepared. This aspect was done by the wives of the tutoring counselors and was performed with as much authenticity as we the actors and actresses were doing.

Since I only weighed 140 pounds at the time and had a normal waist of 28 inches it didn't take much pulling on corset strings to achieve a girlish 23 inch waist. With proper padding I

soon was the proud possessor of a very delicate feminine figure of 36-23-36. In addition, my eyebrows were shaved to effect the proper dainty arch and my nails were manicured and polished to a most satisfying degree. The day of our first show all body hair was removed to further carry out my impersonation. With dresses, shoes, make-up etc. we loaded into the camp truck for a 35 mile ride around the lake to our destination.

The balance of the afternoon was spent setting up props and other stage equipment. With no body hair, shaved eyebrows, long pointed fingers and wearing heels, in order to become most familiar with them I presented a pretty picture for the curiosity seekers.

After dinner, which was held in the girls dining room, we headed to the camp theatre in order to prepare for our theatrical debut.

Attired in a pink satin corset, nylons, silk panties a matching pink, and heels, 4 inches, I was seated to be prepared for make-up. Foundation was followed by rouge, false eye lashes, mascara, eye shadow, powder, lipstick and nail polish. Pardon me for bragging, but the Hollywood girls had nothing on me.

I was then ready for the long line strapless bra, properly padded. When this was in place, four petticoats were put on to make my silk skirt stand out and to allow the audience the chance to see that we were professionals and most authentic in every way. A white peasant blouse, was then put on which revealed a most adequate bust, not only under the blouse, but due to taping, also above it.

With my long blond wig in place I was ready for act one, scene one. Would you believe, the first song, after the overture, consisted of "Carrie" singing to me the song "You're a Queer One, Julie Jordan." Needless to say this brought the house down. However, the show was a tremendous success and enjoyed by all, especially Julie Jordan. I was even able to cry when I had to sing "You'll Never Walk Alone" after my husband Billy was killed.

When the show was over I looked forward to the dance, however I didn't want to rid myself of the lovely clothes I was now wearing, since it would take too long to undress and remove the make-up. At our hostess' request, we, the girl cast members, went to the dance not as virile males, but as glowing feminine females.

I believe we had more dances than any others in the cast. It certainly created an unusual picture to see two girls dancing with one another and to see their skirts swing in unison. It was the only time I have had a girl complain to me about getting make-up all over her.

When the evening was finally over three of us decided not to go back via camp truck, but we borrowed a canoe and paddled back across the lake. Since we were counselors we did not have any special hours and could take all the time in the world. Every extra minute meant more time in my beloved attire. On the way back to camp the other two counselors in the canoe with me decided they were hungry. Being the girl I was, and sitting in the center of the canoe, and getting a free ride, I had no choice. So a detour was made on the way back to camp in order to go to the "Chicken Coop". This was a place we all would visit on our night off. Dancing and food were the main attractions. Usually the music was supplied by a juke box, but on Friday nights, which of course this was, a small combo of college kids would play. Due to their presence the "Chicken Coop" was a jumping place on Friday.

As we landed the canoe along side the dance floor, which protruded out over the lake, I had reservations about going with the other two. It was decided that if any questions were asked we would simply tell the truth. Being the gentlemen they were, I gathered up my skirt and took hold of the offered hand in order to exit from the canoe.

Up the illuminated walk I minced with my skirt swaying in the cool night breeze. Upon entering the place I recognized nearly everyone yet no one seemed to recognize me. Was I safe? Only time would tell. If I could pass why put myself in the embarrassing position of explaining my present state of attire.

My two escorts introduced me to the others as one of my escorts sisters who was named Louise. They had not met the real Louise but they knew she was tall from prior conversations.

I no sooner was introduced when out onto the dance floor I was swept by one of the biggest ladies-men I have known. You know the type. Casually he lead me outside to a dark secluded spot. Finding a place to sit we had a cigarette while I had to listen to lovers escapades. Boring! I don't know how others put up with him.

Just as I was about to put my cigarette out the ultimate happened. Loverboy took a pass at me and planted one big kiss squarely on my lips. My kisses given to Billy during the show were purely acting but this was too much. Panicsville! What could I do. Standing and walking to the edge of the porch I led him on. Just as he was about to get more personal, one shove and our Loverboy was treading water.

Needless to say this brought a crowd and they all laughed at the poor boy's plight.

A girl to whom I was introduced gave me her lipstick and powder to make necessary repairs in the ladies room since I didn't have any with me. After a hamburger and soda and a few more dances the three of us made our exit and returned to camp.

The second show was an anti-climax after the above mentioned events.

Since this experience I have always had the desire to wear feminine clothes. No one knows of this desire and after work each day I enter my apartment and Louise takes over. She performs all the duties a girl should do, cooking, cleaning, making beds, etc. To the outside world I am the epitomy of the young executive. Today I am 40 pounds heavier and consider myself as a person who is "All dressed up with no place to go".

* * * * *

I know a guy who's been wearing a girdle for three months — ever since his wife found it in the glove compartment of his car.



MARGO 32-F-3 FPE



BOTH THESE TV's ARE OFF
BUT THE ONE ON THE
LEFT IS REALLY
TURNED ON, I'LL BET



Femme Photography

Peggie, Mo.

The tragedy of Narcissus, was not I suggest, his suicidal love affair with his own reflected image in the pool at Donacon, but rather that he lived too many years before the invention of the camera. For certainly photography adds a whole new dimension to narcissism no matter how you interpret the term that grew out of the classic Greek myth.

I confess to being quite narcissistic, though I much prefer the term auto-visual, which is being suggested as more appropriate for Travestians, and photography has always been an intricate part of my femme enjoyment.

Like many of my femme-fancier friends I learned early the techniques of self-photography, and almost as quickly, those darkroom techniques necessary to the complete fulfillment of femme photography. Even today, although I regularly work with professional photographers, and have all my own film sent out for processing, I still enjoy a photo session in my own solitude and the fun of developing the film and making prints afterwards.

Even were this not so I might still make the pretense of working at my hobby because there is no better assurance of privacy and dressing freedom than that afforded by the sanctuary of your own darkroom — whether it is the kitchen you declare off-limits for the evening, or a room actually designed for femme-photography.

The necessity of desiring to carry clear through on my film processing so that I can have a room completely at my disposal has led me away from the Polaroid camera, though it is a most thoroughly enjoyable instrument.

I have found that I like the greater versatility and compactness of miniature cameras which I can fasten with a C-clamp to chairs, tables, shelves, and other sturdy objects. Secured to any makeshift "tri-pod", the miniature camera's shutter can be held open for time exposures with the use of a strong black nylon fishing line.

I suspect that most miniature cameras are similar to the German-made 35MM type I am now using and have in addition to the ordinary shutter-speed settings one designated "B". When set at this point the shutter remains open for as long as the attached string is held taut. This means that you have tremendous versatility in lighting techniques and can improvise with just the ordinary lamps around the home. A soft light from a group of lamps "soaking" in through the open shutter of a time exposure yields very interesting results providing one has developed the skill of remaining completely motionless during the time the camera eye studies your pose.

For those who prefer flash and strobe techniques the miniature cameras are again quite versatile and the self-operated string-triggered shutter control works as well as when one is using available light on long exposure.

I always position a mirror behind wherever the camera is secured and take great pains to contemplate the shot before using the trigger string. This is again why I prefer available-light time exposure to the impulsiveness of flash or strobe techniques.

But shooting femme photos is just half the fun. Developing your own film and printing your own pics just prolongs the enjoyment of a femme photography session. One needs no elaborate set-up.

I have developed a technique I call "partial development," which I use on most of the film I have sent out for processing. After I have the chemicals in the Kodak Tri-Chem Pack prepared in three glass baking dishes I make certain my "darkroom" is absolutely dark. I then unroll a 12-inch strip of film and snip it off with the scissors making sure the remainder of the exposed roll is wrapped back in its light-proof container. I then develop this foot long strip of film.

It is a useful technique. First, if I goof the entire roll is not

ruined; I can even peel off another strip; and yet another. Secondly, I see the immediate results of the session without having to wait for lab-processing. But thirdly, if the entire session produced too many poor shots I do not have to send the film out at all and wait to be disappointed – still “en-femme” I can shoot another roll.

Kodak's Tri-Chem Pack is marvelous and only costs 25¢. Complete with easy-to-follow directions, there is enough solution to do a full evening's work. With a measuring cup, three glass baking dishes, a sink or pan to wash the film and prints in, you are in business. (An egg-timer comes in handy for timing the film development but I get satisfactory results by just mentally “clicking” off the seconds as I work the strip of film through the developing solution – in total darkness, remember.)

Photography is an art of inter-reacting factors and just as wider lens opening (f-11, f-8, down to f-4.5) and slower shutter speeds allow for dim lighting one has to learn that there is a relationship between exposed film, the temperature of the developing solution, and the time the film is kept in the developer. Developing a roll of film strip by strip allows for variations until one is more familiar with the technique. The directions are simple and the knack comes quickly.

Making one's femme prints requires three additional items. First, a 7-watt red bulb to use as a “safe-light” to work under after the strip of film has been processed and dried; secondly, a piece of clear glass to hold the negative securely to the photographic paper; and thirdly, a lamp with which to make the print exposure.

The operation is simple. I use Kodak's Velox F-2 paper which costs 44¢ in the 2½ x 2½ inch size. And since I'm shooting 135 size film I double the quantity of the 25 sheets in each package by cutting each sheet in half. The paper is available in all sizes, of course, and can be purchased with an eye towards the size film your camera uses.

I work with only one strip of paper at a time keeping the remainder of the package securely wrapped and in a light-proof drawer or container. The paper is placed directly on top of the paper and held down firmly by the piece of clear glass – then the exposure lamp is switched on for a brief second or so, then off.

Developing is done under the safe-light which allows you to study your femme-image as it "comes up" on the developing paper. (If a portion of the pic seems to be "coming in" too slowly the friction-heat of rubbing your fingers over this area will speed up the development.) Once you are satisfied with the development the print is immersed in the stop bath and room light can be turned on. The print is then fixed, washed, and dried in full light. Again, the easy-to-follow directions come with the Tri-Chem Pack.

Femme photography can be enjoyed with just the simplest of equipment or one can go into the more elaborate lay-outs with film developing-tanks, contact printer, and enlarger. But regardless of the approach it is a marvelously satisfying hobby and the only real way to appreciate the difference between mere "narcissism" and auto-visualism.

* * * * *

MEN IN DRESSES
Many Heterosexual Men Like to Dress as Women
Are You One of These Transvestites?

To find out more about this subject and yourself, write:

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
DEPT. 940
BOX 36091
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

*All correspondence
will be treated
confidentially.*

The above is an ad inserted in the Berkeley Barb by the Alpha Epsilon Chap. of FPE in the S.F. Bay Area. It has brought a lot of response. How about you or your group placing it in a newspaper in your area? If you do change the "Dept. 940" to the first 3 numerals of your local postal zone so we can tell where the replies come from. Let me know where, when and for how long it was published. You will be helping to find other lost sisters (like your recent self) and also potential friends in your own area.

IT WON'T COST MUCH -- IT COULD HELP A LOT.



My Sisters Wedding

Geris 49-K-3 FPE

My dumb sister got married last week. Oh, she isn't so bad, for a sister that is — and she's better than most, I suppose. Of course she is quite a lot older than me — about, let me see, eleven years I think. Yeah — that's about right, because I'm fifteen now and she's twenty-six. She's a doctor — or rather she's going to be a doctor. She's what they call a resident and she works at a big hospital run by the government. She always wanted to be a surgeon, but they wouldn't let her and so she is now a therapist. She helps all sorts of people who are crippled and things like that.

Anyway, she got married. Finally, as my mother said. I suppose I'd have to admit that my sister is good looking — for a sister. She's got this high forehead and wavy dark hair all us Wingates have — and on her it looks real good. She was always real popular with the boys — only for a long time it didn't seem like boys were popular with her. Boy! She used to come home so mad sometimes she wanted to scream. "The nerve of that idiot!" she used to say. "Gee — why do you want to be a doctor? It seems like such a waste. Waste! For God's sake — all these creeps want is a walking baby-factory!" My mother used to hold her hands over her ears when my sister came home like that. I got to admit — she sure didn't talk like anybody else's sister — not after she went to medical school.

But she finally decided to get married. To another doctor naturally. Who else can talk to a doctor? Especially a lady doctor. Our father had been a lawyer, and later on a judge, before he died. And even he couldn't talk to her some of the

time.

But Mother was very happy when she decided to get married and the two of them acted like real idiots, running around making all sorts of plans for the wedding. Mother wanted her to have a real big wedding and have a reception out at the country club where Dad used to belong. "After all," Mother said, "the Wingates have a place in this town."

"Place, schmace," my sister said — "Do what you want. Just as long as we can get married and get off on the honeymoon." Well Mother just clucked and shook her head — but I thought it was funny. Like I said, My sister doesn't talk much like a girl.

But she sure looks like one — especially when she got her wedding dress. It was sort of funny — at home when she put it on while Mother fussed with the hem, because she said "God! After wearing white all the time at work, I have to wear it to get married in! I'd rather it was fire-engine red. That would be something, wouldn't it?"

"Now, Mary," said my mother. "You know brides always get married in white." Mother doesn't have a real good sense of humor.

"Yeah?" said my sister. "H'mmmm. By rights it should have a black border." She sniggered then and said "In memory of those

"Mary! Nice girls don't talk like that — especially not in front of your little brother!"

"I imagine little brother has heard lots worse than that." she said. She was right, of course.

Then they had a long discussion about who was going to give the bride away. I mean, you know — a girls's father is supposed to, only Dad wasn't here anymore. Well — I offered to. "Let me give her away! Boy — what a chance to give your sister away and know somebody won't give her back." Mother just shushed me and they went on talking. In the end, Mary

wanted one of the old doctors at the hospital to give her away. Heck – I knew he couldn't do it as good as me.

Besides, there wasn't anything for me to do. I was too old to be a ringbearer and too young to be an usher or one of the groomsmen. So I was supposed to sit around in front and wait until they brought Mother in. Big deal! I told Mary I would rather go swimming.

"So would I," she said. "But we're both stuck."

So, anyway, the day before the wedding arrived and the house was full of people and everything else. There was a steady stream of people in and out of the house bringing presents and flowers and Mother was running back and forth between our place and the church and the country club. Mary's bridesmaids arrived, they were all girls Mary knew from when she went away to college. And they were all getting their dresses fitted and everything. I went swimming in the afternoon.

That night, they were having the big rehearsal and we all went over to the church. Mother was pretty tired and she got real mad when Mary said something about finding the groom and doing a little rehearsing. Anyway, the rehearsal was pretty boring, except for some reason, one of the girls hadn't arrived yet – the one that was supposed to be the maid of honor. Well, I suppose it wouldn't have made that much difference except Mary hollered about needing to have somebody take her place so everyone could judge the distances and everything. Honest to God – even though she was my sister, I could have shot her when she said something about me taking the place. Well, everyone laughed, but Mother shoved me up there and they finished the rehearsal.

So we all went back to the house. I would have like to go to the bachelor party but Mother said – No – I was too young. Nuts. So I went back to the house with Mary. We had no sooner gotten home than there was phone call for Mary. When she hung up, she looked real disappointed.

"What's the matter?" I said. "The groom just join the Foreign Legion?"

"Hush! Puppy. Mother!" she called out.

"Yes? What's the matter?" said Mother as she hurried in from the front room where she was looking over all the loot.

"Mother — that was Amy." (That's the missing girl.) "She was in a horseback riding accident this morning and can't come. She couldn't call earlier because they had her knocked out while they fixed her leg. Now what am I going to do?"

Well, if Mary looked disappointed, I thought Mother was going to cry. She started running around in circles and moaning to herself. Mary moved over next to me and sort of grabbed my arm. Heck — if she felt so bad she wanted my company, it must have been pretty bad. She sort of looked at me real funny then, — then looked again, and suddenly said,

"Mother! — I know what to do."

"Huh?" said Mother a little glassy-eyed. You know what my crummy sister had thought of? Yeah — me! Nobody even asked me what I thought about it, it was only "Oh, do you think it will work" — and — "but will the dress fit?" — and "Do you really think it will work?" And you might know, with my luck, the dress fit pretty well. Not at first, but it did after my sister made me put on some of her underwear and some padding.

"I have to go and get my own hair done first thing in the morning. I'll take him with me and we'll rent a wig from Lucille. She can also do his makeup at the same time."

Mother went downstairs. "But look, Sis. I can't do this." I protested. I should have kept my mouth shut. Boy! Did I ever get told off.

"Oh-yes-you-are! And do you know why you are? Because you want to! I mean, who's been rummaging through my drawers for the past several years? Batman? Come off it, little one. Or do you want me to tell Mother about the box in the back of your closet? Which reminds me — a bride is supposed to wear something borrowed. I want to wear that black garter belt

of yours. It looks so very wicked. Anyway, creep, I planned all this anyway. I never asked Amy to be my maid of honor. I wanted you. Why do you think everything fit so well — even the shoes? Any more questions?"

"Shut up." I answered.

Well, there it was. I was trapped. Not that I really minded it — not really. But I was awfully surprised. I didn't think anyone had ever noticed.

The day of the wedding arrived. The ceremony wasn't until four o'clock which left plenty of time. Or so I thought. But as soon as breakfast was over, Mary said, "Well, come on, little one. We have to go the beauty shop and get all prettied up now." I gulped on my last bite of toast and it went down the wrong way. By the time I had finished choking, she had pulled me upstairs. It turned out I was to change clothes now. "But —" I spluttered.

"But nothing — I mean you're going to look pretty silly walking around in a wig and makeup with your T-shirt on. Besides, you'll enjoy it!" Boy — you'd think we were getting dressed for the wedding itself. She had me put on hose and everything, even a pair of high heeled shoes and earrings. "Which one of my dresses do you like the best?" she asked me. Before I could think, I pointed to a silk shirtwaist I'd —

"Hey — that's cheating!" I said. I mean, she knew after all, but I mean, well, heck!

So she wound a scarf around my head, and had me put on some lipstick and off we went. We went in the back door of the beauty shop which I was glad of. The lady had me take off the dress and I felt sort of funny standing there in just a slip, but she gave me a smock and then sat me down, and went into the back and brought out a wig on a stand.

"This is what you ordered." she told my sister.

"Perfect!" my sister said. "Finish him up good and proper. I'll be in the next booth" she told me. "If you're finished

before me, don't run off." Fat chance. I was scared green. Not that it all wasn't fun.

The lady finished fussing with the wig, then started the makeup, after pulling out half of my eyebrows, and then she did my nails. That reminded me of when I was real little and my sister used to do that to me. It seems sort of silly, but that made me feel real good. Anyway, I finished before Mary and the lady helped me put the dress back on and I went up front and sat there looking at magazines and trying to look bored which wasn't easy. There were several women sitting there waiting and they all looked at me, but after what I'd seen in the mirror in the back room, I wasn't nervous, but kind of proud. I looked just like my sister.

After a while, she came out then and we both left the shop. But not before Mary talked for a minute with Lucille. "Lucille - I want to open a charge account with you." "But you already have one!" "Uh-yeah, but this is sort of special." and she whispered in her ear something and Lucille looked puzzled then smiled and said "Good enough."

Once we were outside and I began edging toward the car, Mary grabbed my arm. "Hey - where you going?"

"Home of course." I said.

"Nothing doing." she said flatly. "We have a very important errand to run. And I purposely left it until now, so you could help. Come on - we have to go buy something to clothe my maidenly body with for my honeymoon."

So we went into the lingerie section of the biggest store in town and we pawed through everything. It was fun! And we finally agreed on something, so Mary bought it and we went home.

Mother made quite a fuss over the way I looked which made me a little uneasy, with her pawing and hanging on me. Finally Mary managed to get me away from her and said "Well, it's time. I'll help you and then you help me." I was a little surprised at that, I mean after all, she's a girl and I'm - well,

I'm not.

"Idiot! That's part of the job of the maid of honor", she said.

Well, I'm glad she was satisfied with that explanation. I sure wasn't. When we got upstairs, Mary pulled me down to her room. She had a little refrigerator in there, in the part she uses as a study and she quickly made two martinis. She gave me one.

"While it would be distinctly improper for the bride to show up stoned at her own wedding, there is equally nothing wrong with a little fortification, right?" I was having trouble getting my breath so I just nodded.

Then we went to my room. The dress was lying on the bed as well as large box. "Oh, good. It got here!" "It" turned out to be a complete outfit of lingerie of the same blue satin as the dress. So Mary helped me get dressed. And then I helped her. Which was sort of different. It wasn't until she was completely dressed that I noticed that we were dressed identically, except for the color. The only difference was the long veil she would wear once we got to the church.

Mary paused once to make another martini and we had just finished when Mother started calling from downstairs. Boy! I nearly fell downstairs, I'll tell you, what with managing high heels and that long skirt and the two martinis. The house was empty when we got down — everyone had gone to the church. Even though we were a little late, Mother kept us both there in the living room while she sort of — well, you know how mothers are.

And then we were at the church and everyone was walking down the aisle and then it was my turn — and then Mary's, Boy! It sure doesn't take long to get married. In just a few minutes, back we all went and everyone was throwing rice and then we went to the country club.

Well, receptions are a bore and this one wasn't much different. The only thing was when the bridal couple danced, then it was the turn of the attendants and I had to dance with

Transvestia

the best man. Which would have been alright except he stepped on my foot and kept telling me I was prettier than the bride.

After a decent interval, Mary went back to the house to change into her going-away outfit — and I was supposed to help. “You know,” I said. “I think the real part of getting married is changing clothes. That’s the fourth time today.”

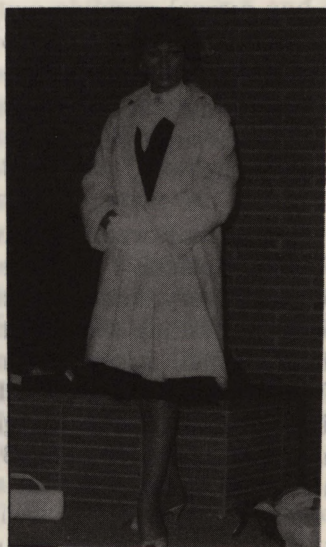
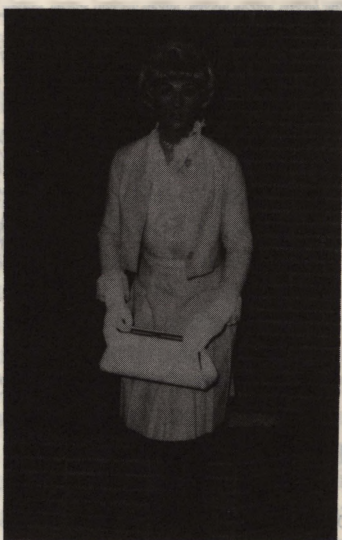
Well, she laughed at that. Then got real serious for a minute and said “And what about you? Did you enjoy it?” Well, there are things you don’t admit to your own sister, but I supposed I really did.

“Good!” she said mysteriously, “I have some big plans for you, little sister. We’ll have a long, long talk after I get back from the honeymoon. I also said a few things to Mother. Oh yes — all the things you’ve got on — they’re yours — my present to you. Now — the most important thing on my mind right now is a certain husband of mine and if you don’t get me back to the reception hall pronto — I’m going to embarrass Mother right in front of the whole crowd. Which might not be a bad idea. After all, Dad helped start the country club — don’t you think it would be appropriate if this daughter consummated her marriage on the first tee?” Like I said — she doesn’t talk like a sister.

Well, after that, Mary went off with her new husband and I had to stay with Mother at the reception — which went on for several hours. It wouldn’t have been so bad, except I had to do some in-fighting with my elbows every time the best man came around.

All Mother could talk about the next couple of days was the way Mary looked. And Me, too. She kept coming back to that. Boy — I bet I nearly wore that dress out putting it back on for her. Anyway, it’s been a whole week now since the wedding and Mother is talking about taking a trip and she wants me to go along — in some of the new clothes she bought me. And I guess I’ll go.

There’s just one little thing that bothers me. You know — my dumb sister doesn’t think like other girls. You know how the bride always tosses her bouquet in the air and all the girls try to catch it? Well not my sister. Nope — she’s gotta wind up like Sandy Koufax and throw a strike.



MISS X
FROM COLO.

SHE IS CUTE BUT GIVES NO NAME

Letters to the Editor



"Dear Editor"

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Everyone, and I'm no exception, likes to have their efforts appreciated, their attitudes and decisions supported, and their activities encouraged. Sometimes, I get terribly depressed, tired of self imposed burdens, annoyed by unfair criticisms, irritated by stupidity and ignorance, and resentful of my own conscience for driving me back to my responsibilities when I, like everyone else, would like to be out "living" and "doing". Then when it all seems just "too much" something nice happens that gives me the lift, support, and encouragement that I too need occasionally.

In recent weeks I have received 4 of the nicest and most touching letters I have ever gotten. They are, however, so complimentary and appreciative that I've been a little hesitant about publishing them, lest it appear to be immodest, especially when they all appear at once. I do so because, 1) this is a way of saying thank you to all 4 of these friends, 2) because the wives letter will, I hope, give other reluctant wives a little help and encouragement, and 3) to give a little pause to the gripers and complainers.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

On behalf of Jean (G.G.) and myself I wish you and the staff of Transvestia a most Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Thanks to you our Christmas and I'm sure, New Year will be the happiest ever.

To regress a moment I would like to bring you up to date on the wonderful change that has taken place in our lives. For the past nine years of married life it has been one continual fight and battle with my wife about my girl-self and the acceptance of her. My Wife never was understanding and made both of our lives so unbearable that our marriage just about ended in divorce. Then we saw and heard the "Alan Burke Show" and what is most important, Jean listened to what you had to say. This was the time I wrote you and asked for a copy of your book "The Transvestite and His Wife", which you promptly sent, along with a personal note. My wife read your book immediately and started to change her attitude towards me and my hobby. After I read your book I had a deeper understanding into my own emotional make-up. Jean went from a D Wife to a B Wife in one short week. She became understanding and tender, and did her best to accept me fully in my other Gender role. The following week end Jean and I went shopping together for Janice. The most important acquisition being a new wig (needless to say I was in seventh heaven). It was decided that we should tell our two children (ages 6 and 4) about Janice, for she should be someone the whole family should love and enjoy, rather than keeping her locked up behind bedroom doors. Our children accepted Janice immediately and they look forward to having her around as much as possible. We did stress the fact that Janice was still their "Daddy" and not just a stranger or different person who was visiting us.

At this point I should tell you a little more about Janice. Unfortunately Janice is not the petite girl she would like to be, rather she is 6'3" and weights 265 lbs. So, I pose a special problem with clothes. I feel, as well as my G.G. that it is very important to be as feminine as possible making it mandatory that I keep my legs, arms, and breast area's clean shaven. Without this personal touch I look more like a football player in a dress rather than the girl-self I am. I'm also in the process of having my beard removed by Electrolysis. I feel the main reason my G.G. accepts me is because of my femininity. Jean and I can hardly wait until we will be eligible to become a part of PHI PI EPSILON in order to meet other girls and their wives.

Virginia, I want to thank you and Transvestia AGAIN for

helping us to bring my girl-self to the forefront thus saving our marriage. I want you to know we feel like a couple of newlyweds, and how very happy we have been these past months. If ever I have an opportunity to give advice to any would-be TV it would be to be honest with ones self, and never repress those desires, for it can only bring heart break and discontent to "her" and the ones she loves.

God Bless You and TRANSVESTIA
Janice

Approved Wholeheartly:
Jean (G.G.)

Dear Virginia,

My husband just received your letter and I decided that it was about time I wrote and thanked you. When my husband first told me he was a transvestite (this was about a year before we married) he explained what he had been able to find out and asked me to read "A Year Among the Girls", the only book he had found on the subject. I was pretty upset since I didn't know how serious this was. The book didn't do too much about relieving my fears. Then Mike found some "Transvestia's. These gave me a much different idea. Anyway, after I calmed down I realized that I knew him much too well to worry about this. For a while I was of the "Alright, but not around me" school of thought. Then I realized that this was about as reasonable as if he said, "Eating is disgusting. If you have to do it to live, OK, but don't ever let me catch you." I could also see that I wasn't making him any happier, either. After that I did my best to act as if it was completely natural and soon convinced myself. As a result both of giving Debbi a chance to show her side of it and what I learned from your magazine (and book) I have become a wholehearted advocate of the benefits of being married to an FP, especially Debbi. In other words, I feel that I owe my present happiness first, of course, to my husband but secondly to you. Therefore, I would be very happy to help in any way I can. If, in view of the above, you want me to write something I would enjoy it. I enjoy illustrating stories and have thought that this would be a good addition to your magazine. If an FPE chapter is formed in Cleveland they would be very welcome here. I am very anxious to meet other FP's and their wives, particularly if they've had more experience. (I've discovered

creating a girl isn't as easy as I thought.) In short, if there's anything I can do please tell me.

Sincerely,
Debbi's wife,
Carolyn

Dear Virginia,

I'm gonna "tell it like it is". I have tried to sit down and write a lovely letter but I can't, so I'm going to say what I have to say so I don't put it off any longer.

Virginia, I think you are one of the great heroines of our time. Children have few people to look up to and admire these days. In our house you are going to hold a very important place. We only have one life to live - only what's done for Christ will last. Jesus said, "what you may do unto the least of them my brethren you have done also unto me."

Virginia you have done so very much. Your crown in heaven is gaining more and more glory every day. You're probably saying to yourself, "This girl is really a religious one." Well not so. I believe in God and Virginia Prince. If this doesn't convey what I feel about you and your wonderful work I don't know how else to say it. You have saved our lives. Tom, Joyce and I are so very happy now thanks to you and only you. We have our problems but we work them out together as they come. We are as close as two people can be and I consider myself very lucky. Life is such fun. No boredom - That's poison to the human animal. I feel so sorry for the wives that refuse to give a little tenderness and understanding that we're supposed to be noted for because of? they are missing so much. I have met two of the most wonderful people in the world since Joyce joined F.P.E. The lovely Miss Kay Spencer 22-K-1 and a new member Miss Anne Wilson 22-W-3. I have never met any one in my life I have liked more and you know. Virginia I'm from California and some day I'm going to meet you too.

I go home every two or three years. My people live in Calif. and Fremont, Oregon. It will mean an extra trip but so well worth it. I'd go a lot further than that, I'll tell you.

Enclosed is \$5.00 for a few more of those little pamphlets (An Introduction to the Subject of TVism). I have a few choice people I want to sock it to. The other \$5.00 is for you to do

with as you see fit. I know its not much but I am a young mother of 2 and baby sit 2 more for extra coins. But I'm going to do what I can for the rest of my life. We are eternally indebted to you and we shall remain loyal members of F.P.E. forever.

Please don't try to answer this letter, I know how swamped you are. I'll be greatly honored if you just read it.

Love – because I do love you.

Maryann (GG)

Wife of Joyce 22-C-3 FPE

Dear Virginia:

This letter consists of 2 parts:

Thank you for talking with my wife and me and giving us some hours of your valuable time.

To me it is a gift and I thank you.

2. I am very much disturbed by your statement that you might stop the magazine at the end of 1969.

I believe, Virginia, that you have started something from which there can be no turning back. You are the founder of a society whose members are for the first time seeing light at the end of a dark tunnel. You have made TV respectable from the horror of dirty books, pictures and magazines. The counseling service you give through the magazine over the telephone and through letters literally save souls and is not available anywhere else.

Virginia, all of us get down in the mouth. We all feel "what the hell, why go on." In your case, as the founder of this order of 'nuts' you have something to give the world. No doctor or psychologist can do it half as well as you. After all, ever since Freud, the knowledge was available, but nothing was done. So hang in there kid!

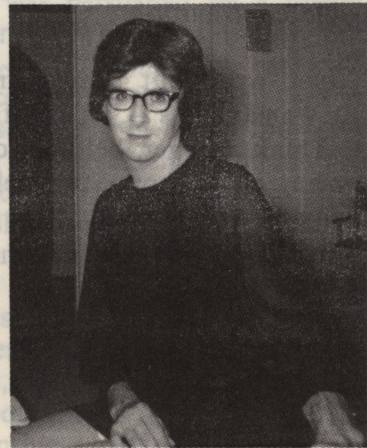
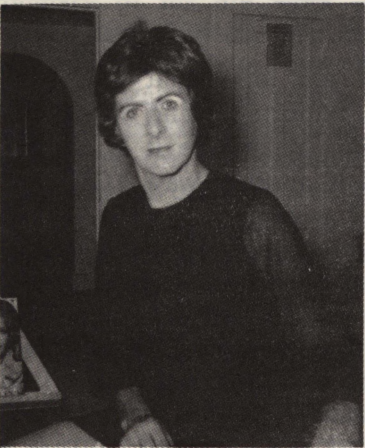
I believe the great majority of TV's are with you as for those that drop out, no church or physician has perfect acceptance. There will always be back sliders and critics.

Do not become discouraged. Just remember there are those that believe in your program and in you. Your brand of uncompromising honesty is the thing to which we all aspire. You have shown the way. God grant you the strength to continue this leadership.

Sincerely,
Florence 25-S-2



BOBBIE 31-M-1 FPE



VANESSA - CONN.

Research Request

I want to make a request for as many of you as possible to participate in an idea. It's not exactly a contest, there won't be prizes but the most significant essays will be published. I'd like a short essay from you on the subject of:

WHAT IS A WOMAN?

Sound like a silly title? It really isn't. Every one of us who aspires to emulate, participate and enjoy "womanliness" — our femmself — has some rather specific ideas about what a woman IS, what a woman MEANS, what a woman REPRESENTS or SIGNIFIES, as well as WHY we seek to experience a part of this. Writing a short essay on this will do several things. 1) Thinking about it will clarify your own thoughts thus making your own activities more meaningful. 2) Those that are published will provide to others attitudes, outlooks, feelings, etc., vaguely felt and been unable to formulate in words, thus the essays will help others, and 3) They will be very valuable research material since response from a good number of you will give a fairly good cross section of what the transvestite population sees as the basic significance of their specific activities. As you know I am working with Dr. Bentler of UCLA on a book on the subject of TV and such well thought out statements would be a very valuable contribution.

Just write out simply and not too long what you feel about womanliness — its significance, importance and appeal to you. Think it over before you write. Make sure it is a true statement about how you feel. This is another way YOU can participate.



Book Review

Sheila Niles (30-B-2) FPE

MAN AND HIS SYMBOLS, Carl G. Jung and Associates; Dell Publ., New York, Laurel Edition 5183. 387 pp + 13 p notes + 8 p index; paperback, \$1.25, Sept. 1968. Profusely illustrated.



This book has a peculiar history, having been prepared under the direction of Dr. Jung during the two years prior to his death in 1961. He had originally refused to break into

his retirement for this purpose — in effect, a semi-popular summary of his life work — but was persuaded by a dream. Dreams are of special importance in his whole philosophy, and this one revealed to him his unconscious need to carry his message direct to the people. The result is a fascinating view of the whole tapestry, which we have seen only in pieces and those blurred by the professional jargon of psychiatry. Dr. M. von Franz carried out the completion of his plan until its original publication in hard-cover in 1964. She also wrote Part 3 and the conclusion, which are of special interest to us.

Despite the best efforts of these two distinguished doctors, plus three others, the book is not very easy going. This is due to the Jungian argumentative method, which convinces "not by means of the narrowly focussed spotlight of the syllogism, but by skirting, by repetition, by presenting a recurring view of the same subject seen each time from a slightly different angle — until suddenly the reader who has never been aware of a single,

conclusive moment of proof finds that he has unknowingly embraced and taken into himself some wider truth." So says the introduction, and I, with my usual bulldozer tactics, was ready to resent it. However, thanks to some past conversations with Avis, I was able to recognize this technique as the very essence of "girl-talk" as practiced by her most feminine friends, and bore with it. Surprise, it really WORKS! I found myself with a brilliant insight, nowhere stated in the book, that women are much more in harmony with their unconscious minds than men are.

That calls for a little review of Jungian terminology. Up to now, I had thought their "unconscious" to be a mere synonym for the Freudian "subconscious", but it is truly as much a vital part of an individual's life as the conscious and infinitely wider and deeper. The "subconscious of Freud is merely a sort of glory-hole of repressed desires", according to the introduction; that I had in fact understood, though I would have called it the cellar where we keep the monsters caged. And for many men it turns into just that — with a sister in one of the cages, endlessly plotting her brother's destruction . . .

Dr. Jung's own Part 1 is one of the best. It is called "Approaching the Unconscious", but the pace is set by the first section on the importance of dreams. To Jung, this top priority, since dreams provide us with a steady series of views into our unconscious — if properly examined. And properly means in the context of the dreamer's regular life; the identical dream in two different persons might mean totally unrelated things. For example, to a Freudian a key is ALWAYS a phallic symbol (ecch!) and it might be that to a Jungian — but dreamed by a person burdened with responsibility it becomes the symbol of his burden. Jung did not live to see it, but his ideas are now being systematically verified — by the physiologists, of course, as the psychologists are MUCH too busy propping up the Pavlovian conditioning myths to pay much attention. (Did you know that keeping a person from dreaming will bring on an excellent imitation of delirium tremens? Jung didn't know that, but would certainly have felt this experimental fact to be right in line with his reasoning).

Dr. Henderson's Part 2, Ancient Myths and Modern Man, merely seems to be a demonstration that nothing important in

the unconscious has changed in the last forty centuries. We swing into more exciting stuff with Dr. von Franz' Part 3, the Process of Individuation. She identifies this as the pattern of dreams, always changing but in such a way as to map out a consistent shape, just as growing leaves seen one at a time would map out a living tree. Central to this shape is the Self, an unconscious version of the total personality. Around it hover the Archetypes, each of greater or less importance in various persons: the Shadow, representing those parts of ourselves we'd rather not look at too closely; and the Anima (Animus in women) who represents the part of the person allied to the opposite gender. The Self can also develop into a sort of personification of wisdom, which Jung at first classed as the Magician Archetype but later abandoned.

This leaves the Anima as one of the two disturbing influences — and very disturbing she can be! Those of us whose Anima can be cheered up by just a new \$20 dress don't hardly know what trouble is, compared to those whose "sister", unrecognized in her dark prison, will settle for nothing less than the end of an otherwise satisfactory marriage! In case you think we invented the "girl within", take a look at page 186, and give the credit where it belongs, to Dr. von Franz.

The Anima always appears as a single figure, and various men's descriptions of her bear a striking similarity to one another, with the variations mostly coming from their actual mothers. These similarities transcend both time and race. She is capable of four stages of development: erotic, romantic, spiritual and pure wisdom. The latter is rarely reached in modern man. Sound like someone you've seen recently — in the mirror? The Animus, on the other hand, is generally a group of figures, and when your GG comes out with THEY say . . ." or "What will THEY think?", she's probably unconsciously referring to the "committee" of inner selves. Be kind to your Anima: she is clever, and tough, and knows all about poisons no toxicologist can detect . . .

After that, Dr. Jaffee takes over for a tour of the vival arts which is mainly illustrative of the universality of these figures of the unconscious. Dr. Jacobi takes us through an individual analysis; not a "typical" one, as each Jungian analysis is unique

unto itself. And then Dr. von Franz again, with a few wise words on the relationship of Jungian concepts to the scientific creativity process. (She has specifically given the Anima credit for much of the artistic creativity in Part 3).

All in all, these concepts appear so in line with the TV experience that I wish more Jungian psychiatrists were available for those of us who need our heads shrunk a bit. Don't just try the yellow pages; you'll wind up with a Freudian, or worse yet, a Behaviorist who'll hook wires to your toes and then, ZOWIE! I think Dr. von Franz would understand us better than we understand ourselves (which isn't very well), and might help prevent some of the "suicides - by - surgery" that we see going on. Too bad, she apparently lives in Switzerland, and doesn't make house calls.



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The South Rises Again

Kay, Louisiana

On November 2, 1968, an historic event occurred. The Southern group had its long awaited and much anticipated meeting in Houston, Texas, on Saturday, November 2, 1968. The combination meeting and Halloween party would have to be called in the fullest sense of the word, a tremendous success. I truly doubt if any FPE meeting anywhere has ever equaled this one.

In attendance at the meeting were Sally (Houston, Texas) our Councillor, Kay, Shreveport; Dee, Houston; Diana, Houston; Laurie, New Orleans and Heather, Florida.

Since our members here in the southern chapter are scattered and live, for the most part quite a few miles apart, our meetings do not occur often but what we lack in frequency we more than make up in enthusiastic contribution and participation.

At 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon of the big day, the boys had a business meeting. We discussed various items of interest to our chapter and to FPE in general. Of course I would have to say the most important item we discussed was ideas to be considered which might bring some of our "closet sisters" to a knowledge of the existence of FPE. Some very good suggestions were made and each suggestion was discussed thoroughly, each one present contributing their own view to the discussion, weighing the merit and potential of each suggestion. Some of the ideas we discussed are no doubt now being used already by some of our members, other we feel deserve considerations for

being employed everywhere possible. We agreed that one idea that we could employ easily and quickly, is to send letters to practicing Psychiatrists advising them of the existence and direction of FPE. We discussed the use of the "Ann Mailo" cards inserted into books which might be checked out by a TV and possibly distributing them to gatherings of HS's in hopes of reaching a TV who might not know that she was a TV. We also discussed the possibility of arranging an Interview for Virginia on one of the local television "talk shows". After we had finished our "business meeting" we adjourned to go make final preparations for the party planned for that evening.

The party itself was certainly unbelievable. Every girl was most attractively attired in one and two piece dresses that would have been the envy of any GG. Of course the most important thing was not the fact that any one of them could easily have passed, but that they were there and completely at ease. Of course being a party, everyone was dressed at her very best. As a matter of fact, it could have been a world premier at Hollywood's Chinese Theatre. There were three wives and one invited GG present also. There was never any need to fear coolness as a result of bashfulness or timidity. We all entered into the spirit of the occasion from the start. One of the girls had a Television recording machine and some one was operating the television camera practically all the time. Of course there were many snap shots taken and several feet of movie film shot. The wives entered into the spirit of the occasion chatting with all the girls some of them even trying on each others' wigs, etc. The party actually got under way at approximately 7:00 and didn't break up until after 3:00 a.m.

I think it would not be fair to overlook the fruitful efforts of the Hostess (Sally's wife) who did such a marvelous job with the decorations and food for the occasion. The centerpiece was a conversation piece, Wanda the Witch. You see Wanda is really a boy. The lighted Jack-o-Lantern with its laughing eyes and sparkling smile lent a holiday mood to the group. One of our sisters in Texas, Diana, made the arrangements for the facilities where we held the party and Heather brought the champagne, all together it must be said that things could not have been more perfect.

Of course one of the chief sources of merriment during the

evening was the play-back of the television tape that was being recorded almost constantly. If you think it is funny to see someone else on Television, wait until you have seen yourself. Jennifer is an entertainer and she favored us with music on the electric guitar. Sally had some movie film which had been taken of Virginia's visit to Texas and to Sally's home. These were very humorous in places. Like when Virginia swore Sally into FPE and pinned on the little Sea Horse pin (and punctured Sally's uh-well you know).

It is truly impossible to really describe the party with words. The only ones who will ever know how unforgettable the party was are the ones who were present. I only wish that each one of our sisters could have either been there or could have been looking on and seeing how completely wonderful a TV party can be.

I do hope that it will not be too long before our group can get together again. I feel certain that each and every one present is looking forward to sharing once again the comradship that was shared by everyone that evening, eives and guests included.



STANDING L – R
JENNIFER LAURIE HEATHER
43-H-3 18-K-1 SALLY – LAURIE

L – R DIANE – JENNIFER –
IOTA CHAPTER (TEXAS)
43-J-1 43-S-5 5-L-14 43-P-3 HALLOWEEN PARTY

heights of feminine realism. What is missing is the "girl-within". And with Virginia's permission take the liberty of creating a name for her.



'AFTER THEY GET A MAN ON THE MOON, ASK OUR SCIENTISTS TO STUDY THE PROBLEM OF HIGH HEELS AND SIDEWALK GRATINGS . . . !'

LOCAL GIRLS PLEASE TAKE NOTE!

Susanna Says



Hi, everybody:

Before Virginia starts writing my obituary — I'd better dash off this month's column. No apologies this time . . . simply the calendar slipped by . . . and when I thought of the column for TVia 54, it was too late. So, there are two black marks against me in the last few issues. And here I was so proud of seldom, if ever, missing an issue of TVia. First of all let me congratulate TVia's 54 leading lady. Some gal. Barbara is definitely outside the classification that Virginia so aptly describes as a WGF (the whole girl fetishist), and as such, she is a fresh breath of air in a world of TV's where the immense majority (and I dare you all to dispute this) are at best WGF's.

If I recall — the now defunct publication: Turnabout used to take great pleasure in deriding those of us who believed in the "girl-within". To their writers our entire purpose was to put on feminine clothing and just enjoy this attire — get a charge out of it. And I suspect the charge they were talking about was strictly in the realm of sex. Through the years I have had the pleasure of meeting dozens, or better, hundreds of my sister souls. Most of them very nice people, good company, etc., but, by and large they always manage to continue to be men in

dresses even though their outer appearance can reach fantastic heights of feminine realism. What is missing is the expression of the "girl-within". And with Virginia's permission I am going to take the liberty of quoting a passage from her *Virgin Views* (TVia 54) which I'd like to rub on the powdered noses of my WGF friends. "If they had half the girl within they claim they have, they would enjoy some of that "woman's work" — cooking, washing, ironing, shopping, vacuuming, mopping, waxing, cleaning up — even taking care of their own clothing (Masculine and feminine)." (End of Virginia's quote)

We should read and re-read this paragraph because it contains a sad truth: that too many are simply fetishists. True, we have gone beyond the hosiery and lingerie phase of the typical fetishist, and have embraced a whole wardrobe with its accessories as a fetish. We like to dress from head to toe. We delight in this strictly mechanical operation which deals with concrete "things". But too many of us refuse to cross the threshold of Alice's mirror and actually enter into the world of femininity. With some TV's this becomes almost a phobia — at no time will they ever allow themselves to express the feminine. As a result our typical WGF will make no attempt to speak at least more softly or to modify somewhat his devastatingly masculine vocabulary. To say nothing of his movements, stance, walk, actions. But even those who do make an attempt (when they remember to do so) stay entirely away from the spiritual side of TVism. As Virginia says, perhaps this is because of the tremendous degree of insecurity of the average American Male. But I believe that the refusal of the TV to move and operate inside the feminine boundaries is still an expression of a deep-seated sense of guilt connected with his TVism.

As I mentioned a long time ago in one of these columns, this "holding on" to masculinity is more apparent than ever in a gathering of TV's with wives and GG's present. They seem to be saying: I must show them that despite my feminine appearance I have not lost one iota of masculinity and so I will make a point of talking, walking, drinking and eating more than ever as a he-man should. And talking about eating. At Casa Susanna I've had ample opportunity to see gorgeous looking TV's spreading one-quarter of a pound of butter on a slice of bread and then proceed to attack said slice with unparalleled ferocity. Femininity? Phoeey!

And now to Sheila's open letter to Virginia (Also TVia 54). Sheila may well accuse me of sticking my powdered nose into a private argument, but I can't resist a couple of observations suggested by Sheila's talk about some TV's POTENTIAL being greater than others'. There are in that letter some statements that have baffled me a bit. Sheila says, "All of us, even the TS's start off with a more or less fetishist pattern; some stay there a long time, and for a great many it is THE GOAL."

I hate to be picayunish, but methinks that Sheila has made one of those generalizations that should never be made about categorizing people. Couldn't it be that what Sheila tags as a fetishist pattern is nothing but lack of opportunity for most TV's? Just think that those TV's who feel the urge to dress at an early age, seldom if ever can do a complete dressing job. They have to be satisfied with one of two items of clothing which, to them, symbolizes the whole GG they dream of portraying. But they would eagerly jump out of this single item limitation were they presented with a complete wardrobe and the blessings of their parents to don it. I think the potential of the girl-within is present in most TV's in pretty much the same degree, but what we do with this potential depends on opportunity, environmental facilities (social as well as material) and the degree to which we cleanse ourselves of guilt.

I do not agree with Sheila when she equates the TV potential with the number of hours one dresses. She states that she would be bored to tears at having to dress more than twice a week, and that therefore her potential is lower in percentage points than the potential of those TV's who dress for long periods. I can see a TV being bored to tears if the TVism is nothing but a manifestation of WGF. But — if transvestism means to express an entirely untapped reservoir of feelings, desires, inclinations, emotions and personality traits, then it is impossible to be bored while you are expressing a deep reality within yourself. (Bravo — from Virginia) It's like a painter being bored at having to paint more than twice a week — or a lover of engines being bored at having to tinker with engines more than twice a week — No, Sheila dear. Our potential is unlimited. If a TV stays dressed for long periods of time it simply means that she is tapping her potential with more determination and enjoyment than her other sisters and that she has found joys in

feeling and being feminine which surpass some of the joys of feeling and being masculine.

After all I can visualize a state of boredom with many aspects of the masculine life which we have been expressing in a routine way throughout our lives. The novelty of some feminine activities (sewing, laundering, ironing, etc.,) can be much more stimulating, less boring and more challenging than any of the various masculine activities we have been engaged in year after year for the greater part of our life time. Let me give you a personal experience. My twin brother is a lover of chess. There have been periods in his life in which he would spend every hour of his free time studying chess, playing chess by mail, or simply indulging in long chess sessions at some chess club. But then Susanna broke loose from her cocoon. During the early part of her liberation she carried on with her brother's love for chess, until one day she found it necessary to fix a dress. This she had never done before, but she found it challenging and somehow it "felt" right.

To make the story short — chess is all but forgotten (and you know how difficult it is to discard an all-consuming hobby you've cherished since childhood). Inasmuch as Susanna has taken over most of her brother's "free" time, she spends a good part of that available time in "her" hobby which now has become a normal part of her weekly "normal" activities. If you confront me — Susanna — today with a choice between fixing a skirt and playing a game of chess, all my heart and soul will turn toward the thread and needle, because it is now an intimate part of this personality which has been developing more and more year after year. Does this mean that my "potential" was stronger than yours? No. Simply that my circumstances have been different and that I have willingly plunged deeper into the world of feminine activities because I was willing to discard a good part of my masculine activities. However — we do agree in one thing. You refer to the fact that you are just as happy with your lower dressing percentage than those who dress for longer periods of time. This needs no explanation. Happiness cannot be defined and each individual finds it in his or her own scheme of things. For the same reason we find non-TV's who are just as happy, or much happier than a TV who dresses for long periods of time. His sources of contentment and fulfillment are elsewhere. Personally I have never been happier than when I am

Susanna and since we are all engaged in the pursuit of happiness I guess I'll proceed along the route of skirts and lipsticks leaving less and less room to the neckties and shirts. So, this one time, when my vote goes to Virginia's position, that is "force of circumstances has more to do with our development TV-wise than any inherent potential."

And going back to my opening paragraphs about TV's who are simply WGF's I want to make one thing clear (paraphrasing our new president): I am not condemning the WGF — if he is happy being a WGF, well and good. Happiness can also be theirs. But - and this is a big "but" — the WGF does not — repeat — does not help our common cause when he carries his WGF attitude into social circles integrated by non-TV's. The pipe smoking, swearing, and bread devouring WGF can create the same type of shock with his incongruous behavior as the shock we get when someone draws a moustache on a portrait of Sophia Loren. The two things just don't go together. And if the WGF cannot or simply does not feel like modifying his behavior to match his appearance then my most friendly advice is stay behind your locked doors and enjoy your appearance to your heart's content while munching on a big loaf of bread and gulping can after can of beer from morning till nite. But if you feel lonely and experience the need to meet others — at that very moment you must make up your mind that you are entering into a social commitment which demands from you a great deal more than just being made-up and wearing a dress. Just as most women would give up wearing slacks if they could only see themselves from behind, in the same way any WGF would try a lot harder at "being" a girl if he could just hear the comments made by the non-TV's who have just spent an evening in his company. Do you know what are the two most common criticisms voiced by non-TV's? One, has to do with the way we walk. And two, with the way we talk.

For those of you who have read the Annual issue of Variety Magazine I'd like to leave you with an interesting thought contained in an article about a recent Shakespearean presentation. It seems that a theatrical company decided to present a Shakespearean play just as it was performed in Shakespeare's time, that is: with men taking the feminine roles. The article points out that the performance was a failure because the men playing girl roles "refused to swish". No matter

how much I agree with all of you with regard to the popular connotations of the verb "to swish" I must disagree with the great majority of TV's when I say that a TV must learn to swish. Now, don't get me wrong. I don't mean this as a permanent trait of our TV personality. I only see swishing as a tool with which we can learn to break long entrenched masculine movements, poses and habits. Before you embark in social life as a TV, learn to swish - exaggerate feminine mannerisms to break the masculine patterns. Later, you'll be surprised how easily you'll drop back to that happy medium that tells a lady from a tramp or a "drag queen."

And this is all for now . . . see you in TVia 56 . . . promise!

Love, Susanna

* * * NOTICE * * *

It is understandable that when you travel to another another city you would like to meet some of the girls there. We frequently get requests to "give me the name and address of somebody in -----". Or "I am going to be in ----- on March 19-25 please give my name to anyone."

It has long been the policy of Chevalier Pubs. that WE WILL NOT GIVE ANYONES NAME TO ANYONE. Neither do we have time to write letters for you. CONTACT exists for exactly this purpose - to help you communicate. When you know you are going someplace write a letter through CONTACT to a girl in that area (if you know one). If you don't know anyone send the same letter saying just "Dear Friend". We will mail it to someone we think would reply to this, but we cannot guarantee replies. All of you who receive mail through CONTACT, however, ought to have the courtesy to reply. It is very disappointing to the writer when you don't. But please don't add to our burdens and your disappointments by asking us to write your letters for you - we can't. Virginia & Mary



GERDA



W. GERMANY



ROSE - CALIF.

Editorial Emanations

I. IT'S WHAT'S UP FRONT THAT COUNTS: I hope nobody will mind the fact that Virgin Views comes right after the lead story in this issue. I didn't have a rush of immodesty to the head. Its just that I wanted to be sure that it gets read. Many readers seem to read the history and fiction articles which are generally first and sometimes don't bother with the tail end of the magazine. I think a lot of you don't read these 3 pages either, at least I'll ask, suggest, or tell something here and many fail to respond to the request or suggestion as though it had never been made. But this time I wanted to be sure everybody reads the VV column so I placed it up front where it couldn't be missed.

II. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: It is surprising how much mail comes back marked "box closed" or "moved, left no address". If you don't want to leave a forwarding address then notify us of the new address or tell us to hold up till one is obtained. It's a waste of postage and work to have things returned. At the same time when you do give us a change of address please give us the old one too and under the name you used. You'd be surprised that amount of detective work we have to do sometimes to figure out what to do with a letter giving a new street or box number and signed just Diana, Barbara, or Jean. We have about a dozen each of these femmenames. Also you are not the only one with your last name probably and some just give a first initial so we have to be sure who is changing their address. You can save us work and you, delay, by giving us the whole story and not expecting us to be psychic.

III. PICTURE ISSUE: I would like to publish a picture issue, a sort of directory of all of our readers, particularly those belonging to FPE. Please send in 1 but not more than 2 good, clear, contrasty, shots showing you at your best. Write your name, femmename and code number, if you have one, on the back of the picture and also say "1969" or "for the album" so I'll know that is what you intend it for. Otherwise I will go thru old previously published pics which may be several years old in my files and may have been several years old in yours when they were sent. I'm sure you'd like to make the best impression so send the best pic. Black and whites are best but don't send one while wearing a dark dress sitting on a dark davenport or against a dark wall - you'll just fade into it and your pretty dress won't even be seen. Color shots can be used but they don't reproduce as well. Particularly avoid pics that were over exposed slightly as they will have a reddish tone. Red becomes black in the camera and an unclear shot in the reproduction. Let's have these as soon as you can as I'd like to do the album in place of the issue that you will be expecting while I am in Europe this fall.

IV. "SEEK A SISTER" SERVICE - For F.P.E. Members Only.

Every now and again when processing a new FPE application I recognize that the new applicant is near another member but in an area where there is not presently an FPE chapter. I think to myself that each would like to know that there is another near. Although the Person to Person ad section is available not many make use of it and sometimes the person written to is not even polite enough to reply. So what to do? If you want to meet a sister relatively nearby write a sort of open letter just addressed to "Dear FPE Sister;" tell her what you want to about yourself and that you are using the "Seek a Sister Service" of TVia. Stamp an envelope, put in the letter, leave it unsealed, include the \$1.00 forwarding fee and send it to CONTACT. You can give your own name and address if you wish or you can ask the other sister to reply via CONTACT but be sure to give your FPE Code No. We will forward it to the nearest FPE sister and the rest is up to her. If you receive such a request for a friend and she wishes you to reply thru CONTACT please have the courtesy to reply even if you don't wish to continue the correspondence or meet. You owe that much cooperation. Replies thru CONTACT are to be handled

the same way. The replier can give her name and address IF she wants to and if not it can continue thru CONTACT until such time as one feels safe enough to deal directly. But ALL mail thru CONTACT must be 1) Unsealed, 2) Stamped, 3) include the \$1.00 fee.

V. **DON'T JUST STAND THERE, DO SOMETHING!** Why are there so few TV's willing to do something for the whole cause? There are some things YOU can do even if you don't know another TV and are alone, and you can do them safely. Every public library should have a copy of the "TV and WIFE". Remember when you were hunting for information? Imagine a disturbed wife going into a library and finding a copy of "Male Madam" listed under Transvestism. Only you can guess what that would do to the domestic relations of an unknown sister at home? I've made the offer before - send in the name and address of the library plus a brief note that you are donating the copy in the interest of public information. Sign it or not, real or false name as you wish and include \$2.00 - half the price - and I will mail it to the library. I'll even pay the 45c postage myself as my contribution. Public libraries should also include University and Medical School libraries.

In addition order some of the "Introduction to Transvestism" pamphlets at cost -.10 each. Send them to police, city attorneys, ministers, psychiatrists, marriage counselors, divorce attorneys, judges or ???Anybody ought to be able to devote \$2.00 to this cause and send 20 of these pamphlets around to influential people.

VI. **CLIPSHEET NO. 28 IS AVAILABLE.** Yes, finally another Clipsheet is to be had. There are a further three in the hands of the printer and they will be out one at a time over the next 4 months so you can send in for one at \$1.50 or 4 of them for \$5.00 now.

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Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. 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 Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

(38-C-5) FPE TV would like to correspond or contact others with any experience or success on bosom development.

CARLA



PRICE LIST

"TRANVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year in even numbered months Per issue \$4

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..... Four copies for \$5

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Back issues of TRANSVESTIA (except Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 12, 17, 26) are available. Every issue is new until you've read it. Many wonderful stories, articles, pictures are in these issues. Reduced rate of 6 issues for..... \$20

Back issues of CLIPSHEET and of FEMMEMIRROR (Now discontinued but about 30 issues still available. It was a 15 page monthly newsletter.) Can be mixed, 6 for..... \$3

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SPECIAL BRA . . . Has inflatable polyvinyl inserts. These are removable, can be worn in any other bra. Size 36, 38 only..... \$5

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WIGS! NEW REDUCED PRICE

Recent developments in wig manufacture have resulted in lowered prices. We do not stock wigs but can obtain top quality wigs at less than going prices. All human hair.

Machine made (Weft Type) Reg. length..... \$45

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These prices are for unstyled wigs alone. For a styled wig on a plastic head in plastic case and including shipping charges add \$15 to the above. Send color sample and picture or drawing of style.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

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.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.
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