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TRANSVESTIA



NO. 12 - 1961

The Intent and Purpose of Transvestia

ENTERTAINMENT - EDUCATION - EXPRESSION

TRANSVESTIA is published by, for and about Transvestites for the purpose of providing a center about which people interested in the field may gather. Its pages will provide Entertainment for the initiated; Education for those who see evil where none exists; and Expression of opinion both lay and professional. Discussion, sharing ideas and experiences all lead to greater understanding of any facet of human behaviour.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to provide information both to and about Transvestites and Transvestism in order to broaden the understanding of this form of personality expression, not only among those interested in it, but by friends and relatives who may find themselves indirectly involved.

TRANSVESTIA also serves as a means of gathering information as well as disseminating it. Medical science has no adequate means of contacting and interviewing enough Transvestites who are reasonably well adjusted to their problem and not complicated by other psycho-social behaviour patterns to form any well considered opinions about the subject. This magazine has and will continue to provide research material to further the understanding of Transvestism by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials

KNOWLEDGE	is the beginning of	UNDERSTANDING
UNDERSTANDING	is the beginning of	ACCEPTANCE
ACCEPTANCE	is the beginning of	PEACE OF MIND
PEACE OF MIND	is the beginning of	HAPPINESS

But unhappiness, loneliness and fear have too long been the lot of the Transvestite. It is to be hoped that TRANSVESTIA can help through knowledge to bring understanding and happiness.

*** **

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

The above is a "saying of Jesus"
from the "Gospel According to Thomas."

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Published by
CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
Box 36091
Los Angeles 36, Calif.

TRANSVESTIA

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GRANDY

Susanna Says ... This is my Life

BY SUSANNA

A TV's life is a composition of music and imagery. Music that is exciting and languid, and imagery that forms a torrent of colored pictures, as vivid as a technicolor movie. To write one's own life is to close our vision of the present and slide backwards in time until we stop at our earliest recollection, our first realization that we were different from others.

At the age of 7, Susanna was a nameless little girl--she was not to be baptized until some thirty years later. Her parents didn't know she existed, and she became aware of herself when her alter ego, a rather frail little boy, as rich in the imagination department as he was lacking in muscle and brawn, was suddenly confronted with a scene that was to remain the most vivid single experience in his entire life. But before we describe this moment of revelation, let us briefly see the social frame of reference in which this boy had grown.

Father: healthy, muscular and fun-loving. Non-smoker, non-drinker and with an eagle-eye for the fair sex. The latter, a common and socially winked-at trait in the Spanish-speaking community where our story takes place. He was proud of his son's intellectual prowess in school, but lamented the kid's lack of interest in rough body-developing sports. The boy tried hard, but without success. The mother: rather frail in body, delicately built and with a great capacity for love towards the world. Always passive and feminine. And then there was a sister, four years younger than the boy in our story. She was--as it sometimes happens closer to the father in personality traits. Independent, strong willed and disinterested in household tasks, which held a secret fascination within her brother's mind. The boy felt peculiarly closer to the mother than his sister did. And the mother, sensing the hopeless task she faced in instilling her daughter with those attitudes which society expects of little girls, instinctively turned towards the boy, subconsciously finding in him the femininity not shown by her little girl. Let us say at this point that at no time did she pressure the boy into feminine tasks, although

she voiced no objection when he asked her once to teach him how to knit. There was one brief lesson, but the idea was dropped by mutual agreement, both having in mind the possible sarcastic remarks which the father would utter if he should find out. Actually all of these facts loom larger than they were if we consider them apart, from the myriad activities and events that make-up everyday life for any little boy. There were games too in which he was very much a boy, and fights in which he was always the loser. Until Susanna struck her first blow, in the way a little chick gives its first peck at the egg shell which imprisons it.

The occasion was the equivalent of the North American Halloween time in a South American city. The little boy had been presented with a little devil's outfit for the occasion. He was very happy with it. He put it on bright and early that morning, and dashed into the street to show his costume to a playmate of his who lived next door--a boy about his same age, 7 or 8. As he stood in the doorway of his friend's house, his pal opened the door with a big grin on his face. He too had been presented by his mother with a costume, a costume which was to become a turning point in the life of a human being. It was an organdy dress, white as snow, set off by a white straw picture hat and white little girl's shoes. A bunch of violets at the waist line completed the outfit. The little boy of our story was seized by a violent emotional storm upon seeing how his playmate was dressed. It was as if he'd been hit by a thunderbolt. He was struck speechless. A strange paralysis took hold of him and the image of that dress burned itself deep into his soul. He knew, in that moment of revelation, that he would have given his life, if necessary, to be able to wear those clothes. It was not his trembling hand that reached out and touched the organdy, it was Susanna's invisible self that was grasping the key to her eventual liberation. The obsession took a firm hold in that very moment and became a powerful, driving force in the entire life of this strange dual personality.

From the age of 7 until 13, Susanna was only a vague but constant companion in an endless series of daydreams. Her still hazy presence did not however, interfere in the development of this schoolboy. He continued to be top student in his class although he thoroughly detested his compulsory Physical Education courses. He

became a good dancer and made an expert team with his sister. He was therefore in great demand at parties and dances and became socially popular. He even boasted of several girl friends who sincerely enjoyed his company. Still, he alone knew that he was possessed by a strange desire to read stories wherein some boy or man impersonated a girl, and his heart beat increased violently when he unexpectedly saw in a newsreel a scene showing the antics of the Harvard Hasty Pudding varsity show. At that time he made a promise to himself that someday he would go to that land of magic where such shows existed. He had subtly tried to bring the subject up in his social circles and met an attitude of total rejection and sneering remarks from everybody. He realized then that it was something not to be advertised, not even talked about--ever. But, this daydream became more vivid, more intense. At 13, he found his first opportunity to try on his first female garment: a discarded rayon slip of his mother's. Behind a rock, by the river, on the outskirts of town, he would sit all alone on warm Summer afternoons and spend hours just wearing that mauve slip over his naked body. He would close his eyes and he became Alice in Wonderland. He would step into a magic mirror and be a girl. On a conscious level he ceased to exist. She, the girl within, took over..and she swore she would go to the USA where trapped girls like herself could assert their right to live.

But not everything was joyous dreaming for this teenage boy. He knew he was different from everybody else and he began to hear that men who dressed like that were "queer". A frantic fear took hold of him. Maybe he was like that and didn't know it. But still, he was baffled by his lack of interest in boys. He did like girls, the prettier the better. He loved their soft skins, their long hair, their pretty clothes. He felt a thrill every time he put his arm around a girl's slender waist on a dance floor. It didn't make sense. "Those" men didn't like girls. What was wrong then? The Public Library finally gave him the answer in the form of a book translated from the French entitled "Les Desguisés" (The Disguised Ones), a study of transvestism by Prof. Pierre Vaché. He went on to assuage his intellectual hunger with Magnus Hirschfeld, Havelock Ellis and others until he was satisfied. He was not one of "them". His case was different and he was not the only one who felt that way. Even Susanna, cuddled up inside, felt happier. There was no

reason to feel guilty, dirty. Transvestism was all right. Still it was a pity that such wonderful feelings could not be shared with your family or your friends. He knew it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible to make them understand. Anyway, who ever heard of a girl born without a body of her own? Get rid of her? Horrors! It would be a form of suicide, if not actual murder. And she was such a pretty little thing as far as he visualized her in his dreams.

So the boy entered college at the age of 16 and continued to be a top student. He studied furiously because he knew that top students were sometimes awarded scholarships in the USA, and a scholarship would mean happiness for Susanna. He was actually working for her, not for himself. He never was (and actually never has been) the most important member of this twosome. She was his twin sister, his baby, his ideal. Someone who was utterly dependent on him for her very existence. In order to make some money for the now assured trip he even worked in jobs which were loathsome to him but it was a sacrifice which he bravely made for "her" sake.

U.S.A!!! The Varsity show dream did not come true in his new surroundings. But "her" opportunities increased. Much of it was done secretly. She now began to take shape, both literally and figuratively. Since funds were scarce, she had to be satisfied with very little, but now, the end of the dark, hidden road was in sight. So he worked harder still. At times he even went hungry, but the alternative of having to go back home was unbearable. Susanna wanted to live and she meant it. She supplied the drive, the patience, the determination. And together they moved forward. She began to create (with feminine wiles) all sorts of opportunities to be invited to parties, weekends at some newly discovered friends', where she drew on his ability to dance to become a passable entertainer. The stage, show business, gave her the needed "respectability" and thus avoided condemnation. She found out that people would accept her without question as long as she pretended to be a female impersonator. And so she began to move in that direction.

By way of illustration let us see how she managed to appear in public as herself for the first time. Her "brother" was then a 21 year-old graduate student at a Midwestern college. Since cash was

scarce, he saved the money he received from the College as part of his scholarship to be spent in the College cafeteria for his meals, and got himself a job as a waiter in one of the local restaurants., in town. There he ate his lunch and dinner gratis by working three hours a day at the tables and in the kitchen. The cook was a middle aged, motherly woman who took a great liking for the foreign young man who would tell her about life under foreign skies and who would softly sing intriguing melodies of an alien folklore. Inevitably the conversation led one day to native dances. She found out he loved dancing and so suggested he come some weekend to her home and show some of those dances to her family. Susanna picked up her pretty ears and whispered her instant plan. Yes, he would love to do that, but, unfortunately his native dances had a peculiar characteristic: they were of two kinds: some to be danced by a couple (man and woman), and others by a woman alone. Since there was no partner in sight, the only dances he could show would be those designed for a girl and it would be too ridiculous for him to perform them as himself. The basic movements were too graceful, too feminine, too coquettish to be danced by a man...UNLESS he were to dress as a girl...hmmmm? (Just thrown in as an after thought, carelessly..)

By this time, the cook was too excited and thrilled at the idea of having a foreign guest at her humble house who would actually put on a show for her folks..so she fell into Susanna's trap like an unsuspecting lamb. What an idea! Have the young man dressed as a girl and maybe fool a guest or two! Would he really mind doing it? Would he! It took a bit of an effort not to appear eager and after a little more coaxing, the answer came: "Yes", but would she help him with the necessary clothes? By this time it was her project, her idea, her party and in no time she had solved all the obvious problems of a wig, clothes and shoes. Two weeks later, Susanna emerged from her long confinement in all her eager femininity and handled herself with all the assurance of a veteran showgirl. Those were her first high heels, but she amazed everybody with the ease with which she performed, the grace of her movements. She was like a fish thrown into the water. Nothing to be learned, it was all there, it had been there from the very beginning. Who taught her to walk? Where did she learn to delicately handle the hem of a skirt while dancing?



SOME YEARS AGO IN THE
"LOCKED ROOM STAGE"



IN HER BOUDOIR

MORE SUSANNA



SUSANNA AND MARIE



SUSANNA AND RELATIVES



FIRST MASQUERADE BALL
COSTUME

FIRST PIC EVER
1941



"AT HOME"

What experience had shown her how to sit and move lady-like? She had never done any of those things before and yet they all appeared as if by a stroke of magic. She was poised and self-assured and she knew what to do despite those 21 years of living and moving and acting as a man in a man's body. She was not a fantasy, she was not a day dream, Susanna was real. Even the motherly cook could not hide her surprise. "You know"--she said--"I had to make an effort to remind myself that what I was seeing was only an act. You were so real, so much of a girl."

Susanna was now sure that there was a bright future ahead. And this called for unceasing work and dedication on her brother's part. Long hours at night, pouring over text books. Another scholarship was Susanna's imperious demand. It meant more and more opportunities for herself. She was patient, she knew how to wait for her turn, and whenever the opportunity came there was always the convincing story of a non-existent all-male play, an initiation, a bet, and dozens of cleverly fabricated opportunities to lead an unsuspecting friend or acquaintance into lending a helping hand for a "rehearsal". Still this was not enough. Graduate studies and scholarships leave very little time for leading a double life. Susanna had to be satisfied with three or maybe four appearances in one year. No more. Besides, her brother was not exactly dead and he also liked to have a little relaxation once in a while. College life also meant dates and proms and fraternity activities. There was sometimes a burning desire to share the secret with some girlfriend or room-mate, but there was too much at stake. One false move, one indiscreet confession might ruin everything, so it was necessary to keep Susanna under wraps. Sooner or later her turn would come.

Now a P.H.D. was almost in sight, but suddenly Pearl Harbour blotted out the sun and there was only one thing to do: defend the country which had already won his heart. His linguistic ability made him useful in the propaganda war and he found himself confronted with a new and unexpected career. College was left behind and a new life began in a big city. Now there is money for an apartment in town and money for Susanna's first real wardrobe. She was still nameless but she ventured forth into the streets for the first time. Quick, furtive walks after dark, thrilled with fear and excitement. She tasted now the supreme joy of the sheer nightgowns, of the



WHAT'S COME OFF HERE?

SUSANNA AS A PROFESSIONAL
ON STAGE



TAKING A CURTAIN CALL

DANCE OF DEATH



WITH THREE
OTHER PROFESSIONALS

face prettily made up, of the dangling earrings of the hugging waist cincher, of the lacquered nails, of the high heels beating their hypnotic music on the pavements.

It was at this time that it became increasingly evident that Susanna's personality was quite different from that of her twin-brother. She seemed to exude a sense of buoyancy, of optimism and cheerfulness which was only vaguely present in her brother's character. He was (and still is) given to changing moods, passing from somber withdrawal and discouragement to exalted feelings of accomplishment and optimism. He tends to worry about the future, feels intensely the problems of the world about him, and at times he feels the need to be a fighter for social justice and human rights. Susanna is only vaguely aware of these urges and moods. She is supremely confident of herself, she is vain and deeply in love with herself. She adores social life, revels in flattery, gets bored with intellectual conversations and is carried away with the beauty of sunset or sentimental mush on a television screen. She is coquettish and flirtatious and clothes and jewels and perfumes fill her with ecstasy. If she had the means she would live in a palace surrounded by servants and friends who would constantly shower her with flattery.

Those were happy times for Susanna. She had found her freedom at last. But one day she ran into her first serious problem.

Her "brother" suddenly rebelled. He was a man and was not going to allow her to monopolize every hour of the time he was away from work. He too liked to dance and make friends and go out with pretty girls. And so they quarrelled. Susanna lost the fight and sulked once more in some hidden corner of that body they both shared. He enjoyed the feeling of newly gained freedom and plunged into romance and then marriage. Two days before the wedding he buried Susanna. Her casket was three large suitcases which were given to the Salvation Army. Nothing remained but a memory. He thought he had killed her and that the empty space which she was leaving in his life was going to be more than filled with the love of his wife. But Susanna was far from dead. She waited for the inevitable. He could not possibly keep his guard up 24 hours a day. Susanna played 'possum and quietly counted the hours. Then one day she struck back with female ferocity and before he knew what had happened he

found Susanna putting his own wife's wedding dress on him.

For a while, cross-dressing was passed off as a joke, a gag. His wife's puritan background was an impenetrable barrier through which no amount of explanation would seep. Little by little however she began to be annoyed with Susanna's presence. A few Halloween dances became the limit of her tolerance and so, to keep peace at home, Susanna was forced to go underground. Her opportunities became extremely scarce and for long periods of time practically non-existent. Ten, twelve, years went by until Susanna's pent up emotions could no longer be repressed. She was eating away at her brother's nervous system. He became morose irritable, mean. Finally Susanna pushed him out of his house and kept him away many a night in a nearby city where she could express herself. First it was a hotel room, then a masquerade dance where she made a few friends of girls like herself also locked up in male bodies. Some of them were nice people, some not so nice, but after all they were the only ones who accepted her, who did not smirk, ridicule or laugh. It certainly was not the ideal company for Susanna, but it was either that or stay alone in some hotel room. So she chose the company although it might mean to be labelled with a tag which she did not deserve. It should be noted here that at no time did Susanna interfere with her twin "brother's" life as a productive member of society. She took advantage of his free time, but she was intelligent enough to realize that her very existence depended on his ability to be a good provider and citizen. She stayed away from his professional activities--staying contentedly on her own side of the fence. Fate finally intervened and her "brother" became a widower.

Soon after that he met THE woman. The one he had dreamed about all his life. The woman who was all heart and kindness and understanding, the woman who not only accepted Susanna, but who set to make of her the lady she was meant to be, the woman who patiently taught Susanna (after baptizing her) how to really look and act the part of a woman. And so Susanna dropped her former associations and basked in this new life. She was taken everywhere by her "brother's" new wife: movies, restaurants, stores, walks, parties. She lost her apprehensions and for the first time found true peace and happiness. And having found them, she and her "brother's" wife decided that they would both give help and oppor-



OUTDOORS AT THE RESORT



tunities for happiness to other girls who were going through the very same ordeals of loneliness, guilt and misery which had underlined Susanna's past life. So they opened the doors of their mountain resort to all TV's, and in the process gained for themselves warm and precious friends.

Susanna today, as most of the readers of TRANSVESTIA know, has even managed to dabble in professional female impersonation as an entertainer on the stage. She has also held evening jobs as a hostess without being detected and has solved most of the problems that life has thrown along her path. Many of you will say that she is lucky--granted, but she also would like to leave all TV's with this thought: there's nothing you cannot do in life if you want to do it badly enough and mobilize all your thoughts and resources to that end. A TV's life can be the happiest life for a human being, always keeping in mind that you are two people, two nice, decent people, who can learn to live together in beautiful and mutually beneficial harmony without harm to any of your fellow human beings.

And I would like to say to those "authorities" who claim TVism is just a desire, a whim which can be turned on or off at will, TVism can be a powerful force, a veritable steamroller which can shape and mould the entire life of an individual. It can determine your career, your profession, it will sway even patriotic feelings (e.g. the love for the country of your birth), it will determine your social life (by tossing aside certain friends and by accepting others). It will make you willing to go through pain (as is the case of a nose remodelled, a face lift, or a new set of feminine-looking teeth). To fight it leads only to frustration, mental imbalance and unhappiness. To accept it gladly, with open arms, is to find a measure of happiness which is satisfying, uplifting and unique.

And so ends this narrative.

Love to all from

Susanna Valenti

Wonderful Weekend

Now I too, can say, "I was there!" Where is "there?" Where else than the Chevalier d'Eon Resort? Over the Halloween weekend and prior to my trip to Washington I attended the Resort. I was met at Idyllwild Airport by Edith and Terry, a very sweet thing for them to do. They took me in town where I had some business to perform after which I went up to Marie's shop where Gloria and Anita (in their male impersonations) were waiting. After meeting Marie and making various arrangements I was chauffeured over to Dr. Benjamin's office for a nice but too brief visit and dinner with him. Those of you who have never met Dr. Benjamin have missed a real treat. People of our persuasion have no better professional friend.

After dinner, Gloria Anita and I had a most pleasant ride up to the resort. We didn't arrive till the wee hours because it is some 135 miles from New York and we didn't start till about 8:30. With two previous early mornings, I was ready for bed but Edith was bringing my bag so I had nothing. But Marie, bless her sweet and helpful heart, came forward with a nightie and a dressing gown. Although the rest stayed to await later arrivals and to talk, I went to bed.

The next morning began a whole new experience. Now, I've known a lot of TVs in my life and been to a lot of parties, but I have never had an experience remotely like the next 2 days and a night. To start off with, I went to the bathroom at the end of the hall to shave. What a sight. There were, Karen, Audrey, Edith and a couple of other girls all standing about in heels, slips, bra etc.--shaving. Somewhat of a shock for a moment, but Virginia got out her trusty Ronson and Schick and joined the Battle of the Bristles. After a few moments the novelty was gone and the whole thing was perfectly reasonable and natural. Somebody forgot her eyebrow pencil and one of the other girls lent her one. Someone else needed bobby pins and they were forthcoming. Later one of the girls commented that she had bought a pair of heels by mail and they had proven a little too small. This was quickly solved when one of the other girls said, "Here try these, they are too small for me but my foot's larger than yours!!" It worked and so someone else's weekend was more comfortable.

After breakfast (with Gloria officiating at the eggs), Edith and I helped with the dishes and then settled down for the day. The general tone of the place is just relaxation and do what you like. It is a remarkable experience in just living, but living in clothing that you enjoy living in. We talked, lounged around in each other's bedrooms, went for walks--Susanna took Marge and Karen and Virginia for a tour of the estate and showed the new self contained house that they had set up for housing TVs during the summer when tourists are running about the place. The day passed all too quickly (it didn't really get started till about 11 due to the late night before). People would disappear occasionally and then appear in another outfit for the rest to admire and to allow still more expression to the wearer.

Long about 9 P.M. the girls started drifting off to their rooms to change into their evening clothes for the get together at the "Wigwam". This is an old barn that Susanna and the other girls who have come to the Resort in the past have made over into a nice little night club with chairs, tables, bar, balcony and a small stage. We spent a lot of time taking pictures of each other with all kinds of cameras and just having a good time in our party clothes. Some of the pics taken there are shown in this issue, courtesy of the various girls who took and provided them.

Later, Susanna entertained us with a couple of interesting dance numbers in her pretty Spanish costumes. Gail too, did her bit with a couple of songs following a phonograph record or tape. The voice of the singer was so different from what I'd been hearing coming from her throat all day long that I got a big kick out of the act. About 3 A.M. we adjourned back to the kitchen of the big house for some snacks and more yak-yak girl talk and then to bed.

Next morning, the story was repeated, but this time it was old hat--like I'd been shaving in nightie and negligee surrounded by a bunch of other girls in slips and heels since I was a child. The Remingtons, Sunbeams and Norelco's were buzzing like a hive of angry bees, but it didn't seem out of place. This was the keynote of the whole experience and this is what I'd like to get across to those of you who have never been to the Resort and who may be a little fearful to go--naturalness, relaxation, peace. Here we were, 15 otherwise normal active men living and dressing like woman and very happy and comfortable we were too. It wasn't a "show", a

special "situation" or even a "Party". We were like any bunch of women who had gone on a weekend trip to some resort. The secret lies in the fact that whereas an evening "party" at someones house is an occasion to dress up, its special, and its only going to last about 4 hours and then all the finery comes off and Cinderella goes back to mopping floors--here it was life and living because it WENT ON for two days and a night (just as you always wanted it to).

I took a census of the 15 just out of curiosity. We ranged in age from 23 to 61, and we represented many occupations, salesman, minister, lawyer, clerk, chemist, engineer, law student, radio commentator, railroad man, postal clerk, airline Captain, contractor and several others I can't remember. There were 6 Catholics, 6 Protestants, 1 Jew, and 2 Agnostics. In short, we were a pretty good cross section of the male population. It would have been a wonderful thing if some psychiatrists could have been there that weekend. He would have had his eyes opened--15 men all wearing dresses and the rest of the complete feminine array, just living, talking, eating and visiting with each other without sex entering in to it. Orthodox psychiatrists just don't have room for that sort of thing in their philosophy.

Sunday afternoon we had what under other conditions might reasonably have been called a bull session, but here it was definitely a hen session. I reviewed plans for the magazine and we had a long discussion of the legal difficulties I have been through. Then, as it began to get chilly we adjourned inside the Wigwam and talked for some time about the mechanics of forming some sort of a national sorority. (As a result of these conversations, one in N.Y. and one in Calif. I plan to be able to present something in the way of a sorority organization to you in TVia #13). We had to rush out into the field to wave to Felicity as she flew over in her own plane (as John of course) on her way to the Airport--she had had to leave early to report for duty. Then back to the big house for Marie's wonderful Sunday dinner. About 8 P.M. we got started back for the city.

I had the pleasure of riding back in Susanna's and Marie's Volkswagon Combi and during the trip, Susanna related to me essentially the story told in her article just preceeding this one. I was bedded down for the night at their apartment and got up early, before anyone else, and took off for Washington as related in an-

other article in this issue.

Now, I'd like to say a few things about this weekend. First--both Marie and Susanna are wonderful people, pleasant, friendly, always giving you a helping hand and providing to TVs who are smart enough to take advantage of it an unforgettable opportunity. Second--Susanna has related in an earlier issue of TVia how so many write to her or talk on the phone about how much they would like to go the resort, but when the chips are down they don't show up. There are several things at fault here. I had the same trouble in L.A. getting the girls to come out to our Hose and Heels Club. So many of you are afraid that you don't look well enough, you don't have the right clothes, you would feel foolish in company with those of more experience, etc., etc. Look! The Resort isn't just for the ZSA ZSA Gabors and Marilyn Monroes amongst us; it is in the country, it doesn't require a dress by Balmain; those who have been smart enough to take advantage of it are not there--by experts who are critical of the "new girl at school". In view of this, I urge those of you in the East who can get to the resort to GO TO IT. You don't know what a wonderful experience is in store for you. The cost is nominal; the value in acceptance, sociability, freedom of expression, conviviality, and satisfaction is tremendous.

I have suggested to Susanna that next summer she let everyone know in advance thru TVia or otherwise that certain weekends will be specially for TVs. With advance warning plans can be made, money saved, excuses invented and tickets bought. So please, plan to go, it will do much for you in acceptance of yourselves as well as just plain enjoyment. As for me--I loved every minute of it!

Virginia

KAREN
SUSANNA, LEE
GAIL



VIRGINIA
GLORIA
AUDREY
ANITA
LEE
FELICITY

GLORIA
SANDY
FELICITY
ANITA
VIRGINIA





KAREN & SUSANNA



ANITA & GLORIA

FELICITY & VIRGINIA



LEE & KAREN





A GIRL FRIEND, GRACE (A WIFE)
EVELYN, LEE, & MARGE



VIRGINIA, SUSANNA and
CAPTIVE (EDITH)



RAE, SANDY & ANITA
GAIL (Clown)



EDITH, AUDREY, VICKY



SENORITA AUDREY--NEW YORK



"I LAUGHED WHEN I SAT
DOWN AT THE PIANO!"



LEE



MARIE as a Clown
SANDY & SUSANNA

Bob Stevens ... Girl Reporter

BY BARBARA

Joining the staff of Transvestia had been quite a thrill for me, an active TV. I loved reading the little notes from the 'girls' around the country, and taking an active part in what I felt to be a worthwhile cause. I had even aquired, when Virginia had insisted that I change into full female attire when I arrived at work each day...even to old fashioned corset and four inch heels. After all, her logic was irrefutable. "What would people think," she said, "if they walked into the offices of Transvestia and saw a man all dressed up like a man?" However, this last brain storm of hers had been almost too much.

"I won't do it, Charlie...er Virginia," I stuttered. "I have been out in public as a woman a few times, but I'm not good enough at impersonating to interview a famous man while I'm wearing a dress. I'll never get away with it!"

"Yes you will, Barbara," insisted Virginia, "and besides, this is more than just an interview. The old man has asked us to call on him on a business matter. Now how would it look for a representative of "The Magazine of Femininity" to show up in an Ivy League suit?"

"No. First assignment or not, I won't go."

"Yes you will, my girl. You either go interview him or you can turn in your wig and falsies and go out into the cruel world of men again."

With a threat like that what could I do? I went on the interview. Virginia had arranged for John, one of her TV friends who pilots his own plane, to fly me. So the next morning, wearing a blue knit dress, white pumps and hat, and a yellow streak down my back, I arrived at the airport.

In no time, we were airborne, and John proved to be a very good pilot. In fact, he proved it by flying down Hollywood Boulevard at an altitude of ten feet. She wanted to show me a darling negligee in one of the windows. In about four hours, we arrived

without mishaps, at the private landing field of one of the most famous men in the world. So, wishing with all my heart that I was back in some safe place, like the Anzio Beach Head, Bob Stevens, Girl Reporter, began his career.

John helped me alight from the plane, and taking my arm dragged, or rather escorted me to the door. At our ring, the door was opened by an adorable little maid. She couldn't have been more than three feet tall and was wearing a red nylon maid's uniform that would have made Vicki and Edith of New York just green! Poor little thing, she must have had a cold, because her voice was very deep. "Yes?" she thundered.

"My name is Barbara Stevens of Transvestia Magazine, and I..."

"Oh, yes, Miss Stevens," she interrupted. "We've been expecting you. Won't you come in? The Master is out with the Livestock at the moment, but his wife and sister are awaiting you in the drawing room. Just follow me."

John gave me a shove and we followed the maid into the drawing room. Two women were seated beside a huge fireplace. As we entered, they stood up. They were dressed as twins in long, red velvet hostess gowns trimmed with ermine. Their hair was bleached almost white and was sprinkled with glitter. Their figures were young and full, and yet their faces could have been almost any age. Their welcoming smiles filled the room with joy.

"How do you do, Miss Stevens," said one of the women, "so sorry that my husband is not here to meet you. This is Nikki, his sister. Won't you sit down?"

After introducing John, I settled back into a chair made of reindeer antlers and cushioned in red velvet, I smoothed my skirt and felt a little more at ease.

"Did you bring the jelly?" said Nikki. (She must have had a cold, too.) "We've had so many requests for it."

"Yes, I did, Nikki." I said, "and of course we will keep you amply supplied. But there is another purpose for my visit," Turning to the wife, I said, "do you think your husband would consent to an interview for Transvestia Magazine?"

"I think he might, my husband is the most generous person in the world, with his time as well as with his property. But what in the world could a magazine like Transvestia have to do with my husband?"

"We think that your husband may have the answers to many questions. After all, he is the world's leading authority on children, isn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, but..."

"Well," I continued, "a lot of our readers think that transvestism gets started in childhood. We would like your husband's opinion on that."

Nikki spoke. "I'm not sure he can answer that. He doesn't really see too many children in person you know, but of course, he gets a lot of letters...."

"Exactly," I said. "And to be perfectly honest with you, some of our readers even blame your brother for their transvestism."

Nikki exploded. "I deny that categorically. I never...I mean my brother never caused Transvestism in any boy! Why he has gone out of his way to see that boys didn't get dolls and dresses that they asked for...at least most of the time."

"Some of our readers blame him for that, too. They feel that they were destined to be TV's., so why shouldn't they have had pretty dresses as children? Your brother refused them."

"Well, now," sputtered Nikki, "I think that I..er, he has been very careful to give dresses and dolls only to little boys that were sure to be TV's anyway. He would never deliberately foster Transvestism. Not that he's against it, it's just that life is so difficult for a TV."

Now, I'll admit that I'm not the brightest guy in the world, but just because I was sixteen years old before I learned to wave bye-bye doesn't mean that I'm stupid. The light began to dawn. I've seen a lot of TV's in my life. I'll admit that this one had me fooled for quite awhile. This beautiful creature in the fitted red velvet dress was a man! And the enormity of who he was hit me like a ton of powder puffs. I almost whispered, "You and your

brother are very close, aren't you, Nikki?"

"Yes."

"As close as my brother and I?" I breathed through my lipstick.

"Yes, Mr. Stevens."

"Then, you are..!"

"Yes," said this vision of feminine loveliness, "Yes, I am Santa Claus!" I must have had a funny look on my face because Santa continued--"You seem surprised, Mr. Stevens...ah...Barbara, I mean. And yet could anything be more logical. In our world we attribute the qualities of loving, giving, generosity, nurturing of children, and unselfishness to women, though I admit that not all women have such feminine attributes". Mrs.Claus interrupted, "The one person in the world who best expresses these qualities is my beloved Santa.. Once a year he appears to the world as the beloved Saint Nicholas and shows his love of children by his trips down the chimneys of the world. The other 364 days, he expresses his true nature as a beautiful woman, My Nikki."

My head was reeling and I noticed that John was also staring open mouthed. Fortunately, the tape recorder in my oversized purse was running, so we got a verbatim report on what Santa had said on the subject.

"I have been making my yearly trip with the reindeer for a long, long time", the tape recorded, "and I have seen a lot of changes in the world. I'm afraid that most people forget, in the glare of department store windows and blatant commercialism, that I make that trip in celebration of a birthday. To me, the Man whose birthday I celebrate was the most perfect example of all that is good, and fine and decent. I am but a poor imitator. I wouldn't say that He was a transvestite, in spite of his long robes, but rather that he was a normal masculine man who expressed those qualities that society today calls feminine. He was loving, tender, sentimental. He adored women as he proved many times. He raised the status of women by his defense of the Adulteress. He gave sympathy, tender care, healing ministrations to the sick. He wanted to eliminate hate, war, avarice, aggressiveness. He begged us to appreciate beauty, to love our neighbor. In brief, he was the ultimate of femininity in a masculine guise. In a much lesser way,

isn't that what the transvestite is? Doesn't the TV also rebel against the restrictions of his emotions imposed upon him as a man? Doesn't the TV want to be gentle, loving, kind. Doesn't the TV love women, love beauty? The clothes are only symbolic. Because I carry within my heart the Spirit of Christmas I have lived many many years. You may tell the world, Barbara, that Santa Claus is a transvestite. In another day, yet to come, perhaps I will wear men's clothes if those clothes are compatible with what I am, but today I wear dresses because femininity is synonymous with all that is beautiful in the world we live in. And perhaps the TV's of the world are leading the way in expressing more beauty in the soul of the male."

"And I love him just as he is," said the lovely Mrs. Claus, "because he represents all of a man's personality, not just the limited, so-called masculine part that society permits, presently, a man to express.

The rest of the visit is rather hazy in my mind. I know that we saw the famous workshops where the dwarfs...all in dresses..were busy. I know we met Rudolph and saw the sleigh. I know we gave Santa the Falsie Jelly that Virginia had invented, because of his many requests for it from TV's around the world. I remember asking Santa how he accounted for the way he looked in his popular pictures. "Ho, that's easy! That long white beard is really a phony. Keeps my face warm. And as for that fat figure..why Christmas Eve is the only night in the year that Mrs. Claus lets me take my corset off!" And I clearly remember Santa giving me the doll.

"Did you ever have a doll, Barbara, when you were a little boy?" he asked.

"No, darn it, and I asked you for one every year, too!"

"Then please, let me give you one now. It's a very special one." And he gave me a beautiful teen age doll with long blonde hair and a darling little figure.

After our reluctant farewells, I was holding that doll in my arms in the plane all the way back. As John and I were discussing our amazing adventure, the doll's hair suddenly came off in my hands. Looking down, I saw that it was a wig, and under the blonde

A Christmas Story

BY JOANNE

The stock elevator was busy, so Jack Langley took a customer car and stepped well back as a crowd of women swirled in like a quick gust of winter wind. The door closed with a hush and the car whirred upward, wafted on its own cloud of musky fur and cosmetic odors, the rustle of impatient silk a soft counterpoint to the elevator's electrical hum. "Four", the operator said. The doors hissed open and there was a polite crush of paper wrappings and the murmur of sibilant apology as several women pushed out. "Corsetry", the operator announced. She stood abreast of the open doors, her beige linen uniform and her almost military stance serving only to emphasize her girlishness. "Brassiere bar", she said. Jack Langley pushed out of the car and smiled at the girl. She sucked in her cheeks holding back the faintly self-conscious laugh of greeting. "Robes, nightwear, lingerie". Her full lips gave a heavy liquid presence to the words. They seemed to hang in the steamy atmosphere after the doors had clicked shut behind him.

He turned left and walked rapidly between the heavily laden counters topped with Christmas decorations. He stepped agilely through the undulating crowds of women shoppers, past the fragile cases of delicately draped lingerie, and toward a distant executive door. Subdued conversation mingled with the tinkle of Christmas bells, and the small giggle of busy cash registers filled the heady holiday air.

As Jack approached the door it opened to emit a girl carrying a file of advertising copy beneath her arm and a white satin corselette rolled loosely in her hand. "Hi, Jack", she said. She tipped the corselette in greeting. The satin glistened in the subdued light and the six garters leaped against their elastic restraints sending out silvered shards of light. Jack smiled at the girl and nodded as he passed her. He paused briefly in the doorway, knocked lightly, then entered the small but elaborate office.

The woman at the desk looked up with a smile. She motioned him to a chair near her and watched him carefully as he sat. She

was tall--as tall as he--and quite beautiful. And Nancy Morgan possessed a regal presence that was an integral part of her beauty. It was this magnificent presence of hers, Jack Langley knew, coupled with an outstanding competence that had sped her so rapidly from assistant buyer to head of the department and which, it was rumored, was to give her a vice-presidency for a Christmas present. A distant person, yet a warm one, she was his superior and they worked well together. He had been, for some years, the coordinator of all corset and lingerie stock.

"How's everything downstairs, Jack? Are we going to be in good shape for the holidays?"

"Fine shape. I haven't failed you yet, have I?"

"No", she laughed. "If everyone was as dependable as you--" her voice lagged speculatively.

"Things kind of rough up here, Nancy?"

"Aren't they always at this time of year!" She put her face in her hands in a quickly symbolic motion of weariness. "And there just isn't enough help. It's more than just a problem this year". She picked up a pencil and began to tap it against her teeth in a nervous fashion that was quite unlike her. "That's why I called you up here".

They had been friends for years, but, curiously, no more than that. Jack felt a need for her, a distinct man to woman attraction, yet there was more unexpressed. He might have described it as the affection of best girl friends had he ever allowed himself to think about it. "If there's anything I can do", he said. "We have our holiday rush in stock before it ever starts up here so I'm more or less free".

"I know". She looked at him with a long appraising stare. He had seen it before. It was, in fact, that very stare which had in the past forestalled on his part any confession of emotion and advanced to more confident companionship--or more. It was an effective thing on her part, she used her eyes like a sword. "You're very good in undies", she said. "You know more about fashions than most women, more than any of the clerks, and some of them have been here quite awhile, almost more than I do. I sometimes think you should have been a girl".

Jack Langley felt denuded beneath her stare and his face tingled at her words. His hand went to the buttons on his shirt in an instinctive motion that served only to corroborate her words, to lend them a validity he did not wish to have publicly expressed. "I'm afraid", he said nervously, "that I wouldn't look much like a girl".

"I disagree", she said. "That very statement was girlish. Most men would have said something quite different, a typically masculine and aggressive statement. You didn't. You made a statement about how you might look, that's typically feminine".

He felt mocked suddenly and vaguely angry. He did not feel impelled to argue, perhaps because of the rapier stare she had trained on him, yet he wanted to lash out--to scratch at her face or pull her hair. And knowing this, he knew that she was right. "Look, Miss Morgan--" he began.

"Oh, Jack. Stop! Let's not have any of this MISS MORGAN business, please! I want--" her voice faltered with a not yet familiar emotion. "Perhaps I began in the wrong way. I feel as though I've insulted you. Jack, I've always thought we were close somehow. I called you up here because I need your help. I'm in a real spot".

She was Nancy again and he warmed to her quickly. "Of course," he said. "Tell me what you want".

She took a deep breath. "I assume you know all about the store's Christmas charities".

"You mean sending the Santa Claus from each department around on the afternoon of the twenty-fourth with gifts from that department. It's become quite a tradition over the years".

"And our Santa goes to the Erna Jenkins home for unwed mothers with a sack of lingerie. It happens to be THE favorite charity, the hallmark if you want to call it that, of the store's Christmas tradition".

"Wronged girls or wayward ones depending on your point of view".

Nancy Morgan laughed nervously. "Anyway, we just don't have a Santa to send this year. We're short by over a dozen sales

people now. The agencies are simply no help at all. The flu is going around again--I suppose we have that to look forward to on Christmas eve. I've called every model in town and THINKING seems to be completely beyond them? And--"

"Nancy, you're starting to talk too fast. Calm down. We can certainly work something out".

"I'm sorry. I am jittery, I guess. We have to do something, though. This is only one afternoon, but it's probably one of the most important of the year. Two of the board members are related to the late Erna Jenkins and I understand that the store contributes quite a bit to the upkeep of the home. There's an executive party on the twenty-fourth and--Jack, I'll be frank with you. There's a vice-presidency waiting for me at that party and I just can't take a chance on anything going wrong".

"How about a secretary"?

"They're impossible".

"Well, someone from another department. A man Santa".

"That's out. I called Mrs. Pritchett, the caretaker, again this morning on the off chance and she told me that no man has ever set foot in the sacred---well, you know the type".

"Oh, one of those!"

"It has to be a girl, Jack. And a good looking one, that's part of the tradition, too. And, someone familiar with lingerie, someone who can give out the gifts as though she was a lingerie Santa Claus all year long".

"I don't know what to suggest, Nancy". Even as he said the words, Jack Langley knew that they were meaningless, knew that the suggestion had already been made and had been made, moreover, by himself in a thousand subtle ways. Despite himself, he reddened perceptibly when she asked him.

"Will you be the Santa for corsets and lingerie"? she said.

The room was suddenly very warm. He was abruptly conscious of her as a feminine presence; he was conscious of her clothes, the trim line of her suit, the sharp tailoring of her crepe blouse and of her meticulous makeup. He felt drab and naked by the

inevitable comparison. From the street far below the faint sound of Christmas traffic filtered upward through the gray snow. "Allright", he said softly. "If it's that important, Nancy". His cheeks were flaming now. He could not look at her.

She came around the desk quickly and stood behind him gripping his shoulders to impart some of her strength, to help him as he sought to control an errant emotion. "Jack, you're good. This department is a dream to run with people like you in it. You're quick and you have a decided flair for fashion, especially lingerie. I need you badly, Jack".

"It's allright," he said again. "If you think we can make the transformation".

"We can", she sighed. "I've watched you. You're slim, almost exactly my size, your voice is soft, kind. Most importantly, Jack, I know that you know enough to do it and do it well".

"I don't even know where to begin".

"I do", she said. "I think I have it all arranged".

They had less than a week to prepare for the Santa Claus masquerade, but Jack was more than naturally adept at femininity--much more. It was frequently late, long after the store had closed, when they wearily drank coffee in Nancy's apartment in hurried respites from their long hours. Then, while Nancy Morgan laid out his clothing, he would shower and dust himself with a scented powder, making a cloud from which he stepped shaven and smoothly white, trembling in the pristine pink panties with which Nancy began the lesson. She padded him adequately and corseted him tightly and made him walk about the apartment to get the feel and balance of heels, to accustom himself to the delicious sway and tug of elastic. She scrupulously corrected his every motion until each turn of the wrist and each delicately arched step was exactly and exquisitely feminine. She made up his face in a variety of ways, experimenting with dramatic lipsticks and eyeshadows. She decided at last on a brumette scheme and secured to that effect a shoulder length hairpiece which swirled darkly about Jack's

smoothly painted face. His full and deeply red lips were in excellent contrast to his luminous dark eyes. They were both amazed at his face. He had become a patrician and Mediterranean beauty with a richly sensuous voice.

The costume for the girl Santa Claus was altered to Nancy's specifications. It was of deep red satin, slimly cut and trimmed in fluffy white fur. The ski pants fitted narrowly into sleek little boots. The jacket fastened with little bells and had mittens and a hood, both impossibly feminine, fastened to it. The total outfit conveyed the impression of femininity in a Christmas motif rather than the other way around and looked like the December leaf of those calendars which used to hang in incongruous splendor in the office of an ice and coal jobber or a country feed store. Nancy Morgan was quite proud of her achievement.

The afternoon snow fell heavily on Christmas eve and Jack stood at the window peering out at the white whirling day and nervously running his gleaming red nails through the fur at his cuffs. A dim reflection looked back at him through the window smiling and receding by turns. She beckoned him, a dark and elaborately painted seductress with ebony smooth hair framed in white fur. An inner voice spoke words but dimly distinguished from the wind's sudden howl. "So", the reflected girl seemed to say, "this is what you're really like! No wonder you stayed in lingerie so long, but then--we knew it all the time, DIDN'T we?" The figure smirked prettily and disappeared in the snow.

Jack turned from the window feeling the smooth pressure of the bra and girdle as they gently pulled at his skin. Nancy entered the room drawing on her long kid gloves. She looked at Jack critically. "You make a lovely Santa", she said.

Jack felt the quick coloring of his cheeks beneath her cold and familiar stare of appraisal. But he did not glance nervously away as he had so often in the past. He wet his lips and deliberately, in an idle and distinctly feminine fashion, fluffed the hair along his neck. "Am I really beautiful?" he asked in a throaty contralto.

It was Nancy Morgan's turn to redden and look away. "We'd better go", she said. "That store will be a madhouse....and the party! Did I forget anything?"

"if you don't get by to pick me up--" Jack began.

"Yes, I'll probably be late. Well, take a cab and come here. Then fix yourself a drink until I come. Then I'll want to hear all about it":

"I hesitate to ask this but what if. . .?" he paused. Yes, what if the surging warmth of girlishness and femininity was not real but only hopeful imagination. What if he were found out! What would happen then to Nancy? They were mad to try something like this!

"Jack Langley you're doing magnificently. If you knew how really lovely you looked you wouldn't worry at all. I'm not worried". She led him from the apartment and through the snow to her car, and in a few moments they were rolling up the driveway of the done over estate that was the Erna Jenkins home. Nancy stopped only a moment to let Jack--Joan Lang now--out in front of the large doors, then drove off with a hurried "good luck" and the condensate from her exhaust wisping upward in the winter air.

Joan carried her small pack up the wide steps and as she reached the top a bustling gray haired woman came through the doors to meet her. "Well, well", she said, "if it isn't our Santa Claus. I thought I heard a car. My, but you look sweet. Here, my dear, let me help you with your sack".

"Thank you", Joan said. "I hope I'm not late". And privately she hoped her voice was as sweetly convincing as she felt it to be.

"You're in plenty of time, my dear. My, but I can't thank your store enough. They are so wonderful to us at Christmastime--oh, right this way, my dear. Why, when I think of what these poor girls go through--well, it's certainly wonderful of you. It certainly is".

"Thank you, ma'm", Joan said.

"Oh, lands, just call me Mrs. Pritchett". She hurried ahead of Joan, leading the way toward a large room decorated with holly wreathes and candles. "My, but you make a lovely Santa. Every year we get a girl more beautiful than the one before. Your store certainly has lovely girls. And it's so nice of them to do this. Why, if you knew what these poor wronged girls have been through--but this is Christmas, isn't it? Let's don't talk about such sad

things. It's going to be such a lovely Christmas".

Jean followed Mrs. Prichett into the room, taking short and tightly girdled steps and feeling fully and happily female knowing that the afternoon was going to be a success.

The party was as festive as such an event could be. The girls were mostly quite young and acted bravely cynical at first, joining apathetically in the singing, and as the sentiment and the holiday spirit evoked memories of another and happier Christmas they became tearfully involved. Most of them remarked to Jean about how lovely she was and they stared at her bedazzled by her femininity. They sipped tea and ate cake which Mrs. Prichett called "simply divine, my dears" and after darkness had fallen, Jean stood at the head of a long table with the Christmas tree reflecting brilliants from the red satin stretched tightly over her full breasts and passed out the gifts.

They were sets mostly, slips and half slips, some gowns and robes. The girls held them up chattering happily and stared at their shining newness, yearning for the day when they might finally wear them.

With the muted music of recorded chimes the party came to an end. Joan glanced at the clock and said that she would "simply have to dash". The girls sighed goodbys and Merry Christmases and Mrs. Prichett in a shower of tears and oh my, followed Joan to the door and waved to her as she walked down the steps and climbed into the waiting taxi. The driver made garulous remarks about Joan's being the "best lookin' Santa I seen dis year" and she sat tearily in the corner of the cab, wen over at last to the sentiment of the season.

She paid the driver and hurried through the swirling snow to the apartment door holding her now empty sack up before her face as a wind shield. Kicking daintly she shook the snow from her boots and entered. She let herself into Nancy Morgan's apartment and leaned back against the wall sighing.

"From the way you look I'd say it was a success". Nancy smiled at her from a corner of the couch.

"Oh", Joan said, startled, "I didn't know you were home".

"I hadn't planned on being home early--at least, not at first".

"Well, how did it go"?

"That's my question".

"It couldn't have been better. I'm a girl--a real girl! And you?"

"Well...the store was a madhouse".

"That's not what I mean".

Nancy smiled impishly. "I'm a vice-president now, is that what you mean?"

"Oh, Nancy, that's simply marvelous! I'm thrilled for you." Impulsively Joan walked over and gave the other girl a kiss--an affectionate sisterly kiss.

Nancy Morgan looked up, happily surprised. There was a quick flicker of that appraising stare she used so often. Then she turned away and said, "Take off that Santa costume, Joan. I'll bring you a robe." Joan folded the costume and slipped into the flowered silk robe and the yellow high heeled slippers Nancy brought from the bedroom. Nancy led Joan to a seat beside her on the couch. "Here," she said. "Look at the light. I've got to fix your eyes. You've been crying, you silly."

"It's Christmas," Joan said, "And those poor girls--" There was a long silence in the room. Finally, Joan adjusted the folds of her robe with a sibilant tucking and smoothing. "I want to ask you something, Nancy. Something I've always wondered about."

"Yes?"

"Sometimes...sometimes you stare at me as though you're trying to guess something or to--"

"No, I stare at Jack Langley that way. I always have."

"I've been concerned, Nancy. I used to think something was wrong."

"No, nothing was ever wrong. It's just--" She snapped the

cap on the eye shadow. "--that I used to wonder about Jack Langley. With his ability he could have had a position equal to mine in another department and yet--I started to mention this last week--he, you, stay in undies. Why?" Joan ran her tongue nervously over her scarlet lips tasting the rich flavor of the paint. "You do like undies, don't you?" Nancy asked. "What I've been trying to find out all along, I think, might be summed up by asking you if you'll accept a gift I bought for you. I want to know if it's appropriate or not." She reached behind her and picked up an elegantly wrapped box tied with a large pink bow. She handed it to Jean.

A small card at the corner of the box said simply: Merry Christmas, Jean.

"Nancy, you shouldn't have!"

"You've been so good, Joan. Open it."

Slowly, with excitement and trepidation in a curious emotional marriage, Joan opened the gift. The ribbon fell away with a soft swish and she knew even as she slipped the top from the box what was nestled beneath the soft tissue. Her eyes dimmed as she caught the flash of heavy white satin, felt the delicate fretwork of expensive lace. "Nancy, I'm..I'm going to ruin my makeup again!"

"Well, Joan, is this an appropriate gift for Jack Langley? If not--"

"Oh, yes, darling! I love it!" Joan held the gown up before her and pressed the rich fabric to her cheek.

"Just as I thought," Nancy smiled. "That solves another problem for me."

"What?"

"Do you think that Jack Langley could quit his job sometime soon?"

"Nancy! You're not--"

"Serious? Of course. As the position of department head is now open it's my responsibility to find someone to fill it. I

can't think of anyone better suited to the job than--Jean Lang."

"I don't know what to say."

"Just say that Jack Langley will quit."

"Oh, he will, Nancy. I know he will."



"Whaddya staring at!?! Didn't the president say every junior exec should be able to do anything anybody in his department did?"

When Women Rule

BY ELVIRA

It was about the year 2000, some 25 years after the Third World War. The survivors, nearly a million in all, unharmed by radio-active agencies, were concentrated in a part of America that had escaped all contamination and had suffered but little destruction. A notable feature with these survivors of humanity was that the women outnumbered the men by at least six or seven to one.

Naturally, the women were dominant. They quickly decided to form one general government, and, as soon as life was again orderly and production of food and materials effective, they decided in a kind of supreme council that men were the inferior sex. Further, that, as it was the aggression of the male that had so nearly destroyed the whole world, they would preserve their new-found civilization and culture by preventing any possibility of men ever becoming aggressive again. To this end, the council decreed that, women and their ways being so much superior to men and their habits, all persons, male and female, should wear skirts.

As far as possible, all boys should be brought up and trained as girls had been in the past. Men who were ugly and incurably masculine in appearance would have to wear a severer type of skirt, with plain petticoats and untrimmed knickers. All would be obliged to wear tight corsets and a new kind of thin stocking, rather like the earlier nylons, but stronger and quite ladder-proof.

Men who were amenable - and this applied to the great majority - were encouraged to wear smart skirts with wide, frilled petticoats, dainty knickers and smart, well-cut corsets - in fact, to be as feminine as the girls and women had been some forty years earlier. They were expected to wear their hair long and curled, to have their ears pierced for long earrings and to have their breasts much enlarged and feminized by injections of female hormones oestrogen and a new one that not only produced large, firm, feminine-looking breasts with prominent nipples, but could even at certain periods, secrete a milk-like fluid.

Naturally, they wore high-heeled shoes with smart, pointed toes. So, with tight corsets, shoes and restricting skirts, with two or even three wide, frilly and belaced petticoats underneath, they had little inclination to rush about and assert themselves. They were completely dominated by the many women, whom at a glance, they so closely resembled.

There was a twofold distinction between male and female. An excessively feminine and very daintily dressed and made-up person was almost certainly a male, and, while women could wear red or pink colours, men were dressed in frocks and skirts of pastel colours, - green, blue, lilac, and so forth, but nothing in the least red, the ancient colour of aggression.

The frocks, skirts, underclothes and other garments were made of synthetic fibres far in advance of the nylon and terylene of the 60's. They were strong, yet dainty, filmy and light, though soft and warm, and nothing could harm them. Colours were fast and frocks and undies didn't stain or crease. So nearly perfect were the fabrics that they could be the more easily washed and dried.

Readers of Olaf Stapledon's masterpiece of imagination, forecasting life in the future, will understand that, by the end of the twentieth century, most of the old taboos on sex had disappeared. Stapledon looked forward much farther than the 21st century and illustrated the time when sex was taken for granted, as a natural, simple, though great pleasure, in any of its many forms, and that intercourse between friends was a kind of pleasing, courteous act, both perfectly correct and proper. Monogamy as such didn't exist, though partnerships of a century and more between the sexes were common, with the proviso that variety of sexual experience was healthy, both in the form of intercourse itself and in the partners concerned. Even group intercourse was considered desirable at times.

If our women and women-men of the end of the 20th century had not quite reached that level of reason and sensibility, they had nevertheless very few inhibitions and took and enjoyed sex in many forms, as naturally as the people of fifty years before had, in connection with food, prided themselves on the variety and delicacy of its presentation.

To the eyes of their predecessors of the 60's, it would be an extraordinary and somewhat amusing sight to see the whole population, wherever they went, walking about in wide, swinging and colourful dresses and skirts, high heels and long, beautifully-set hair, with dangling earrings and bracelets. Where, they would of course ask, are the men? What on earth has happened to them? They would not be able to believe the explanation that these pretty, petticoated, entirely feminine-looking persons were the men of the turn of the century and would express their disbelief with horror. They would be utterly unable to accept the idea of the dominance and superiority of the female, and the complete absence of sex repression that characterized this happy, feminine world. The idea that the men really delighted in their pretty frocks and frilly undies would be quite incredible and repellent. Nevertheless, with few exceptions, the feminine principle ruled, from corsets to the council chamber.

So, with so many women frankly desiring and freely enjoying sexual pleasures, and but few men to provide them, it would happen that one man in a family-house would have the task of satisfying five or six women. He would be kept as a dainty stallion in frocks and petticoats, and every effort and treatment would be adopted to maintain and increase both his feminine attractiveness and subservient virility. Tight corsets and special injections would be imposed by the family doctor, always a woman, of course. It was not uncommon for a number of women to get together to hold an evening party of sex joys, where every variety of sex-play, that earlier generations had called perverse, would be gleefully and satisfying indulged in.

Girl-boys, not yet old enough to provide pleasure for the sex-hungry ladies, were effeminized from a very early age. They were early introduced to the facts of sex, but were not expected to take an active part before the age of fourteen. By then, special training would have prepared them for the life ahead, and they would vie with one another over their slim waist-line, large, nipple-tipped breasts, trim ankles perched on the highest of heels and prettiness of face and hair. With all the open sex-life going on around them, they soon knew all about it, had their own juvenile enjoyments and in consequence suffered no form of repression. If they were, as in a few cases, born homosexuals or transsexuals,

no-one blamed or scorned them, and they were left free to indulge their natural appetites.

With sex so free and natural, people came to take it when they wanted it, just as they took food when they were hungry. So sex, being so largely feminine, became in all its variants a thing of beauty and delight.

=====+++++=====

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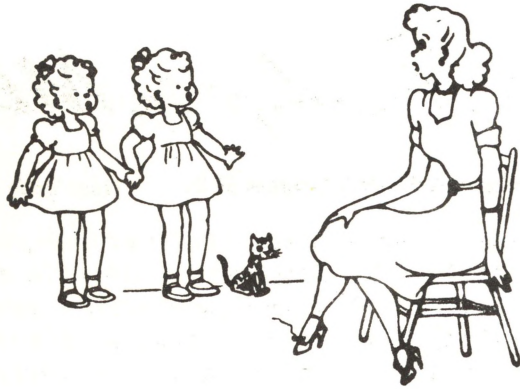
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"MOMMY, WHY DOES EVERYBODY
THINK I'M BETTY'S SISTER?"

"SEE THAT LITTLE GUY? I WAS
HIS SARGEANT BEFORE I WENT TO
CASABLANCA!"



AND I BECAME A MONK
TO GET AWAY FROM TV

"Alright so what if they are men--
they sure put my old lady to shame!"

Sex Censorship in **MEDICINE**

Preface by Harry Benjamin M.D.

New York and San Francisco

The following article "The Unfree", was written by one of my patients, William J. O'Connell. He is a man in his late twenties, of slight and somewhat feminine build, rather good-looking and in all probability even better looking when dressed in female attire. To be a woman is this man's greatest desire. He is well aware that sex, being determined at the moment of conception, cannot be changed. However, he wants to avail himself of everything medical science has to offer, to be made as much a female as possible, so that he can dress and live the life of a woman, freely and without fear of any laws.

His tale is one of deep frustration. From my own observation I can vouch for the truth of his statements and for the correctness of all essential details. His distressing if not tragic experience has been sufficiently embarrassing to me (and undoubtedly to those of my colleagues who tried to help him), as to justify these introductory remarks.

These remarks are born of my indignation over bigotry and its resulting injustice. As the distressful events unfolded, I became painfully aware of the betrayal not only of democratic principles, but also of medical ethics. What has become of the physician's duty to help a patient, even if he could not cure him? What has happened to our right of self-determination? Where is individual freedom and our guaranteed right to the pursuit of happiness? These are the questions now in my mind, as I write down some of my thoughts.

Censorship in matters of sex is traditionally severe, often excessive in countries of Anglo-Saxon culture and a Judeo-Christian philosophy. In the United States the added heritage of puritanism has produced examples of sex censorship that run the gamut from the tragically absurd to the outright comical. Such censorship could hardly exist, were it not for our antiquated, unscientific sex laws that were conceived in ignorance and religious superstition and are only too often enforced with a fanaticism that allows neither wisdom nor tolerance nor common sense.

One should imagine that medical men, supposedly trained in biology, who live and work in an atmosphere of realism would oppose such censorship more than any other group. Alas, that does not always seem to be so.

Most hospitals in the United States have Medical Boards that are there to supervise and direct the activities of doctors on the staff, in accordance with general rules laid down by the American Medical Association and also by the particular hospitals.

These Boards (actually sub-committees) are composed of various specialists who--unfortunately--are sometimes called upon to pass on cases, not in their own medical domain.

Hospitals also have the important Boards of Trustees (actually Directors) that are largely composed of laymen, including priests, ministers and rabbis. They determine the hospital's policies. They are usually very influential men. This influence, quite naturally can extend to the individual doctors on the staff of the respective hospital.

In this way, the Church can--through a back door, so to say, exercise a certain control over some phases of the practice of medicine. This is strikingly demonstrated when it comes to cases involving sex problems.

I know of an instance when a Mother Superior in a San Francisco hospital forbade a gynecologist on the staff to perform a sterilization operation in spite of valid medical reasons. He obeyed.

The case for and against the dissemination of birth control methods as applied in City Hospitals was recently thrashed out in New York. The Church members of the Board of Trustees first forbade and later their majority allowed such dissemination. This was done through the office of the Commissioner of Hospitals who reversed himself in compliance with the wishes of the Trustees.

Many doctors, especially surgeons, need hospitals facilities. Therefore they have to submit to the decisions of their Board in treating their patients or they may lose their staff privilege and with it perhaps much of their practice. The censorship thus created may be salutary in many instances. But in others, it may



ROSEMARY -- HONG KONG



JACQUELINE -- HOLLAND

MARILYN -- IOWA



also be tyrannical, unethical and harmful. The raw deal that my patient received from a hospital board is a case in question. It is not unique.

Not long ago I witnessed another example of the inhuman action of a hospital board in San Francisco.

A young woman came to me who was 21, married with two children, one eighteen months, the other six months. Now she was pregnant again and desperate over the prospect of another child. I had previously treated her for goiter and anemia. Laboratory tests showed she was again anemic. Besides, she was underweight and undernourished; her economic status was poor.

Furthermore, I found the patient emotionally so seriously disturbed, that I actually feared for her and her children's safety.

Therefore I referred the patient to a prominent gynecologist and, in a letter, gave him the above data, urgently suggesting a therapeutic abortion " to preserve her and her family ".

The specialist examined her and fully agreed with me. He wrote the second letter of certification that is required before such an operation can be performed.

The patient was admitted to the hospital, remained, several days under observation and naturally in a state of worry and suspense. Finally, the operation was scheduled for an early morning hour and all preparations were made. Now at last, the burden lifted from the young woman and once again there was a future. As she was of Catholic faith, a priest had visited her to make sure that she knew what she was doing and was satisfied to have this unwanted pregnancy interrupted. She was emphatic about it.

Half an hour before the time of the operation, she was suddenly and bluntly told that the Medical Board of the hospital had disapproved of the operation and she was to go home and have her baby.

Her and her husband's despair can easily be imagined. If funds had been available, a criminal abortion would undoubtedly have replaced the legitimate therapeutic one. But these people could not afford an abortionist's fee (although the wasted hospital expenses might have helped). Then, fate took a hand. Before a threatened desperate action could have been undertaken, the patient had a miscarriage. Now medical science was ready to help.

She was re-admitted to the hospital, treated and soon discharged as cured.

My bitter resentment over the handling of this case that so easily could have led to a tragedy prompted me at that time to write a letter to the chairman of the respective Medical Board. This is what I said:

"My dear doctor: Your Board has recently turned down the request for a therapeutic abortion of Mrs. X, a request that was supported by Dr. Y (a member of your staff) as well as myself.

It seems evident that the fear of religious or legal disapproval took precedent over humanitarian and medical indications.

A touch of cruelty seems to have been added in this case by forbidding the operation at the last moment, just after the patient had been prepared for surgery.

Fortunately Nature was in this instance wiser and kinder than your Board. The patient had a miscarriage.

I am deeply disappointed with the attitude of my colleagues, an attitude that is, of course, welcome to the illegal abortionists.

Sincerely yours,
Harry Benjamin, M.D."

Before sending the letter, I felt it was only fair to show it to my esteemed colleague, who had in such fine humanitarian and truly ethical spirit concurred with me in this case. He asked me, as a favor to him, not to send the letter. It would do no good and only cause "bad blood".

And so, the letter remained undelivered and a rebel against superstition and injustice had to make his concession.

Incidentally, I found out later on that the Medical Board that decided this patient's fate was composed of three surgeons and one medical man. No psychiatrist was consulted, the only one who could have appraised the emotional state of the young woman with competence.

Returning to the writer of the following article, a few words of explanation may be in order.

This patient is a so-called Transsexualist (or Transsexist), also described as a Psychic Hermaphrodite. His body belongs to one sex, his psyche to another. He is a man with a woman's mind or is a woman in the body of a man.

This is not the place to examine the cause and nature of the condition. In all probability it is partly constitutional and inherited, and partly acquired in early childhood through unfavorable environment and upbringing. Such people are rare, very rare in relation to population, but they are a terrific problem to themselves and to their families. They are no threat to society. They are not aggressive, because they are introverted. They are utterly miserable when forced to live as men (as they must do in accordance with the law) but they are immediately relaxed and reasonably happy when able to dress and live as women.

Their male sex organs are a horror to them, because they are a constant reminder of their anatomical sex, that is the opposite of their psychological one. They strongly desire the surgical removal of these organs for two main reasons: First, the removal satisfies their emotions because they then can no longer be considered male from the anatomical standpoint. They would be neuters, and therefore closer to the female. Secondly, (and that is most important to some of them) they would be legally immune from conviction when living as women. They may still be arrested if suspected of "masquerading" but they could not be held and convicted of any crime. It is therefore an unrealistic, cruel law that compels some of these people to seek this so-called conversion operation.

Transsexualists, by the way, must be differentiated from Transvestites. The latter are usually normal, heterosexual men, not interested in being converted surgically into "women", but only want to wear feminine attire.

Treatment for transsexualism in order to try and effect a cure is useless. The best qualified psychiatrists are agreed that "psychiatry has nothing to offer in such cases". Since the mind cannot be adjusted to the body, it seems logical that now the body should be adjusted to the mind, as far as such is medically possible.

But again, an antiquated law steps in and declares such an

operation illegal (mayhem). At least in the United States.

Naturally, such an operation never produces a woman. The patient is genetically (as determined by their chromosomes) a male, but an operation can produce a castrated male who could, however, be "feminized" by treatment and could, without breaking any law, dress and live as a woman. Such is the overwhelming heart's desire of these people.

I know about twenty of them who have been operated on, mostly abroad, a few in this country. (The case of Christine Jorgensen was the most publicized.) All of them, without exception, are--from the emotional point of view--happier people, better integrated and less neurotic. Therefore, society has been served, not harmed, by the surgeon's effort. It is only ignorance, prejudice and bigotry that can deny those transsexualists their right to their particular pursuit of happiness.

When sex censorship and sex laws on one hand and meek compliance on the other rob them of their privilege as human beings and American citizens, it is time to voice criticism and opposition.

THE UNFREE *by William J. O'Connell*

This writing is about Freedom. It is about how freedom was denied to one person and thus potentially to all, not in Russia or Germany but in the United States dedicated to its defense. It is about me, because I am involved; but my theme is freedom. It is about how I was engaged in the pursuit of happiness. How I chose a certain goal, being sure that my reaching it could not harm anyone else in the pursuit of his happiness. And how I was frustrated in the pursuit of my happiness by men who were bigoted and self-righteous, constituting themselves into a sort of modern lynch mob, the more dangerous for being subtle. I do not ask you, reader, to be concerned about my frustration. Be concerned, though, for freedom, mine and yours.

The happiness I chose to pursue--had to pursue, more precisely--was, simply and shockingly, an operation to change my ostensible sex; for I am a person, physically male, whose mind and heart are feminine. If you, the reader, now turn away, muttering: "Oh, one

of them! You ought to be frustrated!"--then you are kindred to those who judge black men and Jewish men and freckled men because they are different. The leopard cannot change his spots, and I cannot alter, if I would, the basic femininity of my psyche. If there is indeed an eternal soul, then I suppose mine to be in gender feminine. At all events, what is certain is that from babyhood I have known--call it intuition, call it recognition--known beyond all doubt that I belonged among the women, and have longed to take my place there. It is not that a woman's life seems better; it very often isn't; it is merely a matter of belonging. Englishmen born and raised in India go home to England. So with me, always: to become a woman would be to come home. A dull home, perhaps, that of a thirty-four year old spinster, but still and always home. This would be my happiness: to wake tomorrow and find myself just such a woman. It is, you may think (especially if you are yourself such a woman), a curious sort of happiness to pursue. True; but plain water is more than champagne to one in desert lands.

The pain in my life is not merely that caused by prejudice and misunderstanding. Far more, it is the pain of conflict, the profound dichotomy of mind and body. I have perforce 'lived a lie' as man and boy, always painful, always false. Yet to dress as a woman, not being one, is equally false, as well as dangerous. What then, to do? A problem implies a solution: the solution to mine is to alter one of the elements, mind or body, to conform to the other. Putting aside the possibility of an unchangeable feminine soul, I still must say that my mind and heart--my psyche--have been shaped by a thousand million longings and choices and feminine values; I could not acquire a masculine psyche without undoing all that I have been and, in very truth, ceasing to be myself. There is horror in that thought--to cease to be oneself! I cry, as you would cry: "Never!" And while I do so, any psychiatrist would admit, a 'cure' is hopeless. But indeed, I utterly deny the accuracy of the word 'cure', for it presupposes the invalidity of the feminine psyche; it implies that what the body is is right, and that the mind (or soul) is a lesser thing. This from the race of Socrates and Shakespeare hath a curious ring.

But, if mind-conforming is not the solution, there remains the alternative: changing the body to fit the mind. This, within limits, is possible; and to a people that accept false teeth and

pectacles, plastic surgery and artificial limbs, it ought not to appear unreasonable. A man may be made endocrinally female by the female hormones, which control the secondary sexual characteristics of hair and breasts; and anatomically female by the removal of male organs and the surgical creation of a vagina. She cannot bear children (though even that may come with greater medical knowledge); but, surely, if she is female in anatomy and hormones and psyche, she is woman. This limited womanhood became my goal, this was the happiness I pursued.

My decision was made in the clear perception that my life was quite intolerable in its falseness. After some hard, realistic thinking, I went to a sexologist, a man wise in the ways of glands and their secretions. He received me with kindness and understanding, and sent me to a psychiatrist who confirmed his judgment that I was of sound mind and quite competent to decide where my happiness lay. Then he carefully began the process of feminization by the administration of estrogen and other female hormones. Months went by while my breasts began to develop and other changes took place and while my doctor studied me and tested and observed. Then at last--a glorious day--he approved me for surgery.

The surgeon, skilled and courteous, was not to be rushed, it was necessary that he be certain in his own conscience that what he was doing was best for me. I could not doubt that this great gentleman, like the sexologist, truly intended, in the words of Hippocrates, to govern his treatment by the needs of the sufferer. To make assurance doubly sure, he sent me to another psychiatrist who, in turn, convened a panel of his brethren. After many hours of discussion and questioning and study, these three psychiatrists unanimously recommended the operation, adding that they were powerless to alter my feminine psyche and that the surgeon would be doing me a great service by operating. Even then the surgeon was not wholly convinced and there were further discussions with him before he at length consented. "Now," I thought, "now at last, the long waiting and the long anxiety are done. Now my life will take on harmony and meaning. Now my great adventure..."

But I reckoned without bigotry and prejudice and timidity.

After a fortnight's wait for a bed, I went to the hospital that had agreed to the operation being done provided, I was told, their psychiatrists approved. One of them turned up the first day and, after conversations and tests, endorsed the views of his colleagues. This made a total of five psychiatrists unanimously in favor of the operation. The staff surgeon, who would collaborate in doing it, also came round, friendly and sympathetic. But then there was a delay. A staff psychiatrist was supposed to come by, but it seemed, he was unwilling to do so. Day after day I lay there, existing on the meatless diet, having to go outside to smoke rigors imposed not by my religious beliefs but by the hospital's. Finally a member of the all-important Tissue Committee appeared: the Committee, because of protest from the 'religious elements' of the hospital, were to review my case. But my visitor, although he was perhaps to present my side of the matter to his colleagues, seemed much more interested in talking than in listening; I think his mind was made up, and I think that neither justice nor 'the needs of the sufferer' found any room there.

The Tissue Committee refused to permit the operation, although they had allowed it in the past and although I had been admitted days before to have it. They did not ask me to present my case; indeed, it was quite obvious (as I was told by one of the doctors) that they did not consider me at all but only considered placating the 'religious elements'. Thus the careful, conscientious studies of sexologist, surgeon, and a battery of psychiatrists went for nothing. The hospital had sacrificed their honor (since I had been admitted under an implicit agreement) and their mission (to help those in need) for the sake of a bigoted few. For all that, they did not hesitate to charge me two hundred of the dollars I had so laboriously saved for the operation--two hundred dollars for discomfort and profound disrespect. No other hospital, now, would accept me after this one had turned me out; in any case, my short vacation was gone for another year. There was nothing to do but accept defeat and go home to Seattle. Later I wrote twice to the Committee, protesting, offering religious reasons for the operation. There was no reply at all--perhaps they had carried out an ecclesiastical excommunication with bell, book and candle. More probably, the individual soul was not important to these 'Christian gentlemen'.

Where does the blame lie for this fiasco? I had sought my own happiness, a happiness that could harm no other living person; and I had been stopped by the bigoted and the self-righteous; my freedom had been denied. Not very much can be said in extenuation of the particular hospital involved, for they had admitted me and charged me under an agreement which they dishonored; and the gentry who voted not to allow the operation were manifestly false to their oath to be governed in their treatment 'by the needs of the sufferer'--they were governed by bigotry and timidity and my needs were not considered. But other hospitals, though less dishonorable, are as timid. What lies behind their unwillingness to permit an operation that, in the considered judgment of nearly a dozen doctors, is necessary? There are, it seems to me, three elements of their timidity: legality, religion, and disrespect for freedom.

The law is not lucid in matters of this sort. The common law and certain ancient statutes forbid mayhem. Mayhem is depriving someone of limbs necessary for self-defense--a sword arm or a trigger finger. It is somewhat difficult to regard sexual organs as being useful in self-defense. Moreover, such laws had in view, of course, maiming by force, without consent. In short, the law of mayhem is not (like the law on theft) automatically applicable, if at all, to the removal of sexual organs with the patient's consent. Especially since the courts themselves castrate certain criminals. Nevertheless, a prejudiced district attorney might drag out this law and attempt to apply it to a hospital which was a party to the operation. Whether there could be a conviction and, particularly, whether any higher court would sustain such conviction, is perhaps doubtful. The surgeons were willing to risk it, if their consciences approved. It is difficult to believe that the hospital refused me because of this law.

Religion, not necessarily genuine religion, is the force behind the hospital attitude; indeed, it would be the force behind the public opinion that might persuade a district attorney to invoke the law of mayhem. Public opinion is undoubtedly hostile to this operation, as witness the covert sneers surrounding the recent celebrated case of an American soldier who became a woman; people are shocked at femininity in a man and at castration (far more so than at the removal of a woman's ovaries). Undoubtedly this attitude is based on ideas of the inferiority of women, ideas

that receive a certain sanction in the writings of St. Paul. Obviously, an operation never dreamed of in early Christian times is not forbidden in the Bible, nor is there any verse that can be construed to forbid it in spirit. Thus the vaguely religious hostility to the operation does not at all mean that Christianity is really opposed to it. Being myself a devout Baptist, I've had some reason to think about the morality of the operation, more deeply perhaps than the 'religious element' at the hospital, more deeply than many who condemn out of hand. I do not assert my reasoning to be valid; indeed, I shall do no more than suggest the lines of such reasoning. Christian belief in the immortality of the soul does but strengthen the view that, if there is conflict between body and soul, the corruptible body ought to yield. Some have argued that to remove organs is mutilation--but "if thine eye offend thee..."? In truth, if the soul is feminine, this operation is a species of healing. But all this is an argument that need not be made; for nearly all Christians agree that man has free will to choose Heaven or Hell and the way thereto. When the hospital imposed their religious views upon me, without so much as a call from the Chaplain to learn mine, they denied me the exercise of that free will.

And freedom, both religious and secular, was denied me, by that hospital specifically, and by every hospital tacitly, that refuses to allow the operation. It is necessary to be very clear about this. What is this freedom we cherish? Someone has said that to define freedom is to limit it, and to limit it is to destroy it. This is not quite true. There is one, and only one, necessary limit to freedom; one must not exercise it so as to infringe on the rights of others. Thus one may not put arsenic in the salad, or sell atomic secrets to smiling Soviets, or run down old ladies with one's car. There is no other rightful limitation of human freedom. As to defining freedom, it can be said at least that it is not a negative thing, not 'freedom to conform' or 'freedom from want'; a slave has those--and still he is unfree. Freedom is the right to choose, to act, to pursue one's happiness. "The philosophy of the First Amendment is that man must have full freedom to search the world and the universe for the answers to the puzzles of life"--so wrote one great jurist; and another: "The essence of an individual's freedom is the opportunity to deviate (from the norm)."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is my check for the next two issues of TVia and a couple more dollars to help out in someway.

Before I forget--I want to thank Peggie for her article in TVia #4 on TVs and glasses. I don't know why I never thought of it myself. It was so simple. I copied all the information off my prescription, the size and all were on it. Then I walked right into an Optician and told the sales girl that I'd like to have a pair of glasses made for my sister. I picked them up a couple of days ago. I never wore my male glasses when in dresses but I'll always wear these new feminine ones. In fact I think I look much prettier with them on than without them. Thanks again, Peggie.

So you see, Virginia, along with bringing me much happiness TVia has already helped me in another way from the experiences of another TV.-----

Yours, Edna--Texas

Dear Editor:

Insurance companies tell us women live, on the average, seven years longer than men. This was not always so and it has been only in more recent years that it has become evident.

The male of the species has a habit of not taking care of his body, overeating and going around with his front sticking out in a kind of pregnant effect, wearing heavy clothes, tight collars and a necktie which puts seven thicknesses of cloth around the one part of his body which doesn't need it. This may account for a few of these lost years.

Apparently anything a woman does to keep herself healthy and extend the years of her life are taboo for a man. He has to travel the rut laid out for him and eventually leave his widow the fruits of his labor about the time he reaches retirement age.

A martyr to the clothing industry, he must wear heavy clothing indoors while his feminine counterpart is cool and comfortable in her bare neck and light clothing and shoes.

Perhaps a basis for this might be found in something which was, at one time, known to the men who worked outdoors in the north country. However lightly he might be dressed he never neg-

lected his middle. It was always bound by a belt or even, sometimes by a horses surcingle. His shoes or boots were never tight, his waist protected, and the rest of his clothing was ventilated. He was only restricted where he needed to be.

A lot of sympathy is wasted on our women as they gaily walk the streets in winter with bare neck, strap pumps and nylons, her coat clutched or open but her waist protected by her girdle where protection is needed. She has evidently found herself guided, whether she knows it or not, by the clothes worn by the pioneer farmers and lumber-jacks of the north woods.

A man's comparatively heavy clothes, worn in an overheated house, tight in the wrong places, are a standing invitation to colds when he goes out wrapped as he is in pounds of wool.

About the only persons prepared to do something about the situation are the transvestites who are nor eternally bound by convention. The underclothing designed for the girls is his dish and he can wear them if he so chooses. The lighter shoes made for women are his too, if he so desires, for her strollers and his loafers are the same, except for the weight.

So take a tip from the girls, fellows, if you would gather in those extra years---or perhaps, under the circumstances, it isn't worth it.

Sincerely, Myrtle--Minn.

Dear Virginia:

Let me begin by saying how genuinely happy I am that a magazine such as "TRANSVESTIA" has finally come into being. I waited with bated breath for three weeks until your wonderful magazine finally arrived. There is a crying need for just such type of reading. With the proper amount of advertising I am sure that "TRANSVESTIA" will be a success. Certainly there are untold thousands of transvestites in this country. The only problem is how can they be made aware of this enlightening periodical. I for one, will do my share. I find it amazing that you have not received a tremendous response thus far. There has been such a dearth of material on the subject of transvestism that a semi-monthly periodical devoted exclusively to the subject should be welcomed with open arms by any true lover of the feminine. Speaking for myself, I was only

recently aware of your publication. If I had known sooner I would have contributed artistically as well as financially.

Love, Denise, New York

Dear Charles:

As publisher and editor of TRANSVESTIA you are doing a notable work for us more lethargic if not lazy subscribers.

If you expect exhaustive and/or continuous dissertations on the why and how of transvestism from us readers, you have another think coming. Why, we're not interested in self-analysis--we're interested primarily in what will satisfy our longing, our desires and we want to read what will excite us sensually and emotionally.

This is not disparaging nor belittling your efforts to be objective and candid about transvestism. By no means! It simply means that if you intend to continue along these lines you'll simply have to do it practically alone--which you are probably doing already. True, you'll have contributors, but what they contribute will be news accounts, true or fabricated stories of their own experiences, true or fancied (mostly fancied) tales of others doings which they have fabricated to satisfy their own desires.

Transvestites are not interested in self analysis, nor do they seek an answer as to why they are so. Many admit that their greatest fear of self-analysis is that upon finding the truth the desire will vanish---and who wants that pleasant and desireable feeling to vanish.

What they will seek through the pages of your TRANSVESTIA are new avenues of experiences, fantasies and indulgence. Becoming satiated by past fantasies, which no longer effect any response, they must seek new ones continually to supply the need to activate their responses. Transvestites are scarcely interested in finding what makes the tick because they have no desire to upset their status quo which they have worked out to their own satisfaction.

It is with the truly young ones that there lies hope, but how are you going to reach them. Scared by social customs and

environmental inhibitions, and afraid of ostracism and ridicule--how many go through the years before admitting their difference to others.....

No, Charles, your work will be mostly a lonely one. If you desire to continue well and good, but I feel that if you are to continue publication, much of it must be devoted to stories, fantasies and experiences, a good many of which will I believe be fabricated to satisfy the personal indulgence of the fabricator. There is nothing wrong with this and perhaps its the safety valve that enables the transvestite to retain his sanity and prevents him from rash and foolish acts.....

But enough of this, Charles. I would like to say that I too would like to be among those receiving the stories when they are ready.

Sincerely yours, S.S.-- Minn.

Editors Note: It isn't fair to print only the congratulatory side--the approving side, so the other is presented too. Fortunately "S.S." fear that I would be laboring alone has not come to pass. The program and presentation of the magazine has been widely accepted and appears to be filling a need for many people. I believe that my ideas of presenting material not only for entertainment but for enlightenment and information as well are proving helpful to many readers in ridding themselves of guilt and fear and achieving greater self-acceptance. Moreover, an increasing number of non-TV readers are seeing this magazine and learning about the subject in ways they were never able to do before. I am satisfied that the program is successful and that the magazine will continue to grow. Perhaps "S.S." judges too much by his own feelings which are right to a degree, and does not realize the need for understanding and the peace of mind that goes with it that dwells within so many of our kind,---Virginia.

Dear Virginia:

I am enclosing the \$4 and hope you are able to send the new copy of your magazine real soon. I find that TVia is the most stimulating book that has ever been published. How gratifying to find that there are so many that realize and enjoy the luxury

and superiority of Feminine Fashions. How I that I had known long ago that there were others that enjoyed the supreme feeling of being a woman without the stigma of being "queer". Even now if I could only find the solace of receiving training in the art of feminine fashions and discipline by a lady or couple 50-60 years old.

Incidentally I am 32 and married, but my wife neither knows nor, I am sure, would be tolerant of my inner yearnings. How well I knew it when some of your writers spoke of the torture of living with a woman and being envious of her every small bit of clothing.

Please keep up the good work as this magazine is very important to people like me.

Love, Glo--Mass.

Dear Virginia:

Please accept my warm congratulations on a fine publication and an inspired cause. I have sought a magazine such as yours for many years.

Enclosed is my check for \$20. Please send me any early issues and put me on the list for subsequent issues. Additional funds will be forthcoming when required. I hope very much to be a helpful, contributing member of the group. Don't hesitate to call on me if you think I could be of some service.

Thank you, C.N.--Mass.

Dear Virginia:

I just received the back issue of TVia #3. I now have 3-7 and I must say the quality of the issues has been steadily improved. In fact, had I originally received #3 as my first edition, I might not have continued to subscribe. As it was, my first issue was #5 which was the first of the new format and good.

It seems to me that your first editions were on a more erotic level with more emphasis on bondage and subservience. For example I cite the story of "Life with Aunt Cora". There are many publications that cater to this erotic trend and I'm glad

to see that you intend to keep TVia out of this category.

I believe that the stories in TVia should be factual accounts and not "dream stories". If any reader wants that type of story all that has to be done is to write to Nutrix, or some other erotic publisher.

As the issues progress, you can see more of our "sisters" coming out of their shells and writing letters and articles. This is important - or you will have to resort to other material not so factual - or interesting. There should be more personal experience stories, such as my experiences in Japan and Jeanettes story in #7. In order to take on the personality of "our" magazine, TVia must of "of the people - by the people - and for the people" it represents.

Although I like the technical and professional articles on TVism, they do not always represent the true TV and are often flagrant distortions of the true feelings of most of us (as can be seen by your many Ed. Notes inserted in the articles).

I hope we can keep submitting good material for our magazine and pictures too. Let's keep the magazine factual, and hope more "girls" will come out of their shells and tell us about their experiences and how we can improve ourselves to face the world confidently and without shame.

Love,

Ann--Fla.

Dear Virginia:

I wish to commend you for the extraordinary improvement you have effected in TVia. There has been steady improvement as each issue has been printed. It shows what ingenuity mixed with a little more money can do. I think that you are doing a wonderful job. I sometimes wonder if you have had any journalistic training and experience. If not you have another profession at hand.

It is quite apparent that you have the support of many interested TVs and you may continue to count on me as one of them. I well know the patient and hard work that you are putting in but I know also that it is a "labor of love". Sincerely Winfie--Calif.

Ed's. Reply: No, no journalistic training besides writing several theses in college, but thanks for the kind words.

Targets, Titles, and Terminology

by VIRGINIA

In a magazine like TRANSVESTIA, which is designed for persons with a special interest, it might seem a minor matter to give any consideration to the audience which we are appealing to for it is obvious that we are dealing with the subject of cross dressing and appealing to persons who are interested in it. However, there is more to it than this.

There are publications on the market whose sole purpose is to cater to and sell to persons whose interests are in the fields of bondage, spanking, flagellation, etc. These publications have no purpose other than to make money, they are strictly commercial ventures. Many of these deal with Transvestism in some way and many TVs buy them, but I conceive of TRANSVESTIA as being considerably more than a commercial adventure, having more goals than just making money. (Even this goal has not yet been achieved). I think of TRANSVESTIA as serving the three purposes outlined on the cover of the very first issue: To provide Expression, Education, and Information. All three of these areas are above and beyond the commercial. This is what sets TRANSVESTIA off from any other magazine serving the special interests of a particular group, with the probable exception of ONE, THE MATTACHINE REVIEW and the LADDER all three of which are serving the interests and helping the cause of the Homosexual.

Well, if TRANSVESTIA is to serve the interests of a special group in the fields of Expression, Education, and Information it naturally poses the problems of just what the limits of that group are and what material should be printed in the magazine to accomplish these ends. Here is where the problem arises--i.e. how am I to think of the TARGETS--the audience--that I am shooting at. Naturally I have no restrictions on who buys the magazine, but I have to formulate an idea of the characteristics of the target in order to aim properly. So it seems timely for me to discuss the matter with you, the readers. That this problem is a significant one is indicated by the fact that I have perhaps half as many cards in the file for persons who have bought one or two issues and then

tends to confuse this type of person with others with whom various words have already come to be associated.

Words and names are very important matters in our culture. They are the means with which we transfer ideas and conceptions from one individual to another. Thus any "fuzziness" or inaccuracy in the words used to convey information results in bringing to mind in the other person concepts different than those we desire to share with him. In order, therefore, to build up in the public mind both lay and professional a clear idea of the kind of person we are concerned with in this magazine we must use words that are accurate, descriptive and clear in describing him and refrain from using other terms which have already acquired meanings related to other types of behavior. For these reasons the word Transvestite is not good; first because it merely describes what a person does and therefore does not serve properly as a noun; secondly, because the important thing behind a behaviour is why it is done--what is the motivation, and this word gives no inkling of that, thirdly, because to create the proper image in the public eye it is necessary to disassociate heterosexual persons who cross dress for personal inner satisfaction from homosexual persons who whether they enjoy inner satisfactions or not do employ feminine attire as a means to the ends of their homosexual activities and not as an end in itself. This is not to disparage homosexuals. I know many of them and have a great respect for a lot of them. They have their own problems with society and their own magazine and methods for contending with those problems. I just don't believe it is in the interests of the type of persons toward whom I am directing TRANS-VESTIA to allow anymore association between the two forms of behavior than can be helped. It just muddies the waters and hinders the clear understanding necessary to the task of enlightenment which lies before us.

For these reasons, the term transvestits just does not adequately describe us and thus does not aid our cause. What motivates most of us is a love of the feminine, not just the clothes--this would be fetishism--love of the feminine mode of life, feeling, and expression, insofar as it is different from the masculine. We symbolically unify ourselves with "ladies", that is the highest type of woman, not just with the female element in her. Thus a more descriptive word for our pattern would be FEMIPHILLIA, or love

of the feminine and one who feels this way would be termed a FEMIPHILE. This can be shortened to "FP" just as well as transvestite can become "TV". Now, as many of us have found out, in explaining our feelings to someone unacquainted with the pattern it is more easily gotten across to them when we call ourselves "amateur female impersonators". Yet this is a rather long title in the first place, and more or less classes us with the impersonators of night club type who not only are homosexual (in most cases) but are known to be by the public. In the second place, it is rather inaccurate because we are not impersonating a female, this is an operation calling for a sex experience. It is not the sex we are imitating, it is the gender--the quality of expression, the kind of living, the kind of personality that we associate with a lady, not just a female human, that we are adopting. We are personifying femininity, not femaleness. Thus the words "femme-personifier" would be descriptive enough but not very convenient, so the next modification that comes to mind is "femmepersonator"--one who becomes a feminine person or expresses femininity. This word is easy to say, easy to write, does not refer only to what ones DOES (as transvestite does) but to what the individual is accomplishing, thereby implying the motive behind the action. Moreover, of those who know the word transvestite many already associate it with homosexual queens since it is used that way frequently in the popular press. Femmepersonator, being a newly minted word has no implications except what we wish to give to it. It too, can be shortened to "FP".

"FP" in a symbol or pin would occasionally have to be explained to people who need not be told all about the dressing behaviour. For such person the initials stand for "Full Personality Expression, which is good enough for them and is at the same time a true statement of the aims of what has up to now been termed a TV. So, from here on, I suggest that we begin to train ourselves to refer to ourselves as "FPs" and not TVs, though that expression will doubtless die hard and creep in occasionally. (I think I may safely take some credit for starting that abbreviation in the first place, at least here on the West Coast, many years ago before the first ill-stared "Transvestia" appeared for its short life of 2 issues, therefore I feel that I have an added right to pronounce a death sentence. Naturally, the name of the magazine will not be

stopped as for those who have bought a number of issues and who are continuing members of the Sorority. Those who did not continue were looking for something other than what TRANSVESTIA offered them.

I began this magazine to serve a cause; I suffered considerable embarrassment, and financial loss for a cause; have made a large personal sacrifice for a cause and spent an enormous amount of time for this cause. I have done so because I believe that this cause needs to be served. Just what is this cause? It is that of building up knowledge, understanding, and, in small ways with individual people, acceptance of the behavior pattern commonly called Transvestism, and dignity, acceptance and self respect among the people who practice it. These people, their wives, parents, and friends are the audience--the targets at which this magazine is directed. It is not directed at nor intended for homosexuals, bondage enthusiasts, domination addicts, masochists of other types, fetishists, exhibitionists or any of a variety of other kinds of people. Subscribers to the magazine may be interested in one or more of these other fields, and may find the contents of TVia interesting as well, but the magazine itself will not be aimed at any of these fields. If, then, the magazine is designed only for transvestites, it is necessary to define the term at least for the purposes of the magazine.

The persons towards which this magazine is aimed are those whose sexual interest is oriented toward the female but who nevertheless find great peace, comfort, relaxation and inner satisfaction from the expression of the feminine part of their personalities through the medium of the wearing of feminine attire and symbolically becoming women. Other persons may adopt feminine attire for various other reasons, and may be said to be "transvesting" or cross dressing when they do, but they are not TRANSVESTITES as such unless they are heterosexual in orientation and their principle and probably sole digression from the ordinary lies in their desire to express their feminine self.

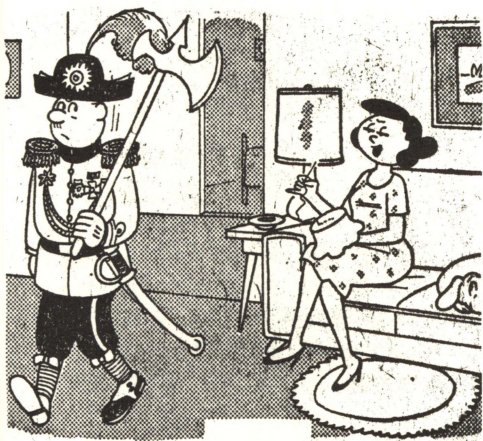
If the target of the efforts of Transvestia is this type of person, it is desirable to devise a terminology which will be descriptive of this type and not of others. At the same time, it is very much in order to refrain from the use of terminology which



"THE BOSS THINKS PEOPLE CAN
SELL BETTER WHEN THEY PUT
THEMSELVES INTO THEIR WORK."



*"YOU THINK WE SHOULD TELL OUR LATES WHO WE REALLY ARE?
NO, I'VE HAD SO MUCH FUN LATELY, LET'S
KEEP UP OUR DECEPTION A LITTLE LONGER."*



"Why don't you take off those
ridiculous things and slip into
a housedress like Mr. Smith does?"



"THAT'S REALLY NOT THE KIND
OF TV I HAD IN MIND."

changed. The name serves to catch the eye of any new FP prospects who see it.

The next matter of terminology that is important is that of avoiding words which give the wrong connotation. The phenomena of guilt by association is, unfortunately, all too common in present day America. By the old expression, "A man is known by the company he keeps". It therefore behooves FPs who are interested in establishing a separate identity, psychiatrically speaking, and a reasonable and understandable explanation for their feelings and behaviour for presentation to the world and to specific relatives and friends, to stay as far away as possible from words, expressions and actions that are already associated in the public mind with other behaviour patterns. I have reference, of course, to homosexuality. As all of us know, this pattern has been known for millenia and while heterosexual cross dressers have doubtless been around equally long, their existance as a separate identity was not recognized until the work of Hirschfeld, Havelock Ellis and others around the turn of the century. Unfortunately, inspite of the work of these knowing men many other psychiatrists and the public at large make no distinction between heterosexual and homosexual cross-dressers, classing them all as the latter with the humiliating sub-division of "latent" homosexuality applied to those who show no manifestation of it. With this type of classification we can't win, and this is why it is necessary to establish a new terminology, new definitions, even a new slang if necessary, while at the same time avoiding the words already identified with homosexual behavior.

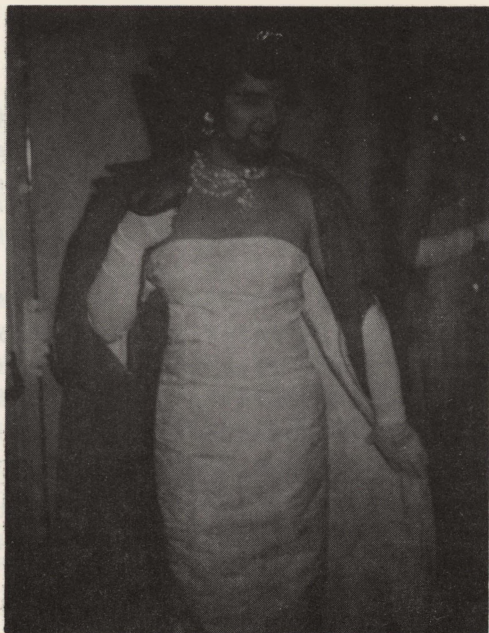
I have particular reference here to the use of the word "drag", such as "being in drag", going somewhere "in drag". This term refers to and is understood by everybody who knows the word as referring to homosexual queens who wear women's attire as part of their sexual appeal to other men. I refuse to use the word in this magazine except where it refers to obviously homosexual activities at gatherings like the Artists and Models ball which could be called a "drag ball".

Again, let me emphasize that I have nothing against homosexuals, male or female. I believe in the slogans of "Live and Let Live", and "To Each His Own", but FPs have a big enough battle of

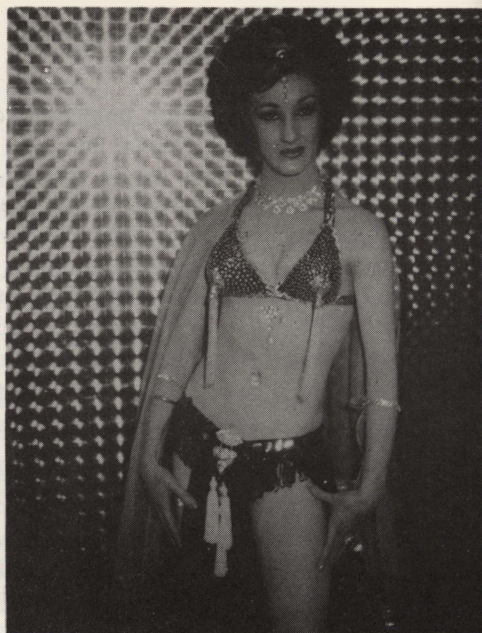
their own without having to fight the homosexual's battles too. Therefore, to fight on our own terms we must segregate ourselves in all possible ways from any other type of behaviour. This is the only way we will ever achieve even a little dignity and respectability.

Other words already associated with homosexuality and which I do not believe FPs should use either publicly or privately when discussing our activities are, "gay", "camp", "trade" and "Mary" (as a descriptive term, not a name.) Doubtless there are others which do not come to mind at the moment but which should be avoided

One cannot simply invent and impose a lot of terms on others, but I'll venture to make some suggestions and we'll see what catches on and what others may come up with. Let's try to create our own descriptive terms which will not only serve between us, but when used to others will have implications and connotations that are true and descriptive of the FP way of life instead of that of "gayville's" denizens. For example, the most common term is to be "dressed" which serves, but which is rather confusing since it implies the opposite the rest of the time, namely, naked. Some of us have humorously referred to being in "mufti" as against being in "uniform". The former refers to what a soldier wears for his own pleasure and by choice as distinct from what he has to wear when on duty. Thus male clothes are a "uniform" since we have to wear them, while when wearing our attire of choice we are in "mufti". Or, when one wished to explain that he had been to a party where everyone "dressed" he might say, "we were all 'on display' last night" or we had a "display" party at the Resort last weekend. Another and somewhat more feminine word would be, "we were 'feminating' last night". There are a lot of possibilities and in TVia #13 I will offer a glossary of new words to deal with various aspects of our "femilives" (as distinct from our "malives"). In the meantime why dont those of you who have some ideas along these lines send them in so that they can be included. I have some real long range plans which will involve having a bit of "new language" ready to use, so lets "get with it" and see what can be devised.



THE BEARDED LADY



A PROFESSIONAL IMPERSONATOR



WE THREE "QUEENS" OF ORIENT ARE



JUST TWO "GIRLS" HAVING
A "GAY" TIME

ARTISTS AND MODELS BALL
LOS ANGELES

Visit to Headquarters

By Your Editor
CHARLES PRINCE

Since I was to be in New York over the weekend of Oct. 28-29, I decided to come home by way of Washington D. C. and talk to the top authorities in the Post Office Department about our problems. I wrote for an appointment with Mr. Day, the Postmaster General or Mr. Montague, the Chief Inspector.

On arrival, I phoned the Post Office Dept., only to learn that Mr. Day was in Calif. I was referred to Mr. Montague's office and arranged an appointment for that afternoon. When I arrived, I was ushered into Mr. Montague's spacious office and started to tell him of the purpose of my visit. After a few moments, he interrupted to say that he felt that I should speak to Mr. Callahan, who was in charge of the Fraud and Mailability Section. He came into the office, we were introduced, and Mr. Montague suggested that we go to Mr. Callahan's office to talk.

Mr. Callahan proved to be a quiet, thoughtful man who listened courteously to my story for about an hour and a half. He paid attention to what I had to say and said at the end that it had proven very interesting. I showed him three types of letters I had brought along. I had a number from readers who had been "inspected", relating their experiences with the Inspectors. Some of these reported activities by Inspectors Mr. Callahan admitted were quite out of order, if they were true. I also had a number of letters from readers indicating how much the magazine had meant to them and what it had done for them. These were shown to prove that *TRANSVESTIA* is being printed for a purpose, not merely as entertainment--to help people adjust to their problems, not simply to amuse them.

Finally, I produced a number of letters from professional people of various types--doctors, lawyers, ministers, etc. to show that in the eyes of these persons, my work on the magazine was beneficial and worthwhile. I also showed him the letters of invitation and certificates of appreciation I had received from the various groups to whom I have lectured. I even had some pics of Virginia to prove that I gave the lectures that way.

DRESS OF THE MONTH--CUSTOM MADE FOR YOU

Once again John Aaron comes up with custom made items that should solve the problems of those of you who have difficulties getting what you require in stores.

JOHN AARON SAYS: "Skirts and blouses are the most economical clothes for double wear. With many colors to choose from just send your first and second choices for the items illustrated. Any of you near enough to visit me are welcome and will receive personal attention in fitting. I can make any kind of dress you desire, but problems of fitting limit the styles which can be satisfactorily handled by correspondence and mail order."

DESCRIPTION OF STYLE 12-A,B,C, & D: The skirt may be made of any of several materials indicated at varying prices. It is a 4-panel skirt, 4 yards wide at the bottom for the most graceful swing possible. Wear over a net petticoat for the fullest look.

BLOUSE A: Alluring is the word for you in silk or nylon chiffon. Add a little crispness to this and we have all silk organza. These materials will show off your nicest undies to advantage.

BLOUSE B: For daytime or afternoon--wonderful diciplined broadcloth in contrasting tones. Several of these are not too many. Have one of them trimmed with the skirt fabric.

BLOUSE C: For the girl who likes fabrics that cling, jerseys and crepes are just the thing.

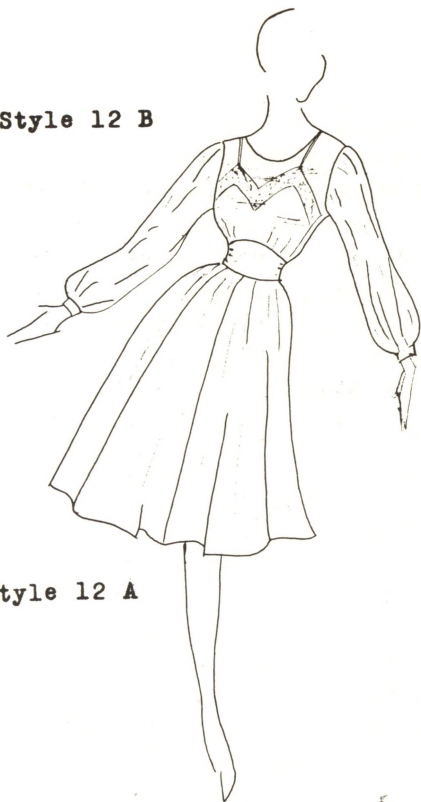
MEASUREMENTS: Take over girdle, pads, lingerie & with usual heels.

Waist _____ Bust _____ Hips _____
 Neck to waist in back _____ in front _____
 Shoulder to elbow _____ Diameter of forearm at cuff _____
 Shoulder point to shoulder point, in back _____ in front _____
 Center shoulder to bust point _____ Bust point to wasist _____
 Waist to natural hemline _____ hemline to floor _____
 Item wanted _____ Material _____ Color _____

Send cash with order together with full information. Write to

JOHN AARON 5750 Melrose Avenue Los Angeles 38, Calif.

Style 12 B



SKIRT: Style 12A:

Crisp Rayon Taffeta	\$18.95
Printed Taffeta	\$22.95
Lustrous Satin	\$22.95
Italian Velveteen	\$29.95

Above in all colors
Dacron & Wool Flannel
in grey, blue, beige
and black ONLY \$34.95

BLOUSE Style 12 B:

All Silk Organza	\$16.95
Nylon Chiffon	\$18.95
Silk Chiffon	\$24.95

BLOUSE Style 12 C:

Fine cotton broadcloth	\$ 9.95
Silk broadcloth or Pongee	\$ 22.95

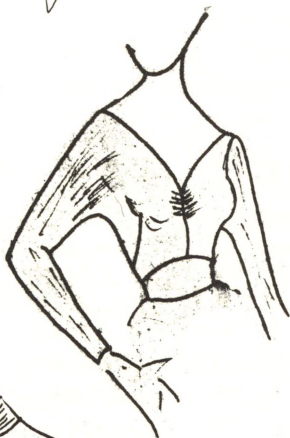
BLOUSE Style 12 D:

Arnel Jersey	\$16.95
Rayon Crepe	\$16.95
Wool Jersey	\$18.95
Wool Crepe	\$22.95
Silk Jersey	\$34.95

Give Style No. material and
1st & 2nd choice of color
and send color sample if
possible.

Style 12 A

Style 12 C



Style 12 D

With all of this presentation of evidence, I tried to explain to him that TVism did not imply homosexuality, and that it did not imply a need to mail pornographic material either. I admitted that in any given group, there would always be a few individuals whose actions were not representative of the purposes of the group, and that there might well be some screwballs among our numbers too, but that this did not label the whole group. Both Mr. Montegue and Mr. Callahan made the statement that they were not concerned with whether a person was a TV, a homosexual or whatever, so long as he did not misuse the mails.

They now know our story at the top, and if anyone suffers any unlawful activities by Postal Inspectors, let me know and I'll pass it along to Mr. Callahan. But if you ever should be approached by an Inspector, hold your ground, don't be intimidated, you have rights too, don't forget. If you are innocent, stand up for yourself, but if you are guilty--YOU'VE BEEN WARNED, and it will serve you right. You are not required to give letters or addresses to Inspectors without a search warrant, then if you are arrested, the right of search of the premises where the arrest takes place goes along with the warrant for arrest.

Don't obstruct justice and the Inspectors job, but by the same token, don't fall apart and expose a whole lot of other people who are probably as innocent as you are--perhaps more so. Giving the Inspector the right to open all your mail is something he cannot force upon you as it is an invasion of personal rights and freedoms. To do so will give you no privacy in the mails for the rest of your life, so don't do it. You may be pressured to do so, with implications of trouble if you don't, but if you are innocent, stand your ground. In any case, you have the right to have an attorney before you so much as open your mouth.

You see, we have here a delicate balance of forces. All of us, I am sure, are interested in helping to eradicate those persons who live on peddling smut, who send it to people who do not solicit it, and to children. To this entent we should all be willing to help the forces of law enforcement no matter what agency is involved. At the same time, it is common knowledge that some, not all, but some law enforcement officers at the lower levels are not above using their position to threaten and frighten people.

Personally, I don't care to be pushed around arbitrarily by a policeman, a postal Inspector or anyone else. I pointed out to Mr. Callahan that in Washington, Federal employees and agents are the principal population and everyone is used to them, but out in the sticks, even in other cities, the presence of a Federal Officer strikes fear into most citizens. Knowing this, some Inspectors may use it as a weapon. I don't think that Mr. Montague or Mr. Callahan would approve of all that goes on in the field, but they can only carry out their obligations through the medium of the field men and doubtless, being human, the field men want to do a job too and may go a little overboard in the process.

So what were the results? Naturally there were no immediate results, and none were expected. I told our story and explained the purposes of the magazine. I left him a copy of the 4 page brochure "A Brief Discussion of the Nature of TVism," and when I got home, I sent him a copy of #7 which has the long Virgin Views explanation of TVism in it. I feel that I have made our story and position clear at the top in Washington. Obviously, nothing I said revealed any identity--letters had been carefully clipped beforehand. But equally obvious is the fact that nothing I said in Washington is going to help anyone who, in spite of my warnings, misuses the mails. Not only will he get himself in trouble, but he will bring disrepute on all the rest of the group and undo a lot of what I have suffered and paid to accomplish. So again I say, if you have any doubts about the propriety of sending something by mail--DON'T. If you receive doubtful material, destroy it. And remember another thing. The Post Office has a rather difficult detective job to do in ferreting out postal offenders. Among other techniques that they would obviously use would be to pose as TVs in ads or answers. I am sure we have some Inspectors among our subscribers. Maybe we can't make TVs out of them, but lets not let them make fools out of us.

***** WHAT TRANSVESTIA NEEDS FROM YOU *****

Many of you have said that you not only like but NEED TVia Well, it needs you too. It needs not only your financial support but your active participation in the form of contributions of material. Many of you say you have no writing talent. Maybe you don't but that isn't needed. Material can be edited and rewritten if the ideas are good, you send it--we'll fix it!

But we can use more than stories. You like to read and see more than stories don't you? So do the rest of the girls. Below are some of the ways you can help, so check them over.

WILL YOU WRITE.....

Your case history--how you think your FPism started and what has happened over the years. What factors do you think played a part in it?

Your ideas on how to tell a wife or girl friend.

If you have a wife who accepts FPism will she write for the mag. to help other wives to learn more?

A short story about any real or imagined adventure in skirts.

WILL YOU SEND.....

Newspaper and magazine clippings dealing with impersonation.

Titles, authors and publishers of books dealing with FPism.

Photo's of yourself for printing (only decent, dignified shots)

HAVE YOU GIVEN US.....

Names and locations of shows featuring female impersonators

Names and addresses of bookstores and newstands that might handle our special stories. (TVia will not be sold publicly)

Names and addresses of other FPs you know so that we can send them info on TVia--or have you told everyone about it?

HAVE YOU FOUND.....

Sources of items of interest to FPs such as larger sized apparel, special lingerie, shoes, corsets, etc.

Special products for covering beards, removing hair, etc.

Beauty shops or make up artists in your city who accept men.

IN SHORT, HAVE YOU DONE ALL YOU COULD TO HELP? If so--our thanks if not, our appeal to "get with it". TVia is YOUR magazine and your enjoyment of it will be in proportion to its success.

Editorial Emanations

1. INSERTS: In this issue you will find a double page colored insert. One half of it provides two order blanks. It would be appreciated if you would use one of these when ordering to facilitate handling and make it easier to prevent mistakes. Orders for TVia or other articles or publications that are given in the body of a letter are sometimes overlooked and lead to later confusion. There are two blanks, one of these you can use right away to order #13 and you still have one to spare if you decided to order something else later on.

The second half is a short questionnaire. In the original questionnaire that was sent out there was no question about religion and the question about occupation was very general. At the time I did not want to be specific about the job for fear it could be too closely related to the other information requested and might frighten readers out of returning the whole questionnaire. However, since that time, interest has been shown by several professional persons in the aspects of both religion and specific jobs being done by TVs. If you wish to append your code, please do as it will enable this return to be fastened to your other report. However, name or code number is not required and because of this it is hoped that all of you who turned in the original questionnaire will return this one too in order that we will have the information to build a more complete picture of TVism in 1961 America in a forthcoming report in one of the medical journals. In the matter of the religious affiliation, many are inclined to respond Atheist or Agnostic. In this case will you indicate the affiliation your parents belonged to or that you were brought up in as a child. Your cooperation, please.

II. EXPERIMENTATION AND PROGRESS: It is necessary to try things out sometimes to see how they will work and sometimes goals that seem desirable turn out to be not as satisfactory as hoped for. This has been part of the story of TVia. I have experimented over past issues with colors, paper, bindings etc. Sometimes the new idea turned out better than the old and sometime worse. I hope you will all bear with these trials and tribulations and I think we are about at the end of them. This issue as you see is print-

ed on uncoated bond paper. #11 was on a special pebble finish paper, and #6,7,8,9, and 10 were on coated stock. Neither of these seemed to give the kind of effect desired and so we have settled on just good white bond paper for the future. Our experiments in color were designed to brighten up the magazine but we found that the pictures did not turn out well on coated stock, again negative results but they lead the way to a better appearing magazine. Pics from now on will be in black or some other dark color as they give better reproduction and are better representations of our readers.

Starting with this issue we are doubling our printing run since we have had to reprint all past issues up to 9. This should be good news to all of you because it means a wider readership with resulting increasing sources of interesting material as well as the possibility of new friends as fempals by mail or in person. Some of you will have noticed that we have run ads in Confidential Flash, Justice.Weekly, Amusement Business and Search. These have brought in a lot of new sisters to the Sorority. We plan to continue our campaign of spreading knowledge of FEMIPHILIA (formerly Transvestism) wherever we can as funds accumulate to do so. Barbara Stevens my new associate has had a lot of experience in advertising and mail order work and she is doing a good job of taking this load off of my shoulders both freeing me for other editorial work and building up the circulation of TVia at the same time. I say thanks wholeheartedly to her, and you should too as her work is benefitting us all.

This issue is largely done by a new Verifax reproduction process that should result in greater legibility as well as making possible longer runs so that reprinting will not be so tedious or expensive.

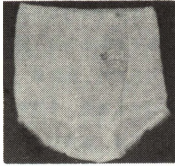
III. WELCOME TO SUSANNA: I should have thought to put this at the top of the first page, Susanna, but I'm doing it off the cuff as it comes. Anyway, girls, I wish to announce that Susanna is, as you will see by referring to the Contents page, now a Contributing Editor. It is fitting that this should occur in the issue for which she makes a charming Cover Girl. In addition to her "Susanna Says" column I will be expecting her to keep me posted on the doings in the east, so help her out.

IV. SOMETHING EVERY TWO WEEKS: So many of you have commented that it is such a long time between issues. Originally I tried to overcome this by having the Clipseet on alternate months. This was not as successful as I'd hoped, so now Barbara and I have come up with another idea. Shortly you will all receive the first copy of the FEMMEMIRROR, this is our Christmas Card to you. But it is also a sample of something we think you'll like. It is the present plan to try to work things out so that TVia appears about the 1st of each even numbered month, thus #13 will be aimed at Feb. 1st. (but this will take some doing so be patient if we miss a few days) Then on the 1st. of the odd numbered months we'll have the Clipseet--at least as long as readers keep us supplied with clippings. Now we propose to put out the FEMMEMIRROR in the middle of each month. In this way you'll have something to look forward to every two weeks. Price of the new sheet will be \$1 an issue like the Clip sheet, but we are also to the point now when we can talk about 6 months or yearly subs. to these publications, so in #13 we will be offering some composite deals involving the three. It will require some rearranging of schedules to get into this groove, but we will be trying.

V. WELCOME TO THE SORORITY GIRLS: In the last 2 months we have runsads as indicated in Part II above. As a result we have had the pleasure of acquiring a number of new girls to add to our Sorority. Although each has been welcomed individually by Barbara when filling their first orders, I'd like to add my own collective welcome to all of you as your Editor (ess). TVia is for the enjoyment of all sisters and lives by virtue of the contributions of its subscribers. YOU originate, Barbara and I just organize and circulate. So make use of our services, our columns, our advertizers and our desire to fill the needs of FPs everywhere. Particularly I'd like to ask you new girls to let others of your acquaintance know of our efforts--United We Stand--you know.

VI. OUR ANNIVERSERY: This issue #12 marks the completion of Vol. II and our second full year of publication. In the beginning it was tough going because there was no way of knowing that there were enough of you out there that I could find to keep it going. But enough of you were found, and we are definitely here to stay. I think the record of accomplishment of the past two years is something we can all be proud of. So a HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL OF YOU.
Virginia.

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PANTIES - SLIPS - LINGERIE ITEMS

SLIP AND PANTIE SETS- Sml. Med. Lge \$3.98



3 LACE TRIM HALF SLIPS in Plastic Pouch \$3.98

DAY OF THE WEEK PANTIES- 7 pr. Boxed \$3.98

FULL SLIPS - NYLON TRICOT - LACE TRIM
Good Quality \$2.98 & \$3.98

TRICOT BLOOMERS, WHITE 8,9,10 or X, XX & XXX
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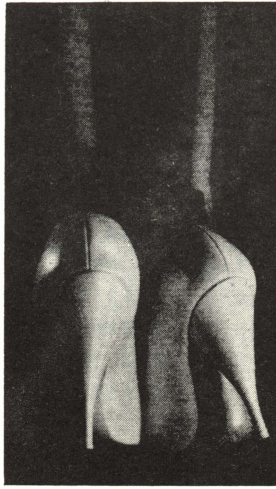
INTERNATIONAL IMPORTERS BOX 562, Richmond, Indiana.

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TVia reader will sell small supply of like-new
BIZARRE magazines, each with some TV articles or
\$1.25 each postage included. Sylvia Franck
% CONTACT 4924 West Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19.

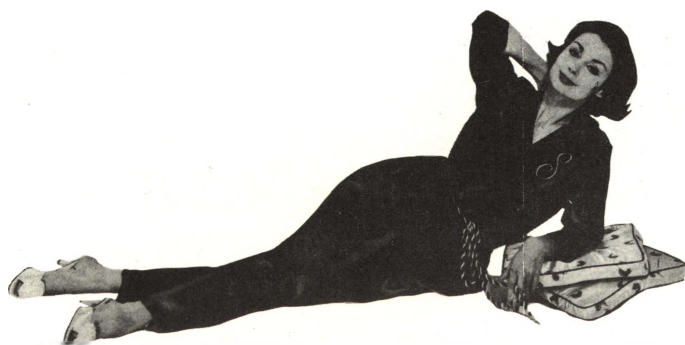
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--- BEAUTIFUL HIGH HEEL SHOES ---
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Walk with the other TV stars in Solar
Shoes--the opera pump with full 5" heels.
Complete range of leathers and colors.
All sizes to 12s are available.

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24—WOMEN'S SATIN P.J.'S. For sleeping or lounging. Washable in Black, Gold or Blue. Contrasting two color spun silk-satin tasseled cord-belt. Sizes 10 to 20. **\$13.95.** (For X-Lg. sizes, please add \$5.) One 5" monog. or three 2" ltr. monog., **\$2 add'l.**



27—SATIN CASUAL ROBE. Finest quality Nashcombe Celanese satin. In pink, with white trim. Pink and white spun silk-satin tasseled cord belt. Sm. (10-12); Med. (14-16); Lg. (18-20). **\$12.95.** 3 ltr. Monog., **\$2. add'l.**



28—SATIN NIGHTGOWN. In lush Nashcombe satin, with a startling touch of genuine black fur and jeweled clip (removable for laundering, of course.) Cut on the bias to cling, yet be comfortable. In Black or Gold. Sizes: 10 to 20. **\$18.50.**



Person to Person

=====
 21-P-1 TV, 40, little exper. in dress. wishes hear from more ex
 per. girls or undrstndg women, will ans. all Harriet--Mass.
 =====

14-P-1 Married TV desires corres. meet other TVs in Chicago-Ham-
 mond area. Will corres w other TVs elsewhere Dorette--Ind.
 =====

15-N-1 Married TV, 33, Coll. grad.--journal. pub. relations meet
 TVs with cult. intrsts Iowa--Ill. Make trips Fla. & West, like
 contacts there too. My pics pg. 41 this TVia. Marilyn--Iowa.
 =====

32-H-1 TV in N.Y. Love to hear from all TVs, will ans. at once.
 Exch. pics & meet. Am undrstndg of most subjects Rita--N.Y.
 =====

5- B-8 I and friends wish meet TVs in San Fran. & women not mind-
 ing having husbands who are amateur impersonators Sylvia-Calif.
 =====

32-S-7 TV, 40, like meet any TVs in Staten Island, New York area
 but will correspond with TVs anywhere Carolyn--N.Y.
 =====

43-W-2 Like to corres. with TVs living on West Coast or in New
 York City area--Specially interested in Lingerie Suzanne-Texas
 =====

15-R-1 Married TV, 32, Corres & meet other TVs. Will answer all
 letters. (Not same person as 15-N-1 above-Ed) Marilyn--Iowa
 =====

NOTICE: Do not send any letters which are to be remailed to the
 Chevalier Publications Box. Send answers in stamped unsealed en-
 velopes to CONTACT 4924 West Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

AUXILLIARY QUESTIONNAIRE

Your co-operation is solicited in filling out and returning your answers to the few questions below. These were not asked on the original questionnaire but inquiries from Drs. as to the distribution of our readers in these categories have come up and we would like to be able to provide answers.

Since it is not possible to correlate these replies with those to the original questionnaire, and because we now have many more readers, a couple of questions are repeated in order that they will tie in to the answers to the new questions. I ask your patience and co-operation in helping to gather these statistics. No name is necessary so please be frank.

Age _____

Did you return the original questionnaire? Yes _____ No _____

Highest school level attained _____

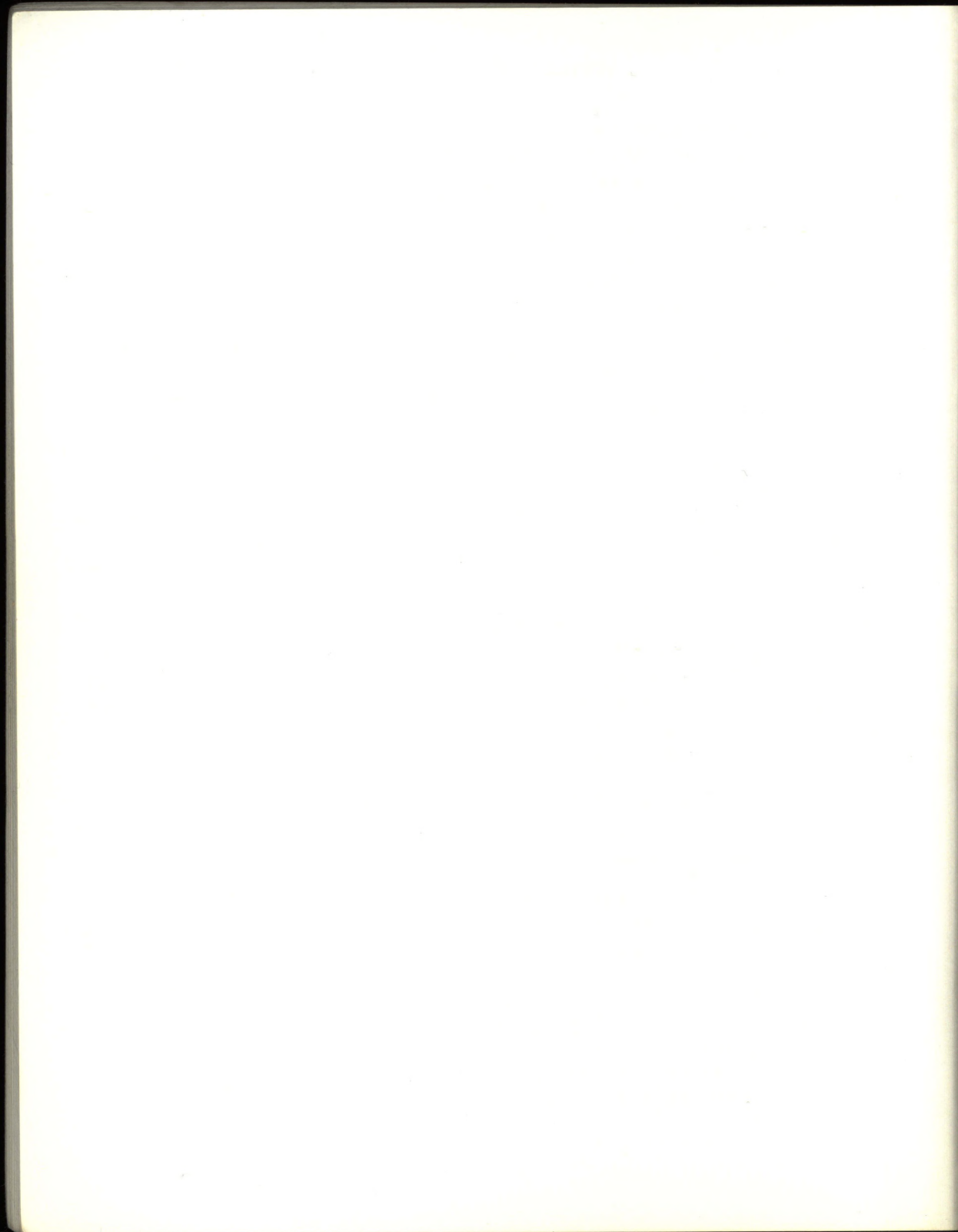
Academic degrees, if any _____

What type of work do you do? (please be specific in this as no identification can be made--no name or code number is asked for. I do not want to know the company you work for, but I do want to know the specific type of job you do, i.e. Hotel Clerk, bookkeeper, chemist, etc. If general work like selling, please give the type of selling done, i.e. men's wear, automobiles, electronic supplies, etc. _____

Religious affiliation: If you are not active in any church now, please enter the religion you were brought up in or that your parents attended. Please give denomination not just "Protestant".

Thank you for your help,

Virginia



Publication Policy

TRANVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Material is solicited on this basis:

1. Material if offered for publication GRATIS!
2. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and a stamped envelope provided.
3. The Editor reserves the right to be the sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when he deems it in the best interest of the magazine. Off color material or pictures will not be published.

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ADVERTISING RATES AND INFORMATION

PERSON TO PERSON SECTION: This section is intended to make possible a wider acquaintance among TVs, so USE IT! NO correspondence intended for remailing should be sent to the magazine. Address all replies to "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif. Send letters in open, stamped envelopes giving your own name and address inside. Letters to authors of articles or Letters to the Editor accepted on the same basis.

RATES: \$2 per ad per issue for up to 5 lines. Replies \$1
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF "CONTACT" IS LIMITED TO MAILING LETTERS,
NOT FOR ANY SUBSEQUENT ACTIONS OF THE PARTIES!

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GOODS AND SERVICES SECTION: This section open to those having items or services of use to TVs. The Editor asks that any literature or pictures to be advertised be sent to him for approval before being accepted for advertising. SPACE RATES:

Full page (40 lines 6½ verticle inches) 1 issue	\$20.00
Half page (20 lines 3½ verticle inches) 1 issue	\$13.00
Quart. pg (10 lines 1½ verticle inches) 1 issue	\$ 7.50

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TRANVESTIA is published approx. every 2 months. Send material by the 15th of the month preceeding publication.

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If this is your last paid issue please resubscribe NOW! Don't miss an issue write today. YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES WITH _____

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