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TRANSVESTIA

TRANSVESTIA



NO. 13 - 1962

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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MARILYN GIRL OF THE MONTH

I was 28 years old before I was given a name--that is, a girl's name--and then it was I who made the selection and "gave" the name. I had always loved the name "Marilyn"--and not simply because of the beautiful movie star who carries the last name of Monroe--but more so because it to me signified true femininity.

Marilyn was "conceived" when her male side was perhaps 3 to 5 years old. She was "born" when the "tomboy" in her was approximately 23 years of age. "Born", I say, because it was at this age that I started to really live transvestism and enjoy it. I had discarded my efforts of years to eliminate the problem. I had finally come to the conclusion that I must learn to live with it--not fight it. More of this later.

I'm not sure why I picked the age of 3 to 5 years as the start of it all. One really wonders whether I may have been born with it--or perhaps at least had the nature or make up to allow it to develop. I do recall very early thoughts of envy at about this age. And I do recall in this early period walking into the bedroom of a young boy friend's mother, while she was only partly attired, and being scolded for this. There was nothing particularly outstanding as to her apparel so perhaps it is of no significance. However the fact that it sticks out in my mind leads me to believe it has.

I was raised in a family in which I was the only boy among several sisters. I was treated well and given every opportunity as a boy. There were no incidents of petticoat punishment or crossdressing as is so often the case. Maybe I was treated too well; perhaps it was the general feminine influence about me; or possibly it was a combination of these and countless other "unknown" factors. For these answers I am still looking.

There were no significant incidents of crossdressing during my grade and high school years. I felt great envy though, as I observed the young grade school and teen age girls in their fem-

inine attire. I envisioned and created many a fantasy in which I was put in the place of these young ladies and was able to or made to wear their clothing. Since there are no incidents of domination by women over me, it is difficult to understand why this type of fantasy should be, but my recollection goes back to early grade school days.

In spite of these longings, I participated actively in grade school sports and in numerous other activities. I did not engage in sports in high school, except on an informal basis. However, my time was well taken up by class and student body activities. I was successful in leadership efforts along these lines. I say these things, not to boast but rather to reflect what is not at all uncommon, seemingly, among TV's. There is considerable athletic ability as well as leadership capability.

The tempo of my TV feelings increased in my high school years. The attire of the high school girls seemed more exciting than before. I still remember the view of a white satin slip during the first few weeks of my first year. The young girl's blouse had simply risen an inch or two above her skirt, allowing the slip to blouse over the skirt a bit. It wasn't like that long and I didn't observe long for fear that my "over-sized" eyes would be noticed. It was a simple thing and yet the beauty of this slip and the envy I felt toward the girl who wore it were simply overpowering.

I recall that a day or two later, with thoughts of that slip in mind, I searched the drawers of the bureau of one of my sisters. I found a slip of similar texture and removed it. Slipping it on, the feeling cannot here be adequately described, but all TV's have felt it. This was another turning point in my lifetime.

From time to time in my high school days and into college, I would for moments borrow various articles of my sister's attire and slip them on. However, the strain of this was difficult because I always feared that I would not return them precisely as I had found them and that thus my "great secret" would be discovered.

I should mention that my relationship with girls has always been satisfactory. While I did not date as much as some boys, I



A Marilyn Models
Home Fashions





was perhaps average in this matter and my outlook on this subject has always been heterosexual. I am extremely grateful for this.

In the early '40's I was in the service, either in school or overseas. There was nothing significant during this period. The old envies and feelings were always present but I believe the constant activity took my mind off things to a considerable extent.

I mentioned at the early part of this story that Marilyn was "born" when she was around 23 years of age. Let me tell you of this.

I had returned from the service and was back in college. During the summer months I had an opportunity to travel to San Francisco for some reserve training. While there I visited the famous Finnochio's. I had not heard of it before and was taken there by friends simply because it was one of those things that any tourist should do while in the Bay Area.

But in one respect I was no ordinary tourist. To see these female impersonators truly "set me off". I was thrilled that there were those who could dress as girls and in public too! I don't know where I had been all my life but this was nothing that my home town had had.

On the way back to my home state and town, the thrill of having seen these impersonators was with me. I too wanted to dress up, even though it would not be in public.

With fear and trembling, I soon made my first purchase of ladies apparel. The first store was the "hardest". There I bought some lingerie. I used the excuse that it was for someone else. By some stroke of luck, the size turned out to be fairly close to my own. I purchased a half slip at another store and a dress at a dress shop. Here I, had stated that I needed it for a masquerade party. The clerk was very co-operative, but could not understand why I picked out the more expensive satin rather than the plain cotton. She thought I was a bit extravagant. It was a small shop and I was asked if I wanted to try it on for size. I was far too bashful then and regretfully declined.

After trying them on in the seclusion of my home, I became frightened of discovery and that same day destroyed the "evidence".

This type of routine and activity continued until around 1953. It occurred on an average of perhaps once every two months. The pattern was always the same: experience the thrill of the purchases, enjoy them at home for awhile, and then destroy them because of the guilt feeling and/or the fear of being discovered. There might be a purchase of only one item, or it could be an entire outfit; the time of retention in hiding of the articles would vary from a day to a month or two. Each time that the cycle ended I had mixed feelings of sadness at the loss of the garments, and relief that there was nothing further to be detected by members of my family.

I had also resolved each time that the inclinations to purchase and wear female clothing would never get the best of me again. How untruthful I was with myself. Actually I believe the expense and waste of it all was what finally awakened me. I simply was spending too much. So to conquer this very real problem I put myself on a budget. A certain sum each month was allotted for my feminine side. I told myself that Marilyn simply would have to live within this allowance.

Except for the first month, I have consistently been within my budget. If the purchases for a particular month do not amount to the allotted sum, the reserve is simply increased. Thus there is no "requirement" to use the budgeted amount in a particular month. As a matter of fact, the building of a reserve allows one to make the larger purchase such as a nice wig and countless other nice but expensive items.

It startles me to realize the large amount of money I have spent over the last 7 or 8 years. However, the realization that I have at least regulated and, more important, controlled my spending is reassuring to me. Every penny spent has been charged to the reserve on hand at the time, including travel expenses, publications, clothing--everything of any relationship to TV desires. I recommend this system to all of my TV friends.

The development of my budget system made me also realize that I could not afford to be continually purchasing and then destroying clothing--the budget simply wouldn't permit it. So the only thing to do was to purchase and retain the lovely items. And thus the budget and the need for controlled expenditures was





As a Show Girl



an important factor in the making of a significant decision. At last I recognized that I could never eliminate my TV desires. I enjoyed too much the female attire and the life connected with my desires. The only thing to do was to determine to live with this "thing" called transvestism--not fight it.

Having finally faced the problem honestly, and having placed a budgetary ceiling on expenditures, I settled back to gain as much enjoyment for my feminine side as my more conventional male life would allow. I slowly have built a wardrobe which is of the greatest pleasure to me. As mentioned earlier I selected my name "Marilyn". I have read as much as possible on the subject to develop my own understanding. I have met and corresponded with a number of TV friends all of whom have been very nice to know.

During the past couple of years, much attention has been given to makeup techniques. Before that I had been satisfied with simply feminine attire with standard makeup. In particular, I had paid little attention to the eyebrows. Now, I give much care to this area of the face. I pluck my brows to the extent possible and then arch them even more when making up. What a difference it makes.

I am grateful too, to Susanna and her friends who suggested a real light makeup base that assists in removing the otherwise light shadow of beard. How I envy the light bearded TV. However, artful makeup goes a long way to even the advantage.

Weight is important. Although I am slightly over 6 feet tall, I have managed to keep my weight down to approximately 150 pounds. This is of course underweight for the male, but assists materially in creating a feminine figure. A size 16 dress fits well. Some size 14's and 15's will also feel and look fine. A Merry Widow or some form of waist cinch assists in developing the figure at the waist line. Like most girls who take pride in their appearance, much work, time and effort goes into its creation and its retention. However, the results one may achieve are indeed worth it all.

The future? Like many TV's I am still looking for the understanding girl as a mate for marriage. It is certainly heartening to learn that there are now a good many successful

marriages in which a TV is one of the partners. Transvestia, I am sure, is doing much to breakdown many other existing barriers.

Further, it is good to know that TV's 15 and 20 years-- perhaps more--older than I are continuing to enjoy their TV inclinations. When I read histories and statistics of this nature, the doubts and fears of the future are in a great part eliminated.

I have been moderately successful to the extent that I have lived the part of the male. For this I am most grateful. However, since the "birth" of Marilyn, and indeed even in her creative stage of over 20 years, I have found much pleasure wearing, thinking, acting and living the feminine.

The "average" male can have his average existence. What would I choose were I to start this life again? The same two ingredients of the male and female, only that a little bit sooner, a little more of the Marilyn in me. I could not ask for more happiness.

Marilyn

* * * * *

There was a young man from St. Paul,
Who was keenly admired by all,
For when he was "dressed",
It must be confessed,
"She" looked like a regular doll.

A certain young fellow named Burt,
Donned makeup, a blouse and skirt,
He said, "I confess,
When I'm in a dress,
It's fun when the guys start to flirt.

While the unexpected rain pattered against the shop windows, producing the effect of an Impressionistic painting to any outsider who looked at the colorful display, young Marcia stood inside listening to "Susanna", the proprietor.

"You want a happy marriage someday--one that will last? Then take my advice. Dress to please yourself, but to please your husband too. That's important. You know men like their women in beautiful underclothes, just as they like them in beautiful outer clothes. Men come here and they buy sheer night-gowns, wispy panties, and daring bras, for gifts. And you know what? Some of the wives refuse to wear them. I ask you, is that too much for a wife to do? Before you know it, the husband starts going to strip shows and buying magazines that have pictures of girls dressed the way he likes to see them. His wife is selfish, narrowminded.--It's no surprise if he starts looking for someone else."

"Well, I don't blame the poor dears. I think that's simply dreadful, having a woman like that. As for me, I'll wear anything that's nice.--Long as it's not burlap," Marcia said, smiling. She bent forward and ran her hands over her legs to make sure her seams were straight. Her sheer stockings of ebony black disappeared under a tight sheath skirt of matching black satin. "I mean after all, if I had a husband why shouldn't I please him by the way I dress? I think men should wear more attractive clothes, but I know that some women let themselves go and don't take advantage of the lovely things that are available to them. And then...--oh-h-h! -Susanna, what are those I see in the case there? See where I'm pointing?"

Marcia's attention was captured by some pale blue silk and lace, among the array of feminine underwear under the glass counter before her.

Susanna found the item and unfolded it and held it up for Marcia. "It's a bloomer," she explained. But it's a shorter version. Instead of just above the knees, it reaches a third

of the way up the thighs. And you see it has a tiny zipper in the back, running down the center."

"How adorable!" Marcia exclaimed, as she took them and examined the lush trim of nylon lace at the elastic legs, and the tunneled elastic waist. She marvelled at the rose on the left side which was hand embroidered in various hues of pink. Holding them close to her waist, she imagined herself wearing them.

Although she liked all types of panties, she had a special passion for bloomers--that began when she was a little girl. Marcia remembered how, with admiring but envious eyes, she would watch her two older sisters, who, while lacing each other's corsets, or dressing and applying their make-up, sauntered about in high heels and silk bloomers. When they were fully dressed and with their friends playing games or sitting around and talking, she enjoyed glimpses of their pretty bloomers peeping out from under their short skirts. Much as she was attracted to this undergarment, it wasn't until her twelfth birthday that her mother presented her with some dainty pink bloomers of her own. She was so delighted with these silken garments--and their bows of blue ribbon at the knees, that for awhile, she even wore them to bed. They tickled her legs pleasantly and made her feel more feminine than had her cotton or rayon panties.

She had been proud of her bloomers, and not at all embarrassed if others accidentally saw her wearing them. Sometimes, to tease her brother Ted, who was about her same age, she would saucily flip up her skirt and show him her bloomers--taunting him with the fact that girls were prettier underwear than boys did. She was really very fond of her brother, and once, at his request, she let him wear a pair of her favorite bloomers, to see how they felt. He admitted to her that in his opinion, girls were luckier than boys, in the matter of apparel. She was sorry for him being a boy, he was not allowed to wear softer, dainter things.

From that time on, she never teased him again. At different times, particularly during Halloween, she would let him wear one of her slips and some nylon stockings. Her sisters, and even a girl friend of theirs joined in. The sisters loaned him some high heeled shoes and a corselet. With a curling iron and some make-up they made Ted look like a charming young lady. Marcia knew that Ted enjoyed every moment of these experiences. But, she reflected, what male wouldn't if given the chance?

Susanna placed a "CLOSED" sign on the door of the shop and returned to Marcia.

"Come in the back and have some tea with me. The rain won't let up for awhile, so I'm closing the store for today. Besides, I have some thing that I think will interest you".

Gathering her black leather jacket and purse, and carrying the bloomers, Marcia followed Susanna into the living room behind the shop where they had been many times before.

Susanna, an authority on lingerie and a consultant for a growing number of women, had the appearance of a good-looking, middle-aged lady. She had a trim, well-kept figure that was often the recipient of admiring glances from persons of both sexes. But in addition to these things, she had kindness and understanding.

To Marcia, now a student-designer, she had been like an aunt or second mother. She had helped Marcia in many ways, including the training of her figure. For days she had disciplined Marcia in the wearing of a corset that helped create her present hour-glass figure. When she wore the one piece leather girdle which covered her from bust to thighs, Marcia felt like she would burst in two pieces or more! But she soon got used to it. There were laces to this corset and a wide belt around the waist from which another narrower belt, going down the center and coming up from between the legs, fastened in front. Each day Susanna had tightened the laces and belts more and more until Marcia felt she would swoon from discomfort. To her amazement, she

found that the discomfort was temporary and faded into a strangely gratifying feeling of exhilaration.

That had been a stern period of time, but it was certainly rewarding, Marcia concluded, as she sat on the couch and crossed her legs.

"Susanna, I ordered some green step-ins and I'm mad about the lemon-colored slip I got last week, but still my favorite color for undies is black or pink. Why is that?"

"Pink resembles the color of flesh. It comes closest to simulating nudity. And black, by its strong contrast, accentuates the beauty of light skin, but more than that I can't tell you", Susanna replied, as she slipped out of her dress and revealed a full-length white slip. Marcia gasped in appreciation. The slip had a camisole top inset with lattice-work and lace. And the beauty of it was enhanced by Susanna's firm breasts which thrust upward and outward against it. For a moment, Marcia had an impulse to hug Susanna and bury her head against her nylon-clad bosom--as she had done on a few occasions before when Susanna would take her in her arms and try to comfort her from the pain of some deep disappointment.

"You know", Susanna continued, "Les Devere, the fashion expert says that black is the sexiest color in the world and it isn't even a color. And Juel Park whose lingerie shop has as many male customers as it has female customers, says that men prefer black or red for their women's lingerie. Donalda Jordan, a redheaded model, and Valkyra--a showgirl, favor black, as does, according to reports, beautiful Tana Louise. --So you see you aren't alone in your choice of black". After she fastened a housecoat about her, Susanna heated some water, and turned to Marcia.

"While I unpack that box over there, you can get the cups and saucers out".

While Marcia did as suggested, she had an odd feeling about Susanna. A fleeting one that she got now and then, that Susanna was not always quite her self--that she became too abrupt or ungraceful--almost even masculine at times.

Marcia dismissed these thoughts. Maybe she was just being too sensitive. She wondered what surprise Susanna had for her. She seemed to have everything pertaining to the wonderful world of lingerie in her little shop. No wonder that men as well as women came to purchase from her. No wonder, too, that men bought things for themselves, as Susanna had informed her once before. Marcia was astonished to learn that men enjoyed wearing frillies. But the more she considered it the more justifiable the matter seemed. They wore such common and drab clothes--underclothes especially, she thought, why shouldn't they? Didn't they have a right to wear beautiful things? Again, she recalled how her brother--and he certainly was far from being a "sissy"--how he, in their childhood days, was fascinated by her silk undies. She smiled, wondering how he would react, if today, years later since that time, she would send him a gift of some bleomers, or perhaps some trunk or flare-style panties! She walked into the room in the short steps that her tight skirt would only allow, and began pouring the tea that was now ready.

"My boy friend is going away for a few weeks", Marcia said, "--to visit some relatives, and you know what he asked me? He wants to have a pair of my seanties--as a sort of souvenir or substitute since I can't be with him. I can't blame him if he likes my pretty things, but isn't that kind of silly?"

"Certainly not. There's nothing unusual about that, my Dear. That has been going on since the Crusaders, and probably before their time. And of course you've heard of college panty raids. Many of my lady customers tell me about such requests. Why Libby Jones, one of our best top strippers, gets hundreds of requests for bras, hose, panties, and G-strings, from male fans. Most of the men send her the item they want her to wear and then she does wear the item--at least once--and then returns it to them. Not long ago, Libby said that there were panties which she had worn that are now hanging in submarine ward rooms, and flying with SAC combat crews. She has a brassiere that belonged to her that is now in a quonset hut north of the DEW line. --You should be pleased that your friend approves of your taste in clothing

and that he is so fond of you."

"I never thought of it that way. Maybe you're right. I didn't know it wasn't unusual to do things like that."

"Here, catch this," Susanna said, throwing something to Marcia.

What Marcia caught in her hands made her eyes light up. She discovered that it was a bikini style brief with a built-in garter belt with lacey garter tabs. The brief was made of strawberry colored chiffon with an over layer of black lace and on the inside, the crotch was reinforced with a lining of pink latex rubber.

"They're so brief. But so cute. I simply must try them on. May I, Susanna?"

"By all means. How else can you know if they'll fit? These satin bloomers I'll add to your account, but these you may have. They are the little gift I promised you."

"Oh, thanks a million," Marcia said excitedly, quickly stepping out of her pencil thin high heels and unzipping her skirt. She let Susanna take the latter and place it carefully on the couch. Marcia now inserted her thumbs in the waistband of her diaphonous pink panties and slowly slid them over her hips. Since she always wore very form-fitting briefs under her slim skirts, she was careful not to rip them. It was her habit to buy the smallest pair she could possibly wear and then soak them in hot perfumed water to make them shrink even smaller. Susanna helped her remove the panties and then unhooked her garter belt for her in back.

"You should be proud of your measurements, Marcia. You surely don't need any padded girdles for the 'Natural' style that is now current. Your hips and derriere are just right."

Marcia blushed at the compliment. She liked a tight waist nipper, but she didn't like a girdle to cover her thighs and bottom. She liked the muscles of her thighs and buttocks to move in freedom as she walked with them clad in caressing silk or rubber. It made her feel great when her

hips undulated in such freedom and caused the silk or rubber of her undies to rub intimately against her skin.

She pulled the red garment up her legs, yet cautiously so that she wouldn't snag her stockings. The brief was tight the way she wanted it to be and the smoothness of the chiffon gave her creamy sensitive skin thrilling sensations as she adjusted it in place. The garter belt extended according to her size, and though the garment hung low about her hips, it was secure. Fastening the stockings, Marcia knew that this was the best bikini brief in her wardrobe. She felt happy as she thought of this and also about the beautiful bloomers she had not yet worn. She was anxious to try them on too, but she couldn't overstay her visit. She put her skirt and shoes back on, and placed the pink panties, garters and new bloomers in her handbag. "I can't thank you enough, Susanna," she said, after drinking her tea. She went over to Susanna and embraced her. Affectionately, Susanna patted her on the back.

"Susanna, Darling, these undies are positively dreamy. You've been very nice to me--how will I ever make it up to you?"

"Don't be silly," Susanna said.

"I think the rain has let up. I must go now--take care, Susanna."

As she watched Marcia leave, Susanna felt happy, too. Happy that she had given Marcia some joy, and happy that she herself was succeeding--in being accepted as a woman among women.

Feminine clothing had always been her pleasure. It was the mystery and magic of its allure with her own singular temperament that led her to her present life. It was two years now since she had opened her lingerie shop and operated under the name of "Susanna".

She knew, as she slowly removed her wig of beautiful black hair, and detached her life-like "falsies", that this was the way she wanted her life to be. As a "she" who was really a "he"--a female impersonator, or more accurately and correctly--a male transvestite, "she" was positive of this.

COMPETITION

By-----LIL

"You jealous?", I asked of my fellow one day.

I'd been getting much more than my share
Of whistles, lascivious looks from the men
...more than if I'd gone bare.

"Yes", he said dully. I patted his cheek,
Said, "Honey, don't give it a worry.

"I certainly won't have to-do with those dopes,

"But it does put my heart in a flurry

"To see them react to the lift of my bra,

"The chromespun spin of my skirt,

"My clatter of bracelets, my snugged-in waist.

"Attention like that doesn't hurt.

"It's merely a treat to my ego, you know,

"To let my appearance appeal.

"If you were a girl you'd know the delight

"Of looking as lush as you feel."

He smiled ruefully. "That's just what I mean.

"I'm jealous of all the attention

"That people pay to your charm as a girl...

"a feeling I hardly dare mention."

"You mean...?", I said hopefully. "Mean it--I do!"

I took his hand, rushed to my place.

The same afternoon, again on the street,

I strolled behind loving his grace,

With a camera I caught the happy expressions

Of men admiring the flip

Of the silver-thread-weighted great Mexican skirt

...the occasional flash of his slip,

And the shy-smiling glance of teenager boys

As they eved the curves of his breasts

Their slight bounce and flow..and the bare calves below,

Silk smooth as they passed each eye-test.

A day later, pix finished, we sat in the park,

On our skirts we spread out the prints

And giggling examined the faces I took.

(I confess I started to wince)

At the looks he'd received (for all were deceived)

Those faces! Impassioned and zealous! .

So admiring of his lovely looks

That now I was unbearably jealous!.



MARIE



FELICITY SHOPPING



JUDITH--CANADA



FELICITY--N.Y.

"I'D LIKE TO BE A WOMAN"

Today I had luncheon with a business man, a friend of long standing. To him I am a sort of curiosity for the reason that after I had been twenty years in business, and apparently settled for good in commercial ways and habits, I threw it all aside and became a professional author.

Most women would understand and sympathize with that kind of change, but very few men do. My friend turns the pages of my book with the amiable alertness of one who strokes the backs of strange animals, and when he looks at me there is a glint of perplexity in his eyes.

"What are you working at today?" he asked after the waiter had taken our orders. Like many other people, he considers writing a mysterious literary magic. He is all wrong, for authorship is, in fact, one of the simplest of occupations. To write anything one has only to sit down with pen and paper and put one little word after another--taking care, of course, to select the right words.

"Today," I replied, "I am getting ready to write an article on 'Why I Would Like to Be a Woman.'"

"You are?" he replied. "What a subject! Can you give any reasons for wanting to be a woman?"

"I think so," I said; then I had an idea. "Suppose this article was your job," I continued, "what reasons would you give?"

He reflected a moment. "Well," he said eventually, "I don't want to be a woman; I want to be a man. But if I had to write that article I think I could make a good showing. Women have the best of things, generally speaking."

"How?"

"Why, they're supported and looked after--I mean most of them are--and that means a lot in this harsh world. Even when they work they have a better break than the men--"

Here I interrupted to say that I did not agree with him in that last statement. "In all kinds of employment that I know anything about the women are paid less than the men in the same jobs," I remarked.

"Yes, that's usually so," he admitted, "but we don't expect as much of them. Besides, the men often have families to support, and ought to get more. Women are protected in lots of ways. The law is all in their favor. They have to bear children, but if that's a hardship, most women seem to stand it cheerfully enough.

"My goodness, you take the average well-to-do married woman in any suburban town. Her life is just one grand picnic. Plays bridge or golf every afternoon, and rides around in her car while her husband is in town working like the deuce. She buys and he pays. She wears the clothes and he's the boy who writes the checks. It's pretty soft, let me tell you." He paused and smiled. "Now, there's an idea for your article," he said, waving his hand generously.

Yes, it's an idea, and it expresses pretty clearly the average man's opinion. But it doesn't express mine. My reasons are not economic, but emotional. The thought of being supported by somebody else does not thrill me in the least, nor would I care to spend my time buying clothes and watching my husband write checks.

These are not the advantages, but the disadvantages of being a woman--and I think most women consider them disadvantages. Any woman of energy and intelligence would prefer to stand on her own feet and make something of her own individuality.

Women are charming and beautiful, and I must confess, even tho I realize that I may be called a "sissy" on account of my assertion, that I would like to be charming and beautiful myself; but that can never be, for my face has the cast-iron contour and square jaw of the late John L. Sullivan.

I am more than a little tired of my hard, masculine countenance and of the growth of bristles that appears on it every twenty-four hours. I don't like my large hands and my large feet, even if I have become accustomed to them; and I don't like my clothes. They are stiff and ugly and conventional. When I go out in the

street I look like every other man, and every other man looks like me. How gorgeous it would be to wear the velvets and satins that men wore in the eighteenth century; to have powdered wigs, and frills on one's shirt!

In a world given over body and soul to science and mechanism and steel and stone it is woman alone who has kept alive the spirit of living beauty. I wonder if many women realize the startling incongruity between themselves and, let us say, the Ford plant at Detroit?

I have to travel around a lot, and when I get to a strange city I am always in a state of infinite boredom from the dust and smell of railways, and the journey's view of civilization in the act of progressing.

After going to a hotel and washing my face, I take a walk in the streets just for the purpose of looking at the women. I do not know any of them; I do not attempt to flirt with them; I merely want to see them. It is like walking through a flower garden. Then I come back to my hotel refreshed and ready to tackle the business in hand. Many other men do this. I am not the only one.

The first and most important duty of every woman, according to my judgment, is to look as beautiful as she can. There is already too much intellect in the world, too many grand projects, too much machinery, too many things that are impressive but not charming. There never can be too much beauty; and if woman doesn't furnish it I don't know who will.

This primary obligation of looking beautiful is one that the modern woman is taking very seriously, and that is most gratifying. At a dinner recently I sat next to the curator of a great and distinguished art museum. He remarked that the attendance at his museum was not what it used to be; fewer people come.

I told him that I thought people do not go to art galleries in such numbers any more because the women of today are living pictures. What is the use of looking at dead ladies in their frames on a wall when one may see fresh and vivid ladies in the street?

I am not vivid and beautiful, and the thought annoys me. My only recourse is to look at somebody else who is vivid and beautiful--and, thank Heaven, there are a lot of women to look at. I

would love to be a lithe and slender woman, and wear one of those jaunty cloche hats, and a silver-gray frock, and shoes of the color of young, freshly minted gold. Futile wish, of course, but the charm of all futile wishes is that they allow one to go to the limit of the imagination.

However, that is not the only reason why I would like to be a woman. In my soul, deeply buried, I have a rather stifled consciousness of being a barbarian. Nearly all women are barbarians at heart. Perhaps that is why I feel so much at home with them. They have the gentle impulses, the generosity, the rhythm, and the poetry of the barbarian, besides being capable of a perfectly barbaric intensity of feeling.

Love gives a woman more emotional pleasure than it gives a man. She becomes surrounded by it and swims in it as a fish swims in the sea. No man can do that; he is always distracted by his wretched business, or his duty, or the telephone, or something.

But love is not woman's only emotional function. Women are able to keep up long-sustained and ably conducted hates. They have a far greater range of feeling than men have, and I like that. They lay their cool hands on the fevered brow of humanity, altho now and then some of them drop a little poison in the coffee.

Civilization is distinctly a man's invention, and women have never grown quite accustomed to it. Man invented virtue, too; it will probably go down in history as his most noble experiment.

I think that one of the most attractive features of being a woman is that she can be virtuous with dignity, but few men can--and it is a most difficult thing to do. If a woman does not care for a man's advances she can tell him so, and usually does. Thereupon she acquires a new luster in his eyes. He is defeated and humbled. He goes home and bows in fancy before her shrine. But just let a man try it and see what happens.

"Madam," we can imagine the gentleman saying to the lady, "I can see that you are in love with me, and would surrender yourself to me if I would say a word, but I want you to understand that I do not love you, and that you would greatly oblige me if you would leave me alone." That--or words to that effect. Thereafter that

gentleman is looked upon by the lady as a mean prig, with no spirit and unworthy of notice or respect. I want to be virtuous with dignity, and that is another reason why I would like to be a woman.

From this pack of emotional reasons there emerges at least one that may be considered intellectual. It is a way of looking at facts and logic. Long ago I cured myself of the vicious habit of believing facts, but it took many years. Men have a sort of senseless craving for the facts about any given situation. They seem to think that if they know the facts and figures they have the whole thing in a nut shell.

Being a man myself, I followed this useless practice for a long time, until I began to realize that no human problem can be solved by a study of the bare facts of the case. Everything worthwhile comes from the heart. The purpose of the mind, with its logic and its categories of fact, is simply to make an excuse for psychic impulses.

Women know instinctively that no fact can ever be the whole truth; that a fact merely conceals something deeper and more vital. I think it a most admirable way of looking at things.

Women are saturated with realism; they are intense realists. I am a thoroughgoing realist myself, and at times this attitude of mine makes it rather hard for me to deal with men, who are virtually all complete romanticists. Men win by attempting the impossible. It is true that most of them fail to carry out their romantic dreams, and the wrecks of their nameless little barks are the driftwood on the shores of civilization. But a few come in under gallant white sails; so we have Edison and Columbus and Julius Caesar and Benjamin Franklin.

Women are too sensible to try anything of the kind. They prefer to enjoy life rather than to strive for something which may not be worth having after they get it.

One rarely finds idealists among women, for they feel instinctively that the central, unconscious motive of the idealist is a hatred of his fellow creatures. It is a curious thing that women hate individuals and not people in mass. Even when they tell you that they dislike certain races of nations you can learn readily

enough, by questioning that their hatred pivots around a few special individuals. On the other hand, men frequently acquire a sort of abstract, cold mass-hatred. I don't like hatred of any kind, but if I do any hating at all I want to do it like a woman.

I give all the foregoing as the more outstanding reasons why I would like to be a woman, but when I think them over, there comes to the front of the picture that pretty girl I met the other evening. I can see her now, in fancy, with her jaunty cloche hat, her fine eyes, her lovely chin, her silver-gray frock, and her shoes of the color of young, freshly minted gold. I had rather be that girl than to be Thomas A. Edison.

It sounds like the rankest kind of heresy, I know--almost blasphemy, in fact--but that's the way I feel about it, just the same. She is going to have a grand time in life, tho very likely she will believe to the end of her days that men have the better of everything.

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" OUT OF THE PAST "

Reprints From Old Copies Of "LONDON LIFE"

Dear Sir:

I have read with keen interest the letters you have published dealing with female impersonation, and as my husband has met with success himself in this direction, I thought your readers would welcome a short account of some of his early experiences in skirts.

Shortly after the great war, my husband and I had our honeymoon in Germany, where we met some Germans with whom we had become very friendly during a period of internment there. We had a wonderful time visiting various shows and cabaretttes and going to parties. For one of these parties, we had to go as members of the opposite sex, -i.e. my husband as a girl and myself as a man.

We had been told beforehand that there would be a prize for the couple achieving the most striking affect and our friends seemed keen to make us the winners. I didn't mind at all but my husband was not looking forward to the evening with much enthusiasm. Nevertheless, he agreed to take part as everyone else would be doing the same thing.

It was evident that these Germans had had some experience of this type of party before, because they immediately fetched out a variety of female dresses, shoes, stockings, hats and wigs.

After much measuring and fitting, my husband, who is slightly built with smallish hands and feet, was rigged out. I insisted on his wearing a fairly tight corset, not merely to keep his long silk stockings taut, but also to give him some sort of a figure.

As undies, he had a white silk vest, pale green satin camionickers, pale green satin slip, and a padded brassiere to add to the general effect. His dress consisted of a shade darker green georgette frock, with close fitting corsage, not too low in front, but reaching to the middle of the back, with skirt flared at the hips and finishing at the knee (Ultra short skirts were then the fashion). This of course gave him an opportunity to show his limbs to good effect, and this was in his favour, as he is by no means muscular in appearance.

His shoes, which were chosen to match his frock, were of the court type, with three inch heels. I entrusted the choice of a wig and his makeup to Margaret, one of the young women of the family, and a good job she made of it too.

A blonde, bobbed, wig, the addition of makeup, carefully applied and a pearl necklace and a pair of pearl earrings, and there was my John changed into an attractive yet somewhat awkward Jean. His arms were the only parts of him that were not quite right, but this difficulty was soon overcome by one of the girls producing a pair of shoulder length gloves and coaxing him into them. I paraded him up and down to the amusement and evident satisfaction of all.

Well the evening came at last, and John was at his best. This was well because there were many skilled and attractive masqueraders among those present.

Suffice it to say that the evening was a great success and that in the end, when it was time to take off our wigs, John and I were awarded first prize, much to the joy of our friends and ourselves.

I hope what I have written will prove of interest to some of your readers; and if so I will write to you again,

Yours sincerely, HERMIONE

Dear Sir:

Two or three weeks ago I wrote you telling you about my husband's first appearance in female attire--namely at one of the parties we went to in Germany. I said I would write again, giving details of further occasions on which John has so successfully assumed female attire, so here I will tell you of an episode which took place during the autumn following our return from that pleasant holiday among Germans.

One week end we ran down to the country in our little two-seater to stay a few days with a friend of mine.

On arriving, we were told that she was going to another small town, about ten miles off, to play in a game of hockey.

She had been asked to bring two other players with her, if possible, and now, through the phone failing, she was unable to let the Captain know that she had been unable to get the

two friends she had expected; now both John and I are fairly good at hockey, so, of course, we offered our services. Mine were accepted at once, but John's were turned down as it was to be a ladies match.

Immediately my mind flew back to John's successful masquerade at the party in Germany, and without more ado I told my friend Ada about it. Before I finished she knew what I was going to suggest and seemed heartily in agreement with the idea of John playing as a girl that afternoon.

John, however, did not fancy the experience, saying that a party in Germany was a different proposition than a game of hockey in England. After some minutes, he agreed, at least to the extent of trying on some things to see what he would look like.

As I made clear in my last letter, John can quite easily wear my shoes and clothes. This meant that Ada had to find two outfits very much alike. Well I went around with her to two of her friends, and each offered to lend me her hockey clothes, neither knowing that we were visiting the other as well. Ada was able to supply all that was necessary, and she also managed to get a short bobbed wig in addition.

Briefly, John's outfit consisted of silk vest, padded brassiere (as before for effect) suspender belt to hold taut his long black lisle hose, white silk blouse with long sleeves, short black satin knickers with elastic at the waist and legs, a trim gym costume and low heeled, single strap shoes.

Knowing that a lot of running was to follow, I saw that the wig was fastened on more securely than usual. Lastly a careful application of makeup, and once more, John, my husband, had become Jean, my attractive but shy and retiring sister. We were very much alike, so much so that Ada suggested that we should pass as twins.

Then, after taking our sticks and throwing scarfs about our necks, we climbed into our two seater and left for the distant pitch. On arriving at the ground, we got ready to leave the car and I was amused to note Jean doing as we were doing-patting hair into position and dabbing a powder puff on his face. When I slipped my hanky and powder puff into the pocket of my knickers, he followed

suit. Then the three of us went across to the pavilion, where those who had arrived earlier were standing. We were introduced to the Captain and the others, and I was pleased to see Jean was accepted without question.

Well, the game started, and soon it was obvious to Ada and myself that Jean had slipped completely into his new role and was enjoying himself, playing a splendid game for a girl.

At the close, after our side had won fairly easily, the Captain congratulated Jean on his play and thanked us both for having played. After a wash and touching up with powder, we all adjourned to the home of the Captain--a large rambling house, in the grounds of which the pitch was situated.

The Captain seemed to have attached herself to Ada, Jean and myself, and we sat together during and after tea chatting on all sorts of topics in all of which Jean joined. During this chatting a maid came up and spoke to our hostess, who then left us for a few minutes, only to return almost at once with the news that a dense fog had settled down and that it was too thick for us to see to get back home that night.

I could see that this news perturbed Jean, but he remained silent. Then our hostess asked us to stay there until morning, saying that they were arranging a small party that evening when some friends were coming in. As we had only our hockey clothes there, she would lend us some of hers. I could see Ada was thinking about Jean, so I took the bull by the horns and accepted the offer, the others immediately following suit.

We all retired upstairs to our hostess' room, where she produced a variety of dresses, stockings, undies and shoes for us to make a selection. I selected Jean's and my own, two ensembles almost exactly alike to maintain the idea that we were twins. We were then shown the rooms we were going to use. I had arranged that Jean and I were to share a room.

We were offered the services of two maids--which needless to say, we tactfully refused. With a smile of encouragement to Jean, Ada left us to get changed into our borrowed party clothes. Fortunately our hostess was about the same size as ourselves and consequently her clothes fitted us well.

I changed first, as quickly as I could, in order to be able to give Jean a hand afterwards. I could not help remarking on the good taste of our hostess in undies and hosiery as I slipped into my vest of clinging silk, opera length chiffon silk stockings, dainty pale blue cami-knickers, of finest silk and similarly colored satin slip reaching to some four or five inches above my knees. Over this came a sleeveless, figure fitting dress of powder blue velvet, moderately décolleté and reaching just above the ankles, though divided into about a dozen panels from the hips downwards. My shoes were black velvet, Court shape with slender 4 inch heels.

In line with the edge of my slip and thus showing through my divided skirt as I moved about, a pair of blue satin ribbon garters were clasped about my legs. To complete my appearance, I had long black kid gloves, a necklace of large blue beads and earrings with blue pendants.

Having dressed myself as quickly as possible, I turned to Jean, who had been watching me with admiring eyes. Soon he had slipped out of his sport things and into his daintier and certainly more fragile attire. In general appearance, we were alike and to add to our twin-like look I saw that our makeup was alike.

When Ada came in to see how we were getting on she was obviously surprised and momentarily did not know which was me. She was very enthusiastic in her congratulations at the effect obtained and when Jean tripped daintily around the room on his high heeled shoes, declared he would not only elude detection but would in all probability have many admirers among the young men at the party.

Jean blushed crimson at this, but was spared further chafing by the entrance of our young hostess. She declared that we looked charming, asking if certain articles of our attire had fitted us satisfactorily.

I was pleased to see that Jean was no longer blushing now, but was chatting easily as on the occasion of the party in Germany. He was evidently out to enjoy himself, and was so well received at the party that he soon forgot his shyness and slipped completely into his feminine role.

Being a perfect dancer, he was a success on the dance floor, and was never without a partner. In fact, he completely captivated

one young man and when supper-time came, went from the room with him. This amused both Ada and myself, but did not surprise us, as we realized how perfect was Jean's impersonation. His figure and shapely limbs, shown off, as they were by his chic attire were admired by most of the men present and envied, I think by quite a number of the girls, as well.

I was pleased to notice how well he remembered his German training, for his every action was delightfully feminine. Coupled with this, his knowledge of what a man admires in a woman undoubtedly gave him an advantage which he was not slow to take. Without doubt, Jean was the chief center of attraction that evening—a fact of which I felt more proud than jealous.

Well, the evening came to an end at last and with our hostess we bade the visitors good night. Naturally we kissed the girls who were leaving and Jean seemed to particularly enjoy this. Then having said good night to our hostess, we went upstairs to bed.

Jean had to keep his wig on because we knew a maid would probably come in early next morning. This was as well, for tea was brought to us in bed and then we saw our party things taken away and our sport things laid out in their place.

When the maids had gone, we quickly dressed ourselves and touched up our makeup. After a light breakfast, we kissed our hostess goodbye and left with Ada for home.

On the ride back, the sole topic of conversation was, needless to say, John's impersonation. John himself was quiet, but although we could get practically nothing from him, Ada did get him to promise to masquerade again at a party she was going to give shortly. On our return we changed back to our own clothes and spent the remainder of the week with Ada, quietly.

Next time, I will tell you of John's masquerade at Ada's party.

Yours truly, HERMIONE

Attracted by Corsets

Dear Sir:

Seeing your remarks about readers writing up their experiences, I should like to send you mine.

I always liked drawing and reading rather than sports. When I was 15 I was sent to an Aunt, who took care of me. She was rather Victorian in her ways, but very sporty and one night she was going to a whist drive and dance. She had bought a new pair of shoes and left them downstairs while she dressed. They were a smart pair of high heeled satin shoes and I was admiring them when she returned.

She noticed this and insisted that I should try them. I took my own shoes off and put them on. I was quite pleased with them. They had the effect of making me feel tall.

The following day, my Aunt called me to her room and there I donned silk stockings, garters and a pair of high heeled shoes. My Aunt then ordered me to take off my outer clothes. When I was done, she brought out a pair of firmly boned corsets and insisted that I should wear them. At first they seemed very tight, but after a while I got so used to them, that I was lost when they were off.

I was later put into knickers, vest, and generally wore a black silk dress, fitting tightly over the waist and hips. As long as I continued to live with my Aunt I wore this attire when at home and was more used to high heeled shoes than to my own.

My waist measure was tightened to 20 in. This makes it all the more astonishing to me when I read of ladies wearing corsets of 15 in. I should certainly like to see such a waist.

I have since come to live in Liverpool and dropped this fancy.

Seeing wonderful silks and shoes, I am oftentimes tempted to try and purchase some and again indulge my vanity.

Hoping this letter will prove of interest to your readers,
Yours truly, S. Wallah

Petticoat Prisoners

Dear Sir:

One of the most interesting letters you have published recently was from "Smart Kiddies Mother". In dressing her boys as girls she is following the same course as a rich American who in

his will ordered his son should be dressed in frocks until 14 years of age. A photo of the boy some months ago in a weekly showed him wearing a smart knee length frock with fancy collar and cuffs, light sash, white socks and patent strap shoes, while his dark hair was cut in a close bob. Altogether, a picture that would have charmed "Smart Kiddies Mother".

Yours truly, A Reader

Men Who Live Duplicate Lives

Dear Sir:

The ever-increasing pages of "London Life" have included recently a number of letters, psychologically valuable as well as of the greatest human interest, on the subject of female impersonation.

I think it is realized that not always is there in such cases much in the dual personality-such people do not lead double lives in the common and rather derogatory sense of the term. They are more accurately described as leading duplicate lives.

There is their ordinary everyday aspect, which their friends and acquaintances know well, and there is often another aspect, another personality known to few or no other persons. This duality takes many forms, but I am sure the mixture of male and female is more common than the unthinking person, unacquainted with modern psychology, is aware of.

Sometimes the female element is content with limited expression, as in those men who are content in corset wearing, like the late Sir Francis Lloyd, brilliant soldier, whose tightly corseted figure and high-heeled boots were a perpetual amazement to the troops he so gallantly commanded.

There is another case of an Army officer, published in a London newspaper some time ago, in whom the duality was so strong that he spent half his life dressed as a woman. The two personalities were so utterly different that many people knew both Captain X, the officer of a crack regiment, and Mrs Y. the smart society woman, without suspecting that they were one and the same.

Captain X had a stammer; Mrs. Y had a pleasant voice without an impediment. She had a complete wardrobe in a flat exclusively occupied by her and "she" had unusual artistic talents which were only developed when she was living in the personality of a woman.

Other instances have been recorded quite recently in business men who have escaped, as the psychologist calls it, from the worries of business life by spending part of their time dressed as a woman, I myself have come across just such a case in my own acquaintance.

I was calling on my friend, Mrs. D, one evening. As I entered the sitting room, a smartly dressed, elderly lady, excused herself and left the room. I left without seeing her again. Two or three weeks later, when I made an unexpected call to Mrs. D and the same elderly woman was present, dressed in a close fitting green velvet frock, silk stockings, and black satin high-heeled shoes with necklace and earrings of green stones.

We talked a little while and I was puzzled, for I was not introduced and I felt sure I knew the lady. Then as an old friend, the secret was revealed to me. The lady was Mr. D, who in this second personality, this duplicate life, "escaped" from the worries and fatigues of a wearing business life. To me, the contrast was extraordinary. In business, I knew Mr. D to be an energetic, dominant man, who controlled successfully a large staff and ran a difficult exacting business with ease.

I could not help thinking how discipline would suffer if some of his staff, who unhesitatingly obeyed his slightest word, could have seen Mr. D in his velvet frock with coy suggestion of petticoat lace as he crossed his silken knees. He was well though not elaborately made up as an elderly woman.

His wife-very sensibly, I thought-made no fuss about it, but rather helped him by buying corsets and frocks and other necessities. He seemed perfectly natural in his personality as a woman, and so gave no offense. The secret had been and still is, well kept, and since it has been kept a secret no harm has been done and the two personalities live their separate lives happily.

There are, I believe, many such cases which will never be known except to the privileged few. Perhaps some of your readers can tell us some of them.

Yours faithfully, S.R.

Unemployed Chorus Man's Masquerade

Dear Sir:

I am a comparatively new reader of London Life, but I would like to say what a weekly treat it has become to me and how I look forward to the latest thrilling experiences recounted by you readers.

As some of your correspondents assert, it is quite possible for a slimly built youth to disguise himself as a girl without being detected.

The other day, I was really taken in. I came across a man dressed in a Pieret costume playing a street organ, to which two girls were dancing and singing. One of the girls particularly attracted my attention.

She was tall, fair with a figure slim and neat enough to excite feminine envy, and slender legs. Her dancing and that of her shorter and dark companion led me to think they must have belonged to a dancing troupe, and I was quite spellbound as I watched their practiced high-kicking, which revealed a nice taste in frilly lingerie.

The fair girl wore a well fitting blue satin frock and shoulder cape, a little black hat on her blonde curls and beige stockings and court shoes with Louis heels. Her companion was in a similar frock, but red, with black patent shoes. I happened to notice a card on the organ announcing that the girls were chorus men out of work.

As I gladly contributed to what I considered a clever show, I had a word with the handle-turner who told me that there are several such troupes of street entertainers.

The music stopped, blonde and brunette sauntered over to us and lighting cigarettes, started repairing the ravages made in their makeup by their energetic dancing. I could find no defect in their disguise and being especially taken with the blonde's figure I asked him if he corsetted. He said he did but did not tight lace. The brunette laughed and said his own corset was the only thing that kept him decently thin.

To my remark on their neatness in face of the street condit-

ions, they ruefully complained that their earnings all went on new clothes, shoes and stockings, and any new male mufti was out of the question.

Matches, powder and lipstick were packed away in a vanity bag hanging behind the organ and they moved off down the street, the two "girls" tripping along together, making a graceful picture as the wind caught their full skirts and the sun shone on the satin-like material.

Their general bearing was happy and carefree and the fact that their life must be an almost unbroken round of applied femininity seemed not to weigh them a scrap. Well, good luck to them! They spoofed me completely and I shall never say again that I can always spot a boy dressed as a girl.

What with this incident, and I see Barquette imitating Dietrich, I would not be surprised if Greta Garbo herself was actually a cheeky Swedish boy in private life.

Yours faithfully, A.K.B.

Dear Sir:

My father and uncle were killed at almost the beginning of the war, only just before I was born. My mother determined that I should never be exposed to the same risk and although born a boy, I have been raised as a girl from birth.

I have never worn male clothing and have always lived as a girl. By means of constant massage, figure training and general attention, my figure is entirely feminine--so much so that were I to dress in men's clothes, I should still look like a girl.

I have always worn high heels and like tight lacing, but not to exaggeration. I do not put my name for obvious reasons. The only people who share my secret are my old nurse (now my maid) and a girl cousin.

Yours truly, Margaret

Dear Sir:

I believe that your sporty readers on the lookout for smart ideas will be interested in this account of twin costumes I designed for my husband and myself to wear to a recent masquerade ball, they were sufficiently striking to carry off first prize in the doubles entry and so exactly alike did we appear that some amus-

ing mistakes occurred in the more dimly lit parts of the rooms.

Over our smallest corsets, tightly laced, we wore sleeveless V-necked blouses tucked into the tight fitting waists of our black velvet shorts. Tauntly suspended black silk stockings, wide frilled garters of white satin with huge butterfly bows and two strap slippers, black satin with four inch heels, completed the lower part of our outfits.

Our arms were incased in long black kid gloves and we covered up our hair with theatrical wigs of white floss silk. Against the dead white makeup of our faces, etc. the only note of color was given by our vividly rouged cheeks and our brilliantly painted Cupid-bow lips. Eyelids, lashes and brows were, of course, correctly darkened.

We were both so intrigued with our costumes and makeup that we have had to dress up in them again several evenings at home.

Gaily yours, Giddy and Gay

Fancy dress for parties

Here is a simple idea for fancy dress. My children were asked to a fancy dress dance and I dressed them as pages. They both wore the same type of clothes but the colours were reversed.

The boy wore a black tunic, red belt, red tights, and black patent shoes with ankle straps. The girl wore a red tunic, black patent belt, black silk tights and red leather ankle strap shoes.

The girl has fair bebbed hair and I got the boy a wig to match it exactly and very pretty they looked.

I was so struck with their resemblance that at the next party I dressed them alike, as girls. Over satin corsets they wore tight-fitting frocks of dull gold lame with very short skirts and frilly knickers.

Their tauntly suspended white silk stockings were shown off by the strap shoes of gold kid with 3 in. heels and one strap and button. The girl's hair and the boy's wig looked very chic with a large bow of white silk.

Yours sincerely, CHIC

Successful Disguise

One young man who was recently in business in South London, informs us that owing to a bad spell of luck, he was unable to meet his creditors and a committal order was issued against him for rates.

This of course meant absolute ruin. He resolved to disappear and accordingly dressed himself in girl's clothes and gave out that he was his own sister.

"She" produced letters from "her" brother authorizing her to take over the shop and do the best she could during his absence. No one, not even the warrant officer, recognized in the demure young lady, the wanted brother.

"She" stuck to the business. Things improved, debts were paid, and in due course her brother returned, solvent and prosperous.

To this day, no one has been the wiser or the worse for this remarkable masquerade.

Sincerely, "Sister"

Dear Sir:

I have had ample opportunity of studying female impersonation while training my husband for girl's parts during the war. He was wounded in 1916, and being unfit was only able to return to his chums by doing concert party work. Anyone can take advantage of the average rednosed comedian's pantomime dames parts with ease, but a really chic and dainty impersonation of the real thing is only achieved after thorough training.

Realizing this, I immediately banished every stitch of masculine attire from the house and with his approval, put him straight into girl's clothes for, more than anything else, they are responsible for the differences in posture and movement between men and women.

Most of all I might mention corsets, followed by high heels; and I immediately arranged for my corsetier to keep him supplied with a succession of smaller and smaller corsets made to his measure. My sister was living with me and of course, I had to take her into my secret, together with two or three women friends, and they helped me no end.

His waist naturally measured 26 in. and we reduced it to 21 in. with ease; but from about 22½ in to 21 in. he had a very uncomfortable time, and after three months, though, he was wearing 19 in. corsets laced close all day, ½ in. smaller at night, and he felt more comfortable than when he was wearing 22 inch corsets. My sister and I accompanied him on a tight lacing bout, and during the time his figure was under training, we had reduced ours to 16 in. and 15 in. respectively; of course, we had been accustomed to tight lacing all our lives.

I took particular care of his bust and, with the aid of a brassiere, which he always wore, achieved the natural movement of the feminine breasts to such an extent that under the thinnest silk frocks his deception was undetectable.

His feet I gradually massaged down to a Number 6 lady's shoe and starting at 3¾ in. heels I gradually raised them to 5 and 6 inches with tiny bases no larger than six peaces, on which it was a treat to see him daintily tripping along.

He wore a wig at first, but when his hair grew a little, I had it waved and though short for those days, it suited him very well. His makeup was the work of an artist at the job and after a time, he was able to repair the ravages to his complexion before other women without raising suspicion.

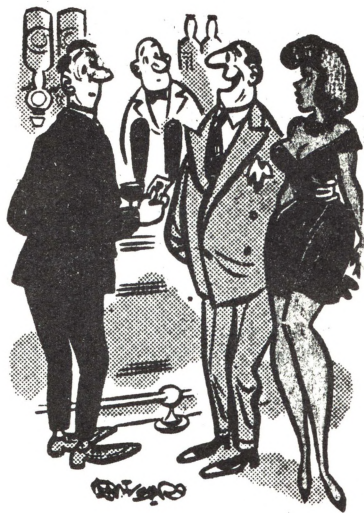
When at home, I dressed him in extremes of fashion such as tight fitting skirts of clinging velvet, and did everything I could to accustom him to the constriction of a girl's attire. He helped my sister and I in the house, learned to sew and make our own light frocks and undies while he was the daily subject of beauty treatments, changes of clothes, tightening up of stays and heightening heels.

After a month, we ventured out of doors evenings and it was surprising to see how quickly he took on the little mannerisms which are peculiar to the sex. Chest breathing, of course became natural for he was too tightly laced to do anything else; but sitting with knees tightly together took a lot of mastering, while walking in a mannish way was impossible with a tight waist and 4 in. heels and over.

We visited our friends and walked the streets and parks quite normally at the end of three months; he visited shops with us and was fitted for a gown by a girl without her discovering anything unusual in her client. His arms and shoulders had responded to our ministrations by this time, and he looked like a lovely girl in a lowcut evening gown.

He became like my sister and I and some of our friends—confirmed tight-lacers—gave and went to many parties where bizarre ideas were evolved in daring dress, tight lacing, living statuary, etc. and when he was fit again to go up the line, after six months, he was able to impersonate so well that he was considered quite one of the best who ever performed.

Yours faithfully, SUCCESSFUL TRAINER



"Mr. Jones, meet Mr. Smith.
Ed here manages our
women's ready-to-wear dept."

"Why do I like to dress as a woman?
Just push your eyes back in, Henry
And I'll tell you!"

CHARLENE - Hawaii



CAROL--WISC.

GEORGIA--MASS.



FROM MODEL TO MODISTE

"Come in Davy", said Martha, my Aunt's maid, as she opened the door to my ring, "It's been so long since you were over that we thought that you were mad at us".

"Of course not Martha!", I replied, "It's just that I've been very busy; but now that school's out you'll see more of me. Mother is out to a tea this afternoon so I thought I might as well come over early and have a visit with Aunt."

"That's fine Davy--she's upstairs", said Martha as she disappeared into the kitchen.

Aunt met me at the top of the stairs, exclaiming, "I thought I heard your voice Davy. I'm so glad you came over early." With that I got my usual hug and kiss--for Aunt and I were very fond of each other. In many ways we were like brother and sister, for she was much younger than Mother, and her point of view, as well as face and figure, were young. "I'm doing some dressmaking," she explained, "So come in and talk with me while I work. I'm sorry your Mother didn't come over with you, for I wanted to try this dress on her and finish pinning it; but now I suppose I'll have to wait until next week." I told her that Mother had gone to a tea, then our conversation turned to other things--Aunt busily working all the while.

After an hour or so Aunt clipped a final thread, and petulantly exclaimed, "There I'm all ready for a fitting, and nothing can be done about it. I do wish Martha was my size so I wouldn't have to depend on your Mother."

I laughed and said, "Why Aunt, don't get so excited. What difference does it make when you finish?"

"Oh! None really Davy, it's just that I don't like to have a lot of half-done things around." Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why you are just my size! Why don't I try it on you?"

"Oh, no you don't!" laughed I, "I'm not going to be any dress-maker's dummy getting stuck full of pins."

"Oh please Davy. I promise I won't stick you a single time." We argued for several minutes, and finally I gave in and agreed to act as the dummy.

I stood up, took off my coat, and asked, "Well, how do I get it on?"

Aunt laughingly said, "You can never do it that way, you'll have to take off your shirt and pants too."

"Darn it!" I said, "I never bargained for all this trouble," but I proceeded to do her bidding. Aunt was so much a member of our family that I had no hesitation about partially undressing in her presence, and was soon standing before her in my underwear. She raised the dress and cautiously slipped it over my head, cautioning me not to wiggle lest I break the basting threads. Finally getting it on, she tried to fasten the placket at the waist, but it was much too small for me.

Aunt stepped off, looked at me for a moment, then said, "That will never do, I can't fit it if I can't fasten it, besides you don't have enough bosom to make it hang right. It looks like I'm not going to get it fitted today." With that she carefully eased the dress off, and I turned to put on my clothes. As I took up my trousers Aunt said, "Wait a minute Davy, I have an idea," and with that she left the room to return in a few moments with a corset. You must understand that this occurred many years ago, when corsets were really corsets. The one in her hands was a wasp-waisted affair lacing up the back, and capable of greatly reducing the wearers waist.

Realizing her intention, I set up a howl; but Aunt, becoming quite firm, said, "Now stop that Davy! This isn't going to bite you".

"But Aunt", I replied, "I can't wear a thing like that."

"Oh nonsense!" she laughed, "It will improve your figure", and with that she clapped it around me, secured the hooks, and started to lace it up. However, it soon became apparent that it wasn't going to work--for my heavy underwear bunched up as it tightened. Aunt almost swore when she saw this--unlaced the corset, and laying it aside said, "We'll get this yet Davy, I'm going to fit that dress this afternoon if it kills me." With that she again left the room while I stood wondering what she had in mind. In a moment she re-

turned and handing me a small bundle of cloth said, "Now go into the next room and put this on." Curiously I unfolded it to find that I was holding a dainty lace-trimmed pink silk chemise. My jaw dropped when I saw it, but before I could protest Aunt took me by the ear and led me into the room saying, "If you say a word I'll twist your ear right off. Now you put this on and be quick about it." With that she left shutting the door after her.

I stood for a minute looking at the chemise--terribly embarrassed at the thought of putting it on, and almost in the mood to defy her--when suddenly the humor of the situation appealed to me; so laughing to myself I took off my underwear and stepped into the chemise. It was so sheer and dainty that I felt completely naked, and the innate femininity of the garment was very embarrassing, but I shook the feeling off, and after taking a deep breath--opened the door. Aunt looked at me for a moment--then, instead of laughing, she appeared surprised, "Why you don't look at all bad Davy," she exclaimed, "In fact I think it's quite becoming." This remark was more embarrassing than the expected laughter, and I could feel myself blushing all over. Aunt sensing, or seeing, this turned to the table until I recovered my self possession; then she again put the corset around me, and laced it up till I could hardly breath. But that was only a beginning--giving me the laces to hold, she took some cotton and after shaping it into two balls started to slip them into the bosom of the corset.

"Hey no!" I cried, when I realized her intention, "You can't do that, Aunt." She looked at me in a pert sort of way saying, "Oh can't I? What sort of a dummy do you think you would make without the proper bosom?", and with that finished stuffing it in. After shaping the cotton to her satisfaction she said, "There that looks better. Now I can finish the lacing."

I gasped, "My God Aunt! You're not going to lace this any tighter. I'm about cut in two as it is." Aunt walked to the table and taking up a tape, put it around my waist--it measured 21 inches. Then she placed it around her own which measured just 18 inches.

"Now you see why I have to lace you tighter," she said.

"I guess so Aunt," I replied, "But don't be surprised if you kill me."

Aunt laughed, and said, "I'm laced that way all the time, and I look pretty good don't I?" I was forced to agree, for Aunt was

the picture of health.

"But", I said, "you're used to it",

"Well, don't worry", replied Aunt, "you'll get used to it too." With that she started to lace me up again, and after tugging and hauling until I could hardly stand it she measured me again, then said, "There, now your figure is really nice Davy", and with that she tied the laces--took up the dress and eased it over my head.

This time, the dress fit perfectly, so Aunt took a mouthful of pins and started to work--taking a tuck here, pinning a little tighter there, and generally making all the adjustments to a well fitting dress. I stood as patiently as I could; but after half an hour or so I ached all over from my effort to remain motionless. At last she finished all but the hem, and telling me that that was all there was left to do she got down on her knees while I revolved slowly in front of her. While doing this, she asked, in a matter-of-fact manner, if I had ever had a dress on before? "No Aunt. This is my first experience", I replied. With that she went on pinning without saying a word.

Finally, she rose to her feet, stood off and looked me over for a moment, then said, "Well I guess that's all. Thank you very much for your trouble. Now let's be very careful while I get it off--for we don't want any of the pins to pull out." With that she carefully helped me pull the dress off over my head, folded it, and laid it on the table. Then turning to me she said, with a mischievous look, "You know Davy, you look so well in that corset and chemise that I'm curious to see how you would look dressed as a woman. I think I'll get the rest of the clothes and have you slip them on for a little while."

"Oh no!" I said, embarrassed at the thought. "This corset is bad enough. I'll dress for you some other time, but please unlace me now."

"You're not going to put me off that way", she replied, "I'll not unlace you till I satisfy my curiosity. Now come on and be a sport Davy." Aunt had a firm disposition and knowing that she would never relent, I consented--half curious myself.

"That's fine", she said, "Now you wait here while I go find something that will be becoming to you." She was gone for quite a time, finally returning with her arms full of clothes. First hand-

ing me a pair of black silk hose, very sheer for those days, she said, "You can be putting these on while I get the rest ready."

I snorted, "Why I don't have to wear these, just so you can see how I look with a dress on."

"Oh stop your beefing! We're really going to dress you. Now put those on." Grumbling to myself I took them up and gingerly slipped them on. Aunt then asked me to stand, and after straightening the seams, she fastened the garters. "Now this is next", she said, handing me another bundle of cloth, "We want you to be properly modest in case the wind should blow up your skirts." I unfolded the garment and found it was a pair of bloomers, like the chemise, of silk and lace, and much too sheer to be much help in promoting modesty. By that time the joke of my dressing as a woman had really begun to take hold of me, so I stepped into the bloomers with little embarrassment. Next Aunt handed me a white silk slip, or petticoat, with a lace trimmed bodice and wide lace shoulder straps and after that a sheer and frilly white blouse, and a plain navy blue skirt--which, of course, came to the floor.

While Aunt left the room on some errand, I slowly and clumsily got into these clothes--much confused by the complex arrangement of hooks and eyes. But by the time she returned with a pair of high-heeled high buttoned shoes in her hand, I was dressed. She stopped, and after gazing at me for a moment, said, "Davy I thought that you'd look funny dressed in my things, but you don't. You really look quite nice, and I'm going to explore all your possibilities before I let you go. Here, put these on while I get some more things." With that she handed me the shoes and left the room again.

Sitting down, I raised my skirts--with a most peculiar feeling and slipped my feet into the shoes. They, like the clothes, fitted quite well; so I proceeded to button them up. The tight corset made it very difficult to bend over so by the time I had the shoes buttoned I was red in the face, gasping for breath, and glad indeed to stand; but no sooner had I risen than Aunt returned with, of all things, a wig. "Where in the world did you get that?" I asked.

Oh I had to get it after I had the fever", she replied. "Our hair is about the same color, so it should be alright for you. Please sit down again so I can put it on." I obeyed her, and she proceeded, with deft fingers, to place it on my head, it was equipped with elastic so it fitted like a tight cap. When it was adjusted to her satisfaction, she took the hair pins out of it, and

taking a comb proceeded to comb it all out. It was so long that it came down about me like a waist-length cloak. All the snarls out Aunt started to do it up, it took her a long time, but finally she was finished, and after putting a little powder on my nose she said, "There Davy, now stand up so I can see how you look." I did so--gravely revolving in front of her, "Fine Davy! Fine," she said after looking me over carefully, "You look very nice, I never would have believed that you would look well as a woman; but come into the bedroom where you can see for yourself."

I followed her, and seeing myself, gasped with astonishment. I looked so much like a younger sister of Aunt that it was amazing. She had arranged the hair in a soft knot, or roll, extending from ear-to-ear across the back of my neck--the same way she wore hers--and we were dressed similarly, that is, white frilly blouses and tailored walking skirts; but the resemblance did not end there, our features were much alike and with the hair softly framing my face I lost all appearance of masculinity--becoming almost as pretty as she.

The actor in me thrilled to think that I could look feminine and pretty, instead of ludicrous, in her clothes. Aunt had been watching me all the time I stood in front of the mirror, and when I finally turned to her, she said, "You know Davy, I think I'll adopt you for a daughter, and make you dress as a girl all the time. You're too small and frail to look like much of a man, and you look so well in dresses that I'm sure nature intended you to be a girl." This remark hurt, for my lack of size was a sore point; but before I could reply Aunt sensed this and changed the subject by exclaiming, "Goodness! It's almost supper time. Your Mother should be here any minute." The thought of having Mother see me as a girl was very embarrassing, so I told Aunt that I had better change before she arrived. "Alright", she said, "But first let's go down and let Martha see you." I hesitated--then realizing that Martha would hear of my masquerade--I followed her down.

Martha was setting the table, and when she first saw me a look of surprise crossed her face, for she didn't realize who I was. Then she recognized me and burst into laughter, "Why it's Davy," she exclaimed to Aunt, "Dressed in your clothes."

"Yes", said Aunt, "Don't you think he looks nice?"

"Martha came around the table--looked me up and down--then

replied. "Why he looks like your sister--and he's almost as pretty as you. Davy, you look fine as a girl." Though Martha's approbation was pleasing, it was nevertheless embarrassing, so I stood silent while the two laughed and chatted about me.

Suddenly a voice behind me said, "Frances, what in the world have you done to my child?" I whirled, and there in the doorway stood Mother. Coming into the house without our hearing her, she had been standing there listening, and looking at me, or rather my back, for several minutes.

Aunt, laughing, crossed the room, kissed Mother, then said, "Why Agnes, you know I've always wanted a younger sister, and now I have one. Don't you think she's cute?"

"Why yes," replied Mother, "But how in the world did you ever get Davy to dress that way?"

"Oh that was easy," said Aunt, "I couldn't get you to help me fit a new dress, so when Davy came by I persuaded him to act as dummy, and that gave me the idea--for you see--I had to get him into a corset before the dress would fit."

"Davy in a corset!" Shrieked Mother, bursting into gales of laughter, "Of course he would have to wear one to get that figure, but it just hadn't occurred to me." By that time she was laughing so hard that it infected Aunt, who joined until they were both almost hysterical. "My little boy Davy in a corset and a dress!" Laughed Mother, "I just can't get used to the idea."

"And oh yes," added Aunt, "He also has on my best chemise and bloomers." This sent Mother into another fit of laughter, while I stood praying that the ground would open and swallow me.

Finally the laughter ceased, and Mother, drying her eyes, said, "Come over where it's light Davy so I can really see how you look." I followed her to the window and there she walked all about me--viewing me from every angle.

After a moment Aunt asked, "Don't you think he really looks well that way Agnes?" Mother turned to Aunt, and after a moment's hesitation said, "Why Frances I'm so amazed that I'm at a loss for words. Davy looks so feminine that I would never have recognized him if it weren't for his family appearance. If anyone had told me that my son could look like a girl--completely feminine--merely by dressing in girl's clothes, I wouldn't have believed them. Frances

you had better look out or Davy will supplant you as the pretty one of the family."

Aunt laughingly said, "Well I don't care if he does, I'm quite proud to have been the discoverer of Davy's hidden talents."

Dinner was, by that time, almost ready; seeing a way to get out of my embarrassing attire I suggested that I had better change before we ate. But Mother slipped an arm about my slim waist, kissed me, and said, "Oh please don't change for a while yet Davy. Let me pretend you're my daughter--instead of my son--for I've always wanted a daughter, and you make such a good looking one." This remark surprised me indeed, for Mother had never talked that way before. So when Aunt added her entreaties I consented--to their obvious pleasure.

Our meal and the long visit afterward were pleasant, for I was kept so amused that I did not have time to dwell on the discomfort of my attire. Martha persistently embarrassed me at the table by calling me, "Miss", at every opportunity; it was "Please try these pickles Miss", or "Try to eat a little more Miss Davy", all through the meal. But afterwards when we were chatting around an open fire in the living room I forgot all about my embarrassment--and so long as I sat up straight I suffered little discomfort from my corset. Several times during the evening, as I would glance down at my skirts, a feeling of gratification would creep over me, and I would think to myself with a feeling of pride, "It's not every man that can make himself appear to be a pretty and dainty girl."

As we sat chatting the time slipped away until Mother, glancing at the clock, exclaimed, "Heavens Davy! It's almost eleven. We must go right home." Aunt rising to her feet replied, "I'm sorry to have kept you so long Agnes, we've been having such a good time that I didn't realize how late it was."

"We've had fun too Frances," replied Mother, "But we must go now."

"Hey!" I interjected, "Don't be in such a hurry, I've got to change before we start."

"Goodness" replied Aunt, "You seem so natural that way that we'd forgotten all about it. Rather than keep your Mother waiting why not wear those clothes on home. You can bring them back tomorrow and get yours at the same time."

"Oh gosh no Aunt!" I exclaimed, "Someone would be sure to see me." At that they both hooted--saying that it was impossible that I should have any trouble.

As I hesitated Aunt said, "Wait a minute Agnes, I know what we'll do," and with that she turned and ran upstairs.

While she was gone I said to Mother, "You and Aunt must be crazy. What would people say if they saw me this way?"

"Nonsense Davy!" She replied, "No one could possibly recognize you that way, and even if they did they would probably think you were smart, for you look much better as a girl." I was astonished, for here was Mother actually approving of my unethical costume; but before I could say more Aunt came down--her arms laden.

"Here Davy try this on", she said, holding up a coat for me. I obediently slipped my arms into it and found I was wearing a short blue jacket--that matched my skirt. It buttoned tightly down the front, completely covering all but the ruffled lace collar of the blouse. Then she took a blue feather-trimmed hat, secured it to my head with two long hatpins, and handing me a blue purse and blue suede gloves said, "There now Davy! You're properly dressed for the street, you can return the clothes tomorrow." While Aunt was fixing me Mother had gotten her coat and hat, and before I knew what was happening they fairly pushed me out the door.

I stood on the front steps in a positive fright--as I look back on it there was nothing to fear for my disguise was practically undetectable, but we are not always logical--and if Aunt hadn't slammed the door with a sound of finality I'm sure I would have run back into the house. Mother who had started down the walk now turned and called to me--with retreat cut off there was nothing to do but follow her. As soon as I caught up she said, "Put your gloves on Davy. No lady ever goes out at night without them." They were quite new and tight so we had walked the length of the block before I had them on, and by then I was over the worst of my fright and beginning to enjoy the novelty of my walking attire. My high heels were strange so I had to be careful not to turn my ankle, and the feel of the long heavy skirt about my legs, was of course, utterly foreign, but not unpleasant; however the tightness of the corset forced me to go slowly, for after walking a few blocks I got a stitch in my side. Several times Mother cautioned me against swinging my arms too vigorously; but twice she did com-

pliment me on my acting.

We were home in no time, and when we were safely inside I felt pleased--for I had managed the walk without any unpleasant incident and my confidence was soaring. It was so late that we immediately went up to bed. After removing my hat, jacket, skirt, blouse, petticoat and bloomers, I could not untie my corset laces, so I was reluctantly forced to seek Mother's help. Seeing me in my intimate feminine underthings, she laughed heartily, but as she unlaced me she again remarked on my feminine appearance even in my revealing attire. The corset off, I gratefully stretched and enjoyed great lungfuls of air--then returning to my room, after an unusually fond goodnight from Mother--I removed shoes, hose, chemise and wig, and happily climbed into bed.

Mother called me the next morning saying, "It's quite late you lazy-bones. Just because you parade around all night in the latest fashions you can't expect to sleep all day."

I climbed out of bed and went in to take a bath, carefully averting my eyes as I passed the pile of feminine underthings I had left on a chair. Returning to my room, wide awake and tingling after my cold bath, I was surprised to find Mother still there. "I thought that you would be at breakfast by now Mother," I said. She said that she had decided that she would wait for me, and then asked what I planned to wear that morning. I replied, "Why my usual clothes. Why do you ask? Is there anything special on for today?"

"Oh no Davy! It's just that I would like to have you put on Frances's things again.

"What! Me wear those things again!" I exclaimed.

"Oh Davy don't act that way," Mother pleaded, "I'll help you get them on so it won't be any trouble at all."

"But why Mother?" I asked. "They're so uncomfortable, and besides you saw me in them last night."

She hesitated, then answered, "Oh come on Davy, be a sport. All I want is to get some pictures of you that way--then you can take them off."

"Yes and have Sue see me", I replied. "What would she think?" Sue was our maid.

"If that's all that is deterring you it's alright for I've already told Sue about last night. She thought it was a clever idea, and is dying to see you that way--in fact, she said she was going to ask you to dress for her before you took the clothes back." I realized that I was defeated for the time being, so to stall Mother off I told her that I would put them on after breakfast. But that didn't fool her--having won the first round she pressed the point, and before long I was grudgingly putting on the chemise. Mother then helped me put on the corset, arranged the breast padding, and laced it up. I then put on the rest of the clothes; and while I buttoned the shoes she arranged the hair, or rather the wig.

After the experience of the previous day, the clothes were not such a mystery, and I was dressed much sooner than I had expected. Like Aunt, Mother put some powder on my face--and also a touch of rouge, for she thought that I had appeared too sallow the evening before. As we started down stairs I was surprised to realize that now that I was dressed as a woman I was glad that Mother had persuaded me to do so--but I passed it off with the thought that the novelty had not yet worn off.

Sue was so surprised when she saw me that she almost dropped the coffee pot. I was forced to undergo a thorough scrutiny at the completion of which, Sue, like the others, agreed that my appearance was amazingly feminine. She also added that she liked me so much that way that she hoped I'd dress as a girl often. The reaction of Mother, Aunt, and the two maids, amazed me--at first they all thought it a huge joke, then their amusement changed to surprise, and most strangely of all--approbation. I couldn't understand it, but this approval was most marked and it increased as time went on.

We sat down to breakfast, and as the meal progressed I found that I was not so tense as I had been the previous evening; and that as I relaxed the clothing, despite its strangeness, could be tolerated. Sue continued to show her approval by being unusually attentive to my wants. Breakfast over, Mother decided that there was not yet enough light for pictures, and that she would write a few letters in the meantime. I, having nothing to do, put on the blue jacket and wandered out into the garden--planted so that a heavy screen of bushes kept any neighbor from seeing me. There I spent more than an hour enjoying the fresh morning air and doing a little light, and rather ineffective cultivating among the flowers,

but I soon found that the hem of my skirt got wet in the dewy grass when I stooped, and of course, bending was impossible in the corset. As time wore on and I was spared the embarrassment of having anyone commenting, or laughing, about me I found that my attire was not so impossible as I had thought, and for whole minutes at a time I even became oblivious to it. As a result, when Mother finally appeared with the camera I was able to act and pose quite naturally.

Mother took several pictures of me--first, in the skirt and blouse, then with the jacket, and finally with hat, bag and gloves completely attired for the street. I was more than glad that she did so for I was curious to see how I looked to the camera's impartial eye. The pictures taken, we went into the house and I started to change, but Mother told me there wasn't enough time before lunch, so I postponed it.

After a wait long enough for me to have changed ten times, Sue finally announced lunch, and for the third time I found myself sitting down at the table in feminine attire. Lunch over, Mother chatted for a while then, getting her coat and hat, she announced that she was going to a card party; and suggested that I walk with her for she had to go quite close to Aunt's.

"Fine Mother," "As soon as I change, and get these clothes in a box, I'll be with you."

"Oh Davy, I can't wait that long. Why don't you come as you are, for it will save you the trouble of carrying Aunt's clothes down, and those you left there back."

"But Mother, I can't go out in these clothes in the daytime; it was bad enough last night."

"Why you're foolish Davy, no one in the world would recognize you." Just then Sue came into the room and Mother asked her, "Sue do you think anyone would recognize Davy, dressed as he is? He's afraid to walk down to Frances's with me that way."

Sue chuckled, and turning to me said, "How you talk Davy! Why even I wouldn't recognize you--you're just a foolish child--afraid of the dark."

This angered me--for I hated being called a child, so without another word I got the jacket and hat--put them on, pinning the hat as securely as I could, and taking up the bag and gloves called to Mother that I was ready. She came out into the hall, closely

followed by Sue, and as we went out the door I saw them exchange an amused glance.

The walk proved so uneventful that I mentally kicked myself for my fears. We met no one on the way, and on leaving Mother, a block from Aunt's, I felt pleased that I should be able to walk the rest of the way alone.

Martha, as usual, answered my ring, and on seeing me she cried out, "Miss Davy! I'm glad to see you. It's so nice that you came down that way. Don't you like those clothes a lot better than your nasty pants?"

"No! I do not! I only wore them to save the trouble of carrying them down and mine back."

"Oh come Davy," laughed Martha, "You know how nice they make you look. I'll bet you're going to wear them from now on."

"No, I'm not!" I replied, as I walked up the stairs in a high dudgeon.

"Hello Davy!" called Aunt, as I reached the top of the stairs, "I'm in the sewing room." I walked down the hall and into the room. When Aunt saw me, she cried, "Davy! You're wearing my clothes again," and jumping up she gave me an enthusiastic hug and kiss. "How nice it is to see you that way," she continued, "I've been thinking about you all day and hoping that you wouldn't be stubborn and refuse to wear them again--for we all liked you so much that way." I grimaced at this, but Aunt only laughed, saying, "Oh Davy it isn't half so bad as you pretend--I'll bet you really like them, for everyone likes to masquerade."

"Well I don't! The only reason I'm wearing them is that Mother wanted a picture of me this way and being dressed I thought that it would be easier to wear them down than to carry them, and then my own back."

"But Davy, I sent your own clothes up this morning to save you the trouble of carrying them."

"Darn it!" I exclaimed. "What am I to do?"

At this Aunt broke into peals of laughter and answered, "There is nothing to do but wear my own clothes on home again." I was really angry by that time: but realizing that it would do no good

to show it I tried to be as nonchalant as possible, and changed the subject.

I sat down and we chatted for quite a long time, until she looked at the clock and remarking that it was almost four asked me if I would like a cup of tea. I agreed, and she said, "Fine Davy, I'll have Martha get it ready while we freshen up."

Aunt went to the head of the stairs, and calling down to Martha asked her to serve us tea in the living room. Then she called me into her room. I followed to find her going through one of her capacious closets.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm looking for a becoming frock for you Davy. The clothes you have on aren't suitable for this time of day." I immediately became embarrassed and starting to protest was silenced by her reply, "Now Davy since you're dressed as a woman you may as well dress appropriately. Those clothes you have on are not right for a tea--so get them off at once." I realized that she was going to have one of her firm spells again so I took off my blouse and skirt, and a moment later, at her bidding, my petticoat and shoes; and stood in front of her in my, or rather her, underthings--fiery red with embarrassment. Aunt seeing this asked, "Why are you embarrassed Davy? I saw you that way yesterday, and you don't look any different now."

"I can't help it Aunt. I shouldn't be wearing these clothes."

"Davy, you men are fools. Why shouldn't you wear dresses if you wish, you know they're much nicer than men's clothes. Now put this on," she said handing me a dark blue petticoat--perfectly plain as compared with the frilly white one I had worn under the sheer blouse. I put it on--then slipped into the dress she held ready for me. This dress, made of soft medium-blue silk, was perfectly plain, with a full skirt and full three-quarter length sleeves. The neckline, cut in a deep V, was without a collar, but had around it a ruching of fine white lace--as did the bottom of the sleeves. Aunt then handed me a pair of black shoes, high buttoned, of course, but daintier and higher heeled than those I had worn before. While I was buttoning the shoes she rearranged my hair, put some powder on my face; and after rummaging through her jewel box, put a pearl necklace around my neck and two bracelets on my left wrist.

"Now Davy, look at yourself." Getting to my feet I walked to the mirror. I had been surprised the day before; but today I was, if possible, even more amazed. The blue shade of my gown was very becoming, and surprisingly its plainness of cut did not detract from my femininity--if anything, its excellent lines and fine material made a more feminine appearance than had the lacey blouse and tailored skirt. Aunt was delighted, and rather embarrassed me when she said, "Davy you're positively adorable."

"Adorable nothing!" I snorted, "I look and feel like a fool."

"Well I like you much better this way, and I think you will too in time--but let's not argue Davy, tea should be ready."

When Martha saw me in this new attire she reacted just like Aunt had--complimenting me on my appearance, and the becoming shade of my gown. As before she called me, "Miss Davy", and nothing would make her stop. Tea finished, I prepared to go home. I was extremely nervous about making the whole trip alone; but pride prevented me from asking Aunt if I might stay until after dark. Aunt got me a long light-blue coat, a blue feather-trimmed hat, which fortunately had a veil, a handbag and white gloves. Before I knew it, I had all of this on--the veil over my eyes--and Aunt was escorting me to the door. Pausing there she said, "Now Davy stop your foolishness. No one will recognize you--so run along before you're late and have a good time."

"A good time! Huh!" I replied, as she pushed me out the door.

I was so tense and nervous that I almost started to run; but a fortunate stumble brought my wits back, and realizing that my actions were anything but ladylike, and bound to attract attention, I slowed my pace. Twice I crossed the street to avoid meeting other persons--then, just as I was turning our corner congratulating myself on my good luck, I almost ran into our next door neighbor, a dignified old gentleman whom I knew quite well. Instinctively I gasped, and fortunately stood still. He raised his hat and apologized as if I were the grandest lady in the world. I couldn't speak, so I just nodded and smiled, and trembling so I could hardly walk--but elated over passing this unexpected test so well--I went on to our home.

Leaving my hat and coat in the hall, I walked into the living room. Mother glanced up, and seeing me, exclaimed, "Why Davy you're dressed up again! How nice you do look! Darling I'm so glad

you're still dressed as a girl; but I'm certainly surprised, from the way you talked this morning, I thought you'd never wear a dress again."

"I never will," I replied, "But when I got to Aunt's I found that she had sent my clothes back here--so there was nothing else to do. This dress is Aunt's idea for she said the other wasn't right for afternoon."

"She's right, and I must say she has very good taste--that dress is most becoming to you."

"Well it won't be for long, I'm going right up and change."

Mother cried, "Oh wait now Davy, there isn't enough time before dinner and you don't want to keep us waiting."

However, despite her plea, I was about to go ahead when Sue stepped into the room and announced dinner. Seeing me, she exclaimed, "Oh but you look nice Davy! I'm so glad you've decided to wear dresses. I thought this morning that I liked you better that way, and now that I see you in that pretty blue dress I'm surer than ever of it." I almost boiled over at that, but caught myself in time and went into dinner with Mother.

Mother--an extremely intelligent and interesting person--talked very well, so before we had finished our soup she had diverted my mind from my clothes. When dinner was over she led me into the living room, and there again kept me so interested and amused that I didn't want to leave to resume my normal attire. So the evening passed and at bed time when I was undressing the thought occurred to me that I had been dressed as a woman all day and had not been particularly uncomfortable--even the corset had been bearable so long as I remained erect. "Well I know now that I'll never again feel so sorry for women, and the kind of clothes they wear," I thought as I got into bed.

When Mother woke me in the morning she suggested that I put on Aunt's clothes again; but I absolutely refused, and she didn't press the point. While dressing I was unable to find the suit that Aunt had said she sent over, and when I later asked Sue about it she said that it had never arrived. Then I realized that Aunt hadn't sent it at all, but had merely told me she had in order to keep me in her clothes--I was the victim of a plot, and I vowed I'd get even with her.

Later on, I bundled up all of Aunt's things and took them back. Unfortunately she wasn't in so I couldn't give her a piece of my mind regarding the dirty trick she had played on me. When Martha let me in she did give it to me--telling me that I should be wearing Aunt's clothes instead of my own--and nothing that I said softened her opinion in the slightest. So I left as quickly as possible with her arguments for my wearing skirts ringing in my ears.

During the ensuing week I saw Aunt several times, and on each occasion she urged me to dress in her clothing again--for every reason I gave her for not wishing to do so, she gave me ten in return, and she was not alone in this for Mother and the two maids abetted her.

I was finally reduced to saying, "No!" and letting it go at that.

Even then, I was plagued with questions, such as, "But why not Davy? You can't say, 'No!', without some reason."

This heckling tried my patience more and more, until one afternoon when we were at Aunt's, and it had been going on steadily for an hour, I blurted out, "Aunt; I will dress up once more if you will let me alone. I'm getting sick and tired of your teasing."

Aunt thought for a minute, then said, "I'll make a bargain with you Davy. You dress as I wish for a month, and I'll promise to stop." Of course I hooted at this proposal, but our bargaining continued--finally ending by my agreeing to do as she wished for one week, starting the next afternoon. The next day, Martha was leaving for a vacation and Aunt was coming to stay with us during her absence. A week was along time, but I knew Aunt would keep her word and it was worth it to be free of the heckling.

Continued in issue #14

**** ATTENTION OF NEW READERS ****

We have two auxilliary publications which you should know about.

(1) THE TV CLIPSHEET: An 8-page leaflet reproducing clippings, pictures and articles sent to us from around the world. Supplements your scrapbook. Issued bimonthly alternately with TVia.

(2) THE FEMMEMIRROR: A gossip newsletter mostly made up of extracts from letters received, 12 pages mimeo. Each of these \$1/ea \$5/6 issues. CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, Calif.



**LOOKS LIKE THOSE GIRLS ARE DOING THE "TWIST."
WELL YOU MIGHT CALL IT THAT, ACTUALLY THE
TWIST IS THAT THEY'RE BOYS.**

Carlene, Mo.

OPERATION CUPID

by BARBARA ELIN

In TVia #12 it was indicated that we had something to propose to you on the matter of finding understanding women. We think we have, and here is the whole proposition and how it works.

We receive all kinds of letters from readers. Many of them are heartwarming ones telling of the good our efforts have accomplished in helping save marriages or bringing families closer together, of bringing people out of isolation and loneliness after years, and of providing understanding and warmth.

But we also get the constant cry of loneliness from those unmarried FPs who would like to find an understanding woman for a mate. It is difficult to find this type of woman under ordinary circumstances. Most of us are too secretive to just admit our desires to the girls that we date. Writing to strangers who have no knowledge at all of the pattern by way of correspondence clubs etc. presents the problem of revealing identity to a stranger. There are women who are not only able to understand and accept the idea of FP but who even appreciate it and want it in a man. We know several of such. The results of the questionnaire published in #9 showed that 1/3 of the wives were accepting, and another 1/3 were tolerant, so the situation is not as hopeless as it may sometimes appear. Every woman does not want or like the aggressive, wolf whistle type of male. These women are in a position to appreciate the gentleness and understanding that an FP could give them. Such types of women would also want to have some knowledge of a man by mail before being willing to meet him in person.

With an eye toward finding these women, we have planned an ad to be placed in several newspapers and lonely heart magazines. We also have worked out a form letter to be sent to the women who reply. This letter can also be sent to the women who themselves advertize in lonely heart papers, and to just likely single women that we hear about ourselves or from you. We can, moreover, buy lists of names in occupations like secretaries etc. All likely

avenues of contact will be explored. Examples of the type of ad and letter which might be used are printed at the end of this article. Here is how it will work.

We propose to publish the description, age, occupation and other pertinent information on those who wish to participate in a special little folder. Names and addresses will not be used. only code numbers. We will send this folder to women who respond to our first letter--that is women who have expressed an interest in the kind of men we describe. They can then pick out the men they want to correspond with and send them to us through "Contact". We will forward them on to the person selected without revealing the names of either of you to the other. The proper time to do this can be chosen by the persons involved but will not be done in any case until at least two letters have passed each way between correspondents. We desire to protect not only the FP, but the girl and the magazine itself. We do not want anyone complaining to the P.O. about any correspondent whose acquaintance was made through our efforts.

Admittedly this is not going to be an easy task. It may not work at all, and it will be expensive to try it. However, "nothing ventured nothing gained", and the need is great so we propose to give the idea a good try. We will set up an advertising budget to attract such women. We will join several of the larger clubs and send the form letter to all women who advertise in their papers. And we will buy lists of women who are single but who have not advertised. All this costs money. Here is a proposed budget for a good test of 5000 names.

Advertising	\$100
Joining Clubs	50
Printing 5000 form letters at \$15/ M	75
" " " articles at 20/,M	100
" " " envelopes at 15/M	75
" 1000 follow up letters at 20/M	20
" 1000 descriptive folders	20
" 1000 follow up envelopes	15
Postage on 6000 letters	240
Typing 5000 envelopes at \$15/M	75
Cost of forwarding letters etc.	100
	<hr/>
This is a lot of money!	\$870

Of course, TRANSVESTIA cannot afford to do this by itself. We are not out to make money with this project. We are, however, willing to take on this mammoth task because we realize the intensity of the need and believe that this is about the greatest service that TRANSVESTIA could render its readers.

If we can sign up a minimum of 35 single men who can afford \$25 each for this gamble we will proceed with the first 5000 trial run. This cost is not inconsiderable but the stakes are pretty great too, aren't they? For your investment you will receive the cooperative benefit of all of the above, plus your description listed in the folder sent to all women replying, and the forwarding of the initial letters back and forth. After 3 or 4 letters have been exchanged each should be willing to give name and address or the correspondence should be dropped as fruitless. We can, of course, make no guarantees about the total success of the project nor can we be sure that a woman will pick any given member to reply to. But we do feel that it will work.

If the idea works as well as we expect many of you will find wives and sweethearts. But if you don't.....if all you find is a woman whom you can talk to and be accepted by....then the therapeutic value alone, the increase in self acceptance should be worth more to you than the \$25 fee.. This is going to cost you a new dress.....it could mean nothing and it could give you much peace and happiness.

If you are single....think this is a good idea....and are willing to gamble with your "sisters" toward the working out of this plan, then we at CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS are willing to gamble the time and trouble to do it. Send your \$25 in at once. We will keep you informed as to the progress of the idea. If we don't find 35 subscribers to the idea we will drop it and refund the money. So from here on its up to you.

ONE IMPORTANT FINAL NOTE: We at Chevalier operate on the principle of "to each his own" and tolerance toward others whose interests are different than our own. However, in view of the attitudes of the Post Office and society about various behavior patterns we wish to make clear that this project is designed exclusively for F.P.'s....that is persons who are heterosexual but have a feminine side to their life. We do not solicit and will not permit the introduction of bondage, domination, or bisexuality into this.

The following is a first draft of the type of letter that would be sent to the single women responding to our solicitation. It is printed here to give you an idea of the approach to be used.

Dear Miss.....

This is undoubtedly the most unusual letter you have ever received. If you, by chance, are a particular type of woman it can lead you into a happy marriage. If not marriage then you can enter into correspondence with some very interesting and unusual men. If you answer this letter we will make the contacts for you and it will not cost you a single penny either now or later. All we ask is an open mind, and an appreciation of the good and the beautiful in people as well as in things.

We publish a small magazine devoted to men with a particular interest or hobby. As our magazine sells for \$4 a copy, anyone who has been a long time subscriber must be one of this particular type. All of our subscribers appreciate the finer things in life. They are gentle, kind, love beauty, and above all appreciate women almost to the point of worshipping them. Many of our subscribers are happily married and proud fathers. A good many others, however, are lonesome, seek wives and this is the reason for this letter.

In a day when coarseness, disregard for women, lack of chivalry, infidelity, even brutality are common among men it is important to know that there are still men of which the exact opposite is true. They are gentle, courteous, true and have such a regard for the fair sex that they emulate them.

What are these men? Well, one wife puts it this way. "Being married to one of your subscribers is like being married to two people. John is all I ever dreamed of in a man. He is handsome, strong, a good father and an excellent provider. And yet in private he is gentle, feminine and so sweet. At such times he is like a wonderful woman friend who shares my interests in the home, fashions, beauty."

Who are these men? They are clerks and scientists, paratroopers and merchants, steel workers and doctors, lawyers and architects. They are of all kinds and they are everywhere. You may know one without really "knowing" him. Each of them carries a secret that they are reluctant to reveal since so few people are

willing to look at and understand things which are new to them or in conflict with their own ignorance and narrow prejudices.

The secret of these men is that they are transvestites. They have such feelings for women that they emulate them. They have many of your attitudes toward life. Upon occasion they enjoy expressing these attitudes by wearing lovely feminine clothing. Please do not jump to conclusions and misunderstand. The men we are talking about are NOT homosexual. The exact opposite is true. One prominent psychiatrist has described them as being "normal, plus" They love women so much that they like to imitate them in private.

The enclosed article by our Editor, Charles Prince...himself a happily married man, a father, a Ph.D. and a transvestite, will tell you more about this subject. If, after reading this article you think that you could accept and appreciate and understand a man who can offer you much in the way of understanding, we will arrange for you to contact one or several by mail. In the first few letters....until you learn more about them....your name will not be given to them nor their names to you. We will protect the anonymity of both. The revelation of names between correspondents will be entirely up to them. In the meantime all letters will be forwarded between correspondents by means of our forwarding service called "CONTACT".

Don't make a hasty decision....but if you think that you have an open mind and would like to know more about men of this type just send us your name and address. By return mail you will receive a list of some of our subscribers. It will give you their description, age, education, occupation, etc. There will be no follow up letters, no promotions. We are not trying to make money on people or push folks together, just trying to bring compatible people into acquaintance with each other. One last word! Many women achieve happy marriages, but few people have the opportunity of making another person as happy as you now have and of enjoying the rewards of such happiness themselves. There is no more appreciative, adoring husband than a transvestite whose wife understands and loves him. Such a husband can be yours.

The AD: "There is a particular group of men who have even more to offer a wife than usually expected. Would you be interested in learning more about men who would make you prouder of being a woman than ever before? Write for free folder describing these men and telling you how to contact them. No charge to you at any time."

"PHI PI EPSILON"

Our National Sorority

Many times readers have written in suggesting the formation of a sorority. In earlier issues I have turned down the suggestion because at that state of development nothing much could be gained. Certainly there would be no point in someones walking down the street wearing a pin signifying that he was a TV and yet having no valid explanation of its meaning to give questioners. Moreover, there was, at that time, nothing of a socially useful nature that could be accomplished by such an organization. We could not be any closer than we all were through reading the magazine together and writing to each other so there was nothing to be gained except a feeling of organizational togetherness and this was not sufficient to warrant the effort nor to sustain it once it was formed.

However, there have been long range plans afoot whose goals have not all been revealed. Every building has to have a foundation and on top of that one floor after another can be built. But the top, the penthouse, cannot be constructed till all floors beneath are finished. So it is in this case. Perhaps, therefore, we had best look over the whole structure piece by piece, that is, level by level, and consider what the problems have been.

In the beginning there were thousands of individual TVs around the country and the world, and there still are. Most of these knew no others, while some knew two or three. Then came the first effort to uncover and gather them together. This was TRANSVESTIA. The purposes of the magazine have been stated in every issue

ENTERTAINMENT---EDUCATION---EXPRESSION

These were and are the goals to be achieved and from the comments received we appear to have been successful. Then there was the next stage of the personal physical acquaintance of TVs with each other. Susanna in New York had begun something on this level about the time this magazine got started but at the opposite side of the country. Later Hose and Heels was organized in Los Angeles. Over the country TVs began to see each other personally in 2s and 3s as they got acquainted. This brought them out of their shells, helped them lose some of their guilt feelings and make a start toward self-

These groups of TVs were are are now getting ready for the next level of development, that of a national organization. But this could never be accomplished as long as we remained a bunch of questionable odd-balls who just liked to dress up and parade around in skirts. It could only be done if the organization was so arranged that it could justify its existance to outside, non-TV people whether they be police, postal inspectors, parents, wives or whatever. So, how to do it? What had to take place? Thinking mostly!

So Virginia began to give lectures to Service Clubs. This would appear to be unrelated to the problem, but it wasn't because to give lectures a good deal of thinking had to be done about what to say, how to say it, what answers to give to questions asked, and what position to take about the whole thing. More particularly it provided an opportunity to evaluate public reaction to the conception of TV. To get material some statistics had to be at hand to point to, so the questionnaire was a prerequisite to the lectures. As most of you know it was sent out and the results tabulated and reported in TVia #9. A coherent picture of TVism from the ground up was beginning to take shape. Part of this overall picture was set forth in my Virgin Views column in #7. The conceptions developed there became the basic structure of the lectures and the survey information filled it in and verified it. So the lectures were organized and given--about a dozen by now.

What did they accomplish? Several things: Obviously they served to bring the subject to the attention of a lot of people who otherwise would never know about it. I hope that some of the enlightenment so spread will be of benefit to some of our sisters who might otherwise be harried and worried as we all have been by non-understanding parents, wives and friends. The next thing it did was to give me some stage presence as Virginia. I have always been able to get on my feet as Charles and "let em have it". But this Virginia bit was something else again and you can bet I had a real large crop of abdominal butterflies that first time. There was the big question of whether I could talk in Virginia's voice naturally enough yet loudly enough to be heard and keep it up for an hour. It turned out that I could and did and that once I was on my feet everything flowed smoothly. A third product of the lecture series was the 4-page leaflet that was sent to all those who were subscribers at the time TVia #8 was issued. (Any who have joined us since who would like a copy of this to use with wives or families

may have one for the asking, or if you can spread the word around with more copies send in \$1 for 10 which will help cover the printing cost.) The last and most important result of the lectures was that in being ready for questions from the floor it forced me to think things out. I had to find a way to separate and distinguish TVism from homosexuality in the public mind.

Semantics, or the science of the meanings as applied to words has long been of interest to me. It had become evident years ago that something was wrong when one could pick up a newspaper story or a magazine article with the word "transvestite" in the title and then find that the text was all about homosexuality; or to see in print such illogical and unscientific expressions as "a homosexual transvestite". Evidently there was (1) an enormous amount of confusion about things, (2) there wasn't any real communication going on, and (3) that the only way to continue the progress made and to achieve the goals in mind was to wipe the slate clean of these verbal confusions and start again. That is, a name was needed for the kind of people that I had been publishing the magazine for. One which would identify them for what they ARE and distinguish them from what they ARE NOT and thereby reestablish some communication on the subject. This I proposed the technical name of the phenomenon as FEMINIPHILIA (love of the feminine) and the individual becomes thereby a FEMINIPHILE. But these are too scientific and medical sounding for general use though they remain my choice for a properly descriptive medical designation.

In the search for some sort of name that could be comfortably abbreviated another factor began to be evident. If we were going to have a sorority, a pin and all that goes with it, we would find it necessary occasionally to explain to outsiders the significance of the whole thing. Therefore, there had to be an easy explanation that would satisfy the inquisitive without putting the member on the spot. Thus the word chosen would have to have an inner meaning to members of the sorority and yet have a broader and sensible and real meaning which could be given to others. This required a little doing, but I finally came up with the word FEMMEPERSONATOR as described in TVia #12 because it aptly describes the situation. The Feminiphile loves the feminine so much that he wishes to give life to the feminine portion lurking inside all men. He therefore, "PERSONATES" her--makes her a person and gives life and personality to his feminine self. The intent of the word is different from

"IMpersonate" which has the connotation only of imitation, fakery and deception. What I wanted was the noun from the verb "to personate" in the sense of creating a personality, of bringing to life the feminine person within. FEMMEPERSONATION states this clearly.

But the word does more than this in that it provides the initials F.P. So, when we turn to an explanation for outsiders which will make sense to them we have it--"Full Personality Expression" or, if you prefer, "Free Personality Expression". This is a slogan, an idea to try to sell to society. The human race would better off if it could utilize ALL of the talents, traits and energies of ALL of its citizens, but under present social rules it does not. Both males and females, having abilities whose expression is not generally permitted to members of a given sex, are forced to abandon and not utilize them. This is more true of men than of women in the present era, as women are expanding into what has previously been man's realm and are expressing their capabilities very well. We have women doctors, lawyers, ambassadors, senators, scientists and business executives. They are admired, respected and accepted. We do not as yet have equal respect for men who enter what have traditionally been women's fields. We have yet to see a husband staying at home with the children and running the home while the wife goes to the office. Yet there are certainly many marital combinations in which this would be the more sensible and productive arrangement.

So this makes the matter of expressing one's total personality a matter of social value, not a wierd habit to be conducted behind locked doors and in isolation. (Of course all of those who will read this have not progressed from being just a TV to an FP and will not see the social and psychological values involved). Of course, it is not yet the time to go out and beat our heads against social prejudice, but we can work behind the scenes and in small ways to gradually bring this philosophy to public attention. All new and non-conformist groups must not proceed so fast as to get ahead of social tolerance or they will be slapped down. Advocates of birth control, companionate marriage, euthanasia, nudism and eugenics all have to make haste slowly. So do we. The first steps outlined above, bring us to the stage of the formation of an actual organization. There are further stages to move on to after this first stage has been accomplished.

I am well aware that there are those among our readers who say "the heck with all this philosophy, psychology and theoretical stuff.

I just love to wear feminine things and I don't care what makes me this way. All I want is just to get dressed up and have a ball." Others say they don't like the term "F.P." and want to continue to use TV. To both of these I say, "to each his own", be my guest. There is nothing compulsive about these ideas. You certainly don't have to join the sorority. But I feel the majority of you can perceive the logical continuity of the steps so far taken and will go along the rest of the way. I certainly have no desire to organize a group of guys whose only desire was to dress up and parade around as women. Society would never understand nor condone. I want a group that has a socially and psychologically reasonable basis for existence, a helpful, practical program of development and a broad humanly valuable goal to strive for. I am sure that all of these exist within the framework which has been under construction. Reverting to my first analogy, the foundation has been laid and we are working on the intermediate floors. The penthouse is now in the planning stage and being blue printed by a few of us who have been able to devote some time and thought to it. The sorority being discussed here is not the penthouse, it is a way station, an intermediate stage which it is necessary to establish to provide a gathering point for our kind. In due course leaders will arise within this group who may be prepared to join in higher efforts which will include enlightened persons from outside the F.P. group.

F.P.E. is, in Greek letters, PHI PI EPSILON and this, therefore becomes the name of our sorority. The plan, purpose, program, and pin design together with admission requirements etc. will be set forth in a separate folder which will be ready within the next 2 weeks and will be sent free to those requesting it.

"Charters", so to speak, for the organization of chapters of the Sorority will be issued where circumstances indicate that there are sufficient individual members available and where the set-up is in good hands and correctly conceived. The Alpha, or first chapter will be formed out of local members in Los Angeles, others will be beta, gamma, etc. as they are organized.

I hope you will all understand that this is not an attempt on my part to set up a personal, private organization. I have no wish for that, but, as the focal point of the whole movement because of the magazine, I find myself in a special position. Of necessity movements such as this have to originate with one or a few dedicated persons and be offered by them to the rest. Moreover, a mom-

ents thought will reveal, I am sure, the fact that while any 2 or more people who so desire can get together to do anything they wish, and call themselves anything they wish; they can also get into any kind of trouble they wish and much that didn't bargain for. To protect myself, the magazine, the good name of the whole organization and the movement as a whole there must, in the beginning, be some kind of screening of persons and ascertaining that the group leaders selected have the same understanding of motivations, purposes and goals as the home chapter. Otherwise we would not be bound together by anything other than a mutual interest in clothing which is not a basis upon which to build any kind of an organization nor to build any kind of public understanding and respect. On the contrary we hope to build an organization which will provide fun, open social expression and acceptance, personal and correspondence contact and withal a high purpose of breaking down the limitations and restrictions both self and socially imposed which hary the life of an FP at present.

The selection of persons to organize local groups will be done not solely by me, but by a group selected on the basis of my acquaintance with them either in person or by mail. They will naturally be those who have developed sufficiently to perceive the greater implications in the expression of one's complete personality, and who are therefore able and willing and in a position to choose, guide and help others in their pursuit of the same thing. In turn, when enough have developed far enough to be able to grasp the concept of the Penthouse of our structure we will proceed to build that too. This higher point of view will involve not only FPs who evolve to that level, but also non-FP men and women who can and will subscribe to the principles involved. FP's have a chance to be the vanguard of a very significant social movement as they are able to conquer their guilts and fears, and learn to accept themselves and thereby remove a veil from their eyes which will permit them to see vistas that they did not dream about while locked in their rooms secretly wearing their dresses. TVia is for anyone who wants it, the sorority only for some. Subscription and membership will not be the same. Persons in our group are in all stages of development--some are FPs already, others still TVs, and there is a difference. PHI PI EPSILON will not be exclusive, but it will be selective--choosing those who are ready for it and helping the rest to grow up to it. There is a great idea here, is it for you? Write for the pamphlet and see! *****VIRGINIA*****

*****EXCERPTS FROM THREE LOVELY LETTERS*****

Dear Virginia: You will never know what a wonderful feeling came over me when I suddenly discovered TRANSVESTIA a few short weeks ago. After years of loneliness in my TV activities it really sent me into indescribable delight. I feel like a new person.

I have read and reread all of the back issues and feel that I already know many of the sorority sisters through the pages of our magazine. No woman likes to disclose her age, but I am over 50 and have never yet met another TV. The younger girls do not realize how fortunate they are in having such a wonderful medium in which to express themselves and meet others. But now, thanks to you to Barbara and that lovely cover girl Susanne, a feeling of serenity and new femininity has come over me. Another lovely cover girl, Terry sent me a wonderful note and we are planning a visit in the near future.

Sincerely, Karen--Mich.

Dear Virginia and Barbara: Before I say one thing I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for offering me at least the beginning of reassurance in a hope I had almost lost--that a transvestite could be a transvestite and still be an intelligent and contributing member of society. I was really beginning to feel that I could be no more than a sort of disgusting parasite, whose mind, ideas and ability to produce would be completely ignored because of one desire which needed very much to be fulfilled, but which society had chosen to judge "unacceptable". And when one has to stand alone against society, he finds himself beginning to suspect himself of all sorts of horrible things and feeling nothing but destructive guilt. But to find a group of individuals who have the same desires I have, and who are attempting to deal with them maturely, but honestly--now I have hope again-----

Sincerely, Diana, Wash. D.C.

Dear Barbara: I cannot describe my feelings of happiness when I read through the first two TV mags except that most of the letters from others indicated more clearly than anything else what I was and have been for a long time. The odd thing is the complete separation of personalities--one IS two people. The compulsion to progress with one's feminine self is so real that it is hard to justify it when alone. When I see and read about others it gives me the understanding and encouragement I have sought for a long long time. It encourages me to feel that I am different from many but not queer. I am in my 40s, married and with several children---yours, Kathryn, Canada

A GLOSSARY OF FEMMETERMS

As indicated in the article, "Targets, Titles and Terminology in TVia #12, it is desirable to develop our "own language". This, in some instances will set us off from other groups and therefore be helpful in the general problem of education, and in other cases will just add a bit of "fun" to the whole thing. People always get themselves in trouble when they take themselves too seriously. Femmpersonation is deeply satisfying....we all know that.... but it can also be fun, and our perspectives are always better when they are sharpened by a sense of humor. Have you ever looked at your "femmeself" in the mirror when she was all "gussied up" and actually laughed at her? Try it sometime. The whole bit really is funny, in the light of the limitations of our culture, when you stop and think about it. Moreover, it will relieve some of your guilts and fears if you can relax and look at it lightly.

So, since our femmeselves do exist, do want to "live" and are beginning to be able to do so more and more, let's create an auxilliary "femmelanguage" with which to discuss our femmelives. This seems easily done by the addition of the prefixes "femme-" or "femmi-" (according to the ease of pronunciation) to ordinary words thus moving their meaning over into the feminine realm. Below are some examples just to get you started. As you begin to play this little game you will doubtless run across a number of cute new additions. Use them in letters to me and I'll try to catch them and use them back again thereby getting them known to others.

There are doubtless some straightlaced, long-haired femmesters among us who will feel that such goings on are too adolescent and silly. To them I say--Come on, you spinsters, loosen up your corset strings! Then you can develop some more interesting curves and not be "straight" laced. Undo that bun of hair at the back of your head and brush it out till it hangs down to your waist (dont you wish you could though). Remember when you were a girl? Or were you? One of the things all of us missed

and that was our maidenhood--that period of burgeoning femininity of awareness of what we were and what we could become. So--if we wish, later in life, to go back and pick up bits of our unspent frivolous girlhood, why shouldn't we? In passing may I point out that frivolity and capriciousness are two of the feminine qualities that are in greatest contrast to the severity and fixity of the masculine role. The opportunity to express these two qualities in our femmelives is one of the sources of enjoyment in them.

While we are on the subject of words may I say a few more on the word "FemmePersonator" which was presented to you as a substitute for Transvestite. The capitalization of the P without a space is intentional as the Important word is "Personator", which may be defined, from Webster, as one who personates. And the verb "to personate" means to act the part of, to represent as a person or to invest with personality. This is selected instead of IMpersonate because the prefix -im is a negative and denotes falsity or deception. What we want to set forth here is not the negative and false idea, but the positive and real creation of a feminine personality. We are "investing" a femme-appearance with a personality. Some of you have adopted the expression FP all right, others maintain that it is hard to say and its new etc. I'd like to point out two things. The term FP is important to outsiders in helping to identify us as a special behavioural type. Within our own group we already know what we are and a distinction is unnecessary. As you play along with the idea a bit and see that the use of this term is part of a long range plan, not just an arbitrary invention of a new word on my part, you will come to understand the semantic importance of it and will feel happier about it. My long range purpose is to achieve some sort of social awareness of our position and to acquire such understanding and acceptance as we can, not just to publish stories etc. for the personal gratification of individuals. There is too much loneliness pain and suffering going on amongst our kind not to want to do something to alleviate it.....this is the purpose of TRANSVESTIA and the various programs and auxilliary publications which Chevalier Publications sponsors and puts out. So please add your bit to pile and go along with the program.

Well, back to the glossary of new terms:

FEMMALIZING and FEMMALATION: The act and condition of femmeliving

or alternates--	To be used in place of "being in drag" ie. "I was femmalizing last night", meaning, "I was dressed in my femmattire and living a femmelife as my femmeself".
FEMMINATING and FEMMINATION	
FEMMEBIT	A small portion of time or effort devoted or related to femmelife, also a bit of femmenews such as a note.
FEMMIDRESS	Clothing appropriate for a FemmePersonator in femmelife. To be used in place of "drag".
FEMMEXPERIENCE	Something that happened to us in our femmelife.
FEMMEXPRESION	The occasions and acts of being our femmeselves
FEMMIDEA	A new thought relating to femmelife
FEMMIDENITY	The person and personality of the femmeself
FEMMINAL adj.	Relating to the femmelife, as "I had a most femminal experience last night".
FEMMINALITY	Feminine portion of the more general term personality. The opposite of mascality.
FEMMISH and FEMMISHNESS	Having the characteristics of a femmeperson. Analogous to but distinct from effeminate
FEMMELIFE	That portion of one's existance spent in femmedress--the periods of femmexpression
FEMMENEWS	Information of interest to a FemmePersonator
FEMMENAME	The feminine name adopted for the femmeself
FEMMOCCASION	An important event in one's femmelife such as a femmeparty--a gathering of FPs.
FEMMEPAL	Another person with whom a femmeperson exchanges femmenotes about femmelife--usually another FP
FEMMEPASS v.	To get by in public without detection--"unread"
FEMMEPAR	A condition of health and emotion not conducive to femmelife as, "I'm not up to femmepar".
FEMMEPARTY	A gathering of femmepersons in femmedress for a bit of femminating, cf. "henparty".
FEMMEPERSON	The feminine identity of an anatomical male
FEMMEPERSONATOR	One who gives life and femmexpression to his femmeself by means of femmedressing.
FEMMEPATHY	From "empathy", a feeling <u>for</u> someone. So here a sisterly feeling and understanding for another.
FEMMEPEARANCE	How one looks as a femmeperson in femmedress
FEMMEPHOBIA n	The condition of being afraid to admit the existance of or to express the feminine side of
FEMMEPHOBIC ad.	a male personality.

FEMMEPICS	Photos of a FemmePersonator in Femmidress
FEMMEPINK	That lovely, light, dainty shade of red
FEMMEPUBLICATION	Printed material dealing with femmepersonation and femmeliving. i.e. TVia & FemmeMirror
FEMMEPORTANT	Something vital, necessary, valuable or memorable in regard to one's femmelife.
FEMMEPREENING	The act and process of checking up on one's femmepearance, getting ready for femmelife
FEMMEPROCESS	The procedure necessary in changing from the male role into one's femmeself.
FEMMEPRODUCT	An item of use to a femmeperson
FEMMEPURCHASE	The acquisition of something for the femmeself
FEMMESCENT	A lovely, fascinating fragrance lingering around any properly feminine person
FEMMASCULATE n & v	One who has had a sex conversion operation or the verb describing this type of surgery, i.e. "Christine, the famous femmasculate was femmasculated in Denmark."
FEMMESPENDING	Using money intended for other things to buy femmitems for the femmeself.
FEMMETALK	Conversation devoted to femmatters
FEMMETIME	A period in which a FemmePersonator is present as her femmeself
FEMMEWEAR	Apparel suitable for a femmeperson
FEMMEWORK	Labor of a feminine nature such as housecleaning
FEMMEWISH	Unfulfilled desires dealing with femmelife.

Well, there you are. Many others could be added and we'll publish some from time to time. It is not suggested that the idea be run into the ground by putting the prefix in front of every noun or verb that could be pronounced, but in the above list I think you will find some words that will express what you want to say better and more expeditiously than you could do with several "ordinary" words. The above list is neither complete nor perfect. Some of those suggested should doubtless be forgotten and new ones will find their way into the vocabulary. But the list will show you what can be done and give you the general idea of a femmelanguage. So now you can get to work and invent some cute ones yourself.

Your FemmEditor

VIRGINIA

Editorial Emanations

I. THANKS TO YOU: This being the first issue after Christmas it is my first chance to thank all you nice girls who so thoughtfully remembered Barbara and Virginia with Christmas Cards. It was nice to know that you "had us on your list". Then thanks are due again just from me, Virginia, for the many of you who expressed your concern and wishes for a speedy recovery. Actually it didn't turn out as had been expected. I did enter the hospital all primed for a knee operation but developed the virus the same day so no operation. Then, when the Dr. got around to checking over the knee he found it so much better than the last time he saw it that he decided maybe no operation was necessary. So after 2 days in the hospital and 3 more at home in bed I had to go back to work, darn it. I had myself all primed for about 2 weeks of enforced vacation which I was going to put in on all kinds of writing including the often delayed Wives Booklet. Ah well, you can't have everything and I do have the knee intact, so I'm back with my nose to the grindstone, and quite a stone it is too, keeps Barbara and me busy.

II. MY FACE IS RED: Really, I'm not a liar and a double crosser though for a time it looked as though I had been. I have previously told you all in print that this magazine would not be sold in bookstores other than the one here in L.A. This had been my intent as well as my promise. So was I ever upset to get a long distance call from Sandy in N.Y. informing me that TVia was in 5 or 6 stores on 42nd St. For the moment I couldn't figure out how come, since I had done nothing to bring this about. It then dawned on me that my man in L.A. had probably made a trade with some distributor in N.Y. and that was the source of the books. I checked...it was.

I have also checked through Sandy with Susanna and several of the other girls in the N.Y. area and the consensus is that altho they would just as soon the leak had never happened that the damage if any, was already done and that I might just as well go ahead and capitalize on the thing before some chiseling reprinter comes along and steals the whole thing. (This has been done by 2 outfits already who made photoreduction reprints of TVia #3-sold 'em for \$5) So I guess now that the milk has been spilled as it were, we will

go ahead on that basis and spread it around wherever we can. Really I think this will be for everyone's benefit in the long run and I don't think anyone need be anymore concerned about things than they are now. After all, what difference does it make whether an FP in Podunk gets hold of TVia by subscribing, by seeing one of our ads by writing Sexology for information or by picking it off a stand. I have and will continue to take pains to keep out any identifying information so you can all relax on that count. As for pictures, none that are good enough to appear in the mag. at all are going to be such as to identify your male self, so relax. If too much man shows through I don't print them anyway as I want the pics printed to show FPation in the best light and in a true light since many people who are not FPs will some time or other see the magazine. Maybe we should send copies to Dentist's Offices.....yes?

Actually I think the newstand sale will naturally give more exposure, therefore more sales which means more financial stability naturally but also it means more contacts, more potential friends to write to or meet and an increased probability of someone to talk to in your town. This will give you an opportunity to discuss your favorite subject. What will it be, horseracing, football, stock market, international situation or will you settle for....what's that you call it....FPation?? Ah yes! In addition to this it will strengthen the whole organization as it gets organized into a Sorority with greater strength to make ourselves count, to spread enlightenment and increase understanding. "In union there is strength!"

III. "CONTACT": There still seems to be a little confusion about this operation. CONTACT is only another arm of our activities set up to conform to postal regulations. You do not need to use CONTACT to send mail addressed to Barbara or Virginia. ONLY MAIL INTENDED FOR REMAILING. Remember to enclose such letters in unsealed envelopes, stamped. Sealed letters are opened before mailing to be sure the contents are O.K. but it looks like the letter had been tampered with. You do not need to send a separate money order for each letter when several are sent at the same time. M.O.s cost money, so send only one for the total amount necessary.

IV. PLEASE COOPERATE: Only a few of you have returned the auxiliary questionnaire appearing at the end of TVia #12. I'd appreciate it greatly if you'd get it right now, fill it out and mail it in. Remember that one of the purposes of this mag. is to collect information about FPation which can be used to further acquaint the

world about the subject. I can't do this unless I get the information. Many ask what they can do.....this is certainly one thing.

V. ATTORNEYS: Tessie of N.Y. makes the useful suggestion that we compile a list of attorneys in various parts of the country who are conversant with the phenomenon of FP and who would be able to help in criminal, postal or domestic matters involving it. I have an excellent man in the L.A. area whose name I'll give anyone on request and if those of you in other areas would send in such names we could keep them on file. This is one way to help each other.

VI. POST OFFICE AGAIN: Again a warning! Don't send questionable matter thru the mails. Don't continue a correspondence with anyone who sends you such material. You will be sticking your neck way out. DO report receipt of such material to me so that I can keep a file on such things. I do not contact the individual involved, his doings are his business, but when I am asked to speak for the reliability of someone I want to know whom I should be skeptical of. To do this I need to know who is misbehaving. You all owe it to the group not to get out of line, but those that do should be reported for the protection of the whole group.One bad apple you know. I've no desire to act as a judge, but I have a great desire to keep the group, the magazine and myself out of trouble.

Please also report to me and send any evidence that might be involved of cases of postal tampering with 1st Class mail. This is supposedly sacred, but there is too much evidence available that mail is opened, resealed or just left open, not to speak of just plain removing it from the mails and not delivering it. I think the authorities in Washington whom I talked to would like to know if any of their men are violating the law in this respect. So if something flagrant occurs let me know.

VII. BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE: In addition to #1 and #2 which have been made available in 1/4 size at \$2.50 each. We now have some new, full-sized reprints of #s 3 and 4 which we ran out of some time ago. So those of you who want a full library can now fill in these holes. All other issues are available and all are \$4 as usual.

VIII. DONT ASK US PLEASE TO- (1) Notify you when the next issue is out as we get requests to do. We cant keep up with the details and letters as it is. So pay in advance, trust us, and wait. And (2) please dont ask us to hold money "on account". There is a great amount of bookkeeping anyway and this we just have no arrangements for.



Person to Person

NOTICE: Send any letters to be remailed in stamped unsealed envelopes to "CONTACT" 4924 West Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

- =====
- 13-D-1 WANTED--Letters from gals and guys interested in FPation especially those in Illinois Carol--Ill.
- =====
- 22-S-2 Like meet active FPs of similar temperament in Mich. area Will corres. with other FPs anywhere Karen--Mich.
- =====
- 32-G-2 FP, 42, tall, former boxer, wants full-time position as "housemother" in FP club or apart. maintaining quarters clothing etc. exch for living are. No salary. Tessie--N.Y.
- =====
- 51-M-1 Inexperienced but eager FP, coll. grad. 22, interested all aspects FPation. Like corres. and meet with undrstndg women and other FPs in Wash. D.C. area Diana--D.C.
- =====
- 11-D-1 Married FP long exper. Like corres. FPs in Hawaii or elsewhere. Like form sorority chap. here Charlene--Hawaii
- =====
- 23-P-1 FP at heart would like to meet or corres. with undrstndg. girl or FP who can help me realize my desires. Age 23 and free to travel anywhere. Kim--Minn.
- =====
- 44-C-1 Active FP, 45, married, Job requires being in Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Denver, St. Louis every 2 wks. Like to meet other FPs in these areas, please write Hilta--Utah
- =====
- 55-J-1 FP married, professional, lonely. Like meet reserved FPs own area married or single. Welcome all FP corres. and will answer all. Dominique--Ottawa
- =====

Publication Policy

TRANSVESTIA 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 $6\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue	\$20.00
Half page (20 lines $3\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue	\$13.00
Quart. pg (10 lines $1\frac{1}{2}$ verticle inches)	1 issue	\$ 7.50

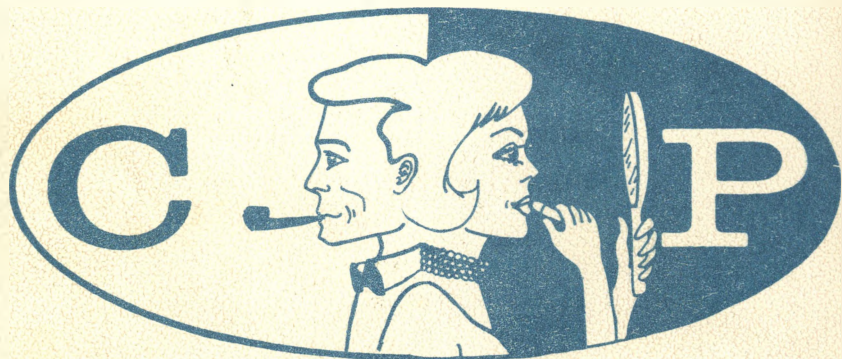
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