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Transvestia

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Volume X

No. 59

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

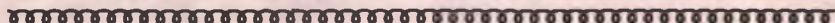
to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



THE COVER DESIGN

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

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

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



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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


From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Transvestia

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VOL. X NO. 59

OCTOBER, 1969



Leading Lady

Betty Lynn Palmer

The Birth of Betty

BETTY LYNN PALMER

Introduction

"Leading Lady" autobiographies in TVia appear to indicate that normal heterosexual males may begin cross-dressing due to a variety of reasons; most of which are innocent, sincere, and harmless in themselves, but which lead to tragic results such as divorce, loss of income and business reputation, and personal guilt and fear. Some authorities believe the "compulsion" to cross-dress is present in the individual at birth (nature), others believe the cross-dressing conditions are present in the individual's childhood and are thus environmental (nurture), and finally, the less informed believe cross-dressing to be a latent homosexual drive. The general public appears to have strong opinions based on little or no evidence, therefore, it behaves only in the manner for which it has been conditioned.

A majority of TV autobiographies reveal difficulty with the wife as a major problem (or disaster). This difficulty is so absent in my case that the reader may doubt the truth in the words that follow. I assure you they are true in every detail.

Past, Present, and Future

My childhood was noticeably free of any major TV tendencies. I did not wish to be a girl, or a boy, I never even thought about it. I played games, built model airplanes, had a paper route, had friends, had pets, rode a bicycle, played sports, and was a good student. I was brought up in an average apartment in the central city, had both parents, and three brothers. My father was older than average, college educated (valedictorian of class), good provider, easy-going, liberal, and a "good guy." My mother did not work, kept house, completed two years of college, was younger than average, was attractive, and had serious health problems, but did not complain. My

parents argued very little, laughed a lot, loved each other and their children, made me attend church, spared me family worries, treated me like a typical boy, and only the death of my father (I was 15) separated them. Two of my three brothers are younger than I, all are typical, and all are now successful in their chosen occupations. I do not believe they have any TV tendencies or urges, or for that matter any hang-ups. (I hate to go on; with this background I could be President.)

Not much concerning cross-dressing occurred during my childhood. About the age of four or five, I tried on a pair of my mother's shoes and enjoyed the sensation. Was this a start? I don't know. I tried them on because they were smaller than my dad's and although both parent's shoes were too large, my mother's were easier to get around in. Besides, the high heel made me feel strange. The only importance I find in this incident is that I remember it in detail now while other, probably more significant memories regarding other experiences, have been forgotten. Just for the record, I did this only two or three times for short periods of time and had no close calls. At age seven, I was to go to a Halloween party dressed as a girl. The idea (I don't remember whose it was) was innocent and both parents dressed me up and my dad was taking me as it was at a football field. However, for some last minute reason, I backed out. Once again, no big deal, just a childhood experience.

Nothing else concerning TV occurred until I reached puberty (11 years old) and this may be significant. One day I found myself in our bathroom and I saw a pair of my mother's shoes on a bench. They had been polished. For some reason, perhaps the memory of my four or five year old experience, I slipped them on. You guessed it! Now I was too large for them. They were sling pumps and I walked no more than four or five steps with the straps down, shoes slipping, felt like I was dying, braced myself against a wall, and exploded! This ends the story of a kid's first orgasm.

The above was also an isolated, although exciting experience which until recently was not connected with cross-dressing or anything. My adolescent years were usual in that the majority of my time was spent trying to get up enough nerve to ask girls for dates and trying to cure myself of terminal acne. I succeeded in both cases; the first because of a car and the second because of nature. One, now noticeable, behavior pattern emerged during my adolescence. It was evaluating the general appearance of a girl at least 50% by the clothes



Betty Lynn
the
Blonde Bombshell



she wore. Most people do this, I guess, but how many can remember the memory of a girl and also remember, in detail, the clothes she wore?

Things went on for me in a usual way after adolescence although I *always* evaluated a girl as mentioned above. I went to college, graduated with a B.S., earned a Master's Degree (finished in the top 1%), went to work, dated, had good friends, and, in general, enjoyed the experience of life.

Then at 28, I married and life has not been the same since. My GG-wife is seven years my junior, is attractive, works, attends college, likes the usual things, and appears to have few, if any, hang-ups. Our participation in cross-dressing started by accident one Sunday afternoon while we were shopping at a local discount store. We were browsing more than actual shopping and happened to pass the ladies' shoe department where my GG-wife noticed a pair of very high-heeled closed white pumps. I suggested she buy herself a pair, but she complained about the heel height. (I truly believe this was only to get a conversation started on the subject.) I laughed, and she suggested we buy a pair in my size to see how I walked. One thing led to another and that night I found myself made-up, dressed (scarf, no wig), and out in the car driving with my GG-wife. The drive lasted about two hours, was very enjoyable, and was climaxed by me walking around the block with my GG meeting me at the corner with the car. *Betty Lynn Palmer was born two months after our marriage and as a direct result of our marriage.*

Since that first night, Betty has increased steadily in importance and in existence time. She has a closet full of dresses, coats, jewelry, shoes, foundation garments, nighties, wigs, and so on. She has mastered the technique of walking in heels (even spring-o-lators), make-up, and most mannerisms, but is still (and will forever be) working on the ease from pressure of women's clothes, the art of poise, the problems encountered by talking high with long thick vocal cords, and the perennial battle with face and body hair. (The hair bit is a shame: I don't want it, but many men would desire the amount I have.) Betty is not only accepted and enjoyed by my GG, but is insisted upon. Betty and GG go for numerous drives, go to drive-in movies, and occasionally go to drive-in restaurants. We hope to go to another city soon for a one or two week stay with me as Betty for the entire duration. We have a security problem in our hometown not because of my recognition, but because of possible recognition of my GG-wife who is most attractive and stylish (re-

member my method of girl evaluation). More about security and society later.

By now the reader may wonder what kind of a marriage we have that enjoys cross-dressing as a way of life. Concerning this point, I wish to say that my GG-wife and I are very happy, in love, enjoy normal sexual relations, have friends, have good positions, and (this says much about our personalities) appear younger and more cheerful than our ages indicate. In addition; we have been married five years now (Betty is almost five years old), have few serious arguments, have no children (by choice, the "pill"), and are advancing in the art of living. Although Betty exists over 50% of our free time, her brother can rebuild an automobile engine, repair household appliances, play a good game of chess or baseball, cast an intelligent vote, pick out his wife's clothes better than she, and can out man most men. Her brother's wife can cook, sew, style hair, attend college, work full-time, keep house, and still look more attractive than a single girl looking for a husband. If cross-dressing does this, then more couples should give it a try.

Guilt, Security, and Society

Now comes the sad part. Betty and GG were filled with the excitement of a masquerade that first night. No guilts, problems, cares, fears, or worries concerning other peoples' opinions. Just the pleasure of doing something we enjoyed without harming or offending anyone. Naturally, since we enjoy TVism, we read as much about it as we could find; thus we discovered *Transvestia*. In general, *Transvestia* excluded, we have not liked what we have read. We have learned much about societies' maturity level and its hang-ups. We have learned that we should feel guilty concerning cross-dressing, question our sanity, and both of us should run, not walk, to the nearest psychiatrist for emergency treatment. We have not done this, but have learned that society is selfish, its taboos need not be based on reason, are not to be questioned, and are to be blindly accepted. Thus, we should enjoy being sheep in a nation of sheep because as every shepherd must know, intelligent sheep are harder to handle! I, my brother, and my GG-wife cannot accept the above line of reasoning and it is to our advantage that we cannot. (We like to think it's to our country's advantage too.) Why? It's easy. If the premise of wrong-doing is not accepted, then the guilt from such wrongdoing is not forth coming.



Leisure
Lady



I'm ready
let's go!



Having explained our freedom from guilt and having torn society apart, let us now examine security. In our TV beginning, we would have told anyone what we were doing only the occasion did not arise, so we did not tell. Now, things have changed as mentioned above and we doubt that we would tell anyone because of their reactions. Our crowd would not think us homosexual because of cross-dressing, only weird, and most people (even TVs) may accept, but not desire the company, of those we think weird. Thus, we have learned we must consider TVism in our choice of friends; close friends being defined as those who know us in our totality and who would experience a loss in our deaths or misfortunes.

Philosophy and Conclusion

Our philosophy does not forbid cross-dressing nor does it require blind acceptance of custom or non-safety laws simply because they exist. Instead it encourages the enjoyment of life, the fulfillment of goals, and the treatment of individuals based on their total personalities rather than isolated attributes. Example: We cannot accept the reverse of the "Halo Effect," one bad attribute overshadows all good.

In conclusion, Betty is here and here she will stay until her brother leaves this earth. And when depart he does, Heaven may never be the same. Cross-dressing is enjoyable and it helps me take an interest in my GG-wife in an area where most men don't give a hang. Thus, my GG feels free to be interested in activities of general interest to men. This ends my autobiography and as can readily be seen, TVism has brought husband and wife closer than strict role playing ever could have.

* * * *

I. Assisted at the Birth

by Fran—Betty's G.G.

We (my husband and I) happened to be at a department store approximately four year ago looking at some spike heels I was thinking about buying. I was complaining to my husband that walking in high heels (4") for a long period of time was extremely uncomfortable. He



**A Reader of
Good Literature**

You mean I've got
to slim here?



Having explained our freedom
part, let us now examine security
have told anyone what we were do
so we did not tell. Now things
and we doubt that we would tell
Our crowd would not think us ho
only weird, and most people (eve
the company, of those we think
must consider TVism in our ch
defined as those who know us in
once a foz in our deaths or mistfort



**If the shoe
fits . . .**

disagreed saying that I was "all wet." I then suggested that we buy a pair in his size to make an adequate comparison.

After buying the shoes, we returned home and he tried them on. He liked the idea and I was extremely happy because he was so receptive. So I returned to the department store—picked out a dress, hose, and gloves so that the outfit would be complete. At that point in our adventure, we were not refined so much. We knew nothing else. I asked my husband if he would be willing to go out for a drive. We drove to a small city on the outskirts of our home city. I let him out and as I circled the block, he walked around it. It was quite thrilling for the both of us.

Imagine, all he had on (feminine-wise) was a dress, heels, hose, gloves, and a scarf to cover his head. No wig and not much make-up, just lipstick and powder.

After a few weeks, we scraped up enough money to buy a wig. As we had just been married two months and I was remodeling the kitchen (at least that's what he called it), money was quite scarce. I encouraged him by bringing up new ideas and improvements that should be made. I was quite happy he was receptive to my ideas. I really don't know what prompted me to keep asking him to get dressed, but I seemed to feel we had something deeper in our marriage than most couples who had been married just two months. There seemed to be a new dimension to our love for each other.

We have many pictures of "before" and "after" so to speak. We are amazed at the marked improvement of Betty. The hair has been turned from dark brown to blonde, the eyebrows have been taped to the top of the head to give an arched effect, the make-up has been increased and thickened to cover the "heavy" beard, the arm and leg hair has been shaved, the dress size is down to 14, the skirts have been shorted to three inches above the knee, the shoes are Spring-O-Lators with four or five inch heels to minimize the feet and give a sexy look, false eyelashes to feminize the eyes, and the wardrobe has been increased. The figure has taken on a more woman-like appearance with the help of a 24" waist cincher and large girdle-type hip pads.

As time goes by, we make more and more discoveries of how to make Betty look more realistic. TVia has helped in that respect. There are a lot of good ideas in it. I think more wives would be receptive to transvestism if they would take the time to read TVia and listen to what their husband's reasons are for wanting to dress as a woman. I feel my husband's transvestism is a direct compliment to me.

I think the greatest thrill is received from Betty when she and I go out together. We get many whistles and passes made at us which means Betty has to be "pulling it off." Betty "thinks" she "needs" constant reassurance of her looks, but as you can see from her pictures, and as far as I am concerned, she could pass anywhere and at any time. In fact, I am quite proud of how consistent she is in her looks and how realistic she looks as a woman with no ill effect to her male side.

My second thrill is taking pictures of Betty. I have become a competent photographer since I asked Betty to start dressing. I thoroughly enjoy thinking of new pictures to take (we are currently working on nightie shots).

I stated earlier that we had a deeper love and another dimension to our marriage. We seem to be dedicated to making each other as happy as we possibly can. I really don't think it's a matter of "Understanding"—it's a matter of acceptance and then responding to that acceptance. In our case, it was my idea for my husband to wear high heels, as stated before. The whole idea sort of grew out of that. Besides, as one of the other TV wives stated in *Transvestia*, it's nice to have someone to buy things for—especially if you dress alike a lot. If something looks good on your husband—he usually thinks it will look good on you.

A word to the wives . . . you don't know what you're missing. I can't understand why anyone wouldn't want another dimension to their love.



"Yours?
Is it a boy or girl?"



Closing the Gap

Susan — Calif.

Taking the curlers out of my hair while answering the phone that evening was not the easiest job, but it was my best girl friend on the line and she had a problem so I didn't mind, too much, the interruption of my beauty evening. When I get hooked on doing my hair, my nails, my all-over; Rock Hudson better not dare interrupt me—but then Meg had an interesting problem. A boy.

"Zelda (that's me), Pauly has come home after a year of playing Hippie out in California. Daddy and Mom won't let him in the house until he cuts that long Hippie hair, dresses in decent clothes. He *is* my brother—but my parents won't even see him."

"Their older generation is gaping!" I had to answer. "Should he stop living because he has long hair? I think some boys look cute in long hair. But Meg—what can I do!?"

"Well . . . I was thinking. You don't have to go back to college until January. Your parents are away for a month. Couldn't he crash on your sofa downstairs for a while?"

"Crash Meg? You're sounding like a Hippie. Remember I'm just a middle-class girl like you, in a middle-class neighborhood. What would the neighbors think—seeing me living with a boy while my folks are away."

"But you always liked my little brother Paul—want him to sleep hungry in the streets tonight?"

I'd got the last curler out, was combing out my hair, already wondering if Pauly would notice how pretty-full-shiny it was.

"Of course not—but the trouble is I DO like him. And I'm not a little girl anymore. With him sleeping in the house . . ."

"Can't you sublimate, Meg? Like your psych professor says. Don't think of him as an attractive boy—imagine him as something, anything else. Please? He can't stay here. My parents will be home in a minute . . . please!?"

"But if neighbors see a boy come in here and not go out . . ."

"Oh it'll be dark. I'll have him wear my fur coat with his pants rolled up. With his long hair no-one will know he's a boy."

That gave me the giggles in a thrilly sort of way. When I'd known him a year ago he was awfully attractive to me—though a couple of years younger. Because of our age difference I used to tease him instead of wreaking my winsome wiles on him. Loved to see his embarrassed blush when I kidded him about how pretty he was. He did have lovely eyes, long lashes and a complexion that would be adorable on either a boy or a chick. I used to torture him by saying, "Put on a dress of mine and we could both get rooms at the YW."

In a luscious fur coat and long hair, would he be at my mercy now! Besides I was curious to see him. Even establishment-type girls like me have secret dreams about running away to the Haight-Ashbury and becoming a Hippie. I wanted to find out all about it.

"Tell him to come over now," I said impulsively—like when you feel an adventure coming on.

Rather than imitating a Hippie chick as I had a thought to, to make him comfortable, I layed out a cozy furry sweater, and a pleated skirt to wear. And false eye-lashes and multi make-up. I wanted to show him that a square girl like me could be devastating in her own way—with pressed clean clothes. Though I still envied the Hippie girls in a romantic sort of way. But he came too soon for me to change. I went to the door in my blue artist smock when he knocked.

Expecting to see good old little Pauly, I said, "Yes Miss?" auto-

matically at the dark image of a long-haired girl—still obviously slim under her bulky fur coat. Then “Oh Paul dear” when I saw who it really was, embraced my old friend (though Meg’s perfume on the coat made me doubt my senses again). “Come in! Have something to eat at the kitchen table. Bet you’re starved!”

“You’re not just blowing smoke, Zelda. I’m like dead from malnutrition. Tell ya’ how glad I am to see you after my nutrients.”

He threw aside his pretty coat indifferently. (I knew it’s cost Meg \$800.) Sat down and began wolfing cheese sandwiches and milk.

I was fascinated by his appetite but more fascinated by the long tumble of his Hippie hair down his back. It was tangled, shapeless but a cascade any girl would give her eye-teeth for. I couldn’t resist it any more than I can resist straightening a crooked picture on the wall. To forestall any objections I said firmly, “Paul—I will let you stay here. But you’ve got to follow my directions or no dice.”

“Who’s nixing anything? You’re the boss. I’m just freaky lucky to get a pad.”

“First of all, I must brush out that messy hair.”

“As long as you don’t cut it off,” he said faintly, through his full mouth. “That means something to me—took me a year or more to grow it. Brush away.”

I dove in with brush and comb with unbridled enthusiasm. Soon had it straight and gleaming. He *had* washed it recently. While he was concentrating on his vitamins I finger-rolled curls in a rolling upswinging wave about the bottom. Oh I could just spend hours, Doing Things, with that lovely wealth of hair! A lovely, exciting thought occurred to me.

First of all The Thought would be a perfect sublimation. I wouldn’t have to be torn by the conflicts of having a boy that I liked right in my own house. Some other practical things I’d have to explain to Pauly. And most of all I wanted to Do It—come perdition or high water.

After eating, Paul surprised me by asking to take a bath.

“Don’t get shook,” he snorted. “Hippies like to bathe as well as any-

one else—if they have a tub handy. We just don't sell our souls for a tub, that's all."

"Let me do your hair up. Shame to ruin my brushing with bath water." And I wrapped a fancily-tied towel turban around his head. The purple and gold towel pulling his tresses from his face revealed some aesthetically pleasing curves and planes I hadn't noticed before—emphasized by his pertly ski-slide nose, his full health-bright lips.

"Toss those old clothes out the door, Pauly, when you bathe. I'll wash and dry them in a jiff, while you're bathing." When his raggedy pants and sweatshirt and broken sandals sailed into the hall, I picked them up and sailed them right out the window, in the general direction of the garbage can. Placed a pair of pink-furry scuffies by the door, and hung there, too, my quilted coachman's robe with its pre-shaped bosom, wide sweeping skirt and delicate lace edging at the cuffs and collar. And waited downstairs, breathing a bit heavily I'm afraid. Adjusted down the lights for a more intimate atmosphere, adjusted the mirrors so he couldn't help seeing himself, and annointed the air with a light spring-flowed cologne.

When I heard the bath-door open I lied up, "Dryer's broke so I couldn't finish your clothes. But I left a robe and slippers for you." Pauly soon was descending the stairs, his quilted skirts swinging gently, his no longer turbaned hair bouncing in great curviness with each step. If I could keep her—I mean him—in an appearance like that I'd not have to worry about my female hormones getting out of line. But I had a growing, different sort of affection for Pauly—he was so pretty! And strangely quiet.

He sat on the divan, as I had hoped—he couldn't miss his mirrored reflection. Studied the mirror, adjusted the draping of his robe, fluffed his hair up, said almost to himself, "I know why middle-class girls stay middle class girls. Bubble-bath, then clothes like this! Couldn't resist trying your bubble-oil, Zelda."

"It *is* a nice feeling, isn't it, Pauly! And really you make the change to a girl so . . . elegantly."

Nestled in the form-making robe his voice was gentler—a slightly throaty contralto.

"Well humans are humans—no matter what they wear. I've learned that this last year. And seeing myself in the mirror—and more just being in this aura of good feeling—being so like a girl is a trip. A real trip—beats LSD. I feel so . . . so . . . I don't know, Zelda."

"The way a girl should feel, Pauly . . . if she feels pretty. It would be funny if you felt any other way."

"But I'm *not* changing into a girl. That's *too* trippy," he replied very pointedly.

"Why not? It's a trip so enjoy it. Oh Pauly, do be a girl for now!"

My kiss on his cheek at that moment must have been persuasive; he allowed me to brush his long eyelashes a lustrous black, outline his eyes in a faintly Oriental slant.

"You see dear—you'll have to be a girl while you're with me here. Can't have the neighbors seeing even a shadow of a man on the shades at night. And daytimes . . . laundryman, plumber, delivery boy will come. And if they see anything but a girl living with me—oh my the scandal!"

"The original up-tight neighborhood, eh? Well . . . maybe I can play their game," he agreed reluctantly.

That deserved another cheek-kiss. I felt I could get down to business.

"Well what's your plan, Paul . . . oh couldn't I call you Pauline? . . . you can't live here forever."

"No, I like Paulette" (already deciding he'd be his own woman!). "Well I've got to reorient myself. I've already freed myself of lots of up-tightnesses. I couldn't have entered this girl thing so easily if I hadn't. But I've got to find my own place, doing my own thing—whatever it is. Besides I must eat. I came home to find my parents wouldn't accept me, but I like this home town so I've got to figure out something."

Thinking about the whole problem, I arose to get Paulette a blanket and nightie plus a multi-flowered sleeping bonnet to hold her hairdo. A second thought and I picked up a bra, with nearly full foam-rubber inserts. It was one I'd worn as a precociously ambitioned adolescent. I'm full high-figured now and in my dresses he would need the same endowments.

"Sleep tight, dear. And put some thought on this. For a few days and weeks you're secure as my girlfriend. Oh, my dressing room is next to my bedroom. Put on what you want from it when you wake up. Nighty-night."

"Nighty-night to you, Zelda. And thanks for this lovely nightie."

His now-soft voice sounded like so many other girlfriends who'd stayed with me!

* * *

Next morning I awoke to the smell of bacon sizzling, coffee bubbling and Paulette's heels clicking on the kitchen linoleum. I walked down quietly in my robe, overcome by the wonder of it all, saw Paulette her back to me, hair tumbling down, cooking breakfast. So homey and natural! This Hippie was wearing sheer but evident hose, and heels. And a *very* ornate fluffy apron. Paulette turned cheerfully to me, smiling a warm smile made a zillion times more warm by the sun-orange lipstick she wore. Her kiss on my cheek left a bright Cupid-print. I kleenexed my cheek, blotted her lips.

"I'm glad I still can teach you some things, like blotting your lips. Shuckins, Paulette you're at home in hose and heels without my help. I was looking forward to helping you there."

"Oh I've been practicing this morning and figgerin' things out. This goes for any woman. If you can feel like a woman, you *are* a woman. Your attitude, plus your borrowed clothes made me feel so feminine that it isn't really so surprising that now I *am* a girl." Paulette pirouetted dizzingly, spinning her pleated skirt and crisp-white under-petti thigh-high-curtseyed deeply, and got back to her bacon.

The milkman coming in without knocking (as he usually did at my place) didn't throw me—I could see there was nothing wrong with the scene. But Paulette drew her breath in sharply, covered her now superbly-evident breasts like a naked Eve, even though wearing my bulky sweater and pulled her skirts down taut under the table. The milkman stumbled down the steps, clumsied into the sharp bushes at the bottom while nearly breaking his neck looking back.

"Paulette!" I admonished sharply, "Don't ever do that modesty-and-cover-up routine again unless you want to date the man! Its the most provocative thing you can do!"

"Oh . . . just startled, I guess but he was interested, wasn't he! Hmmm . . ." Paulette replied with a smile.

"Eat your bacon and forget you're a pin-up type." I told her.

* * *

Several days went by, casually and comfortably enough. Paulette used my name to charge some really-her-own clothes for herself. She moved into the guest-room where she could hang her things, have her own boudoir. She soon found, other than the usual lecherous stares, she was quite happy when tradesmen came in. Paulette (and I, too, I confess) tasted high adventure on various firsts.

The first time out on the street at night—then the first daytime foray. The first wolf to slow his car and whistle at her—she was holding her clutch-coat too tight plus letting her hips respond too much to her movement. Things any just-growing girl must learn to avoid. Her first face-to-face purchase of nylons and groceries at the super-market. Her multiple joyous firsts were like growing up into womanhood again for me. Don't know who loved it most.

The real, first moment-of-truth occurred, however, when Paul's sister returned from a trip which she'd had to leave on the day after she'd wished her brother on me. I was brought down to the enormity of our adventure when Meg asked, "How's my Hippie brother doing?"

I confess I blurted out "What Hippie brother!" I'd forgotten how Paulette had started out!

"Oh Meg—Meg, it's too complicated by phone. We've solved some problems and you must come right over to see how far we've got. No . . . no. Can't explain now. You gotta see to believe." I left a frustrated Meg at the other end to see if my Paulette was perfectly herself.

She was wearing a zany-colored "Hippie frock" she'd bought at I. Magnin's. It seemed to hang dangerously from the tips of her high breasts, and to expose dangerously (to my square mind) seemingly endless net-hosed legs. A girl couldn't be more feminine if nude! I decided not to arouse her anxiety about her sister's coming.

Meg flew in, asking first (as I expected) about her fur coat . . . then about her brother. Paulette, with just a primary flicker of surprise,

stood her ground prettily then accepted introductions. She gave Paulette a preoccupied "How dya' do," then pursued me with questions about Paul. I answered with suspicious evasiveness, I guess . . . stalling for time.

As I appeared to get more mysterious, Meg began eyeing Paulette more closely. But with that cold, appraising disdain one woman will appraise another with—recognizing her beauty, the threat of competition—visibly trying to convince herself "She's NOT prettier than I am." "Can we talk privately?" she asked finally.

Once behind closed doors up in my room, Meg burst out, "Does that expensive looking Hippie chick have anything to do with my brother's disappearance!? I'll scratch her eyes out if she's seduced him back into that routine."

That gave me the profound giggles.

"Well, Paulette's related to his disappearance . . . or new appearance. But would you consider that well-groomed, expensively-dressed girl a Hippie?"

"No, naturally—perhaps a Hippie out of *Vogue*. But what's she got to do with Paul's . . . uh . . . new appearance? It's asking too much that he should dress square again."

"Well he is—an absolute fashion plate. You ought to see him in a formal!"

"Formal—you mean white tie? Ridiculous. It'd be more likely if he wore hair-ribbons!," she laughed sarcastically.

"Formal—though not exactly . . . white tie. And he is cute in hair-bows. But maybe I could lead you around to a clue if I asked you what you thought of Paulette out there."

Meg looked closely at me, as though I were a mad person. ". . . about that girl out there? Well, if I felt friendly with her I'd say she was chic, rather lovely, and an absolute fly-trap for boys. If she were my sister our house would be besieged by fellows."

"Face it, Meg honey—you *are* Paulette's sister." I told her.

"Paulette . . . Pauly . . . Paul. You can't mean that dish is my brother!" she blurted out.

Meg's color drained, then poured back into her face in a hot blush.

"You . . . you turned him into that creamy dish!?" she asked unbelievably.

"With my little ol' magic wand," I said with a touch of pride. "Of course being your brother he looks like you and had a lot to start with. Didn't you ever mentally dress him as a girl . . . just for private kicks?"

"Yyyyes . . . I seem to recall drawing his photograph into a girl's . . . I was always mad I didn't have a sister. Mother said she "tried" but Pauly came out all boy."

" . . . and all girl, too. Nothing half way about him."

"So I see, . . . well. If he wants to be my sister, he's an answer to my prayer. What a thrilling idea!" Meg said with rising excitement.

Inspiration hit me!

"Why not say he a girlfriend, and have Paulette visit you!" I asked.

Meg had been peeking out the door, to where Paulette was dancing idly by herself downstairs.

"Why not! His voice was all girl—to my sisterly ears. And we've been closer than Dad and Mother ever were to him . . . *her*. Why not . . . and it'd be a gas! She could go back to college with me next semester—I need a new roommate. If Paulette only had the money . . ."

"Well don't wish for rainbows," I stopped her, "Just settle for Paulette's being accepted as your girlfriend when you go home."

"Oh she'll be accepted all right!" Meg's deeply blue eyes practically glowed with admiration as she stared down at her former brother. "He's the cutest girl!"

Meg squared her slender shoulders proudly, took a deep breath and strode down the steps toward Paulette. "Paulette, Paulette—let me greet my new sister warmly. I do so want to really know you now—now

that you're a slick straight chick!" she said and gave Paulette a sisterly hug and kiss.

* * *

The very next evening Meg phoned, effervescent with enthusiasm.

"Dad and Mom met Paulette! Their black-sheep son was looking pure as snow in a winter-white fitted suit. Paulette looked—and even behaved—as though just fresh from passing her entrance tests into Byrn Mawr. She talked chastely but intelligently with the folks. They thought her quite sweet—glad that she was my friend. Mother's taking her to an alumnae tea tomorrow!"

Next day a phone call from Paulette, his earring dangling noisily against the ear piece: It was fun to remind him of the usually habitual act for a girl to remove one earring when phoning—I wouldn't want to forget the kinky fact she was a boy, also.

"Mother told me that she wished I had been her daughter—instead of the no-good son we disowned," as she put it. "Hold your fingers crossed, Zelda, Meg and I are trying for the rainbow jackpot."

Next their mother called and said "I've got the loveliest feeling about Paulette, Zelda. A really terribly strong wistful maternal feeling. You know how I tried to make you into a pretend second-daughter. Before I get lost beyond recall, would you tell me a little bit about Paulette's background?"

Homicide comes easy for me and it was no trouble to kill off Paulette's small-town parents in a car accident—"Too bad, too. Leading citizens of their town. Yet left poor Paulette without a soul. And with college right in her future!" I could sense Zelda's mother taking the bait.

Days passed perhaps though it seemed like minutes—miracles happening so fast. Meg called . . . with the rainbow jackpot!

"Zelda—the best possible happened. Daddy and Mom know I needed a roommate, also a little sister—so why not have a play-adoption, but really treat Paulette quite like a daughter. Even to sending her to my college! Isn't that scrumptious? Thank goodness for that hopeless generation gap—so wide that the old folks can't see ten cubic yards of

wool being pulled over their eyes. I hate to call them dopes after the nice thing they're doing, but . . ."

The night before "back-to-college" for the girls, their Dad and Mother threw a going-away party for all of us. Paulette, still playing the chaste young virgin goddess, was breath-taking in an old-fashioned formal in eyelet lace. Cynical Meg wore a black satin siren gown I privately thought in bad taste. Mother, of course, wore a flower-splattered chiffon thing out of the thirties. Their Dad really outdid us all in white tie and tails . . . smelling only a little of mothballs . . . and a high intake of soul-juice. His dancing with me was not only closer than I was used to, but really felt too much like an embrace. Which I found myself rather liking. As we swayed closer and more closely to a Glenn Miller bounce, the generation gap practically melted away. If he were twenty years younger . . .

"I don't know when I'll ever feel this close to you again, Zelda—but I must let something out. Then we're both obligated to forget it forever. Let's see . . . (long pause while I attempted to follow his shag) . . . Mother and I vaguely recognized Paul from the first. Then became sure of it. We'd dreamed of the daughter we'd have liked *so* much and always mentally redid Paul in her image." (My inexpert shag degenerated into a stumble while he went on.)

"Perhaps that's why Paul pulled his Hippie revolt. Now he's still in revolt and thinks he's put it over on us. Well let him. He can have his revolt and his parents, too. And we've regained a son secretly, though he doesn't know it . . . and also found our daughter. Whatever will be . . . *will* be, I guess."

The generation gap closed with a resounding "clang" in my ears. As last goodbyes were being kissed, I stroked Paulette's soft hair back from her ear and whispered, "Don't think your parents are square beyond all curvilinearity, Paulette. You may think you've outsmarted those old codgers . . . but you've got a Dad and Mother who are hip, but **HIP!**"

* * * * *

Letters the Editor

"Dear Editor"



Dear Virginia:

Although I have only recently discovered TVia, I have found little thanks given to the hippie movement in changing the attitudes of society toward people who are different in some way. I believe more thanks should be given to those who promote understanding people with sexual problems, including homosexuals, TVs, and so on.

I am both a transvestite and a member of the hippie subculture although it is hard at times to reconcile the two. For instance, a mustache, beard, sideburns, and long hair are mandatory for the male hippie, while only the long hair can be tolerated by the TV. Therefore it is a constant battle between my personalities trying to decide whether to keep the mustache or not.

Another point in favor of the hippies is their understanding of people with problems. This goes for most youths. I presume that my sister is the only one of my family who knows about my problem. When I approached her about it she took it calmly and was able to offer me some good advice.

The only other person who knows about me is my ex-college roommate and then only after he revealed that he was a TV too. It is him I both curse and thank for bringing Karen out to her present state. I have lost track of him through a school transfer and his impending marriage.

The youth nowadays haven't gotten set in their ways as older people have. They accept things which are different much more readily than the older generation. They feel people should be free to "do their own thing".

All I've tried to show in this letter is, don't knock the hippie movement, it's doing some good after all. If our way of thinking prevails, maybe our sisters can come out of their closets and make themselves known.

If this is printed, which I doubt, don't use my real name and address. It could prove embarrassing and I could lose all I have built up to now.

Sincerely, Karen

(Ed. Note: You were wrong, Karen, it did get printed. I printed it for several reasons: 1.) It is interesting in its point of view. I don't feel that hippies need to be thanked specifically as society has for sometime past been moving in the direction of greater tolerance. If it had not the conditions which permitted the hippie movement to develop would not have existed and there never would have been a hippie "movement". 2.) The idea that youth has not gotten set in its ways needs further explanation. They just haven't had time to get set in the particular ways in which the older generation is set. However, they are just as set in their own particular ways. Witness the fact that the beard, sideburns, mustache and hair combination is practically mandatory. If the youth is so tolerant of non-conformists, why can't they tolerate a hippie who doesn't wear a beard or mustache as well as one who does. If that is his "own thing" why shouldn't he do it freely and without social pressure? You see it is the same problem of intolerance toward variation from the group "norm". In this case it's just a different norm. 3.) Fear of "losing all I have built—" is certainly understandable to us oldsters but it also indicates that inexorably Karen is being contaminated with conformity, fear, and the need to maintain status and position. Supposedly her peers, being more tolerant, would not care a bit if she were "exposed" as being "different" (i.e., a TV) and would say—"go ahead do your own thing and come to our next get together in a miniskirt, and see-through blouse" ——or would they? When it gets down to the nitty gritty that sub-culture has its own expectations even though they be different and transgressors are likely to suffer for it as they have always suffered in every society.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I have been extremely pleased and enlightened by reading "TRANS-VESTIA" and it seems like a great personal loss not to have known of your book sooner. I have purchased many other so-called TV publications only to find them quite crude and leaving me with the feeling I was being taken advantage of rather than sympathized with.

In some of the personal experiences I read in your books I see one thing I don't quite understand. Many of the men seem to find it embarrassing to purchase feminine clothing so they invent fictional sisters or a wife that they are making the purchases for. I have never found this to be necessary. I purchase whatever I want, wherever I want and at any time I want to purchase it without making any excuses for doing so. I don't see any reason to explain to a salesgirl why a purchase is being made. They can

assume it is for my wife, assume it is for me and snicker behind their hands, if it gives them pleasure to do so and it just doesn't make any difference to me. I am neither ashamed or embarrassed of what I am. I don't want it to appear that I flagrantly do as I please with no regard to myself or the other people around me but I don't see any reason to make excuses or invent fictional persons.

Sincerely, Mildred

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

We have corresponded briefly back in 1967 at which time I was not married. Later you wrote another note which I answered a little more fully and ordered one magazine. Now, I'd like to become a subscriber and have my husband put on the waiting list to join the "club." The only reason he does not write for himself is that somehow he never gets around to writing to anyone or for anything. Believe me, he is intensely interested.

He is a transvestite and has been virtually all his life. He cannot remember a time when he was not. He can't even remember the first time he was "dressed" as a child.

We were fortunate enough to both hear you on the radio with Alan Douglas and then see you on his show later on television. May I say you are terrific! We both expected you to be an exceptional person but you far exceeded our expectations. We thought of trying to meet you in person but realized you couldn't until Ron is "cleared" and investigated. I hope we can meet the next time you come to Ohio. You answered so many questions for me that I did not realize I didn't know! It's not just that I was ignorant, I had been worried, too. Now, my mind is much more at ease. For this reason, I am going to order "The Transvestite and His Wife" after all.

Perhaps you would be interested to know a little of our history together. When I met Ron he was already engaged to my younger sister. He had told her in confidence about being a transvestite and she had told me. She could not reconcile herself to it and wanted him to stop. They were close to breaking up when we met. He did not know that I knew about him for some time. We were almost immediately attracted to each other and flirted quite a lot even though he was "taken". My sister finally told him of my knowing about him and they broke up and we started dating. Instead of trying to stop his dressing, I encouraged him in it and tried to make him feel less guilty. I took the first photo of him—taught him to apply makeup and how to walk in high heels. We got him a wig and some clothes that fit better and named his girlself Veronica. It was because of

my urging and insistence he finally appeared in public. He was amazed to find that no one accused him of being a man. What a shock for him when strange girls spoke to him of everyday feminine things as we all stood in front of a mirror in public restrooms (girl's, of course).

I know you will be getting much "troubled" mail from your television and radio appearances and thought you might like a happy note from a transvestite and his wife.

Sincerely, "Veronica" and Judy

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

My wife and I thoroughly enjoy and appreciate "TVia" and "The TV and Wife." In fact I am very happy to say that they have brought us closer together than we have been in years.

About four or five years ago I decided to tell my dear wife about my interest in TVism. After 15 years of marriage this information came as quite a shock to her and before TVia it was the only major rift in our marriage. Despite the fact that I have always tried to be a good husband, I have never run around, never overdrink, she has always known where I was, I never stay out after work unless necessary and without telling her where I am going. This may sound like self-praise or something but my wife will tell you that it is true.

I've always enjoyed cooking and household chores. When we first married my wife said that no man would ever do housework in her home. But on finding that I not only didn't mind doing these things but enjoyed it, she relented.

You know that it is difficult for a wife to understand a husband wanting to wear her clothing or own some feminine things of his own. And since I didn't understand it myself I wasn't able to explain it adequately to her. Things became pretty rough and I was afraid that I would lose her. After trying to abstain the urge came back stronger each time and I would again bring up the subject trying to convince her of what I was going through, too.

Other publications and books didn't help very much. FEMALE MIMICS convinced her that men can look good in feminine clothing, but although she enjoyed looking at the pictures she wasn't convinced that they weren't all homosexuals including me. Believe me, I am not. (Ed. Note: The wife was right, however. All the persons in that magazine are professional impersonators and all are gay—except for the letter writers at the end.)

Your publications have helped in assuring her that all males aren't 100% masculine in that we enjoy feminine things and outlooks, but we can still be 100% male.

So thank you again from both of us for your wonderful magazines and books. Keep up the good work, please.

Yours truly, Judith

* * * * *

Dear Virginia:

After seeing you on a TV show I am greatly changed. It seemed to have set me partly free. I have at last found out I'm not the only one like this. Life has been terrible all these years . . . the lonesomeness of self condemnation. At last, thanks to you and God I've found out.

As I sit here writing this note I'm wearing my wig and am fully dressed. It seems that after seeing you I went all the way, bought a bra and made a couple of inserts which passed but not good enough. I would like you to know that I'm grateful beyond words to you and your staff, also the TVs who make up TRANSVESTIA . . . I'm sure if I had learned about TVism long ago I would have been much happier . . .

Gee, Virginia, I don't know where all this is coming from, I guess you are my doctor. You're certainly a wonderful girl. I'm signing off with this half's signature . . .

Love, Charlotte

Editor's Comment:

I'm always a little uncomfortable printing letters in which I am being complimented since it looks as though I was tooting my own horn and reaching for public commendation. But I print them because one never knows who will open a copy of TVia. I have enemies and those who disapprove, condemn or poo-poo my efforts. For them to know that those same efforts are appreciated and are helpful may change their attitude a bit. Wives who are not yet understanding may be helped by finding from the letters how others than their husbands feel about TVism, TVia, and Virginia which may in turn moderate their attitudes a bit. Finally, I want those who see no value in my public relations efforts and who do not see any need to help support them, as well as those who do believe in this and who have made financial contributions to them to get a small taste of the results of those efforts. The letters referring to the TV shows are a selection of course. Most of the responses give no details, just ask for the information on subscribing but the ones printed here reveal some of the basic good these appearances do.

Finally, it will be noted that there are seldom any highly negative letters printed. Frankly this is simply because I don't get much of this. What negative letters I get are largely concerning some personal problem or gripe or about mailing etc. and have no general interest. But it is not a case of selecting only the good and overlooking the bad. Fortunately those who are negative usually just stop subscribing and that's it.

Virginia

* * * * *

My Dear Virginia:

I have just finished reading your February issue of TRANSVESTIA and am so upset at the thought of your stopping the publication that I don't know what else to do except sit down and write and tell you what you have meant to me and how you have made my life and that of my wife and family worth living again.

For the first time in my life, thanks to you Virginia, I can look myself and the world straight in the face without feeling that I am a sneaky, dirty, odd sort of individual and certainly not worthy of anyone's love, understanding or admiration.

I was 29 years old before I knew anything about transvestism or that there was anyone else anywhere with a problem like mine. Since that time I have been divorced (a result of being caught dressed) and I am now re-married. But in this interim of time since I found out that my cross-dressing had a name and now, has been a hard, frustrating and futile struggle of 8 years and until I found you Virginia I knew no more about the problem and myself than I did in the beginning.

Only through you, have I finally come to an acceptance of myself and gained the love, admiration, affection, and understanding of my wife and children. Last August I discovered TRANSVESTIA quite by accident and then I ordered a copy of the "TV AND HIS WIFE" and with the knowledge I acquired in the book and with the courage it gave me—I told my wife.

My life now is a wonderful thing to live—a release of almost unbearable pressure within me, an understanding beautiful wife and a marital relationship I never knew existed. You, my dear Virginia, are directly responsible for this and I owe you a debt of gratitude so great it almost overwhelms me. I hope that with these few lines I can convey some of what I feel for you and your work.

I can well imagine the hard work and time that goes into your publications and how the rewards at times must seem small. But for what it is worth (and I know I am not alone in my feelings) I owe you more than I

can ever repay and you have my heartfelt gratitude and admiration for what you are doing and I only wish there was something more I could do to help. *Please don't stop* what you are doing—I need you—We need you and there are others who don't even know about you who really need you.

All My Love, "Abi"

* * * * *

Dear Dr. Prince,

I just saw you on The Alan Douglas Show. I was delighted to have stumbled across the program, having changed the channel throughout the evening to avoid wrestling, football highlights, Joe Pyne, and other programs filled with insult, injury, and inhumanity.

It was nice to see such an intelligent, well-spoken, poised guest and I hope that you reached many people. I personally had always thought that transvestism was one manifestation of homosexuality.

At any rate, I'm interested in receiving any free material that you can send to me, if that is possible. I intend to read it and pass it on.

Thank you very much.

Yours truly, Joy

* * * * *

To Dr. Virginia C. Prince:

I was watching you on the Alan Douglas show on Ch 6, and found your conversation very interesting because my sister's son loves to wear women's clothes and has always been this way since a little boy, he is 20 years old now and he is still doing it.

I wanted to write to you about the two books that you had with you on the show. I would like to have them so that I can learn to understand him better. He is not plainly spoken like you were on the show, for he will not even talk to us about it. I am sure that my sister and I will be very interested in the books so that we may be able to get through to him and to understand him also.

I will be willing to pay for the both of the books if you would just let me know how much I'm expected to pay. So until I hear from you.

Sincerely, Miss B.

Dr. Virginia Prince:

Will you please send me the magazine you spoke of on the Allen Douglas Show in Cleveland.

The interview was very interesting and I am sure a member of our family needs more understanding.

Thank you kindly, - - - - -

* * * * *

Dear Dr. Prince,

I recently saw you on the Alan Douglas television show and heard you on his radio show in Cleveland. I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for a very informative evening on both occasions. My views on transvestism were of a very immature, uneducated nature before having heard you speak on the subject. Although I am not a transvestite myself, I became very endeared and sympathetic to your cause. The world needs more people like you in spirit to stand up for what they really believe. I applaud your free spirit.

You mentioned your magazine, "Transvestia," in the broadcasts. I would appreciate seeing a copy of this. As a student of the world I am very interested in everything that happens to its people. Before another year passes, I hope to be relocated in the L.A. area and would look forward to meeting you or at least hearing more about you.

Sincerely yours, Gerald

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

It is always a pleasure to see you and I hope you can come back in November. I have decided to start a new organization. Any FPE member is eligible. No dues, no offices, but 3 classes.

The name of the organization is "The Order of the Squirrel." There are two requirements for membership.

1) One must be a member in good standing of FPE.

2) To know Virginia Prince. "The Order of the Squirrels" is devoted to helping Virginia Prince in her travels and public relations work.

Squirrels collect nuts, and that's what we are, a bunch of nuts. There are three classes to the order. The second and third classes are self-appointed.

For my recent work with you, I am awarding myself the Order of the Squirrel, 3rd class. For additional effort, I should receive the second class award.

However, you Miss Prince, must determine when I shall receive the Order of the Squirrel, 1st class. Also, you must decide what merits this high and distinctive decoration. The award of the 1st class order entitles

one to meet you or people designated by you at airports, motels, drive you around, etc.

Now, Virginia, I can see you sitting there and blowing your wig, so calm down, I like this order and think it should be a permanent part of FPE. And seriously, the people that help you and through you all of FPE should get recognition, therefore, I, as the founder of "The Order of the Squirrels," say welcome back, we missed you.

Sincerely, Florence 25-S-2 FPE, Order of the Squirrel, 3rd Class

* * * * *

Florence is hereby gratefully awarded promotion to Squirrel 1st Class for her arranging the Masters and Johnson interview, lodgings, party, transportation and financial help. Also awarded first class honors are Ann 10-B-2 FPE for many past and present efforts for FPE in both Atlanta and Mexico; Dorothy 21-D-3 FPE for help in the Boston and Hartford areas on this and previous trips; Maureen 6-J-1 EPE for handling things in Denver; Gisele 13-J-2 FPE for being my PR agent in Chicago on each of several trips and Sally 43-S-5 FPE in Houston for setting up several different radio and TV appearances in New Orleans, Houston and Dallas. Kay 22-K-1 FPE Detroit for many PR activities in behalf of FPE. Maryann 35-J-1 FPE in Ohio for her efforts with Delta Chapter FPE and for personal assistance on several occasions.

2nd Class Honors should go to Sally 23-W-1 FPE in Minneapolis, Deanna 20-Q-1 FPE in Baltimore, Debbie 35-K-1 FPE in Cleveland, and Joyce and Maryann (GG) 22-C-3 FPE in Detroit.

3rd Class Squirrel ratings certainly go to all those who contributed financially and in other ways to the success of this and previous PR trips. My thanks to all.

VIRGINIA



Susanna
and her
"kids"

(See her
column
following)

Susanna Says

Hi, girls:



I'm writing this column under a lilac tree on the lawn at Casa Susanna . . . no telephones are ringing, no car engines are heard . . . in the distance the mooing of a few cows . . . and believe it or not, a few yards away from me: children! . . . Now, what on earth could Susanna be doing in the company of children? She hates them, remember? Well, it's a long story.

You may recall through previous columns that I was engaged in a patient and systematic campaign to break all family barriers blocking Susanna's full expression. Most of the adult members of my family have been won over. Many of them have actually expressed a preference for her rather than for her brother. But the biggest obstacle have been children, particularly a set of three boys ranging in ages from 7 to 11. Their mother, though quite understanding and friendly towards Susanna, had steadily refused to allow them to consort with Susanna. Despite all my explanations, she felt an instinctive fear that somehow my presence would affect their lives in some distorted way. So, I respected her wishes and went into hiding every time the kids would be brought to my house. I spent many a miserable week-end in the closet because the brats were around. Needless to say they sensed my hostility and were never friendly towards my brother. But circumstances played into my hands this Summer. The mother of the kids found herself unable to send them to camp as was her desire and the only alternative was Casa Susanna where my

brother's wife and myself were about to spend two weeks of blissful rest. What to do? She knew that Susanna would absolutely refuse to obliterate herself during those two precious weeks . . . so, with great fear in her heart, she allowed Susanna's brother to pick them up at their home and bring them to Casa Susanna. The poor woman must have felt awful.

On the first morning of our vacation my brother took them all for a ride (the first and only ride HE would take in two weeks). This was to underscore the difference between Susanna and her brother. And then in the afternoon, I emerged in all my glory to greet the world. The three kids were playing outside in the lawn. I walked towards them, and looking each of them in the eye I said "how about riding with me to the store, I have to do some shopping." You should have seen their expressions! The surprise was complete. All three of them refused to come along. As soon as I drove off, they raced to see my brother's wife . . . who was that woman? . . . and one of them, sharper than the rest: "she looks just like . . . *him!*" And the cat was out of the bag! Upon my return, one half hour later . . . a three-boy jury was waiting impatiently . . . this was to be the trial of the century! What a bombardment of questions: how come you are wearing a dress? and why the lipstick and the wig? —do you wear a girdle? — So, in measured words I took up my defense in front of a jury which had no preconceived prejudices, but were totally baffled as to why a man should want to appear as a girl. All three, upon questioning, said they would not want to dress like this . . . being a boy—they felt —was much more fun than being a girl. But they heard my story . . . A story which Transvestia veteran readers found some years ago in TVia No. 12.

I did not attempt to give them sociological causes, nor did I try to push into them my favorite bio-chemical explanation. Instead I chose an explanation which would stir their imaginations . . . and I asked them to put themselves in the place of a little kid, just their age, who discovered that he was sharing his body with the soul of a little girl. To my delight, all three kids would easily visualize the situation: two personalities in one body. (My apologies to Sheila, Virginia, et al . . . but you'd be green with envy if you had seen the fantastic reaction of all three kids) . . . They took it very seriously. My "brother" had simply withdrawn from the scene. It was Susanna's turn to live, to be herself. And they could see the tremendous difference between the "brother" and Susanna. I told them how "he" hated them . . . Hadn't they noticed how cold, grouchy, unfriendly he always was towards them? Yes, indeed, they certainly had noticed it! And here was Susanna smiling and offering them her friendship! Needless to say that juvenile jury not only absolved me with a resounding "not guilty", but expressed the wish that Susanna should simply stay on and on . . . and couldn't I do something to sort of dispose

of the other personality. Not once during the two weeks did any of them ever refer to me by my brother's name, thus doing a much better job than most adults. I was "she" and "her" to them from then on. They went with me everywhere, and their very presence turned out to be a reinforcing element of realism when strangers were around . . . Loud shouts in the store: "Susanna, can we get some chewing gum" and so forth. Later on I found out that their mother was just flabbergasted at their enthusiastic praise of Susanna. She couldn't believe that this—to her—weird character could have taken her kids by storm.

After the first week—another first experience! Their mother and her husband (who knew absolutely nothing of Susanna) came over for the weekend. She was petrified wondering what her husband's reaction would be. I ran to meet him: "My name is Susanna—you must be John." He smiled. His reaction? "Live and let live". If you feel that way—who's going to stop you?—Enjoy Life! So, my friends . . . that's the story. There's nobody now left in this rather large family . . . about 25 or 30 relatives . . . who has not met Susanna. The kids and their two teenage brothers (both college students) have found a new friend and they get a big thrill every time we go out together and Susanne "passes" in front of the public. Another interesting reaction from the kids has been meeting other TV's. And beware, my friends! They are critical! The very first day they met their second TV I asked them what they thought of her. Their answer: "She's all right, but you can see the hair on her chest!" Or: "Linda is nice—but Zarina is horrible." Once again my theory has been reinforced: if you want to dress in front of non-TV's, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE look your best, your most feminine . . . and shave those legs and hands and arms . . . and clip the hair inside your nostrils and inside your ears. When other people are willing to accept you as a girl, don't shock and confuse them by not being one. The in-between picture is DISGUSTING. And if you feel you can't afford to sacrifice your hair . . . then stay alone, don't inflict your "man-in-skirts" appearance on other people. Even children are sensitive to incongruity. I told them: "Susanna is a girl!" and by golly, they expect her to BE one!

One of my teenage relatives, during the first week of our vacation, brought one of his teenage pals for a short visit to Casa Susanna. I was introduced as "aunt" Susanna, and that was that. Unfortunately, that afternoon a TV friend showed up. He arrived fully dressed and proceeded to greet me in front of both teenagers. His cave-man voice shattered the scene, and that night I got the bad news: "Susanna, I'm afraid your friend blew your cover." The boy had put two and two together and openly asked if Susanna was for real. All my patient effort to achieve a passable image had gone down the drain in one miserable instant. Susanna's imperfections had barely been noticed by the sharp eyes of the teenager,

but it took the presence of another TV to bring those imperfections into focus. Needless to say I was mad, terribly annoyed, with friends who'd "blow my cover".

I must be selfish in protecting my own environment . . . an environment for Susanna to live in. And what kind of living do I engage in? Take my two-weeks vacation as an example. I actually worked harder than my brother does at the office. I made beds, I vacuumed, I cooked, I set the table, I handled children, I washed dishes, I did laundry, I ironed, sewed . . . and I even went visiting newly acquired non-TV friends who do not know (and I am determined they will never know.) I did a lot of thinking and self-analysis while engaged in all those activities. I kept thinking: I enjoy doing all these things because I am a woman . . . and my name is Susanna . . . men really don't enjoy doing these things . . . and pretty soon I was thinking of men as THEY . . . I had mentally crossed the dividing line. I was doing what I had always felt I should have been doing all my life . . . quite happy with the limitations imposed on me as a woman. And I smiled a happy smile sewing in the porch while the children rushed to tell me about the big, big frog they almost caught at the pond. No doubt some people would say that I have turned into a transsexual. I don't think so. Operation? Phooey! I don't want sex, I want femininity. [*Amen—Ed.*]

A long time ago I posed the question in one of these columns: what is nicer, more satisfying, to be accepted by non-TV's who *know*—or to be accepted as a woman by people who *don't know*. My personal feelings lean now towards total passing. It is interesting to see however, that even those who *do* know, after days and weeks of being in your femme-company, begin to forget there ever was a "he" in the picture—and find themselves reacting towards you just like they react to any woman. Even the children—and perhaps they more than the adults—accept this new reality more quickly. It was heavenly to have one of the kids come over and ask me if I could sew a tear in his pants. Total acceptance. And the wife of a distant relative who had met Susanna for the first time, took the whole thing in stride. Went shopping with me . . . and in the store suggested: "let's bake a cake for the children." I heard nothing from her but "she" and "her". Then it dawned on me: people will easily accept you and get used to being with you—as a woman—if they don't see the man around. What confuses them is the repeated switching back and forth. Confusing to them—and damaging and confusing to your own self. Constant swinging to and fro from him to her, back and forth, keeps you off balance. It is not restful. You feel like a pong ball. And then I realized the why of my increasing longing to live as Susanna more or less permanently. I am weary of this constant changing back and forth. I want peace within my own heart.

This explains why I am planning to turn Casa Susanna—in the not too distant future—into a haven for hunters, skiers and vacationists with Susanna as the hostess. Let my brother retire—permanently.

Perhaps, years later, people will talk about that nice old lady named Susanna, but for the time being, let me stay away from the “old” category. I feel I still have quite a few years to be young . . . The future does look exciting and worth rushing to meet it. And now, a few quotations—taken verbatim—from children who have met a few TV’s. (I’m not using real names as I don’t want to offend the offenders.)

—Linda was really nice—wonder what her brother is like?

—I like Bob better than his sister . . . she is horrible.

—Boy, does she walk funny!

—Did you see all that goo on her face?

—What was the matter with her? She always looked sour.

—You can tell right away she’s a man.

As you can see, children can be pretty devastating in their remarks. And my advice—as always, is: stay away from children if you cannot properly project the “girl-within” . . .

And that’s all for now . . . love to all from
Susanna

PS. I hope you’ve noticed that “my” song made the Hit Parade. It’s called
“A boy named Sue.”

PS No. 2: After re-reading this column it struck me that I did not clarify enough my reasons for wanting to “stay” Susanna more or less permanently. I made only one point: weariness of constant changing—and said that it was damaging to one’s own mental and emotional stability. This of course does not apply to all TV’s. It depends on the frequency of your changing. I have been doing it every single day for years—and unlike the author of the article “The Miracle of Change” (TVia 56)—I’ve ceased feeling that fabulous thrill of the change itself. It’s only fabulous in one direction: from HIM to HER. But the reverse from HER to HIM, is becoming more and more painful. It actually depresses me. It calls for an ever increasing effort of will. To be “him” constitutes now an actual expenditure of energy without a corresponding intake. So “he” means depletion. To be “her” is quite different. Energy seems to flow into me from all directions, and no matter what activity I engage in, I never seem to tire . . . I seem to renew myself around every turn of the road as I go exploring a territory which has never been trodden by my spirit. I cannot speak of thrills, but of a peace and contentment that I find nowhere else.

Sue

A Note on Susanna’s Column by Virginia.

I must say that I think this is one of the finest columns that Susanna,

has ever come up with. Mostly because it is “for real”—right from inside her. It’s not intellectual, it’s not teaching, it’s not criticism—just Susanna.

I must say more power to her. While I don’t want to sound superior by saying, “I did it first”—I do want to welcome her to that understanding and inner contentment that she experienced. I sincerely hope that her plans will materialize for I know what lies before her and I say, “welcome to the club’.. “The Club” is one that as yet doesn’t have many members, it’s members are “PGs” in contrast to GGs. This stands for either “permanent girls”, or “post graduates” as you prefer.

Furthermore I must specifically call your attention to her comment about the accusation of crossing the transsexual line—“Phooey! I don’t want sex, I want femininity”. This distinction is one I’ve tried to make to readers for years and I welcome her help in emphasizing it. There are so many misguided persons who feel that all their dreams are to be fulfilled with a surgeon’s knife. One has to grow into a feeling of REALLY being Susanna or Virginia or whoever and the knife is of no help at all in doing so.

I have only one other comment. Both Susanna and myself, altho we sing the praises of the permanent state, didn’t get there except as the result of years of effort as a man in building the necessary economic base and planning it. Moreover we have both done a good and relatively complete job in the masculine world—establishing our “brothers” as effective and likeable human beings too. So I think Susanna as well as myself would not want our pleasure in our own situation to serve as a lure or encouragement for others to attempt to achieve this condition prematurely. That is, before they have laid the necessary groundwork economically, socially and psychologically—until they have completely experienced their masculine potential. With both one can be a more complete human being, but jumping into femininity without the masculine experience preceding it is leaving the pan for the fire. Moreover, it is the very contrast that makes the feminine experience so satisfying. I would hate to have missed that.

Almost all TVs have been known to think or to say, “I wish I’d been born a girl.” I used to say it too. But would you believe, (I hope you will) that today I do not feel that way. I may get myself read out of the TV movement but I can honestly say that I’m glad that I was born and raised a boy, that I’ve experienced life as a man, husband and father and that without these experiences stored away in my computer I would have no background of contrasting experience with which to judge my present happy state.

So aim for it if you wish, but learn to swim before you jump in the water.

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Book Review

Sheila Niles (30-B-2) FPE



DRAG, by Roger Baker, published by Triton Books, 16 Montague Mews North, London W. 1 45s (35.40 US Equivalent), 248 pp * bib 2 * index 6.

The review copy of this book was kindly provided by Sylvia FE-B-3, and the date of its availability in the US is still not known. However, it is of such great interest to our readers that a review prior to US release seems justified.

The term "drag" varies in its implications with time, place and occupation. The tendency in the US seems to be to equate it with the cross-dressing of some homosexuals (American Thesaurus of Slang) but in the UK the implications are almost entirely theatrical (Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English). The latter has been true at least since 1887, but in 1850 the word was cited in the phrases "Go . . ." or "Flash the drag" as wearing women's clothes for immoral purposes. This does not exclude the possibility that the phrase arose in thieves' cant, covering those who used (and regrettably do to this day) cross-dressing as an aid in robbery.

The author spends his Part I on these semantic problems and in carefully explaining what his subject is NOT. Chapter 2 covers the drag queens pretty thoroughly, illustrated by a party which he attended. He emphasizes that the queens represent only a minority of homosexuals. He also cites considerable history of their activities and bad public relations. Chapter 3 covers the transvestites as he knows us (and he really

does!' from many personal interviews. TVs, he says, are "likely to be normally oriented sexually or not interested in sex at all; it is the least harmful of major diversions from the norm simply because of its non-sexual connotation." Most TVs, he says, would like to go out but few do because of the dangers. The situation is well summed up by one of his contacts: "I've got two lovely evening dresses, one bought and one made by my wife for me. I put one on, make myself up really well, fix my hair carefully, add long gloves, jewels and a splendid cape—and then what? Sit and watch television!"

And also, he adds, there is the transsexualist, "whose condition is part mental, part physical" and "has been perhaps overpublicized because they represent a particularly dazzling achievement of modern surgery" though not particularly common. The stage impersonator may be a drag queen, a TV, a TS, a bisexual or none of these; "The assumption of outward sexual characteristics by no means implies the equal assumption of that sex's functions or desires." He also mentions a curious manifestation I do not recall seeing in print before—the power of uniforms and disguises as erotic stimuli for both the wearer and the beholder. This release of inhibitions through costume affects both the TV and the actor, leading the former into over-confidence and the latter to a more vital performance.

And so to work on the real subject, in Part II, an exhaustive study (magnificently illustrated) of the history of drag in the theater. He deals mainly with the British stage, but makes a game effort to cover Europe, with occasional snap-views of the Greek, Chinese and Japanese antiquities. At least 40 pages are devoted to the boy-actresses of the Shakespearean period, with much attention to an interesting question—just how were these boys regarded by the audience? He arrives at the very credible conclusion (opposite to that of many other historians) that the audience accepted their portrayal with the same "suspension of disbelief" that the viewer or reader applies to other strange situations. Certainly the Elizabethans would have been more shaken by the idea of a real girl on stage than that of accepting a boy-actress. Shakespeare expected a lot from his boys, and apparently got it; the passions of Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth were not written to be mocked! Even the frequent reversals were a tribute to the boy's powers; imagine YOU trying to present yourself as a girl impersonating a boy The same acceptance seems to have been extended to the "castrati" singers, whose voices and figures were quite adequate to sustain the illusion. But, when the girl-actresses began to take over around 1700, the tolerance of the English for the castrati began to wear thin, and by 1787 people were outraged by the final appearance of "Italian eunuchs" at the opera.

Since then it has been essentially a different game, and the imperson-

ators of the 19th and 20th centuries have almost universally taken pains to remind the audience of the "deceit", either explicitly or by context as in performances by all-male groups. A very interesting exception was the recent all-male "As You Like It" in which Rosalind and Phoebe were played as *characters*, by men who made no attempt to clown it. There is reason to doubt that the audience achieved the true Elizabethan attitude. In the author's phrase, the pre-Restoration boy-actresses were in "real disguise", and the more modern ones in "false disguise". Of course, "real disguise" is still a matter of suspended disbelief, and not to be compared with the TV who passes in a very real and hostile setting. Such a performer was Barbette, whose spectacular trapeze work supported her as a girl for some years before she revealed the truth. There are only three other such stories in the book: Lulu the Circassian Catapultist, Donna Delbert the Lady Fire-Eater (a deserter from the US Army) and Bobbie Kimber the ventriloquist.

There is a chapter of some complexity on the male impersonators. His point is that this is NOT the exact opposite of female impersonation, being much more frequent and acceptable to the public—especially to the men. Many of the girls make no effort to conceal their attractiveness, and these "principal boys" seem to specialize in false disguise as defined above, as distinct from those rare but very real female transvestites who have lived undetected as men.

Then, an all-too-brief chapter on the Orientals, including the famous Kabuki actor whose final appearance was as a 19 year old girl, at 73! (May we all do as well.) In Japan, the girl-actresses do not seem to be displacing the men, both being accepted as separate art forms.

Part III picks up the less-than-glorious history of drag since 1700. It ran to burlesques and parodies, all in more or less bad taste. The 19th century turned up some excellent clown acts, generally classed as "dames". While some of these were little more than men in skirt and shawl, others made some attempt at realism and even glamour. World War I produced a sharp increase in this activity, due to men experienced in service shows entering vaudeville. (Some of us old bats still remember the dame acts on the Orpheum Circuit). The results ranged from "Minnie the Messy Old Mermaid" to the current "Mrs. Shufflewick" (Rex Jamieson). The latter is a middle-aged, slightly baffled woman who presents a long, disastrous anecdote about her highly improbably adventures. This typically "describes things women sometimes do, but to which no woman would ever admit. If a real woman, however talented, attempted a similar act the result would be unbearably obscene or pathetically embarrassing. This gap between subject and audience is an important aspect." (Available on a record "Look in at the Local", Decca, Ace of Clubs SCL-1221).

And then, the glamour girls, of whom Julian Eltinge was the first big winner and Danny La Rue the latest. The Eltinge period, 1898-1928, set a new pattern of drag without offensive jokes or unkind parodies of women. The women in turn were fascinated by him and flocked to see him; he even wrote a beauty hints column for them. His successors went further, appearing as impersonators of famous women and eventually in such truly dramatic presentations as Curtis and Lemmon in "Some Like It Hot". An amazing number of character actors have played in drag; Charlie Chaplin, Wallace Beery and Lon Chaney are some of the less likely examples.

Finally, a brief section on the night-club dolls, for whom Baker has little regard. He essentially ignores those in France and Germany, and gives only the Jewel Box Review in the US a good rating. This is due partly to the prevalence of hormone-inflated chests among the performers, and partly to their tendency to rely on glamorous costumes and physical charm rather than acting talent for their effectiveness. He also deplors the use of partly converted transsexuals. As he says, "much of the delight arises when a perfectly ordinary looking man goes in . . . and emerges looking like Mae West. If he looked vaguely like Mae to start with, there is no illusion, no skill required." The big stars of the 1950's still appear occasionally, but there seem to be no replacements coming along. He also takes a dim view of the magazines published in America for and about impersonators. Presumably "Female Mimics" is meant, as he mentions photos of "exhibitionists . . . in black leather corsets, high spiked heels and baby doll nightdresses." TRANSVESTIA is apparently unknown.

* * * * *

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Virgin Views by Virginia



As most of my readers know this past summer provided one of the most rewarding experiences of my life—that of going to Europe and going as Virginia. This trip was not merely rewarding in personal satisfaction and enjoyment, although there was plenty of that, but it was rewarding in the contacts I made and the efforts I was able to put forward for “the cause.” It provides a long story and as I know many of you will want to live through it vicariously, I will relate it in some detail. This will take up many more pages than I usually permit Virginia to usurp in an issue but so many have asked to hear all about it that those of you who don't care so much will have to just go along for the ride in this issue.

Those who have been reading TVia for the last several years will realize that quite a lot of preparation has gone into this trip. In 1965 I went to Hawaii to the Psychiatric convention—not only to present a paper but to give my self experience in being a long way from home for some time—a small hotel isolated from other attractions so that you became known to the management and the other guests. Could I stand up to repeated scrutiny and could I carry out conversations, have dinners with and go sightseeing with other guests? I found I

could. In 1967 I went to Expo in Montreal but I purposely took the boat for 3 days between Detroit and Montreal. You are really on your metal on a small boat—if you are read it will be all over the boat in a few hours and there is nowhere to hide. As I had long planned on returning from Europe on a boat this was a practice session. In 1968 I went to Alaska spent a lot of time with the same group on planes, in buses, meals at hotels, and again on a boat from Skagway down to Vancouver. Again a self-testing in preparation. I gave myself an “A” because I survived the interesting experience of having another lady as my roommate in Nome and also that of winning first prize in a hat design contest on the boat. So I was ready.

Last year I checked out the passport situation while I was in Washington and found that I could get what is called an “AKA” (for “also known as”) passport. Unhappily the passport dept. just couldn’t bring themselves to putting the picture that has previously been used in my Virginia Views column because it looked too feminine. So I had to go and have what I came to call my “half ass” picture taken. This was done the week of my mother’s death when I’d had to be Charles for 6 days. I had wet my hair and combed it back and greased it down but it still stuck out from the side of my head hippy style so that it was more feminine than masculine. I wore Charles’ glasses, no makeup, no earrings or necklace but I did wear a flowery blouse of Virginias. Well the pic came out looking like either an effeminate hippy or a woman who didn’t give much of a damn but the passport office accepted it and I had a passport. So with all those preparations I was ready and I left Los Angeles on Thursday, June 19 for San Francisco with one fold-over wardrobe bag and one regular suitcase. When you consider that in transatlantic and European flights you are only allowed 44 lbs. besides what you can carry and further that I had to have clothes to travel in, sightsee in, go to parties, make TV appearances, dress for dinner on the boat on the way home and miscellaneous things you can see that packing and selecting had been considerable of a problem. Thank heaven I had my own hair which obviated the wig routine—another preparation.

So—

June 19th to San Francisco. Dinner with one of our contributors, and evening with my old professor at his home.

June 20th. Up at 6 a.m. to do the “A.M.” show on KGO. Next to police headquarters to see Officer Blackstone, a good friend to all

TVs and TSs in S.F. Later walking across Market Street someone called, "Hello Virginia." I looked around and saw no familiar face, but the cop on the intersection was walking toward me with a smile. "I saw you on television this morning," he said. So policeman and Virginia stood on the corner and talked for about 15 minutes. "A policeman's life is not a happy one," the operetta says. Hope I cheered him up. Had dinner with Dr. Benjamin—the principle reason I went to S.F. because he would not be back in N.Y. till after I'd passed through and didn't think he would come to L.A. this year. (He did however and he attended an Alpha FPE meeting in Sept. to everyones pleasure).

June 21. Driven to a home on the north side of S.F. bay where the S.F. chapter (Epsilon) was having a meeting. Spent lovely and interesting afternoon and evening with the group. Also got in an airplane ride around the area as Joan, the president, had flown up. She let me do some "flying" about. Much fun.

June 22. Driven to airport by a TV and wife to do a little counseling with the wife on the way. Breakfast with them at the airport and then off to Salt Lake City. Met by Helen 44-C-2FPE who drove me to the hotel and we had a combination visit and counseling session.

June 23. Plane to Minneapolis. Plane was late and Sally 23-W-1 FPE who met me had to stop at a gas station to allow me to change in the women's room from travel clothes to something appropriate to give a seminar in to the Psychiatry Dept. of the Univ. Minn. This was the second time that Dr. Hastings had asked me to talk to his department. They have had a Gender Identity Clinic there too and done their allotted 25 operations. They will now sit back and evaluate the sociological and psychological results of the surgery over a 5 or 10 year period. I understand this is what John Hopkins is now doing too. Was supposed to meet "Dear Abby" at the seminar as she is a friend of Dr. Hastings but she was called to S.F. Sent a note of regret and promised to meet with me in L.A. later. Back to the hotel and met with 4 TVs and wives that evening. Pleasant discussion of usual subjects.

June 24. Had dinner with my first wife and sister—discussion about our son, TV and other things. Not the first time but always interesting. I'm a better looking woman than she is by now—somewhat of a belated triumph. Taxi to Sheraton Ritz to do an interview on KSTP radio, nothing very outstanding except it was done in one of the hotels special dining and drinking rooms with an audience.

June 25. Flew to Madison Wisc. to spend the night with Fran and her wife and two little daughters who are always glad to see their "Aunt" Virginia especially when she brings them little presents. Lots of rain clouds around and airport was "socked in" so we circled 1½ hours trying to land and finally was met by Fran in a pouring rain. We checked out a lot of FPE problems and solved a few I hope.

June 26. Very pleasant visit with Jeri 49-K-1 FPE who has contributed many interesting stories to TVia and who also does the literature survey in the Femme Forum. Lively discussion of world problems. That evening we all went out to dinner and I ordered a "Margarita—easy on the rum" but bartender forgot the easy and it really hit me. I'd of been a dizzy blonde except that I'm brunette.

June 27. Flew to Chicago and met by Gisele 13-J-2 FPE who was our cover girl back on No. 32. Went to beauty shop for a hair do so I'd look O.K. on The Kup Show next day and spent the evening with a couple doing some more counseling.

June 28. Did the show on WMAQ and among other guests was Philip Langnor whose father, Louis, wrote the fascinating book, "The Importance of Wearing Clothes." He told me afterward that he agreed very much with various things I had said about our society, its polarization and TV etc. A good contact to have made. Leslie Ugams also one of the guests—very charming girl. After visiting several bookstores in Chicago we had a meeting with the Chi Chapter of FPE till about 10:30 and then had to leave to do the Marty Faye Show on WCIU. Got back to the group in time to watch the Kup Show which we had taped earlier in the day.

June 29. Flew to N.Y. and transferred to the International terminal. One of the members of Alpha in L.A. had decided to accompany me so he flew in from L.A. that same day and we met at the KLM counter, got checked in and had dinner with about 3 hours to kill till plane time. Sure were a pile of people going to Europe by all sorts of airlines. You could hardly get around in the terminal. But at last plane time came and we went out to it. It was one of those stretched Douglas planes and was it ever long—all the way from nose to tail yet!

June 30. Flight over was uneventful and we landed in Amsterdam and were met according to plan and taken to hotel. As soon as we were registered we got a taxi to the RR station and took off for The Hague to have a conference with the editors of "SEXTANT" the publication of the Dutch Society for Sexual Reform. This is a large orga-

nization—some 200,000 members we understood and they had just finished a big campaign about “the Pill” and were going to take up abortion next. Anyway we spent about 2 hours with them and filled them in pretty well on the whole field of TV. They were very nice and very interested. This effort was rewarded later because late in October I received a copy of Sextant in which there was a nice article about our interview (in Dutch so I can’t read much of it). As a result we have had several inquiries from people in Holland and Belgium about TVia and FPE-NE so that visit was worthwhile.

July 1. This was a Tuesday but it was Holland not Belgium. We took a tour around the canals and harbor in one of the many sight-seeing boats. We also took in the beautiful flower auction which was very interesting. I’ve never seen so many flowers of all varieties in my life each lot auctioned off in about 15 seconds by an auctioneer who just waits for the buyers to push a button at their seats and stop a “clock” that doesn’t read time but money and which moves quite rapidly from a high figure like 100 cents on down. Our tour also took us to the town of Volendam where the townspeople still wear the traditional costume. A shop there fits you in this costume and takes a picture. The little Dutch girl that you see in the picture is *not* Whistler’s mother (she faces the other way). That lil’ ol’ lady in wooden shoes is—me.

That evening we had dinner with Peggy and wife. She is the founder of an organization called WOCAS in Holland. We discussed the matter in a combination of German, French and English which was not the greatest communication in the world but we managed to make out each others ideas. We agreed on many things but disagreed on a major one. She believes in taking in every one and then weeding out the undesirable or misfits. I believe in selecting in the first place to keep the misfits and wrong types from being a threat to others. This is a fundamental tenet of FPE in order to provide some security and assurance to those who have a lot to lose. By her method persons of questionable motives are allowed to correspond with others without restraint and this opens the possibility of trouble. She believes in taking in all comers so as to be sure not to leave some lonely person out in the cold this is commendable but I believe in taking steps to protect those who have already committed themselves and entrusted themselves to me through Contact or FPE. But apart from that we had a pleasant dinner at the top of the Harbor Dept. building high over the city of Amsterdam. Very pretty, lots of fun. Dick and I enjoyed it.

July 2. Flew to Paris via Finnish Airlines and surprised to find that at Orly Airport planes are parked way out on the apron and they come for you with small buses to take you to the terminal proper. None of the nice convenient tunnels that connect plane and terminal at big U.S. airports. But Orly is *really* crowded with literally dozens of airlines from all over the world converging on it. Fortunately, we had no trouble making connections with Rene, one of our French readers who had come up from a town about 400 miles south of Paris to meet us and be our guide. He spoke about as much English as I did German so with those two and French we got on quite well. We took the bus to the downtown terminal, checked our bags and coats as it was quite warm and set off to do Napoleon's tomb, the Musee des Armees and the Eiffel Tower. I nearly got interned between the second and third levels of the tower. You have to (1) buy a ticket, (2) show it on entering the elevator, (3) show it on the first level when going up to the second, (4) show it when you get off on second and again when you get on the 3rd elevator to go to the third or top level. Figuring this was the last, I dropped the little stub (about 1 x $\frac{3}{4}$ in.) in my big travel bag. At the exit to the third level the guard wanted to see it again and I couldn't find the darn thing in that big bag. He was adamant however and I had to empty the contents out on a table to find it. Thought for a minute I was going to be a political prisoner. Well the view was beautiful as those who have been there will know.

We then went to visit Mademoiselle Schwindenhammer of "AMAHO." This stands for something like the "Society of the Aid of the Hormonally Ill." That is a good name for public relations reasons as anyone is for helping the ill. Medically it is hardly true however. The president of this organization is an MD, the veep is an attorney and the Executive Secretary is Mlle. Marie Andre. S. The purpose is to help those who choose to live full time as women whether TV or TSs and to do so honorably rather than as street walkers. They have made some contact and obtained some recognition from the French authorities and apparently have done a lot of good. She showed us her files and each case is very nicely documented with picture, history, etc. in its own plastic case. As she runs a combination electrolysis massage and facial parlor too she had to return to business that evening but we were to be her guests at dinner the next night.

We then went to our little neighborhood family type hotel which she had arranged for us. One of these that you have to get the key to take a bath in the one and only bathtub. But it was all clean and O.K. and we

enjoyed it all except our first introduction to European toilet paper. Its like our crepe paper and is about as gentle as grandpas old corn cob. That night we went to the famous Carousel which to my mind is hardly worth it and is certainly not as nice as it was in 1958. Its small, crowded, smoke filled and, as everywhere, the music while waiting for the show is so overwhelming that we could hardly have a conversation. The show itself was fine however and the "artists" (pronounced arteests) were good, well costumed and interesting. When the first show was over some of them came into the audience and as many of them are members of "AMAHO" and so was Rene, he knew some of them and motioned them over and we had a little conversation with several. Got a program autographed by 6 or 8 of them. One paid me a supreme compliment by being surprised when I revealed that I was a TV as she had taken me for a GG. When you can fool one of those performers I guess you've got it made. Well we finally made it to bed at 3 a.m. that night.

July 3. Rene took us to Notre Dame, and the Louve. I was interested to note both here, in the Palace of the Medicis in Florence and the British Museum that all of the female sculptures and paintings by the classic masters had relatively small breasts which is in such contrast to the current American fixation on big bosoms. It made me feel much better—to have a classic figure like Venus or Aphrodite or ? Think I'll quit while I'm ahead. We also went shopping to look over the merchandise. In spite of its being Paris the lingerie, shoes and dresses didn't have anything to offer over what is available over here. We did learn that the lot of the large footed French TV is worse than over here. We went into 3 different stores trying to find some 10Cs which we finally determined was Rene's size. Being the girl in the party I could look for them without trouble but they just weren't to be found.

That evening we were taken to dinner by Mlle. Marie and had a very interesting dinner and evening. The communication was rather strained since Rene had to be the interpreter. She only speaks French. It developed that she (according to her story) was a captain in the French Maquis (resistance) during the war and that she had been captured by the Germans who experimented on her by large injections of female hormones. I would say that they were largely successful too judging by the exterior appearance. Anyway I finally got her to admit that she was a TS and would like to have surgery as soon as some family problems were resolved. She asked me if I would consent to be the international president of an organization of transsexuals. It was rather difficult to turn this down graciously through an interpreter but

I did so by pointing out that an organization was neither necessary nor could it accomplish anything and we let the subject sort of die away. But that would be all I'd need—an organization of TSs to deal with. I'm sure some of you can see the irony of that. I did however learn a number of things from her about how they handled their cases and what they had accomplished—information that will probably be helpful over here if and when I or someone else starts a gender identity counseling service.

July 4. We took a trip on the Seine, went to the Sacre Coeur and to Montmartre. Certainly this “naughty” area of Paris is vastly overrated. Its just crowded with strip tease houses. But outside on the street their photo advertisements for the goodies within are done in this special technique of printing a photo on special paper that gives an effect of 3D. It is really fantastic. Here are these lighted photos with figures about 12 inches high nude and accurate in every detail. They look like living dolls with all the standard equipment. Dick felt that the places oversold themselves because he said after studying the little dolls why go inside, paying a nice fee to see the same thing in 5' 4" at a distance of maybe 20-30 feet. He wanted to settle for the pics and would have liked to have had one to take home.

July 5. Today flew to Zurich, Switzerland and were met by one of our new readers, taken to lunch and shown around town. I bought myself a silver wrist watch here which looks better with some outfits than a gold one. In the late afternoon we took the train to Lucerne but arrived in a rain storm and so we couldn't see the city.

July 6. Took the Alpine tour winding up over the Furka and Grimsel passes in a gov't. postal bus which has the drivers seat on the right hand side so he can see how close he is to the edge. I had the feeling on a couple of occasions that he was hanging out in open space. This is a beautiful trip and one to remember as I had from when I was 16 and took the trip with my mother. We stayed that night in Interlaken.

July 7. Rain. Walked around town a bit. Tried putting up my own hair but too damp, wouldn't dry. This morning I had my hair done in desperation. In the afternoon we took a car up one of the valleys outside of Interlaken to visit the famous Trumelbach falls which literally fall inside the mountain. You have to take a 45° elevator up into the mountain to see them and have to wear a rain cape to stay dry from the spray. Certainly unusual and fascinating. In the afternoon we caught the train back to Zurich so that we could catch an Alitalia jet

to Rome. It seemed strange to have them serve little cans of bottled water with your dinner but apparently it is the only safe way. One thing I did learn in Europe—principally in France and Italy—and that is that they don't serve anything cold. They think it rots your stomach or something so I was always stuck with warm coke and Dick with warm beer. I can assure you that when you are thirsty either of these two drinks WARM is pretty awful. So if you travel learn the words for ice in all languages.

July 8. Today we "did" Rome by way of a morning and afternoon bus tour to Coliseum, Forum, Vatican City and misc. churches etc. The traffic is wild and the bus drivers cussing out other drivers in voluble Italian is something to hear. Visited American Express for mail and found long lines of young people waiting. Seems that half of young America was in Europe this year. Everywhere you went it was the same—various hippy and semi hippy types all around.

July 9. We took a bus trip from 7 a.m. to about midnight down to Naples, Pompeii, Serrento and way points. Most of the tour was a baptist church group on the way to the Holy Land. Dick and I found ourselves sitting with the minister and tour leader at lunch and he and I got going on science and religion etc. We had dinner on return trip and again sat at the table, and on the way back to Rome we continued our conversation by sitting in the same seat on the bus. We had a very interesting time with neither of us believing or persuading the other but it kept us awake on the long trip back. Several times during the day I had gotten the conversation around to appropriate biblical quotations like the famous one in Deuderonomy about wearing opposite clothes. And I'd discussed sex vs. gender with him etc. Then as we were just a few blocks for his hotel I took over the conversation and dropped the facts of my life in his lap. It was really funny watching him looking first at the door knowing he had to get off and then at me wanting to stay and ask a lot of questions. He was really frustrated and I'll bet he didn't get much sleep that night. Something of a dirty trick but I had to "make waves" according to my philosophy. I dared not do it early in the trip lest he blow his top. But the visit to Pompeii was fascinating—took me back to my high school Latin class—it must have really been quite a place before old Vesuvius blew its mind.

July 10. Took the Rapido train to Florence. This was by far the best train I've been on in a long time, certainly superior to any remaining in this country or in England. Satisfied a childhood dream too. On this train the observation car is up front. The engineer sits up high in



Little Dutch Girl



With Friend in
ice cave in
Rhone Glacier—Switzerland



Just one of the
Jet Set.



Lake of Zurich
Switzerland

his cab and looks out over the front of the locomotive which is actually a lounge car with a glass paneled bullet shaped front. The deisels are in cars 2 and 3. So I sat right at the point of the train and watched the rails disappear beneath the car. Kind of spooky to approach a tunnel at 80 miles an hour and bam! Its dark as pitch and the engineer doesn't turn on his headlight so you just barrel through the ink in the hope that there will be an end to it but not being certain. Fortunately there was or I wouldn't be writing this. This afternoon Dick and I took a walking tour of old Florence ourselves and over to the famous Ponte Vecchio covered bridge which is nothing but jewelry shops from one end to the other. All over town the stores show a high water mark 6 or 7 feet above the pavement as a result of the flood of 1967 which we all read about. How they could dig all that mud out and where they put it remains a mystery to me.

July 11. In the morning took a bus tour of the famous spots in Florence like the Pitti Palace of the Medicis and saw the famous golden Paradise doors of Ghiberti at the Cathedral etc. In the afternoon drove to Pisa to see if the famous tower had straightened up yet but it was as cockeyed as ever. Modern physics got its start here in Pisa when Galileo dropped objects from the tower and learned about acceleration of gravity etc. In the nearby cathedral we saw the chandelier, the swaying of which after an earthquake and in comparison to a much shorter one nearby led him to deduce the laws of the pendulum and provided the basis for the laws of motion more formally stated by Newton. This was about 10 days before the moonshot and the guide pointed out that "you Americans are making the shot but don't forget it all started here" pointing to the chandelier.

July 12 and 13. Another train ride to Venice. We took a water taxi from the station to our hotel which was on one of the islands and we wound in and out of big and little canals to the nearest stop. After getting settled we set out to "case" the city. It is very easy to get lost even when one has a map as the "streets" are often narrow enough to touch both sides and they have all kinds of sudden turns and every turn means a new name which half the time you can't find on the walls. I found a fruit stand with big luscious blue figs and had to buy a half dozen and just eat them as I went along. A rather American thing to do but they were wonderful. Venice is one of the worlds biggest tourist traps. 85% of the shops are either selling the "famous" Venetian red glass (Marano glass), linens, gloves, or jewelry or are spaghetti or pizza joints. Literally I've never seen so many necklaces in my life and if I

never see a piece of red glass again it will still be too soon. Of course we did the Piazza San Marco which really is a place. A square so big that they have open air restaurants on both sides each of which has its band but they do not interfere with each other. Sunday night the city orchestra put on a symphony concert in the middle of the square but it was a "stand up" affair as there are no chairs. I crept in under the scaffolding comprising the band stand and sat on the double bases box. Much better! In the day time pigeons by the millions and the sellers of pigeon food have a field day. We got our fill of the paintings by Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese the three most famous Venician painters. The guide said if we didn't remember anything else we should remember their names. Guess I'll have to send him this issue to prove that I did. It was kind of amusing that at the entrance to some of the cathedrals they had a man whose tricky job it was to decide whether the necklines of the women were too low or the hemlines too high and to see that they had some sort of scarf or something to cover their shoulders with. Sundresses were not the order of the day for cathedral sightseers. I assure you I was very modest and got in easily. As you have probably read in Look and elsewhere the City of Venice is in a bad way with decay, settling, and erosion of famous buildings and statues by air pollution. On top of that the canals are an open sewer since all refuse and toilets empty into them. The fact that the tide changes twice a day is supposed to take care of things, but judging by some of the aroma it doesn't. Although the city makes its living off the tourists, largely American, the waiters and others who deal with them often haven't even bothered to learn a few words of English. The people can't even read maps of their own city so if you're lost with a map its the same as being lost without one except that if you walk long enough you come to one of the main canals. All in all Venice is a place to see once because we've all heard about it, but there is no reason for going there twice—unless you have a thing for red glass that is.

July 14. Took a gondola ride from hotel to airport bus terminal and out to the airport to fly to Vienna. Got there in early afternoon and just walked around the city. A big relief after France and Italy. City is open, clean, wide streets with street cars, big stores and shops—could be most anywhere in America except for the signs—in German of course. *Mein deutch ist nicht so gut, aber ich kann meine selbst verstehen machen.* And if there are any germanic purists among the readers who find something wrong with that they are probably right. But in spite of various grammatical shortcomings I got along fine and find it a pleasure to use a foreign language to SAY something useful in distinction to the stupid stories one had to read in German



Swiss Scene



"Right over there . . . !"



Pair of old Ruins



Lady Tourist in front of St. Peters.

class in school. What little German I know was learned in 1934 and 35 and its amazing how it comes back when there is a use for it.

The people of Vienna were very friendly and helpful, asking to help when they would see us with an open map on a street corner, leaning over from the next booth in a restaurant when hearing us struggling over the menu. etc.

July 15. Took the Vienna Woods tour which was very interesting, especially when the guide on the bus would break into a Straus waltz tune every now and then. That night we had an open air dinner in the park while the band played Strauss waltzes and 4 couples danced for us. Very romantic and interesting when you love Strauss as I do.

June 16. This morning we were due to fly to Stockholm and the bus was to pick us up about 11 a.m. I got up only to find I had the damndest cramps in my belly I had ever had. Evidently although I stuck to cokes for drinks with meals I had still gotten a dose of the jumping Italian crud or something. Anyway it would really double me up. The little chambermaid who spoke English and who brought back a dress that she had taken to the cleaners for me found me in this condition. With great concern she said, "Oh dear, Madam, I have some dysmehorrhoea tablets in my bag would they help?" I said, with a timeless pun which went over her head I'm afraid—"No thanks, its just a question of punctuation—its not my period its my colon." Too bad that genius isn't appreciated. Anyway the cramps came periodically all the way to Stockholm where we were met by Annette, our Swedish organizer of FPE-NE. We drove back about 25 miles through the forest at between 80 and 100 mph. I think Annette dreams of herself as Queen of Le Mans or something. What with my cramps I asked her if she was trying to get me to the hospital before the baby came.

We got to the hotel, rested about an hour and then were taken out to dinner by Annette, Jane and the latters fiancée Eve. There was poor Dick the only man with 4 girls (P.S. I think he loved it). They were having a hard rock concert in the park across the way so it was hard to have a conversation. The young generation was as evident in Sweden as everywhere else. After dinner we strolled around and stopped by a "porno" shop. I am used to the magazines of nude males and nude females in this country, but it was something of a surprise to see right there in the streetside show windows front covers depicting every kind (and I do mean *every* kind—straight, gay, perverse, oral, anal, vaginal, single, multiple, animal you name it) of sexual activity

you could think of it in blushing color. Really its no wonder the sale of that junk falls off after awhile. Fun's fun, but too much is also too much and that's what its coming to. But it is in the long run a good thing for just that reason because it will gradually reduce sex to what it should always have been, a very satisfactory experience to be enjoyed freely and happily as the spirit moves one. Instead of being dirty, under cover, sneaky, shameful, and an activity that everyone avoids talking about in a clean way but which everybody talks about in a dirty and degrading way. The best way to destroy the "dirty postcard" approach is to make clean postcards easily available.

July 17. We were shown around the city in the morning and then taken to a private meeting room where I was informed that a "Press Conference" no less was being held for me. Man alive, I've given lots of talks, seminars, interviews, etc. but a press conference was something else again. I wasn't sure how to do it. But when I'm baffled like that I just put my brain in gear, turn on my mouth and then go away and leave them running and it usually comes out O.K. I guess it did so this time. Anyway we made the front pages of Expressen and Aftonbladet the 2 largest papers in Stockholm and Politiken, the large Danish paper whose medical editor had been alerted by Erna, our Danish counciler and who had come up to Stockholm just for this. I never had so many flash bulbs go off in my face in my life, I hope some of them were good. But there were a lot of questions afterward and discussion and then refreshments. I was presented with two bunches of roses and all in all I was overwhelmed. After most had left and things had cooled Mr. Bernholm—the man whose article in Expressen was reprinted in TVia back in No. 52—had a taped TV interview with me which is to be a part of a series on various types of behavior patterns this spring. The whole thing had been arranged by the Swedish girls and went off great. The resulting publicity in the papers resulted in a great many new girls finding out about FPE-NE and coming into the fold so it certainly fulfilled its purpose.

That night we had a party at the home of Yvonne who is president of the Stockholm group. Among the guests was a young Norwegian actress studying in Stockholm. She sat across the table from me and next to a psychiatrist who had been at the press conference that afternoon. I wanted to talk with him but this girl had the biggest and most penetrating eyes I've seen in a long time and she kept looking at me while I talked to the MD. I stopped, turned to her and said, "cut it out, you're bringing Charles out and I don't want him" to which she just smiled knowingly and kept right on. In a minute or two I turned to

her again and said, "now quit it, you know I know your little tricks now" meaning that now that I too was a girl. She just smiled and said wisely, "you don't know all of them!" Touche! I surrender. And I did. About an hour later we were in the kitchen by ourselves doing a little smooching. We understood each other and were attracted almost immediately.

July 18. Two cars of us drove up to the Univ. of Uppsala, one of the oldest universities in Scandinavia and then down to Annette's summer house by a lake to meet her wife and family. Then to the town where she lives and to her new home there where we all had dinner and stayed the night. Dick joined us as Rhonda and we all had a lovely time preparing, eating and enjoying the dinner. I had written Annette that one of the things I remembered from my visit to Stockholm in 1929 with my parents was the strawberries. As a result she placed an enormous bowl of them in front of me and for once I had all the berries I could consume. We had a wonderful evening afterward—two American girls and about 8 Swedish girls comparing notes—Great.

July 19. Drove back to Stockholm, lovely trip through the Swedish countryside. That night they had scheduled a banquet in my honor, and I do mean a banquet in the best sense of the word. It was held at a catering restaurant off of the street, everybody was in cocktail and evening dresses. There were about 55 people there. Mr. Bernholm of "Expressen" was the master of ceremonies and it was all white tablecloths and sparkling silver. I learned that if you get thirsty at a Swedish banquet you can't drink till you can get somebody's eye and then with a "Skole" you quench your thirst. This is fine when *you* want a drink but when somebody—or many somebodies want to quench their thirst or drink to your health—well, it can get to be something of a problem for a non-drinker. I'll just say I felt the effects. There were speeches by the MC, by Yvonne, the President of the group, and by Annette, our councilor and organizer of FPE-NE (northern Europe). She thanked me most graciously for having started FPE and for my help to her and the others and heaped many kind words on my head. Naturally I had to respond to that and took the occasion to say that while it warmed me to know that my efforts were appreciated that rather than thanking me directly they should all put their efforts toward finding the others still outside of their circle and bring them in to the fold. Carrying the torch forward is enough thanks to me. (And that thought fits just as well here in the USA too—show your appreciation for whatever help you have received by passing it on to the next one that needs a helping hand.)

There is a gay club in Stockholm whose owner has been helpful to the TV group by posting notices on his bulletin board, making referrals, etc. In appreciation of his help they had invited him to the banquet. So afterward he invited me and a few others to be his guests at the club. I had arranged for Gerd (my girl friend of a couple of nights before to be at the banquet) so the two of us and some of the others went down to the club. But as night clubs all over the world are, it was too noisy, too smoky, too crowded and just too too. So Gerd and I having only a limited time with each other anyway decided to go outside the front door on the deserted street where it was cool and quiet. We did so and were standing there in our cocktail dresses with our arms around each other when some of the queens who knew who I was came out with their boy dates to go elsewhere. We provided a big curious sight to them as they passed and got into cars or taxis. Gerd and I got a big kick out of their over-the-shoulder looks. I commented that at least I was proving that Virginia was heterosexual. Eventually we took Gerd home and returned to the hotel by taxi.

July 20. The next day we drove about 300 miles down through Sweden to the summer home of Leonard and Eve—one of the nicest and happiest couples I've known. I had arranged for Gerd to take the following day, Monday, off from work and come with us. Jane and her fiancée Eve (different Eve) were in front and Gerd, myself and Dick in the back of Jane's Volvo. It was pretty crowded but Gerd and I enjoyed the time with each other and occasionally napped on each other's shoulder. We arrived at the house in the evening and sat around and had a nice dinner (with more strawberries—goody) and talk. At bedtime Leonard said well what will we do about sleeping accommodations? Dick (bless his little bald head) said, "Well you two (meaning Gerd and I) have been holding hands all day I suppose you'd like to do it all night!!" I smiled and allowed as how I would but I hadn't quite known how to say so. Leonard took the ball and said, "O.K. this way" and showed us to a bedroom with twin beds beside each other and then placed the rest of them around the house in other rooms. Its true we did go to sleep holding hands but that was all I remember—taking her hand, because I was thoroughly beat not only by the fatigue of the long drive but of all the days of the trip which had proceeded it. In the morning we woke up and lay in bed quite a time talking with each other. There was nothing sexual about this relationship it was just a beautiful three days in the lives of each of us when we had both found somebody that understood us and accepted us for ourselves and not as sex objects. It meant much to Gerd because she was sick (as many

women are) of men only thinking of her as an object and not as a warm human person. She knew that I liked her for her and she in turn accepted me as I was knowing the full situation. We simply sensed this about each other and were drawn together because of it.

July 21. That had been the night of the moonlanding and walk so we got up and watched the rebroadcast of it "at a more convenient time" as they say. It was remarkable to see as you will all remember but it was somewhat marred by having to listen to all the commentary in Swedish and not only then but all the rest of the day on the car radio. After lunch we took off for the rest of the drive through Sweden to Helsingborg where after about a 2 hours wait we got on the ferry and went across to Denmark.

We made directly for Erna's home where her wonderful parents had a dinner set up for all of us and a few of the Danish girls. We had a lovely time till about 9 p.m. when Jane and Dick drove Gerd and myself to the Copenhagen airport where I had to put her on a plane back to Stockholm. Kissing her goodbye and seeing her disappear through the gate was very hard because those 3 days of acceptance and contact with a GG meant much to me. I haven't regretted my change to Virginia for one minute but it has precluded any personal relationship with a GG at least up to this time.

July 22. Met Angelica's brother FD-M-1 FPE and with Erna drove around Copenhagen and visited the famous Carlsburg brewery. I asked so many questions (as a chemist) of the guide that he became very attentive and was very solicitous about getting me something other than beer to drink at the end of the tour when we all went into their "tasting room." There are some advantages to being a girl that might as well be exploited. That evening Erna took us for dinner to the famous restaurant atop the Hotel Europa from which you can look all over the beautiful city. After dinner we met with one of the other local girls, Winnie by name, and a friend of hers and all of us walked through the famous Tivoli Park which was very interesting and different.

July 23. Erna and I did the National Museum where I was both interested and disappointed to find that there is practically nothing about the Danes of old and their accomplishments, wars, and territories controlled. The curator on being questioned said, "modern Danes are gentle people and we wish to forget our warlike past." One of the Danish girls later said, "Well, we Danes lost all our wars so we pass over them." But the museum was fascinating for its stone and bronze



**"It's for the Birds"
Piazza San Marco
Venice, Italy**



**"Bag" and Baggage
Grand Canal—Venice**



**"3 Little Girls
from School"
Erna, Virginia, Annette
Stockholm, Sweden**



**Erna & Virginia
Street Scene
Copenhagen, Denmark**

age relics. Later in the afternoon Erna and I took a boat ride around the famous Copenhagen harbor.

This evening Erna held a party at her home attended by 13 TVs, 5 GGs and her parents. I certainly say "Skole" to her parents who were "Mama" and "Papa" to the whole group. A wonderful pair of people who have learned to accept their "daughter" as well as their son and have reason to be proud of both. Although they couldn't talk English they were a wonderful host and hostess. Mama had made a wonderful dinner and Papa wouldn't let you stop eating, always urging more on you. It was a multilingual get together since there were a couple of German girls, 2 Swedish, 1 American and the rest Danish. So communication was a real mixture. I commented about how guttural and complicated Danish seemed to be and one of the girls, herself a Dane, said, "Well, you know Virginia, Danish is not a language, it is a throat affliction."

Angelica made a welcoming speech for me full of kind words and ended by presenting me for the group with a gold pin which was a reproduction of the man on horseback that decorates the famous Viking drinking horns of about 1500 years ago and which I had seen reproductions of in the State Museum that afternoon. A very pretty, useful and long to be remembered token from these wonderful people. But as I had to leave beautiful Copenhagen the next day I just had to say some sad goodbyes and get back to the hotel.

July 24. Flew to Glasgow where I rejoined Dick who had flown over two days before to look up some of his distant relatives—he had been born in the area. That evening we met with 3 of the Scottish girls (as their brothers of course) in the hotel and compared the usual notes. One of them had published several articles on the subject and we had a good discussion of what could be done further.

July 25. Took the train to Leicester. It was a long, hot, crowded and bumpy ride not to be recommended. But we were met by Pamela FE-B-1 FPE who is the guiding spirit of our British affiliate—the Beaumont Society (named after guess who). We had dinner at the hotel she had arranged for us and she returned after dinner for a long discussion regarding FPE etc.

July 25. Took the early train to London which was very crowded. Dick had to stand all the way but a kindly conductor promoted a place for this little girl to sit in one of the compartments. Advantages?? As

soon as we got into London we had to queue up for a taxi. Ever since the war the British line up for everything and there isn't any of this trying to cheat in ahead—except for selfish and ignorant Americans and this didn't include us. As soon as we got to the hotel, registered and changed clothes I took off for the Picadilly Hotel where the Seminar on Gender Identity was being held. Dick went sightseeing.

This Seminar was put on jointly by the Erickson Foundation of N.Y. and the Albany Trust of England. The latter was the organization most active in getting the Homosexual Reform Bill through Parliament—you will remember the Wolfenden Report which laid the basis for it. Attending the conference were Dr. Money of Hopkins, Dr. Green of UCLA, Dr. Wollman of N.Y. all of whom I knew. The majority of those present were English of course, but Dr. Anderson who had been Christine's surgeon was there as was the Czechoslovakian surgeon who had converted a couple of female Czech athletes to males and he showed how he did it with slides etc. (A roll of flesh from the abdomen with a piece of rib embedded in it for a penis. It would be permanently stiff but would of course have a fleshy "hinge" where it joined the body).

Luncheon and a Banquet on Saturday were part of the affair and I found myself sitting with an interesting group each time and giving forth with my theories and comments which I am pleased to say proved interesting to the doctors. As a result of contacts made I was invited to dinner at the homes of 4 of the psychiatrists present—just as an interesting person not as "some sort of a nut" or curiosity. It was very satisfying to find myself listened to and appreciated as a person by these people.

July 27. The seminar continued all today—Sunday. At its end because one of the expected speakers was ill there was about 20 minutes of spare time. I asked permission of the chairman and the sponsor, Anthony Grey to get up and say a few things. Although I had made comments as a result of other peoples papers which had been read, I had not been able to get on the program myself because I was not an M.D. or professionally involved. They were a little fearful as to how the program would be received by the British lay and professional public anyway and did not want to give any openings to be exploited by having non-professional people on the program. Anyway I got permission to talk and got up and did so. I pointed out that although the program was billed as a seminar on "Gender Identity," nobody had talked about it at all. All papers were concerned with transsexuals—

indications for surgery, methods of surgery, results of surgery, adjustment of patients etc. I explained that there was a whole group of people, TVs of course, whose sole pattern was in the gender area and who had gotten no play at all. As many of you will imagine, they got some play from me right then and there. Lots of the M.D.s present were general practitioners as well as psychiatrists and I preceded to give them a brief but basic education on the existence of TVs and the nature of the problem. That my extemporaneous remarks were well received was proven by the several who came up to me at the end of the conference to tell me that they approved and by word gotten to me later from Mr. Grey himself that he had had words of approval from several. So I guess I did some good there.

July 28. Did a little sightseeing with Dick to the British Museum and in and around Soho trying to find out the name of some wholesaler of books that I could see.

July 29. Dick left this morning for home as his vacation was up. Had an interview with the director of the Samaritan Society—a group involved all over England in suicide prevention and general help to distraught persons. He planned on either giving a paper on TV at their convention or publishing an article in their journal on it. Saw the wholesaler and sold him some TVias. Went to Selfridges to buy a couple of dresses. I was sick and tired of the limitations of my wardrobe due to the 44 lb. rule.

July 30. Had a hair-do at shop of an understanding woman friend of several English TVs. Traveling sure louses up one's hair. Did a little shopping around and went to American Express for mail . . . just like Paris and Rome, mobbed by Americans. Hippies of all breeds, nationalities and dress sit, stand and lie all around Trafalgar Square and practically make a dormitory of the fenced traffic island at Picadilly Circus. Hardly a charming sight but England too is a free country so they do. Had dinner with one of the doctors this evening.

July 31. Had interview with Anthony Grey of Albany Trust regarding their activities there and the counseling they were doing. They have no funds but donations and are swamped daily with calls on their services by all manner of people. Far more work than people or money to do it with. But the Trust and the people in it are very understanding and helpful where they can be to TVs and to the Beaumont Society. Spent afternoon and evening with one of the Drs. from the conference who is very knowledgeable about steroid chemistry and the effects of

hormones. He claims to have "cured" several TSs and TVs. On inquiry into his methods it came down to a kind of group psychotherapy. He had about 30 of various persuasions who had met together weekly and explored themselves and each other pretty deeply. As a result several were said to have regressed from the TS back to the TV condition or if TVs back to a non-dressing condition. This I could understand and approve of since I've always said that the only person who could "cure" a TV was himself and then only if he learned enough about it and the pressures to refrain were much stronger than those to indulge.

Aug. 1. Started the day with an interview with a writer for Forum Magazine which is a sort of Sexology of England but more dignified and conservative. She has sent me the proposed write up which I have gone over and returned so it should be appearing pretty soon. Also went to see "Cover Girl" who has a world wide service obtaining heels and other clothing for TVs, TSs or what have you. We discussed making contacts with her people and I have since heard from her—she wants to be a distributor in England so that was well worthwhile. Dinner with one of my readers.

Aug. 2. Today I moved from my hotel to the outskirts of London in West Hampstead to live in the mens dormitory of Westfield College for about a week. It was a somewhat spartan existence and not nearly as swanky as most dormitories in American colleges. I was attending the International Congress of Social Psychiatry and they had made arrangements for a lot of us to stay there. Dinner with another Dr. from the Seminar. He was having a cocktail party anyway when he invited me from the Seminar. I went as just another guest, no mention of TVism or anything related. I was just a lady psychologist and friend of his. When it came time to leave in a pouring rain I was standing at the door and he came over and kissed me on both cheeks by way of giving me his approval. His wife standing right there and who also know the situation, said, "I didn't get anything like that," so I upped and kissed her. Real great people and such a lovely form of acceptance.

Aug. 3. Registered for the Congress and met a lady doctor from Baltimore. After the reception we went into London together and had a fascinating dinner at an Indian restaurant—smells of curry, ginger, etc. in the air. She of course knew nothing about me—at the time.

Aug. 4. Had an interview with the "24 Hour Show" on BBC. Two interviewers were really sold and I was to call them a couple of hours



Marianne

June

Suzy

Evy

Irene

Nina

PARTY AT ERNA'S HOME — COPENHAGEN



Gunnel

Annette

Winnie

Vera

Virginia

Erna

later which I did only to be told that the producer had decided against it. He would wait till later, "when he could get a TV and his wife to come on the show and tell it all." I told them he was nuts that that would be equivalent to committing suicide but he was the boss so no dice. Had dinner with a new TV that had been referred to me.

Aug. 5. My hair-do had not stayed in so went back for a "retread." Taken to dinner by Mrs. Cordell of the Albany Trust and a TV friend of hers. Very pleasant evening.

Aug. 6. Attended morning sessions of Congress and spent an hour in the afternoon with Dr. Randall who is the leading authority on TV in England. We had a quiet visit and peaceful disagreement on some points but established a relationship at least.

Aug. 7. Attended morning sessions. My paper was the first on the afternoon program and went over very well with interested questions. Paper after mine was by a lady MD from N.Y. interested in women's rights. So am I so I had lunch with her in N.Y. and she told me that she knew something was unusual because of the contrast between the erudition of my paper and the sharp and young way in which I was dressed.

Aug. 8. I'd been asked the day before for an interview for the London Observer which I gave. It subsequently appeared (on Sunday, the 10th) and got titled, "How Virginia Fooled the Congress." The picture with it was titled "Virginia in Drag." You can imagine what happened to my blood pressure. It went on to say that I had "pulled the wool over the eyes of the delegates" and that I had "hoodwinked" them. The main part of the interview was fine but this kind of language certainly put me in a spot with the sponsor of the Congress and with the delegates. I heard later in Baltimore from my friend that I'd had the Indian dinner with that people had been quite complimentary about the paper but disturbed about the implications of the interview. The paper I read, incidentally is printed in this issue.

I moved today back into London since the Congress was over. I also taped a different program called "Late Night Roundup" on the BBC. We had a party in my honor at the beauty shop that I'd gone to. Strange place for a party but it had dressing room facilities for some of the girls and was central. Majority of those present were either TSs or those who thought they were but several of the Beaumont Society

members showed up including Alga FE-A-1 FPE who is our councilor in the British Isles. She had recently fallen and broken her collar bone but had bravely come clear over from Ireland with her arm in a sling just to be present at the party they had planned for me the following night. She was in some pain but had a good time anyway.

Aug. 9. Had an interview and was taken to lunch by a man from the magazine SHE. They have since purchased several copies of TVia and the Wives book so they should have a good article out pretty quickly. As this is a woman's magazine it ought to reach a lot of wives and maybe we can help unbend some of the resistant ones. In the afternoon I took the trip by launch down the Thames to the dockyard area. A very interesting trip and one which I'd been frustrated on on a previous visit because of the weather. That night we had a party at my hotel put on by all the Beaumont girls who could get together. We also had Mr. and Mrs. Cordell from the Albany Trust as guests and it really put the TV thing straight as against the gay bit in Mrs. Cordells mind. She was very appreciative for this additional insight and has since worked with Beaumont to help the TVs who come her way. It was a nice party and I got a chance to see and be seen by many of those to whom I have been writing or sending TVias to for several years.

Aug. 10. Had a noon interview with the Daily Mirror, one of London's big newspapers. I haven't seen what they ran but have learned that they did run something in their London editions. Went to the home of one of the British girls and had a final visit and chin fest with Alga and then said goodbye. Back to the hotel to change and be picked up by a private limousine and taken out to the studios of ITV (Independent TV) where I was on the David Jacobs show. This is like David Frost, who is a friend of theirs, or Johnny Carson in that they have a number of guests. They couldn't debook anybody so they put me on extra. The show was short but very successful. There was a smart alec American comedian on it who had to keep himself in the limelight by making jokes on everybody. So when question time came for me he asked me the usual \$64 question about which restroom did I use. I gave him my stock answer—"If you were in the men's room and I walked in what would you do?" This stopped him cold in his tracks with his jaw sagging. The studio audience was so pleased to have someone top him that I got a big hand for putting him down. Afterwards in their hospitality room I received congratulations from guests, staff and others for being dignified and handling the subject well. I called the studio several days later to ask about letters and calls. I

was told that they had had no letters or calls of a complaining nature. This even surprised them because the British have a habit of complaining about all manner of things.

Aug. 11. Gave an interview this morning to a reporter for the London Express and had lunch with her. Found out a day later that because of the Observer article the Express didn't want to use it but she said that she was going to write it up for something else. Dinner with one of the doctors that night. Got to hotel room and just to bed about 1:30 when the phone rang. It was a reporter for a Turkish newspaper who wanted an interview. I told him I was due to leave town the following noon but he insisted as his editor had wired him from Istanbul to get an interview as a result of seeing me on the David Jacobs show the day before.

Aug. 12. So we started the day off with an early interview. Then went over and rented a small English car and drove to Brighton. Believe me driving on the wrong side of the car on the wrong side of the street with traffic rules you don't know, with highway signs you can't find or can't decipher, through one of the world's larger cities where everyone else knows where they are going and how to get there, is SOME experience. I got lost several times and had to ask or back-track but it was quite a challenge and therefore fun. Of course, as is my wont, I extracted an insight out of it all. Some guy had cut me out or done something else and my prompt and habitual reaction was something, like, "Why you so and so I'll show you—" You know the typical American male reaction. I started to speed up to catch him and show him and then all of a sudden sense took over and I said to myself—"look here, girl, you are driving a strange car on strange streets in a strange country and this is no time to get smart! And besides, why should you rise to the provocation of that stupid male who is out to prove his masculinity, importance and superiority over a woman driver. You aren't in that rat race any more so relax and stop acting like a stupid man." So I did and it worked. The other day here in L.A. a man was giving me his lip behind closed windows and instead of Charles giving back the same I just smiled and blew him a kiss. It was marvelous. He had no defense against that at all and you could see it. He stepped on it and got ahead of me promptly. Ah, women, they can control most everything if they only realize it and learn how. Nothing like being on the winning team.

Arriving in Brighton which is about 60 miles from London I looked up Georgina Turtle, one of the early sex changes that was written up

all over the world. She is now married, has a beautiful little house and garden in which is her office as a dental surgeon, she is a very charming and gracious person and seems to be very happy. she certainly deserves it because she had it terribly rough before, much more so than the other changes you read about. I salute her for her accomplishments as I do Christine and a few others. Few because not many of them settle down to really being respectable, decent feminine members of society. Strip teasing, prostitution, etc. being the usual end.

From her house a little further on to the home of Alice, FE-P-3 FPE. I couldn't find the street and stopped to ask a man working on his car. He came over bent down to put his head in the window and before I could ask directions he said, "Say, I saw you on the David Jacobs show the other night." I allowed that he had so we had a 10 minute discussion of things before I got my directions and on my way. Stayed all night with Alice and her very nice and understanding wife and had a very comfortable evening and night with them.

Aug. 13. Drove from Brighton over to Southampton and had my one and only complication with the car. Although I had inadvertently climbed the left curbing several times, not being used to where my left fender and wheel were, I had come this far O.K. But turning into a gas station for directions I again forgot to watch out for the left side and put a nice dent in the fender against the post of the pump island. But went on over to Sylvia's home FE-B-1 FPE and made hurried arrangements for a quick hair-do at a nearby beauty parlor. Then drove with Sylvia all the way back to London to meet and spend the night with a GG that I had met the day before and who was interested in TVs and helping them. We met a couple of her TV friends who were both men of some importance in regular life. I think it may be a good contact for the Beaumont girls.

Aug. 14. Back to Southampton again stopping on the way to visit a few minutes with a TV that I had met back in 1958 when in England with my wife. Then over to a suburb where my former wife's aunt lived and broke in upon her in the middle of a music lesson. She did not recognize me to begin with but when I spoke her neices name and mentioned her husband the dawn broke. We had told her about Virginia 10 years before. We had a nice visit and she relieved my mind considerably on some family matters. Finally back to Sylvia's house and a very brief visit with my former wife's cousin Brenda whom older readers will remember for some mentions made in earlier issues of TVia. Finally the time to sail came and I drove down to the dock,

checked in the little car and went aboard the SS France. My European Odyssey was at an end. The ship slipped into the dark waters of Southampton harbor at 11 p.m. on a Friday night.

Aug. 15, 16, 17, and 18. We were at sea these days. I had a single cabin and no problems. The ship was like a big horizontal Hilton hotel. I found ways of investigating the 1st class section (trust Virginia for that) even though I was traveling tourist. There was nothing of great import during the trip except on the last day. At noon I was asked about what I was going to do after getting back to the USA and I replied that I had some 22 radio and TV performances to give. This raised the issues of why and what. Lunch was almost over and I told my table mates that it was quite a story and too long for lunch but that I would tell them about it at dinner that night. We sat at the same table for lunch and dinner each of the 4 days so we got to know each other pretty well.

At dinner they again asked me what I was referring to at lunch and had promised to tell them. So I said well, I'll be glad to relate the story but that I asked them not to discuss it with others on the ship though I didn't care whom they talked with after they were ashore. They all agreed and so I said, "Well, its this way, all the people on this side of the table are males" (there were men on each side of me). One woman thought I was trying to kid one of the fellows that I'd been trading gags with during the trip and nearly went into hysterics at this development. But when she had calmed down I persuaded them that I meant what I said, explained the circumstances and explained the appearances and the talks about sex and gender etc. There were maybe a dozen interested questions all told when the conversation shifted to what time we were to land and what about customs etc. I was dropped. Later in the lounge I sat with the girl who had laughed so hard and commented about the lack of questions or concern. She said, "Well Virginia, we have accepted you as a woman for 4 days and that's what you are to us. The rest of your life is your own." This provided an excellent example of what I have so often said—if you accept yourself fully and present yourself that way to others they will also accept you and so they had.

Aug. 19. Getting ready for going ashore we had to go through customs and passport clearance. When I presented my passport the man looked at it then at me then at it and finally said, "Are you Charles too?" I said I was and he shook his head in disbelief and said, "you could have fooled me," stamped the passport and handed it to me. I said that I wasn't trying to fool anybody that I was just me. He smiled

and said, "Good luck." I was met by 3 of the N.Y. group, driven by Keystone, our N.Y. 42nd St. outlet, taken to dinner and then to the home of one of them where some of the rest of the N.Y. chapter came that evening for a visit.

Aug. 20. Up early to get to the station and off to Hartford, Conn. Met by one of the Hartford members and taken to the hotel. Made an appointment with a minister active in the homophile movement in the area and went to see him to help him to distinguish between us and the queens. Invited him to the meeting we had at the hotel that night. He came and was much interested. Some of the Boston girls came down and those in and around Hartford came over and we had a bang up group meeting.

Aug. 21. Had interview with the Hartford police, very interested and polite. Over to WINF for an interview on the radio and afterwards an interview with a reporter for the local newspaper. Drove to Boston and to the hotel.

Aug. 22. Visited my friend from the Boston Vice Detail whom I'd met 2 years ago. He is now the Asst. Chief and was very friendly and we had quite a time with some of the other officers who dropped in. Next went to a magazine distributor in Boston and sold him some TVias. That night did the Steve Fredricks show on WMEX from 11-2 a.m. Told that my appearance 2 years before brought the biggest response of any show he had ever had—measure of interest in the subject.

Aug. 24. Flew to Binghampton and was met by Sally 32-B-7 FPE and driven to hotel. Had dinner with an old college friend who had never seen Virginia and had only heard of her 3 months before when I called from L.A. to make the appointment. He accepted me easily and took me to dinner. Again no problems because I accepted myself.

Aug. 25. To Newark and met by girl I had known when we lived in the same guest house in S.F. back in 1939. She too had first learned about me by mail a few months abefore but had responded "we don't care how you look, what you wear or how you feel, you're a friend and welcome to our house." What more could you ask. I had a most interesting overnight visit with she and her husband.

Aug. 26. By bus back to New York, had a hair-do, visited with a friend and taken to dinner and went to the 82 Club. Was recognized

by one of the performers who came to the table after the show and brought one of the other "girls." Interesting visit. Man sitting alone over on one side sent a message over by a waitress asking if I was Virginia of TVia. I went over to see him. He was a friend of one of our former readers and cover girl on No. 9 Anita. We talked a bit and he has since become a reader of TVia too.

Aug. 27. Interview over the Riverside Church station WRVR. Although a small station it is a church station and worth while doing. Had luncheon with the lady MD whose paper had followed mine at the Congress in London. She had thought that I was a TS and when I told her I had not had surgery she was really confused and embarrassed because as a Dr. she could see certain tell-tale male characteristics but she didn't know what to make of my denial of being a TS. She didn't know whether she had falsely accused a GG of being a TS or what. So I took her off the hook and told her all and she was fascinated. Wants me to be on a panel discussion with her at the Psychiatric convention in S.F. next spring.

Aug. 29. Flew to Atlanta. Met by Ann 10-B-2 and Sheila 10-R-1 (both as brothers) and taken to WRNG to do a radio interview, then to a book dealer where I sold 100 copies of the Wives book, then to another where I was unsuccessful placing TVia and to the motel. Had dinner with another reader and then went to a joint meeting of the Mensa society and the 20-30 club of the Unitarian Church. Talked with them till about 12 p.m.

Aug. 30. Had an interview with a lieutenant of the Atlanta Police Dept. and got a cordial and interested reception. All clear in Georgia. That night we had a party in a penthouse suite of one of the downtown hotels and had the usual lot of fun.

Aug. 31. Slept late, breakfast in the debris of the night before. Rainy day. Did an interview on "Atlanta Now" program over WQXI-TV. This was delayed due to some bowling championships showing on the network and resulted in a late start so that we had to leave the show 10 minutes early to drive like mad for the airport which we made and flew to Baltimore. Met there by brothers of Deanna and Jeannette 20-Q-1 FPE and 20-R-2 FPE and taken to Deanna's new home. That night the clan gathered and we had a nice party. Sheila 30-B-2 FPE and wife Avis even came down from New Jersey to be with us.

Sept. 1. Driven into Washington D. C. by Carol 51-G-1 FPE who



With my girl friend
Gerd—in Stockholm



Most photographed
man in England with
visitor to Tower of London



FPE Group in Baltimore

Jeannette
20-R-2

Beverly
20-E-1

Sheila
30-B-2

Mary
38-M-2

Carol
50-G-1

Deanna
20-Q-1

Virginia
5-P-1

Irene
51-R-1

has taken up the full time thing too. We sold a distributor in Washington, had dinner and drove out to Silver Springs for an 11-1 a.m. show on WWDC radio.

Sept. 2. Did a short segment on WMAL-TV in Washington D.C. and then back to Baltimore and a hotel.

Sept. 3. Interview on Contact show of WJZ-TV with Dr. Wollman of N.Y. who is an old friend. After the show spoke with KDKA and found that they wanted me to be on their show but no time this trip. They are part of a group of stations who are taking me east in Dec. about the time you'll be reading this. Had lunch with my lady doctor friend of the Indian dinner in London who told me the details about the flap at the Congress over the London Observer article in London. In the afternoon did a 4 hour radio stint over WAYE. Taken to a wonderful German restaurant for dinner by Deanna and wife. Terrific meal.

Sept. 4. Flew to Youngstown to be met by Maryann 35-J-1 FPE and with wife drove to Cleveland. Had a meeting of some of the nearby Delta girls that night in home of Debbie 35-K-4 FPE.

Sept. 5. Had a hair-do for the show that night and called on the Cleveland Police Dept. Recieved politely and with interest here too. Went to a couple of book sellers and then drove in pouring rain to the motel to change and to WKBH-TV for the Allen Douglas show for the second time. Went off fine. Into town for a quick dinner and then upstairs to tackle Allen again on radio-WKYC. I took over part of this show to make it "The Virginia Prince Show where tonight our guest is one Allen Douglas the man with the beard and a few hang-ups." So I asked him some questions and kidded around with him while trying to put over the Gender vs. Sex thing with him. A fun interview. Afterwards he told me I was one of the 10 top guests in the country which was nice to hear even for my new mild feminine ego???

Sept. 6. Drove with Debbie and Maryann and wives to Detroit stopping on the way to meet a new and desperate TV who had phoned the station. Went to the home of Joyce 22-C-3 and her wonderful wife Maryann. Had a short rest (I was really beaten) then dinner and then driven to WKBH-TV for another interview. This was the 7th appearance in 6 days. This was broadcast finally on Nov. 1 and brought in a number of inquiries.

Sept. 7. Pooped—I just lay around and tried to recover.

Sept. 8. Likewise but visited Greenfield village with Debbie and wife in the afternoon. Part of the Ford exhibit and museum.

Sept. 9. Again rest, conversation and a dinner with an old friend who went the TS route. Had much to talk about and she agreed completely that surgical prospects should do a lot of femme living first.

Sept. 10. Flew to Chicago did some personal errands.

Sept. 11. Luncheon with Dr. Alvarez' two secretaries whom I had met 2 years before. Lovely time. Had a hair-do.

Sept. 12. The TV show I'd expected to do in Chicago was canceled so the trip to Chicago was mostly wasted. Flew to St. Louis and met by Florence 25-S-2 FPE. Taken to dinner at a swank restaurant and later had a meeting in hotel room with 4 or 5 who had come from Illinois, Arkansas and around. Pleased to see them.

Sept. 13. Had an interview with Drs. Masters and Johnson, authors of the ground breaking book on human reproduction. Answered many questions on TV and TS for them and their staff. I think this was a very worthwhile visit. In the afternoon flew to New Orleans by way of Atlanta. Stupid porter at the St. Louis airport checked my bags to Atlanta so when I arrived in New Orleans—no bags and me with a TV show to do that night. They wired for them to come down the next plane so I was taken to the home of Laurie 18-K-1 FPE while his wife waited at the airport for the bags. She met us later outside the station and I had to go into the ladies room at the station and change to the right clothing for an appearance. It was WWOM-TV but it is kind of a crummy station and I doubt if it did much good. The interviewer wasn't at all good.

Sept. 14. Flew to Houston and met by Dianna 43-P-3 FPE who drove me down to Galveston where Sally 43-S-5 FPE had rented a house on the beach and where 4 or 5 of the clan had already gathered. We had a swim in the gulf (see bathing beauty??? pic) and then got dressed for dinner with all of us taking care of part of the meal according to directions of Sally the chief chef (ess) I don't know whether there was a message but I was told to bake the crab and make the corn (y) bread. I did as I was told. The dinner was lots of fun and a success. We sat around and gabbed till all hours as usual. But it was terribly hot and sticky and sleep wasn't the best.

Sept. 15. Drove back to Houston where I had expected to do a TV interview only to learn that the interviewer was up in Alaska somewhere on that Manhattan ice breaker trip and *might* be back on Wednesday. So that was off. As there was some possibility of doing a couple of radio shows, though they fell through in the end, I elected to remain in Houston while Sally went back to the "resort."

Sept. 16. As my hair was a mess again, I got a hair-do in preparation for the following several days of appearances. Taken to dinner that night by Dianna as Dianna and we girls did the town.

Sept. 17. Wandered around town, visited the famous Shamrock Hotel and at night did interview on KPRC-TV with the returned interviewer.

Sept. 18. Up early to do an 8:30 to 11 interview before Dr. McClary's class on Sex and Family Relations at the University of Houston. Went off well. Then quickly to the airport for a hop to Dallas where I was met by Jennifer 43-H-3 FPE as her brother and taken into town to do a radio interview on KRLD. Outside the station afterward we were spotted by Clara 43-C-2 FPE. After giving an interview to a reporter for the Dallas Times (which I am afraid they decided not to use) we went back to the airport and hopped the plane for Denver where I was met by Maureen 6-J-1 FPE. The show that I had come to Denver for on KOA-TV had been canceled. (I'm now doing it in Dec.) so we just visited.

Sept. 19. Gave an interview to the Denver Post which they finally decided not to use thus wasting a couple of hours of time and effort. Had lunch with 2 very nice and understanding psychiatrists. It was a real pleasure to find such open and inquiring minds. That evening Betty 6-B-2 FPE took me to a very interesting German restaurant outside of town where I tried to teach the college-boy waiter some German. Afterwards we had a lovely evening and refreshments at Maureen's home with the other remaining Denver girl, Elaura Ann 6-H-3 FPE and her very nice wife joining us. Maureen's wife served us nice refreshments and we all had a fine time. We had hoped that our psychiatrist friends would join us but it was an invitation on short notice and they couldn't.

Sept. 20. Flew home to L.A. and was met by a most relieved Mary who had carried a very big load for 3 months—all of the Chevalier problems, caretaking of my home and cats and handling all my per-



FPE GROUP IN CLEVELAND

Debbie
35-K-4

Cheryl
35-H-7

Susan
35-H-6

Virginia
5-P-1

Lynda
Ohio

Maryana
35-J-2



FPE GROUP IN DETROIT

Susette
35-S-5

Debbie
35-K-4

Joyce
22-C-3

Ann
22-W-3

Jeannette
14-Y-1

Maryanne
35-J-2

Cindy
35-S-4

Virginia
S-P-1

Laurette
55-K-1

sonal financial matters as well. I'm sure all of her pleasure in seeing me wasn't just personal. We all owe her a big thanks for keeping things going all by her little lone self.

So that ended what has been termed sometimes kindly and by others unkindly, "Virginia's World Tour." But its statistics are rather impressive.

I was gone 90 days, traveled about 24,000 miles, visited 37 cities in 8 countries by means of 25 plane flights on 17 different airlines plus 8 trains and 1 ship. I gave 14 television shows, 9 radio shows, 6 newspaper interviews, 3 magazine interviews, and took part in 3 seminars, read 1 professional paper, met with 17 different TV groups and saw 180 different individual TVs.

Anyone else want to join the public relations effort?

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FINANCIAL REPORT

As I always do when money has been donated toward some purpose below is an accounting of moneys received. I have not listed the contributors by name as contributions ranged from \$1 to \$50 and perhaps the first was as important to its giver as the latter was to its. In any case my thanks to all who helped me in this effort. Naturally I saw a lot and had a lot of interesting experiences personally as anyone would. But I think that the statistics on the previous page indicate that I also worked pretty hard for the cause. For example 15 of the total of 23 radio and TV shows were done in a 30 day period on the way back covering Boston to New Orleans and Baltimore to Dallas. Although radio and TV interviews sound and look easy they are nevertheless very emotionally exhausting since you must be constantly on your toes that some one doesn't pull a catch question or that you let your guard down and give weak or indecisive answers that can be misinterpreted and cancel all your efforts. TV parties are always fun but they never end early and the late

hours, emotional strain, and traveling constantly are additive. I came home really exhausted—only to meet another pile of problems.

I must thank not only those who donated money but the many who gave of their time to meet and take me places, those who provided sleeping accommodations in their homes or in motels, and those who took me to meals and did the many other things that helped make the trip a success. I really must single out Annette and the girls in Sweden because they had our time planned to the minute and did their best to entertain us as well as to fix things so that our visit was of major value to the effort being made in Sweden and Denmark. Erna in Denmark gave up a couple of days of her vacation to show me around and to give a party for me. In this country many people helped in planning, contacting and transporting me. But I must single out Ann in Atlanta and Sheila who helped her for handling all of the financial costs of that side trip and of planning a radio and a TV show, a police interview, a bookseller contact, a party, an evening lecture, and my accommodations for the two days I was there.

Here then are the figures:

EXPENSES

Hotels	\$ 466.84
Food	321.90
Tips	37.75
Phone—long distance arrangements	91.62
Phones on trip	15.50
Buses and Taxi fares	198.15
Misc.	36.00
Seminar and Congress Fees	60.00
Ship fare	356.42
Total air fares*	<u>1,036.00</u>
TOTAL	\$2,620.18

*This does not include air fares Paris to Zurich, Rome, Vienna, Stockholm since I did not work for the cause in these locations.

DONATIONS

FPE Funds	\$ 300.00
Atlanta Group	100.00
Individual donations sent in and given personally	<u>700.00</u>
TOTAL	\$1,100.00

Difference paid by Virginia

	\$1,520.18
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Social-Psychiatric Aspects
of
Transvestism (Femmiphilia)

Author's Note: The following is the paper that I read before the 2nd International Congress of Social Psychiatry in London August 1969. The paper is presented here for three reasons:

- 1) I feel that readers of *Transvestia*, members of Phi Pi Epsilon and particularly those who made donations toward this trip should have some idea of the kind of effort being put forth in my attempts to bring awareness and understanding of the problem of Femmiphilia (transvestism) to both the lay and professional public.
- 2) I hope that ideas and information presented here will provide some organized ammunition to readers for use in their own explanations of the field to others.
- 3) Hopefully eventually there will arise among you others with the willingness, opportunity and ability to give talks, lectures, radio or TV appearances etc. in your own way and area. The material presented here may provide you some organized thoughts with which to begin.

I hope the general reader will not feel that printing this paper together with the report of "Expedition 69" is usurping too much of this issue for my activities but I do feel that this is worth it.

VIRGINIA

* * * * *

Just as individuals can suffer from pathological or anomalous conditions arising either from external causes or from the internal functions of the organism itself, so too can societies suffer. Wars, pestilences, natural catastrophes are examples of externally caused disturbances of social functions which would act in almost the same way on all types of societies. However, other disharmonies arise directly out of the nature of a particular society. Other societies might not suffer from these same disharmonies because the circumstances of those societies would not bring them about. Homosexuality, prostitution, wife swapping, transvestism and transexuality are examples of patterns which arise out of the natural needs of human beings, and their interaction with the taboos and expectations set up by the society in which they live. Homosexuality, for

example, has been considered a socially undesirable pattern in most western societies and practitioners of it have been subjected to harassments, sanctions and punishments. Yet, in other cultures and other times the rules of those cultures did not consider this particular human pattern as "wrong" and so it was not a problem to either the individual or his society and did not require control or punishment. The individual was free to indulge or not as he chose.

The behaviour pattern variously termed "transvestism" or "eonism" and referring to the desire of some persons, generally males, to wear clothing of the type generally worn by members of the opposite sex, is one of these endogenous social problems. Envy of the role of the opposite sex is well known to anthropologists and shows itself in various ways in different cultures. Cross dressing as one of these manifestations is found widely distributed in various societies.

It has been only in recent years that psychologists have come to realize that sex and gender are NOT the same thing and to observe that the sexual variance known as homosexuality is not the same thing as the gender variant pattern known as transvestism. Only a small percentage of homosexual males indulge in the wearing of feminine attire—termed "drag" in their parlance. There are considerable numbers of heterosexual males, however, who also cross dress. But here the fact that they are heterosexually oriented, with females as their sex objects, means that the behaviour is a gender variance and not a sexual one. Data on over 500 cases of transvestism revealed that 78 percent of them were or had been married and 74 percent of these had children. Thus the pattern is clearly different from that of the homosexual "drag queen" who utilizes the clothing to enhance his sexual attractiveness for his male partner.

Because the term "transvestite" merely means "cross-dresser" in Latin it is a very poor term scientifically, since it in no way distinguishes the motivations, satisfactions and purposes of several quite different types of persons, whose only area of similarity is the fact that for very different reasons they all on occasion adopt feminine attire. A term which has no differential value is about as useful to scientific understanding and communication as would the term "fever disease" be, if it included malaria, smallpox, meningitis and appendicitis simply because all four conditions manifest the common symptom of elevated temperature.

In view of this a new and more descriptive term is in order and this author proposes the words "Femmiphilia" for the condition and

"Femmiphile" for the individual. Literally translated the terms mean "lover of the feminine". It properly describes the chief unifying characteristic of those heterosexually oriented males who have discovered this means of enjoying and expressing the many feelings, desires, choices and experiences; many relationships, satisfactions and activities which he feels are denied him in his own, appropriate, masculine gender role. This love of the feminine leads him to enjoy identifying with women and attempting as best he may to share some of the aspects of their way of life which he admires, appreciates, and envies.

As indicated at the beginning, this behaviour pattern is presented as one which, although regarded by society in general as abnormal and out of step, is nevertheless the result of the impact of that same society on the individual. It is, so to speak, "caused" by that society because it arises out of the nature and function of the society itself. As such we should be interested in its social etiology, its symptomatology and diagnosis, its affect on society itself, the impact of the response of society back on the individual exhibiting the symptoms, and finally its prognosis.

Western society is highly polarized between what is considered appropriately masculine and appropriately feminine. These distinctions are, in large measure, artificial since societies do or have existed in which many aspects of the two roles are reversed. It is essential therefore, to at this point distinguish between sex and gender. For most of man's history these terms have been considered as essentially synonymous. That is, that one's anatomy *determined* not only one's sexual behaviour but all other aspects of one's life as well. Because a baby was born an anatomical little male he was presumed to be psychologically ipso facto a little "man". Modern psychology accepts the fact that while one is *born* with a sex, one *learns* a gender. It has been demonstrated a number of times, in cases of pseudohermaphroditism, that a child can erroneously be assigned to the sex that does not conform to his or her genetic sex. Such a child will then be brought up in the gender appropriate to the sex of assignment and will learn to be appropriately masculine or feminine as the case may be. This strongly suggests that the potentials for development of either gender role reside in ALL individuals at birth. Thus the process of growing up becomes a sorting procedure whereby all the behaviour patterns, emotions, activities, dress, expectations, enjoyments, etc. which are part of the prescribed appropriate gender role are taught, encouraged and reinforced while those considered as assigned to the other gender role are denied, discouraged and even punished. This produces little "boys" or little "girls" and, after passing

through adolescence, "men" and "women" are the end products. In the modern vernacular growing up is a process whereby parts of oneself are "turned off" by society in the person of parents, teachers, siblings and peers. Those not "turned off" remain "turned on" and are free to develop greater complexity, importance and reality.

Little thought is given to the fact that the traits, characteristics, emotions and behaviour patterns arbitrarily assigned to the other sex for its gender expression are actually part and parcel of the total humanness of *each* individual, regardless of sex. It should not be surprising, therefore, that some persons of each sex find themselves in possession of more or less well developed feelings, desires and traits which did not get effectively "turned off" during their childhood and adolescence and which their society seeks to deny them by assigning such qualities of life to the other sex. Such persons will naturally seek to exploit, utilize, experience and enjoy these "forbidden" areas. This desire is aggravated by the extreme polarization of western society and to a lesser extent in most other societies. In nearly all departments of living there is a "proper" and "acceptable" way for men to deal with themselves and their environment and a different "proper" and "acceptable" way for women to handle

the same circumstances. Is it not to be expected then, that this kind of a society, which denies a large portion of their own human potential to each, (but considerably more so to men) should in a sense "force" those in whom the inappropriate traits are stronger, or who accidentally discover the fascination of experiencing the opposite gender role, to exploit this part of themselves in whatever ways may be possible and effective in their society? In western societies, dress, self-decoration and chemical and mechanical enhancements of natural differences are the most obvious manifestation of this polarization and are thus the most promising and satisfying areas to invade in order to express and experience the individual's contra-genderal yearnings. It is for this reason that femmiphilia, that is transvestism, is considered an endogenous social condition and not (except in very specific individuals and conditions) a psychopathic one.

The etiology of the condition is therefore considered to be simply an awareness of the social (i.e. genderal) differences between men and women; a desire or a need to express, experience or enjoy some of the perquisites and positions of the opposite gender and the adoption of the external appearance of that gender as a means of "entering into it", so that such cross gender expression and enjoyment may be experienced. The proximal cause or experience which makes the individual become aware that cross dressing is a means of relieving this tension or satisfying this craving or need may be quite varied. Anything, from the classical

"mother wanted a girl" syndrome, through simple curiosity as a child, taking a girl's part in a play or in a mock wedding, being dressed as a girl for Halloween or a masquerade party, to a relatively more conscious decision to "dress up just to see what it is like". But however the individual comes to be exposed the first time to the experience of wearing feminine clothing, the effect is essentially the same—all of a sudden he becomes aware of having been freed of the limitations and requirements of being a boy or a man and feels himself able to receive, perceive and react to environmental conditions and events in a new and different way. He has, in effect, re-established contact with that part of himself which existed when he was small but which had been suppressed, denied, punished and left relatively undeveloped during the process of learning to be a boy and being masculine. Such recovery of a part of oneself that had in effect been lost (or stolen by society) is deeply satisfying and the individual is not about to give it up at the behest of society, a psychiatrist, his parents or anyone else. This accounts for the literature failing to report any effective and permanent "cures" for the condition. In fact many authors, such as Bowman and Engle, Eyers, and Walker and Fletcher have expressed the improbability of psychiatry being able to do so.

The symptomatology of the condition is, of course, very simple and obvious. Individuals—much more commonly males—are discovered, who enjoy wearing the clothing, jewelry, makeup, hair styles, etc. normally appropriate to girls and women. These persons act like, wish to go about as, and be accepted as members of the feminine gender.

One cannot diagnose an individual as being a femmiphile on the basis of his cross dressing alone since various other types of persons also show this pattern, i.e. homosexuals, fetishists, bondage and humiliation enthusiasts, criminals, etc. However, if the cross dressing is taken in conjunction with the fact that an individual is not effeminate in his masculine life, that he is sexually attracted to females and is generally married and a father, and that he carries on an adequate and effective social role as a man, he can probably properly be termed a femmiphile. Such persons are in no way obvious to the observer. There are no indicia of this pattern. Any man that one sees could as well be a femmiphile as another.

A clear distinction must be made here between simulating and enjoying the experiences of the opposite *gender* role and of enjoying the opposite sexual role. The homosexual male person who provides an

orifice for another male to use in a sexual way is, in effect, playing the female role since that is the primary activity of the female in normal sexual relations. Thus even those few homosexuals (probably not more than 10 percent) who adopt feminine attire, for its sexually provocative effect on their partners, do so only as a part of a sexual encounter. Generally such persons have little or no feeling of femininity and of wanting to assume the *gender* role. Their whole motivation is basically involved in the assumption of the *sexual* role. Such persons are therefore transvestites in only the most limited sense, i.e. they do put on feminine attire but their motivations, purposes and satisfactions are of an entirely different sort to that of the persons to whom the term "femmiphile" is applied.

As a problem in social psychiatry it is necessary to consider in what ways, if any, this behaviour pattern poses any threat to other persons and whether the individual should be restrained legally, morally or medically from his practices in order to protect anyone else. The distinction between femmiphilia and homosexuality has already been made clear so that any of the arguments generally applied to the homosexuals are not applicable here. The phenomenon of femmiphilia is internal in the individual and therefore he is no threat at all to others. He neither seeks out children, accosts women, exposes himself, nor tries to introduce his practices to others—activities that society rightly objects to when practiced by other persons with different patterns of behaviour. All the femmiphile wants is to be relieved temporarily of the expectations, requirements and limitations of his own everyday masculine life and to be permitted to experience something of the life, feelings, pleasures and satisfactions inherent in the feminine gender role. Both of these ends are accomplished by abandoning the social "uniform" of manhood, i.e. trousers, jacket, tie, heavy shoes, etc. and adopting the greatly different feminine "uniform" with its bright colors, light weight, variety in style, material and type of clothing, self ornamentations and improvement through jewelry and cosmetics; change of bodily feel through restrictive garments like corsets and girdles, and postural alterations as a result of wearing high heels. Since he now looks like a different person, feels like a different person, he IS, at least temporarily, a different person or more properly a different KIND of person. As such he is free to express and enjoy emotions, attitudes and experiences that would be entirely inappropriate in his role as a man.

The final area of consideration is that of the impact of the attitudes of society both correct and incorrect on the femmiphile. In this area a problem in social psychiatry certainly *does* exist and it is generated by

society and not by the individual. The young boy with a more than usual quota of feminine interests learns early, from father, teacher, older brothers and peers that the expression of these interests lies beyond the pale of accepted masculinity. He learns what it means to be called a "sissy" and as he gets older he comes to know of homosexuality and the epithets of "fairy" "queer", "fag" "pervert", etc., that go with it. But the feelings are there and what can he do about them? He begins to suffer from several very clear cut and universal (among femmiphiles that is) fears and conflicts. a) "Am I a homosexual?" He knows he is interested in girls, but he also inherits from his social indoctrination the notion that any male interested in feminine things is ipso facto a homosexual even if he doesn't know it. This is a terrible conflict, to know you aren't yet feel that you must be because society says so. b) "Am I psychopathic? 'Normal' boys don't wear girl's clothes and I do, so I must be 'sick!'" Again, he does not feel sick, but his conflict between himself and the supposed "normal" makes it seem so. c) "I must be the only one in the world who feels this way." At first it just seems that it *must* be so because he can't imagine anyone else doing such things. But it is intensified when he seeks information in libraries and finds little or none. *Because* there is no information, ergo there are no other people like this to write about. Thus develops a sense of extreme aloneness. d) Isolation is further increased by the awareness that he can't ask father, brother, teacher, doctor, minister or, in fact, much of anyone, because he is sure that they will accuse him of being a homosexual (and his fears are well founded because most people, even in the professions, don't know the difference). e) If his urge to play the girl is strong enough he will want to venture forth in public and may do so in spite of the possibility of discovery and exposure and thus fear is added to his problems. Were police, judges, employers, fathers and friends knowledgeable on this subject he would need have no fear, would be able to get information, would not be accused of things of which he was not guilty and would not feel isolated.

Unfortunately such awareness is not yet with us so that all of these conflicts mentioned exist in almost all femmiphiles. The result is a lonely, guilt-ridden, fearful and ashamed person who locks all of this up inside himself since there is no place to turn for help and understanding. Marriage is frequently put off or passed by out of fear of non-understanding. Those who do get married are a) sure that their interests will disappear with marriage and thus generally don't tell their wives beforehand, or b) when they find out that it doesn't go away and in fact is often made worse by the constant and close association with a woman and her clothing, they live in new guilt and fear regarding their wives possible discovery and rejection. Since they must find some sort of outlet for

their drives they do so in various ways but with the added guilt of keeping these activities secret. All of these factors are at the very least very destructive to peace of mind, effectiveness and happiness. With those less able to bear up under the burden, various kinds of psychosomatic complaints often develop including migraine, cardiac conditions and gastrointestinal disturbances or ulcers. Unfortunately the extreme price is also often paid, with the suicide of a person who just feels he cannot live with the fear, shame, guilt, isolation and with the denial of the opportunity to express what is an essential part of his own true self. Such suicides can more properly be termed social murders since the causative agent is society's attitude.

What then is the prognosis in this condition? Several authorities have indicated the great unlikelihood of "curing" transvestites. That is, of removing from their minds the awareness of the pleasure and satisfaction they have obtained from their cross-gender activities. None of the authorities ventures to guess why this "incurability" exists because they do not know the basis for the satisfaction in the activity. As long as professional people cling to complicated Freudian concepts about "phallic women", castration complexes and the like, and when they consider this behaviour as a fetishistic or entirely erotic perversion they will never find the answer. The answer is, however, clearly evident if it is looked at as a *psycho-social* problem and not a *psycho-sexual* one. Basically the pattern is not a sexual one at all. True, it has erotic aspects, but so does every form of interaction physical, mental and philosophical between persons of opposite anatomy.

The essential nature of the matter of prognosis is completely revealed in the etiology of the condition in the first place. A polarized society denies the privilege of exploiting and experiencing part of their true selves to all individuals. The need to express this part of themselves and to exploit it even against society's denial of the right, is the cause of the deep emotional conflicts in such persons. There is no way of carving out parts of one's "self". Psycho-surgery of this sort lies well in the future. Therefore, in view of the inability of the femmiphile to deny and forget this part of himself, the only alternative is to learn to live with it. That is, the best management of the condition lies in the individual coming to recognize that it is not the act of dressing in feminine attire in itself which is hurtful, but rather his attitude toward it (distilled though his own mind from society's expectations and demands). When this is accomplished he can learn to set aside and disregard these attitudes and accept the fact that he is what he is, enjoys what he enjoys and that he derives his own deep satisfactions from the act of dressing and will con-

tinue to do so. He should therefore seek the company of others of the same persuasion so that he can enjoy social interaction free of condemnation, fear and guilt. Organized groups of femmiphiles exist in the United States, England and Sweden and those who become part of them achieve surcease from their conflicts and pleasant social interaction with others.

Of course, the ideal social solution to problems such as this is for society to become less rigid, and less polarized. For all people to realize that most of the distinctions made between the genders (other than those of anatomy and physiology, naturally) are either largely artificial and arbitrary or based on erroneous assumptions of sex relatedness. Happily the younger generation is moving quite rapidly in this direction and it is none too soon. The polarization of society into masculine and feminine elements has led to the masculine half of society developing ever greater techniques of strength and power since these are assumed to be the greatest virtues of masculinity. Thus violence has always been a man's game, originally from the literal necessity of survival and of more recent generations it has been applied to the ultimate settlement of disagreements not only between persons but between nations. It may be said that the Principle of Power is the most basic aspect of masculinity. On the other hand the essential of femininity is the Principle of Love. These two principles are the natural outgrowth of polarization. Hopefully mankind will learn to depolarize itself and to integrate Power and Love, masculinity and femininity into "humanity" before the last great manifestation of masculine power—the hydrogen bomb—removes this possibility, and humanity with it, from the face of the earth. Let us hurry, it is later than we think.

* * * * *



"The best shot was when you chipped your falsie onto the green."



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

BY

Virginia

I. *MANUSCRIPT PAYMENTS*: What a relief, at last we are even and have sent credit slips to all who had a payment coming. My apologies for its being so long but time and money have both been in short supply. However there are some contributors to whom we owe compensation but whom we can't find. Sometimes stories are sent in with only a femmename and no other identification. Below is a list of "missing authoresses". If you are one of them or if you know who is please let us know so we can fulfill our obligation.

Title	Issue	Name
The Last Time I Saw Paris	52	Karen Rogers
My Brother, My Son	56	Cathy
Tomorrow or the Next Day	57	Barbara Richmin
How It Was	57	Carol

II. *TRIPS CAUSE DELAYS—AGAIN*: In the yellow letter which accompanied No. 56 I explained its long delay and indicated that we wanted to get out three issues before or early in January in order to come out even. I find that although I used to have a dual personality I am still not two people and must choose between two conflicting calls on my time and energy. Several TV stations in the east got together and are bringing me back to do some more shows. This means that I'll be away from L.A. from December 1 to 22. This issue has been hurried together so that it will be in the printer's hands before I leave and can get to you sometime in December. But it is really the October issue. However, it means that I can't get going on No. 60 till early in January. Sorry about that, but public relations are important, too when there are five or six stations that want me and I've had no choice but to let No. 60 be delayed a bit.

III. *REMINDER TO CANADIANS*: Please either send Canadian *brown* (US \$) postal money orders or allow for the currency difference if you send personal checks. We can't stand the 10 percent discount and it's too much trouble trying to collect the difference from you, so please save us that extra work.

IV. *NEW MATERIAL AND FINANCES*: I have several more TV-Tales stories and several full length novels waiting to be printed. However the financial bind of trying to get three issues of the magazine out in very short time doesn't leave any loose cash for this extra investment. If you do *not* have Tales 6 and up on order or if you would like to have the long story when available it would help me considerably if you would order it in advance and thereby assist me to build up a fund to pay the printer with. I'll have a total of \$5000 printing bill in Nov-Dec-Jan. and that's a lot of Jill (femmename of Jack) to find.

V. *CARNIVAL SPECIAL PRICE*: Due to the delay in getting No. 56 out, the special offer of \$3 for Carnival is extended to the first of the year. On our new price list soon to go to the printer it will appear at \$4. This is a 30% reduction but it's 40% if you get it before Jan. 1.

VI. *RENTAL ISSUES*: I again call your attention to the fact that about 20 copies are out of print. We have 1 or 2 copies of all of these. We can't sell them but they are for reading-rent. Send \$6 per issue, return it and get \$4 credit, send another \$2 and it becomes \$6 for a second issue etc. The extra \$4 is by way of a deposit to insure their return and the rental therefore is \$2 per issue.

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Person to Person

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NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of *TRANSVESTIA*. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT."

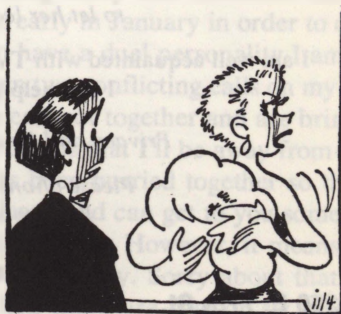
Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

(55-K-1) FPE Calling all TVs in Ontario and Quebec partic. Toronto area. Like to correspond and meet if convenient. **LAURETTE**

(9-L-3) FPE Married TV like to meet other TVs Miami and So. Florida area. Will correspond with others in French as well as English. **PAULINE**

(49-H-4) FPE TV, 40, would like to correspond with or meet other TVs in or near Chicago. **MARY**

(36-M-1) FPE Divorced TV with 2 small children desires correspondence. Other TVs similiar problems. To tell or not to tell? Also considering going 100% would welcome helps and hints re: pitfalls to avoid. **MYRTLE**



PRICE LIST

- "TRANSVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.
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- "CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books.
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Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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

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