

TRANSVESTIA

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No. 43, 1967

Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

"When you make the two one . . . and when you make the *MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE* . . . then shall you enter the kingdom" A "saying of Jesus" from the "Gospel According to Thomas".

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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- | | |
|--|--|
| | 2 From The Beginning To...? - Cover Girl |
| | 12 Nursing School - Fiction |
| | 30 Power of Fashion - Article |
| | 36 Important Question - Poem |
| | 37 Diana's Travelogue - True Story |
| | 61 Book Review |
| | 69 Susanna Says |
| | 81 Virgin Views |
| | 87 Editorial Emanations |
| | 90 Person to Person |

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OUR COVER GIRL

From The Beginning To - - - ?

by Karin (5-H-12) FPE

Would you believe Karin? Tis true, that is the name my parents christened their baby boy when he came into the world some thirty years ago.

Now would you believe this had anything to do with my start into the world of transvestism? I don't. Because from the few childhood experiences that I can remember having any relation to transvestism, the desire came from within. None of them were the usual reasons or related backgrounds that reportedly play a part in forming a transvestite. Incidentally, until this day I have never asked my parents why they named me Karin. Were I in closer touch with them, I might ask them just out of curiosity. When I started using a femme name, I chose Karin which is more or less confusing depending upon who you are.

There were only a few incidents during my childhood that could be associated with transvestism that I can recall. But I am sure that there were and are hundreds of thousands of other boys who experienced similar events and aren't transvestites. But I'm beginning to get into theory now so I'll bow out and leave that to Virginia and Dr. Benjamin.

Naturally, during the young adult years I realized that I was different and went through many fruitless soul searching periods, which, due to my lack of knowledge and of adequate outside understanding led me to suspect that I might be homosexual. This fearful suspicion stayed with me all through four years of armed service and up until very recently



KARIN THE
GLAMOUR
GIRL



Transvestia

when I at last stumbled onto TRANSVESTIA and came to know many other TVs personally.

During my tour with the navy, I discovered that there were other people with similar desires through the now defunct publications such as Bizzare and Exotique which were available at certain newsstands. Before this discovery, I had thought that I was one of a kind and not like most others in my individual development. Having traveled that far, I was again stymied as there was no means of communication. The editors and staffs of said magazines were of no help. Frustration lead to half-hearted compromise with myself and things went on their lonely way.

During the following civilian years there were many romances that didn't develop into marriage. Of them all, I revealed to only one girl my transvestic bent and only after having known her for several months. Of course at the time, I couldn't explain the subject to anyone since I knew very little myself. Her reaction was puzzlement and simulated tolerance which I doubted. Anyway, this factor was not the reason for our later parting, but looking back, had we stayed together, transvestism would have made a tremendous barrier to a happy relationship.

My first meeting with another real TV was quite accidental. However, before I relate that I must preface it by saying that all of my dressing had been in private and without the finishing touches of wig or makeup and I had never been photographed while dressed.

One day while I was downtown window shopping, I passed a portrait studio which had displayed along with many photos a variety of wigs. You can well imagine the ideas that leaped into mind beholding this sight. Being shy, I let several weeks slip by before the courage came so that I could phone the studio with an "amateur story" well rehearsed in my



Would you
Believe



Ready for
Anything



Karin is never
the same way twice

Transvestia

mind. A woman answered and I went into my story. During the conversation, I learned that she operated the studio alone, utilized the wigs for glamour shots, did makeup, and had some costumes available. I made an appointment for my next day off and joyfully hugged myself as I said goodbye and hung up the receiver. I was very excited as she had readily consented to do the makeup for me and this was a brand new experience which I was eager to enjoy. Added to that, she was most willing to allow me use of her wigs and the posing and pictures to have to remember the event! Wouldn't any TV jump at this chance?

On that much awaited day, the time of the appointment, ten in the morning, came and I presented my nervous self to this new and welcome confidante. The session seemed very short to me, being in such a state of enjoyment, but in reality lasted until five in the afternoon. I'm sure you can all imagine the thrill I had of being madeup, costumed, and posed by such an interesting, broad-minded GG with personality plus and she had plenty of problems believe me!

At one point in our conversation, she asked me if I were a transvestite and I must confess that I quickly denied that I was, perhaps out of shyness and certainly out of embarrassment. She accepted my answer somehow despite all clues to the contrary but went on to say that she had photographed a transvestite once before.

In the following visits to her studio: at first professional and later just for fun, we became good friends. By then I had felt more at ease and admitted to being a transvestite and she had shown me pictures she had of her other TV customer and said that he too came in to visit once in a while. As if on cue, he came in while I was there and she introduced us. I felt very ill at ease and embarrassed while talking of the subject with another man and for a first face to face encounter, it wasn't too successful. I was



Cha-Cha
Anyone



Eloping Karin?



Have a nice evening

Transvestia

not too favorably impressed with this person, my first real TV acquaintance. Since then I have made a much wider and varied acquaintance among other TVs and I was very relieved and glad to find that my first TV was an exception rather than the rule.

Shortly thereafter I found TRANSVESTIA and through Contact I met several other TVs in this area and we had a few irregular meetings during the Summer. By Fall others had been added to the group and I offered my apartment as a place in which to meet and dress one night each week. Also two of the "girls" arranged to keep their wardrobes in my place due to the inconvenience of trying to maintain them in secrecy at home. Some of you will readily identify with this situation, I'm sure.

Our get-togethers continued and by word of mouth we grew in size. On very special occasions there have been twenty to twenty-five TVs attending. Along with our informal attendance, the FPE membership increased and thanks to Sheila's efforts we formed into a local chapter this past year and hold a regular monthly business meeting, dressed of course. For the past two years, most of us in the area have been meeting each week to dress, take pictures, discuss ideas, plan special events, and to just relax in a most pleasant atmosphere.

Some of our activities have included; a Christmas party at which we exchanged feminine gifts, a Halloween outing with male (at least so dressed) escorts, a pajamma party with GGs present, a wig party which I somehow missed, and just lately a lingerie party with GG representative and hostess at which I helped model and loved the opportunity. We once had a party in a beauty shop given by two TVs' landlady who loves them and their friends and so threw the party just after she had remodeled the place.

In addition to the collection of cameras in use,



Leopard? - Lurex?
Karin the Modern Miss



At Home

Transvestia

I have a movie camera and have recorded quite a few of these events on color film.

From time to time we have been honored by visits from TVs from around the world; Anette-Sweden, Kathy-Hawaii, and Sheila-our FPE coordinator. Recently we had a most distinguished guest, Dr. Benjamin, and last fall our respected Virginia.

As you can see, transvestism plays a big role in my life and I'm glad. At present I still have no future wife in mind. If and when the time comes I am aware of the pitfalls involved in this merger. As for going out dressed, I rarely do as the desire to do so is not great and can be satisfied by what I decide is a safe time and place. When I do I am fortunate in my size as I am five feet six inches and weigh only one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

May I say in closing that we of this group hold out our hands in greeting and invitation to all who may visit our Bay Area and will make you all welcome. Those still not meeting with us but living closeby are most welcome to come and dress too. We all know how wonderful it is to share our good times with others and how lonely it is being in the closet. Best wishes for continued success to Virginia in her work and to you all.

KARIN

INEZSQUIB:

FPE Member, complaining; "Our last meeting was just one big bust after another."

KARIN



Interested



Resting



Hostess



Pensive

FICTION



Nursing School

by Jeri (49-K-3) FPE

Miss Dorothea Quinn, nursing supervisor and head of the department of nurses' training, was seated at her desk, checking memos, schedules, and her appointment book. With the newest group of student nurses scheduled to begin classes within a few days, there was a great deal to be done, even for so experienced and capable an administrator.

There were the inevitable orientation lectures, the hectic registering of the new students, the many and sundry private little conferences with as many of the new students as could be scheduled, - and the necessary conferences with homesick, bewildered, over-emotional young girls. Miss Quinn enjoyed a well-deserved reputation as a sympathetic and inspiring advisor. There were very few situations which she could not assess and meet to the satisfaction and happiness of all parties. Not that all was necessarily roses. If it seemed better--or necessary that a girl leave the school, it was arranged, quietly and quickly. And so on.

On this next but one day before a new group, Miss Quinn was reviewing folders of the incoming girls. In this way, she was able to form some sort of sketchy picture of each, and her trained mind and memory linked each name to a photograph and to some salient feature in their background. One of her more admirable traits was her never-failing ability to call each and every student by name on sight.

Still, she usually found herself becoming detached, even as she read. After all, she had personally directed twelve classes, forty girls each--that made some four hundred and eighty names, faces, personalities. Sure, she could and would remember each one, - for as long as she was around, - and then?

How many could she remember from the graduating classes of three years ago? Five years ago? Last year?

Something jarred her consciousness then as she picked up one particular folder; this one she would not have much trouble remembering. Two years ago, the hospital had enlarged their training program to admit male applicants. There had been none the first year, but this year...

She looked at the attached photo interestedly, then read the boring resume of facts. A few things were unusual: schooling by private tutor until high school; good grades although not necessarily outstanding; only child of a widow. The last item might explain the choice of a career she thought abstractly, remembering some psychology. She folded the sheet inside the folder, then reopened it to look at the photograph as a perfectly indecent thought crossed her mind.

She chided herself. Such a thing was unthinkable and she resolved to police her thoughts in the future to prevent such things entering her mind. After all, she had a position and a reputation to maintain.

She put the folder aside and went on working. Oddly enough, she found herself looking at it several times during the long afternoon. Indeed, she had been intrigued by something, and despite her efforts, her mind perversely would not let go of it.

When she went home that evening, she mentioned it to the woman who shared her apartment. "You really must see him! He's so--well, I really don't know how to describe him, actually."

"I think you're projecting." was her roommate's reply. "You have some notion about male nurses and right away you pick an obvious conclusion."

Transvestia

"That's well and good for you to say--but, well, judge for yourself--I brought his folder home with me." She added the last rather defensively as if she were betraying something.

Ruth looked at the photo for a long minute, then passes it back.

"Comment?" said Dorothea.

"Well--" hedged Ruth, "I must admit that there's some sort of evidence for what you say, although I'd be inclined to say it was purely on the surface--and that's where it ought to be kept, if I may interject an obviously necessary note of caution. I'd sort of hate to see such a close friend destroy her own career."

"Well really now! I certainly had no intentions--why! Such a thing not only never entered my mind, it's entirely unthinkable." Miss Quinn's expostulation however was not founded on truth; in fact, that very thought had played insidiously around her mind for several hours.

She had not forgotten it either the following day when the young man in question appeared in her office with a question.

"--and so, I was just wondering--about what the book said." he finished, nervously clasping his hands together.

"I see." said Miss Quinn. "If you could excuse me for just a minute, I'll be happy to discuss this with you."

She got up and went out of the office, closed the door behind her and closing her eyes, leaned back against the door.

My God, she thought. Of all the crazy things.

She wanted to laugh, and yet--there was something compelling about it all.

What had brought the young gentleman to her office was the discovery in the students' handbook of a rule to the effect that all student nurses must wear skirts and not slacks to all classes and of course while actually on floor duty. Since the handbook had been prepared several years before when there had not been a coeducational class, it was the first time the question had ever been raised.

Miss Quinn was sorely tempted. Indeed, the sight of that young person in the blue uniform of a student nurse was tantalizing. She opened the door a crack and peeked back through at the student. Fantastic! She could see him now--that delicate face, that wavy blonde hair--oh, yes, there was no doubt in her mind as to what her answer would be. Just once--after all, she could excuse it as a joke, admittedly not in the best taste, but certainly harmless enough. She re-opened the door and came back to her desk.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting. Now, what was it again?"

"Oh--I just asked about this rule about the student nurses wearing skirts." he said.

"Yes. Well, there's a very good reason for that rule." she lied. "Slacks imply a casual, sloppy approach. Uniforms are for identification--we know a student nurse on sight on the floor, just by the color."

"That applies to the males as well?" he asked.

"I'm afraid," she said, taking a deep breath, "that in this case, it does. It's true that we are theoretically offering a coeducational course, now, but in fact, it hasn't really been put into effect. We have no uniform for the male students, at this time. So--"

Transvestia

She expected an outburst, she expected a laugh, she expected anything but the vaguely impatient, vaguely something-else reply: "Oh, very well. I hadn't expected to have to buy one of those uniforms."

At that moment, Miss Quinn went that one step further that committed her to the situation. "Well, if there's anything I can help you with..."

"No, thank you. I shall be quite able." The student arose, thanked her, and left.

Miss Quinn was left in a rather stunned condition. Try as she might, and she could think of little else for the rest of the day, she could make little sense of the boy's answer. Nor could her roommate help her at all, rather taking especial care to remind Dorothea how she had been warned.

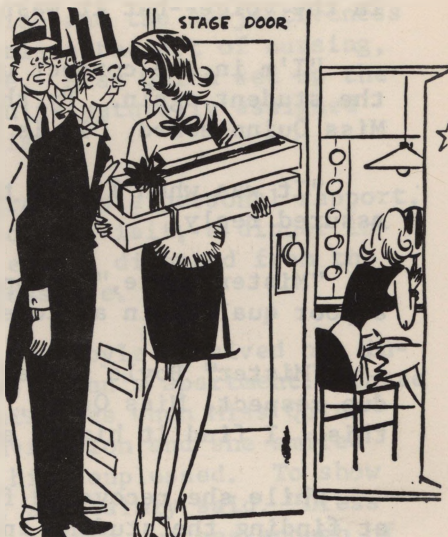
The next day, there was an assembly of the "probies" and Miss Quinn, while she made a routine orientation lecture, searched from one face to another in her audience, seeking one particular face--and finding nothing. At the back of her mind was a nagging thought that perhaps the boy had simply viewed wearing a skirt as an unthinkable proposition and withdrawn from the school. That would be alright except that there would undoubtedly be an inquiry from his parents--correct that to parent, his mother, and--she began to see a very messy scene before the Hospital Board. By the time she finished her routine which was delivered automatically, woodenly, she was practically frantic with fear.

When the students were dismissed, she took a post by the door, examining each student closely as she passed by. The last girl left her seat and walked toward the door. Hopefully, desperately, Miss Quinn looked--and looked again.

"Is something wrong?" The student asked in concerned tone.



"Don't worry, Mom, I'm a big boy now. I don't mind spending the weekend by myself. Thanks, 'bye."



"No, I don't have any flowers. She's my brother!"



"Since I started dressing like a girl, I sure have been getting baby sitting jobs"



"Mother doesn't want you wearing her dresses, son. So get a job and earn some money to buy your own."

Transmedia

Miss Quinn thought she caught something familiar in the voice--but it wasn't--

"I'm in the correct uniform, am I not?" asked the student again. By this time they were alone and Miss Quinn asked, "It is you, isn't it?"

"It was when I left this morning." came the assured reply.

"Mister Boyle," snapped Miss Quinn, "I find levity a poor quality in a student nurse."

"Mister" Boyle simpered for a moment. "With all due respect, Miss Quinn, you are the one who required this. I find it highly amusing." The student left.

While she recovered from the dual shock of relief at finding the student and the actual appearance of him--the neat blue uniform, the white shoes, faultlessly groomed hair, neat makeup, she became aware of something else. This was no babe-in-arms. Sheltered life or no sheltered life, this kid apparently knew the score. And he had the measure of Miss Quinn, whether by deduction or a lucky guess.

Miss Quinn had a definite feeling of being hopelessly one-down.

During the next several weeks, she had ample opportunity to see MR. Boyle. In his classes, he was competent, in the wards, he was adequate. He asked intelligent questions, he gave intelligible answers, admitting ignorance when he could not supply an answer, rather than trying bluff his way out. And always, always he was a model student as far as personal habits goes.

It was a policy of the school to set up an advisor program for each student. The purpose was to help each student not only with academic work, but also with the inevitable emotional problems the student nurse must face: the ideals of personal

commitment, the practice of professional detachment, the objectiveness of medicine and the subjectiveness of personal care that comprises the art of nursing, of all branches of medicine. Miss Quinn set up the schedule of advisors and quite naturally assigned herself as Mr. Boyle's advisor.

The heart of this program was a personal rapport, usually established by a social visit, a dinner invitation, or some similar event, divorced from the actual school as much as possible.

It was late fall when Mr. Boyle received his invitation for dinner at Miss Quinn's apartment. There was an uncertain look in his eyes when Miss Quinn finished delivering her invitation and she smiled inwardly--at last she had him nonplussed. To show her mastery of the moment, she calmly said, "Dress is optional. No uniforms, please, we see enough of that during the day." One-up.

She would have been less than human if she had not wondered as to just what he would wear. She had seen him on several occasions studying during the weekends in the school library. Usually he wore something neutral--slacks of no particular gender, bulky sweater, tennis shoes.

Now, as she nervously waited for his arrival, she wondered at her own mood. What had she to be nervous about?

The doorbell rang announcing Mr. Boyle. He wore a blue suit.

"Come in. Please be seated," said Miss Quinn. "Dinner will be ready in just a few minutes. Ruth my roommate is seeing to the last minute details. May I offer you a mild cocktail--the school policy is against that sort of thing--but we all break it for dinner engagements. It's sherry, so you will experience no ill effects."

Transvestia

"That would be fine, thank you." said Mr. Boyle, sitting down on the sofa.

"Are you quite comfortable?" inquired Miss Quinn.

Mr. Boyle looked her straight in the eye and said quite calmly, "It's what you expected, isn't it?" pulling the skirt of his blue suit down over his knee.

"Why-er, I was just a bit surprised." said Miss Quinn innocently.

"Really?" Mr. Boyle cocked an expressive eyebrow, "After all, when you assigned me a room in the nurses dormitory with the other girls, did you really expect me to come and go wearing a necktie?"

When their guest had gone, Dorothea said to Ruth, "My God! That was the coldest customer I have ever seen. He didn't even blink an eye when you came in."

Ruth simply said, "I told you not to get involved with that. There's going to be trouble. He knows what you're trying to do-- and he's giving you all the rope you need. Remember that whenever you feel something tight around your neck."

Miss Quinn however couldn't leave it alone. Impressed not only with the deportment of her favorite student, she was mystified by his equally faultless appearance. One day as they casually met in the hall, she casually looked at the neckline of his uniform and said, "Mister Boyle, I've been meaning to ask you--" She only called him "Mr." when there was no one else around--

"Yes?" he said, smiling slightly.

"--I've been wondering how you achieve that marvelous bust effect."

He didn't turn a hair, didn't even blush as he

calmly said, "Funny you should ask-- I was about to ask you the same thing."

Once more, Miss Quinn went away with the feeling she'd been had.

She thought she'd finally managed to back him into a corner when the Christmas holidays came. There was to be a party and dance with the student nurses acting as hostesses to the students of a technical college in a neighboring town. Miss Quinn made a point to remind Mr. Boyle that formal attire was de rigueur for this event.

"Oh," he said. "That's too bad. I'm afraid I won't be able to attend."

"It's customary," said Miss Quinn, eyeing him.

"I see. Unfortunately, I have no formal attire," he said.

"Perhaps I can be of some assistance," she purred.

"H'mmm. You're very kind." He hesitated briefly. "--I--I think it will not be necessary. Thank you anyway."

Miss Quinn, her red hair set off by the stiff, green taffeta gown she wore, was quietly surveying the start of the party. She was ex-officio one of the chaperones and she stood next to her male counterpart from the technical school as a sort of receiving line. It was their job as well to ensure that everyone paired off, that no-one was left partnerless. Miss Quinn was, of course, watching for a certain party, unsure briefly whether or not her prodding might have spurred Mister Boyle to some new insanity.

Mr. Boyle made his entrance in due course, selecting with unerring timing an appropriate moment for a grand entrance.

Transvestia

Grand entrance--there could be no other word. He had literally swept in the door and every eye was upon him as he had doffed the fur trimmed velvet cape in a reasonably good Veronica and stood for a dramatic half-moment in the light. He was dressed in red-velvet, a beautiful gown that left his shoulders and a good share of his back bare. The gown was a simple sheath that was slit to the knee, revealing a marvelous ankle atop a gold sandal. His hair was piled on top of his head, with a red satin ribbon that matched the brief sash, falling down his bare back.

There was an audible gasp from the rest of the assemblage.

"Lovely girl." said Professor Connors of the technical school.

Miss Quinn thought to herself, "Those poor kids--" meaning the other students, "they can't compete with something like this." Indeed, many of them were wearing formals that had graced very conservative high-school proms. In point of fact, Miss Quinn herself felt just a bit dowdy and she had prided herself at never giving away points.

She was chagrined somewhat later to see Mr. Boyle dancing with no small amount of grace. "It figures," she muttered.

At an appropriate moment, while Mr. Boyle casually sipped a cup of punch, she approached him and found herself looking upward at him--the high heels, the upswept hair made him statuesque-- and she asked him quietly "Mister Boyle, I would wager every engineer in this room is wondering the same thing I am..."

"What is that?"

"Just how," she whispered, "are you keeping your dress up."



Sharon - Calif.



Paulette (5-F-7) FPE

Transvestia

He leaned over and whispered gently in her ear, deliberately letting her look down his neckline, "Sheer will power."

She hadn't been able to see a damn thing, either, and she was a bit put-off at herself in being so curious as to look down a girl's neckline. Realization of what she was thinking made her stop-- of course--a girl's neckline, and now she had a new line of thought. Mr. Boyle could very well be a ringer-- in actual fact a girl--no, that wasn't right either--there had been a physical examination before entrance. She was more mixed up than ever.

After the holidays, Miss Quinn decided to let things alone. She would only succeed in making a greater fool of herself than she already had. Her dealings with her advisee were businesslike, entirely professional. The year progressed. In May, the capping ceremony took place. All the probies were, in a Sunday ceremony, to receive their white caps and all parents were invited to attend.

Miss Quinn gave no particular thought to Mr. Boyle until the actual day of the ceremony when she received a call in her office.

"This is Mrs. Boyle," the caller announced crisply.

"Oh God!" thought Miss Quinn--His mother." She mumbled something into the telephone.

Mrs. Boyle went on, "I would very much like to have a little talk with you concerning my son. Would it be convenient after the ceremonies this afternoon?" Miss Quinn mumbled something.

"I really think," Mrs. Boyle went on pointedly, "that it would be a very good idea--my son has told me a great many things about you." Miss Quinn gripped the receiver very hard and shuddered. She could well imagine.

Transvestia

Eventually she managed to croak "Yes." into the telephone, repeating herself several times as Mrs. Boyle went on to suggest a time an hour after the ceremony in Mrs. Boyle's room at a motor court near the hospital. When Mrs. Boyle hung up, Miss Quinn held the instrument to her ear for a while longer, listening to the interesting sound of the dial tone. When the even hum changed to a raucous siren-like tone, indicating a telephone off the hook, Miss Quinn dropped it. Like a broken toy, it lay on the carpet, moaning to itself.

During the ceremonies that afternoon, Miss Quinn remained in a daze. It was her functions to present each of the probies by name as they received their caps, and while she recited the names her mind was awlirl. Perhaps, she thought, tomorrow I can look for a job as a waitress. After all, she had all those white uniforms and she might as well make use of them. The afternoon sprinted.

Dutifully, Miss Quinn went to her appointed fate at the hands of Mrs. Boyle. She had considered simply going back to her apartment and barricading the doors, but she was a person who habitually faced her responsibilities and she could not do otherwise at this stage of the game.

To her surprise, Mrs. Boyle was not the coldly irate person she had seemed over the telephone. True she was slightly imperious, perhaps a bit condescending, but gracious notwithstanding.

"Please sit down, Miss Quinn," she said.

Miss Quinn sat down gingerly.

"Miss Quinn, I wanted to speak to you about my son." she paused meaningfully. "I was quite surprised to see that he has been attending classes in skirts."

Transmedia

"I--I can explain that, I think," said Miss Quinn anxiously hoping that she could. Perhaps she could save herself even at this late date.

"Please." said Mrs. Boyle holding up her hand for silence. "In a minute. First, let me say a few things."

She rose from her chair and walked over to the window and looked out. "He won't be back for a while--I sent him for a pint of sherbert so that we would have our opportunity for our little talk.

"I had no idea what was happening here. My son is not a good letter-writer. I'm quite active in our city in charitable works and so forth and--well, perhaps I'm not the picture of a doting mother either. Let us say that we had reached an agreement and we were both honoring it. My son insisted on being independent and after much anguish, it was established. Then--just before the holidays, I received a request from my son--for money. He wanted to buy--" she paused for emphasis, "--a formal."

Yes, thought Miss Quinn, I wondered where he got that.

"Well, the cat was out of the bag after that." Mrs. Boyle looked at Miss Quinn speculatively. Miss Quinn maintained a perfect mask.

"Now then. There are several questions I should like to ask. One of these obviously is why in the world you ever requested my son to wear dresses in the first place--wait, wait--I'm not done yet. There's more." Suddenly the voluble Mrs. Boyle seemed at a loss for words.

"I--I suppose that a trained medical person would tell me that I've done something not proper in bringing my son up that way."

"What way?" asked Miss Quinn, her professional curiosity triggered by the medical allusion.

"Why, er--you know, raising him as a girl."

"As a girl???"

"Why, yes. Well, as I was saying, I simply raised him as if he were a girl. He had a private tutor, later went to a private high school--everything went very smoothly. I was happy with a daughter--and he seemed happy, until--until--"

"Until?"

"Well, after so many years, I began one day to see--my daughter was--changing. Suddenly, very subtly so that I was the only one who noticed it--I acquired a son. Oh--he'd known for years that he was a boy, but it never seemed to matter. Now all of a sudden it did."

"Onset of puberty." said Miss Quinn.

"What?"

"Onset of puberty. The boy begins to become a man."

"Oh--well, perhaps--that is--no! Nothing of the sort. I mean, I couldn't really let that happen--not then."

"You wouldn't have any choice." said Miss Quinn.

"And you a medical person." reproached Mrs. Boyle. "Nothing simpler--I just took him to see my physician once a week."

"Oh." said Miss Quinn, remembering a strapless gown. "I see."

Transvestia

"I'm afraid you don't." said Mrs. Boyle.

"Well in God's name, what happened?" snapped Miss Quinn, her patience quite at an end.

"Well it worked and it didn't. Last year, my son insisted that he be allowed to go on and study for a profession. I wanted him to stay at home. Well, he won the arguments. I wasn't happy about it but he quite rightly pointed out that he certainly couldn't marry and have a family, and that that was his only choice. Well, he decided to go into nursing."

"Why?"

"Well, I suppose because he wouldn't make a very good truck-driver." said Mrs. Boyle. "However, it seems that now the whole problem has been solved, thanks to you, dear Miss Quinn. How can I thank you?"

"A-bah, bah," babbled Miss Quinn momentarily. She was saved by the entrance of Boyle. He had changed from his blue uniform. An impartial observer would have noted the attractiveness of the ensemble he wore.

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Boyle. "I wonder if you would run back to the office and see if the manager can give us some dishes so that we may all enjoy some sherbert."

"Of course, mother," said her son, turning neatly on his heels. When the clack of his heels had disappeared, Mrs. Boyle leaned over to whisper in Miss Quinn's ear:

"What I really wanted to know was--how in the world did you ever talk him into wearing dresses again?"

"Oh," said Miss Quinn, settling back in her chair comfortably, "It was easy."



A GET TOGETHER

L. to R. Annette - Idaho Joyce - Ore. Marilyn - Wash.
Gina - Utah Doris - N.Y. Florence - Wash.



L. to R.
Judy (49-E-1) FPE
Fran (49-C-1) FPE
Marie (14-K-2) FPE
Marge (13-H-1) FPE



L. to R.
Barbara Lee (13-0-4) FPE
Marie Kline (14 K-2) FPE
Kay Spencer (22-K-1) FPE

"Power of Fashion"

by Erna (FD-J-1) FPE

Most FPs, I think, find a special joy in following the fashion. It is wonderful to know that the clothes you are wearing at the moment are precisely the same style, cut and color as the clothes worn by the girls on the street, in the office, at a party, in the theatre etc. If we are out and see a girl wearing one or more pieces of feminine clothing that we also have at home, our eagerness to come home and dress up is increased immensely.

Fashion is followed by the GGs and consequently also by us, perhaps with the moderation that we preferably will choose the most feminine things in the fashion and try to avoid the so-called masculine tendencies that now and then turn up in women fashions (masculine slacks, pea-jackets etc. etc.) In this way we may say that FemmeFashion will be the most feminine part of women's fashions. The GGs have long understood the enjoyment of this social phenomenon and find exquisite satisfaction in submitting to the dictate of Her Majesty, The Fashion. At first we perhaps find it strange that Fashion has such a power, but soon we begin to find that fashion is a wonderful thing, and we begin to feel the same feminine satisfaction as our genuine sister in wearing things of the latest fashion. We have then acquired a lovely and delicious feeling that normally only belongs to the GGs. Our feminine horizon has been enlarged. From then on

we will always be in activity looking for feminine things that are just in vogue. In this way, dressing up will never be a dull routine of which we get tired. New variations, new combinations will still be there. Our aesthetic sense is trained by the fashion. The work at finding just the piece of fashionable feminine clothes that contribute to making us more feminine is an art, a really Femme-Art. The feeling of being sisters of the GGs is strengthened when we follow the the fashions together with them.

In regard to cosmetics we find the same thing. The joy at expressing your FemmePersonality is not the same if you use a crimson lipstick when the lips of all the genuine girls are painted in soft pale pink shades. When it is fashion to accentuate the eyes by a more energetic use of cosmetics, the practice becomes a must for us also. When this fashion dies away you will inevitably find that the joy at painting this part of the face has faded. It is wrong, it will be downright improper. A new fashion is born.

The same with hairstyles and hair colors. A new wig can do wonders if it is done and dyed (or bleached) in the color that is now in fashion. Some years ago it was fashionable to bleach the hair in order to become platinum or ash blonde. How wonderful is was to change my wig from dark brown to a splendid platinum blonde. It almost felt like changing personality and it was a thrill to feel that I belonged to the group of girls that had dared the jump from dark to light. With such a transformation new interesting experiments followed in finding the right colors in cosmetics and clothes for the new personality. Later on fashion changed to the almost classical dark henna-dyed hair and again their was a special joy at following the fashion.

Supposedly, the meaning of fashion is to give such thrills and to make more variations in life,

Transmedia

in short make life more rich and interesting. The GGs have understood this more or less consciously and have found fashion being an art they can study and cultivate everyday the year round. As we go in for the feminine side of life also, we find and feel that fashion is an important part in FemmePersonation.

Fashion is not confined to clothes, cosmetics, hairstyles and jewelry. Also conduct and manners are submitted to fashion, - fashion in the widest sense, how to sit, how to walk, how to drink a cup of tea, etc.

The fashion shall be followed also in regard to your age. When we want to express our feminine self we always have to identify ourselves with the women at our age. When we are in the forties we should look like a woman of forty, but it will be natural from an aesthetic point of view that we try to look as well as possible and therefore it is allowed, if practicable, to identify ourselves with the most beautiful of our sisters of the same age. However, if we are a little fat or a little clean-cut then we would do better to take that type of woman as our example and we would, without doubt, find that we are able to express our feminine self best in these special characters.

Again it is fashionable to wear skirts which are full and loose, softly pleated or with gathers, beautiful and graceful attaching importance to the feminine. This is just a FemmFashion. The loose skirt gives dainty feminine movements when walking. Sitting down the skirts fall in lovely pleats and on the right and left the skirt extends beautifully down the side. You get a feeling of being more feminine than ever not only in mind, but also in size.

This year we also see many dresses where chantilly lace has been used for sleeves to the wrist and for the top of the dress down to a little

above the chest. These sweet and charming dresses are wonderfully suitable to help express femininity. Using, if possible, a nicely embroidered belt or a narrow silver or golden belt to emphasize the waist a little (but only a little) and at the same time accentuate the hips you cannot get a dress more enchanting and feminine.

The colors now are soft: pale blue, strawberry ice cream pink, cream yellow, pistachio green and dove gray, all colors that are fine to help our efforts to look as feminine as possible. The light rose pink color is perhaps the most sweet and lovely of all the colors this year. A 2 or 3 piece dress with skirt, jacket and blouse (or top) all in this color or the blouse in a contrasting color is a combination that looks marvellous.

The color of the stockings should be pale and as light as possible. The white or almost white stockings are advancing more and more. At first you perhaps find these frosty white or ivory white stockings odd and queer, but try on a pair and you may soon find how well these white stockings mould your legs into a feminine shape. This fashion is a real plus to a somewhat too slim leg. But do not use them if the legs are sturdy. Black or white lace stockings are still in fashion and in Europe the girls and women (also elderly ladies) wear them quite commonly in the streets as ordinary street-wear stockings often together with long boots in the winter. I do not think this was the intention of the creators of these stockings at first. But fashion is fashion. Naturally we must confess that these stockings are smart and if it is fashion where you live to wear these stockings generally, it will be O.K.

A somewhat different stocking that can be recommended is the modern support stocking which you can get nowadays in fine thin qualities looking just like ordinary nylons. The "Cameo Supports" of

nylon spandex are to be recommended. They are sheer and light, flexible and nice to wear. They help to make both the thin and the thick legs look more smooth and feminine in shape. Therefore it often will be good *FemmePolitic* to wear these stockings.

Almost all the shoes have lost their high stiletto heels, and the ultra pointed form has undergone some modifications. The T- strap has returned and I think many of us welcome this fashion. Shoes with T-straps are so cute on the feet and give our foot a nice feminine look. Shoes with slingbacks are also charming. There are beautifully and elaborately placed straps and thongs and naturally we also have the classic pump in curvy models with different cutouts. Also the toeless shoe is still there, helping to show our beautifully lacquered toenails.

Regarding cosmetics we also find the colors soft and pale. The new make-up colors have a tender, beige appeal, dainty and feminine. Our lips should be painted in light-struck pink shades. The black line under the eye is almost gone. The line over the eye is still there together with the long dark eyelashes, sometimes artificial but now more and more made long and thick by the new mascara rollers with material to lengthen the natural eyelashes. This method quickly and easily creates beautiful eyes, much more natural than the false eyelashes that have to be glued on.

If you have difficulty in removing mascara and dark eyelines, Helena Rubenstein's "Demaquillant Mascaramatic" is to be recommended. It is a liquid that removed any trace of mascara and also the dark lines. It does not sting in the eyes, and the liquid even fortifies the lashes making them grow long and thick.

As I've shown fashion just now has many things that can be used with advantage in our unceasing efforts to make our looks and appearance as feminine as possible.

Erna (Denmark)

Right:
Rita (32-Z-2) FPE



Below:
Rita and Betty



Tina of Penn.



Important Question

by Alice - Va.

Would you like to wear dresses, to comb your long
tresses,
To wear dainty pink lingerie?
To feel 'round your hips pretty panties and slips,
To wear them all day after day?

To hook your brassiere, put a clip on each ear,
To wear necklaces, bracelets, and rings,
To retire at night feeling wonderfully right
Wearing lacy and feminine things?

To feel 'neath your slip your new corselette's grip,
Your panties' soft nylon embrace,
To wear as you choose ladies' stockings and shoes,
And petticoats ruffled with lace?

To wear gorgeous clothes from your hat to your hose,
So fancy, so frilly, so sweet,
To hold your head high to the crowd passing by
As you walk in a dress down the street?

To know how it feels to be walking in heels
As the wind blows your skirts in the breeze,
To tingle inside with a joy you can't hide
As you modestly cover your knees?

To girlishly smile as you know all the while
That the fellows all whistle and stare,
To capture the bliss of them calling you "miss",
As you answer as much as you dare?

You'd love it, I know, if you let yourself go,
It's a marvelous thrill, you'd confess.
For there's nothing so fine as the feeling that's
mine
When I play like a girl in a dress.



TRUE
STORY

Diana's Travelogue

by Diana (32-H-4) FPE

Last March, I took a trip that I had dreamed of but never thought would be possible. I went to Mexico for twenty days and spent most of the time as a woman. If I live to be 350 years old, I'll not forget the wonderful feeling of such complete freedom and perfect contentment.

For the sake of continuity, I had better give at least a sketchy account of what transpired to make this trip possible in the first place.

My wife and I own a gift shop. Once a year we go to Mexico and buy merchandise and take a vacation. Well, this year, we decided to keep the business opened and I would go down for a short time and do the buying. I have a very good friend, who works for me part time. He expressed the desire to go along with me. I liked the idea but also knew that he would have to be told about Diana before we started out. We've known each other for about six years and have been very friendly. His wife, Jean, knows and likes Diana. She decided that she would break the story of Diana to John, (not true names) which she did. John accepted it wonderfully and I told him as much about me as I could. Well, on almost the last day, Jean arranged to have her sister take care of her children so she could go along with us.

You can imagine the state I was in, about a week before the trip! I longed to get started but was quite fearfull at the same time. I have gone out in public for four or five hours at a time but never for so long a period. Could I pass? Would the strain be so great that it would destroy the thrill of being

Transvestia

a woman? How would my wigs look? I have two fairly good ones, but they are still wigs. One fortunate thing was that Jean enjoyed taking care of my wigs and that certainly would be a great help. I might mention at this point that I have a truck with a small camper on the back and a thirty foot trailer, so this would help make the trip more enjoyable, in fact, it's a perfect way for a girl to travel. A thirty foot trailer is rather large, so you can imagine how much of my wardrobe I took along!

We had to work like crazy to get everything packed and the trailer ready to leave. We planned to leave early Saturday morning, about 6 A.M. because I knew that my children would still be in bed and also, I would be able to drive through our local town before many people were about.

I got up about 5 A.M. and put on my traveling outfit. I wore my new, green knit suit, black heels, and my brunette wig. Also, I wore my white trench coat, black leather gloves, and a white kerchief. I kissed my wife good-bye and she smiled at me and said to have a good time, not to worry and to be a good girl. I went out to the truck to wait for John and Jean. We finally got away about 7 A.M. John had never driven the truck with the trailer on it so naturally I had to start driving and show him how to handle the rig. This meant going through town, in daylight and believe me, you can't miss seeing my truck and the thirty foot trailer. I said, if anyone looked at me, I'd smile and just wave back. I wasn't about to change my attire! Luck was with us and no one that I knew, saw me. The first hundred miles was rather poor, with a lot of wind and many patches of ice. I really didn't mind though, I felt so wonderful. No one to bother me, two understanding friends with me, and not worrying lest the children might come busting into the room when I least expected them. I knew how very much I was going to enjoy this wonderful trip.

I might mention that John had never seen me

Transvestia

dressed before and it did give the poor guy quite a shock. He really didn't know how to treat me or what to call me. Jean lead the way and explained that John should get in the habit of calling me Diana, even when we were alone. Otherwise, he would forget at some particular moment and cause us all embarassment. The ice was broken and he really tried to keep the gender straight but did manage to call me the wrong name at the wrong time on a few occasions. By noon he had gotten used to seeing me in a dress and started to enjoy himself. I knew that if I acted properly John would get used to me as I appeared. My deportment was that of a woman, at all times. Not once did John see anything that would shatter in any way his ideas of a lady and how she should act. Even though we were all living in such close quarters, I never once let him see me without a house dress or robe.

Eventually we had to stop for gas and I was a bit nervous. Jean looked at me and said, "You look wonderfull, don't worry one bit." John also told me not to worry. So we pulled in for gas and before the attendant could get to the truck, John got out and told him to fill the tank. I was thankfull in a way but knew that I would have to really mix with people or I never would have any confidence.

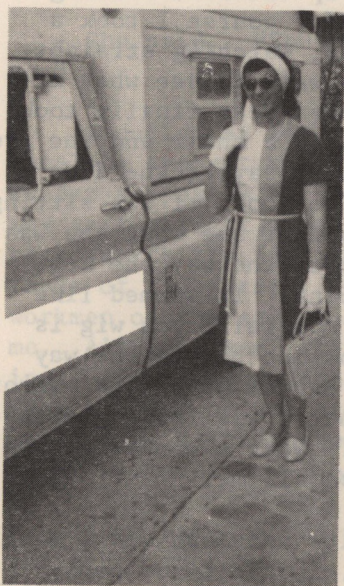
I drove for about ten hours and finally concluded that John had better start doing a little learning himself. I relinquished the wheel to him and prayed that he could handle it. He did very well and pretty soon I relaxed enough to enjoy riding. I have pulled a trailer about 130,000 miles and this was the first time I wasn't behind the wheel. It seemed very strange. After about three hours, I took over again and told John to get in the back and get some sleep. We drove non-stop to San Antonio, so usually one of us was on the cot, in the camper. By now, I was looking forward to gas stops. My voice is not real deep to begin with, so it doesn't pose too much of a problem. I try and speak clearly,

Transvestia

don't bite off words, and speak moderately at all times. I used my higher pitched tone at all times, even when we were alone in the truck. In fact, after awhile, it became difficult to drop my voice. After about the fifth gas stop, I had enough confidence to get out of the truck and use the ladies rest room.

After another stretch of driving, I woke John and I went in the back for a rest. I was quite tired but yet, I couldn't fall asleep. I just laid there thinking what a wonderful time I was having. When I went in the back, I took off my wig and my suit. Jean took the wig up front and touched it up. This was the only thing I didn't feel at ease about, my wig. It really looked quite nice but I was in a constant dither about it slipping or something as horrible. I felt strange when I had to take it off when I laid down, or changed a dress.

Sunday was rather uneventful, though we did stop at a rest area about 150 miles west of St. Louis. We had a leisurely meal, changed our clothing took some pictures and headed for San Antonio. The wind really made driving difficult. When we were about 150 miles from San Antonio, we thought something was wrong with the trailer. The wind was still rather stiff but we were being buffeted around a great deal more than was warranted. I was happy that we planned taking a days rest at San Antonio. John did fine pulling the trailer but couldn't possibly back it into any tight places, so naturally I had to do it. The people at the park were quite surprised when they saw a woman backing a large trailer into the parking space. John felt a little foolish but took it good naturedly. While Jean and I got the trailer in order, John crawled underneath to see why we had been swaying so much. He discovered that the front spring, on both sides was being held on the axel by just the main leaf! No wonder we were swaying. We borrowed the telephone book, and found a place to fix it next morning. We cleaned



Diana - The Girl, The Garb and The Gear

Transvestia

up the trailer, went shopping, and did little else the rest of that day.

That night, Jean kept mumbling to herself and looking at my head, as she worked on my wig. Finally she said, "Diana, you don't have to wear a wig. I'm sure with a little styling, your hair will be very pretty." Well, I had my doubts but she knows much more about such matters than I. She got out her curlers and proceeded to put them in my hair. This was my first experience with them and I must admit that my sleep wasn't the best I've ever had. I still enjoyed the experience though. I have very curly hair and I never thought that I would ever use curlers, Jean explained that sometimes you have to take out some of the curl so hair will be manageable. I, by the way, have very long hair, in fact, it's longer than the Beattles! I keep it under heavy sedation, so I can pass for a male when it's necessary. Well anyways, I got up the next morning and got into clean lingerie, (of course I took a bath) a blue blouse and a blue, matching straight, cotton skirt. I could hardly wait to see what my hair was going to look like when Jean finally took the curlers out of it. I sat in a chair and she proceeded to remove them. She kept saying she didn't really know how it was going to look. I was sitting in such a position that I couldn't see what she was doing. I wasn't too happy about the way she kept telling me how things were going. It seemed like three hours before she said, "Oh well, your wig is styled, you can wear it if you don't like the way your hair turned out." Jean handed me a hand mirror and I could hardly believe that I was looking at myself. My hair was beautiful! What a wonderful feeling, no more wig worry, it was all me.

John hooked up the trailer and Jean and I made sure everything was in order, I wasn't too happy about driving the truck and trailer to the repair shop but I wasn't about to change my clothes and ruin my new found feminine hair. I know San Antonio rather

well so we didn't have any trouble finding the street where the repair shop was located. What a shock! I went to turn off the main street on to the side street and there was a road block. The street department was installing new sewers and we would have to pick a spring repair shop in the middle of all that confusion. John got out and went to the garage and a few minutes later, came back with the manager. After looking over the trailer a few minutes, they came forward to the cab and said that the trailer would have to be backed into the garage because the main entrance was blocked. The manager assumed that John was going to back it in. Jean said maybe it would be better if I backed it in and let John guide me. The street was very narrow, part of it was ripped up, piles of dirt heavy equipment and workmen all over.

I looked at Jean and said, "Well, should I back it in the first time, or struggle a little?"

She said, "Show them what a woman driver can do."

I pulled as far forward as I could, cut the wheel to the extreme left, went up a shallow drive as far as possible, stopped, swung the wheel all the way to the right, put it in reverse and proceeded to back our thirty foot trailer right smack in the entrance of the garage. While I was doing this, all workmen on the street and in the shop were watching me. All together, there were about thirty men watching. After I had stopped, Jean looked at me and said "Not bad for a dumb broad." Needless to say, my knees were quite rubbery but I figured that the worst was over. Oh, how wrong I was!

John came to the window and said, "I can't get the hitch to come off the trailer, what do I do now?"

Nothing else to do but get out and see what I could do. When I reached the back of the truck, I

Transvestia

knew immediately what the trouble was but I couldn't very well take care of it myself. There were four men standing, looking at the hitch, (why do men always stand and stare at something?) The hitch is an equalizer type and it has large springs over huge bolts. To take weight off the back end of a vehicle, you put increased tension on the springs by tightening the nuts on the bolts. The garage floor was quite a bit higher than the street. John hadn't left off enough tension and so the tongue wouldn't come out of the groove. We couldn't stand there and stare at the hitch all day, so I "suggested" that maybe if the nuts were loosened more, the trailer would part from the truck. The men all looked at me as if to say, "For pete's sake lady, go back to your knitting." John did as I suggested and sure enough, the trailer came off. That was enough for the side walk crew, away they went. I know that I must have been the topic of many dinner conversations that night. I gave John quick instructions about the springs and I went back to the truck. We couldn't leave the truck where it was because it was blocking a great deal of the street. I told Jean to help John explain about the springs and I would move the truck out of the way, which she did and I did. I managed to park out of the way enough for traffic to get by.

As I stopped the truck, I took a deep breath and was reliving the past few minutes. I had parked very close to the main street, just behind the road block. A big, loaded dump truck pulled up to the signal and stopped for the red light. The driver got out and looked at his load, seemed to be satisfied in what he saw, then instead of getting back into his truck, came walking, slowly towards me! I thought, oh, oh, here's where the trip ends for Diana.

He came over to my side of the truck, leaned down on the window opening and, with a very heavy Mexican accent, said, "Lady, where did you ever learn to handle a trailer like that? Are you a professional

truck driver?"

I told him no, but we went to Mexico every winter and I just loved to drive.

He said, "Lady, I never seen anyone do a better job, you're really something." Smiling through the whole conversation, looking him in the eye, and speaking up, really gave me a great deal of confidence. With his last remark, I thanked him and my admirer went back to his truck, shaking his head. When I told my adventure to Jean and John, they got a big kick out of it.

By now, it was 10:30 in the morning. John said that the trailer wouldn't be ready until 3 P.M. We decided to do some last minute shopping, eat, then have a look at San Antonio. I knew of a beautiful Mall that would be nice to see, so off we went. When we reached it, Jean took some pictures of John and I together, then we went inside. It really is a beautiful place and we enjoyed roaming through it, and doing some shopping. I really entered into the shopping spree, talking, examining and asking questions. What a thrill! We needed a new tarpolin for the truck and couldn't find one at the Mall. We decided to drive around and look for a Montgomery Wards or Sears. Not very far from the Mall, we found a huge Plaza. Right at the end of it, was a Montgomery Wards,

We were just getting out of the truck when Jean said for John and me to go without her. She thought I would get a thrill out of going with John. Well, I thought anything else that happened would be an anti climax. John walked on the outside of the walk, held the door open for me and we went into the store, past all the pretty lingerie, (I didn't have to keep my head straight ahead and twist my eyes until they hurt) through the lovely dresses, another pleasant experience. We took the esculater to the basement and wandered around until we found the tarpolins.

Transvestia

John had to go to the check out counter to pay for it and have it wrapped. I told him that I would go to the hardware department and try and find the right size hooks that we needed for the truck. I told him to meet me there and he agreed. I found the hooks in a matter of seconds and looked about for John. He wasn't anywhere to be seen. I went up one aisle, down the next, no luck. The salesman, who sold us the tarpolin, came up to me and said, "Are you looking for your husband." I told him I was and he informed me that he went to the back of the store to get a catalogue. I thanked him and started towards the escalator. As I was half way up to the street floor, I saw him. I called out and told him to meet me on the street floor. When I first discovered that John wasn't around me, I thought maybe he didn't want to be seen with me, but actually, he was so used to me as a woman, he hadn't given a thought that I might be uneasy alone.

By this time we thought the trailer should be about ready so we drove slowly to the garage. Of course it wasn't ready and wouldn't be for at least another two hours. Jean and I went into the trailer and discussed the trip in general and the past few hours in particular. We wrote a few post cards and cleaned a few dirty corners. Jean spent a little more time on my hair and freshened up a bit. I really was enjoying my role of a woman. John stayed with the workman and tried to speed things up a bit. Finally, about 6 PM., they finished putting the last spring on and John hooked the trailer up to the truck. I pulled the rig out of the way and waited until the bill was paid. John isn't one to hurry, so I walked towards the main street in order to mail our cards. After waiting for the signal to change, I walked across the street and was reaching for the mail slot, when a man opened it for me. I thanked him and got a leer back that made me feel very uncomfortable. I've had men take an interest in my looks before but never had any look at me with such undisguised lust. I was quite thankful for the day-

light, busy street and John heading towards me. I had the green light with me. Hurrying across the street, I took John's arm and we walked to the truck. Jean gave me a knowing smile and said, "Just one of the tribulations of being a pretty woman."

We decided to drive to Eagle Pass, stay at a trailer park that I knew would be open late at night and get our Mexican insurance in the morning. Then we could cross into Mexico. The distance from San Antonio to Eagle Pass is about 150 miles and the roads are just beautiful. We had no reason to hurry and really enjoyed the beautiful night drive. We arrived at Eagle Pass about 11 P.M., found the park, unhooked, and went to bed. The next morning, we got up and dressed. I was still in feminine clothing and planned on changing after we pulled out from the park but before we crossed into Mexico. I drove to the insurance office and told my friends what to buy and if anything had to be signed by me, to bring it out to the truck. About five minutes later they came out with the policy.

Various other matters took up the rest of the day so that about 5 P.M. we decided to eat supper and then cross into Mexico that night. I didn't relish the crossing because I would have to change into male clothing again. After five days in skirts, this was a revolting thought. Jean said that I could wear my golf hat after she pinned my hair up, wear my jacket over my blouse and just replace slacks for my skirt. Of course I had to take off my earrings and makeup but I still was in complete woman's attire (feminine slacks). I always wear woman's loafers. So we crossed the bridge, got our tourist permits and were on our way within an hour. No trouble at all. I wanted to put my skirt right back on but I knew that we would have to stop for a check point, fourteen miles from the border. After leaving the check point, I stopped, got out of the truck, took off my slacks, put on my skirt, took off my golf hat, got back in and we were on our way. Jean combed

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out my hair and I applied a small amount of makeup. I didn't put my earrings back on because 50 miles farther on, there is another check point. When we approached the flashing lights, signifying another inspection station, I put my jacket over my legs, tucked my hair under my golf hat and pulled to a stop. It only takes a few moments and they really don't look at you very closely, and of course it was still night. Before we were 100 yards past the place I had pulled off my hat, taken the jacket off my legs and was applying lipstick and putting my earrings back on. That felt much better.

The following afternoon, late, we were just entering the toll road that starts about 100 miles north of Mexico City. I went into the back and covered myself with a blanket. We would have to stop once more for the final inspection before entering Mexico City. If they asked to see me, I told John to tell them that I was sleeping in the back. I was a little nervous but when we stopped, Jean gave the inspector a pack of cigarettes and he waved us through.

About 100 miles south of Mexico City, the road drops in altitude. From about 8500 ft. to sea level. You really know that you're in the tropics. We stopped for gas and decided to change into lighter clothing. I wasn't about to give up the privilege of wearing a skirt, so I put on a very full cotton skirt, sleeveless blouse and a pair of white and clear plastic, toeless and heeless pumps. Jean said I never looked nicer. She put on shorts (silly girl) and then we stepped out of the trailer, into the gorgeous, warm night. There were about five Mexican men standing close by. They took a long look and then whistled, oh so latin. I smiled, gave a little curtsy, and slid into the truck. The road from Mexico City to Acapulco is good but very mountainous with many hair-pin curves, so I drove the rest of the way. Just before entering Acapulco, one must climb a very steep mountain. It's about two miles of turning and twisting road. As you reach the summit, the whole town of



Diana
DIANA
and her
Travel
Companions



Transvestia

Acapulco, the lovely bay and the limpid blue Pacific, comes into view, all at the same time. If I see this view a hundred times more, I'll never tire of it, nor get over the large, large lump in my throat.

Within five minutes, we were backing the trailer into a space and hooking up the water, etc. The park holds about eighty trailers and there were five spaces in use. Now that's privacy for you. After getting everything in order, we went to bed. I wanted to be up and out buying by 9:30 in the morning and it was 6 A.M. now. That would mean some very fast sleeping. I dreaded getting up because I would have to forgo wearing a skirt etc. for the next few days. I have quite a few Mexican friends and business acquaintances in Acapulco. My golf hat was again put to use. Of course, I could wear shorts the whole time, that helped a lot. I was terribly busy for the rest of the day, buying, buying and buying. By the time we got back to the trailer, we were all ready for bed, but naturally we didn't. Our time was all too short to spend it sleeping. I like Acapulco so much that I'd stay up twenty-four hours a day, if I could. About ten o'clock that night, I put on one of Jean's skirts and a sleeveless blouse, gold sandals and some makeup. We walked across the street from the trailer park and walked along the beautiful beach. Walking in the shallow water, holding up my skirt when a wave came in was marvelous. We walked at least four miles. Strange, but we all slept soundly that night.

The next morning was Sunday, most of the shops were closed, consequently, I didn't do any shopping. When we came back from church, Jean and John went to the market for the purpose of buying some fresh vegetables. I decided to stay at the trailer and write a few cards and letters. I was sitting on a lawn chair writing to my wife about the trip and all the items I had purchased, when all of a sudden, I started to cry. I cried and cried. This was the first time I really had been by myself and hadn't realized what a wonderful, exciting time this was in my life. Never

before had I had the opportunity to be myself completely. To be accepted by two wonderful people, not having to worry about the children, or anyone else for that matter, actually overwhelmed me. By the time my friends came back, I really was a mess. Naturally, they were quite concerned and thought something had happened. I managed to explain the tears, between tears. This went on for most of the day. It really made me feel a little foolish after awhile. I would be talking quite normally and all of a sudden, tears would be streaming down my cheeks. Well, one good thing, I didn't have any makeup on to ruin.

When I got up the next morning, I was back to normal and we finished all the buying by that evening. One cute thing happened in the evening. We were spending quite a bit of time at a small silver shop that was located right on the curb. I told John to set the speaker, working off the tape recorder on the roof of the truck. We really gave the Mexicans a taste of "Gringo" music. They were laughing and dancing all over the place. We had a good meal and Jean suggested that I try on a few different outfits and take pictures. I didn't mention it but I got the worst sunburn of my life, when I had my crying spell. I had been out in the sun for about two hours and I really thought I was going to have to go to the doctor. My ankles actually bled. Putting on a pretty dress relieved all the pain though.

We had planned on leaving Acapulco that evening but at the last minute, some merchandise, that I had paid for, couldn't be delivered until the next day. I had told all my friends that we would be leaving that night, now we would have a free day and Diana would make good use of it, I thought. In the morning, Jean took out the curlers and I put on a beautiful black and white, stripped skirt, a white, nobby, sleeveless blouse and flats. John washed the truck, and Jean and I did the wash and little odd jobs.

After dinner I suddenly began to feel sick and

Transmedia

went and lay down. I was quite worried because we didn't have time for anyone to get sick on this trip. I was determined to leave just as soon as the merchandise arrived. Around 7 P.M., John came to me and said that Ronaldo was outside with the jewelry. I felt horrible and didn't think I could go out and meet him. I didn't want him to come in because my hair was in curlers again. Well, Jean came up with a brilliant idea. Let Ronaldo come in to see me and I could put on my golf hat. I burst out laughing so hard, that I thought I was going to choke. Can you imagine seeing someone sick in bed laying there with a golf hat on. This fit of laughing sort of broke up my sick feeling and I felt well enough to get up and go out to meet my friend. He gave me the jewelry I had been waiting for and a beautiful cross made of silver with four Alexanderite stones set in it. I was very touched by this nice gesture. He stayed for about an hour, and then we took him to his home, said goodbye and rushed back to hook up the trailer and be on our way. John did all the heavy work and I checked to make sure everything was in proper condition. I still felt weak but much improved. Jean got everything put away inside the trailer and then combed my hair for me. I put on a light gold, cotton skirt and a dark gold blouse. We had paid our bill earlier in the day, but John hadn't asked for a receipt. I knew we would have a little trouble at the gate, especially at that time of the night (1 A.M.). We did! I'm the only one of the three that speaks Spanish and I explained to the guard what had happened. He went inside to see if we had paid. He came back a few minutes later and said that yes, we had paid, but we had to have a receipt to give to him. Well, this was a little too much. I got rather angry and told him to drop dead plus a few other things, all this mind you in a feminine voice. Finally, he stepped back from the truck and let us pass.

Oh, how I hate to leave Acapulco. When we reached the summit, I stopped the truck and we sat, looking at the beautiful view for the last time,

hoping we would all return soon. None of us said a word for at least five minutes, just drinking in the view. Finally, I had to break the mood and start the painful journey north. It takes about eight hours between Acapulco and Mexico City. We stopped 15 miles south of our goal and I again changed into masculine attire but not before Jean took some more pictures of me. There's only one trailer park in Mexico City and I have been going to it for twelve years, making it necessary to appear in masculine clothing. Besides, all the buying would have to be done in the same way (darn it). Half an hour after arriving at the park, we were headed downtown to transact our business. I really staggered into bed when we got back, though I did manage to slip into my nightie. Before I could close my eyes, someone knocked on the door. I had a robe handy, put it on and went to the door. Some friends had dropped by to say hello. Two hours later, I managed to get to bed for the night. Up before 9 A.M. the next morning and downtown again. We finished all the buying and got back to the trailer by three in the afternoon. We packed everything away, ate, and left the park by 10 P.M.

I drove through Mexico City and when we reached the toll road, I let John continue the driving. Jean came in the back with me and put my hair up in curlers. I slept for a whole three hours, got up, put on a plaid, wool skirt, white blouse, makeup and earrings. I told John to come in the back at the next gas stop and I would drive the rest of the way to Monterrey. Jean took the curlers out of my hair and combed out the curls and I was set for the long drive. The road is especially nice between San Luis Potosi and Satellite. This is my favorite stretch of road on the whole trip. In no time at all, we were on the outskirts of Monterrey. I pulled off the road and said I had better go back to the trailer and get my golf hat and change. Jean asked me why and I told her I didn't think that I could get by, as a woman, in Monterrey. I really didn't want to change and



All Aboard



Coke Anyone?

More of
Diana



Domestic

all I needed was a little encouragement. The main reason for planning the change was that I've stayed at the only park in Monterrey for twelve years and it's quite small. I didn't think I could fool the woman who owns the place. Then I began to think back to the previous years and realized that she never had really had a good look at me. My son usually goes to the office to register, and to pay, just before we leave. Another problem was, I couldn't pull into such a small park as a woman then go back and forth as a man. I knew that we would be arriving about 10 A.M. and most of the trailerites would be up and visiting their neighbors. Jean said, "Why change." I said I would have to do quite a bit of buying and didn't know if anyone would recognize me. After Jean twisted my arm a bit, I agreed to stay in a dress. I must admit that I was rather nervous. I would be close to many people for the longest period of time on the whole trip. Maybe that's why I was willing to take the chance, it certainly was a challenge.

I pulled into the park, drove past the motel and stopped the truck to try and see which space would be the easiest to back into. It really wasn't a hard decision because there was only one spot open! In all the years that I had stayed at this place, there never had been more than six trailers at any one time. Now there were eleven. I'm sure that every person who was staying at the park was outside, standing around, talking. When someone new pulls into a park, everyone has to watch and see how you handle the rig, what you look like, how good your equipment is, etc. This park, at it's best, is a hard place to park a trailer. It's quite small, without much room for maneuvering. When you start squeezing a thirty foot trailer into a spot designed for an eighteen footer, you better be pretty sure of yourself. I don't think it's necessary to mention that when only one space is left in a place that it's not the best or easiest parking. It wasn't. As I was guiding the trailer back, four women were stand-

Transmedia

ing there having a wonderful time watching my efforts. One said, "Gosh, a woman is handling that big thing." A few men joined the ladies and were taken over the coals for not being able to do as well as, "that woman." One man did come to the cab and offer to back it in for me. Before I could say a word, John spoke up and said, "She really doesn't need any help, she's much better than anyone I've ever seen." After watching me place the trailer on the first try, the man agreed with him and kiddingly asked me to put his in the next time.

Within a half hour, we were on our way downtown to do more buying. I have made many purchases at the various places we went to on previous trips but never too much from any particular shop. I didn't think anyone would recognize me from those previous trips. If any of you girls have ever been to Mexico, you realize that not accepting the first asking price is part of the game. This of course involves a great deal of smiling, talking and kidding around. Most of the clerks who waited on us were women and they were from 8 to 80 years of age. We went to at least twenty shops and didn't have a moment's trouble. In one place we were purchasing some items from a girl about twenty years old. While she was waiting on us, the owner of the shop came in. When he saw the quantity we were purchasing, he naturally was interested in us. After the buying was completed, he looked at me and asked if I had ever been at his shop before. (I had been there eight previous times) I looked him right square in the eye and said no but my brother had been to Monterrey many times and he probably had. He said I did look familiar. (Wait until I go back this year!) Jean and I went to pick up some of the packages but the owner said no, that wasn't necessary, he would have some of his boys take them to our truck for us. Of course, poor John got loaded up and led the way. Jean and I did carry the two, cute onyx elephants that were given to us.

This shopping spree consumed almost seven hours

Transvestia

and we were rather beat when we finally managed to get back to the trailer. We were actually too keyed up from the days activity to go to bed so we took a long walk instead. We finished all the business the following day and got back to the trailer, packed, ate and paid the bill. John was hooking up the trailer and getting advice from the next door neighbor. He asked John how long our trailer was and was informed that it was twenty-six feet. The fellow looked at John, then at our trailer, then turned around and studied his. He said, "I don't think so, mine's twenty-six feet and yours sticks out at least four feet farther than mine." John mumbled something that I couldn't make out nor could the other person. It was funny and I really had a hard time controlling my laughter. I turned slowly and stepped into the trailer before good old John threw the ball to me. I got into the truck and began edging it out and another gentleman came up to me with advice as to how I should get out of the tight spot. I thanked him and tried to control myself. I don't like anyone around giving me advice about handling a trailer unless I ask for it. When I had cleared all obstacles, he came over and told me what a fine job I did.

I drove the 170 miles to the border and we were enjoying the relaxing drive very much. When we were about five miles from the border, we stopped and enjoyed a very nice cold supper under the beautiful night sky. I reluctantly changed into masculine attire, which included my faithful golf hat. At the customs house, we paid our duties and were once again on our way. Off came the golf cap, on went the makup skirt, etc. I drove another 150 miles to a border town and pulled into a park that I had stayed at many times before. It was past three in the morning and I knew no one would be around. The next three days were rather dull. I had to stay in masculine attire because we were going back and forth across the border and I wasn't going to take any chances. When we would be finished for the day, I would change back into my feminine clothing.

Transvestia

We finally started home on the third night. I had my hair fixed again, put on my plaid skirt, white blouse, and flats and drove for about five hours and then let John do some of the driving. I sat up front with him because I wasn't sleepy.

Before I go any farther, I would like to mention how John's attitude had been changing on this trip. At first, it had been quite difficult for him to think of me as a woman, but now, he was opening doors for me, not expecting nor wanting me to do any manual labor. In fact, he was giving me the same masculine superior attitude that's reserved for women. I loved it! If any of you girls have experienced it, you know how wonderful I felt. Jean of course, treated me as a woman, and actually had difficulty calling me by my male name when occasionally I had to appear that way.

John drove until 5 A.M. and again I took over. About 11 A.M. the right rear tire blew on the trailer. Jean and I were very helpful, we got out a rug for John to lay on while changing the tire. The next evening, we decided to stop at some nice restaurant instead of cooking our meal. I pulled into a large parking lot and Jean and I went into the trailer to clean up. The man of the household kept trying to hurry us along. He'd say, "Come on, will you girls please hurry." I thought we really were quite speedy, it only took us half an hour to get ready. John held the door of the restaurant opened for us and we entered a nice dining room. Actually, it was now past the regular supper hour and only a few tables were occupied. There must have been some business meeting there because everybody at the tables were men. Of course, we were shown our table and had to pass the appraising eyes of all. What would their wives say if they knew how Jean and I were looked at! We had a very pleasant meal and reluctantly had to resume our journey. John went to bed and Jean and myself were in the truck discussing the wonderful trip. I mentioned that it would be nice to stop and see

Maryann, (cover girl #38) and she agreed. The next morning, we stopped and called Maryann. We told her what time we would probably be able to see her and she agreed. We've met Maryann before and it wasn't any problem to plan on meeting her in the same place as a previous meeting. Of course we got lost and managed to be about three hours later than we had planned. I got to the place, Jean called Maryann and she arrived, with her wife, about five minutes later. We had a wonderful time telling them about the trip and showing our pictures and some of the lovely things that we had bought. It was with a great deal of sadness, when we finally left. We promised to see each other in the near future, said goodbye and started the last leg of the trip.

I pulled into our driveway at 5 A.M. ending something that probably can never happen to me again. I thank God that it happened at least once. My life has taken on a great deal of meaning since this happened and I can face each day with the knowledge that I'm capable of going out, when I please (which I have) without fear. John wants to take Diana out and play golf. I would love that.

Yes girls, life can indeed be sweet and wonderful. Luck to you all.

Diana

Any man who says he can see
through women is missing a lot.

Groucho Marx

"No," said the little girl's mother, "I don't want you to hit back at your little brother. Remember, you're a lady. *Outtalk him!*"

A San Diego mother, substituting for her son on his paper route, overheard one customer remark to another: "That's the first time I've ever seen a pregnant paper boy!"



It should be of interest to all our readers to know that we have another international affiliate of FPE, namely, Phi Pi Epsilon-Northern Europe. This is a real going group with headquarters in Stockholm Sweden and with members from Denmark, and Norway and soon probably from Finland, Germany and other countries.

The charming lady above is Yvonne who is the president of this group. I'm sure that all members of FPE in the US extend a gracious welcome to this group and encouragement for its growing success.

Book Review

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

THE TRANSSEXUAL PHENOMENON, by Harry Benjamin, M.D.
Julian Press, New York, 1966. 160 pages + 108 P.
Appendices + 6 Biblio + 6 Index + 12 Photos....\$8.50

This is, to quote the jacket writer, the first scientific volume ever published dealing with..... "change of sex". As such, it is of tremendous value to those who are seriously interested in this subject either scientifically or personally. As is NOT evident from the jacket, it is also a careful review of transvestism; the similarities and differences of the two phenomena take up three of the ten chapters. While an isolated phrase here and there reflects Dr. Benjamin's earlier feeling that these were two aspects or stages- of one basic urge, the line between the two is so firmly drawn as to leave no doubt that he now considers TV quite distinct from TS. One could wish that the book had been finished a year later, as much fascinating data has accumulated in that short period; but an author must cut off somewhere, and nothing that has come up since contradicts his conclusions (apparently drawn as of early 1965).

In addition to seeing the above difference stated by the world's greatest expert on TS (over 152 cases), it is a further joy to watch him cut the behaviorists and Neo-Freudians down to size. That the "girl within" is more than a poetical figure of speech - or a psychopathic aberration - has long been evident to those who have one. The research pointing to her existence reported in this book is still going on, and Dr. B's support of the "cerebroneural" viewpoint is being increasingly justified; this will no doubt

Transvestia

distress both the psychoanalysts and the fetishists!

On the other hand, I must take exception to his stand on pages 31-34 that TV has an erotic basis. Too many of us have reported otherwise for their viewpoint to be so completely rejected; to me, the subject is still open. My feeling is that, like war, sex is so overwhelming a force as to divert everything in its path to a special purpose. There is scarcely an object or an idea on earth that has not been used for either military or erotic purposes (or both) at one time or another; if the "girl" is sometimes used for sexual gratification, that scarcely PROVES that she is "rooted" in sex - and especially when she typically appears several years before puberty! The Doctor makes quite a point of the feelings of "arousal" or heightened sensation which we all report when dressed as being sexual - but recent work by D. E. Berlyne (Scientific American,) indicates that these feelings can result from "novel, complex or ambiguous stimuli" as well as from the classical hunger, sexual appetite etc. Of the "conflicting and incongruous" situations he describes, none can compare with the always-new stimulus of a man seeing a girl in the mirror!

The treatment of TV is, on the whole, excellent; one could wish that such an understanding and sympathetic doctor would devote his career to writing a complete book about us. As for the TS sections, I do not feel qualified to express an opinion on this subject (except that reading them should convince any worried TV that she is NOT on a "sleigh-ride to Casablanca". If you need to read a book to make up your mind whether you are TS or not, you are NOT!) Fortunately, a friend and neighbor who has gone the whole TS route has agreed to collaborate with me; her section follows.

Since I am a successfully operated-on TS, I have agreed to review and add my personal comments on the TS portion of Dr. Benjamin's book. First let me de-

fine in my own way, the major difference between TS and TV; "It is evident that the request for a conversion operation is typical only for the transsexual and can actually serve as a definition."

The book is like a textbook on the subject of Transsexualism. Each chapter deals with a specific aspect of the problem. This is a tremendous advance over most other publications which mixed TV, TS, and homosexuality into a common entity on two or three pages of one chapter. For the first time a true picture of what is involved in going through the change is presented, whereas most of the "true" life stories that have been published are eighty percent fiction.

A variety of possible causes for TS are brought forward by the author. These include genetic, endocrine, and psychological explanations. None of which have been proven as THE cause, but all have proven facts to support them. Most of the doctors in this country who are active in the field of sexual anomalies try to ignore all except the psychological causes. They like to call it a character disorder subject to psychotherapy. However, there is not a single reported cure of TS due to psychotherapy, and the wiser doctors admit that it is beyond the means at their disposal. This leaves the genetic and endocrine causes, which the European doctors feel are the real basis of TS. The psychological factors result from the physical factors.

Approximately 40 percent of the cases that Dr. Benjamin studied were sexually underdeveloped, which would seem to point to a constitutional factor in many cases. In fact, the statement is made that conditioning and other psychological phenomena are major factors only when falling on fertile ground: i.e.; an underlying predisposition. One of the more interesting psychological factors mentioned is imprinting. Some researchers feel that a child identifies with the wrong parent at a very early age and has a wrong sex-

Transvestia

ual stimulus imprinted on the mind. If this is true and if it is as strong as imprinting is in birds, it would be impossible to change. At this time this is only a theory, but research is now going on that may change it to fact.

There are two chapters dealing with the treatment of transsexual patients. One covers nonsurgical methods, such as hormones and supportive psychotherapy. The other chapter describes various operative procedures with the various problems and advantages to each method. At present, the Casablanca method seems to be best from all points. Surgery in Casablanca takes only about ninety minutes maximum, while most other operations last four to six hours. Also, there are fewer complications from the Casablanca operation.

The chapter on legal aspects is quite vague on what the legal conditions are in this country. About all that is said is that some states will change records on application while others require a court order. The advice given on what to do if you are arrested while dressed applies equally well to TVs.

The book points out that while surgery is the only sure method of handling TS, and that almost every operated TS is a better adjusted individual in society, the operation is not to be lightly undertaken. A great deal of mature thought and planning is involved to make the venture successful. You must be able to live and work as a woman before the operation. The operation will not give you this ability. The most important thing to remember is that after surgery there is no turning back. You must be right; there is no second chance.

While the book is not the final word on transsexualism, it is the most advanced work published at this time.

I hope my readers will not object to my also entering a few words on this subject as it is one of very great importance to many TVs.

First I would like to call to the attention of those who answered my original questionnaire, that your assistance in that work found its way into Dr. Benjamin's book. Most unfortunately, due to a misunderstanding on Dr. Benjamin's part as to their source, the statistics were credited to Buckner, the graduate student at UC who did the tabulating and computing of the results. But the statistics are important never the less.

But the most important comment I wish to make is that there are a great number of TVs who think of themselves as being TSs and toy with the idea of surgery. Gail, in her comments just prior to this, provides just the starting point for this discussion when she says in her opening paragraph that the request for surgery can serve as a definition of a TS. I would like to take vigorous exception to this statement. Several years ago I would have gone along with it and probably made the same statement myself. However, by this time it is very evident to me that this is not valid. I have talked to and written to a number of TVs who talk surgery and want to find some way to have it done, who? where? how much? etc. But on further talking with them and looking into their past histories and present status etc. it becomes evident that they are not true TSs but only TVs who have not realized yet that TS and TV are divergent paths just as TV and Homosexuality are and that the motivations are quite different. Once a TV learns to integrate and accept his TVism into his masculine life in some way, the benefits of having both are much more apparent to him than trading one all out situation for another. In short an integrated adjusted TV can, with a little luck and planning have some degree of the best of both worlds. The operatee, however, is still limited to only one world, but a new one in which to a considerable degree "she" must always remain an alien.

Transmedia

This is a difficult position under the best of circumstances but a terrible one for the misguided TV who thinking that sex change surgery is the be-all and end-all of life succeeds in achieving it. When circumstances force the bitter truth of his error back on him it is a shattering condition. And don't think it hasn't happened. So a request for surgery does not necessarily mean the individual is a TS.

I would like to mention one criterion for seriously questioning the validity of the transsexual claims made by a person. If a male has married and even more if he has been a father, it is evident that built into his brain somewhere was the usual instinctive attraction toward the female and moreover all of the pathways, physical, physiological and emotional that enabled him to carry out intercourse and make a female pregnant were in working condition. While I do not doubt for a minute that there are true TSs and that they deserve surgery and every consideration, I am strongly of the belief that these persons do not in general have the usual male interests, attractions and abilities in full complement and in good working order. This is not to say that males who have been fathers have not achieved surgery and some degree of adjustment as women. Heck, Virginia has achieved considerable adjustment as a woman without surgery so that doesn't prove much to me. But I think any male who has been a father is much less likely to be a TS than one who has not. After all, lets face it, by definition if you are able to carry out all the normal male activities which implies psychological as well as physical you are a functionally normal male. How then could you be the "woman trapped in a male body," always referred to. Were this the case you would have reacted as a woman not as a man and been unable to impregnate another female. I have carried this discussion out with several TVs who were contemplating surgery and so far they have agreed that I was probably right and are adjusting to a TV life rather than a TS one. Think it over, it's vital to those of you thinking surgery.

Virginia



FPE AROUND THE WORLD

Copenhagen
 June, 1966
 Gisele (13-J-2) FPE
 Erna (FD-J-1) FPE
 and 3 Scandinavian
 girls



New York
 Elaine
 (32-W-3) FPE
 Wilma
 (32-T-6) FPE
 Jody
 (30-J-2) FPE

England

standing
 Cynthia (FE-C-1) FPE
 Tina (FE-M-2) FPE
 Paula (FE-P-1) FPE

sitting
 Gwyneth (FE-J-3) FPE
 Sheila
 Gisele (13-J-1) FPE
 Sylvia (FE-B-3) FPE



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Susanna Says . . .

Hullo Everybody:

After an exciting 1966 it's hard to imagine a 1967 more so...and nevertheless we are hoping for just that...more excitement, more fun and more peace of mind. By the end of 1966 there was some "hatchet burying", socially speaking, between the editor of Turnabout and yours truly. We are still as far apart as ever with regard to the meaning of transvestism and what we should do with it, but it just happened that Siobhan surprised everybody by announcing a wedding: his wedding. His GG is a charming gal and seems to enjoy TV company. Needless to say, my very best wishes went to the couple.

So, thinking of weddings, I began to take stock (from a most realistic viewpoint) of what marriage has done to my TV friends...I drew a list and concentrated on each couple. Here are some of the observations made: No matter how much understanding and tolerance there is on the part of the wife, there is always a little corner in the heart of a TV which he does not dare share with his GG. Whatever arrangements have been made regarding his dressing, these are not quite what the TV really would like. Usually he'd prefer more dressing up sessions, but he has made a compromise and "cheerfully" informs his GG he "doesn't mind a bit" the times when he cannot dress. He is probably lying. This deception element is of course even greater in marriages in which the GG is unaware of her husband's TVism. Such TV's put up a brave front when questioned about happiness and married life. And there's no doubt many of them do en-

Transvestia

joy a good degree of marital bliss. But, the fly in the ointment is always there, marring an otherwise satisfactory relationship. There are many TV's who live in apparent harmony with their mates: She tolerates - he compromises. Still, in most cases of marital harmony, the wife wishes her husband were not a TV. Seldom, if ever, do you find a wife who actually believes TVism to be an asset. She is more likely to think of it as the least objectionable of several possible handicaps such as gambling, drinking, unfaithfulness, etc.. Other wives however - and they have told me so - would rather have a drinking husband, or a gambling husband, or even an occasional episode of unfaithfulness, rather than see him wearing lipstick, high heels and a skirt. Most of the time she will not tell him exactly what she feels because it is important to her to keep him happy, but in reality she is also deceiving him when it comes to sharing with him her real feelings. So we find a case of double deception even in the best of cases. He will express his femininity in her presence, but only up to a point. Notice the difference (subtle difference) in his behaviour when he is dressed at a TV party and the wife is present, and his behaviour when she is not present. In the latter case he is usually more likely to "let go" as far as expressing his femininity. He does not have to maintain that ever present trace of masculinity which he feels he must hold on to in her presence. He is secretly afraid that showing too much femininity will rub her the wrong way.

But let me clarify this a bit before the wives who read this column begin to get all sorts of disturbing ideas. Let us admit that the secret fear of most TV wives is the possibility that there might be just a wee bit of homosexuality in her husband, homosexuality that might, just might, flare up in some unforeseen situation in which he is dressed up. Besides this fear, there's also the one related to the possibility that the TV husband--thirsty for feminine understanding, like all TV's - might run into some

unattached female at a TV gathering and that said female might show a bit more understanding and admiration towards her dressed-up husband than the wife is willing to show. These are not the situations that I have in mind when I say "he's more likely to let go". I refer to that extra bit of feminine mannerisms, spontaneous giggling, gossiping, even a try at "girl-to-girl" dancing in which he would definitely not indulge were the wife present. Let me also bring up the subject of female hormones. Many TV's love to talk about this subject whether they indulge in hormones or not. It is mostly a matter of curiosity, perhaps tantalizing curiosity, just as they are extremely curious to meet and talk to a trans-sexual who's had "the operation". This curiosity--as we well know--does not necessarily mean that the TV husband is contemplating such a step or even wishing for it.

This is the same type of curiosity that impels TV's to keep up with the performances of the Jewel Box Review, or visit the Club 82 or Finocchio's whenever they have a chance. This is particularly true of the lonely TV who has not yet discovered Transvestia and the girls that one meets thru our mag. Add to this curiosity another element of the TV personality: day-dreaming. Oh, how we daydream! We probably daydream in a lifetime more than any other type of human being..and we are very reluctant to share these dreams with non-TV's. We feel that only another TV (who very likely also daydreams) will understand and sympathize. Most TV's that I know (myself included) do not -repeat- do not share these dreams with our spouses.

It is surprising how much of our "true" selves comes to the fore in a TV tete-a-tete with other TV's, when there are no wives present. And this, to me, is one of the weaknesses of TV married life. This inability or reluctance (even in the case of the "A" type wife) to establish a total sharing. Our sharing is always falling just a bit short of the full measure

Transvestia

we like to talk about, but never carry out.

Another bit of deception often found in TV married life relates to envy and jealousy. The husband - constantly surrounded by feminine garments, jewelry, perfume, feminine attitudes, etc....cannot help but experience with varying intensity involuntary flashes of envy or jealousy. Envy towards the GG who can be so feminine without even trying, in contrast with what he knows are (in many cases) pitiful attempts on his part to be that smooth at being feminine. He may be envious of her looks, her body, her hair, her freedom to wear beautiful clothes, her voice, her whole being. And he may also experience a feeling akin to jealousy..."how come she can wear those things, and walk like that, and talk like that, and express her inner emotions the way she does, and I cannot do so except on extremely rare occasions." Both these feelings are usually hidden from the wife. Somehow the TV does not think it would be practical to let his wife be aware of these reactions. And he is probably right in not sharing this with her. SO, we do have here another element of non-togetherness (with rare exceptions) in most TV marriages.

As we see - in the best of cases, a TV marriage contains basic shortcomings. These shortcomings become more serious as the degree of wifely understanding and tolerance lessens all the way down the list to the "F" type wife.

By contrast, the happiest TV's I've known are not married.

Does all of this mean that I am against marriage for TV's? The answer is yes. Of course those who are already married and have a family are forced to make whatever adjustments their situation warrants. But to those who are not married and are contemplating marriage, I would say: don't. The pitfalls are twice as many as those faced by the non-TV. Of course

I am not such an optimist as to think that a single TV is going to take or not to take such an important step as marriage because of what I have written here. Let us say that this is a beautiful waste of time and that my dubious consolation will be my silent "I told you so" to those who a few years from now will write lines such as the following sentence, written by a TV friend from Canada who a few years ago did take the fatal step despite my warnings. And I quote: "an overwhelming burden as it has turned out." She tells me that the wife has had a nervous breakdown (we don't know the causes, although I assume TVism has not exactly helped her nerves) and after six weeks she is still hospitalized. And then our TV friend says: "...and each day - since the opportunity presents itself - I have been able to dress. It is the first time I have been able to dress consistently in five years - since I first met you (thank God)...the relief! My God - you have no idea of the relief! I cannot imagine why anyone would want to dress any other way." So writes a married TV. The exclamation marks are not mine. They appear in the letter.

Notice the adverb "consistently". Isn't this a hidden dream of most TV's? It does not mean once a week, or once a month. Indeed it does not. I do not know precisely what my friend means, but I dare say that under her present circumstances she is dressing at least once a day. And I am willing to bet that she dresses the moment she gets home from work and that the girl-within takes charge of the home until next morning, an hour before our friend is due at the office. Notice also the intensity of her feelings, punctuated by the expression: "My God!" Yes, that is the relief, the incredible, the stupendous relief most TV's experience after a long period of abstinence. I say "most TV's" because I am well aware that there are some whose "girl-within" is a bit anemic, lacks vitality and spends most of her life in a semi-lethargic condition. After she's been out of the closet for a while she's perfectly

Transvestia

willing to collapse inside a suitcase like a rag doll and stay there for weeks and months if necessary without making hardly a sound. But for the TV's whose "girl-within" is a robust lass, an eager and demanding feminine entity, she can be like a volcano that's been blocked in its crater by hardened rock and lava, the pressure builds up with ever increasing force, and if no exit is provided, an explosion inevitably will take place and bury everything in sight. Such expositions have destroyed more than one marriage (wife, children and job included).

More examples? Let's take the case of "D". For a while the wife was going along with the fact that her husband was a TV. This "going along" turned out to be an extremely superficial attitude. The fact is that she hated TVism. But she held this hatred in check and as in the reverse example above, the pressure within her began to build up until the explosion took place. Today the marriage exists only in name. She moved out of their bedroom, and whole days go by without their exchanging even a couple of words. Not even Christmas mellowed her attitude. The marriage hangs together by a thread. The one thing that keeps it together are the children. But even they are quite aware of the hostility that permeates the entire household. Another example? (I've got a lot of them!) Let's take a look a "K". Married for many years. The TV urge - as it usually happens - was growing stronger. Then, menopause, (in the wife, I mean), and nerves shot. What irks her the most? You guessed it! His TVism! The situation becomes so unbearable that he has recently left the home...and is living alone. One more marriage down the drain. And the more examples like these I see, the stronger becomes my conviction that marriage is not for the TV's. For those already married - it is not only advisable, but imperative, to either bring the wife closer into his TV world or to multiply his precautions (if she is not aware of his TVism). The situation in itself is a dangerous one and calls for practical, positive thinking and

acting.

Once more I call for comments. How come so many of you gals are able to spend hours in endless analysis of TVism when we get together, but when it comes to jotting down on paper your thoughts you always seem to have run out of paper or of stamps? - hmmm (I'll add my call to that too...- Virginia)

And now a bit of gossip: The case of the overconfident TV. Starring Marina of New York. She makes a fairly passable TV, but she assumes she can go dressed anywhere, any time. As the story opens we find Marina all dolled up visiting some friends (a TV and his wife) on a certain evening. It is a well-known fact that - at night - that particular block is peppered with unsavory characters (call girls etc.) and that the police do keep an eye on that area. The time is now after midnight and Marina must go home. The TV host offers to escort her to the street and put her in a cab. But she turns down the offer. He insists. She again refuses. She seems to be a bit peeved at the thought of needing someone along to ease her exit. She feels she can do beautifully by herself. So...she if off. A few minutes later a police car has stopped alongside her...an identification is requested...and two words uttered by Marina's robust vocal chords are all the police need to cart her away to the police station (in handcuffs!). And what were you doing on that street at that time?.....Visiting friends, your honor...what friends?-- And so the name and address of our TV host and his wife had to be given to His Honor. Fortunately no repercussions seem to have developed affecting our TV couple, but for a while our TV friend was scared to death at the thought of having the police keeping an eye on his building. There was no need for them to have been involved if the overconfident TV had proceeded with more caution, discretion and brains.

A new Chinese TV has made her charming appearance

Transvestia

in our circle of friends. Welcome, May Lee. As shy and as charmingly friendly as a young GG. Anyone wishing to practice Mandarin? - And then there is Maria Teresa from Chile, six thousand miles away and dying to meet someone to talk to. Her biggest problem: size 10 shoes. Seems that Chilean women don't wear anything bigger than a size 9...and custom made shoes are expensive! The most amusing Xmas card: Debbie's. She is standing in front of a Xmas tree about ten times her height...and that is some tree! She actually looks petite...and speaking of marriages, Felicity and his new wife. Felicity is not--repeat not--dressing as much as she used to... Some TV's are not convinced that she is as contented with this situation as she says she is, but then, one could be wrong, right?.....

THINGS I COULD DO WITHOUT.....The TV who seldom gets dressed when going to TV parties....The TV wife who accompanies her TV husband to a TV party and acts like a school teacher. She is a specialist in frowns and makes a point of hardly saying two words to other TV's....The TV wife who corners other TV wives just to regale them with sob stories about the tragedy of being a TV wife.....The TV who never buys Transvestia and is always eager to borrow the latest issue on a never-to-be-retained basis(Amen - Virginia)The TV who - after one meeting - disappears for two years and then phones you saying: "This is Tom Jones calling, don't you remember me?".....The TV who--after years of active dressing--still hasn't learned to comb his wig.....The TV who thinks he looks radiantly feminine when posing for a picture in bra and panties.....

Fortunately there are not too many of the above types and that is why 99% of my friends and of my social life is made up of TV's, their wives and understanding non-TV's. The "other kind of social life" has diminished for me to almost zero...it is one more item in the list of things I could do without....And that's all for now my friends....Let us see if I can

dig up some more gossip and controversial subjects for the next issue of Transvestia.

Love to all from

Susanna

Observation from Virginia: I hope Susanna wont mind if she gets some comment directly following her column in the same issue and from me. I hope more comments will come in subsequently from others, but in the meantime I'll put forth a thought or two. It has to do with Susanna's flat out statement that TVs shouldn't get married. I'll grant that the examples she has enumerated can be repeated several times and I too have known such cases. On the other hand I have known families in which TVism exists but to which genuine adjustment has been made by the wife. There really are "A" wives--not too prevalent but their mere existance proves encouraging enough that I'm inclined to disagree with Susanna's blunt conclusion. I've been thru the mill twice and I still say it.

I'm sure I am as aware as anyone of the pleasures and satisfactions inherent in expressing the "girl within". I wouldn't want to be without the girl within. However the drive toward a mate, toward procreation, towards companionship and sharing a love and a life are even stronger and obviously are more important. Now marriage is a tough row under the best of circumstances and obviously every unnecessary additional problem adds to the strain. It is equally obvious that to anyone with a problem regardless of its kind, life without that particular problem would appear to be easier. So it is not surprising that many wives would prefer that their husbands were not TV. For that matter practically all wives would prefer that their husbands were perfect. What is

Transvestia

being overlooked by such wives is the fact that the human male being what he is in a society that is as it is cannot be perfect and he is almost certain to have some sort of primary fault or problem that she wishes he didn't have. And although I too have heard of wives and parents who have been able to say that they would rather that their husbands were drunkards or this or that rather than TVs, they don't know what they are talking about for the simple reason that problems close to us loom very large and those at a distance in the sense that they do not actually exist seem very small and relatively desirable by comparison. But if we were to get close to them we'd find them looming large too. Everything is relative.

My observation then is that I don't agree with the assertion that "marriage is not for TVs" For a specific few yes, but for most I think the situation cannot be made so inclusive. I certainly think that the wife should be well acquainted with TV not just theoretically but by practical experience before marriage is undertaken. And I think further that the TV husband and his fiancee should have some real understanding of what TV really is and what it really is NOT before taking the big step too. Armed with a decent, sensible awareness of it and a reasonable understanding of its nature, I think the marriage risk is no worse than it likely would be otherwise. I do think, however, that the TV should attempt equally hard to put himself in the wife's place psychologically, (not just in her clothes) and look back at himself as husband, father, provider, image etc. It takes understanding both ways and this usually is not the case. The TV in effect says, "I have a need, you must learn to understand and live with it." If she makes some progress in that direction he thinks that's the end of it. He does not listen to her unspoken thought, "I too have a need and your need cuts across mine. I cannot deny your need and I will try to accommodate myself to it, but you must realize my position and my needs too and accommodate yourself too." The trouble with so many people both men and women

Transvestia

today is that they have ridgid ideas--stays in their old fashioned mental and emotional corsets that don't permit them to give. A little modern two-way stretch in their girdles would probably hold things in line just as well and a lot more happily. So in conclusion I don't think marriage for TVs should be thrown out catagorically but I do think a heck of a lot more thinking and mutual understanding of it should be gone into BEFORE MARRIAGE. It is really better to lose the girl now than to find yourself an agonized closet case later or victim of some of the other conditions Susanna mentions. I may be a little too bold in saying this, but in a way I feel that if the girl is not able to understand and adjust, (providing the husband ALSO understands and adjusts) she is not good wife material to begin with.

Virginia



"Well, I'd say there's a LOT you don't understand about us tv's. Now, when I deduct for TWO of us, it means..."



Louise
(5-R-6)



Kay
(5-L-)



Dora Ines
Bogoat, Columbia
(FC-R-1) FPE



Frances
(46-B-1) FPE

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Virgin Views

Life Begins at 54

As most of you know, I and I alone have been Chevalier, and on top of that I was the President of a small manufacturing company and half owner of it. After my former wife and I separated I bought a little place of my own and installed Virginia as Lady of the house. So I have had Chevalier, the business, the house and occasionally a few personal pleasures competing for my time and energy. I haven't been to bed before midnight except once for nearly 3 years. I've been bushed, behind and bewildered with these demands for some time, so I've made a decision.

After one has built up a business and had the satisfaction of creating it, the daily chores of administering it begin to get boring, particularly to an adventuresome, curious, and scientifically trained person such as myself. So what was the solution.... I sold out of my half of the business. I just decided that I am going to devote the next 30 years of my life to doing those things that bring satisfaction, - investigating, reading, writing, helping people, traveling when and where possible, and other creative things. The money that I got from the sale was not great and it is going to be invested to provide for the latter portions of this 30 years so I am going to have to earn most of my daily bread from here on in by other means than previously.

Chevalier has always earned something over its costs, a net profit in that sense but it has never paid its main employee, me, anything like a fair hourly wage for the time devoted to it. I have con-

sidered striking for better working conditions, but have had to give that up as unworkable (knowing the boss as I do). Instead I am going to devote considerable of my now more available time and energy to building it up so that the increased profit will filter down from the heights of management to this all purpose slave in the basement. I am therefore going to have to increase the number of subscriptions by advertising and in every other way. I solicit the help of my readers in this. First, I hope I can continue to merit your own subscriptions by producing a magazine that you will want and enjoy; second, I hope some of the free loaders who enjoy it but, like parasites, live off of someone else's subscription, will realize that to keep going I must have subscriptions and will take out their own; thirdly, please urge any new TVs that you hear about or meet, and old subscribers who have fallen away, to support Chevalier and its various efforts, and finally to help get the publication on news-stands in your city. Of course only special kinds of news-stands will be willing to carry such material but these stands are visited by TVs seeking information (even you and me) and will find it. In short I have tried for seven years (and will continue) to help my readers, now I ask my readers to return the favor by helping me, and incidentally all of those TVs still "out there".

I will have many projects to keep me busy, I'll probably be as wound up as before. I have, of course the book with UCLA psychology Dept. for which a good many questionnaires have been sent out (incidentally any who received them and did not complete and return them are urged to cooperate by doing so), I have my own book which I started work on in Hawaii, and I have been asked by a paper-back company to do one for general distribution which would be a great way of finding new TVs. I hope to expand the number and quality of my lectures, that is by getting on a regular lecture circuit rather than just to service clubs. Radio and TV interviews are beginning to develop too. Already a California educational TV station

Transvestia

has inquired about the tape done in Hawaii and mentioned in Virgin Views #43. By the time you read this it will have been long over with, but between Jan. 21 and Feb. 1. I travelled to Houston to see the Texas girls, to New York on Business, and to Madison to meet with Fran and the middle western sisters. I was also asked and accepted to go up to Boston from New York and appeared on the Bob Kennedy "Contact" show over station WBZ on both radio and TV. Dr. Lee Wellman of New York, a friend of mine and associate of Dr. Harry Benjamin appeared with me. The subjects of TV and TS were discussed and I hope some new points of view were given the listeners and viewers. I hope too that we were heard by a lot of previously undiscovered sisters in the New England listening area.

In addition to all this there are a lot of miscellaneous tasks for Chevalier that I just haven't had time for in the past, such as catching up on back manuscript payment (which has been started), assigning code numbers, clearing the lists of dead names, and reducing the pile of unanswered correspondence. So all in all I don't think I'll get bored.

Then, of course, I want to write. Not just for TVia but to get things into the public press on the subject. There are a lot of magazines which I think would publish perceptive and discussion type articles if they were properly done. If I could get a few of these going it would find a lot of new TVs for us as well as doing something educationally for the public.

Since I wont be back from my eastern trip till about the beginning of Feb. and will have a mountain of mail to be handled when I return, I don't expect to really begin my new life till about the middle of the month. What this means is that Virginia can now begin to live her life more consistantly and not on a now and then basis. This does NOT mean that Charles is dead or will become so. The masculine is just as

essential to a balanced life as is the feminine. This is the lesson I have learned over the years and the one I try to pass on to you my readers. To drop one for the other would just reverse the situation that all of us have been in over the years. I have come to realize that everything is relative--that is, there would be no left without a right, no up without a corresponding down--the existence of one gives meaning to the other. Charles gives the counterbalance and meaning to Virginia so we will both be around, but Virginia will be a freer soul now--even if she has to cross dress as Charles now and then. He wont like being put in the closet or locked in a suitcase either, but Virginia, like your femmeselves, had a good deal of that sort of treatment in her younger days, so now she will be getting even.

Well, there are just a whole lot of things possible under these new conditions and I'll just have to play it by ear. I'm going to do everything that will continue to broaden (literally and figuratively) my experience of life in my closing years. Everything with three specific exceptions that is, I draw the line at homosexuality, transexuality and a third marriage. Other than these, we'll see what life still has in store for the old girl and I'll keep you posted.

Now that there will be more time to administer it I hope we can get some more reasearch work going through the Foundation. Such work requires money however, and naturally the funds of FPE are very limited. If some of you happen to know any philanthropic millionaires or even well-to-do TVs, speak to them and lets see if we can't get some research funds arranged for. They'd be tax deductible.

VIRGINIA



Alga - (FE-A-1) FPE



Sylvia - (FE-B-3) FPE



Kathy - (30-S-6) FPE



Editorial Emanations

I. MY THANKS: It is, of course, a little late by the time you get this but it is the best I can do. I want to express my appreciation to all of you who so thoughtfully sent me Christmas Cards. Naturally I cannot reply to you individually and so have to resort to this collective method. But they were appreciated. It sort of warms one's heart to receive greetings not only from those of you whom I have met personally, but from so many that I know only by letter and who know me only from Virgin Views and Femme-notes. Those of you who were on the advance order list for TVia #42 got my card with it, though because the magazine was delayed by various complications it did not get to you before Christmas. So in this first issue of 1967--our 8th year believe it or not--may I wish all of you a very happy year both in girl-life and in boy-life.

II. PUBLICITY FOR THE CAUSE: It will be long over by the time you read this, but I'm sure you will all be interested to know that on Jan. 25, Dr. Leo Wollman of New York, who is associated with Dr. Benjamin, and Virginia appeared on station WBZ on the Bob Kennedy Radio and TV show, from Boston. The subject matter was of course, covering the recent Johns Hopkins decision to open a "girl factory", as Dr. Wollman has been involved in work in the direction with the Harry Benjamin Foundation. But TVism will get a good hearing too I can assure you fo that and if they give me any opportunity for a commercial plug, we ought to snag a good many new New England members.

III. FPE NORTH EUROPE: As all FPE members already know through the Femme Forum we have a very lively group of girls in Stockholm and the rest of Skandin-

Transvestia

avia. They recently had their formal initial meeting as an affiliate group and we all welcome them. The Beaumont Society in England is a going concern too as is evident from a group picture in this issue. These are 2 foreign groups. The fact that there must be a lot of isolated and lonely girls in nearly every country was made clear recently. Our Ann (Cover Girl TVia #34) was recently in Mexico and seeing something about TVism in a little Mexican tabloid type newspaper, went up to see the Editor about it. I guess she left him one of her little cards (see below) and he must have printed it because I have received at least 10 letters (in Spanish which I can't read) from lonely ones in Mexico. Fortunately we have Dora Ines in Bogota who is able, willing and interested in being a contact for our Spanish speaking sisters. If some of you could do something of the sort that Ann did in your city or state or your country we would grow rapidly I'm sure.

Ann and Sally in Texas mailed out a number of These to Doctors, priests and others and several of them have hit pay dirt in the form of letters of inquiry. The few dollars involved in printing up several hundred such cards and the postage and time

WIVES

PARENTS

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necessary to send them out in your area is very little. The "10-M-2" Dept. on the card is Ann's number. If any of the rest of you do this, insert your own code and we will have some idea of the point of origin. I don't think I am overdoing it to say that I feel that every reader of *Transvestia* has received benefits that she should feel some responsibility for passing on. I am not referring to any words of mine but just to the comforting knowledge that you are not alone, that you are not some sort of a nut or homosexual and that you can thru this medium come to know something of the lives and feelings of others and even to correspond or meet with them. These were not available in the days before TVia. They still are not to unknown thousands. All I am asking is that you help others as you have received and this is one way that you can do it. I can't do it all though I shall be devoting the greater part of my energies from now on to trying. Please put your shoulder to the wheel too.

IV. ZIP CODES: As of January 15 the P.O. demands zip code numbers on packages. If your zip doesn't appear on the address stencil for this issue I don't have it. Please send it next time and call my attention to it. Also, when addresses are changed mention this too. I have not got time to cross check each time so I just pull out the card and use it. When you mention it I will correct the card.

V. FPE DUES: Please help eliminate double work and bookkeeping--when you send in money intended for FPE please do so on a separate check so it can be forwarded to the treasurer. Those funds have nothing to do with Chevalier and are received here and forwarded only to avoid postal entanglements for our Exec. Sec. When they are in the same check with subscription payments I have to write Chevalier checks to forward and this messes up my bookkeeping.

VI. GOOF UPS AND NON-MAILINGS: 3 or 4 readers have recently been the victims of goofs on my part for

Transvestia

which I wish to apologize. When material is ordered in advance of publication, I put the card in an "advance order" drawer. When the issue is mailed, these cards are taken out and checked off. If there are still future items on order, the card ought to go back into the "advance" drawer, if not, it goes into the general file. Occasionally one will get put there instead of in "advance" as it should be. This means that it won't be found at the time of the next general mailing, and the item won't get mailed. I have no way of knowing when this slip up occurs unless I hear from you. It is easy to trace and I can then mail, but a delay will have been suffered for which I am sorry. When the issue is late as is sometimes the case you don't get it on time, but other than that let me know if you don't receive orders in a reasonable time.



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 TRANS-VESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT" 1407 So. Highland Ave. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

43-S-5 FPE Cover Girl TVia #39, married to undrstng wife would like hear from TVs in Tex., Ark., La., N.M., & Latin America SALLY

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