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# TRANSVESTIA



No. 24, 1963

# 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.

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"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".

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Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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Contributing Editor

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# Forever Fran

by Fran (49-C-1) FPE

As I sit here in the quiet of a warm summer afternoon looking over the beautiful green countryside, my life seems very peaceful. A gentle breeze is lifting the branches of the trees about as if to the rhythm of a lovely waltz. In the distance the deep blue water of a large lake flows toward the horizon to blend into a serene picture of nature's beauty. I can't help but gain a feeling of tranquillity within my heart, a feeling of peace of mind that I have not known until only the recent years of my life.

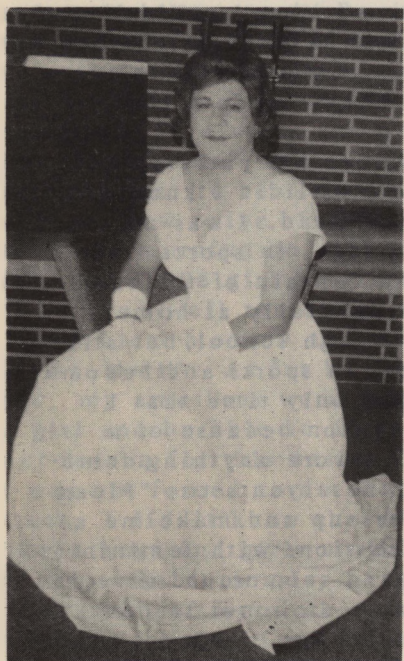
It seems so long ago, a great distance from the plateau of happiness I now enjoy, that my existence was anything but tranquil, for I have known a lifetime of unhappiness and despair in my thirty-one years. How completely different life can be when insight is gained in; the perplexing desires that haunt some men from the dawn of their memory to the dusk years of their existence. How tragic boyhood can be when locked in the heart of a child is the strange, compelling desire to enjoy the lovely things of the feminine world. How difficult it is for a young boy to climb the ladder of manhood, live up to the expectations set forth by unknowing people, and at the same time suppress the constant hunger to be like the little girls he sees and adores. How naive his little mind is when he thinks that one morning he will wake to find himself changed into the little girl he dreams himself to be.

I can well remember the prayer of my childhood: "God bless Mommy and Daddy and please make me a little girl!" As far back into the past as I can remember, my emotions were confused with desire to look like a girl and be able to dress as one. There was no apparent reason for this desire to wear pretty dresses because I was not forced to do so or was it even suggested. In truth, I didn't know there was a sexual difference between boys and girls until I was quite a sizeable lad. Perhaps the curiosity of ignorance led me to the dresser drawers of my mother and sister. None-the-less, once exposed to the clinging feel of silk I became addicted to it. About the age of ten, my father left to work on

the West Coast and never returned. With him went my blurry image of manhood and a big portion of what happiness I had known.

It wasn't long after my father's departure that my desires started to bloom. The transition from one piece of clothing to dressing completely was made quite fast naturally. By the age of eleven I was dressing up in my sister's clothing at every opportunity and with a great deal of courage progressed to closets of the lady who rented an apartment upstairs. About this time I was caught by the lady renter, but strangely nothing was done and I managed to make some sort of excuse about wondering how I would look as a girl. The punishment came however, in the form of self-guilt which I carried for years after. I buried my humiliation and guilt in the activities of boyhood. From that moment on I tried to excel in everything that I did. Thus a pattern of life was established that I followed for almost 20 years. The desire to dress as a girl would become so great that that I was forced to surrender to it. I would enjoy a happy feeling of security and femininity and stay dressed as long as possible, each time wishing I could live as a girl the rest of my life. After taking the clothes off and placing them neatly away, I would fall into a deep depression and then plunge headlong into the masculine world to forget.

From grade school to high school the pattern remained and only when dressed as a girl did I know any feeling of well being and peace of mind. I was driven to become the best at whatever I did. In sports I excelled and was always elected the captain of the team. Since things were not too good financially at home, I worked at part-time jobs through high school, but still managed to receive several letters in sports and become captain of the football team. The only time that I didn't dress was during football season because of a fear that God would punish me if I wore anything feminine. My prayer changed during these years to: "Please God, take away my desire to dress-up and make me a good boy!" I began to hate my sessions with femininity but couldn't overcome the urge and soon would give in. As a senior in high school I became an honor student, chairman of the student council and was elected class president.



Fran,  
The party girl

All through these years of adolescence and into the teens I had the companionship of a girl friend, I admired girls so much that I was lost when one romance ended and would quickly find a replacement. I had no problem in meeting girls or in getting them to go with me because there were no apparent aspects of my personality to worry anyone but myself. Deep in my heart and deep in a trunk in the basement were locked my secret desires. A pair of pink panties (slightly frayed), a nylon slip, a garter belt, bra and stockings with runs in them made up my secret wardrobe. This was quite limiting of course, so I took a dress or two from my sister and kept them for awhile, making believe they were my very own. There were several narrow escapes when a friend would come to the door or a member of the family, would come home to soon. On two occasions I was found completely dressed by my mother. She naturally became upset and ~~and~~ asked a lot of question which I could not answer. I was told that this was wrong and boys just didn't wear girl's clothes, but I managed to convince my mother that I hadn't dressed since the last time she had found me. My strange behavior was soon forgotten although I know it caused my mother considerable worry.

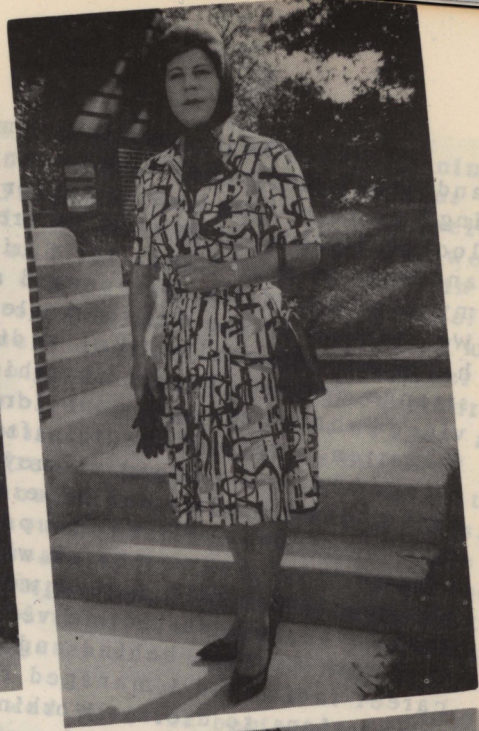
After high school I made a good living at construction work, but hated it. Later I tried driving race cars to prove masculinity to the world. After two seasons in professional racing and a few near appointments with death, I decided to join the Navy but was rejected due to flat feet. Soon after, however, Uncle Sam decided to draft me into the Army, flat feet and all, so I left my skirts behind and tried to win the Korean War. For almost a year the opportunity to dress was lost and my desires diminished a great deal. When I came home on leave, everything fell back into place. I was soon dressed in clothes I both loved and hated. While on another leave, my defense was completely shattered when I saw a lovely lace trimmed slip in the window of a dress shop. Before I knew what had happened I had purchased a complete outfit including some dainty red pumps. Checking into a motel, I enjoyed a peaceful weekend as a lady of fashion. It was at this time that I started to venture outside of the locked rooms of fear. First for a few steps, then a walk and later a drive. The freedom of being away from home, plus the realization that I could pass

as a girl were thrilling and opened a new era of my life. Each time I went out dressed the thrill became greater and the peace of mind I received lasted longer.

The transition from an army uniform to a college classroom brought new hopes that a fresh start in life was the answer to my anxieties. Shortly after entering college I burned all the feminine clothes I had in a futile attempt at freedom. I was, of course, very disillusioned by exam time to find myself rummaging through the second-hand clothing stores for a dress and shoes. After a few sessions of dressing instead of studying I again destroyed my dresses and fell into a long period of depression. The situation became so bad that I decided to consult a psychiatrist in hope of gaining some measure of relief from the overpowering tension that was haunting me. I, like most of us, thought I was the only man on the world with the strange desire to dress as a woman. I even began to resent my dates because of their lovely clothes. The first appointment with the psychiatrist brought only more worry because as he put it " professional help costs money". I paid him my entire savings, around \$100 dollars and didn't even find out that I was a transvestite. He was kind enough to suggest that I sign myself into the state mental hospital where the treatment was free. Perhaps he did help me because the shock of his suggestion brought on the realization that I had to solve my problem some way and probably by myself.

Some months later things began to look gloomy again, this time I confided in a visiting priest in the privacy of a confessional. After telling the priest everything but what I should have told him, I finally summoned all of my courage and blurted out, " I dress in women's clothes, Father" and began to cry. His words took me from hysterics to shock. "So what", he said. " If that's all you have been doing, you're the best customer I have had all day". He explained several things to me, ending up by saying, "If you don't harm anyone in any way and it seems that you really must put on your dresses, then by all means do so". For the first time in my life I felt like a decent human being. After twenty years of feeling constant guilt I felt some degree of peace and self respect.





Just Fran

It was a year later that I met a very lovely girl and began dating her every evening that I wasn't studying. By this time I was a junior in college and life looked brighter than ever before. We went together and became engaged in the Spring. During these months my desire to dress disappeared and I was truly happy. We married in the Fall and I learned soon what true happiness was really like. I didn't tell her about my strange desires, because by this time I was truly convinced that they were gone forever and my past was best forgotten. Several months after marriage however, things began to happen as they had a thousand times before and my dreams and hopes were crumbled into a million pieces. First some panties, then a bra; next nylons----. I remembered what the priest had said. But now it was different; I would be hurting someone that loved and trusted me very much.

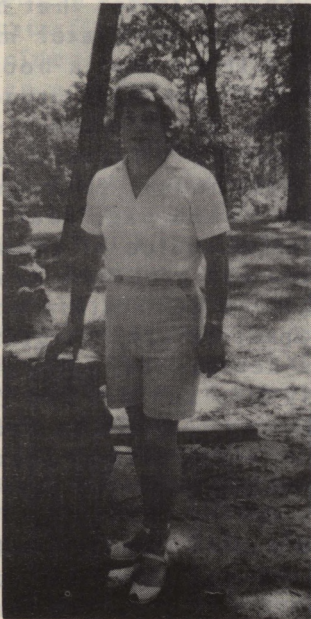
With College behind and the challenge of a new career facing me I managed to overcome the constant temptations to dress. Working day and night and weekends also, my secret desire was kept secret and at an absolute minimum. Hard work can sometimes solve one's problem's but hard work alone without an outlet for the frustrations of life can produce unbearable tension. I decided that I would rid myself of feminine obsessions once and for all by going to a good psychiatrist and sticking with him no matter what the expense. Above all else, I didn't want to hurt my wonderful wife, so off I went to a second couch. The doctor was frank and seemed to know something about TVism. He told me that if I really wanted to get rid of the problem it could be done. After several months with the psychiatrist we were probing all aspects of my childhood. It seemed that we were making progress except for one thing, which was worse than my original problem. After each session I would become so deeply depressed that I couldn't even work. I tried to rid my depression in the bottom of a bottle and started coming home " half-happy " which really disturbed my wife. She knew I was having problems and kept asking what was troubling me. She wanted to help me but I wouldn't let her.

One day I got careless and left an appointment card in a shirt pocket. My wife waited a few days, but finally, after worrying herself sick about me, the big question

came. We were lying in bed late on Sunday evening when she said, " I know there is something serious bothering you, honey, and I know that you are seeing a psychiatrist about it. I want to help you; why won't you let me"? How can I tell her I have to dress in womens clothes or go crazy? What will she think of me? Pulling myself together as much as possible I knew that this was the moment of truth. I had to tell her now! It wasn't fair to go on keeping her in constant wonder. I finally mumbled something about having a compulsion to wear dresses. Her remark came like lightning and struck directly into my heart. " Is that all it is; my God, I thought it was something serious." We talked for several hours, each hour bringing more relief to my burdened heart and uniting us through the bond of her love and compassion. With the glittering rays of dawn came the birth of new hope and happiness. We both felt a strong togetherness that will last a lifetime.

The days that followed were the beginning of a new and wonderful chapter in my life. There were of course, many unanswered questions on both of our parts but we were now sharing the problems and anxieties that had built up because of my fears. A few days later my wife phoned me at my office to tell me that a book had arrived from California and asked if she might read it because I had purchased it for both of us. When I came home she had already finished reading " Transvestia " and her first statement was, " Well honey, it looks like we're not alone". I excitedly read each page realizing that at last I had found a wonderful source of knowledge written about people with desires and problems exactly like my own. I immediately gained admiration and respect for Dr. Prince or more appropriately, Virginia, here was someone who knew the heartaches, guilt and fears that I had known all of my life and yet had the unselfish compassion to risk his own reputation and security in order to help others. My problems seemed so very small in comparison to this wonderful person from California.

A few days later I received a gift from my wife, and on the package was a card saying, " To Fran with Love ". Inside were two dresses she had bought for me, my first feminine gift.



Fran gets ground

They didn't fit, of course, but how happy I was to have a dress of my own to hang in the closet and not in the trunk of my car. From this point we experimented together and it wasn't long before Fran had her own lovely things to wear whenever she wanted to. That summer we took a three-week vacation and at the suggestion of my wife we took Fran along. For the first time in my life I was able to wear my lovely clothes in public without fear or guilt. We drove across the entire country as girl friends eating in the parks, visiting all the scenic places. At my side was the girl I love, always ready to help me become a lady and therefore in turn, a better man.

The past three years have brought many blessings into my life. Heading the list are two beautiful little daughters which I worship; two more reasons for loving my wonderful wife. Through Transvestia and Virginia I have learned to understand myself and replace guilt with peace of mind and fear with confidence in the future. I have met many TV's throughout the country, finding them all very fine people and consider them my dear friends. Each time I dress in my beloved clothes Fran's personality becomes more mature. I find her a wonderful feminine counterpart to my male self.

Fran is at last free to live in the open as she always dreamed. She comes and goes as she pleases; goes shopping, attends church, takes trips all by herself or relaxes in the privacy of her beautiful country home. Her girl friend takes her to movies and on picnics with the children. Fran's girl friend ( my beloved wife ) is extremely thoughtful when shopping which results in many lovely feminine gifts. This past Christmas was the most wonderful of Fran's exciting new life. Among the many nice things that she received was a beautiful ladies wrist watch which is very precious to her heart. When Fran goes shopping she always remembers to pick something up as a surprise for her girl friend because she knows how thrilling it is for the feminine ego to receive an unexpected piece of lingerie or jewelry. Whenever possible Fran helps with the housework or with the children so that the women of the house can enjoy a few hours of well deserved relaxation. Last year Fran met the girls of the Beta Chapter and each month she puts on her prettiest dress and drives to

Chicago to visit with her feminine friends and do some shopping. On a recent return trip from Chicago, Fran became a lady in distress by running out of gas. Thank goodness there are gentlemen in this world, because one came along and took care of everything. Fran stood by in a ladylike manner while the man put gas in her car; she thanked him for helping her and continued on her way home. Another wonderful thrill for Fran is to attend church on Sundays. With a perkie little hat or a silk scarf on her lovely light brown tresses she joins the Sunday parade of ladies who show off their newest dresses. On one such occasion Fran found herself sitting next to her older brother who thought she was just another woman. After she composed herself she noticed how interested her brother seemed in her nylon clad knees, so with the impishness of her feminine ego she enjoyed teasing him with a slight tug on her hemline. She couldn't help but wonder what his reaction would have been if he knew the girl sitting next to him was also his younger brother.

How different my life is today than in the past. I have not only learned to express my feminine desires, but also to take my place in a man's world. Each year I do my share for society by working on several community projects. For the past three years I have been nominated for the Distinguished Service Award which goes to the outstanding young man of the year in my community. My attitude toward the transvestic desires in my heart has changed completely, allowing me to rid myself of guilt and fear. Quite recently I told a good friend all about my desire to dress as a woman and explained the tremendous relief I have found by being able to express myself freely. His reaction was wonderful. He not only wanted to know all about TVism, but wanted to meet Fran in person. Since he knew my masculine half very well, he was naturally surprised to find an entirely different personality in Fran. The first thing my friend suggested was to have a date with Fran which turned out to be a wonderful experience for both of us. In the past few weeks my friend has proved how wonderfully understanding a non-TV can be. On our dates he treats me with respect and dignity.

In payment for the help that I have been fortunate to receive, I hope that I can in turn help others. I believe the first step to gaining acceptance by others



Fran at home

is through better self understanding on the part of the FP. Virginia has brought us knowledge through transvestia but it is up to us to follow her example of courage and continue to help ourselves. By organizing into local groups we can gain better understanding of ourselves and extend a helping hand to the thousands of TV's who are suffering the guilt, and fear we all know so well. I was recently able to help organize the Theta Chapter of FPE and have already been witness to its accomplishments. Theta is growing, not only in membership, but in purpose as well. Each time a sister TV unlocks the door of fear we all grow stronger in maturity and understanding. How can anyone who has known the conflict of feminine and masculine heart and received the help of others not extend his hand to those still in distress.

The sun is setting now on this lovely summer day which is coming to an end. My heart is no longer filled with grief and unhappiness. I am no longer ashamed of my feminine desires, but feel proud of the girl within. The peacefulness of this day its light summer breeze, the green countryside and golden sunset reflects the tranquility and beauty of my life. My daily prayer has changed; with a thankful heart, I now ask: " O God, give me serenity to accept what cannot be changed, courage to change what can be changed, and Thy wisdom to know one from the other".

Femininely,

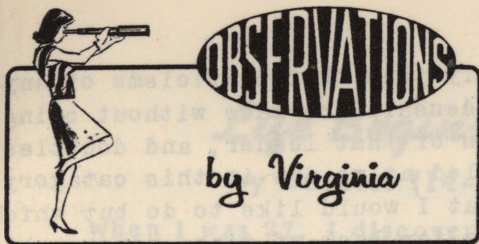
Fran 49 C-FPE

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THE MARINES HAVE LANDED  
by PHYLLIS 22 - A - 1

I have a friend, a rough, tough Marine  
There's little he's not done and hasn't seen.  
"A man of the world"! do I hear you say?  
That he is, he's a Sargeant out Pendleton way.  
To the boys in his company, he's known as, "Old Sarge".  
But at night, with his own, we all call him, "Marge".





IT'S OPEN SEASON...  
ON VIRGINIA!  
or

"ONE AGAINST THE STORM"

This issue of TRANSVESTIA finishes our fourth year of publication--somewhat to your Editor's surprise I must add in all honesty. The next issue will start our fifth year and this calls for a reappraisal of the job that the magazine has done and is doing, with an eye to finding out how it can do that job better. An Editor's job is a somewhat thankless one, it seems, in that rather than not being able to fool all the people all the time as Lincoln said, he is not able to please all the readers all the time.

Readers of TRANSVESTIA differ among themselves in several general ways; 1) Some are still in locked rooms living a furtive, fear-ridden life, unable to communicate with anyone and much worried about their "problem", while others have achieved a measure of self acceptance and even acceptance from others such as wives; 2) Some are unfortunately of too masculine a build to ever go out or to show themselves to other than sister TVs, while a few get into the outside world from occasionally to frequently; 3) Some are capable of a degree of introspection into their inner selves and thus have been able to come to some conclusions about TV on their own, while others are not gifted with insight and look elsewhere for enlightenment and guidance; 4) Some are still in the fetish-compulsive stage while others have begun to recognize and to build femmepersonalities, and their are other dividing lines. What this means to me as your Editor is that I have to try with each issue to have something which will prove of interest, help or entertainment to all these diverse types. This is not easy.

So now is the time to take aim at Virginia. Word reaches me in various ways that there are a number of complaints being made about my about my management and

policies. It is generally true that criticisms of anyone in a position of leadership are made without being aware of all the problems of that leader, and doubtless many of those being leveled at me are in this category. There are many things that I would like to do but which I am prevented from doing for lack of time, money, ability or help, but I try to serve the needs and interests of the readers of TRANSVESTIA to the best of my ability.

But let it not be said that I am unwilling to act on constructive criticism when it is within my abilities and not destructive of the idea and purpose of the publication to do so. So lets hear if something is eating you. I'd like to start off our fifth year incorporating such changes as may be suggested which will add to the readability and interest of the magazine. Please grade your preferences for the following type of material using "1" for most. Do it on a separate 3 x 5 card or sheet so I can save and compile the results. Please also add to it any other ideas you have. I'll print a selection of the most interesting comments in coming issues, but do this NOW and mail the card so that I'll have something to report on.

Fiction	Articles	Histories
Medical Articles,	Fashion Notes	Letters
Pictures	Book Reviews	Editorials

But lets not make this reappraisal one sided. Tell me what I can do for you all right, but please also tell me what you can do to help too. Various ones of you have done or offered to do various things in the past, but I'd like to compile a file of the talents of my readers for such as Artwork, Story Illustration, Original Cartoons, Reworking Cartoons, Story Revision or Completion, Repeated Feature Contributions whether as a cartoon series, Fashion Features or any other you can suggest. These contributions should be considered for the FemmeMirror as well as for TVia. With such a file I would know who to call on when needed. And dont forget there is the service side of all this too, that is the dissemination of information outside of our own ranks. So.....there's the invitation, Ready, Take Aim, Fire.....at VIRGINIA.

## *Life Begins At 27*

by Dorette (14-P-1) FPE

When I was 27, I discovered a facet of my personality--my very being--that only the passage of time, and TVia, has enabled me to reconcile in acceptable perspective.

My wife had one day casually mentioned that her bras, her hose and her panties all seemed to be wearing out at the same time. Because our wedding anniversary was near, I decided to surprise her with a complete set of all the things she needed for daily use--plus some glamorous items, too. It turned out to be a surprise for more than one person.

So--happily I shopped in the department stores of our city making quite a day of it. I bought her several pairs each of regular white panties, bras, etc., the things she wore day in and day out. I knew her sizes and had quite a pleasant time with the salesgirls picking out the various items.

At one end of the counter in one of the stores, there was a mannikin wearing a black torsolette. This caught my fancy and though it was expensive, I decided to get it for Anne. However, they were all out of her size. But my interest in this black creation started me on quite an unusual path--one I still walk today--with love.

I was enthused, and asked about black negligees, black panties, pregnoirs, waist-cinchers and the like. The salesgirls informed me that the main floor department did not carry these exotic items. They were sold by their specialty shop on the fourth floor. So off I went.

The specialty shop did have all the items I was now looking for. And even though the prices were higher--I didn't mind. I purchased black panties in several styles, a sheer black negligee, a mint-colored pregnoir, a black waist-cincher, a black bra, a black garter belt that had red bows on the garter straps, and a sheer

black baby doll nightie. I had a great deal of pleasure buying these things, but I little realized why.

Then the thought struck me that Anne would really look gorgeous parading through the house in these things if she were also wearing full-length black hose and high-heeled bedroom pouffs. So off I went again. The high heeled bedroom slippers were easy to find--but the full-length opera hose were not. Finally--a sales-girl suggested that I try a theatrical costuming house, and I did. They had the hose, so all was fine.

Triumphantly I carried all my bundles home. They were all wrapped separately and carefully and concealed them until the next day--the day of our anniversary.

That evening we went out to dinner and a night spot with some friends. But earlier, as she began to dress, I brought out the lingerie and gave it to her with the hope that she would wear some of it on our date.

I gave her the white practical items first, then handed her the more glamorous things. She laughed amusedly as she unwrapped each item of black spiciness and laid them aside. I was quite pleased with myself and anticipated her wearing them for me to admire. But she made no such move. So--finally, I asked:

"Anne, wouldn't you like to wear some of these things tonight? You're wearing a black dress, and these would be fine underneath."

She laughed and replied: "No thanks, honey. The white panties and bra are fine, but I'd feel like a hussy in the black ones. You're impractical and I love you for it, but I just can't wear all this frivolous stuff. They'll refund your money as long as I don't wear them and you can add the money to our vacation fund."

I was surprised, disappointed and more than a little hurt as I asked: "You can't be serious--you mean you won't wear any of these pretty things?"

"Don't be silly--of course I will. The white gar-

ments are fine--and the mint pregnoir is beautiful. I love it! The high heeled mules are fine, too. But you can return the rest."

"But you'd look so exciting in them!" I protested.

"Now, Jack, let's be sensible. They're just not for me. I don't feel right in them--and if I don't feel comfortable in black lace and chiffon decked out like a Montmartie "fille de nuit", how can we have fun together?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said disconsolately. Then hopefully--I asked: "Let's keep them for a few days--maybe you'll like them more when you try them on and wear them around the house."

"No-- I doubt it. I can't parade around the house like a harem concubine and still do the housework. Really now, be a dear about this. I love you and I thank you for them, but I don't intend to use them--really!"

I tried for one last straw--"Since you're not fully dressed yet, could I just see how the black negligee looks on you?"

Resignedly--she put down her hairbrush and asked: "If I do, will you agree to take them back?" I agreed sadly and reluctantly.

She slipped into the black negligee and fluffed out her long black hair over her shoulders. To me, she was a dream walking. When she put on the high-heeled mules, I caught my breath, she was so gorgeous! It was just as I had imagined it to be--she was sexy and glamorous.

"Oh, Honey--you look good enough to eat, please keep it!" I urged.

She paused before answering: "Jack--please don't be disappointed with me. It's just that I don't feel like a woman who wears black things underneath. I'm just me, the little girl from Rockford, and dressed like this, I feel like a cheap imitation of Lily St. Cyr.

This black lace and chiffon bit is too sexy for an everyday working girl."

"You're more than a working girl to me," I offered. "I happen to be crazy about you."

"Good! But I just can't see myself in it. Shall we say no more about this? It's our anniversary--and we're arguing. Let's go out and live it up!"

I realized at last that the situation was hopeless as she folded the negligee, placed it back in the box and then continued dressing. I packed up all the other items she had rejected and placed them near the front door to be returned the following Monday.

The rest of the evening was a happy one. We had a wonderful time and I forgot about the dainty things at home. The next day, Sunday, she had to visit her brother's wife for a few hours in the afternoon. I read the papers and watched television.

One of the programs was a re-run of the movie "Gilda" featuring Rita Hayworth decked out in various types of seductive dress. I was reminded of the lingerie in the boxes. I got it.

In the bedroom, I spread each item out on the bed, wishing Anne hadn't been so adamant about wearing them. They were sheer--and felt soft and smooth. Because Sunday was always our lay-around day, I had changed to T-shirt and putter pants after returning from church that morning.

So when, I know not by what impulse, I stood in front of the full length mirror, holding the mint penguin in front of me--the effect was humorous and I chuckled to myself. As I laid it down, and picked up the black negligee, a madness came over me. I was warmed by the irrepressible thought: "Why not try this beautiful garment on myself?" If for no other reason than to see if it had the same thrilling effect on me, as it gave me to see Anne wearing it!

Quickly I stripped--then slipped into the sheer, heavenly garment. The warm exciting shock I received

as it clung softly to my form, then swirled and billowed as I pirouetted, was the beginning of the wonderful kind of ecstasy that must surely be the common denominator of FemmePersonation.

The next two hours passed as a wild pleasant dream for me, even as I look back on it now. I had scarcely begun to exult in my pleasure when I realized I could be discovered any second! I raced to the front door and flipped the bolt, feeling I could use that much warning and offer some lame excuse for absent-mindedly locking it if Anne arrived home too soon. As I trembled with excitement, I knew I wanted to enjoy this new thrill as long as possible!

Back before the bedroom mirror, I realized that all of me as revealed through the sheer folds of the negligee was incongruous, so I daringly slipped on the black satin panties. I was more than surprised at how nicely they fitted me.

There! In the mirror I looked much more natural as I preened and posed. I sat on the edge of the bed and crossed my legs, but somehow they looked awkward. I had to practice for several minutes before I learned to cross them as a woman does. This was the first time I realized that women cross their legs differently than do men.

Then I removed the negligee and put on the black baby-doll nightie. Ye Gads! Did this do things for me! It looked and felt so good, I danced about the apartment happily. In front of the mirror, my legs looked extra long, due to the brief length of the nightie, and I decided what they needed to set them off was a pair of high-heeled shoes. I finally squeezed into Anne's black suede spring-olators because they did not have to fit in the heel. Over bare skin, the shoe was hard to slip completely on, so this led to my putting on the full length black hose.

This taught me how nice and easy even tight shoes could be slipped on if one wore nylons. When I tottered to my feet, I gloried in my appearance as reflected in the mirror. I minced about, turning this way and that, looking over my shoulder, straightening the seam,

etc. The high heels were so lovely and made even my legs look shapely and feminine.

Further recounting would be a repetition of "then I did this, etc, etc." Suffice it to say that I tried on everything, even to stuffing the bra cups with facial tissue. At some point in this adventure, my wife phoned and blessedly gave me the exact time she intended to return by asking me to start our evening meal potatoes baking in an hour. I relaxed and unbolted the door.

I was then emboldened to try lipstick, powder and mascara, and to wrap my head, turban-style, with a yellow bath towel. It was narcississitic of me, I guess, but it was still difficult for me to get used to how nice I looked, and more than that, how feminine I looked. With long pendant earrings and a rhinestone choker necklace, I began to feel I was ready to challenge Marilyn Monroe. The stuffed brassiere rose and fell as I breathed slowly and deeply. My mascaraed eyelids were half-closed a la Theda Bara, as I reveled in this new secret passion I had discovered. All too soon, the time passed and I had to return to the masculine appearance I was never to prefer again.

Needless to say, none of the items were returned except for larger sizes, and they were hidden for my private use from then on. For months afterward--when ever alone--I wore my glamorous possessions. I bought several pairs of sandals and pumps to wear and hosiery presented no problem.

Sears Roebuck provided me with my favorite bra, a black lacy strapless 40-C which made me feel so very, very feminine. I loved strutting about with these mounds sloping from my chest. I looked forward to every moment when I could safely be alone long enough to wear my things.

Inevitably, the day came when I began to wonder if I was on the road to homosexuality. There was no Virginia Prince to confide in, no other TV's to rationalize with, and I began to condemn myself for a softness of the brain.

Just at this time--Christine Jorgenson burst onto



the scene. How well I remember the newsreel shot of her being interviewed, on her return from Denmark. She was wearing a mink coat and spoke so naturally feminine I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I read everything the newspapers and magazines said about her case. As Virginia so wisely realized a long time ago, this was the beginning of my scrapbook days--later to be augmented by everything I found about Coccinelle, Bambi, Charlotte McCleod, etc.

As time went on, I continuously analyzed my feelings about women and their natural attractiveness and was able to finally decide that--while I didn't know what I might have become through my love for cross-dressing--I had certainly not become a homosexual. In fact, due perhaps to an over compensation on my part, I came very close to serious extra-marital involvement in several instances. But, eventually, everything balanced out nicely.

Then, like many another TV, I went through another period, a dismal one, wherein I called myself by every name, and destroyed every vestige of femininity I owned. (This can get to be damned expensive and I don't do it anymore) I felt I was free and "normal" again with no wardrobe to tempt me. This lasted only a little more than a year.

Due to the extreme masculinity of my fellow workers, it was considered "de rigeur" after a retirement dinner or stag party to visit the various strip-tease night clubs that used to abound in the suburbs of Chicago. And, of course, there were the usual cajoling, and sometimes very attractive, "B" girls to frolic with.

One girl in particular, a "Bobbie Sinclair", I found very interesting. She was very attractive, slim, beautiful hair and lovely legs. She knew me only as "Van".

One evening, I happened to mention her name to a bartender in another night club and received quite a shock when he informed me that Bobbie was a man--a professional female impersonator! Needless to say--I saw Bobbie that same night and found out it was true! At this time she was the featured strip-teaser at her

club. During this time (1957) strippers went all the way--not even a G-string--and when Bobbie took it all off--she was undetectable! She had normal bosom development, too.

So--as you may guess, my own deeply buried TV-ism came bounding back to life again, and has stayed alive ever since.

For those who may wonder what deep, adolescent, TV-initiating, experiences I may have had which later bubbled to the surface, I was ready to answer: "There were none." But I racked my memory and came up with these:

As a young boy--I can remember watching my attractive mother experiment with various kinds of earrings to complement her dress before going out of an evening. Then, when my parents were gone, I tried the earrings and necklaces on myself. I was 3 or 4 at this time. The only other thing I can recall was playing the part of an Indian maid in a high school Thanksgiving play which mixed up the Pilgrims and Pocahontas in a New England historical pot-pourri. This was an all boys high school and somebody had to be the maidens?

It meant nothing to me until the day of the play when one of the teachers made me up. While she was doing it, I sat still and paid little attention. But when she was done and I first saw myself in a mirror, I was, oh, so pleasantly shocked to see what a pretty Indian girl I made! I wore fake black braids, a head band, and lots of beads and bracelets. I guess she realized I was pleased, because I was the only boy-maiden who failed to object to either the makeup or the costumes. There were four of us "maidens" and she made me up first. Then when the others were finished, including the bucks with their gala war-paint, and I was alone with her (she was also my English teacher) she said:

"Sit down, Jack--I'll paint your nails."

I sat down, figuring that all the others had already had their nails painted. She painted each nail bright crimson and again, I liked the way it looked.

The play had just started, when I realized that not only was I the only maiden with painted nails, I was also the only maiden with lipstick, earrings, and a few more beads and bracelets than the others had. I was sure I made a prettier girl than the other three, and it made it easier to act the part.

I remember well how reluctant I was to smear my face with Crisco after the play and wash the makeup off. As the teacher cleaned the polish off my nails, I asked her why she took more effort with me than the others. She answered, simply:

"Well--you were the Chief's daughter and you gave the intonation to the Gods, so I thought you should have a little more decoration."

This sounded perfectly plausible, and it wasn't until the next day that I realized that our Indian scenes, the dance, the intonation, was done by the light of an artificial stage camp-fire with the rest of the stage in darkness, supposedly deep in a forest! No one could see my nails or lipstick! Also, there was no "Chief" and I was not designated as a "Chief's" daughter. Maybe this teacher was a seer or prophetess?

I can remember no other incidents in my life which can give any clue to the birth of my FPism at 27 years of age. I went through normal adolescence, dating girls, etc. and I would have it no other way. I am happily married, a father, and I get a tremendous thrill every time I cross-dress, wear makeup and lounge around as a girl. I hope that my story--brief as it is--will add one more bit of testimony to help make more understandable the case for the Transvestite.

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NURSERY RHYMES FROM TV-LAND  
by TECLA 38-M-2

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet,  
She fondled her skirts, full and loose.  
So fond of cross-dressing,  
She pondered her blessing;  
Tom the Piper had fooled Mother Goose!

# Forethought Saved The Day

by Genevieve (43-W-1)

One afternoon in April I visited another city (supposedly on a business trip) and checked into a Motel where I shaved my face and body, showered, perfumed, made up my face, squeezed into feminine attire and went out to enjoy myself.

My costume was feminine and appropriate for the cool evening. I wore the necessary underthings to create a wasp waist and ample stuffing in my torsolette's C-cups to create a buxom image. I wore a white knit sweater-blouse. The skirt was black and white check cotton with full unpressed-pleat design held out in a swinging feminine fashion by a bouffant half-slip. High heel pumps and purse were of black patent. Jewelry was gold color. Wig was reddish-brown in a long style with bangs. To top it off and further create a feminine image I wore fashion glasses with non-prescription lenses in them, seamless nylon hosiery, and a short cardigan type knit jacket.

Even the most skeptical onlooker would not doubt I was a woman in her forties...perhaps thirties in dim light!

I spent about an hour window shopping in the downtown section of the city and walked about a mile or more between windows. I returned to my station wagon and drove out of the down-town area into a suburban part of the city. There I had my second of two experiences of being stopped by the police. This time, like the first, I was not stopped because I was "read" as being a man in women's clothes...but because of unrelated circumstances.

As I came over the crest of a long hill on an expressway my headlights illuminated a sign which said, "Stop Ahead - Drivers License Check Station" WOW! Was I ever shook up!

I pulled over in the line of cars waiting for the officers to check their drivers licenses. I got my own drivers license out of my purse and pulled up to the officer...knees knocking...hands trembling. Along side of him I stopped and handed out my license. His flashlight scanned it, and he did a double-take, looking first at the license and then at me several times. Then he said, "Lady, this is a man's name on here... May I have YOUR license please?"

I swallowed big and said, "You might as well have it straight, officer. I'm a man...and that's my drivers license". Before he could say anything in reply, I said "You see, officer, I'm a professional impersonator. I've just come from giving a performance for a private party in Weatherford (a nearby town)...and they didn't provide a dressing room for me to change in. I went to the party and am returning home in costume". And, again, before he could utter a word, I continued, "Here is my identification card, and as you'll see, I'm a member of the A.G.V.A....That's my union card".

The card I gave him was like the one attached. I had my real name filled in on it, which compared with the name on my drivers license. I had it mounted in a plastic holder. Looked real official.

He said, "Well I'll be darned...I thought you were a woman...Get out of the car and let me see you". He had me walk around in front of my station wagon in the light of my headlamps and model for him...seemed completely amazed.

When he asked me where I had performed, I told him I didn't even know the name of the ranch where the party was, that I'd followed instructions and a map to get there...that it was about six miles outside of Weatherford on a farm road the number of which I'd already forgotten. I bluffed my way along further by specifying that it was a stag affair made up of what I thought was some sort of convention group of cattle raisers...really didn't care much who it was as long as they paid me the \$50 for the performance (I produced \$50 in cash I knew I had in my bill fold inside my purse).

The policeman seemed to accept the story and the card as being fact and let me get back in my station wagon, cautioned me not to drive in costume again, and sent me on my way.

I attribute my success in getting away with it to being firm and calm in my story and more particularly in having that fake identification card.

I had made the card in case I did run into such a circumstance. It really paid off. I usually carry a small suit case in my car with me filled with mesh opera hose, long gloves, satin costume for dancing, etc which I plan to show any policemen who stop me and the fake union card does not do the trick. I had forgotten to bring the case with me this time. Thank goodness the card was all he needed to convince him I was telling him a straight story.

I also believe the fake card will come in handy in other circumstances. For example, if I have car trouble a flat tire or other problem that makes it necessary for me to contact people and I need justification for being dressed as a woman. I could never "pass" if required to talk to someone, because my voice, though not deep or too masculine is, never the less not feminine.

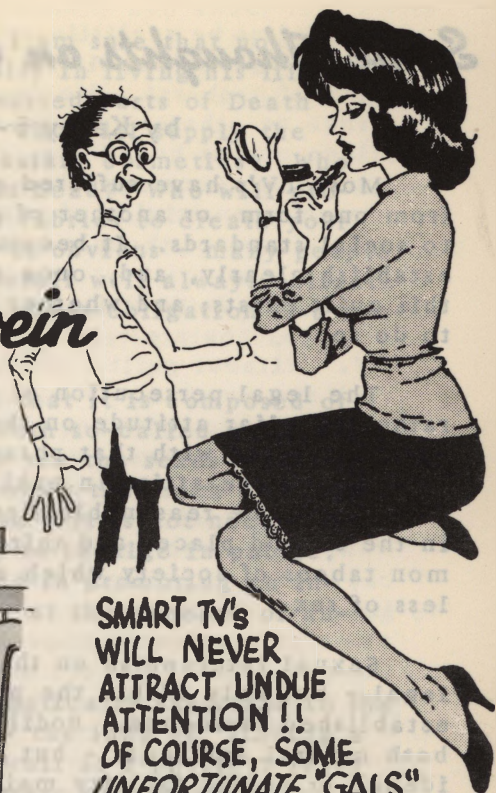
Once when I needed gasoline and was dolled up in my car wearing nothing but a skimpy playsuit, I used the fake union card as an excuse when I talked to the filling station attendant. He claimed he thought I was a "well-stacked dame" until he heard my voice.

Others might find such a fake card handy, if caught in a situation where they need to justify their being in costume.

NOWADAYS A SMART GIRL DOESN'T PUT ALL SHE  
HAS INTO HER CLOTHES!

# TV LIPS

*in a lighter vein*



SMART TV'S  
WILL NEVER  
ATTRACT UNDUE  
ATTENTION!!  
OF COURSE, SOME  
UNFORTUNATE "GALS"  
JUST CAN'T HELP IT!

HI AL! NOW THAT YA  
GOT THIS NEW JOB,  
HOW COME WE NEVER  
SEE YA AROUND THE  
POOL HALL?



IF AN OLD FRIEND SHOULD  
RECOGNIZE YOU - **DON'T PANIC!**

WHEN  
YOU PASS  
A CLOSE  
INSPECTION,  
  
ABOVE ALL



YOU LOOK LOVELY,  
TODAY,  
MISS JONES.

**BE CALM!**



TEGA

38-M-2

# *Some Thoughts on Guilt Complexes*

by Kathy 5-Mc-1)

Most TV's have suffered or are still suffering from one form or another of guilt in running contrary to social standards. It becomes a necessary thing to establish clearly, and, once and for all, as to why this guilt exists; and whether or not it should continue to do so.

The legal persecution of TV's has brought about a rather peculiar attitude on their part which is summed up all too often with that phrase, "If the women can wear masculine attire in public - why not the male TV? Let us be reasonable first; fair in our demands in the second place; and thirdly, let us consider common taboos of society which affect everyone regardless of sex.

Sexual intercourse on the heterosexual level is legal - but only within the privacy of one's home or established residence. Bodily functions are equally both natural and legal - but again, only in the residence or public facility maintained for that purpose. Legally speaking, what you do in your own home - is your own doing and private affair. However, just as so many of us bleat out about our Constitutional Rights just so many of us fail to recognize that these rights do not and cannot exist for us unless we first grant them to our fellowmen. If we indulge in extreme loud music, profanity that can be overheard, engage in any action which is manifested, demonstrated in any way - either intentionally or un-intentionally through, or by the use of any of the five physical senses toward another individual or group - we have overstepped our rights; because we have infringed on those of other's.

Civilization has produced societies and societies which have produced, through the ages our cities. These complex vortices of humanity and human affairs, have placed us in closer proximity to one another and this has necessitated the rules and regul-



ations that govern our life. I am sure that no TV would experience any difficulty in living his life just as he chose to in the deserted parts of Death Valley. The only catch is - who will supply the beautiful clothing? The necessary cosmetics? Who will build the house over your head? Who will provide the raw lumber, the raw fabrics to create your special designs? The answer is obvious - many people! So it is that expression of oneself will always obligate one to associate with others. This obligation is a two-way street - at all times!

Society has never denied that it is composed of many types of individuals - both so-called normal and abnormal. Society desires to see the sexes reproduce their kind - experience has shown that such can readily be accomplished in private - it is not necessary (even though some find it so) to indulge in public. Society is generally interested in promoting an individual's happiness - but not at the expense of another individual or group.

This is why I can so emphatically subscribe to the idea behind this publication - the idea of "finding a place" both on a mental, as well as a physical level where TV's can pursue their state of happiness and yet, at the same time, not impose their beliefs or theories on others. I believe in aggressive action when I myself can honestly believe that it benefits all persons; but I think most people especially TV's themselves, have to admit that our beliefs and practices never were and never will be universal. So, our action should only be directed towards gaining our own personal freedoms within the confines of the society in which we live. We will get much further if we are to use a passive but purposeful approach in whatever we do to gain that niche in Society's complex system.

Those who disagree with this statement - and many will - are those, who in the course of pursuing their individual happiness, have numbered among these happinesses the "desire for approval by others," desire to be seen and evaluated by others, desire to let others know another side of the universal human nature in man.

Let us be realistic and see that everyone of these impelling and impulsive "desires" include the definition of "others". We just don't have the right to infringe on others - anymore than we desire them to infringe on our hoped-for, little circle of unique and sometimes very artistic people who, because of their extreme sensitivity of nature, find normality on another level of thought and action.

There is no guilt to be felt - none needed. You are what you are - unless you are an experimenter in TV. Without guilt - there is no shame. When you seek the company of friends or matrimonial mates - not your own selfishness and its desires. Only then will you meet those who understand you and with whom you can share some of the greater recognized talents that all persons applaud and accept. This is what makes the professional female impersonator acceptable to Society - he has used his talent for acting, dancing, vocalizing, mimicry and characterization as a unique and perfect art. This, as any of them can tell you, did not come easily - they sweated for, and gained, in the end, their own particular desire.

For the rest of us, including myself, without the necessary features or build to rate a talent for mimicry acceptable to the public, we must seek a way to communicate with each other - to help, if possible - to explain if necessary to the newcomer who is suddenly engulfed with the inexplicable contrariness of his physical and mental self, and thus gain for our group the comfort that comes from communion with like persons.

And, lastly, while on this subject of TV let us never forget that there always will be two sides of every issue to be contended with - our side and the others.

## *Survival part 2* by Donna Louise (5-A-4)

He drove swiftly and steadily and about four hours later he entered downtown Pittsburgh. The snow was all melted but it was still cold. His first stop was a hair goods shop, where he selected a beautiful wig and put it on.

Next he parked by a huge department store, where he broke in by breaking the glass with a tire iron as he had done at the wig shop. He was hungry so he changed into a waitress' uniform, broke into a restaurant across the street and cooked a good meal. This time he didn't bother to wash the dishes, but hurried back to the department store.

Several hours later he emerged wearing a black combination bra and panty girdle, black hose, black slip, black sheath dress, red slippers, red hat, red purse, and red earrings, nail polish and lipstick to match, topped off with a luxurious fur coat.

He walked briskly down the street, the clicking of his high heels a pleasant sound in his ears, till he reached the Cadillac agency. Through the windows he saw a pink convertible in the showroom, a beautiful car, just what he wanted. He broke in, filled the car at the gas pump and, opening the back door, he drove back to the department store.

He started packing clothes in suitcases: Bras, panties, girdles, corsets, slips, hose, garters, shoes, dresses--anything he saw that appealed to him. He halted this activity when he realized it was getting dark in the store.

In the women employees' lounge he found a hot plate, a refrigerator and a sofa. He hurried across the street to the restaurant and brought back some food in a cardboard box for his supper. Next morning he changed into his waitress uniform and cooked a good breakfast in the restaurant. He hadn't slept very well on the sofa, so while he ate he decided to look for a place to live, an apartment where he could reach his sources of supply for food and clothing, yet away from the bodies.

When he left the restaurant he carried a box filled

with canned goods. As he walked he noticed the ease with which he walked compared to his hobbled stride the evening before in the tight dress. He resolved in the future he would do his "shopping" in nice clothes, then return in "sensible" clothing to pick up his "purchases" for removal to his headquarters. He set the box in the Cadillac and started to get in and drive off.

"No," he said aloud. "I'm going house hunting. I'll wear clothes suitable for what I'm doing. I'm a wealthy young woman looking for a luxury apartment, and I may as well dress the part."

So he dressed in expensive clothes. Over bra and girdle he put on a slip, a full, dark blue skirt, a white silk blouse. Beige hose, black cuban heel shoes, and white purse and gloves finished his costume. He picked up a newspaper in the women's lounge and turned to the classified section. Marking several likely looking addresses, he went to look at them.

The third place he looked at was just what he wanted. It was two stories of two apartments each, with a sort of penthouse on top. The penthouse had two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, dining room, living room, entry hall and landscaped courtyard. It was reached by a private elevator and by a stairway from the second floor.

The building was a brand new one, in a newly developed suburban section just north of the city. It was not yet occupied, though he found clothing in the manager's quarters in the basement. All the apartments were fully furnished including drapes and carpets. He would, however, have to get linens, dishes and cooking utensils. In the basement he also discovered an auxiliary electric generator powered by a gasoline engine, and a well complete with pump.

Back at the department store, he "shopped" for work clothing: A dozen pair of serviceable cotton panties, a like number of bras and slips of the same material, and several housedresses, along with ankle socks and flats. Changing from "shopping" clothes to work clothes, he loaded the car with the work clothes, the suitcases he had filled the day before, and sheets,

pillows, soap, dishes, and other household items he considered necessary.

By the time he had all this unloaded at the apartment house and taken up to the penthouse by the elevator he was hot and hungry and covered with perspiration, so he bathed, put on clean underwear and housedress. He then cooked and ate a late lunch. He spent the rest of the day putting away his "purchases" in his bedroom and kitchen. It was dark when he finished, so he put on a filmy nightgown and went to bed.

Next morning he heard something scratching around outside the apartment. Opening the door, he was horrified to see half a dozen big rats in the entryway. They made a dash toward him and he slammed the door, catching one rat's head between the door and the jam. Terrified, he opened the door a little to try to kick him out. The other rats seized him and pulled him out of the way, devouring him as they went. He slammed the door again and locked it.

He ran to the windows and looked out. He could see several rats running around in the courtyard, and down below on the streets he could see hordes of them, coming from the north, and entering every house. For two days he cowered in sleepless terror while the rats squealed and fought outside his door. The second night he fell asleep in utter exhaustion. When he woke up next morning it was strangely silent outside.

Cautiously he opened the door. Seeing no rats he went down to the outer door, which he had inadvertently left open, and through which the rats had entered the building. He saw only a few stragglers scurrying southward. He made a thorough search of the building and found none of the rodents, although he saw where they had tried unsuccessfully to get in the other apartments. He never saw the rats again; they disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. He later discovered they had eaten everything edible to rats that they could get to, including the decomposing bodies, and then had gone elsewhere in search of food. With the bodies picked clean, the air was cleared and it smelled fresh and sweet as he now breathed it.

The next few days he spent dusting, cleaning and cooking in his work clothes; in the evenings he would dress up in formal evening wear or some other nice costume, and eat the dinner he had had cooking during the day, sometimes eating by candlelight.

One morning he woke up to a beautiful spring day--warm sunshine, balmy air, singing birds--which made him feel glad to be alive, and gave him an idea. He quickly ate, dressed in "shopping" clothes and drove to "his" department store. There he selected a wardrobe of sports clothes, sunsuits, shorts, halters, swimsuits, and also picked up several bottles of suntan lotion, and a tennis racket and several tennis balls.

Returning to his apartment he put on a tennis costume with pretty lacy panties and spent a happy hour in the courtyard, hitting tennis balls against the wall. When he was out of breath from so much exertion, he showered, rubbed suntan lotion on his body, donned a sunsuit, and stretched himself out in the sun in the courtyard. He dozed away the entire afternoon, and every day after this he spent some time sunning himself, acquiring a nice tan.

He found a book on feminine beauty care, and began to spend an hour or so each day on the care of his nails, face, hair, skin. His beard had never been heavy, so he kept the whiskers plucked out along with plucking his eyebrows. He practiced a bust developing exercise recommended in the book, which did seem to help a little. He laid in a good supply of beauty aids, as cleansing creams, cosmetics, home permanents (to use when his hair became longer), manicure sets, etc.

He wore cotton gloves to protect his hands and nails when he was handling heavy material and rubber gloves when he washed dishes. His complexion became clear and his skin soft and lovely.

He filled the swimming pool in the backyard and went swimming every day, combining this with his sunbathing. The tan he acquired by doing this gave him much pleasure as he looked at his figure in the full length mirror while dressing. He could see the creamy white skin begin where the tan ended at his swimsuit

line--just like a girl's!

He began accumulating a huge wardrobe of various types of feminine finery. He would dress in various costumes, pretending to be the type of girl he thought would wear a particular kind of clothing.

The wealthy young woman in the penthouse would be his real self, he decided. Her name would be Charlene (and from this time on he always thought of himself as Charlene). She would wear only the most expensive clothing. She would install a maid in the other bedroom to do the cleaning, cooking, shopping. Charlene would shop only for her own clothes.

The maid Annette, dressed in appropriately inexpensive clothes, walked to town, "purchased" a new Chevrolet, then shopped for a complete wardrobe, which she put away in her bedroom. She spent many pleasant hours cleaning her mistress' apartment and cooking for her.

The electricity went off, and Charlene went to the basement to turn on the auxiliary electric system. She saw that the gas was low in the tank and that she would soon have to find more or be without electricity. She knew that there would be other things to do, like starting the pump on the well when the water system broke down. She decided to have a manager to take care of this work. So she became Mrs. Ackerman on these occasions.

Mrs. Ackerman was a middle aged widow with greying hair, and strong enough to do the heavy work. The clothing already in the manager's apartment was too large, so she threw it away and Mrs. Ackerman got a new wardrobe. She was a little old fashioned, so she wore bloomers, heavy corsets, longer dresses and low heeled shoes. She drove a Volkswagen when shopping for herself and used a panel truck when hauling gasoline or anything for the building.

Before Charlene knew it, autumn had come with cool nights and nippy mornings. It was turning cold early, and she heard geese overhead flying south much earlier than usual--a sign of a hard and early winter.

So she had Annette lay in a good supply of food, and Mrs. Ackerman hauled several barrels of gasoline for the engine that ran the electric generator. It was hard work pumping the fuel into the tanks with a hand pump, and she was exhausted when she finished. So she bathed, ate a cold supper, and went to bed that night as Mrs. Ackerman.

Next afternoon clouds covered the sun, a cold wind brought in sleet, and the temperature dropped way below freezing. Water pipes burst all over town and all the water ran out, so she started the well pump. This cold wave lasted several days, then followed a few days of warmer weather. During this warm spell Charlene searched till she found a warehouse filled with winter clothing, and had Annette load the panel truck with the garments she had chosen and bring them to her apartment house.

One day when leaden skies had dropped snow so thick that visibility was almost zero, a sudden wind blew away the clouds, and the sun came out brightly for a little while. Quickly donning a full wool skirt, sweater, knee-high sport hose and sport shoes, Charlene rushed outdoors. She enjoyed the feel of the wind as it whipped her skirt, and whistled around her bare thighs under skirt as she ran about the courtyard, shouting and laughing and throwing snowballs.

Suddenly the wind died and the sun went behind a thick cloud. She lost all her gayety and felt gloomy and depressed. She ran into her bedroom, threw herself down on the bed, and cried herself to sleep in loneliness.

She fell into a sort of routine. Annette would cook, Charlene would eat, Annette would wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen. Every week or so Mrs. Ackerman would check the electric generator and the water pump. One morning Charlene didn't feel like going to the trouble of dressing as Annette, so she just ate some dry cereal and canned fruit with condensed milk for breakfast. She took to leaving on her nightgown, merely throwing on a negligee over it in the daytime. She sat around reading and listening to music on the phonograph a good deal and ate nothing but sandwiches and



sweets like cookies and candy. She seemed to be in a torpor.

Just before daylight one morning she awoke feeling chilly. She flipped the light switch and there was no light. Frightened, she leaped out of bed, flung on a robe and ran to the elevator. It wouldn't work. Frantically she hurried down the three flights of stairs to the basement, using a flashlight.

The gasoline engine that drove the electric generator was silent, out of fuel. She was breathing heavily and the perspiration from her unaccustomed exertion was beginning to chill her. She hurried into Mrs. Ackerman's apartment and began to dress: The bloomers, then a wool knit slip. To save time she left on the bra she was already wearing. She stepped into a wool button front dress--and couldn't button it!

Quickly, for the building was getting colder, she left the front of the dress unbuttoned, fastened the belt, and rushed to the engine room. She pumped the tank about one fourth full of gas, and started the motor. The lights came on first, then the electric heaters began to function. Gradually, while she finished filling the tank, the heater warmed the room.

Back in Mrs. Ackerman's apartment, warm again now, she looked in the mirror. She was astonished at what she saw: A scraggly beard sprouted on her face, her hair was uncombed, her complexion had a pasty, unhealthy pallor. She realized she hadn't bathed or even brushed her teeth for at least two weeks. She looked awful!

The elevator was working now, so she hastened up to Charlene's apartment, where she undressed, bathed, shaved, plucked her eyebrows, combed her hair (it was getting fairly long), trimmed and painted her nails, put on makeup. There! She looked a little better. But she would have to wear gowns and negligees till she could reduce. She went on a strict diet, drank lots of fruit juices, and took plenty of exercise for the next several weeks. At last she was back to her proper size and could wear all her clothes again. And her

complexion had regained its clear loveliness.

She went to a hardware store and brought back a sunray lamp, under which she lay a while every day in shorts and halter till she again had a nice tan. She had Mrs. Ackerman come up and shovel the snow off the paths in the courtyard. Then dressed in warm clothing, Charlene walked in the cold wind, ran, threw snowballs, till her cheeks glowed pink. She felt good and slept and ate well, and when spring came, she was full of good health and vigor.

Because of an accident Charlene conceived the idea of putting a "tenant" in each apartment. She was in the kitchen slicing one of the last of the oranges Annette had brought from the supermarket, when the knife slipped and she cut her finger. There was no antiseptic of any kind to put on it, and no bandages to wrap it in. She wrapped it in a clean dish towel and drove to a drugstore to get some mercurochrome or something to put on it.

When she unwrapped the crude bandage she saw that it was only a slight cut. But she realized that she might get hurt seriously, or even become ill some day, and she resolved to lay in a supply of medical supplies.

"Why don't I play nurse while I gather the materials," she asked herself aloud. "I could play nurse like I play Annette. I could give her an apartment--let's say No. 4 at the foot of the stairs. Her name can be "Flo".

So she got several nurses uniforms complete, along with such street wear as she thought a nurse would need. She also got a Ford for Flo to drive, and put it in its own stall in the garage with the other cars. Flo made several trips to drugstores to pick up medical supplies. Once she drove to a hospital, and walked through some of the corridors and into several rooms, pretending to be a nurse on duty, but it was too gruesome, and she never did it again.

One day in May she saw a bridal gown in a shop window and decided to add another tenant--a bride, "Lucille". So Lucille dressed up and went shopping

for her trousseau for a June wedding. In her apartment, No. 1 on the ground floor, she put on her wedding clothes.

She felt like a blushing bride as she donned the traditional garb: Something old--an exquisite handmade chemise from the room of a wealthy Pittsburgh socialite (real) girl, who had been in Europe at the time of the disaster, something new--a brand new permanent in her very own hair, which was now long enough to wave perfectly; something borrowed--a perfect-fitting bra with inflatable inserts borrowed from Charlene's wardrobe; something blue--a pair of heavenly blue garters Lucille had found in a bride's shop just two days before.

She drove to a nearby church in a new Pontiac (a wedding present from Charlene); walked up the aisle to the strains of the wedding march played on a phonograph, hurried back down the aisle; and drove back to her apartment where she had her "reception", cutting and eating a piece of the wedding cake and drinking a glass of punch, both made by Annette.

After a great deal of posing she changed to her going away suit and drove off. But the thought that there was no one for her to "honeymoon" with kept coming into her mind. She finally turned around and drove back to the apartment. She attired herself in her sheer wedding gown and negligee, and her loneliness so overcame her that she lay down on her bridal bed and once more cried herself to sleep.

Charlene wanted to place another tenant in the building, someone who would wear distinctive clothes. She briefly considered a policewoman, but her distaste for police, developed from her encounter with Hugh Tatum was too strong. Then she thought of a WAC officer--perfect! She decided to invite Captain Barbara Draper of the Women's Army Corps. to become a tenant in apartment No. 2 on the ground floor. She selected a Buick as a car for Barbara and drove it to a WAC encampment. There she found a complete change of clothes the right size and donned them.

Capt. Draper then made a tour of inspection of the entire WAC barracks, picked up all the garments of

proper size, along with such insignia as would be necessary to identify her as a captain, and loaded them in the Buick. She drove to the building and took over her apartment. Later she shopped for such civilian clothes as she thought she might need.

Charlene decided not to place a permanent tenant in No. 3 apartment. She'd reserve it for use by any feminine character she might desire to play for a day or so. At various times she played an airline stewardess, a beauty operator (in this impersonation she dressed the wigs for the other tenants), a chorus girl, a visiting teacher from the Mid-West. By playing Annette, Flo, Capt. Draper, Mrs. Ackerman, Lucille, and these others, she passed the time pleasantly.

One day she discovered a store that specialized in imports from Japan, including Japanese clothing. Happily she dressed herself as a Japanese girl. This gave her the idea of impersonating the girls of other countries, so she used the phonebook to find stores that imported such clothing. The magnitude of her success amazed her. She found sufficient clothing in such places to impersonate girls from France, England, Germany, Russia, Italy, China, India, Egypt and Mexico.

So the summer months passed pleasantly enough, and then fall had passed, she had an enormous amount of food stored in the various kitchens, enough clothing to keep her happy with many changes, and gasoline for the generator engine so she would have plenty of electricity. She considered herself all set for the winter.

About the middle of March something happened to the electric generator, and Mrs. Ackerman could never get it to produce any more electricity. This cut off all light, heat and water. She toiled long hours breaking up the furniture in the apartments and carrying it up the stairs to burn in her fireplace.

She became so weary she quit trying to play even Annette. She was content to be plain Charlene Newman a young woman all alone in the world. She continued to take care of her skin, hair and nails as well as she could. She was compelled to melt snow for water to drink, bathe and cook with. She cooked in the fire-

place, merely opening a can of vegetable or meat or whatever and warming it over the coals in a saucepan. Candles furnished what light she needed, which wasn't much, as she was so tired she slept through most of the hours of darkness.

When spring came her body was in good condition. The work of carrying the wood up the stairs had kept her slender in waist and hips. The use of gloves and constant attention with hand lotions had protected her hands from scratches and chapping. Released from the necessity of using so much time getting fuel, she prepared to enjoy her feminine facilities during the summer. She swam in the pool, dozed in the sun, drove around the countryside, played her various characters, devoting herself to extracting all the pleasure she could from what she now knew would be her last summer in Pittsburgh, for she decided to leave before winter set in.

However, she continued to play until the first frost. She then began her preparations to journey south. She selected, discarded, selected and discarded again and again, till she had a wardrobe of what she thought she would absolutely need and what she liked to wear the best. These she packed in three suitcases, and she filled an overnight bag with her beauty aids. She discarded all the wigs, as she would from now on use her own hair. She put the suitcases behind the seat of the Cadillac, set the o'night case on the floor across from the driver's seat, put some blankets in the car trunk, and drove off.

She planned to drive due south to Columbia, South Carolina, then perhaps to Florida. But she had to detour frequently. Trees had fallen across the roads, completely blocking them in many places. Through mountain stretches slides had often covered the road or torn great gaps in the paving. She sometimes had to retrace her journey many miles, and several times had to try four or five different roads before finding a way through. The roads were rough anyway from lack of maintenance, and she was a month reaching Columbia.

She provided her food by simply breaking into a store and getting what she wanted when she was hungry.

She usually ate a cold lunch, but in the evening she would find an empty house to spend the night in. She would build a fire outside (there was always plenty of wood), cook her dinner, then go to bed. Next morning she would cook breakfast and resume her journey. On cool evenings she built her fire before she went to get food.

She arrived at Columbia one evening late in October. There had been a driving rain till well past noon and the air was damp and cool. Charlene found a house with a "For Rent" sign, which told her it was empty. She built a fire, heated water, bathed, and put on clean underwear, skirt and sweater. She then started walking to the supermarket she could see just a few blocks away.

At the door of the store she stopped in amazement and her heart stood still. The glass in the door was broken. She told herself that some animal had run against the glass and broken it. But when she reached in to unlatch the door, she found it already unlatched. She looked around in great excitement. She knew there must be somebody else alive, but she could see no sign of anyone. It was now almost dark and she ran back to the house, her high heels clattering on the sidewalk. Her mind was boiling with thoughts of the unknown person or persons.

"Persons!" she thought. "There may be more than one. There may be a bunch of men. What would happen if they caught me?"

In a panic now, she took off her shoes, held them in her hand, and raced to the car. She leaped in, turned the ignition key and pressed the starter button. The motor turned over but didn't start!

"Okay, sister," growled a voice from the darkness, "get out, with your hands up! That's it. Now, over by the fire."

In terror she obeyed. She saw a handsome young man step out from behind the house and come into the circle of the firelight. He carried a small rifle of some kind.

"A girl," the young man said, "can you cook?"

Too frightened to speak, Charlene nodded.

"Get busy then," he commanded, stepping back to the corner of the house and picking up a small cloth bag of canned goods, which he tossed at Charlene's feet.

Silently she opened the sack. She found a can of pork and beans which she put in a saucepan and set on the coals to warm. She then mixed some water with a bread mix from the bag of groceries and put the dough in a small pan on the fire. When the food was done she removed it from the fire. Her own instant coffee was sitting there and she made coffee with it. The man brought a knapsack from the corner of the house, rummaged around it till he produced plate, spoon, and cup. Charlene, of course, had her own dishes. With her table knife Charlene cut the bread, placing a piece of it on each plate. She then spooned some beans onto each plate.

Without a word they ate. Charlene washed the dishes in the still warm water, dried them and set them down. She then sat down on the porch steps still within the circle of light from the fire.

Fearfully she sat, covertly watching the young man as he glanced at her from time to time. Finally he seemed to reach a decision. He rose and tossed the gun out of sight in the darkness around the corner of the house. Then squaring his shoulders, he walked over and sat down beside Charlene. She had put her high heels on again, and she knew it would be useless to run, as he could always get the gun and make her return. So she sat motionless, thinking swiftly about what could happen when he found out. "He'll be angry," she thought. "Or he might be like Hugh Tatum. I'll die if he's like that! Or maybe he's like Ed Holden."

Tingles of pleasure ran up her spine as she contemplated this last possibility, to fade quickly in fear as he put an arm around her. She shrank away, but he

pulled her to him roughly, and kissed her. This thrilled her so that she found herself returning the kiss. It was now his turn to pull back.

He looked at her oddly, then muttered, "Any old port in a storm," and once more pulled her to him. He didn't pull away when she returned his next kiss. Suddenly she felt his hand on her knee, and she froze, pulling away. He pulled her to him again, this time more gently, and continued kissing her. Next time he laid his hand on her knee she gave no sign, even when the hot hand reached bare flesh above her stocking. He squeezed her thigh gently, kissing her passionately, and she responded by throwing her arms around him. Swiftly now his hands explored her thigh and reached her panties.

He stiffened, jerked his hand away, felt again, then jumped up, shouting, "You're a man!"

Charlene could only look at him, terrified and speechless. "Here it comes", she thought. "What will he do? Kill me?" Then she realized he was shouting questions at her.

"What's the matter with you?" he was saying. "You haven't said a word since we met. Can't you talk?"

"Yes," whispered Charlene.

"Well, that's something," the young man said. "You certainly had me fooled. I thought you were a girl--just about the prettiest girl I ever saw."

Charlene blushed with pleasure at the compliment.

"Well, it looks like we're stuck with each other," he continued. "So far as I know we're the only people alive in the world. So maybe we ought to get better acquainted. Don't you like girls?"

"Oh, yes," Charlene answered.

"I mean," he persisted, "if the world was still like



it used to be, would you want to marry a girl?"

"Yes, yes," Charlene said, Then she began to cry. "I'm sorry," she sobbed. I can't help being a boy. It's not my fault. You don't have to pick on me because I'm not a girl. I'm just a transvestite, I just like to dress like this. I'm sorry if it makes you angry."

"Angry?" the young man shouted. "Angry! Honey, I'm so tickled I could yell. I think I will. Whoopee! Whoopee!"

After he had quieted down a few moments later he said, "My name is Joe. What's yours?"

"Charlene", she answered from the habit of more than two years' thinking.

While she watched him in great puzzlement he took her hands and pulled her to a standing position.

"Charlene," he repeated. "A pretty name for a pretty girl. I've got a surprise for you. You're a boy who wanted to be a girl. Well, I'm a girl who wanted to be a boy!"

Charlene's incredulity was easily seen in the expression on her face. Seeing this, Joe took her hands and quickly and simply proved what he had told her. It was true! When Joe kissed her, she threw her arms around his neck and returned his kiss passionately, pressing herself against him.

"Oh, what a wonderful thing has happened!" Joe said. "How did you manage to live through all this?"

They sat down on the steps again and Charlene told her story. Joe then told his:

"I was born Josephine Randolph. My parents owned a big plantation in Florida. I always wanted to be a boy and when I was little I used to put on shirt and jeans and roam all over our property. We had some hills on the place, and I found some caves in them.

I used to fish and hunt in the woods and often spent a week living in the caves dressed as a boy. That's what I was doing when this catastrophe occurred.

"When I came out I found my parents in the house alone, dead. I buried them on the place. I then set out to find someone else, but soon discovered that I was alone. It hit me pretty hard for a while, but I got over it and decided to make the best of it. I got a new pickup truck with a camper top on it, loaded it with provisions and plenty of ammunition, and drove around all over the southern states. In winter I went back to my old home.

"I was on my way back home when I saw the smoke of your fire. No one was around, so I just took the rotor out of your distributor, and waited till you showed up."

"I'm so glad you did," Charlene laughed happily.

"I have one more question," Joe said. "Charlene, will you marry me?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

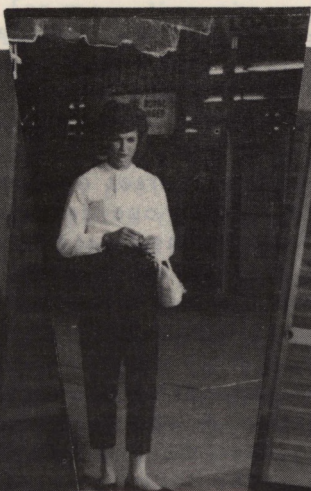
Three weeks later, the wedding took place. They had wired the biggest church in Tallahassee and set a tape recorder to carry out the whole wedding ceremony. A phonograph played the music, a tape recorder played a minister's voice saying the ceremony. They answered, "I do," in the right places. Charlene was dressed in the complete outfit she had selected for Lucille in Pittsburgh. After the ceremony they ran down the aisle and out the door to the car.

At the car, Charlene stood alone while Joe ran up on the steps and threw some rice on her. They both then got in the car and drove off, the old shoes tied to the back of the bumper bouncing on the pavement.

Joe looked down at Charlene, and grinned happily. Charlene looked up at Joe, and smiled dreamily. She snuggled up close to him as he put his arm around her and drew her close. The car stopped. Their lips met in a tender, lingering kiss. The car moved on.....



SALLY 32-B-7 FPE



JO-ANNE  
42-F-1

# Reminiscence

by Sharon

I was born in 1902, and at this writing I am 60 years old. I have been a TV all my life. Only a few people know the way it came about.

I was the youngest in a family of eleven boys. As I look at old photographs and compare them with stories and articles by others like myself it seems as though mother must have wanted a girl. At any rate in all photos that include me I am the only one with long hair, and some show me in dresses and in one or two I have a ribbon in my hair.

As you know this was still the era of the black lace corset (still is for me) I had seen mother and my' aunts lacing each other and would feel funny all over when I saw their corsets.

When I was about ten I found a discarded corset in the attic and put it on. As I was small it did not fit too snugly but was still tight enough for me to know that I wanted to wear a corset for all time.

I would put on this old corset every chance I got for the next two years. Then one day mother caught me and after a lot of questions I told her I loved to wear them and would do so every chance I got. She smiled and told me she did not mind my hobby and she would help me lace up.

Shortly after that she called me to her room and gave me my first corset. As she laced me in the grandest feeling came over me and I kept saying, "tighter". Mother tied the laces and told me that my waist looked like an hour glass it was so small. She then showed me a fashion catalogue and I said I wanted my waist to be like those.

She measured my waist and it was sixteen inches.

he said that in order to accomplish my goal that I would have to wear my corsets every day. I agreed and said if necessary I would sleep in them, and soon was, for I soon found that they could be laced tight-  
er if worn for long periods at a time.

One day mother told me I could have a dress if desired. Soon she had me in hose, bloomers, corset over, petticoats and shirt waist. She was proud of me and my waist was a joy to see.

We sold the mineral under our land (coal) and moved to another state. Of course, now I was all girl and for the next ten years dressed the part. But then my masculinity began to show (beard) so back to trousers I went. God! how funny they felt and did I hate them.

I would not give up my corsets though and wore them under my trousers with bloomers, hose and corset cover.

Of course, with my twenty inch waist, I had to have trousers made for me. How the tailor looked when he was given twenty inch waist and thirty-nine hips, and how careful I had to be slipping them on so as not to rip them.

Well, styles have changed but I still stick by my old style corsets. I wear pretty pettipants, slips and nylons all the time. I get a thrill being around the ladies in stores and talking with them, knowing that my unmentionables are just as pretty as theirs.

Although I am vainly proud of my small twenty-nine inch waist and wish I dared to flaunt it openly. I disguise it with a sport shirt hanging loose outside my trousers. I wonder what the ladies would say if they knew that under my male outfit was a corset, slip, pettipants and nylons?

And what would they say once they know this if I invited them all home for tea and then greeted them attired completely as a female?

## Book Review

CITY OF NIGHT, by John Rechy. 410 pp., Grove Press, New York, 1963. \$ 5.95.

This novel, by your Editor's standards, has no place in TVia as it is entirely concerned with the homosexual world. However, the fact that it has been on the best-seller list for 20 weeks (as of Nov. 19) puts it into a special category. Some 250,000 people have presumably read it, - and the TV will need to know what they have read, because it does nothing to improve our public image!

The view given of the " gay " world is a deliberately ugly and grimy one, as if the author knew it well and was repudiating it. The whole scene, from "male hustler " to " queen ", is presented in an underworld context reeking of narcotics, petty crime and casual violence. ( A male hustler is a man who participates only for pay; the nameless narrator of the story is in this class, and the book closes with his frantic retreat when he realizes that he has crossed the line to active homosexuality.

For TV's, the main interest will lie in the sections describing the drag queens of Los Angeles (p102-129 ) and New Orleans at Mardi Gras time( p315-407 ). Never before have I seen so much print on these mysterious people, so like us in wearing dresses but so utterly alien in their thought processes. In these sections also lies the danger that the ordinary reader, having digested this package, will " know all about Transvestites " , though that word is not used in the book. The distinction between queens and TV's as we know them should be obvious - and reassuring - to the more discriminating reader. Any TV who is worried about his possible drift in this direction may take comfort in the obvious width of the gap, which seems psychologically impassable.

SHEILA, 30-B 2 FPE

# *The Secret*

by Winfie (5-B-1)

"All visitors ashore!" Passengers begin to line the rails; visitors pour down the gangways and gather on the wharf; streamers flutter down to them; conversation rises and shouts from ship to shore and back become more numerous and high-pitched as excitement rises, as it always does, when a liner is about to sail. Children caught up in the excitement, stand wide-eyed with their parents.

Ah, there goes one gangway and look! One or two lines have been slipped. Pilot and captain are on the shoreside wing of the bridge. At last, call is made for all visitors to leave before the last gangway is lowered, and tugs which have been hovering by close in on the ship.

Three long blasts and, on the dot, with shouts of farewell and some tears, the huge liner begins to move and leave the wharf. Above the noise, sounds of strains of the ship's band playing nostalgic music.

Now the ship is turning. A few last waves and the crowd begins to drift towards the exits. Passengers on board move from the rails and make their way to cabin or lounges.

John made his way slowly below deck. Entering his cabin, he stood for a moment in the doorway, then he switched on the light. Meditatively he closed the door and then pushed the catch. If the steward knocked he could not enter. John wanted to be alone for a time. He had come for one reason; to test himself out. He knew he was safe in some degree.

He was going only as far as Honolulu so he would not have to pass through customs he felt sure. His bags lay on his bunk just as he had put them. The cabin steward had probably been too busy to come in to put his things away. Perhaps he should give the man a

chance to do so. John thereupon unlatched the door and busied himself about the cabin.

Soon came a knock on the door which was then opened, yes, it was the cabin steward. Could he be of help? John thanked him politely but said that he could manage. After the man had left John again locked the door. Then he unlocked one of the larger suitcases. Had an invisible man been watching he would have concluded that, after the precautions that John had taken, he must be up to some nefarious scheme. This was not the case though. John drew from the suitcase an exquisite negligee which he held before himself as he turned towards the mirror. A look of pleasure spread over his face. Gently he stroked the fine material and then laid the garment on the bunk. In turn, various lovely feminine garments came into view including a very lovely evening gown. Then, turning to a smaller case John unlocked it and lifted out a very handsome wig. Had it been possible to peer over his shoulder a compartment containing all the requirements for makeup would have been seen. Smiling to himself John began carefully to restore each article to its place and then locking each case tidied himself and left the room.

Then followed a day or two of relaxation and enjoyment. John paid no further attention to the two suitcases or so it seemed.

Each morning John eagerly scanned the ship's newspaper and then came the time when he seemed particularly happy. Our invisible man would have seen that the Fancy Dress Ball was to be held that night. The invisible man could also have told us that each night John carefully locked his door, then after bathing, donned a lovely nightgown and in the morning, before the steward could be expected, bringing fruit juice or coffee, John would relax in his lovely negligee. But tonight was to be the test.

After supper that evening John locked his cabin door and set to work. Rapidly he shaved closely (he had already shaved his whole body that morning) and then the transformation began. A considerable time later John opened the cabin door and confidently made his



way to the ballroom.

John did not enter the contest for the best dressed woman or for any other prizes. He took his place among the spectators and later when the various contestants paraded through the ballroom, he applauded with the rest. Finally the decisions were announced and then the evening was given over to dancing. This was John's cue. This was the test.

He was confident that his rather pretty face would not betray him; that his neck was more like that of a young woman and that even his arms looked rather well.

Weeks of practising the art of makeup, which an understanding wig maker and artist had helped him with, bolstered his self-confidence. While the judging of the contestants had been in progress he had passed seemingly more or less unnoticed, though he did think that one or two women had glanced his way and he felt sure that a man or two had let their eyes linger on his becoming gown.

But now, now was the time. What would happen? A couple rose and began to circle the floor. Then other couples joined them. With a heart beating with anticipation, not fear, John waited. Was this the moment? A muscular rather good looking young man was approaching. The next moment he was bowing before John and introducing himself. Might he have the pleasure? He might, and the next minute he was being led off to the strains of the excellent orchestra.

The next few hours passed as though on wings. Time and again a man would cut in. John soon found himself talking easily (he had modulated his voice through practice) and thoroughly enjoyed every minute. He gave his name as Shelley, but skillfully avoided giving the number of his cabin.

As the evening wore on a particularly persistent partner came back time and time again and finally suggested a turn on the deck. Shelley took his partner's arm and they left the ballroom. Under the full

sheen of the full moon the two stood at the rail and talked. Suddenly Shelley felt an arm about his waist. Excitement rose in him as he thought "now I am loved as a woman might be". He even ventured to return a kiss, but then caution returned and he skillfully avoided any further entanglement. After some small talk he excused himself, made his way daintily below and let "herself" into her cabin.

A wonderful feeling suffused her. She seated herself before her mirror and sat a while, looking at the attractive picture she made. Suddenly a knock was heard. What now? He realized that it must be the cabin steward but why? The bed was already turned down. There was nothing for it but to open the door and face the situation.

The steward was there. No flicker of surprise crossed his face as he handed Shelley a small envelope and then left. Slowly and with a palpitating heart, Shelley again locked the door, sank on the bunk and with trembling fingers opened the envelope. She drew forth a card which gave off a delicate fragrance. In feminine writing were these words:

"You make a charming woman. I saw you enter the ball. I saw you leave your cabin before the ball. I saw you enter it, later. Your secret is safe. I know just how you feel, because I too am like you."

Patricia.

Shelley read and read the words. Was his secret safe? What of the steward? Did he think she was waiting for John? Would Patricia write again? He would wait and see; that was all he could do anyway.

"She"/"he", retired that night with mixed feelings. The thoughts of his experiences of the night kept him awake. In a way an expectant feeling entered his being and suddenly he realised that there was but one more day before he would leave the ship. The following day he hoped and waited but no note came.

Then came the day of berthing. The pilot was picked up and with him a band of Hawaiians laden

with leis. As the ship neared the wharf, all the passengers, wearing these lovely floral necklaces, crowded the sides of the ship and the scent was almost overpowering.

The famous welcome of Hawaii rose into the air as the band greeted the liner. Soon the ship was moored and the exodus began. John went to his cabin to gather his luggage. One, two, three, four....but, what was this parcel doing there? Yet his name was on it but it was printed. What might it be?

Hurriedly John searched for a note. Yes, here it was. Was it from Patricia? Yes, the writing was the same. He lifted the parcel and then saw a small note attached. The words "open after landing" were on it.

He collected all his belongings and the parcel and made his way to the gangway. He hailed a taxi and was whirled to his hotel. When he was settled he took the envelope and read the note it contained.

"Dear Friend: I shall miss you. Here is something to remember me by. I have watched over you during your trip. You have seen me every day without realizing that I am Patricia. Your Cabin Steward.

John then saw that he had absentmindedly taken from the box a small photo. A pleasant looking girl looked back at him. Yes, there was some resemblance to the cabin steward. If only he had known they might have had long talks together, but then he realized that Patricia might have felt this was not in order.

John then lifted the tissue paper that filled the box. An exclamation of delight escaped him as he drew out a lovely negligee. How did Patricia know his favorite color? Perhaps it was hers too.

Speedily John set about transforming himself into Shelley and this time donned the gift. As she did so she thought, "Who knows? Maybe some day they would meet. He would return to the Islands as "she" and on the same ship too.

In the meantime he could remember the Steward's name as it was printed on the framed card on the cabin door. He would write and perhaps they would develop a correspondence and yes, some time soon, he must select something dainty to send to Patricia.

Then the thought struck him. Some people go to sea to drink and play cards; some to read and relax and an occasional one to allow, for a time the other side of his personality to emerge.

His secret had been found out, but he had gained a femmefriend.

#### IT HAS PROBABLY BEEN PRINTED ALREADY

Letters are constantly received asking questions that have long since been answered in earlier issues of TRANSVESTIA. Almost all of the important matters pertaining to our femmelife have been discussed already and it is recommended that those with specific questions get the earlier issues and search out the information. Sometimes we have the feeling that because an issue of a magazine is not the current one that it is all out of date and not worth reading. For TIME or NEWSWEEK this would be true but not for TRANSVESTIA. The stories, articles and pictures are just as timely and interesting in the early issues as in the current ones, though the format and layout may not have been as good.

So, take advantage of the special price on back issues of 6 for \$20 as against the regular price of \$4 per issue and complete your library. All issues from #3 on are available and interesting. Look over your stock of TVias and see which you are missing and send in for them. They will not be reprinted when they are gone, and, the day will come when they will be almost collector's items, so send for them now.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS BOX 36091 LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



GIRLS AT A DANCE

MONICA

35-L-5

Plopped in darkness I can see her near,  
Soft and gentle, she comes to me  
Without necessity of social fear.  
For I show to her my feminine glee.

She stops agast, her eyes glance my silk,  
They rest gently on my manly face,  
she knows, my breasts cannot hold milk,  
Nor am I allowed this frilly lace.

I raise my hot cigarette to ruby lips,  
And suck in the tightness of my dress;  
Her touch on my knee is like a kiss,  
I close my hands and let her guess.

Who am I but what I appear?  
She is she without pain or fright,  
Yet, I am she before the mirror,  
And I dance with her, a girl, this night...



"Oh yeah? You wouldn't have had the nerve to talk to me like that BEFORE my operation!"

**FROM NINE TO FIVE**



"Oh, I wouldn't worry about the boss finding out, Max. But, please stop referring to me as your 'buddy.'"



"It's not that I really mind, doc, but I was just curious about the pills you gave me to cure my stomach trouble..."



G•A

## "SUSANNA SAYS..."

As I write this column I am wearing... a disgusted look on my face. You see, they are tearing down the building next door and you know how peaceful demolition crews can be. I am making an effort to concentrate inasmuch as Virginia has urged me to send her this article as soon as possible. There's lots of things to write.. I could perhaps delve a little deeper into the TV children problem. I've had a few talks on the subject after my last column and in one instance a very understanding GG said: " What would actually happen if you let the kids know?" It's a highly debatable question, and the majority opinion was that it was perhaps better and safer not to try the experiment. There was a great deal of talk about the " father image " subject and some poo-pooed the entire concept arguing that there's no such thing in our present American life. Others said that a kid can grow up without a father image and still be a pretty well developed chap, that may be we were talking about a mirage that never actually existed except in the mind of some " progressive " psychiatrist.... Someone else pointed out that in most cases parents are afraid that the child will talk too much in the neighborhood and expose the careful guarded secret. To this, the GG above quoted said, that how do you explain then the way the children in Communist countries learn to keep their mouths shut regarding parental attitudes at home that would be severely sanctioned by the Red authorities if they ever found out. She asked why couldn't a TV child be taught that " this is a secret " just between us. Or else she said--why can't the parents show the child that this is nothing to be ashamed of. Another member of the group jumped right into the discussion insisting that such an example would definitely steer the boy's interests towards TVism and would harm him in some undefinable way. I retorted that the argument had no validity because TVism is definitely not catchy. There are many of instances to prove this. I am afraid I did not convince many with my viewpoint, but, anyway we all did quite a bit of thinking along these lines. I hope to develop,

something more solid on this subject in a future colum.

Right now however I am thinking of the pleasures that come our way when we form TV friendships. There is so much freedom to be oneself and talk frankly and openly, to say nothing of the fascinating bits of information we uncover. Just the other day a new TV dropped in to see me. Eva is engaged in the fantastic task of creating a life-like foam padding for hips and upper thighs. The way she describes her research efforts up to the present put a gleam in any TV's eyes. The job is not yet completed, but she says it will look and feel like real flesh, none of this foam rubber mess we are all stuck with. I promise to let you all know how it comes out when (and if) it is completed. Eva however impresses me as the kind of person who will finish the job. She is a true perfectionist.

I imagine most of you gals have read Dr. Iris' article in TVia 23 entitled "The Making of a TV." If you have a nasty little mind ( like mine ) you'll think " how on earth did Virginia let such a subject be printed" ..but after you read the article you realize that the title had another meaning. All kidding aside, Dr Iris has come up with some very stimulating thoughts...and if she does not mind I'd like to enter here my disagreements as well as my congratulations. I heartly endorse the last stage which she describes as the " Creative Stage" in the life of a TV. That's great. But I could not disagree more violently with her first " Sexual Stage". I feel that this is a attempt to over-simplify a very complex subject and to skip a fundamental mystery which still awaits for a firm answer.

Dr. Iris says that " at some point in his life the potential TV makes his acquaintance with female clothing, usually underwear." The trick here is in the word "potential". What makes some boys " potential " TV's? What is absent from those who are not "potential"? We all know that the immense majority of boys make this acquaintance quite early in life. They see their female relatives around the house, they contemplate lingerie hanging in the bathroom, and quite a few of them in games, at Halloween, or just for the devil of it, don a dress or skirt.



The mystery here is why most of them are not affected by this experimentation while TV boys are. Where is the difference? Is it something in the body chemistry? Is it something inborn? Is it some expression of something being acquired, and if so, how can it appear so early in some TV's lives? Is what makes it so, the mind of the TV boy? Is it different from that of the non-TV? This is entirely skipped by Dr. Iris.

She goes on to say that this early encounter is definitely related to the sex energy of the individual and describes it as an intrinsic part of this first stage the element of sexual stimulation. I ask, where does Dr. Iris leave those TV's who do not find any sexual stimulation at all in TVism, at any time in their lives? Can they be left out of the picture? I am afraid that this "Sexual Stage" does not completely cover the individual picture. I would say that there is sex stimulation and the individual just stays at that point, then we are not dealing with TVism, but with a basic form of fetichism and nothing else. True, we do find TV's who fit Dr. Iris' classification, but we must look for a wider theory that won't leave out those who are not erotically aroused by feminine garments. Dr. Iris is too Freudian for my taste. The sex drive is a powerful one in the human being, but it is NOT the ONLY powerful force within us and I take exception to Dr. Iris' assumption that artistic creativity religious Love, etc... are "examples of this sex energy" diverted into other channels. Surely there are instances where Dr. Iris' theory fits, but she is squeezing reality too much to make it fit neatly into her category. Jung and Adler, as Dr. Iris well knows, did not confer upon the sex drive the tremendous importance that Freud attached to it. Dr. Iris wonders which one of her personalities wrote what parts of her article. I think that the doctor wrote about the first and that Iris wrote about the third. Therefore I congratulate Iris for her beautiful statement: "by creating this woman in the mirror we have actually done a bit of divine juggling." And finally, a bit of advice. Why not try and let Iris delve a little longer on that "first stage", may she could come up with a better answer than the one given by the doctor with such a simplified prescription.

Now, back to bits of conversations recently held among friends. Somehow, there seems to be a large percentage of engineers among TV's. Our friend Sheila, being one herself, recalls that as a student, there was a College

song in which the engineers offered their services " to build a bridge to Mars or a ten-foot shaft to Hell". Sheila says that " in an atmosphere of that sort, who would fear a little project like raising a secret sister?" It is interesting to note, however, that TVism cuts across every conceivable profession, and that it is very difficult to establish any sort of relationship between the type of work one does and the presence of the "girl-within". I've noticed and I don't think we should try to draw any hasty conclusions from this, that a good majority of TV's are Republicans--and a good number of them in the Conservative ranks, how about electing a TV President some day?

It is interesting (and perhaps easier to understand) to note the number of TV's who are avid science fiction fans. Are to perchance trying to find THE story in which TV's are real heroes ( oops, I mean heroines?) I've been thinking about such a story for some time and have come up with a plot. I just wished I had the time to sit down and write it into a good novelette. Pegie Val Adair liked the story and promised she'd block it into chapters for me. What about it, Pegie? Anyway, here's the idea:

The year is sometime in the future. The Russians-- as usual --have violated another treaty. This time its the nuclear test ban. Both sides have been nuclear testing like mad for some time. The fall-out is increasing. Suddenly a scientist spots an odd fact. The number of births of baby girls is decreasing. Science gets to work but, to no avail. The number of girl births keeps dropping only boys are being born. Our story begins when it's been 20 years since the last baby girl was born. Mankind realizes that it is doomed to total extinction. There are only a few women left. These are carefully protected by society in the hope that by some miracle they may again be able to give birth to girls. The population of the world has shrunk at a dizzying rate. What has happened to this society almost entirely made of men? Many of them have taken to homosexual attachments, others however just work and live to try and forget the beautiful past and not to think of the inevitable obliteration of the race. The concept of family life has been

drastically altered and we find now veritable fraternity houses as the standard family unit. What about femininity? Men miss it terribly. It isn't just sex hunger, but spiritual hunger as well. Some half-hearted attempts are made to keep a vase with flowers on the dining room table. At putting up pretty curtains. At spreading that magic, cheerful softness only girls knew how to spark and sustain.

At this point in our story (and I'm sure you are way ahead of me) the TV makes his triumphant appearance in this dying society. He becomes the standard bearer of femininity. He alone knows how to keep it alive. Every household feels proud, and considers itself lucky, to have a TV in their midst. The clicking of high heels, which had practically disappeared is heard once again in apartments and sidewalks. The manufacturers of cosmetics and perfumes have at least some customers to take care of. Long hair for TV is now urged and extolled. Lovely prints in silks and satins are again seen in the store windows and even beauty parlors begin to reopen their doors in every city. It is certainly nice to have TV's around to keep the memory of GG's alive. An imitation true, but better than nothing at all. Their presence is welcomed by most but, (and here the plot thickens) there are also those who hate TV's simply because they bring memories of bygone days. They see in TV's, nothing but cruel tantalizers, a mockery of something intensely desired but hopelessly out of reach. The TV-haters embark in a merciless campaign against TV's. The campaign erupts in violence and TV lives are lost in the struggle. (There ought to be loads of action in these chapters!!) The climax is reached when suddenly a radio blares forth a sensational bulletin: "A baby-girl has been born this morning in Rochester, New York!" Hope returns, mankind is saved and TV's conquer recognition. (I guess the mysterious effects of the nuclear fall-out have worn off by now--or else we, humans have built up a resistance against it.)...what led me to dream up this plot was the fact that I was sick and tired of the doting mother who dresses up the boy, or the domineering aunt who takes pleasure in forcing the kid into feminine finery. This seems to be the only plot that can be conceived in regard to transvestism. I'm sure you've read that stupid sequence a million times.

Speaking of plots, it is fascinating to search through literary works looking for cross-dressing scenes. There are many instances in the classics which I am certain you must have seen. Just as an example I found that the Spanish writer Cervantes used TV bits quite frequently in his works. In "Don Quixote" we find a scene at a small town square where some sort of festival is in progress. All the young girls in town are performing a dance ritual while the crowd enjoys the spectacle and the Mayor applauds. Suddenly two girls leave the group of dancers and approach the Mayor. One of them turns out to be the Mayor's son who is now asking his father to please let him marry the girl of his dreams. Since they wouldn't give her permission to see him, he had to resort to this subterfuge in order to be with her and talk to her. The Mayor is upset and indignant, but Don Quixote placates the old man and all ends well. In another of Cervantes' works there is a long narrative about a Prince who sailed to North Africa to find and rescue his damsel who had been kidnapped by Moorish pirates. As the ship approaches the coast of Africa, a friend points out to the Prince how much easier his search would be if the Prince should pretend to be a Princess and let himself be kidnapped by the pirates. The Prince thinks this is a terrific idea (a TV no doubt), goes down to his cabin and emerges a couple of hours later transformed into a vision of loveliness. Cervantes definitely overdoes the scene when he says that "She was a vision of beauty as fair of the fairest maidens". Obviously he didn't know that TV's need a lot of practice and he completely forgets to tell us what the Prince used for falsies and hip padding. Anyway, the entire crew is amazed at the change and the pirates fall for the impersonation. The "princess" is duly taken to the cave or palace (I don't remember which) where all the female prisoners are kept. The Prince looks so gorgeous that even his sweetheart--who does not read him right away--feels a twinge of envy. I wonder what kind of a TV wife she would make! And of course she is rescued and the Prince discards his feminine attire. I am sure that he must have continued to indulge later on, being so pretty, you know.

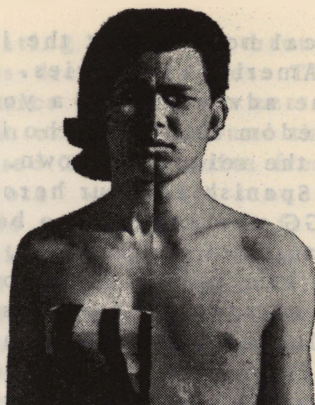
Again in Spanish literature, I ran across a six-volume

historical novel about the independence of one of the South American countries. An entire volume deals with the adventures of a young patriot, a lieutenant of the freedom fighters, who is wounded by the Spanish during the seige of a town. The town falls in the hands of the Spanish and our hero is saved in the nick of time by a GG who happens to be secretly in love with him. She drags him, unconscious, into her house and quickly dresses him in one of her best dresses. The fashion of course was perfect for TV's in those days of early 1800's. Long sleeves; high necks, and skirts that came way down to the floor with lots of petticoats underneath. This lieutenant also looks gorgeous and when the Spanish soldiers break into the house they find themselves apologizing for having disturbed these two lovely ladies! The lieutenant pretends "she" has lost her voice ( the author never talked with Felicity, I'm sure) and is solicitously protected by a tough Spanish Captain. The lieutenant goes through a good many adventures once he realizes how good he really looks as a girl. He even enters into an incredible sequence with a real GG who does not know why she feels such a strange attraction towards this lovely " girlfriend." Nature finally enters the picture and the GG finds out that her instinct was right after all. The reader can tell that the author was not a TV. Very little description, if any of the dresses he wore, and total neglect on the shoe problem and what he did about his beard. All we are told is that he looked attractive and could fool anybody. Well, fantasy is fantasy, after all, but no harm in dreaming.....

A final bit.....some one told me that the Mummer's Parade held every January 1st, in Philadelphia stems from a historical event in which cross-dressing played an important part. It seems that a group of American patriots managed to fool the British into allowing all the women to leave unmolested as part of the terms of their surrender. When the British entered the fort, there was nobody left. The Americans had gone too, all wearing women's clothes. Ah, those were the days, but then the present is pretty nice too, right?

Love,  
Susanna

““  
**I  
WANT  
TO  
CHANGE  
MY  
SEX!**””



*Posed by professional models*

The following letter, received by this magazine, was referred to the eminent international authority on "sex change" problems. **Harry Benjamin, M.D.**

**DEAR DOCTOR:**

What can I do to end my misery? In body I am looked at by others as a male, but in my mind and heart I see myself as a woman.

Life has played a dirty trick on me, forcing me to live with the outer appearance of a man, but the inner feelings and emotions of a woman. Although my sex is male, I really think I am very much on the feminine side. Except that I do not have breasts, I have a womanly figure. On occasion, while dressed as a female (something I feel compelled to do quite frequently to ease my emotional tension) I have been told that I am quite beautiful. People look at me with respect and admiration. Not so when I am dressed as a man.

Perhaps I could live always dressed in a woman's clothes; but then I would always live in fear of being recognized and arrested. That will not help. Even now, I feel that I am a true woman hiding in the false physical shell of a male.

I understand that some people like me have been able, after years of torment, to find relief and happiness by actually becoming female through treatments and an operation. I am convinced that this is what I really need to end my misery.

I want to change my sex. Can you help me? — F. T. S.

**DR. BENJAMIN'S REPLY:**

Medical science and modern surgery have indeed helped cases like

yours, although not too many and not always too well.

An operation to have your sex "changed" is probably foremost in

## SEX ROLE PROBLEM

your mind. Sometimes you may feel that such an operation is all you live for and that, without it and without the change you can accomplish that way, life is not worth living. This is an understandable emotional reaction to your deep-seated ambition to go through life as a woman.

You must realize, however, that emotion, especially if unusually intense, is not always rational and may well conflict with sound reason. Therefore, you should make an effort to think over your problem as unemotionally as possible, and to do so more than once. Let me help you to do it by supplying a little more knowledge and common sense. It may prove useful for your entire future life.

First of all, sex is determined at the moment of conception and therefore never can be changed. The so-called "change" by surgery concerns only those organs that make you physically and legally a man (or a woman). A serious major operation or series of operations are required to change the external appearance from male to female.

The difficulties of finding a competent surgeon are great. Few hospitals at the present time will allow such operations. Complications may arise afterwards, more operations may become necessary and the outcome is never certain. The artificial vagina that can be created by plastic surgery may or may not function to your later satisfaction in marital relations. I am speaking from experience with more than a single patient.

*Dr. Benjamin is a prominent N. Y. endocrinologist and specialist in gerontology. He was consulting endocrinologist of the College of the City of New York and has contributed to numerous scientific and medical journals.*

**Furthermore, the operation, even if successful, does not change you into a woman. Your inborn (genetic) sex will remain male. You must be aware of this fact, although it may have no practical meaning for your later life as a woman. If the surgeon castrates you as part of the operation, you would be, technically and from the glandular point of view, neither male nor female. You would be a "neuter."**

Only your psychological sex is female. (Otherwise you would not have wanted the operation in the first place.) If the surgeon merely places your testicles in the abdomen to make them invisible, you would have to be considered a male, from a glandular viewpoint as well as legally.

Yet, it is true, you could look like a woman in the genital region and function as one after the operation. Even a climax (orgasm) during sex relations has been reported by most such patients. But remember, a time may come when sex is no longer important. Would you still want to be a woman then? Constant glandular treatment with hormone injections or tablets—off and on—probably would be necessary for the rest of your life.

Is your general appearance and physical build such that you can pass as a woman, or is it possible you will look more like a man dressed up as a woman?

Don't ask the mirror. Take the word of an objective outsider.

Masculine features, a heavy bone structure, a height above the average, a prominent "Adam's apple" could be handicaps because they cannot be changed.

The law too may cause you many difficulties and complications, even after the operation. Much red tape stands in the way for you to



**This  
was a  
man!**

**THIS WOMAN.** Elizabeth Kimberly Belvedere Hughes, was formerly James Ernest Hughes until he underwent a sex change operation.—*European*.

have your birth certificate read "female" instead of "male." But you may need that for a new job, or if you should want to get married as a woman.

And then, please remember that you are not alone in this world. You undoubtedly have relatives, parents, brothers and sisters. You must ask yourself how they would feel, having a daughter instead of a son, a sister instead of a brother. Their attitude and their happiness deserve your consideration before you undertake such an irrevocable step as a "conversion operation." You can only *hope* that they will put your happiness before their own preferences.

Religious convictions may trouble your conscience. Find peace

and clarity before you decide on something that cannot be undone.

Even if all obstacles (including the important financial one) have been overcome and the operation has become possible for you, you should remind yourself once more that when you awake from the anesthesia, you are not a woman by any means.

When you have recovered from the pain and the after-effects of the operation, after a few weeks or months, your real work begins—to change into a "woman." You have to learn how to behave like a woman, how to walk, how to use your hands, how to talk, how to apply make-up and how to dress. Existing handicaps would require special attention.

Of course, you may have had your experience with dressing, etc., for some time already, but it was then more or less a game. Now it would be so much more serious because it is permanent. Also, your beard and body hair may require long and costly electrolysis to be removed.

**Finally, but highly important, how do you know you can make a living as a woman? Have you ever worked as a woman before? I assume that so far, you have only held a man's job and have drawn a man's salary. Now, you may have to learn something entirely new. Could you do that? Could you get along with smaller earnings?**

Again, I ask you to think over all these problems carefully, sensibly and unemotionally. If you could try, perhaps with the help of a psychologist, to adjust yourself to your present male status, making the best of it in whatever form or manner, you may certainly save yourself immense complications in your future life and probably many sacrifices too.



If you can discuss the problem with someone who is understanding but who does not have the handicap of emotional involvement. If everything seems favorable, a doctor—preferably an experienced psychiatrist—should still be asked to approve of the step you want to take. If he agrees with you and recommends the operation, then I would say "by all means, go ahead and the best of luck."

The above advice was written with the male transsexual in mind who desires to become a woman. But there are also female transsexuals who want to become men and live and work as such. They are much rarer, but their emotional problems are the same. My explanations and warnings, in principle, apply equally to them.

The operations they are seeking with the same emotional intensity,

naturally are different. They want a reduction in the size of their breasts, in order to appear masculine, the removal of the womb, so that there is no menstrual period to fear anymore, and sometimes the closing up of the vagina.

More complicated plastic operations on the genitalia are practically never requested. For instance, the construction of a penis that could be of use would require a series of complicated operations, costly through long hospitalization, and highly uncertain as to results.

Glandular treatment with hormones and psychological guidance are as important for females as for males, but naturally hormones produce no permanent changes. These can only be accomplished through surgery, which in turn requires as much mature and unemotional consideration as the parallel procedures in men.

The preceding article was reprinted by permission of the Editor of Sexology where it originally appeared, and at the request of its author, Dr Harry Benjamin. It was with full willingness that your Editor concurred with this, for I too feel that this subject can hardly be over emphasized. While there are certainly true transsexualists who may be benefited by surgery, but who should nevertheless consider the complications carefully beforehand, there is a stage in the development of a TV that leads him to think that surgery would be the "answer". I say a "stage" because with a little further development, most of us come to realize that this is not the answer at all. The problem is to help the individual to develop past this point. A clear consideration of the problems involved, such as Dr. Benjamin has given in this article is one of the best ways of helping such people to outgrow this feeling and to accept themselves and their transvestism and to seek their happiness without surgery.

# "The Expression of Femininity In The Male"

BY VIRGINIA PRINCE

The title of this paper will not disturb a group such as this, though it would upset the general public since "femininity" in a male sounds immoral and abnormal. This is because we have very artificial and semantically incorrect ideas about such matters. It will be well, therefore, to give a moment's attention to the sense in which I should like to use the words Sex and Gender. I speak of sex as a matter of anatomy and physiology and gender as a matter of psychology and sociology. Or to put it in the vernacular, sex is largely below the belt, gender is largely above it.

Sex and Gender are, unfortunately, often used interchangeably or in ways that lead one to think of them as inseparable - masculine with maleness and feminine with femaleness. Lower animals have sex differences but only the rudiments of gender distinctions. That is, male and female animals show little difference in general behaviour except in relation to the reproductive act, birth and the rearing of offspring. In the human species, however, there are many ways in which males and females differ on purely psychological and social levels not directly related to their anatomical and physiological differences. Gender then, is largely a human invention and a by-product of human society. Since society is also a human phenomenon (leaving out the so-called social insects) and is not biologically based and, since it exists in a great many forms and degrees, it is obviously an artificial creation of man and not the inevitable result of biological necessity. The psycho-social differences between human males and females which collectively are termed gender, are therefore also in large measure arbitrary and artificial. What is considered proper masculine or feminine behavior or appearance in one culture or period of history may be exactly the opposite in other cultures or in the same culture at different times. This pointed out to help destroy the feeling that we all have that what IS at the moment is what should be, and hopefully will be in the future. With this sense of inevitability and permanence put of the way we can more easily proceed to

examine a subject that is seldom considered in this light.

Looked at from the broadest view, a human baby has many different types of behaviour, emotions, reactions and character traits available to him from which he must build a personality as he grows. In some small ways, of course, the physiological sex, the genetic pattern and the glandular functions of the individual effect the kind of traits, patterns and emotional expressions that the individual builds into his personality during his development, but by far the greatest determinants are cultural. Thus males are supposed, in our culture, to be, among other things, strong and brave, dignified and firm, aggressive, decisive and authoritarian and to exhibit these traits primarily in an environment based on reason. Females, on the other hand, are permitted and expected to be tender and gentle, loving and compassionate; timid, indecisive and capricious. The clothing, accessories, furniture etc. of both sexes reflect this in their design; the male's being relatively large, heavy, thick, dark, rough, plain and conservative. The female's, on the other hand, are small, light, thin, bright, soft, decorated, intricate, dainty, pretty, endlessly colorful and ever changing.

However, in the development of the young human, the total of possible character traits and behaviour patterns available as the building blocks of its personality begin to be limited, restricted and prohibited to him from early childhood. It is considerate unmanly for a boy to be gentle, dainty, and considerate or to cry or be touched emotionally by events and scenes. He should not possess or enjoy things, that are soft, small, detailed, dainty, colorful and beautiful. He is forced to discard and suppress those patterns and traits which his particular culture says do not conform to the standards of his sex. Girls are subject to limitations too, but not in quite the same ways or to the same degree. They are permitted more freedom. Thus "tomboy" doesn't carry the stigma of "sissy."

Because society and the individual people that make it up, think of this process of segregation of character

*The Expression of Masculinity*

traits and behaviour patters as biological and therefore as being natural and inescapable, little thought is given to the other side of the picture. What becomes of suppressed and unutilized traits and personal desires which the boy within him has? The answer varies with the individual. Some have a relatively small quota of culturally defined feminine traits, others have a great deal and the majority are spread out between the extremes. Some individuals, through various circumstances, become aware of these suppressed bits of personality and have to do battle with them for much of their lives. In others, the pressure is there but it is not recognized for what it is and this results in forms of compensation or tension adjustment sometimes of a socially acceptable nature and sometimes not. In the majority the repression is more or less successful.

But our interest centers in those who have recognized that their problems revolve around the feminine side of their nature. The term "feminine identification" appears often in the literature, but not so often is the concept discussed and dissected into its parts. A growing boy sees a female in three ways: (1) as the biological female, the sexual being, the mother; (2) the woman, the psychological being, a person who thinks, acts and operates on a different plane and by different methods than his father; and (3) the lady, the social creature, a person whom he must treat differently and be treated differently by than boys and men. She it is whom he begins later in adolescence and young manhood to idealize, to glorify, to idolize, and who comes to be the symbol of the good, the beautiful, the virtuous. On an animal level he mates with No. 1, the female and goes through certain pre-mating rituals as do males of most species. After marriage he lives on a day to day basis with No. 2, the psychological woman, but he really woos and courts the social being No. 3 who he has placed on a pedestal and seeks to make his own.

The suppressed "femininity" within the man will be related to whichever of these three aspects of womanhood the young man was most impressed with in his growing period, and tends to be manifested in

the same manner. Thus boys whose conception of woman becomes attached to her sexual aspects and who have a quota of femininity within them sufficiently large that it requires expression, will likely express it on a sexual level. That is, they will attempt to perform, within the limits of anatomical possibilities, after the manner of a woman in sex relations with a man--such a person becomes a homosexual.

The individual who thinks of women primarily on her psychological level is likely to wish to express his femininity in the same way. He will say that he IS a woman in a male body, that he thinks as a woman, feels as a woman and cannot therefore function in a satisfactorily masculine way in life. He seeks to make his physical body conform to his psychological self and so desires to have emasculatory surgery performed to bring about this harmony. This is the transsexual. This is not to say that other types not properly classifiable as real transsexuals have not sought and often obtained surgical intervention. Such people often awaken to the later realization that they have achieved a "solution" all right but that it was the solution to a problem they did not have. The true transsexual, however, will have achieved by such surgery a degree of harmony between the physical and psychological aspects of his total self and will feel thereby more fit to deal with life.

Thirdly, is the boy who relates his femininity to the social aspect of womanhood--to the woman he sees on the streets, in stores, at parties, etc. He sees her as a person who represents everything he is not, who while permitted to do, to be, and to wear almost everything that is permitted to him, still has her own world apart, a world he is NOT permitted to share. It is a world of silk and satin, of lace and perfume, of grace, beauty and adornment and, ideally, of virtue. Admittedly, he sees in it a glorified, idealized and exaggerated way, but it is real to him. This world is the one in which his type of femininity seeks expression. He discovers this the first time he puts on some articles of feminine clothing wither out of curiosity, as a prank, part of some stage production, or on a dare. Such a boy becomes in due time, a transvestite, and his greatest delight is to take

full advantage of all the whims, caprices, variations and freedoms available in feminine attire, makeup, personal adornment and behaviour. His ambition is to be able to fall so completely into the feminine role in clothing, makeup, hairdo, gestures, walk, etc. that he can melt into a crowd on the street and be " just one of the girls."

Being just a woman with women is an end in itself. For now in this world the individual can "let himself go." More than that, he can get rid of HIMself entirely and give expression to HERself--to all the emotions, actions, mannerisms, etc. that he was forced to suppress long ago. He can be gentle, graceful, loving, and all the things he must not and cannot be in the male role. This release from that repression and control is enormously relaxing and satisfying, and accounts for the general failure of the psychological and psychiatric professions to "cure" such people. It is not easy to be a transvestite in terms of social and domestic disapproval, fear, guilt, extra expense, etc. but to give it up is even harder because it deprives the individual of some satisfactions that are basic. Basic in the sense that they are deeper than, and beyond any current social conventions.

This desire to experience the feminine is not accompanied with any ideas of surgery nor any yearning for sex experience with a male. Unfortunately the word " transvestite" has been applied across the board to any male adorning himself with feminine finery without regard for the intent and desire behind such activity. This fact, combined with the public misconception that all homosexuals favor feminine attire, leads to the false conclusion that any male enjoying feminine attire must q.e.d. be a homosexual. Thus, it becomes difficult in both lay and professional literature to distinguish the heterosexually oriented male who seeks expression for his inner femininity, from the homosexually " queen " whose motivations are on the sexual level, when both are termed " transvestites."

In an attempt to clarify the motivations of the non-homosexual male who enjoys feminine clothing, etc. I have coined the word " FemmePersonator, " admittedly not an entirely satisfactory term, but in the absence of

something better it is at least a new word which can be defined to suit its purpose. Thought it sounds like IM-personator, the IM-is missing. Thus a FemmePersonator is one who "personates," that is, makes a person out of and brings life to, his feminine self. This cannot be done by a male garbed in the usual male attire--his inhibitions against expressing anything gentle, graceful or pretty in his ordinary role are too strong. To give life to his inner urgings he must of necessity bring his body into apparent conformity, from this point of view of appearance, with those persons who society permits to express grace, beauty and gentility. Thus the transsexual and the transvestite both attempt to remove the incongruity between their exterior appearance and their inner feeling, but one does so on the physical-anatomical level and the other on the psycho-social level.

It is worthwhile to point out here that the use of the word "femininity" in the title of this paper is only a condescension to current cultural concepts. For, as indicated earlier, most of what we term femininity and masculinity is not biologically related to sex. When we speak of "femininity," therefore, we refer only to various patterns, action and traits that are denied to men. The word is, in effect, defined by its use for anything that does not come within the current social limits of the appropriate behaviour or interest of the male. Obviously, anything defined on the principle of exclusion has to be arbitrary and artificial. Thus, in reality, masculinity and femininity, coming as they do from Latin roots meaning manly and womanly, should either be replaced by two terms which do not have a sexual implication or should be confined to those characters, patterns and activities which do have a direct biological connection with sex. To continue to use them as we all do merely perpetuates a bit of semantic confusion into other fields of thought and tends to obscure clear understanding.

By recognizing that sex is an anatomical and physiological affair, that gender is psycho-social in nature and that they have only a small area of overlap where there is a direct and necessary relationship, we are able to study the latter independently. One direct result of such a new semantic position would be that forms of human behaviour that are not sex-related but are gender-related, as is the case with true transvestism,

or FemmePersonation if you will, would not properly be listed as Sex-Deviations or Sex-Variations. While it sounds a little awkward it would be more proper to refer to them as Gender deviations or even better "alter-gender" or "contra-gender" expressions. Failure to make this distinction on the part of psychological and psychiatric professions has brought a great deal of guilt, shame, fear and misery into the lives of a great many persons who have been made to feel that by definition they were immoral, perverted, deviates, homosexuals etc., when they were not.

The human male is in a cultural cage although most of them don't know it. A cage may be defined as any area separated from or designated as different from some other contiguous area by any type of barrier. Barriers in the physical sense can be a wire fence, water moat, a sheer drop, etc., but all barriers are not physical, some are psychological. Thus, there is a barrier between the culturally permissible behaviour of men and women. When a group of animals is put behind a barrier there are some in the group that immediately want out--want to get to and experience what lies on the other side of the barrier.

A majority simply don't care that there is a barrier there as long as they are fed, watered and have a place to sleep and exercise. But among those that are challenged by existence of the barrier there will be a few who will persist until they learn to cross it. When they have discovered how, they cross it at will and return to their own area when ready.

People are much like animals in many ways including this one. There is a barrier between the sexes and the male is the one enclosed in the smaller area which gets smaller every day. Women have fought the existence of this barrier for a long time and they have pushed it back considerably. Moreover, every foot they have gained, the male has lost. Why? Because the males, in their superior smugness, have liked to think that they occupied the open territory and that the barrier enclosed the females. Have you watched the monkeys, in a big cage at the zoo? Groups of people watching monkeys, and groups of monkeys watching the people! Have you ever considered which group was in the cage? Cages are not necessarily defined as the smallest of two areas and barriers do not necessarily keep something IN. Thus the people are just as properly caged out of the



monkey's world and the barrier keeps them out as the other way around. In their superior way men like to think that they are on the outside and that women are under control and inside. Most women know that this is not so but they are also smart enough not to let their menfolk realize that they know it. Thus the men live in a continually contracting area. It is contracting because women are invading more and more of the men's fields of activity, mode of behaviour, occupations, dress, etc. The limits of the women's world get wider every day, and as soon as some new territory is staked out as open to female exploitation, the men back away from it, because to be caught there in what has become a feminine area would be unmasculine or sissy.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is in order now to look briefly at the origins and development of the transvestic individual. Most of the psychiatric literature indicates that it originates in childhood and that the usual causes are that the parents wanted a girl and raised the boy accordingly; that the father was absent or provided a poor image; that the boy was kept in dresses and curls too long; or that he was punished by being forced to wear girl's clothes which he subsequently grew to enjoy. There is no question but that persons with these types of histories do exist and that they turn up in the offices of psychiatrists. Unfortunately, the psychiatrist only sees a specialized sampling of transvestites and therefore the conclusions drawn are based on a biased population of cases. Generally speaking, the only cases that go to a doctor are those that either have been sent there by legal authorities, are forced to come by wives or parents, or are quite disturbed by their desires and seek help. The well adjusted, happily married and out of trouble transvestite does not go to the doctor and he is therefore not studied nor counted in the population of cases from which most conclusions are drawn. A survey of medical literature on this subject, reveals a most confused and mixed up state of affairs. Cases are labeled as transvestic when this activity is a side line to all manner of compulsions, fetishes, and psychopathic conditions even to epilepsy and other organic brain conditions.

Because of this unsatisfactory state of things an attempt has been made to collect data from a large number of transvestites by means of questionnaires. The results provide an entirely different outlook on the problem. I may say to begin with that I am aware of the shortcomings of questionnaires, both as to how carefully they are set up and how good the memory and honesty of the respondents is. I realize that various criticisms can be leveled against this means of obtaining information, it was used and I believe the results to be very indicative of the need to reevaluate the etiology, diagnosis and prognosis of this behaviour pattern.

There were 272 questionnaires returned. Of these only 33% showed any history of any of the orthodox "causes" referred to above. Moreover, only 51% indicated a first experience below the age of 10, while 37% placed it between 10 and 18 teen and a surprising (by orthodox standards) 9% occurred after the age of eighteen. The existence of such a percentage of late starters should stir some interest in what it is that provides the stimulus and satisfactions of transvestism. It will immediately be claimed by some that it is purely and erotic and fetishistic matter. While it is obvious that erotic aspects are present, especially in the early years, this should not be allowed to obscure the fact that there are other and deeper satisfaction than just a temporary erotic release. One indication of this, is the fact that the replies turned up a considerable number of individuals in the age range of 60 to 83 who were still active in their cross dressing even though they were at that stage of life when erotic activities are greatly lessened or absent. There are, therefore, other satisfactions to be investigated. No attempt is made to deny the sexual aspects of the matter, they are there almost as a matter of definition since anything having to do with the female has some degree of sexual significance and relationship to a male. But there is such a great tendency to deal with the "obvious" that other important and even essential aspects of a problem are often overlooked. It took mankind several thousands years to develop a Copernicus who could see past the "obvious" fact that the sun went around the earth from east to west and on to the real truth of matter.

The survey showed further that 74% of those responding were married and that 69% of them had children. Inversely related to this fact was the finding that only 25% reported having had any homosexual experience at all. This figure is appreciably lower than the 37% for the male population at large given by the late Dr. Kinsey. This would seem to eliminate active or latent homosexuality as a significant causative factor.

What then are the causes? There are aspects to the feminine world that provide non-sexual satisfactions. I believe there are five primary motivations to be studied and I can do little more than mention them here. (1) The urge to self adornment and the personality expression that goes with it, such adornment and personality projection is, I think an inherent part of maleness which a quirk in the development of human society has removed from the male and awarded to the female. Regaining some of this, even though it is necessary to simulate a female to do it, provides some satisfaction for what I believe is a biological need. (2) The desire to acquire virtue and to experience beauty, attractiveness, goodness and acceptability in one's own eyes, by the same criteria commonly used by the individual to evaluate these qualities in others. This facet is directly the result of the tendency of men to idealize women and to endow them with qualities which, in reality, relatively few possess. (3) A love of and feeling for women that impels a man to want to join them and partake of that which he admires and reveres. This is the identification with the social woman--the lady--referred to earlier. (4) The symbolic relief from the social requirements of masculine aggressiveness in the more passive and quiet feminine role. Some men simply get tired of always having to be aggressive, decisive, strong, competitive, bold, forthright, etc. They are so trained that they cannot be otherwise in their regular roles but in leaving their regular role and assuming a new one they find a degree of relaxation and peace that surpasses by far any of the more common relaxations such as golf or bowling. "Jane" is not expected to be and to do what "John" must be and do. Related to this is (5), the relief from social expectancy--from having to be what people expect of you.

This is rather like point 4 but deprived of gender. Society comes to expect from each of us the continuation of the personality which we have build for ourselves and by which others come to know us. But there are times when each of us would like to stop being ourselves and manifesting the personality we have grown to be. Who has not had this feeling at one time or another? Yet under ordinary circumstances we cannot leave ourselves behind by any usual means. The transvestite is able to do this, however, and more completely than would be possible in any other way. Thus the relaxation and peace of which so many of them speak in trying to explain the satisfaction of transvestism are achieved by taking complete leave of their ordinary aggressive, competitive life and their everyday self and personality.

So much then for the causes and the satisfactions of transvestism. What is to be done about it? The psychiatric fraternity, being a branch of medicine, includes many who are imbued with the idea that anything out of the ordinary should be "cured," that is, brought back to a condition of conformity with society's customs. Thus they seek, by various means, to make the transvestite forget his enjoyment of dressing in feminine attire and expressing his feminine side. They have, however, been eminently unsuccessful in doing this. True, there are cases reported here and there in the literature, but many of these were not true cases of transvestism in the first place, being persons in which the transvestic activities were incidental to or part of a larger and more complex behaviour pattern. Recently there have been several reports of success with aversion therapy, utilizing either the nauseating effects of apomorphine or the discomfort of electric shock applied while the patient was attired in feminine clothing, in order to condition him against his dressing. It is, to my mind, a sad commentary on the scientific integrity and medical wisdom of the physicians or psychiatrists doing this, that they were apparently more interested in forcing the individual to conform than in finding out what really motivated him. I think it would be generally agreed that such negative conditioning might remove the symptom of cross-dressing, but would do little to destroy the desires underlying it or the satisfactions attained by it. Thus all that is done by such treatment

is to dam up an outlet, which will seek outlet in other ways, often much more serious and socially undesirable than the one they replace.

I have personally met probably a 150 transvestites and maintain a mail contact with 5 or 600 more and I very much doubt that any one of them would submit himself to a course of aversion therapy. I believe that the best thing one can do, is to help these people accept themselves for what they are and not to feel guilty or shameful about it; to help them realize that being interested in gender aspects of womanhood does not necessarily imply an interest in the sexual aspects and that they should therefore stop worrying about being a homosexual; to let them know that they are not alone, that there are thousands more who feel just as they do; and lastly to realize that the expression of the gentle femininity that is within them does not necessarily compromise or destroy the masculinity that is their male birthright. In addition, where there is a wife involved, as there usually is, counseling should also be provided for her to assist her in answering the questions and fears that naturally come to her mind. Understanding by the wife can provide more pleasure in the life of a transvestite than any other one thing.

So finally, a word about the social prognosis of the matter of " feminine " expression in the male. It has already been pointed out that much of what is called feminine is arbitrary and subject to social revision. Due to the advance of women into what was previously exclusively male territory, the time is fast approaching when the emancipation of the western male will become a necessity, just as the emancipation of women has been all during the last hundred years. When men learn that gentility, compassion, passivity and tenderness are but human characteristics and no more unmasculine than directness, decisiveness and executive ability are unfeminine--and these are demonstrated daily by women in business--then the arbitrary distinctions of gender will also begin to disappear. When they do the exterior manifestations of it will diminish also, so that the day will come when the members of each sex will be permitted, nay expected, to manifest all the abilities, traits and qualities which they may possess for the general good of society and themselves. When this happens



(a la Charlie McCarthy.) But, I never let him out. Talk about locked doors where he used to keep me! I got even with him alright. I kept him for ten days locked in that suitcase. Now he knows what its like. But, after that was paid I marched up to the loading platform and cajoled the nice man at the desk out of a window seat because " I had never flown before".

The flight to New York was very pleasant. The plane wasn't very full and the two seats next to me were vacant. A little five year old girl named Joyce came across the aisle and got acquainted with me. ( I was struck by the symbolism of her name. We flew not far above Forest Lawn where rests OUR Joyce and I couldn't help thinking that last year she too was going to New York for a vacation and a meeting with everyone at Susanna's Resort.) The little Joyce and I became real chummy and she stood there with me and looked out the window she told me about herself and her family etc. When lunch was served her Mother let her sit with me, we had lunch together, like Mother and daughter. It gave me a very maternal feeling to look after her, cut her meat etc. It was a good augury for a wonderful trip.

Arriving in New York., I found that Felicity was unable to meet me as planned, so I took the bus into town. Had dinner at the Airline Terminal and then had the porter take my bags out to the taxi entrance. It was a rainy night and taxis were scarce. A nice gentleman asked what part of town I was going to and finding that it was in his direction we decided to share a cab. Thus I arrived at Felicity's apartment which she had invited me to share and make my home for as long as I was in New York.

Saturday morning I got up early, fixed myself up as pretty as possible and caught a taxi to go down to the hotel where the meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex was in session. My part of the program did not come till the afternoon so I had not tried to make the morning session. I had lunch with several prominent members of the Society and with Dr. Burchart of Germany who was also to be one of the panel speakers.

It was very difficult to get the idea over to him that TV's were not necessarily interested in surgery. In fact, this confusion was apparent during the afternoon session too.

Finally luncheon was over and we adjourned to the auditorium and I took my place on the stage. The panel consisted of Dr. Harry Benjamin, who spoke first and reported on a number of transexual patients in his experience, the first time any considerable number of such persons had been reported on to a scientific meeting. Then came my turn and I presented my paper. I have reprinted it here because I felt that all readers would be interested in how the subject was presented to the meeting.

I was followed by Dr. Burchart of Germany and Dr. Paulu of University of Oregon then there were some questions. There were many other things that needed to be said, in my opinion, several corrections to be made to statements made by some of the other speakers, however there was insufficient time. I was pleased that twelve or fifteen of our group were in the audience and thank them for giving me a big hand. We sat around and visited a bit after the meeting and then went back to the apartment to prepare for the party at Susanna's that night.

This party for me was a lot of fun, renewing acquaintances from previous visits and meeting several others whom I had not met previously. We had the usual good time and didn't get to bed till about 3:00 AM but, even so, the party suffered from the usual defect of such affairs, there simply wasn't enough time to see and say everything that you wanted to.

Monday I went shopping as Virginia of course, thinking that I would look into Macy's, Gimbels, Saks, and Ohrbach's. Golly, I never got out of Macy's, what a Store--everything, and twice over. I picked out three dresses, I took two and put a deposit on another pending what I found in the other stores later in the week. I didn't find anything suitable and came back and picked up this dress on Friday--It is beautiful etched black velvet,



over beige, very elegant. A " lecture " dress that will " knock 'em cold " next time I get a chance to use it.

Monday evening I had dinner with Maryetta and Gina in their apartment. These new friends are two of the nicest people I've met. Maryetta ( the wife ) is a little Dresden doll.

Well, the week went entirely too fast for me. I spent the night at the beautiful beach home of a doctor friend of mine ( I should say of ours, as he and his nice wife are very sympathetic and understanding of our kind. Had a wonderful dinner with Dr. & Mrs. H. Benjamin and Dr. Beigel which topped it off. I was taken to lunch by Mr. Hugo Gernsback, Dr. Rubin and two of the editors of SEXOLOGY Magazine. Mr. Gernsback was the founder and publisher of the magazine and the grand old man of the field of public education on the subject sex. We all owe him a debt because it was he that provided the outlet for Dr. Caldwell's writings on the subject of TV which gave a modicum of understanding and encouragement to many of us in the dark ages many years ago.

I had a wonderful time in the stores altho the weather was terrible being both hot and rainy. I would come home to the apartment just as wet on the inside from perspiration as on the outside from rain. And I was the only woman on the streets of New York tromping around with open toed California type strap sandals. I rode subways and buses, went to a play, bought dresses, was taken to lunches and dinners, and walked the streets a great deal all as a woman, and I lived and loved every minute of it.

Friday nite I ended my stay as I had begun it, with a party, this time at Gails and had a lovely time renewing old friendships and making a couple of new ones. But time is so short on a once-a-year trip that there were so many people I didn't get to talk with enough. But departure time came. Saturday morning,

I took a taxi to the Eastside Terminal and got there just barely in time to catch the bus to the airport. I had a lovely trip to Chicago. My seat mate, a nice gentleman whose birthday it was, insisted on buying me a drink ( ginger ale ) to help him celebrate it. This brought forth some interesting conversation.

I was met at Chicago by Fran of Wisconsin and driven up to her lovely home in Madison. There I spent a wonderful evening. First I met Fran's wife who is as grand a TV wife as I've met, a real wonderful type girl. And their children, 2 little girls, one a baby just beginning to walk with help ( and I helped her ) and the other a young lady of four. I played mother to both of them. I gave the little one her bottle and had Fran take a picture of the pretty maternal scene. Later I had the pleasure of meeting Edwina 13-M-FPE, Carol 23-S-FPE and Geraldine 49-K-3 FPE and the latter's wife Nicci. She is a doll too and was one of those fine wives who wrote a letter for " THE TV AND HIS WIFE " chapter Theta of FPE is the group these girls are part of.

Next morning, Sunday, Fran and his wife drove me to the Chicago Airport again, but several hours ahead of plane time so that I could go to a little get together put on by the members of Beta in Chicago. This wasn't a dress meeting except for Marie 14-K-2 FPE and myself, but, I was very glad of the opportunity to meet some of the Beta gang none of who except for Marie and Bobie 13-D-2 FPE had I met before. Here too, is a going group, that is enjoying the pleasure of having friends who are TV's and can understand each other. Both of these groups, Beta and Theta are planning to get a project underway this year that will help to spread the news and knowledge about TVism to some of those who ought to be informed. We need more active groups to take on programs of some kind.

This get together came to an end too soon when I had to hurry off to catch my plane and begin my final trip home. You all know from my own story in TVia # 17 that I go out a lot. I have given a number of

lectures as Virginia etc., but these were all on a one day basis. This past week had been different. I had been on my own away from home and lived in a woman's world for 10 whole days and done everything a woman would have done on such a vacation.

What was the effect? Well, primarily I found that I had sunk much more fully into the role than ever before due to the longer period of time available. But, there was something more than that. I lay back and closed my eyes and tried to find descriptive words. They were not easy to find, but these came to mind... Quiet, open, peaceful, content, relaxed, maternal, "right", capable of love, composed, at rest, gentle, a feeling of wanting to cuddle, hold, share and love someone else, of wanting to give of myself. Silly thoughts for an other wise normal male??? Most people would think so, but this is because they don't realize that this sort of thing lies just below the surface in a lot of men. I just had the experience to bring it out. It was truly an experience that "passeth understanding"----except for those who have also lived it....  
..... Yours, Virginia.

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VIRGINIA AND ADOPTED DAUGHTER



CAROL, FRAN  
VIRGINIA, EDWINA

# Editorial Emanations

1. I'M NOT PSYCHIC: Every now and then I get a letter just signed with a femmename and sometimes with a street address but with no code number or last name. I know many of you well enough to find your card, but many others I do not. Since cards are filed by last name I would have to go thru them all to find merely a street in a given city. Please help me to serve you by identifying yourself completely. Your code number, and name and address should be placed on material submitted for publication. I sometimes print material anonymously, as I have not remembered to transcribe the name from the accompanying letter to the material.

11. MY THANKS TO YOU: I'd like to extend brief thanks to those of you who contributed to the cost of the meeting place in New York. I was very happy to meet those who came, I'm sorry that more could not attend. Several who did not come sent in their contribution, so to all I say " Thank You."

111. CONTACT: A reminder once again that any letters intended to be sent on to someone else must come to me through CONTACT at 4924 West Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif. I am the only one to get them. But, to keep my skirts (yea) clean with the P.O. I cannot receive mail for forwarding at the Regular CHEV. PUBS. address of Box 36091, L.A. 36. However, some tend to forget that there is a \$ 1.00 forwarding charge which applies to all, including FPE members. Those who have joined CONTACT have paid for such service with the application fee.

1V. DIFFERING OPINIONS: I have been asked if I would print material of differing opinion to my own. I have done so in the past and will do so again. I make only one reservation. The philosophy of this magazine is that PEACE OF MIND is the important thing in the life of a TV and that it cannot achieve this in an environment of loneliness, guilt and fear. Therefore the

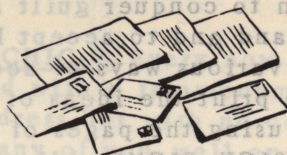
magazine exists to find the TV, to assure him, he is not alone, help him to conquer guilt and fear by helping him to understand and to accept his femmeself. Now there may be various ways of accomplishing these and I'm pleased to print the ideas of others. However I draw the line at using the pages of TRANSVESTIA to foster the " SICK, SICK, SICK" philosophy that some espouse. If this be grounds for accusations that " I, only print views that agree with my concept", then make the most of it! I've worked too long, and far to hard, and have been through too much to establish this magazine, to give it a certain stature and respectability to want to undermine its work just to gain the approval of those who prattle of " open mindedness." Just as freedom does not require granting license to undermine the source of the freedom, so open mindedness does not require venting opinions destructive of the very medium that permits their expression. So, within the framework of helping people toward understanding, acceptance and happiness I'll print anything, whether I agree or not, but only if it will serve these ends, or it will have to go elsewhere to be printed.

V. CARELESS USE OF NAMES: A word of caution... Familiarity not only breeds contempt, it breeds carelessness. A number of times I receive letters or tapes which refer to some other reader by his last name, or with even the city of the residence mentioned. Please remember that a reader's name is his personal property and should never be given to others without his permission. You wouldn't want to use his car without his permission, so do not use his name either.

VI. PICTURES: There has been a paucity of pictures sent in for printing in TVia recently. They help lighten the magazine and create interest, so send them in. At the same time please note that pictures sent in are assumed to be sent for the use in the magazine unless specifically marked " NOT for PUBLICATION" I am happy to respect such requests, but someone got annoyed because her picture was printed without getting specific permission when it was simply assumed that it was sent in to be printed in TVia.



*Person To Person*  
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to members of FPE and to those willing to fill out a personal information form which will be sent on request. Address all answers to adds appearing here to: "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

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FE-S-1 TV wishes to correspond with other TVs in England or Europe. All answered GRACE

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9-S-5FPE Sngl. TV, 35, like meet and corres. with other TVs or undrstg.women. Particularly interested in any TV living completely as a woman. Reside in Miami area. DOTTIE

=====

14-K-8FPE Chicago area FPE members get information on Beta Chap. monthly meetings. MARIE

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"ACROSS THE SEX BORDER by Georgina Turtle"

This is the title of a new book by one of the most recent and best publicized cases of "sex change". You may remember her as the former British Navy Dentist who changed sex and subsequently married. While most books and articles written by changelings have been self-justifying and self-serving documents, Miss Turtle has done a masterful job of surveying the whole problem. Certainly any who think surgery is the "way out" for them should read this book. Altho it deals primarily with the transsexual problem, there is, nevertheless, a great deal of good reading in the book for TVs as well as TSS.

The book is hard bound, 319 pages and has a forward by Kenneth Walker, co-author of "Sex and Society". I am importing a few from England, Deliv. price \$6.50

## DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST

"TRANSESTIA"... A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1st. of even-numbered months at \$4 copy. Back issues from #3 on available at reduced rate of 6 issues for \$20.

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