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# Transvestia



## FICTION

Cinderella II  
Will The Real Greta  
Please Stand Up  
Henry Wilson

## ARTICLES

A Transvestite Artist  
One Secret of Femininity  
Liberating The Woman  
In All Of Us  
Acceptance and Responsibility  
(A Rebuttal)

## HISTORY

A New Life  
"In The Beginning"

## VIRGIN VIEWS

Research Results

Volume XIII No. 79

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

**EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION**

to help its readers achieve —

**UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND**

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

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

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

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### THE COVER SYMBOL

The symbol on the cover expresses the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides — mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

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

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

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### A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

# Transvestia

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VOL. XIII

NO. 79

Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.



FICTION

## CINDERELLA II

Geraldine - Wisc.

I was hosing out the inside of the barbecue when out of the corner of my eye I saw a slight figure floating gracefully toward me from the gate at the lower end of our garden. My sudden visitor was colorfully dressed in a paisley shirt and lemon-yellow silk pants and was preceded by an odor of spring flowers borne on the evening breeze. "Helloo," my caller greeted me throatily, "and what are *you* doing?"

"Oh — it's you, Wendell," I answered disgustedly. "And how are things with the other third?"

My uninvited caller giggled idiotically for a few seconds, then gushed, "You have the most *delicious* sense of humor."

"I'll bet you say that to all the boys."

"You have a point there," he agreed, arching one carefully plucked eyebrow. "But you didn't answer my question — did your wicked step-mother go to the ball and leave you to sweep the hearth and carry out the clinkers?"

"Hey!" I said, "that wasn't bad — not bad at all. As a matter of fact, that's just about what happened. She took away my motorcycle until I got this mess cleaned up out here. That luau the other night was kind of messy — especially after someone threw the suckling pig down the chimney."

"You have an interesting group of friends," Wendell agreed. "So young, so lively . . ." He sighed for a moment. Wendell sighed an awful lot.

He was one of the more colorful residents of our neighborhood — and that takes something, let me tell you. But in spite of his rather obnoxious preoccupation with the more widely diversified forms of sexual expression, I liked Wendell personally. He was nuttier than a fruit cake, but when my father died unexpectedly, Wendell carefully washed off his mascara and spent the week of the funeral keeping me company without being obvious about it. I didn't even realize it at the time. Afterward — well, I'll always be grateful. My stepmother, during this period of time, was too busy with the accountants trying to figure out how much loot she had coming. Trust my old man to leave it all to her.

As a matter of fact, it was Wendell who suggested that I hire a lawyer to make sure that I got my rightful share of my father's estate — an action that was reasonably successful (stepmother got control of it — and me until age twenty-one, three years away) — but it sure didn't help relations with my remaining parent (step-parent), or her two fat daughters. (Ermaline and Emmaline, twins, both sophomores at USC where I understand the line coach of the Trojan football team wept genuine tears when they wouldn't go out for the team. They were just a tad on the hefty side).

But to go back to the funeral for a minute; Wendell had shown a lot of understanding and sympathy. As he said, "I lost my only parent myself, not so long ago — so I know how you feel. Let me tell you — do just whatever you want — scream, yell, kick — it all helps." It did. As a matter of fact, I asked Wendell about this — his losing his parent, and he spent one long afternoon telling me the whole story which took my mind off my own troubles. I suppose that was what he intended — but the gist of his story helped me to understand our weird neighbor a little better.

Wendell's mother had owned a chain of beauty shops — four I think — in Des Moines, Iowa. Rather successful, I gathered, and Wendell was just getting ready to step into his mother's shoes (all right, I *know* . . .) when she died unexpectedly. (Isn't it always? Then why do they say things like that?)

He sold the business and moved west to the land of the Sun-People or whatever it is they call the assorted fruits and nuts of California, where there were bushels of money to be made and where people wouldn't automatically laugh at him when he walked down the street. Happily Wendell was well-trained in his field, a field where a certain personal

effeteness was regarded not only as a common characteristic, but perhaps a qualification. Wendell was certainly well qualified. And he prospered. Well, I could go on with interesting and amusing facts about our neighbor but that would not advance the story particularly. One further thing, though, needs to be mentioned and that was Wendell's view of women which was un-typical of his fellow members (how's that for a pun?): Wendell adored beautiful things — and he adored women whom he could make beautiful. Unlike many other arbiters of taste and style, Wendell maintained the viewpoint that the feminine mode of beauty was supreme and consequently he stressed these points in his stylings for his clientele. It was often remarked that clients of Wendell's were never in "style" — but, it was always added, they had no *need* to be. His creations were characterized by such features as long, flowing hair styles, full figures, draped elegantly in rich fabrics that never disguised, never detracted from the wearer.

You realize, of course, that I'm repeating a lot of things I've overheard. Things like the young girl who was thrown out of Wendell's establishment because she was wearing one of those metallic dresses — "Let her go to a service station!" Wendell was supposed to have screamed. On the other hand, it was reliably repeated, Wendell had also taken a misguided young thing home to his place and carefully invested her with a wig and gown from his own personal collection.

Oh, yes — one last *last* point: Wendell's favorite object of adornment was himself. But that comes as no surprise, does it? He didn't do too badly at it — and as he told me on that long afternoon when we talked, his mother had practically raised him as a girl. Practically, as it turned out. Yes, Wendell loved beautiful things. Which was why he hated my step-mother and the elephantine twins.

Meanwhile, back at the barbecue pit, Wendell was saying, "it's too bad poor Cinderella has to stay home and sweep the hearth —"

"When she could be out getting her ashes hauled," I finished.

"You have a vile mouth sometimes," he said. "As I was *saying*, before I was so *rudely* interrupt-*ed*, it's a shame poor Cinderella doesn't get to go to the Ball." He sighed meaningfully.

The Ball — I forgot to mention that, didn't I? Well, it was the annual charity bash for the hi-soci of our area, which is pretty high at that for

a bunch of dirty nouveau-riche. I mean, the St. Louis Veiled Prophet's Ball it wasn't — but it usually made a lot more money. And usually had a lot more interesting people. This year was something special however, for there was a real live Prince in attendance — reputedly he was hunting for a Queen-Consort (due to a technicality he couldn't be crowned King of his country until he was married) to take back home. And there isn't an American mother worthy of her analyst who wouldn't love to have a queen for a daughter, even if this is the twentieth century and the country is relatively small and the monarchy is purely ornamental and honorary. Look at all the attention that Kelley girl got — and what's-her-name that got married to that little guy from up in the Himalayan Mountains. So —

Madame, my step-mother, had sprayed the twins, wrapped them in yards (and yards and yards) of apricot and mauve satin and hauled them off to the Ball. What the hell, even a long shot wins once in a while. I wanted to laugh out loud but I didn't. Things weren't going very well for me at the moment. I suppose I felt a certain amount of resentment towards these people. I couldn't help the feeling that they were invaders into what essentially was *my* home — nor a certain feeling of being dispossessed.

Back to the back yard, where our hero stands open-mouthed, holding a hose in one hand and a wire brush in the other, while his uninvited guest elegantly sits down and crosses his legs. One thing you have to say about Wendell is that he's colorful: yellow silk pants?

"I thought you didn't like girls in pants," I said.

"Oh," giggled Wendell, "how am I supposed to take that? As a compliment, I hope? But knowing you, you meant it the other way. They're Puccis, dear."

"Well, you ought to give them back to him, then."

"That was pretty weak. And you're evading the subject, aren't you?" He shot back, patting his golden pompadour.

"What were we talking about?" I asked innocently (I hoped).

"We were talking about Cinderella going to the Ball."

"I have to finish this mess here. Anyway, I have no particular desire to put on a necktie and comb my hair and go down and watch all the girls in the country make asses of themselves in front of one of the crowned heads."

"Who ever heard about Cinderella in a necktie?" asked Wendell.

I burst out in an insane cackle just then, practically falling down on the grass.

"It wasn't *that* funny," said Wendell.

"No? I just realized that it's all come true — Cinderella is busy in the back yard, hauling her own ashes —" (Wendell stuck his tongue out in disapproval) " — when all of a sudden, 'Poof!' her fairy Godmother drops in."

"If you're going to start calling names, I'm going home," said Wendell with an injured tone in his voice.

"Don't forget your magic wand," I screamed, the tears rolling down my face.

"Sometimes, I don't know what I see in you," said my guest.

"Nothing, I hope. You know I don't swing that way."

"That doesn't give you any right to call names. And another thing, I am not in the least interested in you in *that* way. I like men who look like men."

"That hurt," I said. "Fun's fun — but you're hitting below the belt."

It was his turn to go into hysterics. When he finally quieted down, he said, "That makes it even, then?"

"Yeah — even." (But not quite. I hate being kidded about my size.)

"But you know, I was quite serious," he said. "How would you like to go to the Ball tonight? With very little effort, you could easily be the Belle of the Ball."



Resisting the temptation to make what promised to be the vilest pun in the world, I shrugged. "No doubt at all, with your expert help. But I don't think so. I never could see much sense in going about in drag."

"You've never tried it," sniffed Wendell.

"Oh, yes I have, but I don't particularly enjoy — you tricked me!" I suddenly realized with chagrin.

"Aha," chortled Wendell in glee, "it comes out! It's settled then — now you hurry up and come over to my place and we'll get you all decked out."

"Forget it," I said. "I'm not interested."

"But think how mad it will make your step-mother — not to mention those two visions of beauty —" he shuddered, "— your step-sisters."

"Yeah, I bet it would at that," I admitted. "If for no other reason, I ought to do it."

"Well, come *on* then. Good heavens, the Ball starts in less than an hour, and if we work very fast, you might make the second half — just in time for the Grand March."

"I still don't want to," I said. "I mean, what's the percentage? I can make my step-mother mad without going to all that trouble and without making a fool of myself."

"Would you believe me if I told you something? That if you go to the Ball tonight, your whole life will be changed? I swear that to you —" He was so serious it was comical.

"What are you talking about?"

"I can't say it exactly, but it is very important you go. To you."

"I hate mysteries. I suppose you're suggesting that I go — oh, yeah — I remember the rest of the story — and the Prince falls in love with me, and all that jazz. And then what am I supposed to do?"

He shook his head. "Please believe me. I can't tell you anything more. You know I wouldn't do anything bad to you — why, I feel like a — a . . ."

and they will be in the line of  
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I will support the...  
I will support the...

I will support the...

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Edie CA-12-R FPE



Nickie - WA

"Father to ward me?" I asked.

"You little bastard," he snarled, "like a fairy godmother, if you must know."

"After all this time you finally admit it," I said. I sat staring at the far end of the yard. "Oh, well, there's nothing I wanted to do tonight anyway." I threw the wire brush on the grass. I was lying, of course. All of a sudden I wanted very much to go to the ball.

Wendell led me through the gate between the two lawns and up into his house. It was the first time I'd been inside, and I was rubber-necking around in astonishment when Wendell shoved me down the hallway into the bedroom. "You can look tomorrow," he said. "We have a lot to do in the meantime." The bedroom itself was about what you'd expect: large, airy, and thoroughly feminine, with everything draped in lace and satin. I noticed two things right away. One was a large oil portrait of a young girl with bare shoulders and long blonde hair holding a rose. It was almost painfully beautiful and I walked over to look at it and whistled in appreciation. "Who is she?" I asked, turning around. Then I realized.

"Yes," said Wendell very softly. "That's right."

"You were a very lovely girl," I said. "I don't blame you for — " I stopped.

"For being the way I am?" Wendell asked. "You don't mean that."

"No — I don't." I stopped. I wasn't sure what I meant.

The other thing I noticed was that on the bed was laid out a complete outfit. I looked at the gown and said, "You were expecting somebody?"

"Yes, and that somebody better hurry or his fairy godmother is going to start throwing pumpkins at him. Now, get in and bathe — you're covered with soot — and don't forget to shave your underarms!" he shouted as I slammed the bathroom door.

Scarcely ten minutes later he was shouting at me again to "hurry." Following instructions I dusted myself all over with powder and hurried out to where Wendell was impatiently waiting.

The hour that followed was one of the most torturous I'd ever spent in my life. But at the end of this time I could only look at the results in the mirror and say, "Wendell, you're a cotton-pickin' genius."

"I'm a professional," he said.

"Well, yes . . ."

"You talk too much — and also too loud. Not so much through your nose. Try a throaty whisper or you won't fool a soul."

I looked back at the mirror and tried it. "Yes," I breathed, "I see what you mean."

"Now you sound like you have asthma, but work on it, while *I* get ready."

"Ready?" For some reason I hadn't thought about what Wendell was going to do.

"Yes — Cinderella must have an escoré — or she won't get in the door. And I'm the only one here with an invitation." He went into an adjoining room, leaving me alone with myself — a pretty unnerving experience by this time. I went back to the mirror and tried to make voice sounds to match the image.

What I said about Wendell being a genius was true enough. He had given me a very long, full wig that rippled down over my shoulders, framing my face. As for the rest, he had selected a tissue-thin gown of the palest blue satin that reflected and revealed every curve of my body. This was truly astonishing, because I hadn't any curves worth talking about before we had started. I tentatively moved about on my dancing slippers, made of some clear material that had been cut and sculptured to reflect a thousand points of light. I began to feel a very strange feeling sweep over me, so that I wanted to laugh and jump up and down and cry all at the same time. "Marvelous," said a low voice from the doorway and I whirled about, the full skirt clinging to my legs.

"Who are you?" I asked the figure standing there wearing a dinner jacket and cummerbund.

“Well, who were you expecting? Prince Charming?” came the answer in Wendell’s light tones. I’d never have recognized him. Not with the aura of masculinity he was projecting at that moment.

“You’ll never realize what a personal sacrifice this is for me,” he said. “I’ve never been so uncomfortable in my life. But, we are wasting precious moments.” He walked to a closet and took out a pale blue mink stole and draped it around my shoulders and steered me out the back door, pausing only to take a box out of his refrigerator, and led me around to the carport to where his yellow XKE was parked.

“My pumpkin,” I said.

“Your carriage . . .”

Pumpkin, carriage, or whatever, the XKE is not made for getting into and out of, especially not in a full-skirted ball gown and high heels — and even more so when you’re not used to handling these things anyway. Wendell grimaced noticeably as I finally plopped into the seat and began hauling my gown in after me. “I should have left you among the ashes.”

It is impossible to relax in a bucket seat, but I doubt I could have even if there had been a full-sized couch present. I chattered inanely — about what I don’t know — While Wendell drove the twenty miles into town. There was a question I wanted to ask, but for some reason it kept eluding me until just before we reached the hotel where the Ball was being held, and then it came through loud and clear. “Why are you doing this?” I asked.

Wendell just looked at me for a split second before turning his attention back to the street. “We don’t have time to go through that now,” he said. “You’ll see, very soon. Now, before we go in there’s a couple of things I want you to do. First of all, dance with no one but me or the Prince — if he happens to ask you.”

“I doubt that will happen,” I said, “in spite of the plot of the story — I mean, that would be going too far, wouldn’t it?”

“Would it? We’ll see. Secondly, don’t intentionally avoid your mother or sisters — and keep an eye on either them or me as much as possible. If they leave and come home before you do, there’ll be all sorts of hell to pay.”

"That's my worry though, isn't it?" I said. "I mean, they'll eventually find out anyway, won't they — so what's the difference?"

"The difference, my sweet — is that you're not twenty-one, and that makes a tremendous difference to my position."

"Oh. OH — but say! That isn't it at all, is it? I mean, there's nothing like that about it at all."

"True — but would you like telling that to a jury? Especially in view of my, er — more colorful characteristics."

"Yipes!" I said, beginning to understand. "But why do you want to go to all this risk. Tell me, Wendell, what's in it for you?"

"We're here," he said. "There isn't a thing to worry about — just remember about your mother. Do you have any ideas about their plans?"

"I think they said something about going home about midnight."

"Midnight — of course. I should have read the rest of the story. Well, Cinderella, just remember, at midnight, this yellow Jag turns into the fastest pumpkin west of the Rocky Mountains."

Wendell parked the car and helped me extricate myself and gave me a quick survey before we walked into the hotel. "You'll do, just fine," he said, snapping his fingers and hitting his forehead with his hand. "My God, I'm more nervous than you. I nearly forgot your corsage." He reached back into the car for the box he had taken from his refrigerator, took out a spray of fragile white blossoms and pinned them on one side of the front of the gown. "And now," he said, bowing low, and proffering his arm, "it is time to make a grand entrance."

It just couldn't have been coincidence. We entered the Ballroom and I stood nervously intertwining my fingers while Wendell checked my (his) stole. Rejoining me, he said, "For God's sake, don't twist your gloves like that."

"What do you expect from a scullerly maiden?" I asked. "The last time I wore gloves they had a string running up the sleeve so I wouldn't lose them."

"I believe you. Well, now is as good a time as any — " and he placed

my hand, suddenly grown cold and lifeless, on his elbow and we started across the floor, only to be greeted by a sudden burst of music from the orchestra which was supposed to be going out for their intermission. For a few seconds I didn't comprehend what was going on, but then the noise suddenly began sorting itself out in my head as the oldest of chestnuts, "A Pretty Girl is Like a Bad Trip" — or whatever it is . . . And just then, some idiot playing with a blue spotlight turned it on and utterly blinded me. It was some entrance all right, and it was beyond the realm of mere coincidence. I could feel myself blushing all the way down to my false cleavage, as I whispered to Wendell, "You slimy SOB, I'll get even with you for this if it's the last thing I do, I swear."

"Are you blaming me?" he asked innocently, without turning his head.

"Yes!" I hissed. "What would you do if I suddenly took my wig off, right here and now."

"Applaud very loudly." And as an afterthought, "While running as fast as my twinkling little feet could carry me."

When we reached the other side of the dance floor, the idiot turned out the spotlight and as my vision slowly returned I could see the expressions on the faces of the people standing there. The women looked like they could cheerfully scratch my eyes out, while the men seemed — curious? appreciative? I don't know, never having been the recipient of looks like that before. "I feel like a lamb chop," I said.

"Wonderfully put!" bubbled Wendell. The metamorphosis that had taken place with my weird neighbor was even more surprising than my own. Gone was all trace of the effeminate hairdresser and in his place stood a slim, distinguished looking man with slightly greying temples. I hadn't really looked at him before, but now, as he carefully place a thin cigar in his teeth and lit it casually, I clapped my hands delightedly. "Nobody in the world would ever recognize you," I said. "Tell me, is that how you really look? Or is this another example of the art of make-up — and those greying temples — are they for real?"

He blew a thin stream of smoke out of his mouth before saying in a deep tone, "Only my hairdresser knows."

We waited for the orchestra to return, and I gradually began to relax a little. Suddenly, like a battleship flanked by two heavy cruisers, I spotted my step-mother and the twins. "There she blows!"

"H'mm — the Great White Whale, eh? Stay out of harpoon range, my dear," said Wendell, suddenly walking away before I could say anything. I should have known he was planning something!

Deserted by the treacherous Wendell I stood still as the battle formation of my step-relatives bore down on me — and swept on by. They had not — did not recognize me! In less than a second, mind-numbing fear had given place to a flood of relief, which was just as speedily replaced by a feeling of exultation.

The orchestra was returning and I began looking around to see if I could find Wendell or if he had simply taken flight. I saw him engaged in a casual conversation with an odd-looking character some distance away and I casually drifted over to where he stood, hoping to embarrass him, in case he was busy pursuing his own ends.

"Darling," I said. "I wondered where you had gone." The fleeting expression of annoyance at my use of "darling" was priceless, but I hardly had time to enjoy my little triumph because Wendell was saying,

"I would like to present his Highness, Prince Cornelius, of Saxe-Gotheburg, Heir Manifest of the Twin Crowns — my, ah niece, er —" he looked at me for a split second before lowering his eyelids and saying, "Cinderella Hochenschneider." I could have killed the miserable wretch at that moment. My last name is really Smith.

The Prince, however, didn't bat an eye but merely took my hand and bowed over it, saying, in a reedy voice, "Charmed." I didn't know whether I was supposed to curtsy in return — and couldn't have if my head depended on it. I merely nodded to him, before essaying my asthmatic response, "The honor is mine." Wendell audibly gritted his teeth.

The Prince was slightly shorter than I and despite looking a little plump was not too bad overall. I thought his features were a trifle too delicate for him to be called handsome, but then, the girls in our part of the country were never too particular.

When he had straightened up and stepped back, however, I noticed that his eyes were riveted on the front of my gown — a rather weird feeling to be the object of that sort of look, you know? I've done it myself — but this was the first time I had ever been the object of such a study.



"Delightful," said the Prince. "I thank you for the tribute."

Boy! Was he an operator! But it turned out that he was looking at my flowers. By strange circumstance (Wendell, you are the most comprehensive fairy god-uncle a boy ever had!) — by some strange circumstance, I was wearing a spray of stephanottis — not only the Prince's favorite flower — but equally obvious, the national flower of wherever-the-hell he was from.

The music began again and there was some sort of signal for the Grand March to begin. The Prince looked sorrowful and said, "I have already promised this dance — alas! I am devastated." He even sounded sincere about it. "But I have purposefully kept an open programme (pronounced in the English fashion, so that you could almost hear the final silent letters) — and should be honored if I might claim the privilege of your presence then?" At least it sounded like a question.

"Yeah, sure," I said in my best language-to-be-used-at-court.

The Prince walked away to join his partner for the Grand March — a certain Betty Summers who was dressed in a white lace gown, looking very impressed and frightfully virginal (to which I have to add a triple "hoo-hah!" Betty was unofficial den mother to the local motorcycle club, but I digress.)

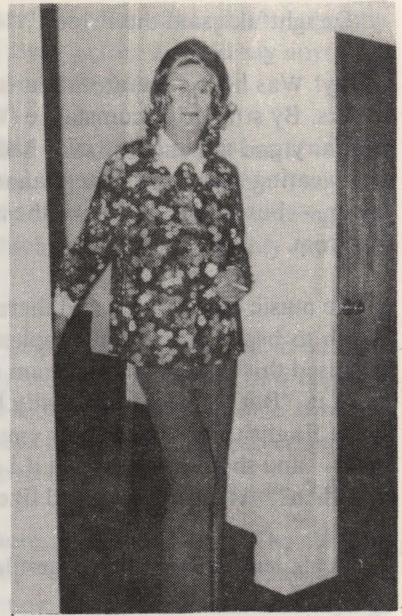
Wendell steered me into the formation at an appropriate moment and when the March broke up into individual couples I asked him the sixty-four dollar question. "You and the Prince are old buddies, huh?"

"We've met," he admitted, then changed the subject. "You know, you dance very well. I wasn't at all sure whether you would be able to do that or not."

"Thank you — and don't change the subject. How do you know the Prince?"

"We met in Europe a year or so ago," said Wendell casually. "That's all. He remembered me."

"Who could forget you?" I asked innocently. "By the way, you also dance very well."



Marylynn WY-1-Mc FPE



Louise OK-1-B FPE



Nancy IN-7-W FPE

"Well, let's not get all slopped out about our mutual admiration, shall we? I don't particularly enjoy dancing — " he broke off suddenly.

" — with girls?" I finished for him.

Just as the music ended he whispered in my ear, "My greatest consolation is that sometime in the very near future you're going to have to take back all the comments and names you've ever called m. And you're going to feel very rotten about it." He smiled, a ghastly charade, and led me off the floor.

True to his word, the Prince came to claim a dance and Wendell retired to a corner of the room where he stayed for some time. I suppose that the Prince broke every rule of good etiquette in the books — but rank has its privilege, they say. At any rate, he never left my side for the next hour and a half, much to the chagrin and even downright rage of most of the females present in the room. And I must admit, I honestly enjoyed it — not just the part about bugging all the girls, either. I mean I enjoyed the dancing and being with his Shortness, the Manifest of wherever. As a matter of fact, I could have — and probably would have — stayed that way all night, but my feet began killing me. When you wear tieless tennis shoes all day long — high-heeled slippers aren't the most comfortable thing in the world.

We — the Prince and I — were in the midst of a discussion of the merits of Coltrane (we discovered a lot of common interests in that short period of time) when I suddenly slipped. The Prince caught me, however, which was the first really close embrace I'd ever had — and just a bit scary because I really enjoyed it — and led me to safety. A false safety as it turned out, because the next thing I knew, the Prince has led me out into the hotel gardens and after I took off my shoes (Blessed Feeling!), I discovered that I was now slightly shorter than the Prince who seemed to be getting closer and closer to me all the time.

When you were a little kid did you ever go out on a sled or a toboggan and suddenly discover that you were on the top of the biggest hill in the world? And you wanted to go down, but the edge of the slope is as terrifying as it is inviting, as inviting as it is terrifying. Well, gang, that's where I was: The Prince is coming closer all the time, his arms are around my shoulders and it's obvious that in just a few seconds he is going to make an attempt to kiss me — and all I can think about is returning that kiss.

"Whee!" I whispered several minutes later and as I tried to clear my head of the ringing in my ears I looked back toward the door into the Ballroom. There was Wendell, waving his arms frantically. "My God!" I said, "what time is it?"

The Prince looked surprised and looked at his watch. "Ten minutes after twelve," he said. "Why?"

I was up off the bench, scooping up my possessions and racing to the door, running as well as I could, under the circumstances.

"I've been looking all over for you!" said Wendell. "Your mother left about twenty minutes ago. Come on!"

"Oh, no," I said. "I'm sorry, but I didn't notice the time."

"Yes, I could see that you were occupied," laughed Wendell cynically.

"You saw . . ."

"Very impressive — one might say you won the heart of the Prince — and from the intensity of your response — one might say a lot of things — mightn't one?"

"After your pound of flesh already? Well, let me tell you something. Wendell, you maneuvered me into this whole business — " I was beginning to burn. "And not only that . . ."

"Later," he said. "You can call me whatever you want. Right now I've got to get you back home." He virtually stuffed me in one door of the XKE and raced around, jumped in and torched off, just like he was another Jimmy Clark at Le Mans — and he kept the accelerator to the floor boards until we were about five miles out of town. Suddenly there was a sudden flash of blue along the road — a color I knew very well. Suddenly, Wendell slackened speed and began to smile.

"Wasn't that my step-mom's Cadillac?" I asked. "I wonder what happened. Maybe we should have stopped."

"H'mm? Oh — well, while you were busy making out with his Highness. I took the precaution of siphoning the gas — or most of it — out of your mother's tank. I was a little afraid in case she ran out of gas in

front of a gas station. They'll be all right — the road's well-traveled, but most important, I bought you a little time."

"Yeah. Thanks. We're going to be cutting it mighty fine as it is — ha! Cinderella very nearly flubbed it, didn't she? Boy, all I'd needed was to find a pumpkin and six white mice out in the parking lot and I'd have really been in trouble." I suddenly sat up and began searching around beside me and under my feet.

"What's the matter?" asked Wendell.

"You won't believe this," I said, starting to break up in hysterics, "but I seem to have lost one of my slippers."

It was too much for both of us. We were laughing so hard Wendell had to stop the car and he slumped over the wheel convulsing with laughter. I was laughing so hard I was crying — and then, for some silly stupid reason, I was really crying.

Wendell was very sympathetic and tried to calm me down, saying over and over, "It's all right, I understand."

"But it's not all right," I blubbered. "It's not all right at all. You don't know what happened to me tonight."

"Don't I?" he said. "I understand exactly what happened to you — tonight — and every other night. And if you think, maybe you will, too."

"Every other night? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing much — if you can't figure it out, ask the girl in the summer house — she's there quite often lately, I've noticed."

I was silent. There was absolutely nothing I could say in return. I knew only too well who "the girl in the summer house" was. By that time, however, Wendell had pulled up in his driveway, helped me out and led me down toward the gate into our lawn. "Get going," he said. "You should have enough time to get cleaned up and everything put away before the thundering herd gets home."

"But — but what about these clothes — they're yours after all."

"After tonight? No — keep them — you've earned them — and I wouldn't be surprised if you might find a use for them again."

He closed the gate behind me and turned to walk back toward his house.

"Wendell!" I called to him. He stopped, but didn't turn around, "You planned all this, didn't you?" There was no answer — nor any need for an answer. It was all obvious to me now. "Why? Why, Wendell?"

He turned and looked at me for a few seconds, and said very softly, "I thought you needed it."

"Needed it? I don't understand — and what happens now? Does the Prince come searching for Cinderella, armed with a glass slipper? And what if he finds her? What happens then, Wendell?"

"I don't know," said Wendell, "I never finished the story." He walked away very quickly.

My conversation had cut into the precious time margin I had. I had just gotten into the house and was in my room when I heard the sound of a car door slamming. Panicking, I tore the wig off and stuffed it in my closet and climbed into bed, fully clothed, and pulled a sheet up over me. I heard the clacking of my step-mother's shoes in the hall way and saw the sliver of light enter the room when she opened the door. I had my face turned away from the door so she couldn't see the makeup on it. After a few seconds she said, "Asleep, huh?" and quietly closed the door and walked away. In a few minutes I could hear the petulant whines of the twins discussing the Ball and I got out of bed as quietly as I could and stood at the door so I could hear them more clearly. It was obvious that they were disgusted about the outcome of the entire evening. I listened in silent glee as they complained at length about the nerve of the strange intruder.

"Who was she? And how did she get in? You had to have an invitation." That was Ermaline.

Emmaline chimed in with "Yeah, who was she?" Emmaline is strong-est at chiming in. There was a meaningful silence. I had to forceably resist a temptation to go waltzing out and tell them, but suddenly one of them (I couldn't tell which) said in a very quiet voice, "Well, whoever she was, she was the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

I felt a violent pain in my chest. I don't know what it was, but I could hardly breathe. I stood leaning against the door frame for a long time, my mind a whirling rage of thought. There was the sound of doors and drawers being slammed, the sound of running water, and after another short time the chiming chorus as three contralto sets of snores rose to punctuate the night air. The sleep of the just.

I turned on the light on the bureau and looked at myself in the mirror again, but my short haircut ruined the image. I got the wig out of the closet and tried to put it on, but after fooling around for a while it was obvious I couldn't get it to look the same. Disgustedly, I snapped the light off and opened the French windows leading to the lawn. My eyes grew used to the darkness after a few minutes and I looked across the dark lawn to the screened-in structure near the back fence. The summer house we called it.

"Ask the girl in the summer house," Wendell had said. Yeah, sure. A lot of help *she* was — she had never had an answer to any question in the past — and God knows, I've asked her enough. I walked across the cool, damp grass, shivering slightly as a slight breeze came in from the sea. In the moonlight the ballgown swirled around me like a living pool of silver.

I slipped quietly into the screened enclosure and stood there watching. Back across the moonlit lawn the house remained asleep. "Once again, the forces of good triumph over evil." The sound of my own voice was comforting. "Well, then — here we are again, sports-fans. Evening broadcast from the moonlit pagoda; special guest tonight is that new, brilliantly smashing social success, the entrancing Cinderella Hochen-schneider — excuse her bare feet, ladies and gentlemen, but Cindy, it seems, left one of her slippers in the hands of the entrancing young Prince. Will he search the kingdom for the girl whose foot fits the magic slipper? The answer depends on your reaction, ladies and gentlemen, so send in those postcards immediately, saying "Yes" or "No." and mail them to Queen for a Night, in care of your local beauty parlor. Remember, a "No" vote means that Cinderella goes back to his miserable existence as an eighteen year old juvenile delinquent and barbecue pit cleaner. A "Yes" vote means that — but suppose we let Cindy herself tell you . . ."

(There is a long, long pause. Technical difficulties, you understand. We are having momentary difficulties with the audio portion of our broadcast. We shall continue the video portion. Please stand by.)

I drew in a deep breath and held it for a while. God! I must be going off my gourd, standing talking to myself in the middle of the night, wearing a ball gown and wondering what the hell life is all about. "Talk to the girl . . ." Wendell said? Sure — why not? Who knows her better than I? As a matter of fact, I was pretty well shocked out of my fantastic composure when Wendell had said that. That meant that he knew an awful lot that I would just as soon nobody knew. I wondered how many times he had seen me? Coming out here at night when everybody was sleeping, wearing some cheap clothes I'd bought at the local dime store. "Different, though, tonight." My voice again. "Tonight, you're dressed in the height of luxury — none of the dime store trash for you, blue-eyes. A taste of the good life, thanks to the generous nature of your friendly neighborhood local fruit merchant."

(Mighty easy to get used to. Definitely ruins all chances for enjoyment like it used to be. Marvelous feeling — like this. Couldn't sleep tonight, even if I wanted to. What memories!)

"What you always wanted, wasn't it?" the voice croaks out in the bright stillness. "Didn't you always want to get all dressed up and go to a Ball and all the rest of it? Then what's the beef?"

(Nothing. Who's complaining? I very nearly got down on my knees and begged when Whendell had come up with the idea in the first place. Naturally, however, one must appear properly cautious — have to be careful of one's reputation. What reputation? At eighteen — you haven't done anything to even work up a reputation about.)

Well, then — still have to be cautious about this sort of thing — not only because of the family (step-family. Please note the correction!). Have to be careful about letting Wendell get the wrong idea. Especially somebody like Wendell. "I don't swing that way."

Be careful in front of Wendell? Who are you kidding? He's got you pegged all the way down the line. At least it seems that way, doesn't it? And he knows about your moonlighting.

Interesting thought — how come? Does he get the urge to go walking around at night, wearing his girl-clothes, too? There wouldn't seem to be any need for *that* — not for somebody as obvious as old Wendell.

Old Wendell — a funny thought about that. He's so obvious, why should there be any secret about him? But there is.



There's two ways to keep a secret. One way is to keep it locked up tight, in the dark, behind closed doors. The other way is to put it right out in front of everybody. Wendell. He could wear a dress downtown and everybody would say, "Oh, well — you know *How It Is* with him — after all, he's a beautician, and everybody *knows* . . ."

Wouldn't it be amusing if he really wasn't *That Way*?

Whistling in the dark, aren't you? You'd like to clear Wendell of the suspicion so that your own conscience would be clearer. Oh — but that's different, isn't it? I mean, I *know* I'm not —

But you might as well be, because nobody else would ever believe that you weren't. Especially after tonight. After your mad love scene with the Prince — and don't forget he's a friend of Wendell's.

Well, I can explain that — you see, it was all that music and dancing and the garden and — and —

So the idiot birds are starting to scream which means it will be morning in a little while. Time for our girlfriend to fold her gauzy little wings and go to bed. It's been quite a night — quite a night. For a little while you were the beautiful girl you always wanted to be. H'mmm — the picture in Wendell's room — perhaps he too . . .

That's what it's all about, isn't it? He did it because you "needed it." How right he was he'll never know. Or would he? Have you got something else planned, Wendell, baby? No — change that: What *else* have you got planned for me? You said I'd have use for the outfit again — how soon? And for what?

Not that I'm interested, of course — just curious. I don't think I could go through this again.

Not without some sleep.

Back in my room I regretfully took off all the marvelous things I'd been wearing, carefully hid them, cleaned off my face, and fell into bed. It was getting lighter outside now and I knew that before too long somebody would be in and screaming at me to "Get up. It's the middle of the morning and you're still asleep."

The start of another golden day. I literally staggered out to the kitchen to where the three harpies were draining their glasses of blood. (Tomato juice — but even so, a capital offense in the land of Perpetual Orange Juice.)

The talk was of nothing but the Ball the evening before, and of course, the mysterious girl who had monopolized the Prince. After only a short while of listening to them going on and on about the same topic, and fighting a losing battle to keep from telling them ALL ABOUT IT, I managed to wrest the keys to my 'cycle from Step-Mummy and roared off for the day. I spent most of the day cruising up and down the coast road, spending several hours watching the sea-lions and doing some more thinking. To no great end, I must admit. The events of the night before were like a very unreal, but very vivid dream. I also came to the tentative conclusion that there was nothing I was able to do about anything — that everything was out of my hands. In a way, there was some comfort in resignation and eventually, in the late afternoon, I headed my bike towards home. I felt supremely indifferent towards everything.

(Continues in TVia No. 80)

PEANUTS





Antoinette FMA-M-1 FPE  
(Malta)



Daphne - Kenya



## HISTORY

### *A NEW LIFE*

By Isobel — AZ-2-W

The last four years of my life of 58 have been full of events, all helping to make the new life I have today. During this four year transition period my home and family disintegrated. I married off two daughters, my two sons left home (with my blessings) to make their own way. My wife obtained a divorce alleging mental cruelty as a legal excuse to cover her main argument that I wasn't able to support her financially, in the manner in which she wanted to live. Who could? She refused to budget (we'd been in debt all our married life) and we were going deeper in debt in spite of two reasonably good incomes. The truth was that she had found her seventh lover in 25 years of our marriage and our adult children were aware of it. My two youngest children are only legally mine, with unknown fathers!

Just before the divorce I suffered a long, severe, physical illness that I have, just now, fully recovered from. So, two years ago, I moved out on my own and started to make a new life for myself. During this time, in addition to fighting the illness, I've paid off most of the joint bad debts, regaining an A-1 credit rating, founded a moderately successful non-profit science education association and at last have been able to express my feminine side that I've had to suppress for 25 years of married life that offered no privacy or available money for buying the clothing and other needs for cross-dressing. Now I'm free, with a new career and a new life!

I first became aware of my feminine side 27 years ago. Newly married, my company transferred me to a similar job 150 miles from home. I went alone to the new town and soon located an apartment; the wife settled up our affairs and arrived a week later. When I rented the apart-

ment the landlord said that he would cut the first month's rent if I would clean the apartment. He said that the former tenants had left in the middle of the night to avoid paying over-due rent. In cleaning the apartment I found a variety of clean women's clothing in closet and dresser drawers, not new but in good condition. I decided to save these in case my wife might want them, but with time on my hands, soon found myself dressed in them and it was good! So, for one week, I dressed up every night! I realized that although the clothing nearly fitted me, they were much too large for my wife and so, to avoid trouble, at the end of the week they were reluctantly dumped into the trash can. I was never able to cross-dress again, due to a lack of privacy, time and money. My Femmephilia became a never-never land!

Two years ago I started shopping for my femmeperson. As with most FPs, I suppose, I had much to learn and made many mistakes. If I'd only had *HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE!* With a limited budget, mistakes hurt! I finally acquired a ward's Catalogue and a measuring tape and cut my costs! I've had to overcome hesitancy and fear in purchasing my needs and have had to swallow insults, as from an optometrist I leveled with. He didn't get my business. By luck, I found understanding in my second attempt to obtain prescription glasses, so now I have a beautiful pair of bifocal glasses that fit my face and my femmepersonality and at a reasonable cost! Now my closets and dresser contain a modest, but adequate wardrobe. I do not have many dressy clothes, but clothing of a variety designed to fit the life of a woman who must stay off the street. I have house dresses, slacks, shorts and as noted below, apparel suitable for office and for an active outdoor life.

The continued success of my work requires that my FP life remain secret. At the same time, I sincerely believe that my femme-self is not only a hidden asset, but a necessary part of the team! The science workbooks should carry her name as co-author and the art work should be signed by her! The blending of masculinity and femininity helps in the business, in the technical and public contact part of the association work.

I maintain an office in my home and plan my long work day to fit my life style. During the day, as a man, I conduct my outside business and public contacts. In the evening, at home, I dress up and after dinner, take care of correspondence, write, work up notes, take care of filing or work on the artwork that will be used in the educational booklets or in displays. This schedule is broken only by required evening meetings

or necessary visitors. I am a "night creature," often working until after midnight. I have found that I can, in this way, be my girl self at least half of the time.

A part of my work requires occasional field trips into remote areas to collect fossils and other geological specimens, photos and background information for the booklets and for scientific and technical displays. For these trips I have a van-type vehicle that is both transportation and mobile home. In areas where I figure it is safe, I park in a secluded area, off the road. Then I can dress as a woman and go about my field work. The dress used in this work consists of fly-front women's jeans; simple, single color blouse over feminine underthings; a short style wig; a wide brim hat and boots. The hat and boots are of the type adopted by the campus young people in their unisex life style, but are, at the same time, quite utilitarian for either sex in the out-of-doors. A light mannish jacket completes the outfit, if needed. A sun-screen lotion, lipstick and clear nail polish takes care of the cosmetics, with a nice touch or two of perfume. Although this field costume will, to many of my sisters, seem to lack the femininity we strive for, I feel very feminine and at the same time, I am protected, in the case of a rare encounter with another person, as I don't use a large bust here and the lipstick I use can be wiped off adequately, as the person approaches from a distance. Even if I am read, I still would be on reasonably safe ground, as the person would be a stranger, the nearest phone and police or sheriff many hours or miles away. My few contacts with people, under these conditions, have not caused me any trouble. I am aware that I must keep in mind that I am a girl alone in the wilderness. I am careful, but to certain predatory humans, no one is safe when alone in these remote areas. In the evening, when I return to my camper, I clean up, fix my supper and then change into a more colorful blouse, a skirt and low-heeled shoes. A brighter lipstick, a favorite piece or two of jewelry, freshening of my perfume and I'm ready for a couple of hours of working on my notes and planning for the next day's work. At bedtime, as at home, a pretty night gown and I'm ready for a refreshing night's sleep. In the morning I shave and dress for the day, before fixing breakfast.

If these trips, as they usually do, cover a number of areas, miles apart, ever one or more weeks, I plan to interrupt the trip in the middle, check into a motel and spend a night. A hot bath and an hour at a launderette is valuable. Of course I must use masculine attire while on the road and while "outside" at the motel, but after checking in, a hot bath comes first, then a session doing my laundry. After dinner in a nearby cafe, I

return to the motel and change into a nice feminine costume, mid-heel pumps, a longer wig, jewelry and make-up. Now as my femme-self again, I unpack my typewriter and type up my notes, then spread out my maps on the double bed and plan the next stage of my work. I carry an opaque garment bag to conceal and protect a housecoat and a couple of pretty dresses, a plain cosmetic case and a non-descript square card-board box adequately hides a wig case. Since time is very important on these trips, I plan and select wardrobe, cosmetics and other facets to take the least time and still allow the degree of femininity desired and as described above, to protect me in the field.

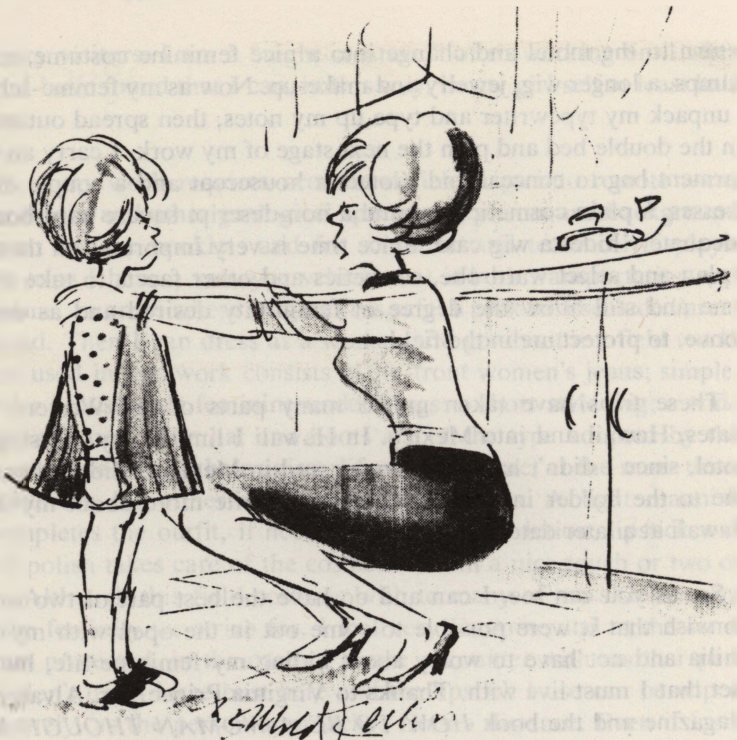
These trips have taken me to many parts of the Western United States, Hawaii and into Mexico. In Hawaii I limited my dressing to my hotel, since I didn't have my camper and in Mexico I didn't dress at all, due to the border inspections. I plan to write more about my work in Hawaii at a later date.

So, as you can see, I can and do have the best part of two worlds. I do wish that it were possible to come out in the open with my femmi-  
philia and not have to worry about hiding my feminine life, but it is a fact that I must live with. Thanks to Virginia Prince, Dr. Alvarez, TVia Magazine and the book *HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE*, I have been able to accept myself and to obtain peace of mind and a new lease on life. I do plan and hope that it will be a happier and more successful life than my past.



To girls up North, Spring has sprung,  
The winter's snow and ice are gone.  
No more it's sights, all white are sung,  
But bursting color, and warmth are borne  
By gentle breezes scented sweet  
In Nature's own Transvestite feat.

Phyllis, 22-A-1-FPE



"And furthermore, young man, you'll stay dressed that way until you decide to behave."



"What does he mean, 'send in MISTER Jackson'?"





## A TRANSVESTITE ARTIST

Vern Bullough  
Prof. of History, U.C.S.F.

Occasionally in examining material for my study of attitudes towards sex I run across cases of transvestism which might not be well known to readers of *TRANSVESTIA*. One such case is the artist Marcel Duchamp who is best known for his cubistic *NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE* which he painted in 1912. Duchamp was for his time what was called a free spirit, and was very strongly opposed to the strict gender roles imposed by society. He appeared briefly in René Clair's film *ENTR ACTE*, performed as a nude dancer in the ballet *Relâche* by Picabia and Satie, and most notably for our purposes he occasionally dressed in woman's clothes, and even utilized himself as a model for some of his women figures.

To emphasize his disavowal of strict gender roles he took the name of Rose or Rose Sélavy as a pseudonym in 1920 and signed some of his works with this name. It was as Rose Sélavy that he was portrayed on the cover of dadaistic magazine, *New York Dada* in 1921. Several photographs of him in woman's garb were taken by his friend Man Ray and have survived. Two of them are reproduced in Robert Lebel, *Marcel Duchamp* (New York: Grove Press, 1959), namely figs. 19 and 21, both taken in 1921. Duchamp was also interested in collecting puns, and some of his puns were collected by Robert Desnos and published under the name of Rose Sélavy in *Littérature*, No. 7, 1922, again giving emphasis to what he felt was the feminine side of his nature. Perhaps it was this feeling of the masculine in the female, and the feminine in the male that led him to create his second most famous piece of art, a caricature of the *Mona Lisa* with a moustache. He used the name Rose Sélavy frequently in his business transactions and his book *THE GREEN BOX*, published in 1934 in Paris, was published under the title *édition Rose Sélavy*. I have not been able to find out how his wives (he was married at least twice) accepted this dual identity, but they at least tolerated it, as did his friends. In short Duchamp might be included among the pantheon of famous transvestites.



FICTION

*WILL THE REAL GRETA  
PLEASE STAND UP*

(Continued from TVia No. 78)

Gerri-Wisc.

My opening night was very successful. Maybe it was because of a 'new' voice, but I had three encores before the audience would let me leave the stage. I was pleased as punch with my performance and myself as I returned to the hotel. The desk clerk told me there was a man waiting to see me in my room. I presume it was probably Major Atkins, so the stranger that greeted me gave me quite a shock! He said he was from the Embassy, and just wanted to check that everything was alright. Had I been molested, or insulted, or had anyone said anything that they could use as propaganda against the U.S. I assured him that everything was quite alright. He casually asked me why I had changed my selection of songs for my opening. I had no idea they were watching me that closely! The only answer I could think of in a hurry was that in talking to some of the other performers I had changed them at their suggestion, and felt that my opening was more successful as a result of those suggestions. He seemed satisfied with my answer and left after saying he would see me again before I left for Philadelphia. My hands were trembling as I lit a cigarette. Only time would tell if I had really passed the test. I paced the floor nervously for a few minutes while thoughts ran through my mind that maybe my impersonation wasn't so good and I doubted if I could ever make such a good spy. I finally calmed down, brushed my (ugh) shorter hair and went to bed.

For my first encore the next night I sang an oldie "Take the "A" Train" — which let my contact know that I had been contacted by them. As I left the Club, a drunk staggered into me — and as he clumsily tried to help me, I slipped him a note containing information about the Embassy's visit. During my stay in New York, the Embassy contact paid me several visits — all social except two nights before I left when he gave me some information to pass to my next contact — which I did — after

giving that same information and what names I had picked up to our side.

My tour went very well across the country. I was always treated as a lady, and my singing — although not spectacular — seemed to please the audiences.

My itinerary had led me almost back into my final date in New York and I desperately wanted to see Helen before I left for Europe. I was not to contact her directly as we knew the other side would be carefully watching me and I had to be careful about making American friends. My personal life was a lonely one, but I enjoyed my acts and my job. The weeks had drifted into months and I was becoming more and more 'Greta' again. My clothes felt natural and comfortable. The delicate odors of makeup and colognes made me feel more feminine; and the afternoons in a beauty shop were sheer luxury. Only when showering was I aware of my manhood and that would bring a terrible longing for Helen — so much of my free time was devoted to loving and missing her. Greta had made a name for herself in the nite club circuit and all but one manager invited me back again.

I had to see Helen before I left for Europe and I thought about several plans before I decided on one that I felt was fool-proof. That night the "A" Train left the station again and once more the amiable drunk jostled me while I passed him a note outlining my plan.

During my last week in New York, Helen came to my hotel room to 'interview' me for a magazine article (my idea). After a rather formal meeting, she suggested that we go to her room so she could take notes on a speed writer. As she closed the door to her room, we looked at each other for a long two seconds then flew into each other's arms. As at the farm, we then realized how terribly much we had missed each other. We broke away after a long, long kiss (we moved about three inches) and both started talking at once. We laughed and I told her to go ahead with her interview. When my turn came I told her how much my love for her had increased day by day and how I dreaded going to Europe only because it would mean two years apart.

We talked, embraced, kissed, embraced, kissed and talked until it was time for me to change and go to the Club. We agreed to meet the next day to finish the interview.

My spirits were so lifted by seeing Helen again that I believe I gave my best performance of the tour that night.

The day after Helen completed her interview, I left for West Berlin. After clearing customs and arranging for delivery of my trunks and luggage, I took a taxi 'home' to Greta's permanent address. I unpacked, then called the Club where I regularly appeared to arrange for an opening night. The Manager was happy to hear that I was back and invited me to dinner with his family that evening. This would be another good test, because he was Greta's cousin!

We talked mostly about my tour in the U.S. I told him that I had enjoyed every minute and had made some new friends — also I said that I hoped to return one day for another tour. As the conversation drifted around to my opening, he suggested that I open the following Monday so he could do some advertising. I agreed and went with him to the Club — strictly as a spectator and to renew acquaintances with the girls. The girls — in this case — being all female impersonators. Everyone accepted me as Greta. It dawned on me suddenly, that this was the first time since my training that I spoke nothing but German all day. It was a tired but confident blonde that slept well that night.

The ringing of the telephone jarred me awake the next morning. I answered sleepily, but when a strange man's voice said, "Welcome home, Miss Prein, did you enjoy your visit in the United States?", I was wide awake.

"Yes, I did," I said, "but it's good to be home."

"It's always good to get home after a long absence," he said, "but to business. Will you stop by the office this afternoon? I wish to talk to you about your insurance."

"Of course, Herr Baumbach," I said, "Will two o'clock do?"

"Good. I'll see you then," he said, and hung up.

Good old Amytol to the rescue, I said to myself. Herr Baumbach the insurance man was my primary contact with the 'other side'. I had studied his picture enough that I felt I would have no trouble recognizing him. I showered and dressed. As I pulled on my nylons and listened to the faint rustle of my slip as it slid over my body, I wondered if real

women felt the same little thrill as I did. After all, it was still fairly new to me while they had been doing this for years. I hoped they did, because I loved the feel of nylon finery next to my skin. "Well," I said to myself, "to work." I gave the apartment a good close inspection for the next two hours. I discovered nothing out of the ordinary — except for a microphone hidden in the telephone. I had anticipated this and the record player was turned up loud enough to hide any noise I had made during my search.

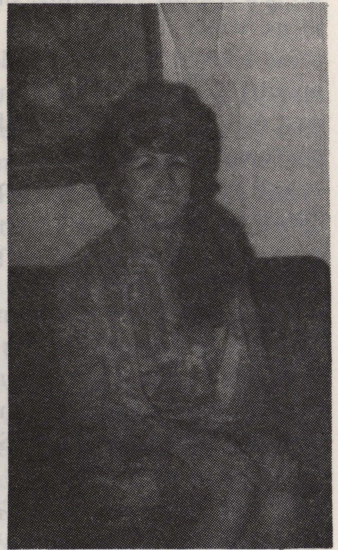
Promptly at two o'clock I entered the insurance office. About two minutes later I was seated in Herr B's office. Two hours later I felt that I *needed* insurance, because he had certainly wrung me out. I think he even knew how many calories I had had on my tour by the time he finished quizzing me. He thanked me for coming and said I had done very well for them in the U.S. I smiled, thanked him and left.

I stopped at a sidewalk cafe for a snack. An American sailor struck up a conversation with me and offered to buy me a drink, but I told him it was too early for a working girl. He laughed and asked if he could just sit and talk awhile. He told me his name was Jack Anderson. I told him mine and who I was and that I was opening my act the next Monday evening. As an afterthought, I invited him to be my guest at my opening. He accepted and we became better acquainted as we ate. He mentioned he had an uncle in the U.S. Marine Corps, so I knew 'Andy' would be my contact while in Berlin. He asked to see me home, but I declined. A look of disappointment crossed his face, so I told him I'd meet him for lunch the next day and added quietly "Andy, you're a good actor with that look of disappointment."

"Thanks," he replied, and walked away. What I didn't know about him was that he was actually a Lieutenant J. G. instead of a second class petty officer.

After a month's appearance at the Club, I went on a tour of European nite clubs. When I returned, I had several new names to pass on to Andy. But, strangely, no new assignments had come directly from Herr Baum-bach.

I had settled down to a routine that any girl entertainer would follow — weekly appointments at the beauty parlor, housekeeping, occasional platonic dates with men, shopping for both groceries and clothes, rehearsing, etc. The Major had been right. I seldom thought of myself as



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a man — except when I thought of Helen; then it would take some strong persuasion on my part to keep from calling her. One morning as I was combing my hair, I took a good, long look at myself. I stroked my smooth face with fingers adorned with long, shapely and painted nails. It was a feminine face in every way. I asked myself if that face could ever be reverted into a man's face again. Never again would I need a shave and there was nothing that could be done about my permanently shaped eyebrows. I pulled at my hair and couldn't help admiring its color, texture and length. This was a moment of decision in my life. I didn't *want* to go back to a man's life, and yet, I couldn't ask Helen to marry me like this. Suddenly I felt so dreadfully alone I broke down and had myself a good, girlish cry. When I finally stopped the tears, I repaired my makeup and put off my final decision to another day. Dammit, I liked being Greta. I donned a peasant blouse and full skirt, put a sweater over my shoulders and went to meet Andy for lunch.

As we ate, Andy informed me that they wanted pictures of Baum-bach's files. So some of my training was to be put to use after all.

"That's quite an order," I replied.

"I know," he answered, "but if — not 'if' — when you get them, you will shorten your mission by at least a year."

With that inspiration, I quickly agreed and asked him precisely what did they want. "Just a picture of the data sheet in the front of each file," he told me, "that will contain the name and information we want."

For a week I went by the Insurance offices on my way home from the Club to study the timing of police patrols. Andy informed me that there was no burglar alarm so entry would be easy. I would only have about an hour at a time to work, so my task would take several nights. He gave me a key to the front door and one to Herr B's office. I didn't ask him where or how he got them.

As I put the key in the lock the first time, I just knew the pounding of my heart could be heard for two blocks. As the door quietly opened, I took a deep breath and went in. My cloak and dagger adventure was about to begin. I slipped into his office and went over it very carefully, but found only one James Bond type trap — a hair stuck on one of the file cabinets in such a manner that it would fall off if the drawer was opened. I laid the hair on his desk and went to work. I completed two drawers and put the hair back in place. My heart had returned to normal

and I thought to myself that this spy stuff wasn't so exciting after all. I turned out the lights and opened the door when the front door rattled. My heart leaped into my throat and I froze right where I was — I wasn't even breathing. The door rattled again and all was quiet. I looked at my watch and realized it was just the police checking doors on their nightly rounds. My knees were so weak I had to sit for a few minutes until my heart stopped pounding. I quickly re-estimated my thinking on the excitement bit and went home. Before I even took my coat off, I poured myself a nice, stiff drink!

"Greta, my girl," I asked me, "why did you ever volunteer for this?" "It's simple," I said to myself, "because you are an idiot!" I had another drink and went to bed.

I passed the film to Andy the next day and then went to the beauty salon. I told the beautician that a friend of mine in the U.S. had the most beautiful red hair I'd ever seen — and described the color name and brand. She didn't have any, but promised to get some and would let me know as soon as it came in.

Herr Baumback was at the Club that evening and I joined him during intermission. This was the first time I had seen him for several weeks, so I was a bit apprehensive as we talked in generalities. He said he wanted me to go to Lisbon for a two week appearance. While there, I would be given a package to bring back to him. I agreed and then told him I was contemplating becoming a redhead. He smiled and told me it made no difference what color hair I wore as long as I did my job.

Then he sort of lowered the boom on me by saying that I was seeing too much of 'that American Sailor'. I laughed and said, "The poor kid is lonesome — and besides he doesn't know that I'm not a female. He's planned quite a campaign to seduce me and I'd like to keep up the charade to see how many tricks he can use on me."

"You're spending too much time with him — back off," he said testily, and left the Club.

Several more nights of furtively sneaking in and out of the Insurance building saw my job nearing completion. As I replaced the hair on the cabinet, I figured one more night would let me finish his files. I put out the light and started for the front door. I heard the now familiar rattle and stopped. There was another sound that almost paralyzed me with



fright. I heard a key in the lock. I gasped and almost screamed! For an agonizing second or two, I didn't know what to do. I was panicking and that frightened me even more. I realized I had to do something and do it quick. I ducked into the office next to Herr Baumbach's and tried to calm down. The heavy footsteps of a man came down the hall and then another sickening thought hit me — maybe it wasn't Herr B — perhaps it was another underwriter and I was in his office! As quietly as possible, I picked up a heavy glass ashtray and stepped over behind the door. It was Herr B, though. He went on into his office and turned on the lights. He made two phone calls — I presumed to East Berlin — and then made a mistake. As he opened his safe, he mumbled the combination as he did it. I had had time to calm down while he was phoning and realized that if I kept quiet, I had a good chance of not being discovered. I remembered the combination and decided I'd take a look after he left. He stayed about an hour, put the things away he'd removed from the safe and left. I stayed where I was for awhile until I had my nerves under control again. I silently thanked God that I had forgotten to douse myself with cologne as I usually did, because the lingering fragrance would have alerted him that somebody had been in his office.

I checked my camera and had only two exposures left, so decided I'd look in his safe tomorrow night. While waiting for the next police patrol, I had a chance to think. I realized that I had almost been trapped because of complacency. It had never occurred to me that anyone would come back to the offices that late at night. Also, my complacency had almost caused me to panic like an addle-brained woman. I'd forgotten my training for an instant — that could have cost me my life. My hands were still trembling a little when the police rattled the door and went on. I waited five minutes and went on home. As I undressed and cleaned my face, I thought about my panic. It had been a purely feminine reaction. Never once did I remember while in that office that I could have used judo or karate to defend myself — no — I had picked up an ashtray and probably would have forgotten to wipe my fingerprints from it. Maybe I was more woman than man, now, and the thought disturbed me as I climbed into bed.

Over coffee the next morning, I reviewed the events of the night before and made up my mind on two things — one, I wouldn't make a good spy; and two, I wouldn't panic again. As I passed the film to Andy at lunch, I told him what had happened, and he agreed that it would be a good idea to take a look in that safe.

That night, after filming the rest of the files, I opened the safe and started looking through its contents. Most of the things were of a personal nature — except for one book that contained entries obviously in code. I photographed it page by page and put everything back just as I found it. The cryptographers would have fun with that coded stuff, but I didn't worry about that. I gave the stuff to Andy that night and left the next morning for Lisbon.

When I returned, I had more names for Andy, but the package I had for Herr B. was sealed in such a way that I couldn't open it, so we never found out what was in it.

The beauty salon called to tell me that my new hair coloring was in. The next night at the Club, I purred like a kitten at the raves I received about my new hair style and color. The next week I told the beautician she had better order a lot more as I felt she'd be getting some new customers. I was right, too, all but two of the 'girls' at the Club became red-heads — and one even brought her wig in to be dyed.

I'd been in Europe almost a year when Herr B. told me that I was booked for a three weeks stand in MOSCOW! My heart skipped a beat at that news — especially when he informed me that while there I would be getting some additional training. For practice, we conversed in Russian for a few minutes. I felt I could manage to make myself understood without a refresher course.

Two days later, he escorted me through East Berlin to the airport where I boarded a jet for Moscow. A Russian officer met me and escorted me to the hotel where I would be staying. He was rather pleasant and asked me if this was my first trip to Moscow. I told him it was. Busy was hardly the word to describe my stay in Russia. I'd get back to the hotel about 3 a.m. and at 7 a.m. someone would wake me up, stay with me through a hurried breakfast and then off to school on the latest espionage techniques. Back to the hotel at 5 p.m. — a nap — a short dinner and to the Club. A couple of the instructors were quite rude and sarcastic when I missed something — but I was so exhausted I could hardly think. My three weeks (it seemed) finally passed and I returned to West Berlin. I was tired, happy, elated and exhausted when I went to sleep in my own bed that night.

My first contact with Andy was like meeting an old and dear friend. I liked him very much, and had I been a real woman, his 'campaign' would have paid off long ago. I asked him if he could arrange for me to

make another tour of the U.S. — that what I learned in Moscow was too important to pass through ordinary channels. We parted and I went to see my beautician for a much needed touch up of my dark roots.

In about a week I started getting letters from the Clubs where I had appeared wanting me to come back again. Good old D-2 hadn't lost any time on my request. When I had enough 'bookings' for 3 months, I went to see Herr B. He was reluctant until I mentioned that I could pass on some of my new techniques first hand to some of our agents. He finally agreed and I started making arrangements to leave. Hans, my cousin and Club manager, was sorry to see me go. We had a gala party after closing the Club the night before I left. Everyone wished me well and Hans told me I would always have a job when I returned.

I wrote a letter to each of the Clubs thanking them for their offer and confirming the dates of my appearances. To the one in New York City, I asked if they could arrange for that "nice Helen Osborne" from Variety Magazine to meet me. I was so elated to be going home, I could hardly keep from asking the pilot to fly faster. I was so anxious to see Helen, I felt I could run on the clouds faster than that darned airplane was going. We finally got there, though, and Helen met me at the Customs desk. Only a person in love will know how hard it was just to shake hands with her. We chatted on the way to the hotel, but made up for lost time once we were alone! Just being near her brought on feelings of manhood within me, and I felt that my position would be completely reversible once this mission was completed.

The next morning I called the Club and told them I'd be down that afternoon to make arrangements for my opening. I had no sooner hung up when there was a knock at the door and it was a slightly tousled Greta in robe and mules that greeted the man from the Embassy.

"Good Morning, Miss Prein," he smiled, "welcome again to the United States."

"Good Morning, Mr. Hoffman," I replied, thank you, and please come in. You'll have to excuse my appearance as I just got out of bed. Do you mind if I order some breakfast?"

"Only if you don't order some coffee for me." he answered.

I excused myself and hurriedly dressed and combed my hair while waiting for breakfast to be delivered. I was putting on my lipstick when the bellhop arrived with our trays. As we ate he asked about my tour

in Moscow, so I told him what I planned to pass on to our agents (altered just enough, of course, to make them ineffectual since we now knew the true plans). I also told him that Miss Osborne had invited me to dinner one evening with her family. He had no objections to that; so before he left, I called Miss Osborne and told her I could accept her invitation for Sunday evening. Her family, of course, consisted of the Colonel and the Majors. Dinner conversation centered around what I had learned and how we could alter them without being discovered.

The Colonel had some very good news for me. He felt they had enough information and I wouldn't have to go back to Europe. I felt the only problem would be the real Greta — what would she say when she got back to Europe? I posed that question to the Colonel.

"It's sad," he said softly, "but she has terminal cancer and can only last a few months."

Before I could speak, he went on, "We'll work out all arrangements later. You may have to do another disappearing act." Naturally, I had to agree.

My tour went according to plan and was as successful as my first one. I was impatient for it to be completed and my manhood returned properly so I could marry Helen. During one phone conversation with Helen, she mentioned that I was thinking only of marriage and hadn't considered that I was going to have to resume a whole new male role in life. I became so flustered, I bit my tongue so hard it bled. That, of course, set me to thinking again about my present way of life — which I liked! I loved my Helen, but I had been a woman for over two years. I thought, acted and reacted like a woman. How completely could I put such things out of my mind — especially when I would have constant daily reminders that could not be reversed? I couldn't find an answer with illogical feminine logic, so I decided (once more) to put off my final decision until my tour was over and Helen and I could discuss it thoroughly.

I was in Newark on the last leg of my tour when Colonel Anderson came to see me in my hotel. I felt something was very, very wrong for him to make a personal appearance like this. For the first time since I had disembarked from that submarine, he didn't call me Greta.

"Lieutenant," he said, "I'm afraid I have to be the bearer of bad news. You'd better sit down." I sat. "There is no easy way to break the news

to you — but I'll do the best I can. Helen was struck down last night by a hit-and-run driver. She is in Bethesda Hospital and it's doubtful if she'll live. They're trying to save her life, but she was pretty badly broken up."

I sat there stunned by the news. Slowly, the full impact of what had happened came to me and I ran into the bedroom and closed the door. I couldn't let the Colonel see a Lieutenant cry, but Greta had sobbed her heart out for maybe ten minutes before I could get my emotions under control. I repaired my makeup and went back to face the Colonel.

"What now, Sir?" I asked, "may I see her?"

"Of course you can," he replied, "I have a car waiting."

I called the Club to cancel the rest of my appearances and checked out of the hotel. I never said a word all the way to Maryland. We went directly to her room in intensive care. She was still unconscious and her head and face was covered with bandages. I spent the night at the Colonel's home. Early the next morning, the hospital called to say that Helen had just passed away. My grief gradually gave way to a smoldering rage directed at the person responsible for killing Helen. Had I been face to face with him right then, I think I would have killed him with my bare hands.

I had to finish my tour for appearance's sake, and explained to Mr. Hoffman of the Embassy why I had taken a few days off for Helen's funeral. He was sympathetic and said he would see me again before I left for Europe. All plans for my future were held in abeyance pending the real Greta's death. When it was obvious that she would not last more than a few more days, a notice appeared in the paper that she was hospitalized with pneumonia. She, too, was in a coma, so she was brought from her maximum security hideaway to the hospital. The Embassy was notified when she passed away, and her remains were shipped home to Germany for interment.

The decision that I had postponed so many times, now faced me and could not be put off any longer. Whichever way I turned would be the way I would live for the rest of my life. I knew which way I wanted to go, but asked for a month to think it over.

I consulted several doctors, explaining to each what I had been doing for the past 2½ years (and stay within security limits) and asked if male hormone treatments would reverse my present state as completely as

the original treatments had switched me to femininity. One said yes, but the other two said not completely. Nothing could be done about my hairlessness and they doubted if I would ever be completely flat chested again.

I knew in my own mind that I would never again be completely male or female, whichever way I went. I had lived so completely as a woman that I now didn't want to be a man again and the doctors helped me make my decision.

I asked the Colonel for a meeting, and after discussing it for about three hours, they agreed. Lieutenant Larker would remain dead. All my back pay and allowances were paid from a special fund to help me get started again and Greta Prein ceased to exist.

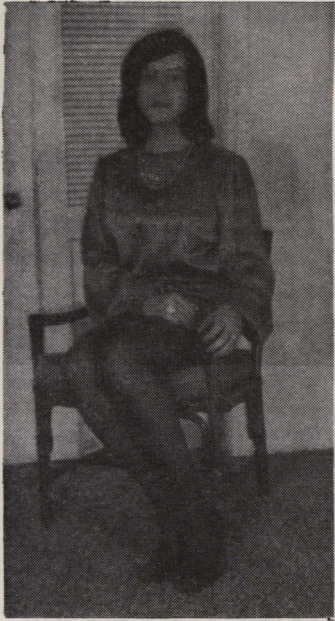
I took the name of Betty Daniels and went to see a plastic surgeon to have my face altered for two reasons — to make me prettier and so I would never be recognized as either Larker or Greta.

It was a hard decision to make, actually, but I have never regretted it. Should any of you ever see a middle aged, fairly pretty songbird that closes each performance with the song "One Alone," don't feel sorry for me — I've had a good life.

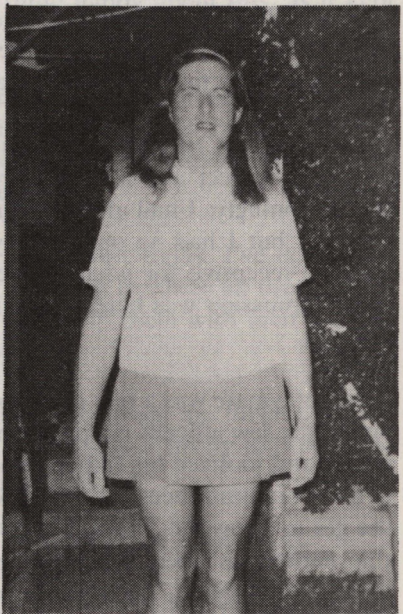
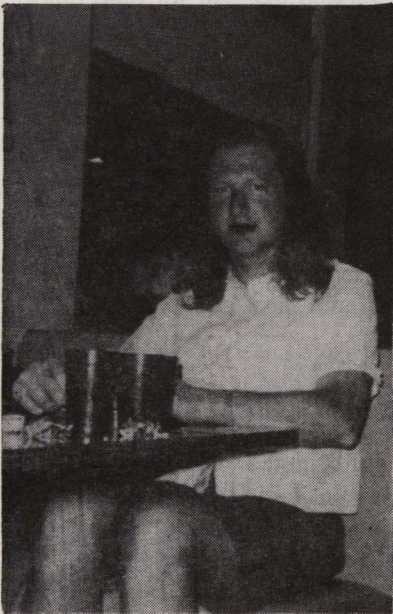


IF YOU DON'T MIND  
MY SAYING SO, SIR  
--- I SEE YOU  
IN MORE OF A  
PINK SHADE.





Roxanne - ?



Frances - CA



## HISTORY

“ — *in the beginning* — ”

Bridget — New Zealand

At some stage of his life it will have occurred to every TV to wonder how it all started, how it began, what particular circumstances made him different, and set him upon this course, which is at times a great difficulty to him and again at times a great delight. It is quite important to each individual to understand his own background, and in this way to help him to achieve happiness and fulfillment. To read of the early experiences of others helps greatly to understand one's own motivations and the situations which went to guide his own thoughts and actions in this developmental stage. I read with great interest the article in TVia No. 73, entitled "Another Possibility" on page 67. I hope the narration of my first experience may be of as much interest to others.

At the age of 16 I was a shy, slim, fair boy, brought up very properly, taught to respect and almost to revere womanhood, and to obey them unquestioningly: I had always been mystified and fascinated by women's clothing, but I had no opportunity to wear it, so perhaps I was unconsciously receptive for what happened. I lived in a small town and the great depression was barely over in 1936 and most people were poorly situated.

My playmate was a boy of my own age, Billy Keen, and his father was one of the few affluent people in the area. He was an only child, and very spoiled, and idolized his father rather than his mother. It was undoubtedly these circumstances which led Mrs. Keen to be friendly with me, after she got to know me, and see into my nature. She recognized in me a pliable nature, an obedient and a "nice" little boy, who could, given the right manipulation, become the child companion in the home whom she missed in her own son. She would have dearly loved to have had a daughter, but obviously to her, I could become a satisfactory substitute.



She was quite a tall lady, well built and very attractive, always dressed in the best of clothes, and could choose from several fur coats which hung in her closet. She did not mind making it plain to all that they were the wealthy Keens.

When I came round to play with Billy, she would make quite a lot of me, and see to it that I always got my share of the expensive biscuits and cookies she laid on for us. After a time she would send Billy off on an errand, and call me in. "You come with me, I've got a little job you can help me with." It would usually be some simple thing like running the vacuum over the hall carpet. We had no carpets, and so, no vacuum, and to me this was a treat, using a real electric machine! She would always praise me afterward. "You are a dear boy, you've made a lovely job of that, now put the vacuum away and I'll have something special for you." When I got the special it would be a stick of candy, an intimate little hug and a kiss. This may have caused some boys of this age to bolt, but I never got candy at home, and there was little time for a show of affection, and this was the "bait" Mrs. Keen used to "hook" me. This went on for some time, and always Mrs. Keen, who no doubt had a goal in sight, pursued it relentlessly. More and more frequently she saw to it that her husband and son went off fishing and hunting, and then she would send for me. My parents were quite happy about this, as it kept me happy, and they knew I could come to no harm.

On one such day I was there by 9 am, and Mrs. Keen seemed in a special state. We did several little jobs around the house together and she made sure there was a little bowl of sweets I could help myself to. Then her program of "conversion" for me began.

"Now, dear, we're going to have a lovely time today. I've decided to let you be my page boy. I read a book last night in which all the ladies of the French Court each had a page boy, to help them with their clothes. Now, would you like to be my page boy?"

She gave me a little hug and a kiss to encourage me further. "Well, would you like to be my page boy? I'll find you a lovely uniform, and you'll look just lovely." So I went along with it.

"Just whatever you say, Mrs. Keen. I'll do it if you want me to."

"Yes dear, I do want you to, and I know you will just love it. Now in the book the page boy wears a blue velvet jacket, matching pantaloons,

white stockings and slippers with a big buckle on them. Now we'll have to see what we can find. Come with me!" She led me to her room, a place I had never been allowed in before. "I remember seeing a blue velvet jacket in here," she said, going into her large, walk-in closet.

I stood back a little, as I was beginning to be afraid of the situation, but I had no control over it. There was a woman, a mother figure, saying I must do this, so it must be all right. Anything an important wealthy lady said must be right.

"Ah, yes," she exclaimed, "here it is. This will be quite good for a jacket, it's the nearest thing I've got, and it will look just lovely on you." And she held out not a jacket but a beautiful girl's frock with white lace collar and cuffs, made of deep blue velvet.

"But Mrs. Keen, that's a girl's frock," I half wailed.

"Never mind, it's quite like a jacket and will do meantime. Perhaps I'll have a real jacket made for you later," she smiled at me and patted my cheek. She held the frock against me, and for size it was perfect. "Now, we must see to the other things," she said.

We knelt together in front of a large open drawer and the mere sight of all the unmentionable ladies wear there made me go all hot and cold, and struck me silent. She was anything but silent. "I seem to remember seeing all the things we need, now let's see. Here's a pair of white stockings which will do. Here, hold them," she said, handing them to me. "Oh, I don't seem to be able to find any blue velvet pantaloons, but these will do just fine to start with," and she held up a pair of blue locknit bloomers. "Oh, you will look sweet in these!" and she threw them on the bed. "Now, I know I have the right slippers, yes, here they are, and specially made with big buckles on them!"

It never occurred to me that all this had been carefully planned, that she had made the slippers and knew just what she was going to dress me in. I at last found my tongue, when I realized I was going to be not a page boy, but a girl. "Oh, Mrs. Keen," I wailed, "I couldn't wear these things! If Mom, or my brothers found out they would laugh terribly at me, please, I don't have to dress in these, do I?" I was half crying with fright by this time.

She sat down on a low divan. "Come here, dear, I want to say something to you," and I approached reluctantly. She drew me down on her knee and held me close. "Now dry your eyes, I'm not going to hurt you, I'm only going to give you a real treat. To be a page boy, and have a uniform would be lovely, and this is the nearest we can get. You are not going to tell your brothers, are you? And I won't either, so who's going to know? It will be our secret. And when you are my page boy, I'm going to let you help me with my clothes too. Won't that be fun? I bet you have never seen a lady change her frock, have you? Wouldn't you like that? There, I knew you'd be sensible," and she gave me a big hug and a kiss as I sat there on her knee.

"Now, you are all right. Will we dress you now?" Of course I was putty in her hands and I assented, under the heady sensation of her nearness, her expensive perfume, and her masterly managing. So she removed my clothes and first drew the white stockings on me, held up with elastic garters. Next the Singlet with a fancy top went on, and she next took up the silky blue bloomers. "Now, dear, step into these pantaloons, that's right, up they go, oh lovely, you do look nice. We'll pop the jacket on you now." And on went the pretty blue frock. It fitted perfectly, and with the addition of the buckled slippers the picture was complete.

Mrs. Keen was ecstatic about it, and had me walk back and forth before her so that she could admire the results of her handiwork. She clapped her hands and said how lovely an effect it was and called me over to where she sat on the sofa. She drew me down onto her knee again, and spoke softly to me for quite a while, of how nice it was going to be for us both and how she would get me lots more nice things and teach me how to be a real help to a lady. Then we did the usual little jobs together in an intimate sort of way, in the house where all was perfect anyway.

That day must have been one of heady success for Mrs. Keen; she now had the daughter she had always wanted, and she knew there would be many days like this. When I left that first day she said she would arrange for me to come again the next Saturday.

"Oh, please don't tell my mother." I begged her.

She replied, "Well, of course not dear, not as long as you are a good page boy for me."

"Oh, I will, I will," I promised.

Mrs. Keen was well pleased at this turn of events. It clearly gave her power over me to do anything she pleased, and I would do it gladly. And so it was arranged that I should go to her every Saturday, and my pay would be two shillings then, that is twenty cents.

Next Saturday I was there early in the afternoon, and Mrs. Keen took me directly to her room where my clothes were already laid out. "Now dear, I want you to dress yourself today. I can't be doing it for you all the time."

So she sat on the bed and watched as I stripped and then dressed in my page's suit. I hesitated at stepping into the bloomers, but she hurried me on with it, and soon I was fully dressed again, and then a noticeable change would come over her. "There now, darling, you are my page again, come here." And there would follow a session in which I was cuddled and petted and kissed, accompanied by her contented murmurings, which clearly afforded her an outlet for the love and affection she missed from her own son.

A few Saturdays after this she felt that the next stage had been reached, and one day she announced that she would change her frock for the afternoon and that I was to help her. "It is one more lesson in becoming a real page boy." So she led me to her room where she had a lovely green linen frock laid on the bed. "Now, page, undo the buttons right down the back, gentle now!"

I realized that I was to help her take off her frock. My hands shook with nervousness. I had never seen a woman take off anything but her hat. Under her insistent instructions I gathered the frock up around her and slipped it off over her hair. "Now my slip, and be careful." With a thumping heart and fumbling hands I did as I was told, and she then bent down and kissed me. "You did quite well for the first time, you'll soon get used to it."

To me she looked a picture of loveliness as she moved about before my fascinated gaze in her lovely silk stockings, shell pink silky bloomers, and bra top chemise. "Come now, get me that slip there," indicating a clean one, "and help me on with it." The green linen frock followed, and then I had to brush her hair, a lengthy business, as she loved to have her hair well brushed. Although she gave no sign, she must have loved

being attended thus by a boy, and gained a lot of sensual delight from it. I was soon assisting her prepare for her bath, and dressing her again afterwards, but at no time was I allowed to see her completely stripped, nor did I want to. It was a very traumatic experience for me, so unused to it, to see as much as I did. My duties were to lay out her new set of undies and frock, or skirt and blouse, etc., and after she had dressed in the foundation garments, to assist her on with the rest, do her hair and general grooming.

Quite naturally, I believe, I soon loved all this. I recognize now, as she did then, that I had a predisposition to cross-dress, and I looked forward with increasing eagerness for Saturday to come round. I would get the greatest thrill if she had a new item of clothing for me, which she often did, be it another frock, a slip, perhaps a new colored pair of bloomers or new stockings. I loved it when she cuddled and kissed me, which she loved to do.

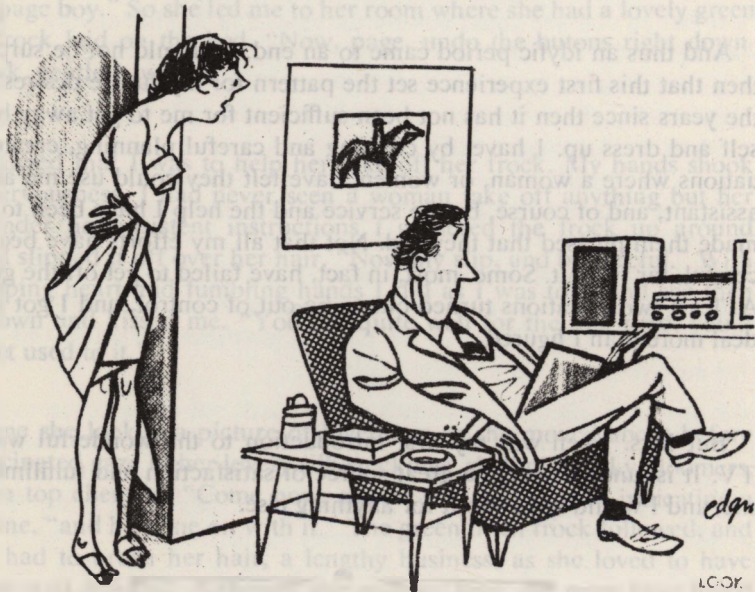
So, when after a year of this, our family decided to move to a larger city to obtain better job opportunities, I was sorry but she was quite desolate at the prospect.

And thus an idyllic period came to an end. It should not be surprising then that this first experience set the pattern for my future desires. Over the years since then it has not been sufficient for me to get away by myself and dress up. I have, by cunning and careful planning, created situations where a woman, or women, have felt they could use me as their assistant, and of course, by the service and the help I have been to them, made them pleased that they did. Not that all my efforts have been successful, far from it. Some, most, in fact, have failed to get off the ground. At least two situations turned out to be out of control, and I got a good deal more than I figured.

But Mrs. Keen was my first introduction to the wonderful world of TV. It is, and has been, a great source of satisfaction and fulfillment for me, and I would not swap it for anything else.



"My wife doesn't understand me."



"Hey, Pop, may I borrow your padded bra?"

TRUE STORY



*"OBTAINING A FEMININE WARDROBE"*

Delores Bryant - 21-G-4 FPE

One day I decided I'd like to purchase a new dress. I had walked by a small woman's dress shop run by three older women. I entered the shop about an hour before closing time and walked to the dress rack where one of the women asked if she could help me. I told her I was looking for a size 18 dress. She asked if the dress was for my wife and I informed her no, it was for myself, as I was going to a party as a woman. She said: "Oh, that's different," and proceeded to pick out various dresses from the rack to see what I liked.

I picked out five dresses and she led me to a dressing room with a door that locked, but with an opening above and below. I locked the door and tried on the dresses, picking out one I liked. When she asked how I was doing, I told her I had found one I liked and she said to come out so I could look in the larger mirror for a better look. I quickly stepped out and stood in front of the mirror. The saleslady said that the dress fitted perfectly, so I purchased it and was about to leave when she asked if I needed any jewelry. I ended up buying a string of pearls also.

I returned to the shop about five times in the next two years and each time I purchased either a dress or blouse and was always waited on by the same saleslady.

On another occasion I went into a used clothing shop run by a middle aged woman and told her the same story as I had at the first dress shop. I picked out a lovely blue suit which I tried on, but not before the saleswoman had asked me whether or not a size 18 would fit me. After I had the dress on, she asked if she could see how it looked on me, so I stepped out and showed her, along with a girlfriend she was talking to.

They were both very surprised at how well it fitted, and commented that a size 18 was a perfect fit for me. I bought the suit and spent about ten minutes discussing current fashions with her, and then left the store.

That same day I went to another dress shop run by a Jewish couple of late middle age. Only the woman was there, and when I told her the dress was to be for myself, she was completely astonished and commented on how surprised her husband would be if she sold a dress to a man. She was in very good humor, and very eager to get on with the proceedings, so I picked out a dress and tried it on. She too was astonished at how well it fitted. I should mention I did have on a bra and girdle at all of my buying sprees. The dress fitted perfectly, but was too expensive, so I left the store after being pressured to buy the dress, but to return it if I wished.

About three months later I went into still another dress shop staffed by three older women. I tried on a purple dress, but I left my trousers on (I was chicken). All three of the women were surprised but very enthused. By now I am quite at ease in various dress shops, and trying on whatever I chose. But I am very careful to be very choosy of what shops I frequent. One can usually tell whether the saleswomen are with you or not.

I also have found a shoe store where I buy most of my heels. I have to try on many pairs until I find what I like. The male owner and his son have both commented that they don't care who buys their shoes, and are very helpful, and I have been very happy with my purchases. I also located a second shoe store where I use the "going to a party" routine, and I have had good success there also.

I buy my nylons and pantyhose from a stocking chain store where I mentioned I was going to a party. The saleswoman said she had a steady customer, a male, who said he was a female impersonator. I told her I had gone to a party as a girl, and I liked the clothes, so I dressed whenever possible and she said she didn't see why a man couldn't dress as he liked. She said she'd be happy to see me again in the future, so I have gone back several times, discussing for a few moments what dress I had purchased, etc. So, all in all, I have had great success in purchasing my wardrobe, and naturally look forward to every new experience.

I even have my own electrolysis operator to whom I merely said I did not like to shave, and so far, I have gone for three treatments, but am not very pleased with my progress.



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## ARTICLE

# ONE SECRET OF FEMININITY

Eileen - Penn.

You can't find a sweater to fit you? Are you all dressed up and depressed? You tried baking and your wig frizzed — give up? No!

Knit — it's as simple as that. You will never feel any more contentment than this; the steady rhythm, the soft yarn through the fingers, the pride of accomplishment, and finally the practicality of wearing something you've made. And this is something you can do, at home anytime. On the surface it sounds silly and a real pain and quite complicated, but it isn't, it's a very engrossing, relaxing and self-fulfilling art.

Your wife doesn't know you dress and she'd leave if she found out. What can she say if you're knitting for therapy?

There are two ways to approach this — and some preliminaries.

First it would be a good idea to find someone who knows how to show you how to knit, pearl and cast on. You can learn this from a book if no one is available. The next step is to buy a simple "How to Knit" pattern book which can be purchased at any 5 & 10. A TIP: Most books are graded — the first projects are easy and each succeeding one will teach you a new technique. Don't just buy a skein of expensive yarn and start on a sweater. You'll just waste money and frustrate yourself. Go ahead and make the early projects, even if you can't use them. They'll make good prizes at a bazaar or FPE meeting, plus the fact that you'll probably screw them up anyway.

So, armed with the knowledge of how to knit and pearl and cast on, a book, yarn and needles as specified for your first project, you head home.

Enough for the preliminaries. Now there are two courses you can follow, depending on your ability and time.

### *The Purist*

Put your brown paper bag on the dresser, run a nice warm bath, add bath oil, enjoy slowly, dry and powder, don't at any time look in the mirror, not even a peek, just feel good, stretch, put on some perfume, put on a soft loose silken nightie, lipstick, still no peeking, fluff your hair, it's mod length isn't it, or if you must pull on a wig, no peeking. Put your brown paper bag on the bed. If you can't shave your legs, climb in and pull the covers over your hem, lie back, relax.

Smell your perfume? Taste your lipstick? Feel your nightgown?

You're lovely! You've done everything just like any natural woman, no primping no pinning just you, smooth soft and relaxed, let your Femme self go. Now take out your skein, and wind a nice big ball, you bought pink didn't you? Just concentrate on your knitting — now cast on. You'll start slowly, probably a head-band, just knit, mind blank, relax. Stop after twenty rows and feel the material — soft — so are you. You've just been completely feminine for a few hours, within yourself. Don't you feel great?

### *The On The Go*

This is for the quick break or in between times. Kick off your shoes, loosen your tie, pick up your knitting, get involved. Don't those sensations of loose, lovely, and feminine come back?

Now, after a few months, you'll be into more difficult patterns, you'll enjoy the challenge and have the warm satisfaction of accomplishing a wonderfully feminine skill, plus the enjoyment of knowing that each time you knit, you are by conditioning, completely feminine, you are you.

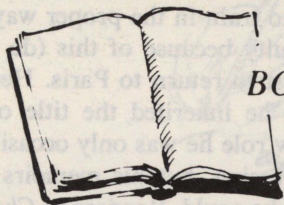
This isn't to say that you can't knit otherwise. It's a wonderful hobby and will lead to others such as crochet and needlepoint. If you like you can be in your prettiest dress or jeans and a top, but you'll never be more feminine than in the simple task of knit one, pearl two.



Lucy FB-V-1



Jane Murphy-Houston



## BOOK REVIEWS

By Vern L. Bullough  
Professor, History  
California State University, Northridge

Many readers of *Chevalier* will be interested to know that the brief auto-biographical account by the Abbé de Choisy of his life in skirts has been reprinted in France. Long out of print, the memoirs appropriately entitled *Memoires de l'abbé de Choisy habillé en femme* (Memoirs of the Abbé de Choisy Dressed as a Woman) were reprinted as part of a French series of 17th and 18th century source material. This particular reprint, published in 1966 by Mercure de France in Paris, was edited by Georges Mongrédien. Included with the brief auto-biographical account is the more important (historically) *Mémoires pour servir a l'histoire de Louis XIV.*

According to his story Choisy's widowed mother, ambitious for his advancement, had brought up François-Timoléon as a girl in order that he might be the close companion of the young Prince Philippe d'Orleans, the younger brother of Louis XIV. Historians are not sure of the reason for Philippe's cross dressing, but some feel it might have been done in order that he might not offer competition to his brother, Louis. Philippe grew up to become a sort of drag queen and a well-known homosexual. Choisy, however, remained heterosexual and his greatest joy was in acting the part of a woman. He loved the feel of brocades, satins, and laces, and was so accustomed to wearing corsets that he developed a sort of feminine bust. For a brief time he acted the part of a woman on the stage in Bordeaux. After the death of his mother when he was about eighteen, he was determined to dress as a man, but soon found he missed his skirts. He then began living as a woman under the name of Mademoiselle de Sancy, but for this he was reprimanded (he was already a cleric) and reverted to male dress. He still wanted to dress as a woman, however, and so he sold his house in Paris, dismissed his servants, and hired himself a

new set, including a new lady's maid who did not know his true sex. He then purchased a castle near Bourges where under the name of Madame la Comtesse de Barres he lived for several years. He apparently enjoyed taking young women into his home to train in the proper ways a "lady" should act. He got into some difficulty because of this (de Choisy retained his male urges) and felt it best to return to Paris. Here he lived briefly as Madame de Choisy until he inherited the title of Abbé de Sainte Seine in Burgundy. In his new role he was only occasionally able to indulge in his hobby of cross dressing, but his memoirs record his great pleasure on the occasions when he could. Readers of *Chevalier* who can make their way through French will find his account fascinating. The part devoted to his cross dressing is only about 100 pages, and gives an insight into transvestism that we rarely have had in the past.

Editors Note: Many of you will be pleased to learn that since Dr. Bullough submitted this book review he has decided to have the original translated. He has kindly given *Chevalier* the right to publish it, so the first English translation of de Choisy's own autobiography will appear in the spring of 1974. It will be announced in TVia when plans have solidified.



"Oh, Oh. Don't look now but here comes my wife. I told her I was going shopping for a TV set!"

*"Dear  
Editor"*



LETTERS

Dear Virginia,

I remember a rather amusing event from my childhood which you will probably appreciate.

The family had gone to the theater. I have long ago forgotten the play. The setting was British middle class society before World War II, sentimental, and a little nauseating: boy meets girl, boy loves girl, boy gets girl; the two walk off in the sunset and live happily ever after.

But there had been one black sheep in the play, a male homosexual. Of course, the whole thing had been most carefully toned down to shades and hints. But that had been enough for my mother. As we walked to a café after the play, she gave vent to her horror and dismay at this dreadful thing; and the rest of the family seemed to agree with her.

Now, ordinarily, I am not completely stupid about these things, but for some reason, this time it had all passed by me. I brought the moon down by asking her, "Why, what do you mean mother; when, where, how, and what?"

My good mother felt herself called upon to give me a little lecture on the spot. Really, this showed how naive I was. Really, it was time for me to grow up. Really, etc. After all, without even knowing it (?), I could fall victim of a character like that.

It seems a little comical in retrospect, since, already at that early age, I was a devoted TV. The very dress my mother was wearing when she gave her little lecture was one of my favorites in her wardrobe. I had had it on many times. And whatever else she was wearing that night, I had had that on too.

by Ann - N.C.

Editor's Note: This nice letter from a wife was received a couple of years ago but got lost in the typographers file and just came to light. Although Stella has by now been an FPE member for several years, this is such a good wife's letter that I felt it is still appropriate and interesting even if it is kind of behind the times by now.

Dear Virginia,

Thank you for your recent letter informing us of Stella's acceptance into FPE. My husband is thrilled about it, and we are both looking forward to the time we both can attend meetings of a local chapter.

I thought I would background some of my feelings for you. We have been married for over 18 years. My husband is very masculine, and good natured. He has always had a sincere, strong personality, and has been a good provider for his family.

Twice in my life when I was seriously ill he was right by my side worrying and taking excellent care of me until I again was well and strong. No woman would want a better husband and I love him for all his thoughtfulness.

However I must confess there were times when I was not so kind to him. To illustrate what I mean I can relate to an incident that happened in 1958.

We had been married for 6 years at that time. I had no intimation of my husband's FP nature. One night while we were sitting home watching television my husband said, out of the blue, that he thought it would be fun if he dressed as a girl to see how he looked. I thought it would be ridiculous. Here was a man 6 foot tall 195 lbs. telling me he wanted to see what he looked like as a girl.

For what I thought would be terribly funny reasons I told him to go ahead. About an hour later I was in for the most unbelievable shock of my life.

Here standing in front of me was a very attractive young lady clad in a sheer negligee. She was very feminine and very impeccably made up. He then told me that this was the way he would like to be always. Knowing that this was my husband gave me a feeling of repulsion. It was the most sickening and upsetting thing I had ever seen. To think that this was my husband standing there like that and saying that it was the way he had always wanted to be. I just couldn't believe this was for real.



All my years of marriage, our little girl, all of his sacrifices meant nothing to me. After all I thought, there is only one type of person that does these things. I nearly went out of my mind. I was angry, sick and felt my whole world had come to an end. I demanded that he remove the make-up and clothes, and never do that thing in front of me again.

I wanted a divorce and nothing further to do with him, and I told him so. The poor guy. When he came home from work the next day he cried like a baby and begged me not to leave him. He promised he would never do it again.

I did love him so much and in my heart I really didn't want a divorce. But I honestly thought I was married to some sort of queer. However, I agreed if he kept his promise I would reconsider.

It's a funny thing how the human mind works. It can block out any really traumatic experience, which it doesn't want to remember, and this is exactly what happened to me. For many years I had completely blocked this whole thing from my mind. During all this time he did no more dressing, that I knew of, and we never did discuss the subject again.

Little did I realize the terrible torment and anguish I made him go through all of those years.

However, last year my husband sat me down and explained to me that he was a transvestite (even the very sound of the word scared me) but not a homosexual. He couldn't explain why, because he knew very little about the subject. But he said that this is the way he is and can't help it.

I really didn't understand and was terribly mixed up. There was nobody I could turn to, no one I could talk to about this. There was really nothing I could do except try to make him feel guilty about this and then maybe he would stop.

I let him dress occasionally but would have very little to do with him. I let him know I was against it. When he would leave for work I would cry for hours, not knowing what I could do. Was I married to a man or a woman? Was there really such a person as a transvestite who was not a homosexual, or was he just putting up a front to fool me. My mind was in a constant state of turmoil.

At one point I felt that he had hurt me so badly that I wanted to get back at him, so one morning a friend of his came over to the house. My husband was still sleeping in his gown and make-up. I thought now he will get his just due. I let the company in, and woke my husband to tell him that \_\_\_\_\_ was here to see him.

He woke up frantic, here he was in full make-up and had to walk past the living room to get to the bathroom and wash up. I forgot that in one of my dresser drawers I had some cold cream and he cleaned up quite well before coming out. Actually I was relieved that he was able to do this because I felt really terrible about what I had done. I asked myself what was I trying to gain by this. It was just a way I was using to get back at him for the hurt he caused me. I must admit I didn't stop causing him anguish when he did get dressed.

Then came the day a few months ago, when he received the book for wives of FPs. He read it and then gave it to me. What an insight to the problem it gave us both!

It seemed that you must have interviewed him to write this book. His parents had dressed him in girl's clothes for punitive reasons when he was young and sent him out to play. His father was very domineering and an alcoholic while his mother was very sweet and sympathetic to him. Also many of the other causes you gave for Transvestism fitted his childhood.

Both of us finally understood. My husband was only one of thousands just like him. Completely heterosexual individuals with a strong FP desire. It made me truly sorry for all the hurt that I had caused him in the past, and all the confusion I had brought on myself.


I understand that this is a part of his life, a very real part, just as much as his other self. If I wanted to keep my marriage for all the good things we have, I had to accept what I could not change. It has not been easy for me. Had I learned to accept it many years ago we could have avoided so much confusion and unhappiness on both our parts. However no sense thinking about that now as one cannot change the past.

However I look forward to a very happy future from now on. It has not been easy for me, however, each time Stella has to come out, but now it doesn't bother me as much as it used to.

I realize that this makes him very happy. At ease, releases his tensions. In a way I am envious, and wish I could find something that would do the same for me.

During the previous years while this was taboo we were just living together as man and wife, going about our every day life because we had to. No zest or real fulfillment in our marriage. But, since I have come to accept this as part of my husband, we have found a new kind of happiness together and we have become much closer as two people in a real marriage should be. When I think of all the years wasted I feel very sad. For we are blessed with only one lifetime here on earth. I am only thankful that, because of your book for wives and by your helping us both to understand this thing, that we will waste no more of our precious years on earth being miserable and unhappy ever again.

Sincerely,  
"Stella's" wife



### PICTURES NEEDED

I have used up my complete supply of pictures on hand for this issue. If you like to see pictures of FPs, then send some in. Preferably black and white, but color shots can be used if the contrast is good and there is not a lot of red and pink in them. Red photographs black and frequently shades into a dark background.

## I Walk in the Shadow of My Soft Flowing Skirt

Night finds me,  
Half a woman,  
Breathing the perfume  
of soft, sweet lonely night.

My only guest stares  
Back at me in mirrored silence;  
Half woman, I sit on the threshold  
Of bedroom dreams.

Smooth silk nylons let  
My dainty knees sparkle;  
The black lace of my slip  
Is touched with painted hands.

How easily my nylon-captured feet  
Slip into the red high heels,  
And when I walk  
The woman in me glides  
gracefully across the room.

I crown myself the queen  
With a wig of human hair,  
And it cuddles me  
Until I have no care.

With lips of ruby red,  
And mascara to let me see,  
I am that lovely girl,  
That I wish myself to be.

My flowing skirt hides me  
From my aggressive self,  
And I walk in the shadow  
Of that skirt,

With pride of artificial womanhood. . . .

Monica-Ohio



## HENRY WILSON

With his family beaming idiotically at him from their places around the breakfast table, Henry Wilson opened the black and gold gift boxes. His broad face lit up with a smile as he read the Father's Day cards, dramatically snapped the gay cords on the boxes and lifted the lid of the largest with a flourish.

On the faces of the givers there was inanity and smugness: this year for sure, dear old Dad would get what he wanted. They waited for dear old Dad to haul forth his loot so they could all exclaim how clever they had been in ferreting out his wishes.

However, the more conscious of those present could not help but notice that dear old Dad had commenced a new but interesting series of color changes from ashen to purple to a lovely green while he stared down into the box.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked his wife. For answer, she took the box from his nerveless fingers and looked. "Why—that's not what I bought! Oh, dear! Open the other two—good heavens! I don't blame you for being shocked. That was supposed to be a nice new bathrobe, not a—a . . ." She waved a misty black peignoir in the air. She didn't know the name of the garment, but recognized it as a coordinate for the nightgown accompanying it.

"I wonder what sort of a person would wear something like this?" she asked. Mrs. Wilson was partial to deshabelle of chenille robe cum flannel pajamas (pique in summer).

Meanwhile, Henry Wilson was compounding his shock for the other two boxes held, not the slippers and shirts that his wife and family had bought, but some whimsies of lingerie on the other hand and on the other, a blouse-and-skirt set of raw silk and crepe. They were exquisite, but unnoticed in the excitement.

"They must have given me the wrong boxes," said Mrs. Wilson. "I left your things to be wrapped and they must have gotten them mixed up. Well, I'll just take these—these *things*—back to the store tomorrow. Lucky, I still have the sales slip."

"Where did you get them?" asked Henry.

"Benson's Department Store."

"I'll be in that neighborhood tomorrow. I'll take them back myself—and give them a good piece of my mind, while I'm at it. Maybe I'll cancel our charge account."

"Why? We use it all the time . . ." protested Mrs. Wilson.

"Oh, I really won't, but I'll tell them I'm going to—keeps 'em on their toes that way."

"Alright, dear. I'm sorry this happened. Happy Father's Day, anyway." She paused thoughtfully, sniffed, and said, "I wonder what sort of girl gets gifts like these on Father's Day?"

The next morning, Henry strode purposefully into the department store and planted both feet firmly in front of the exchange window. There was a mournful looking young man facing him from the other side.

"See here!" shouted Henry before the young man had finished his "may I help you?" speech. "See here, you people have made a mistake."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. What seems to be the problem?"

"Last week, my wife bought several things here," he consulted a list momentarily; ". . . a robe, one pair of slippers and three shirts, to be exact. She had them wrapped and brought them home. Well, to make a long story short, the boxes were the wrong ones!"

The young man's face grew perceptibly longer as he said, "Yes, there were some mistakes made last week. You see, we had a new girl on duty and she apparently shuffled some of them around. We're more than happy to straighten things out, of course. Now if you will just tell me what you have and what you were supposed to have, I'll make the adjustment as quickly as possible."

Henry was taken slightly aback by this approach. "Now just a minute! I'm not done yet—there's another issue here . . ."

"What is that, sir?"

"Why-er, that is—now look! My wife went to considerable time and trouble to select these things. You can imagine how *she* felt when I opened her gifts and instead of—what's that?" Henry asked as the clerk set three identical boxes beside those he had brought.

"I believe these are yours, sir," replied the clerk. "Bathrobe, slippers and shirts." He quickly picked up Henry's three boxes and looked in each. He seemed to be smiling, Henry thought and then was even further surprised by what could only be tears. Good heavens! was the man going to bawl simply because of a mistake?

In a not-too-steady voice, the clerk said, "You were talking about disappointments, embarrassment—I sympathize with you sir. I know exactly what you mean."

"But-but—" sputtered Henry. "If you're expecting a bathrobe and you get this thing—" he pointed angrily at the peignoir. "—not that it's not pretty and all that, but I ask you, if you expect a sensible bathrobe and—and—" he was groping for words.

"On the other hand," said the clerk, "just imagine how the person felt who was supposed to get the peignoir but found instead your crummy bathrobe and slippers!"

"Well—but you still don't understand what I mean!" insisted Henry.

"I understand exactly what you mean, and how you feel. You see—" the clerk's voice sank to a whisper as he tenderly lifted the peignoir out of the box and looked at it. "—you see, Mr. Wilson—these are mine!"

## My Wish for You

May you have —

The grace to be serene  
The depth to be thoughtful  
The feeling of being attractive  
The strength to meet a challenge.

The serenity to be beautiful  
Yet able to appreciate beauty.  
Relaxed enough to receive  
And big enough to give.

The wisdom to be decisive  
The flexibility to be accepting  
The loveliness of a woman  
With the dignity of a man

May you be all and live each of these  
For the greater fulfillment  
Of your total humanity.

Virginia





**LIBERATING THE WOMAN IN ALL OF US —**  
a review of Chevalier Publications

by Gordon McShean

Editors Note: Mr. McShean was the Chairman of the American Library Association's Task Force on Sex Related Media. It was he who arranged for me to speak to this group during their convention in Las Vegas in June. He subsequently wrote this review for their Journal. I thought it might be interesting to TVia readers to see how the field of FPia comes across in an outsiders eyes.

Those who attended the program of the Task Force on Sex Related Media (SRRT) at the American Library Association convention in Las Vegas this year came away happy at the discovery of another dimension of women's liberation.

A reading of some of the publications of Virginia Prince, that evening's speaker, brought that discovery back. In *THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE* one contributor wrote "Most transvestites feel that you real women have much the best of life, due to your ability to live without the need for intense competition. . . . [We] adore you real women, love you and revere you, cherish and idolize you, respect and envy you, just because you are what you are: women, — beautiful, gentle, soft . . ." (p. 86). There are doubtless women who would object to the male transvestite's characterization of them, but an off-hand rejection would be wrong. This movement seeks not to impose these qualities on the female, but to allow their expression in the genetic male.

Chevalier Publications and the Foundation for Personality Expression, creations of Virginia Prince, seek to explain the phenomenon of the male heterosexual cross-dresser to society and to those who find themselves motivated by the compulsion (one estimate says that there are more than a million in the U.S.). A chatty magazine, *TRANSVESTIA*, is published every two months. It describes itself as being

dedicated to "education, entertainment [and] expression to help its readers achieve understanding, self-acceptance [and] peace of mind in place of the loneliness, fear and self-condemnation they have known for too long."

It includes fiction of a quality that is sometimes surprising and articles about everything from the transvestite's legal standing, philosophical, psychological and clinical observations, to personal hints on make-up and clothing. It would be difficult to find anything sensational in it, unless the subject matter itself is considered sensational. The editorial policies and advertising policies are conservative — and the result is a pleasing publication which libraries should be happy to have on their shelves.

The first book I mentioned is an introduction basic to the subject, made up largely of letters from people who were as ignorant as most of us and who were learning to adjust to the transvestite phenomenon. Another book, **HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE**, takes the reader a step further and describes the responsibilities of the male who wishes to cross-dress without embarrassing himself or bothering others. The pleasures that the gender change brings comes through in the writing, and women will undoubtedly find a number of the hints and observations on everyday "feminine" behavior enlightening.

The concern is limited to the male heterosexual cross-dresser, although each publication makes reference to the needs of the transexual — the male who undergoes surgery to achieve a physical female identity — at some point, generally in a negative, if sympathetic, manner. The pamphlet **SEXUAL AND GENDERAL IDENTITY** is helpful in this area. Other sexual concerns are ignored. The magazine proclaims "TVia does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left for others to develop."

The attitudes of society appear grotesque as one reads of the impositions suffered by members of this gentle minority. Librarians are no less culpable. They generally ignore the subject — thus allowing ignorance to prevail — or if they do purchase anything it is usually the work of persons who have been concerned with pathological phenomena or law enforcement. They then place it on the shelves with books on mental retardation and psychopathy. Other social-sexual "abnormalities" receive much more friendly treatment.

The conspiracy of scientific condescension and silence is widespread. At our Las Vegas meeting a newspaper sent reporters and photographers, and took notes of the speeches and interviewed our speaker. The material was never printed. All but one of the library professional journals has neglected to mention the task force meeting in preconference listings, and even the association's official schedule of meetings stated simply "program to be announced." Perhaps these male women have tolerated this treatment for so long because they feel free to cry. We should not allow the prejudices of society to influence our libraries. All but the smallest of libraries should acquire the publications of Chevalier Publications.

All materials mentioned are written or edited by Virginia Prince, Ph.D. and are available from Chevalier Publications, P.O. Box 36091, Los Angeles, CA 90036.

Books: THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE (paper) \$4.50  
 HOW TO BE A WOMAN THOUGH MALE (paper)  
 \$7.00

Magazine: TRANSVESTIA, pub. six times a year, \$5 one issue, \$30  
 subs.

Pamphlet: SEXUAL AND GENDERAL IDENTITY, no price  
 listed.

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## TVism IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

By Sheila - England

I came across a curious sidelight on TVism in the book *Animals Are My Hobby* by Gertrude Davies Lintz. Among the many apes she kept from babyhood was a gorilla, whom she nursed from a very sick little bundle of skin and bone.

This animal when fully grown used to love powdering its face — as it saw its "mother" do, and even sneaking up to her bedroom to put on some of her clothes. One day she found the animal, dressed in one of her frocks, reclining on a chaise lounge "as if she were Mme. Recamier."

The oddest thing was that, though Mrs. Lintz took the gorilla to be female, when she gave it to the Philadelphia Zoo they discovered it was a *male*. Now how's that for TVism in the animal kingdom.



"You'll get a chance to tell it to the judge, Mac! Fortunately for you, he's in having a shampoo and a set right now."



"Wow, Marty, you sure got some nifty Christmas gifts."



ACCEPTANCE AND RESPONSIBILITY  
(A REBUTTAL)

By Amelia Allyte

In issue Number 76 you had a brief article reiterating your editorial policy regarding "forced feminization and dominance. I do not want to take issue with an editorial policy that has worked successfully for years. I also believe I understand some of the reasons for initiating them. An unrestricted policy would tend to reduce the quality of the magazine. I can imagine an FP trying to convince a negative thinking wife of the validity of his cravings and then introduce her to a wild tale of domination and punishment. However there is no need for this policy to extend to separate books or stories.

As a corollary to overt dominance, you appear to cast all type of gender change into the same mold if it is done in such a manner so that the principle character can divest himself of the basic responsibility. In this regard I believe you have over extended your premise. A reason for role switching is inherent in almost every story regarding transvestism. What caused the hero(ine) to want to adopt feminine garments and mannerisms? In what manner was this accomplished? For instance, in issue 76, two of the three fiction article centered about the hero(ine) being required to adopt the guise of a female. In one, it was almost to the point of being forced physically, the other, it was necessary to keep a charm school going. Even the third story was only a matter of degree. It is almost invariably implicit in any transvestite story that the central character will ultimately enjoy the change.

Many of us live in such conditions whereby it is not feasible to cross dress when the desire arises. We must have ways to sublimate this craving. This sublimation can take many forms, some of the more common

ways are, fantasizing, wearing feminine underclothing, engaging in feminine hobbies or occupations and reading, either singly or in combination. Before proceeding any further, I do not mean to get involved in a dissertation regarding the merits and/or demerits of "feminine" hobbies or occupations. Whether its merely because of habit, custom, mores or whatever the terminology one wishes to use, it is simply easier in this day and age to imagine a feminine identity while sewing than it is while woodworking.

Reading, vicariously identifying with the characters in a story is a common way to sublimate. Interruptions can be handled without embarrassment and we can quickly return to our story. I may get some derisive "Oh yeas" but in general, books can be easily stored inconspicuously. We must understand that reading is a vicarious existence, stories and articles regarding punishment and/or forced feminization of males by dominant females neither adds to nor detracts from, the urge to experience cross dressing. No one would argue that it would be much nicer to be able to relax and read while comfortably garbed in a skirt and blouse. And that, kind sisters and dear readers, is a significant plus in favor of tales of forced feminization. If only someone would come along and literally make us dress, then we would not be bound by restricting circumstances. We could do what we secretly wanted without being bound by guilt feelings. We could relax and tell the world, "It's not us, it's them." We can imagine our wives and sweethearts, et al. making an about face and not merely condoning our "vices" (if that even) but actually, under threat of punishment, forcing us to do what we really want to do.

One can advocate that this is not reality. It is not going to be this way. If you want to dress as a woman you should stand up like a man and face it. Running off and hiding under escape literature is a form of cowardice and retreat. That if you wish to feminize yourself it should be your decision, no one should make you do it. Only too well do we know this.

Now, let us pause for a moment and face this reality. How many of you have ever gone through a period of "forced feminization"? Or had first hand knowledge of any one who did? We must face up to the fact that if a woman wishes to associate with another woman there are plenty of them around. She doesn't need to dress up a man. It's a nice fantasy, but most of us realize that is all it is. Incidentally, in this regard I can rationalize a story where a husband gradually adopts the outward identity of a woman and gets along with his wife's approval. It is too far fetched to have her approve of a sex change, however.

We should also be aware that the human mind is quite peculiar and can rationalize all sorts of contradictions. How would you like to associate with someone who continually wears filthy rags and goes for extended periods without bathing? They are not hurting anyone; minding their own business and not creating a disturbance. They are supporting themselves and their family and all those other good reasons. Those arguments may sound familiar but not quite right under those circumstances. Yet they may be perfectly valid so far as these individuals are concerned. The human mind has the ability to compartmentalize. A set of circumstances perfectly valid in one case is not applicable in another. Yet they can exist simultaneously in our mind. What we would like to do (or have done to us) and what we must do may be two separate contradictions.

The next contention against reality is that the hero(ine) always ends up by enjoying feminization. Naturally she would! The implication is that the hero is always a latent heroine and that it only needed a jolt to bring out the hidden tendencies. Would it be a transvestite story if it turned out otherwise? As with any other fiction, we tend to identify with the central characters. Whether you approve of their actions is immaterial as long as he does things germane to the story and within your expectations. How many of you would be interested in continuing the story if the hero successfully foiled the dominant female, retrieved his own clothes and resumed his old occupation as a bricklayer without the slightest desire to experience any transvestite temptations. (I have nothing against bricklayers, I could have said Astronauts). Therefore the nature of the story says that he has to like the impending transformation.

Now let's take a different stance. In our society men are the dominant sex. (Or so I am told) Occasionally the methods used to establish and maintain this dominance are crude and obvious, but more often they are subtle and pervasive. The status quo remains even for the individual who lives as a woman outwardly but does not legally change his sex. (The legal aspects of a sex change would be an interesting subject for an article.) For instance, depending upon the state of residency, it may be difficult for a woman to even obtain a credit status. Consciously or no, we as males, have been raised accepting these small but cumulative items of discrimination and utilizing them to our advantage whenever the need arises.

Subconsciously we realize that there is no way in which we can make our socio-economic structure over and give the ladies more recognition. The only way we can equalize things a bit in our stories is allow the woman to be overtly dominant and properly puts us little girls in our places.

And why, in our stories, is the person doing the dominating always a woman? Because we are heterosexual that's why! Whether or not there is any sex in these stories, there is always the subtle implication of it. If for no other reason than the dominant/submissive roles. A dominant male by implication would be able to take advantage of the situation, and we are not interested in that sort of thing, but a female!, well that's a different fashion show.

As far as stories regarding Astrology and Reincarnation, my experience is rather limited in that regard. I just haven't encountered any so I can only hypothesize. At one time I made quite a comprehensive study of Astrology. I have not done much with it lately but during my period of attention there were a number of things that were too coincidental to be a result of chance but there was no other way to explain it. Be that as it may, never in my studies have there been any indication that a person should have been born a woman instead of a man, at least as far as the stars are concerned. There is nothing in Astrology that says a person should be born one sex or the other. I know because I once read a book.

Reincarnation is something else. I have no intimate knowledge of the subject. I have some friends that are very much believers and I argue a lot without specific knowledge. My one thesis against Reincarnation is that about half of the people ever born are alive today. Do souls multiply at the same rate as the population? Regardless of its rationality I can imagine some very good potentialities in a story on this subject. It could make a very good psychological type mind twister. Unfortunately, most of the authors I have encountered writing transvestite stories are quite incapable of doing justice to a story that would be this involved.

After all is said and done, there is no harm for most of us to read stories of punishment, "forced feminization" or any other subject as long as we realize that it is only fiction. The extreme personality type that may be effected by this type of literature is probably imbalanced in any event.

The thing I do object to is the quality of the literature. I as well as most of us have read these stories at various times. Invariably I am disappointed in the lack of grammar, rationality and characterization. I am not expecting a classic in literature or a "book of the month" club selection on this subject. However, I would like to find something that is not an insult to my intelligence.



In this regard I would like to put in a plug for your editorial capabilities. As a general rule, the fiction in TVia is quite interesting and believable. Well, maybe not believable but at least the plot is rational and hangs together.

*Editor's Reply:* Thanks for the approval of my "editorial capabilities." While I do try to polish up misspellings, punctuation and continuity, I otherwise let the writer have his head. I feel it is important to the process of coming out of one's shell, of shedding some of the wrappings of secrecy and isolation that all FPs know only too well, and of learning to speak out that each contributor should be allowed to express her thoughts in her own way without being watered down or smoothed out by me.

But back to the main thrust of Amelia's comment — I largely agree with the points brought out above. However, the purpose of the editorial was not primarily to put down stories that have some measure of dominance or forced femination in them, but rather to encourage FPs to stand on their own feet and to make their own decisions and to acknowledge that the decisions were their own. I think Amelia perhaps missed the main point in the process of defending the nature of FPs and their stories. Some people identify so well with such a dominated heroine that it inhibits the development of their own independence and responsibility. That is why I wrote the editorial in the first place — to encourage FPs to be self directed and not to become dependent on anyone or anything outside whether real or fantasied; whether religious or metaphysical.



"Oh, Mr. Daniels, can I have the first two weeks in June for my vacation? That's my National Guard summer camp."



Charlene-Wisc.



June Shurmer



Wilma Junes NY-3-S



Trina AU-2-B



*RESEARCH  
RESULTS VINDICATE  
MY POINT OF VIEW*

Many of you who have read TVia for some time have read at various times articles or editorials of mine on the subject of transexual surgery. Most of you know by now that I am not in favor of the surgery except in very special cases which make up only about one out of a hundred of those who go to clinics seeking the operation. Time was when I was a voice crying in the wilderness and I was considered to be either very square and very old-fashioned or some sort of a traitor arguing against what many FP consider the logical end result of FP development. However in more recent years a number of the more leading authorities around the country are beginning to voice considerable doubts as to the wisdom of the surgery. Papers were read at the Honolulu convention of the American Psychiatric Association about suicides of four operated TSs who apparently were getting on well to all outside appearances. Little by little the true nature of this pseudo panacea is beginning to emerge.

Unfortunately there are still too many people in the professional field who see a good sized pot of money awaiting them if they begin to do the surgery and thus set up a so-called "Gender Identity Clinic". Others, particularly surgeons, who while outwardly indicating that they are just compassionate persons wanting to help the poor, misunderstood "prisoner in a man's body," inwardly get a good deal of psychic satisfaction from "playing God." After all — how much closer can you come to being a creator of life than in creating an apparently new form from that life. The individual doesn't die and get recreated, but one personality is shucked off and destroyed (so both the surgeon and the TS think) and a new one created. This is a big ego trip for a surgeon. There are, of course, others whose motives are more humanitarian and who, although they do not perform the actual surgery, are involved with the problems in

psychological, psychiatric or social worker capacities. Many of these people feel real compassion and concern and feel that they are helping these unfortunate people. We'll have to give credit where it is due.

By the same token I don't want anyone to get the idea that I am one-hundred percent opposed to the surgery as I am not. I have met several individuals for whom I would recommend the surgery if I were to have any say in the matter. But these are in the extreme minority of those claiming that surgery is the answer to their life's problems. Of course in the majority of cases it isn't and this is shown in a good many indirect ways. You will very seldom get one of the operatees to admit to you that they should not have had the surgery, although this does occur sometimes.

When one goes through the professional literature or sits in professional gatherings and listens to the professionals talk about the proportion of operatees that make good adjustments and for whom the surgery appears to be a success, the question inevitably comes up in my mind — on what basis to judge the success of the individual? Almost invariably it is a subjective decision on the part of a doctor who interviews the persons and in effect *asks them* how they are getting along, what problems they have, are they happy, etc., etc. Having talked to a number of such persons before surgery and learning how adamant they are — “my mind is made up, don't bother me with facts” — how dedicated to the idea of obtaining surgery they are and seeing to what degree they will go to obtain the money on the one hand and to find a doctor on the other hand who will do the actual surgery, this method of determining success is ridiculous.

Anyone who has invested not just the money but the anxiety, the emotion; the argument, the persuasion, the manipulation and the dedication and sheer intensity of effort that these people do invest in achieving their ends is very unlikely to be able to admit to themselves, much less the doctor, that perhaps they shouldn't have done it after all and that life as a woman is not such a bed of roses, and that they really didn't escape from all their life's problems, and in summary they are not really as happy and well-adjusted as they make themselves out to be. There is the need to justify the actions they took and the enormous amount of energy and effort they expended in doing it. The psychologists have a term for

it. "Dissonance Reduction." This means that the degree of difference (dissonance) between what their lives actually turned out to be like (reality) and what they had planned and expected it to be (wishful thinking) and fantasy has to be kept as small as possible for their own peace of mind. To accomplish this minimalization they will indulge in all kinds of rationalizations to themselves, and assurances to others that everything is just "marvelous" and "I'd do it again, twice over," and "it was worth all the cost, the pain, etc., etc." Thus they can still any small voice that tends to whisper in the back of their heads, "Hey, wait a minute, girl. Things are not really just like you expected them to be. You haven't gotten away from this problem or that one, and you have acquired new limitations on your actions that you didn't have before, and that 'Mr. Right' has not shown up to sweep you off your feet. You do have the continuous awareness of your "secret" and the continuous need to protect it," etc.

In short and to be very blunt about it operated persons simply cannot afford to come clean with the bare, unvarnished psychological truth. This is not to say that they are necessarily conscious liars. Some are, many aren't. But one can be an unconscious liar in the sense that various psychological mechanisms are at work to protect the individual from facing the consequences of his actions whether it was sex surgery or something else. In any case I concluded that the literature reports about the successful adjustments, which were always rather high on the side of good adjustment, just couldn't be taken at face value as to the method of acquiring the information.

So I conceived the idea of having a questionnaire on the subject sent to the individuals by their doctors so that we would not know who it was that were getting them. They were also told that we didn't want any names or identification as this was not to be any sort of self-justifying ego trip. We just wanted the truth in the interests of science and didn't need to be persuaded about anything. I have said "we" because although I conceived the idea of the questionnaire and invented the first list of questions the project was carried out with the participation of Dr. Peter Bentler of the UCI.A Department of Psychology.

We got replies from forty-two operated male to female changes. We had asked some 200 questions and when the returns were all in we ran them through the computer. When the printouts were available we eager-

ly scanned them looking for answers in which seventy-five or more percent of the responses were in the same direction. If trans-sexualism is really a medical entity like diabetes or typhoid fever or appendicitis you would naturally expect that forty-two patients "suffering" from the same "disease" would show a rather high degree of agreement on questions relating to the nature, symptoms, onset, development, etc. of their condition. But we found no such thing. The only questions which had high correlations were those such as "would you do it again" and a multiple choice question in which one of the possible answers was "did you feel like a woman trapped in a man's body?" Naturally these two got 100% yes. But these answers were typical of that which led to the study in the first place, since as I explained in the beginning, they were under some pressure to justify their original decision. So these answers didn't prove anything since they were predictable.

Our conclusions at that point therefore, were simply that transexuality was NOT a medical entity. That, in fact, we were dealing with forty-two people who had done the same thing but that was essentially all that they really had in common since they didn't do it for the same reasons; didn't feel the same way about it; had not organized their subsequent lives in a consistent pattern (except that they now lived as women, of course), nor did they have the same feelings and interests now as women. While this observation came as no great surprise to me as it conformed to the opinions I have often expressed about the phenomenon, I was surprised to have it borne out so clearly by hard data.

This led Dr. Bentler and I to start speculating about it. Having noted that some thirteen of the respondents said that they had previously been married to females we idly wondered how they would answer some of the questions in comparison to the way some of the others did. This led us to the idea of dividing the 42 cases into groups which we did. In group one we put all those who had been married and who reported having had satisfactory heterosexual intercourse. Since we had asked the question as to whether they considered themselves to have been hetero-, homo- or bisexual before surgery we had a group (3) which had characterized themselves as being perviously homosexual and who had not been married. There were fifteen in this group. Finally, there was an in between group composed of those who could not unequivocally be put in either of the other two groups. These were termed the

asexual group. Some were actually asexual or at least of low libido, some did not have sufficiently well-characterized histories to be capable of classifying as either predominantly heter- or homosexual before surgery, and a few were just "crazy mixed up kids," as it were.

Now we ran these three groups through the computer again. This time we hit pay dirt and that is the reason for reporting this to you, the readers of TRANSVESTIA. There are those among you who have, who are, or who may flirt with the idea of surgery. I presume you are heterosexual or you wouldn't be subscribing to TVia. Thus these results ought to have some importance to you. Previously when I have written about the subject those interested in surgery would just put it down as some of Virginia's ramblings and as a matter of my personal opinion or point of view and they didn't see it as having any bearing on them. Hopefully, now that the data is objective — from those who have actually undergone surgery, those of you flirting with this idea may give these results a little more attention and again hopefully, abandon the idea of surgery. I've watched too many of my friends and readers go down the tubes in this way so I am still concerned about those still poised on the brink. I don't say that those who have had the surgery are *necessarily* regretful though I know for a fact a number who are, but even those who seem to have made the best adjustment are seldom better off psychologically, physically or financially with their surgery than Mary and I are without it. So here is what we found . . . .

Although we asked about 200 questions many of them provided no very useful data and we selected out of those 200 questions those that seemed to indicate characteristic differences between the groups. When we had done that we discovered that we had two particular types of questions that were divergent, namely those dealing with sexuality and those concerned with the psycho-social aspects which we may term genderality. (I'm sure that those of you who are long time readers of TVia will not be surprised to find this division turning up again.) I won't take up your time and space with a lot of the professional type questions and interpretations but will deal solely with what was really the most important finding of the research, namely that there was a real difference and an internal correlation on about fifty different questions between the pre-op hetero- and the pre-op homosexual groups. The asexual group, except in special cases, fall somewhere in the middle but as their results are of no great concern to present readers I'll omit them.

To save space I'll try to make some of the questions in tabular form:

Question:		Hetero %	Homo %
1. Did you cross dress before surgery	yes	92	50
2. Age of early dressing — before 5 years		33	8
3. Dressing is sexually arousing	yes	50	18
4. Life <i>sexually</i> better after surgery	yes	40	70
5. Anal intercourse pleasurable	yes	0	29
6. Fellatio pleasurable	yes	14	73
7. Masturbation after surgery — never did it		73	33
8. Vaginal intercourse was UNpleasant		33	0
9. Hetero intercourse since surgery	none	42	25
10. Do you have orgasm during intercourse	yes	14	54
11. Is orgasm as a female better than as male	yes	36	50
12. Life is better as a woman	yes	64	33
13. Life is worse as a woman	yes	0	27
14. Social role of woman more satisfying than sex with a male		67	43
Sex with male more satisfying than social role		8	21
15. Socially more at ease as a woman	yes	100	80
16. Feminine role is too passive	yes	0	21
<b>MOTIVES FOR HAVING SURGERY</b>			
17. Opportunity to wear pretty clothes		50	9
18. Chance to be less aggressive	yes	37	14
19. Chance to avoid masculine requirements	yes	66	55
20. To eliminate male self through penis amputation	yes	44	90
21. Ability to have sex with a male intravaginally		22	80
22. Life as a woman was NOT up to expectations		0	27
23. Life as a woman was BETTER than expected	yes	64	35
24. Ability to have sex with male justifies surgery	yes	10	53
25. Needed further genital surgery		45	73

There were other more practical questions asked too. For example, the hetero group were considerably better educated and had much higher incomes as men. Thus the drop in incomes was to less than half as women among the heteros but only about 10% loss among the homosexuals. When you have less to begin with there isn't so far to fall.



Well, running over these twenty-five questions and the percentage replies one thing should be clear to you. Consistently the homo group rates higher scores on all questions pertaining to sex — the kind, the satisfactions, the motives, frequency and number of partners (not given above but higher in both cases). The heteros on the other hand had proportionately lower scores on those kinds of questions but on inquiries relating to role, to pleasure of living as a woman, to satisfactions of the feminine role (as distinct from female), etc., they are consistently higher. Study the results and you will see for yourselves. Most of the questions are worded affirmatively which is why I put a "yes" before the results, a few were negative and a few were self-evident.

It appears quite clear that the basic motivation and purpose for having the surgery differs between the two groups. The homosexual pre-ops were seeking a perceived improvement in their sexual lives if they could become females. When that had been accomplished (at least as far as genital appearance goes) they embarked on their sexual lives with more enthusiasm and the fact that they had to be women socially at the same time was more or less incidental.

On the other hand the hetero group consistently shows less concern with sex and more concern with gender. Unfortunately they are the more confused of the two groups. If your motivations are sexual and you bring about some change that is sexual which you perceive as improving your sexual relationships that is a logical thing to do. However, those persons who are heterosexually oriented, even though they may never get married, are not actually seeking a change in their sexual lives. They just see that which they are seeking — womanhood — as being essentially a matter of being female. As I've written before this is the height of male chauvinism — seeing women primarily in terms of their genital configuration instead of simply a different physiological type, to be sure, but one which lives a different life style and emphasizes those aspects of human living which are largely opposite to those emphasized and developed by men. If these people — which means some of you reading these lines — could only see that it is not primarily a matter of getting your body arranged so that you can go to bed with a male, but rather to be able to BE a *woman* in society, a great amount of time, money, worry and pain could be avoided. It is possible to be a woman in this society and still be a male, and, moreover, to do it proudly, happily and constructively — both to oneself and to society.

Unhappily such people have their self-identity as men so deeply intertwined with their identity as males that they carry the logic, faulty though it is, to the other side and conclude that just because they are men, BECAUSE they are males, they can only be women if they become females.

There are really only three reasons for having sex conversion surgery:

1. To make sex with a male by vaginal intercourse possible;
2. To achieve "legal" status as a female, and
3. As a means of achieving self-acceptance (i.e. "I AM REAL").

Now, if the hetero person thinks that he can rearrange his thinking so that he can become sexually turned on by being mounted by a male he is likely to end up disillusioned. Just taking estrogens at this late date in life does not reverse all the programming, both psychological and social, of the previous lifetime. As you will note from question 9, above, 42% of the heteros had had NO intercourse since surgery and many others had only tried it a few times. Thirty-three percent found it unpleasant which means that they had to try it at least once. The sum of these — 75% — are therefore getting no sexual advantage from the change.

The legal problems can be solved by a process of getting a name change. Passports can be obtained first in the legal male name with the birth certificate with the femmename indicated as "also known as" and then at some later date when the court has officially changed the name submission of that certificate and the old passport will yield a new one in the femmename. I know because I did just that. While the court actually approves only a feminine name it is also tacitly approving dressing and living as a woman since you appear in court that way and it could hardly be expected that a man would change his name to Maryann or Catherine. So we come back to reason 3 and this is the hard one.

If people could only learn to assess themselves as persons and not as penises and vaginas it would be easy. What hetero persons toying with sex change surgery ought to really do is to seriously consider the differences between female and woman and how they are determined. The world will designate you as a woman if you look and act like one. If you don't, having three vaginas will not help you. Conversely, if you do look and act and live like one the world will take you as one and treat you as one and it won't make any difference if you have three penises. The world doesn't pull up your skirt or down your pants to find out what you are genitally. Why does the individual do that to himself (or herself)?

If such people could get their heads screwed on straight and make their decisions on the basis of visible fact, i.e. their womanly appearance and actions, and not on the basis of a genital fact that only they and their doctors know about, much travail and cost could be avoided.

I hope that the presentation of this part of our research will have some effect on a few of you who may be contemplating surgery. If it saves even one it will be well worth the effort. Dr. Bentler and I regard this initial research as being of such importance that we hope to repeat it with a much large group so that we can derive some really persuasive data that can be subjected to statistical scrutiny. Fourteen and fifteen member groups are not large enough to satisfy statisticians as to their significance. It is for this purpose that the appeal was made for research funds in TVia 78. I hope some of you with a little spare bread will donate some of it to this cause.



"Drop that gun! I'm a plainclothesman and he's a German shepherd!"



Margaret NY-9-C FPE



Rosemary FSA-J-1



Barbara FCNS-1-N



## EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

Putting two issues together at the same time as I have done with Nos. 78 and 79, due to being away so long this fall, leaves me without much special material for a second Ed. Eman. so close to the one previously.

Let me just make it informal, therefore, and remind you of several things that have been mentioned before. First off, for the last several issues I have appealed to you for material. I have several medium and longer fiction articles and one personal history on hand for the next issue No. 80, but no commentaries, articles, good letters, book reviews, poems etc. If I run out of material TVia will just fold. While there are other TV publications to turn to, TVia is the only FP publication of long standing and good reputation. If it goes, where will you turn? The distinction between a TV publication and an FP one is that the former appeals to all varieties of cross dressers while the latter is exclusively concerned with the hetero-cross dresser. So, since it is your magazine, support it. But please send in your material typed — get someone to do it for you if you don't type. The typographer refuses to try to decipher hand written stories.

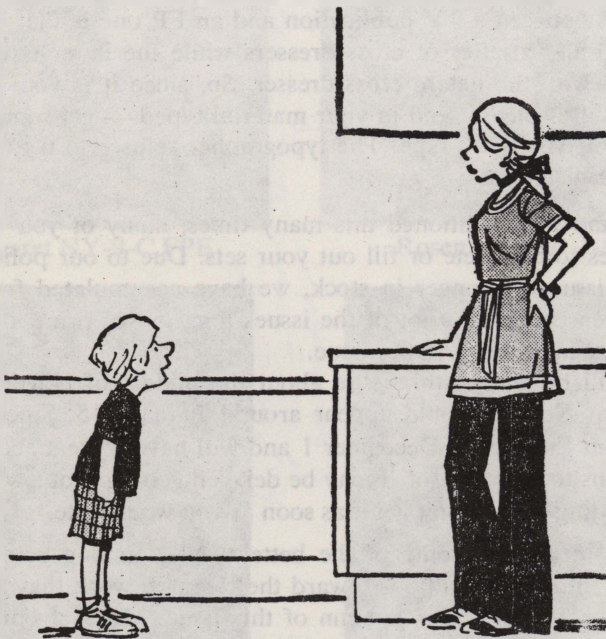
Next, and I've mentioned this many times, many of you would like back issues to complete or fill out your sets. Due to our policy of buying back issues no longer in stock, we have accumulated from one to six or seven copies of a lot of the issues long out of print. If you want them please inquire — \$6 per issue.

You will be getting this issue about the middle of November. That means that No. 80 should appear around January 15. Since I do not return from Europe till December 1 and will have a great accumulation of problems to take care of, I may be delayed getting it out, so please be understanding if you don't get it as soon as you would like.

I really hope that some of the better heeled among you will come through with some donations toward the research work that I have outlined in the Virgin Views column of this issue. More of our sisters go down the TS track each year and in most cases unnecessarily. Perhaps better information from those who preceded them would help to turn them away from this pseudo solution to their lives problems.



“Herb, how times have changed. Remember when we were roommates and I couldn’t wait to get home to get out of my business suit and into a dress?”



“I think that would be a swell outfit to wear to the father-son banquet, Pop.”

## PRICE LIST

"TRANSVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.  
Per Copy, Issues 61 and after (all are available) . . . . . \$5  
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"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR" . . . This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. Illus. \$4

"THE BIRTH OF BARBARA" . . . Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart till they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara, finds he likes the role, the housekeeping, the clothes. They live happily as sisters with Amy earning the living and Barbara the housewife. Illus. \$5

"THE TURNABOUT PARTY" . . . A neighborhood turnabout party with a valuable prize leads George's wife to decide they MUST win. She converts George to Sally and they do and find a lot of new FP friends too. Illus. \$5

"IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM" . . . A high school boy finds himself outclassed by a girl, wears her clothes as a penalty, required to maintain role by sisters, joins a sorority. Accepted by his family he gets job, meets girl, falls in love, reveals all, they become engaged. In two parts.

PART I "DOWN TO DEFEAT" Illus. \$4

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"SCHOOLGIRL IN THE SECRET SERVICE" . . . Two young boy cousins become girls, attend girl's school to work with British Secret Service, which leads to many adventures as girls. Illus. \$4

"HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS" . . . Steven gets fed up with his wife's borrowing his things, decides to show her how it is and borrows hers. Neither will give up and things progress until Steven becomes Stephanie . . . and stays that way. \$3

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*SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES OF TRANSVESTIA*

Any 6 of back issues listed here . . . . . \$20

The following back issues are still available: 14, 15, 18-22, 48, 49, 51, 52, 53. Every issue is new until you have read it.

A few issues other than those listed here have been repurchased from subscribers. These may be bought when available for \$6 each. If we don't have the issue you need put a hold on it — first come first served — and we will ship when it is available.

We have retained a lending library of 3 copies of *all* issues of TRANSVESTIA. They may be rented for \$6 per copy, \$4 of which is a deposit and will be refunded or applied to something else upon returning the rented copy. This way you can read every issue from No. 1.



## MERCHANDISE

Item 1. **SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS:** Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a poly-vinyl insert. Although intended to be inflated with air, the inserts can be filled with a special jelly to provide softness and weight. Available in white only in sizes 36B and 38B only. For larger sizes, bras can be lengthened with special extenders available in most notions departments and 5 & 10 stores. Inserts can be removed and used in other bras.

BRA and INSERTS \$6

Item 2. **JELLY KIT, FOR SPECIAL BRA:** Consists of two chemicals — one liquid the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided suggestions for producing "cleavage".

JELLY KIT \$5

Item 3. **REGULAR INSERTS ALONE:** For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own the inserts can be obtained separately.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

Item 4. **MASTECTOMY INSERTS:** For those desiring a larger bust it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give thus being more natural on a larger figure.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4.50

Item 5. **"PRETTI PANTIES":** If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a "must". Nylon, lace trimmed, and with ribbons threaded through lace and bows. AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty and practical. Sizes large and medium. Manufacturer varies colors.

EACH \$5

NOTE: Items 6, 7, 8 and 9 are cut out of urethane foam plastic. They are supplied to you as "blanks". That is, they are cut to size and shape but are left in a rough finished state to be trimmed to final smoothness and shape by the user. This may be done with any sharp scissors. To supply the items in finished smooth condition would require much more time and consequently a much higher price and they might still not exactly fit the needs of the purchasers.

Item 6. "PHANTOM PHANNY": Two, separate, shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derrier to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only. PER PAIR \$5

Item 7. HIP PADS: Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline. PER PAIR \$5

Item 8. FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE: A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie *and* girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off. PAD, EACH \$4

Item 9. A small front pad designed to cover the male organs when they are worn tucked between the legs. Intended to be worn under bathing suits, shorts, tight slacks. Gives smooth rounded feminine contour. PAD, EACH \$3

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## Publication Policy

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

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

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. After having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues, having read them, and deciding that we are your kind of people, ask for an application to join. Acceptance into FPE is dependant upon approval of the application, payment of dues and submission of an information form for use in the FPE Directory of Members. Admission into local chapters of the sorority requires an interview with the appointed interviewer for that group. Five or more members may form a group and can request designation as a chapter.

### PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to members of Phi Pi Epsilon. A \$2 fee is charged for each ad and \$1 fee for forwarding all inter-member correspondence. Letters to other members should be sent to Phi Pi Epsilon, Box 1038, Cherry Valley, Calif. 99223. Place the letter to be forwarded in a stamped, sealed envelope with the addressee's name and code number in pencil. Do NOT put *your* return address on it. Enclose the \$1 fee.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted where appropriate.

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