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Transvestia

FICTION

- Yams
- Masquerade
- A Trip to the Exchangers
- How I Gave Up TV a Whole Week

ARTICLES

- The Nature and Management of TVism
- I Came to Teach, I Stayed to Learn

HISTORY

- It's a Long Road

TRUE EXPERIENCE

- Letting the Truth be Known

POETRY

- Problems of an FP Girl

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VIRGIN VIEWS

- Me, Myself and I



Volume XI No. 66

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION — ENTERTAINMENT — EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve —

UNDERSTANDING — SELF ACCEPTANCE — PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

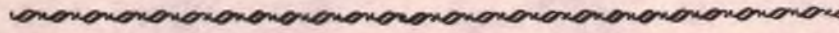


THE COVER SYMBOL

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.



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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A TRIP TO THE EXCHANGERS

Helen 1-W-1 FPE

The trip to Mars had been uneventful after blastoff, as our spacecraft functioned perfectly. As pilot of the landing module, I became the first earthman on the soil of this forbidding planet. I may well be the last unless the medical technicians can find a way to combat the effect of the Martian atmosphere on the skin of earthmen.

Four of us were aboard the Marty One as it left the launch pad in late January, 1978. The six month journey was fantabulous as far as sight seeing is concerned, but never have I encountered such boredom as we endured, once the novelty wore off. There were experiments to be made; data to be recorded, transmitted and received to be sure, but in a twenty-four hour day there are a lot of minutes with nothing to do but try and amuse yourself.

Joe Drake, Tod Hunt, Jess Marshall and myself Barry Newbill. These were the names on this history-making flight. Another first for the good old U.S.A. It was quite an accomplishment all right. I was proud to be selected for piloting the module. It would have killed me, to have been chosen to sit it out in the spacecraft orbiting the planet and watch someone else descend to the surface of Mars. I have always wanted to be in on the action, and I certainly did get in on it this time around.

The schedule called for Jess and I to set down in the fairest spot that we would be able to find, and spend one hour gathering samples of dirt, rocks, minerals, plant growths, etc. These were to be sealed in a compartment designed for this purpose, and then we were to link up with Marty One. To avoid contamination of the other two men, we were to remain in our module all the way home.

On the surface of Mars, which greatly resembles the mountainous part of our Western U.S.A., everything went off without a hitch. Again, we thanked our technicians. The module was hooked up with a minimum of effort just as the dry runs. Finally the signal was given to fire the return rocket and we were heading safely home. Neither of us felt any effects of removing our gloves and boots, while on the sandy loam of Mars. This was not scheduled, but was an experiment that Jess had decided we ought to make.

“What if the atmosphere is harmful to man from earth?” he asked as we descended, “and we find it out after some of our men die from it? It ought to be found out on this trip!” Without checking this out or clearing it with Space Command, he removed his boots and I removed both my gloves.

The first hint of anything wrong came when we had been earth-bound two days. I noticed a discoloration on my hands. The skin had begun to turn a blue slate color. When I noticed this, Jess removed his boots and found a similar condition on both feet. The discoloration did not spread at first, but the blue intensified slowly. After the first week both of my hands and both of his feet were a deep blue, and had begun to itch slightly. We knew we would have to reveal this information to Space Control and did.

After thirty days the malady began to inch up our limbs. At the end of our third month in return flight, my elbows had turned blue. It was to Jess's knees. The itching was enough to drive us both crazy, and none of the medications we had on board did a thing to arrest the spread or itch. We tried to brave it out but I was admittedly afraid of death in space.

Our fourth and fifth months were terror such as I have never known. My arms had turned completely blue. It was now in my shoulders and showed no sign of slowing up. Sleep was hard to get, and only exhaustion brought us rest in moments of fitful dozing. Jess's condition was spread to his thighs.

We were nearing the end of the journey, but did it mean that we would make it home only to die a horrible blue death? Isolated from our other two companions, we were little comfort to each other. Somehow life began to be dearer to me than ever before. I wanted to live. My body was not in any discomfort except for the incessant itch.

Finally it was twenty-four hours from docking time, then eight. Earth grew in size as we neared it. I felt the rockets fire. We slowed. Then we landed safely. Jess and I were instructed to remain in our module to avoid a possible epidemic. They handled us in a special way. The module was flown to the Space Laboratory. We entered a building built especially for us and two volunteer male space medics.

There followed days of checks and tests of all kinds. By this time my body was blue from the neck to my waist and Jess from toes to chest. He made an unfunny jest about cutting both of us in half and making one white man and one blue one out of the two of us.

After six weeks of fruitless attempts to halt the spread of the skin disease, the brains decided that they would try to help us some other way. It had been decided that the malady wasn't contagious, since the space medics had not been affected. This was not cheering news, but it was heartening to know that they hadn't given up on us.

We were kept in the dark until the morning that began our seventh week and that was when we left our isolation for the first time. We were taken to the office of the Commander and given seats in front of his desk. On either side of us were the medics, and in the room also were the top brass, both military and civilian. Fourteen men, besides Jess and myself.

The conversation went this way. "You men want it straight, don't you?" When both of us nodded that we did, the CO continued. "We don't know what to do to stop the spread of this disease, nor to eliminate the itching. There's no cure in sight. We have three complete laboratories that are on twenty-four hour a day shifts trying to develop something. We'll get it, but we have no idea how long it will take. Frankly we are worried about you, but what can we do? If we wait, it may get in your bloodstream, which it has not done yet. That, we don't want to happen, it would probably be curtains. What we are about to propose, we hesitated over until now, though it was suggested a month ago. It isn't a pleasant prospect, but it seems to be the only alternative. We have two things we can do other than wait and take a chance on you both dying of this blue plague.

The first, I am against and you probably will be too. That is to freeze you and keep you in suspended animation until a cure is developed. We can do this. It is reasonably safe. The trouble is that you will not be alive, to all respects. It would be a long sleep, in the event that we come up with a cure.

"The second, though being more dangerous, appears to be the best thing for us and you too, because you will be able to live a reasonably natural life, while we search for a cure." I felt myself edging toward the rim of my chair in anticipation. Was there a little hope, I asked myself.

"What we are asking you to consider is a body exchange!" There it was. I was the first to gain the power of speech. "What! A body exchange? What are you talking about?"

He went on, unruffled by my outburst. "Precisely that, son," he said. "In the year that you were away from earth, Russia tried and succeeded in transplanting the brain of a man into another body. It used to be the opinion of eminent people that the heart was the life center of man, and it is true that life here stops when the heart ceases to function, but we have come to the knowledge that the brain is the living being. It can be transplanted into a healthy body and live on indefinitely.

"What we offer to do for you is as follows, and the choice is yours. We can suspend life for you and work on the cure for the disease. When we have that cure, we can restore life as you know it now. Then you resume living, as if nothing happened. If that doesn't sound good, we have the alternative. We will attempt to exchange bodies for you. You would be in an alien body, but you would be yourself. Well, that's it. Would you like to have another day to consider?"

Jess spoke then. "If that is all that we have to choose between, I can make my decision right now. I would rather that you change me into another body than to be put to sleep and wake up in some future day and lose years of happenings." I saw good logic in what he said, but a thought came to me and I asked about it. "Where will these bodies come from?"

Mr. Bishop (who was our Commander) answered: "We have posted every hospital in the country on our need for two bodies with skulls the size of your own. Fortunately for Jess, here, we have located and obtained, a body that is what we needed. It will be no problem for his brain to adapt itself in this new home. It is your own transfer that we are concerned about. You have an unusual sized brain. It is much smaller than the average man, and no pun is intended. We recognize your brilliance. You were selected for your mission by computer from thousands of other young men.

"We can't put your brain into a larger skull without problems of all kinds cropping up. Another thing is the size of your body. You are small, and would have much difficulty adjusting to a larger body. You would be extremely awkward, among other things. Frankly we are concerned."

Hope began to fail. I asked how long I would have to wait and he informed me that it could be months. "A body has to be healthy in every respect, for brain transplanting," he continued, "and there aren't many deaths of this nature taking place. There is another prospect, but I want to discuss this with you confidentially. Wait until Mr. Marshall is taken care of, and then we'll talk. All right?" I agreed and they went through the procedure from A through Z with Jess. He had to authorize the transfer, which he did readily.

The time passed slowly. My mind was buzzing over what had taken place. Would they find a body I could use until mine was cured. If they did, would I have to spend all of my life in this strange body? What would I look like to myself? After twenty-two years of looking at Barry Newbill in one body, how would my brain react to seeing another face in my mirror?

I lost track of the conversation over Jess. I could picture myself in the six foot body of a track star; or in the more muscular body of a boxer. Maybe they would find me a body that was older, and I would be bald, or the possibility existed that I would find myself in a body that was fat and out of proportion?

My imagination began to border on the ridiculous. Maybe all they would be able to get me would be an old man's worn out body. Then I would have just a few years at most to live. How would I perform sexually, I wondered, with my young brain cased in a frail old body that was past it's best days where sex was concerned?

What would my girl friend Julie think of my new body? Now that was a question that I had to stop and think about. Would she be able to love me even though I didn't look like myself? Would we get married after she completed college, as we had planned? The thought of five foot two Julie sent me into deep contemplation. She was twenty now, I decided. We were engaged when I left Earth for Mars and she said she would wait. Did she? I hadn't heard her name mentioned. The isolation kept every outsider away. In worry over myself, I had forgotten her.

My mind went back to our first meeting, and began to move forward at that moment, step by step. Hands on my shoulder, gently shaking me, brought me back to today. I looked up startled and saw that it was Jess. "Wish me luck Barry, huh?" He smiled and said: "I'm keeping my fingers crossed, kid, that they will be able to find you something suitable. Again . . . Wish me luck?"

Standing up, I bumped him on the shoulder. "Sure Jess. Lots of luck." Everyone began leaving the room and I saw down, waiting for Mr. Bishop to talk to me again. When they were all gone, I asked him: "Mr. Bishop, have you heard anything from Julie?"

"That's your fiancée, isn't it Barry?" I nodded yes. "She's in town now, waiting to see you, but I haven't agreed for the meeting. She wouldn't be sent back home, or back to college. She transferred here and has a part-time job. She's waiting, but not very patiently. She calls every day to find out if she can see you." I smiled and said: "She's pretty persistent all right. I agree, that she shouldn't see me like this." I held up my hands which were blue.

"I think that's best Barry. But let's talk about you. I'm sorry I cannot offer you any more hope than I have. The doctors have re-evaluated you, and rechecked the possibles. There isn't a body in the country that is anywhere near right. There's just one remote possibility. I didn't even want to reveal it. I held back until the last medical report a few minutes before the two of you came in.

"When I saw the report on you, I knew I would have to offer it to you, regardless. A trace of the blue is beginning to filter into your bloodstream. It is a microscopic amount right now, but tomorrow? Who knows?"

"Barry, would you . . . could you . . . I mean, as a last resort, rather than be frozen what is the only thing we could offer you was a . . . a female body. Son, would you take that until we could do better?"

I know I saw there opening and shutting my mouth for two minutes before a word came out. "What?"

"You heard me right Barry. I'm sorry. The only skull and healthy body available, that fits your need, and that we can get any time soon, is female.



Connie 35-G-5 FPE



Ann — 5-K-5 FPE

"The body is that of a young girl in her late teens. She was accidentally killed by an injection of air into the vein. A nurse under the influence of drugs gave her a shot for influenza and she died. The hospital had our request for a small body with a small skull and offered this one after getting a release from her parents. They don't know the ramifications, but they have donated their daughter's body, if you'll accept it.

"We will give them sufficient money to live on, since it was their only child and they were so unselfish. But what about it, Barry? Would you want to tell Julie and then between the two of you, decide?"

I looked him in the eyes, and said. "I think that's best, sir. We were engaged to be married."

He took up his phone and I overheard him tell his secretary, who answered: "Get Miss Julie Langsdon on the telephone please. You have her number at work!"

In just a few moments, he handed the receiver to me and I heard Julie's voice for the first time in over a year. "Barry . . . Is this really you? Is this Barry?"

I swallowed a lump in my throat that almost choked me, at the sound of her voice, and said: "Yes, Julie. It's Barry." Sounds of weeping came to my ear and my own tears were dripping down my nose and onto the mouthpiece.

"How are you Barry?" she asked hesitantly, as if she knew that I was deathly sick. "Honey, it's pretty bad," I admitted. "I've contracted a disease that we don't have a cure for."

"I want to see you," she demanded. "They have no right to keep me from seeing you. I've been here since you landed and they won't let me know anything. I have called every day. Barry, I'm about to go out of my mind. I must see you." She was frantic. I motioned to Mr. Bishop to pick up the other extension on his desk and as he punched the button that connected him to our line, Julie said: "Did you hear me, Barry? I must see you. I don't care what's wrong. It doesn't matter how bad you look, or if it's contagious. I love you, and I must see you darling."

"I want to see you Julie," I answered truthfully, "But you don't need to see me in the condition I am in."

"Barry darling . . . I must see you. I'll die if I don't." She sounded so desperate that I looked up helplessly at Mr. Bishop who looked concerned.

"Julie . . ." He broke in, "Barry has contracted a skin disease that has slowly been turning his entire body blue. He is in serious condition. There is only one chance for him to live, and that chance would mean that you and Barry could not be married. We called to offer you a chance to help him decide what to do. Could you come out, if I sent my car for you?"

"Not marry? . . . But . . . Yes sir . . . Can I come right away? Can I see Barry if I promise to not get hysterical?"

"Julie," he said, "Yes, you can see him, if you'll be standing outside in . . . (he looked at his watch) say ten minutes, my car will pick you up. It's a grey Cadillac. What will you be wearing, so my driver will know you?"

"I'm wearing a black top and white pleated skirt," she answered "and I will be waiting at the front entrance."

There was an exchange of good-byes from each of us, and I sat back with my hands cupping my face. I dreaded Julie knowing the alternatives that we had. I hated to face her when Mr. Bishop explained that the only body he had for me was that of a girl, almost twenty.

We sat in complete silence until I heard the outer door to his office open and hurried feminine footsteps. Then my darling Julie, opened the door to see her Barry, blue from face to foot. She was stunned for a minute and then she fell into my arms proclaiming her undying love. For fear of transmitting this blue plague to her, I wouldn't permit her to kiss me. We embraced and finally I persuaded her to sit and listen to Mr. Bishop. With her hand firmly holding my own in her lap, she sat beside me.

"What is this about us not being able to get married, Mr. Bishop," she asked. "Barry and I love each other."

"I'm sure of that young lady," he answered. "It is a dreadful thing to have to say what I did, and it will be just as difficult for me to explain why you and Barry may not marry." He dropped his head as if to think for a moment, and then he continued. "Julie, Barry has contracted

a skin disease we can do nothing with. The best research personnel in the country are working around the clock trying to find a cure. As of yet there has been no progress whatsoever. We have steadily lost ground. When Barry landed the skin was blue from his shoulders to his fingertips. Now it covers his body. It is relentless and nothing works. From head to toe, he itches constantly while awake. The latest report I have on his condition is heartbreaking. It has begun to enter his blood. You know what that means. His life is extremely limited. Before I called you I broke this news to Barry. In addition, I gave him two alternatives to an immediate death. He wants you to help him decide. You have but a few hours at most. The first choice is to put him in a state of suspended animation, or to use layman's terms: freeze him until we have found a cure. This may take from two years to many years. To be perfectly frank with you, I believe it may be five years or even longer.

"The second choice is not pretty either, but I consider it the best for his sake. It will not help you, very much, however. You may have heard of brain transplants?" She answered that she had. "This is possible at the moment because this disease has not reached his brain yet. The trouble is, we have no body that is right for him to be transplanted into. Here is the nitty gritty thing. A family has donated the body of their nineteen year old daughter. It is damaged in no way. This is what we must have, in order to remove his brain and place him into a vacant body. You see Julie, the only way for Barry to live on, right now, is to have a body to live in. If we put him to sleep, we are not yet certain that he'll ever live and be himself again. Of course, the brain transplant could fail too. It's a tough decision to make either way. He heard me out and indicated that he was desirous of your help in choosing between the two."

"I'm going to leave you kids alone, and if you want to know where I'm going, I'm going to the nearest bar. The office is a good place for you to stay. I'll have dinner sent up. When you have made up your mind, tell Miss Grayson to call Jayro's Bar and let them tell me if it is the first or second choice. After you decide, take an hour for yourselves and then Miss Grayson will start the ball rolling. I hate to be so weak, but this thing has got me pulled in every direction. Bye . . ." With this we were left alone. I couldn't lift my head and look into her eyes.

"Barry," she pleaded, "look at me." I lifted up my eyes and she said: "I do love you. I love you enough to tell you to choose to live, even

if it means life as a girl. I know you don't want to be put to sleep and maybe not ever wake up. Tell Miss Grayson to arrange the transplant now, before it's too late. I don't want you to die Barry. Darling, I love you."

"Do you think that is the best thing to do, Julie?" I didn't know what to say. "I don't know if life would be worth living if it meant losing your love."

"But Barry . . . I will still love you. I know we can't be man and wife, but we can be close friends. Even live together and work together. That's it! I will get an apartment and once you have been released from the hospital you can move in with me. You'll have to have a lot of help adjusting to such a change."

It seemed to be the only solution. The thought of being frozen, and sleeping, completely at the mercy of time, was beyond me. I called Miss Grayson, who came in. "Get the news to Mr. Bishop that we have chosen plan number 2, Miss Grayson. Then make the arrangements for the brain transplant operation as soon as possible."

"All right, Mr. Newbill," she answered. "I've got lunch on the way up for both of you."

It arrived shortly, and we ate the meal, almost silently. How I dreaded saying good-bye to her now. Her courage had made me love her more. After a last cigarette together, we walked into the office where Miss Grayson was sitting, crying. "It just isn't fair. It just isn't fair," she said looking at me with great compassion. "You're doing what I would do, but it isn't fair. You two deserve better than this."

Drying her eyes, she informed me that I would have to be ready for the operation in fifteen minutes. She offered to be our guide to the preparation room, and we consented. As I checked in, I saw people rushing on every side, carrying equipment and medical supplies. I was seated in a wheel chair, and rolled into a sterile room. My head was shaved immediately and covered with an antiseptic solution. An injection in my arm caused me to lose interest in the proceedings, and I faintly remember being helped onto an operating table in a brilliantly lighted room. Voices seemed to be right in my ear, then they seemed to retreat and go far away. Then I felt something over my mouth and nose, as a voice said: "Breathe deeply Barry." And the lights went out.

There was an interval of which I remember nothing. It lasted for days, I'm told. After that, for another period of days, I have sketchy recollections of headaches; light; darkness; voices; and semi-consciousness. I heard Julie say: "I'm here with you darling, and you're going to make it."

I remember being moved from one type bed to another, to prevent bed sores. The doctors, the nurses, Julie and Mr. Bishop, I remember hearing them, but not what was said, or my answers to them.

They tell me now that my coma lasted three weeks. I was semi-conscious for twelve weeks, during which time my brain was adjusting to the new body. Midway of the sixteenth week since the transplant, on a Wednesday morning, I awoke to see and understand clearly for the first time.

I well remember the first moments. In the room was faithful Julie, a nurse and a doctor. As my eyes blinked open, my first thought was: "Where am I?" The white ceiling in a faintly lighted room, was what I saw first. I noticed that I wasn't alone, next, and someone was holding my wrist. I turned my head and it was Julie.

"What am I doing here, Julie?" I asked.

She was weeping silently, and in a quivering voice she answered: "You are getting well darling. It has been a long hard fight, but you are winning now." She turned and I looked to see that she spoke to the nurse: "Get Mr. Bishop quickly. Tell him our patient is conscious and speaking. He wanted to know the moment this happened."

The doctor then spoke to me: "How do you feel now?" I noticed that he was new to me. A young brown haired man in a blue hospital uniform.

"I guess I feel fine. I'm not hurting anywhere. Should I try to sit up?" Quickly he answered "No!" I was puzzled by his answer. "Why? Am I hurt in some way?" The events of the past few months had not come to me. My mind had not remembered the last things that had happened. Julie bent over me, and kissed me on the lips. "I'm so glad that you have come back to me." Her lips tasted salty to my own.

"You shouldn't have kissed me Julie. You might contract this awful blue plague." I tried to lift up my hand to see it, but she kept it pressed down at my side.

"There is no more blue plague," she answered. This was good news to me. "Well, why am I having to stay in bed? Why can't I get up now? If I'm healed, I want to get up and look."

"Later, darling." She was persistent. "Right now, you must lie there and not move until the doctors check you thoroughly. It may be dangerous for you to move. Just be patient until Dr. Gilmer checks you. He's on the way, and Mr. Bishop is coming too."

"I heard you send for him. How is he?"

"He's fine," she said, "and I know he'll be happy to know you are conscious again."

"How long have I been unconscious?" I asked.

"Fifteen weeks and three days," she answered.

"That's impossible!" I exclaimed. "What happened to me to keep me out so long?" At that moment I heard the door to the room open, and as I turned my head to look . . . I heard a voice that was familiar. "Mr. Bishop?" I asked. "That's right," came the answer. I saw it was he and I tried again to move my arm to reach for him.

Again Julie kept it still. "Uh uh. Got to remain perfectly still until you are checked. You can talk without touching."

"I see you are in good hands," he spoke "and that's what you need all right."

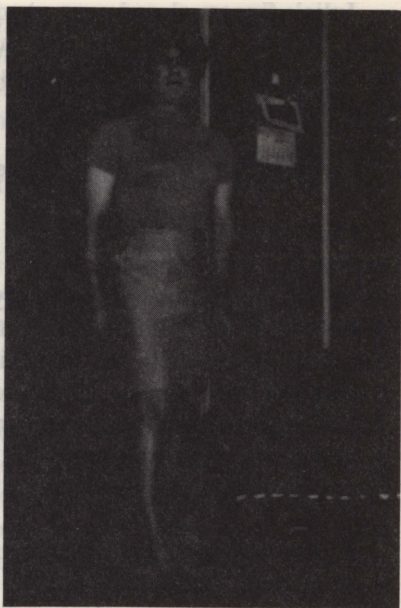
"She's always been a worry wart," I accused.

"That's not true," Julie said in defense. "I don't worry any more than you do."

Another figure loomed up beside Mr. Bishop and I recognized him. It was Dr. Gilmer. He was the surgeon I had been introduced to when I checked in at the hospital. Then the day really began to dawn. "I was to be operated on wasn't I?" I didn't wait for an answer. "No, I checked in here to have my brain transplanted! Was it done? Did something go wrong?"



Charlene — Indiana



Beverly — 5-C-12 FPE



Jo-Anne — N.Y.

Julie's fingers closed over my mouth and then she kissed my lips. She said: "Shhh! Let someone else say something. You have kept silent or mostly so for almost four months. It won't kill you to let someone else have something to say will it?"

I grinned at her and said: "I guess not."

Then Dr. Gilmer spoke and he said: "I'm going to ask everyone to go outside for a few minutes, until I check you over. If you are sound, then I will let them come in and see you again. Julie wants to be with you when you sit up for the first time. O.K.?" I nodded at him and they began to file out with the exception of the nurse who stayed to be sure I remained still. She sat at the bedside with my hand in hers and kept my attention. I felt him check my heartbeat and pulse, and then he moved to my head. He turned it from one side to the other, asking if I experienced any discomfort or dizziness. I didn't.

A few minutes more of examination and he said "Everything seems to be perfect," he announced. "I can't say that it is all over, but you've healed amazingly fast. You can get up for a little while several times today. More tomorrow, and increase it a little each day for the rest of the week. If no trouble crops up by next Monday, you can leave the hospital for a ride each day. If all goes well, Monday week, I'll let you be discharged. We are going to leave the room when Miss Langdon comes in, and she will help you up. She deserves that privilege. She's sat with you every day since you checked in."

I heard the nurse as she opened the door and called Julie in. A moment more and she was at my side, excitedly, and impatiently demanding the results of his examination. "Just perfect, Julie," he answered. "The rest is up to you." With that he and the nurse left.

She stood and looked at me for a moment and tears streamed out of her eyes. "Oh my darling," she said, "I'm so happy that you stayed with us." She clutched my hand and I felt the pressure of her grasp. She kissed me once more. "Are you ready to get up?"

I looked up into her eyes. "Did they . . . I mean am I . . . my body?"

She said: "You're very, very pretty."

"But am I a . . . What am I now? I recognize you as Julie, and I feel my love for you just as I did before I went away."

"The transplanting of your brain, darling, had to be. You know that. There was no other hope. Yes, you're a girl physically. And a pretty one. I'm anxious to get this girl out of bed and home. Ready to get up now?" I let what she said sink into me for a minute. "I'm a girl. But my mind is still a boy. What kind of a life do I face?" The knowledge that I had to get up now and begin life as a female, and in front of my girl friend was something that I had to face — regardless.

"I guess I am as ready as I'll ever be, Julie. I sure feel peculiar though, knowing that I'm in a new body and I'm afraid to even look at myself."

"Just accept the fact that you are going to look feminine, and pretty. It won't be the first woman's body you have seen or touched, I'm sure. All you can do is face the facts. Let me get your clothing from the closet and then I will help you sit up so we can dress you." She went over to a closet to do this, while I stole a look downward for the first time. Protruding from under the bed sheet that covered me were twin mounds. My hands were under the same sheet, so when I saw she was yet busy, I felt and touched them. They were full and firm. She turned in time to see me with both hands on my breasts and laughed. "I'm jealous of that, darling. You're better equipped in that respect than I am." Although it embarrassed me, I smiled at her.

She laid the clothing over the foot of the bed, and then she pulled the sheet back, caught me under the shoulder and helped me to a sitting position, so that my feet were hanging over the edge of the bed. I felt all right, I assured her. I noticed that I was clothed in a white hospital gown that ended at my knees. "Let's get that sack off, and get you in a pretty nightgown," she encouraged. Catching the shapeless thing at the hem she pulled it gently over my head and I was nude. I knew it without looking, and I didn't intend to look while I was in her presence.

"Slip your arms in this darling," she coaxed and it was a brassiere. I did as directed and remained still as she brushed against me to fasten it behind my back. Next she held a soft looking gown out and assisted me into it. The matching pink panties came next. It was necessary for my feet to be on the floor to pull these over my hips. Once they were in place, and the gown was lowered, I felt better. She helped me on with a pink thing she called a negligee and then had me to sit down so she could fix my face.

"Couldn't I see myself now?" I asked. "Not until you are completely made up and I have put the wig on you," she answered. She explained that I only had five months growth of hair and that the scars from the operation were not covered completely. "Don't forget, this head was shaved too," she reminded me, "so we thought it best for you to wear a wig until your own hair grew out enough to cover the scars."

"What about the scars?" I asked. "Will they always be visible?"

She assured me that they wouldn't. By this time she had applied a liquid to my whole face that felt cool and creamy. She called it foundation. Under this there had been a cover up cosmetic to make up for my skin being so pale. Rapidly she completed the makeup application, naming each item she used: shadow and liner for my eyes, mascara for lashes and brows, blusher for my cheeks and then the lipstick.

As she came toward me with this last item, a beautiful honey blonde wig, she said: "This is the crowning glory that will make you a beautiful girl. We must christen you with a new name as I put it on. What would you feel like answering to best?"

"I don't know, Julie." It never dawned on me that I would have to use a girl's name but I knew I must. It wouldn't do to call a girl Barry. "What do you suggest?"

She began to name some feminine names: "Mary, Beth, Catherine, Deborah, Elaine, Frances, Grace, Helen, Iris, Jennifer, Karen, Laura, Marie, Barbara, Celia, Denise, Evelyn, Sharon, Regina, Vivian, Lynn. Does any of these sound acceptable?"

"I think Deborah Elaine sounds good enough. What do you think?"

"That's perfect for your looks, darling," she answered. Then she held the wig over my head and as she set it in place, she said: "I christen you 'Deborah Elaine Newbill.'" With that she kissed me full on the mouth and said "That's for Barry Newbill, Deborah."

"Let's try a short walk, to see if you are strong enough."

I said O.K. and slipped off the bed into a pair of bedroom slippers. My strength was surprising. It was no problem for me to walk over to the full length mirror that was on the closet door. The problem was con-

vincing myself that this was my image being reflected back from the mirror. I realized after a few moments that my mind was trying to see in Deborah, what could not be there: Barry Newbill. The face, hair, and figure was lovely. When I willed the face to smile, it smiled, and when I wanted to frown at the image, I frowned. It was so unbelievable! "What does my voice sound like?" I asked.

"Just a soft feminine voice, Deborah," came the answer.

"Barry Newbill is dead then, isn't he?" I asked.

"To all purposes, it's true," she answered me. "Of course, we all know that you live on, even if the body isn't the same. You will become used to this sex, in time, as you were before to Barry."

I looked at her then and said: "I hope so, Julie, but it is more of a problem than you think. This clothing, the feeling of the lipstick and the hair on my shoulders, the body difference, all these things are new and feel so strange."

"That will be part of my job, darling, in the next few months. The government has hired me at excellent wages to help you in adjusting. You are to receive your full astronaut pay from the day you left earth until now, in one lump sum. That will be enough to get you started right. Then you'll draw 4/5ths of this sum for the rest of your life. Mr. Bishop said the hospital bill was on Uncle too. You won't have to worry about money for the rest of your days."

"That sounds pretty good, all right, but I'd trade it all for the chance to be Barry and marry you."

"I like to hear you talk like that, but let's get on with the show, huh?" When she said this she put her arm through my left arm and led me out into the hall. Mr. Bishop was waiting, with his secretary, Miss Grayson. "Mr. Bishop, and Miss Grayson, may I present to you Miss Deborah Elaine Newbill?" Julie was so thrilled over how I looked that she called their attention to everything, embarrassing me no end. When she mentioned "shape," she called attention to my bust and legs particularly.

"How do you feel Deborah?" Miss Grayson asked timidly. "I feel fine Miss Grayson." My answer was truthful. In spite of everything, I felt good. It was good to be alive, I told myself. It was better being

Deborah, I decided, than frozen blue Barry Newbill. That thought perked me up enough to get me to talking. "I'll be glad when they perfect a cure, where I can be myself again, but I'm thankful right now to be alive."

"That's a good attitude to have, my dear," Miss Grayson commented.

"They're going to let us go home Monday week too!" Julie exclaimed. "Deborah and I are really going to enjoy ourselves. She needs piles of clothes and things. Just as soon as she is strong enough we'll buy the stores out."

Discharged From Hospital!

That's the way the headlines of the local papers read when the doctors let me out as scheduled. Dressed in a pretty white above-the-knees dress that bellowed in the breeze as we walked arm in arm to her car, I avoided the newsmen who were there to cover the sensation causing event. I refused to make a statement and we would not permit pictures. By the help of some Government agents we escaped those who attempted to follow Julie's car. They blocked the exits until we had been gone quite some time. "I have another car in this garage that is under your new name, which the press doesn't know," she explained as she turned into a parking garage. We left her old car there and climbed in a new Chevy.

A few minutes later the girl I had loved, as a male, and now was to live with as a girl, drove up to some fancy apartments. She parked casually and we entered a large three bedroom affair which was tastefully furnished in feminine taste. "Your bedroom will be the large one on your right, darling," she advised. "I'll take the one that's beside it. You'll find several changes of clothing in your closets already. I just had to do some shopping for you. You'll need oodles of pretty things which we can begin to accumulate as you gain strength."

"You won't believe this Julie," I said softly, "but I am as strong now as I'll ever be. I don't feel the least bit weak."

"Then we'll just begin in the morning, to dress my pretty Deborah up in the finest. All right?"

"Sure," I said bravely, as I embraced her awkwardly. "Whatever you want to do is fine with me."

“Unzip me then!” she said. “I want to slip into something more comfortable.” She was wearing a pink double knit straight shift with a Peter Pan collar which made her look so elegant. I did as she wished, modestly turning my head as she stepped out of it in a semi-transparent slip, until I realized what I was doing.

She caught my embarrassment and chuckled. “It’s going to take a while for you to adjust to what you are now, isn’t it?”

“It sure is Julie. Many times I wanted the opportunity to watch you undress, when I was Barry. Now . . .”

“You’re going to get used to seeing my body while we wait for yours to be cured,” she said. “You’ll have the advantage on me.” She boxed me on the cheek in a display of affection. “So don’t go feeling sorry for yourself. I’m the one who ought to feel slighted.”

I shook off the mood that had descended, and asked her to help me undress. We put on sleeveless shells and matching white nylon stretch pants. With our feet shod with white sandals, that displayed our painted toenails, and our hair fixed reasonably alike, we could pass for sisters. Thus began my life as a girl. The days passed quickly for the next three months and were filled with fun. I did adjust to being a girl. We dated, though I resented the boy she was with every time. Nothing seemed to bother her, but one afternoon, Dr. Gilmer called for me. When I picked up the phone he said pleasantly: “We have some news for you. Would you come up to the hospital office?”

Nervously we dressed and met the doctor in his spacious quarters. After we sat down in the comfortable chairs, he came rightout with the word. “We are not going to be able to save your old body. It started to disintegrate the moment we tried to thaw it. You have sacrificed a body but by doing so we know that Mars is alien to earth flesh and that we had best leave it be. You saved many lives, by your action. Now . . . I have called you here to talk about your future.”

“All is not lost. We can do something to return you to being a male again. It would not have been feasible, if we could have repaired your male body, but now that we know we cannot, we will take action to make you a male so you can marry your sweetheart here.”

“You mean sex-change?”

"That's what I have in mind. You want that I'm sure?"

"Doctor Gilmer!" It was Julie. "You are wanting his permission to change the body he is now in to that of a male?" When he admitted this, she continued: "We need some time to make that kind of a decision. There isn't any big rush is there?"

"Why no . . . Julie. I just thought he would be anxious to have that surgery, so the two of you could resume your lives as normally as is possible under the circumstances."

"Well I want to talk it over with Deborah. After a few days, we will give you your answer." And that is how it happened. We drove to one of our favorite spots by the bay waters where we parked and discussed the problems. Actually I had felt completely satisfied in this feminine body, and the news that my old male body was destroyed gave me a momentary feeling of elation. When he mentioned the sex change to a male again my spirits sagged.

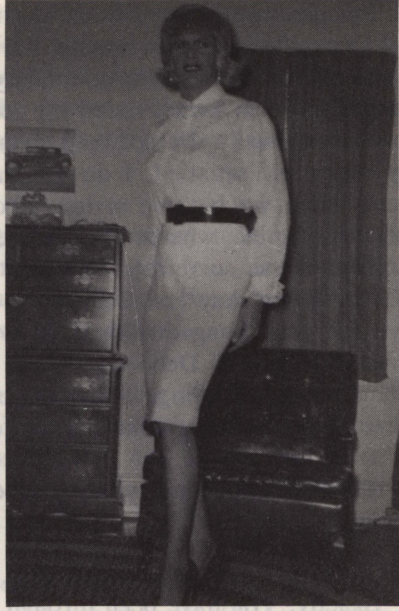
"Deborah darling," Julie began. "I don't know about you, but I'm not so sure that I prefer you to be a man. I have thoroughly enjoyed the creation of your feminine traits and from masculine emotions I have molded you into a perfect female. Now you fit the body."

"I am just as confused about it as you are," I told her. "I love you no less than ever, and it is possible that my love for you is stronger since it has taken on new dimensions, but I confess, I'm happy in this new life." (Besides I was a number of years younger and far prettier.)

I smiled at her and from my heart I answered. "Julie, you have stood by me so closely and faithfully, in spite of everything that has happened. How could I be disturbed enough to change my feelings toward you?"

"You are Deborah now. Your body is petite, beautiful and so feminine that I doubt if you could ever look masculine, even with the male equipment. Over these months you have acquired an amazing degree of femininity, and have adjusted so wonderfully with this new body that I cannot consent for its loveliness to be tampered with by physicians. I want you to stay Deborah for the rest of your life."

"But what about you?"



Louise 38-W-3 FPE



Wanda 23-F-1 FPE

"I'm getting to that, Debbie darling . . . secretly since I was a little girl I have desired to be a male. I always dressed boyish and my parents thought I was just being a tomboy but actually I was being what I wanted to be in fact. I hated my feminine looks. In addition to that, I have occasionally dressed as a man, not regularly but enough to keep my inner self satisfied. I do not think I could respond totally to any man. When we became serious about each other this became a deep concern of mine, whether I could be a real wife to you. After the space accident I was somewhat relieved, but felt duty bound to go through with it. When they installed you in this lovely feminine body my own love for you changed with it. Now I could love you as a girl. I can respond to you as Deborah but not as a male. I hope you understand. What I suggest darling, is that we let them operate on Julie and change me to Jerry, the name I have always called my secret self."

"Then we could marry and I'd be your wife?" I asked in some confusion.

"Exactly. You have been through so much already I don't want them mixing you up. I have been mixed up all my life and I think sex change is what I need. At least I believe that. I'd make a more masculine man, than you would."

"If you are sure that's what you want then that's what I agree to." I told her. "We'll tell the Doctor first thing and then we can start preparations." When she said that her mind was made up, we drove back to the hospital where we conferred at length with Dr. Gilmer. He asked a thousand questions of both of us concerning every part of our sexual appetites, past, and present, and then made his decision. "Perhaps fate has intervened and prevented a marital mixup such as is common today. I believe that Julie should become Jerry, and that Debbie should stay Debbie. We'll do it that way.

Now it was my turn to be faithful through months of agony for my beloved, while she endured the scalpel and became my husband to be. In my role as bride to be I learned everything expected of women and became efficient in housekeeping, cooking, sewing, and even began keeping a small child part time to learn motherhood. (There is artificial insemination you know and my husband, my lover to be, might want offspring). With all of these pursuits and visiting at the hospital, I was kept very busy, as you may imagine, so the months passed quickly.

"It was four months before Jerry was released from the hospital to finish his recovery at home. Before he was dismissed the ceremony which united us as husband and wife was performed at the hospital by one of the chaplains, with all of the nurses available, the doctors, and even the janitorial workers, looking on happily. They say I was a beautiful but blushing bride.

The blushing came from being kissed by every male in the chapel and from the excitement which this created girl felt. Her created husband also blushed as the nurses and hospital workers from the offices came and offered their crimson lips for him to buss.

I don't hesitate to say we'll be happy. From the first night I knew that this was the way it should be. We are perfectly mated, my Jerry and I. Responding to him has come so natural, and he has become a real tiger. Grrrrr . . . (That's the female tiger's roar . . . We're the deadliest of the species you know.)

So as it turned out I had explored a new planet but as Deborah I was to spend the rest of my life exploring the new world of womanhood.

* * * * *

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HOW I GAVE UP TV FOR A WHOLE WEEK

(Ed. Note: Reprinted from the *Beaumont Bulletin* — our FPE affiliate in England.)

Susan B 158 - England

SUNDAY I am positively, definitely, irrevocably going to break the habit. For one thing it is anti-social, for another it is expensive, for a third it's a monumental waste of time, and I don't see how I can go on ignoring the medical evidence. Not a day goes by without some doctor or other pointing out how bad it is from a health point of view.

It blunts the senses. It stunts the growth. It encourages sloping shoulders, myopia and stomach cramp. Today I read it is one of the root causes of indigestion — so who needs it? The only sensible thing to do is to cut TV out completely.

MONDAY Why didn't I pack it in years ago? I weep when I think of the number of hours and the money I have squandered, the parties and the dinners that went cold because I was never ready on time. I wish I had never started, I can still remember the first time; it was at a friend's house. It seemed harmless enough — pleasant even, and I was sure I could take it or leave it alone. But I was soon dropping in three or four times a week. That is until today. I have borrowed a copy of 'War & Peace' from Anne — the longest book she had and I am already up to page 115. The evening sped by — didn't even get an urge until 11:30 p.m. and then it was too late.

TUESDAY Definite withdrawal symptoms. Nervous twitch around 7 p.m. Got up to page 180 of 'War & Peace' and started thinking what a marvelous serial it would make for the *Beaumont Bulletin*. Must stop this train of thought, switch on the radio — what a load of old tripe. What ever have they done with Dick Barton. I'll say one thing for the radio — it is non-addictive.

WEDNESDAY Friends aren't much help. I am just beginning to notice that no one talks about anything but TV. No wonder the habit is spreading. Even tiny children are affected by their mothers and sisters.

If only I could tell the world how marvelous it is to be rid of TV. It is like living in a new world. My mind is wonderfully alert, all my senses alive again. I notice every little thing, the ticking of the clock, the cracks in the ceiling, the kitchen tap dripping, the creak of every loose floor board. Can one hour of TV harm me? Now that I have broken the craving completely—would it be all right in moderation?

THURSDAY What the hell did I do before TV. I've been trying hard to remember. All I can recall about my childhood is sitting in front of the fire getting my knees mottled, and in later life I used to loll in the armchair counting the flowers on the wall paper. I think I am going mad—and, 'War & Peace' is the most boring book ever written.

FRIDAY Can't take much more of this. Took myself to the pictures to see "Gone With The Wind". Very good—like watching the "Forsythe Saga" at one sitting. Somebody must help me. Isn't there a TV anonymous organization anywhere?

SATURDAY Worst day of the week. Raining—nothing to do—no where to go. Reading 'War and Peace' is making my eyes ache. My health is deteriorating. It's the strain. I'm on edge, tense, nervous and bad tempered. Surely one evening of TV can't hurt. I haven't for a whole week—doesn't that prove I can do without it.

Supposing I keep it down to one night each week—every Saturday, beginning now. I'll go and get switched on. Nothing but wavy lines, the vertical hold is gone. Can't get it repaired until Monday! What to do instead?

I think I'll go upstairs and dress up as a 'Woman.'

* * *



1957



1957



1963



1970

A Growing Girl
Lee — Calif.

THE NATURE AND MANAGEMENT OF TRANSVESTISM: A MEDICAL VIEWPOINT

Rosemary FE-M-1 FPE

The following paper has been written, not by a trained psychologist or psychiatrist, but by a physiologist, a transvestite of some 30 years' standing who has only recently discovered FPE. It is therefore a purely personal paper, based partly on introspection and partly on the author's general reading in psychology, sociology, &c. and the books mentioned below.

It is never safe to accept, in any field of study, a statement that a particular theory explains all relevant facts and that all other theories are false. If it is said that personality is *all* genetic constitution, or *all* the result of conditioning, or *all* this or *all* that, then it is certain that this statement is untrue. The one thing that is true about generalizations is that they are always false.

In my own thinking about the causes of the transvestite and transsexual states, based on my own experience of the former, and the reading of "The Transsexual Phenomenon" by Dr. Benjamin, "The Transvestite and his Wife" by Virginia Prince and the last 10 issues of *Transvestia*, I can see that many factors must be involved and that there are many different types of transvestic and transsexual persons.

However, one factor appears to have been largely ignored in discussing the causes of the conditions. This is that a developing personality reacts with and adapts to its psychological and social environment, all the time adopting such courses of action as will enable it to preserve its own sense of identity and integrity. Elements of this idea are present in both psycho-analytic and conditioning theories of behavioural and emotional development, but the idea of a reacting, dynamic entity, always seeking for a way of living, thinking about,

and looking at its environment, that lowers tension and conflict, is perhaps best expressed in the "Personal Construct" theory of the late Dr. George A. Kelly of Ohio State University. According to this theory a person "construes" his environment and the people in it as having certain qualities. The acts of "Construct Formation" may be conscious or unconscious and the constructs true or false. Behaviour is then modified in accordance with the constructs so as to produce the least threat to the person from the environment. It is these resultant adaptations of behaviour that I refer to in this paper as the "reactive" aspects of a personality. Their emotional content will depend on the degree of threat implied in the original constructs. Thus I will learn, by watching objects fall to the ground, of the force of gravity. This knowledge becomes a simple construct by which I guide my behaviour when handling things. There is no emotion involved. Similarly I may construe my father as authoritative and punitive, but also construe Society as expecting me to emulate him in every possible way. These two constructs oppose each other and my resultant behaviour may be vacillatory, indecisive — and is bound to cause tension and anxiety for behaviour is not in accord with one or the other of the constructs, both of which are laden with emotions.

Before examining the evidence in favour of this theory, I would like to discuss the possible role of physiological or constitutional theories as causes of transvestism and transsexualism. There is little evidence that hormonal imbalance necessarily occurs in either state. It has been suggested that excess estrogen might be present, or that the cells in the Central Nervous System that mediate sexual behaviour are excessively sensitive to the normal estrogen content of the blood. Both should lead to a reduction in testicular activity through the Hypothalamus-Pituitary mechanism, with a resultant loss of Libido and weakened emotional drives. If one thing is true about both the transvestite and transsexual states it is that their emotional drives are exceptionally strong. Loss of Libido, if it occurs, is a secondary phenomenon, due to the intense anxiety set up by the failure to satisfy these emotions. Other similar mechanisms to the hormonal one belong to the realm of speculation. So little is known about the relationships between acts of thinking and neuro-physiological processes that we can scarcely begin forming testable hypotheses in this field.

The facts that can be taken as evidence in favour of the reactive theory include the following:-

1. The great strength of the emotional feelings expressed by the transsexuals reported by Dr. Benjamin indicates some strong self-preserved drive.

2. The sheer persistence of many transvestites, in spite of all that Society, themselves or their spouses can do, similarly indicates the great force of the drive.

3. Whatever the source of the drive, it is quite unreasonable. This is typical of the effects of an unconscious construct working its way out. "Unisex" clothes have no appeal to the transvestite now, any more than had the gorgeous clothes and wigs worn by all men in the 17th. and 18th. centuries. We are forced across a clearly demarcated line into the apparel of the opposite gender. I don't want one of the beautifully frilly patterned shirts that are now being sold in men's stores. I want a woman's blouse and there is no doubt about it!

4. The feeling of sheer relief and joy expressed many times over by transvestites on getting out of their masculine clothes, again indicates the degree of psychological strain set up by the difficulty these people have in adopting the role, in their normal lives, that they (correctly or incorrectly) feel they must play for self-preservation.

The relationship of the above to the classical divisions of psychological disorder (Psychosis vs. Neurosis; Manic-Depressive, Schizophrenic, Hysterical & Obsessional types of disease) should be considered. These labels are descriptive terms though there is a real difference between the Psychotic and the Neurotic states, in that in the former it is possible to hold in consciousness, simultaneously, two mutually incompatible thoughts. The psychotic is frequently described as being "out of touch with reality." A descriptive classification has little real use. Its like classing Cardinals and Orioles together because both are red birds! An orthodox Psychiatrist might call transvestism an obsessive disorder with hysterical features. The Psychosis-Neurosis division has more significance, however. The transsexual who believes he is a "woman trapped in a man's body" and who expects that the body can be converted to suit his mind is clearly psychotic. His constructs have become utterly incompatible with everyday life and he has had to retreat from reality in order to survive at all. The one who accepts that his desire to cross-dress is part of a reaction to the pressures of some aspect of his earlier life, that he, like all other men, is a compound of a male body and a more or less integrated masculine and feminine mind, and that his anxiety,

tension or distress are because he is not living in conformity with his constructs, must be classified with other neurotics with obsessional symptoms.

It is now necessary to consider the stress, event or situation which the transvestite is reacting against. There may be as many situations as there are transvestites. Many normal people, furthermore, may have faced the same situations and have found other responses that preserved *their* sense of integrity and security. Each person forms his own constructs and can therefore speak only for himself. By collecting a number of case-histories, eventually an investigator will find common factors emerging (providing he has included the relevant material in his histories). The following are the relevant details of my family background and the possible mechanism whereby I became a transvestite.

My mother married twice. Her first husband was a general medical practitioner who died of a brain tumor only 10 weeks after the marriage which was never consummated. She married my father 12 years later. He was a "Harvard intellectual" who had originally intended to do Medicine but had stopped short and had made a career for himself in physiology. My mother was the dominant partner of the marriage, having much physical energy and a vigorous emotional temperament. My father was a quiet, intellectual and artistic person. I was the youngest of 3 boys and it was early decided that, as I alone showed an interest in biology, I should obtain medical qualification and become a physician. This had been firmly decided for some years before, in my 13th. year, I first began to have transvestite fantasies. (The actual onset of these was when, in a Geography lesson on Holland, I heard of the island village of Volendam which kept boys in girls' dresses and long hair until they were 14. I can still clearly feel the excitement and envy with which I heard this.)

Nothing of note disturbed these plans (which were as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and the Persians) until, at 25 years old, I began unaccountably failing in my medical final examinations. I went for help to a psychiatrist and had two years of analytical psycho-therapy. One significant fantasy that emerged during this was of a female patient, of my mother's build and age, who attempted to seduce me while I was conducting a physical examination on her. Such was my general level of anxiety over the consequences of medical qualifica-

tion that my analyst suggested that I forget medicine and pursue a career in physiology, for which I was already qualified. I followed his advice.

Within this context, the developments of transvestism could be explained according to the reactive hypothesis as follows:-

1. I imagined, or construed, my mother as wanting me to replace her dead first husband by becoming first a doctor and then her lover. In this she was threatening my self-realization by first choosing my career for me and then forcing herself on me as a sexual partner in a partnership in which she would clearly be the demanding and dominant member.

2. My reaction, in order to maintain integrity and to avoid this sexual relationship, was to try to escape by disguising myself as a girl. This reaction would have been reinforced by the general family attitude of despising girls. (It was said, in fun, that any girls born in our family would have been drowned like unwanted puppies!) By becoming a girl I would effectively remove myself from the family and all danger.

Neither of these steps occurred at the time at the conscious level. My construct of the nature and designs of my mother was completely unconscious until it emerged during the Analysis. It was also untrue of my mother in "real life."

Other things could have reinforced this escape reaction. From my 7th to 14th years I was sent to a succession of boys' private boarding schools. At all times I was very much a misfit, because of the powerfully expressed and unconventional views of my parents and older brothers. For instance, I disliked and despised team sports. I read far more advanced Biology textbooks than was usual (as a preparation for my eventual entry to College and Medical School.) Finally I had never been circumcised, which was almost universal among boys of my social class and age. At times, therefore, I was desperately unhappy at one or another of these schools. Once again, becoming a girl would have removed me completely from this inimical environment and would have been a reaction that led to self-preservation and a reduction of tension.

One case does not prove anything, neither the “reactive” theory, nor the nature of the cause of transvestism. All I have intended is to show how one transvestite might have been made. Eventually an accumulation of such case studies will show what are the common causes of this abnormality of behaviour. My account will have served its purpose if it reminds others that Biochemical, Endocrine, or purely external environmental disturbances are not the only possible causes of transvestism. We must learn to regard the Mind as an entity that in its development reacts actively with its environment and is not merely a passive mould to be shaped by external events. We must equally remember that a person may be quite unconscious of the reactions or constructs that govern his behaviour.

Quite distinct from the matter of the causes of transvestism are the problems of its management and the relationship of this to the needed synthesis of the “masculine” and the “feminine” aspects of the human personality.

C. G. Jung, in the 1930s, first drew our attention to the need for this synthesis. Rather than paraphrase his writings, I would prefer to quote a few lines written by Michael Tippett, a British Composer, in the libretto of his Oratorio, “The Child of our Times” which was published in 1942. In the opening sections come the following words:-

The soul of Man is impassioned like a woman.
She is as old as the Earth,
Beyond Good and Evil, in sensual garments.
She will at last come into her own.
Then is the time of his deliverance.

A few pages later comes this devastatingly grim warning:-

Man has measured the heavens with a telescope,
And driven the Gods from their thrones,
But the Soul, watching the chaotic mirror,
Knows that the Gods return.
Truly, truly, the living God consumes within,
And turns the flesh to Cancer.

We can all see all round us at all times the cancers we have started growing in our human societies by the uncontrolled exercise of our masculine wills and the equally uncontrolled explosive actions of the feminine principle breaking through. The need is for all men, and women too, to realize, become conscious of, accept, integrate — use

what word you like — the feminine aspects of their natures with their conscious masculine selves. This need applies, as Susanna Valenti, Virginia Prince, "Jeri" and "Fran" have repeatedly stated in Transvestia and Femme Forum, as much to transvestites as to all other people. Membership of FPE should mean very much more than mutual dressing-up parties. It should carry with it the commitment to search for full personality integration at all levels.

Having said this I want to consider in more detail the matter of management of the transvestic urge. The unmarried have fewest problems. They can manage their lives, going their own way, neither being bothered by nor interfering with the needs of others. Theirs is the path of "the cat that walked alone, and all places were alike to him." In their aloneness they may be unhappy. This is the price of their freedom. They must realize, however, that they may be neglecting the more urgent need for full psychic integration of their masculine and feminine aspects, even while they adopt feminine dress whenever convenient.

Next comes the group, exemplified by the "Leading Lady" article in Transvestia No. 59. Betty Lyn is certainly very lucky indeed and I sincerely wish her joy and continuing development of his/her full personality as life proceeds. If Virginia wants yet another job, may I suggest that she run a Marriage Bureau so that many more such couples as Betty Lyn and Fran can be brought together. Even so, it is not enough to land in that sort of haven in which a willing partner helps the transvestite to live a life that is compatible with his constructs. The responsibility is laid on the happily married transvestite, along with all the rest of us and on the normals, for a full expression of all aspects of his personality.

Finally there is the position of those who hoped that Marriage would end their problems and who have found that it has merely compounded them. This group has the most difficult time. Wives may or may not be accepting and the presences of children produces a further conflict of loyalties. I would, in my own case, prefer not to disturb the existing commitments which a growing family impose. I am responsible to them as well as to myself and cannot reject this obligation, which precludes the expression of my transvestism in my own home. Furthermore, I think that this expression may be irrelevant to the vital need to reconcile the masculine and feminine sides of my own personality, or if not irrelevant, only one aspect of an integration and development that must be pursued at all levels of being. Besides, no amount of skill could alter the shape of jaw or

size of hands or 6ft. 2in. of height, so it would be completely impossible for me to take the path followed by the "fun timers," ditching my family responsibilities on the way. Nevertheless, members of this group are particularly in need of an external supporting agency. I do not know how many years will have to pass before Virginia Prince's efforts at publicizing our position will make unnecessary this "either-or" choice that we now have to face. My impression is that FPE cannot yet do very much to support us if we determine to fulfill family and social obligations, to remain outwardly men in appearance and masculine in dress. Perhaps the smallness of FPE in relation to the estimated number of transvestites in the U.S.A. is a reflection of the fact that many do not see it, with its presently declared aims as being of any help to them. (Editors Note: An erroneous conclusion because of the great majority of the country's FPs don't know of the existence of FPE. A better measure would be the proportion of TVia readers who *do* know of FPE vs. the number who join it. This would be quite large though I have never figured it out.) One might say that FPE offers a too radical solution for many transvestites and that a more conservative approach might bring the greatest measure of help to the greatest number of people. Especially it might include those who feel that they must remain overtly both masculine and male in appearance. To take one small example of what is impossible in the sort of compromise that I have adopted — I cannot shave the backs of hands, arms or legs without it being obvious that I am very different from other men. I hope that the present leaders of FPE will perhaps be willing to make a place in their organization for those transvestites who wish, as far as ordinary social contacts (including their wives and families) are concerned, to remain "in the woodwork." Without being "active" members in the accepted sense. The knowledge of and membership in FPE would be of help and support to these people. It would enable them better to understand and accept themselves, and perhaps, in their turn, to help support others similarly placed. Clearly the organization I have in mind would have something of the quality of Alcoholics Anonymous, but there would be no need for its activities to include efforts to "cure" the membership of their differences from the normal population.

To summarize my beliefs on the management of transvestism; for all varieties of transvestite there is the need for the fullest possible personality expression within the limits imposed by other bearable commitments. We must "know ourselves." This injunction was

imperative 2500 years ago and has become a truly Life or Death issue for humanity today. Half-measures, a little bit of cross-dressing here or a little bit of Unisex there are completely useless. Unless we fully experience, know and integrate the Feminine within us, then our Society is doomed to disaster and destruction from the cancers that are, even now, growing within it.

Rosemary
FPE 38-M-7

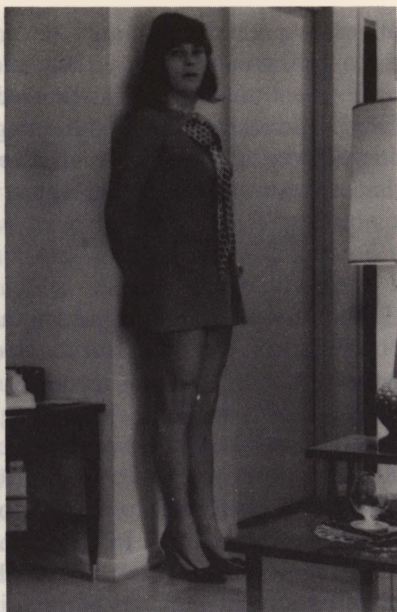
Editors comment: This is an interesting discussion of the causes and problems of the transvestite. Her last suggestion about FPE and those FPs who cannot become "active" is, however, unnecessary. 1) No one is urged to join FPE, it is entirely voluntary. 2) Having joined, participation in any local group is entirely up to the individual. So, 3) anyone who wishes to support, identify with and be part of FPE is welcome to apply for membership whether or not she wishes to be "active." FPE is not a road to "cure" FP anymore than AA is aimed to "cure" all alcoholism. In both cases the effort is centered around helping the individual to deal with the realities of his own life. For the alcoholic this involves realizing that he is an alcoholic i.e. chemically unable to handle alcohol and thus that he must abstain from it. AA helps give him the psychological courage to do it. FPE on the other hand helps the FP to handle *his* realities by helping him to understand himself and to provide opportunities for written and social contacts with others if the FP is ready for them. Self understanding and acceptance can take the "heat" out of the matter and reduce the worry and tensions involved. When this has been done the individual is better able to deal with all his other life problems.

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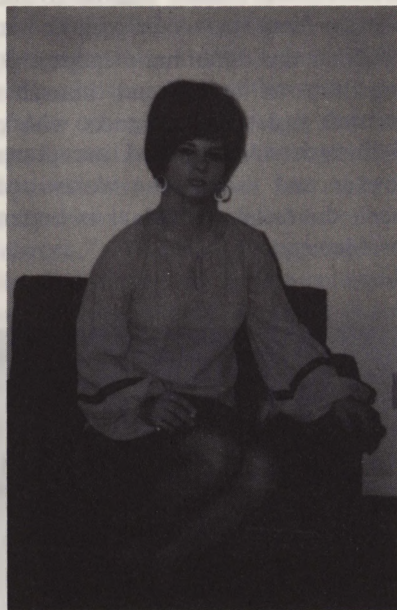
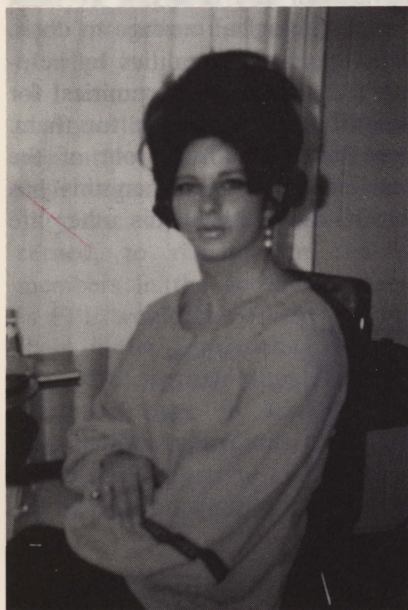


Which
Witch
Is
Which

Virginia at
Alpha — FPE
Halloween
Party



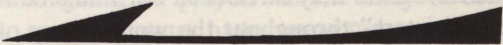
Denise 11-L-1 FPE



Page 36-S-1 FPE

IT'S A LONG ROAD

Rhonda 5-B-26 FPE



Now that I have attained 51 years of age this past May and never having been unemployed during the past thirty-five years, I have finally joined the army of the "unemployed." During this period of inactivity, I have had time to review many of the past issues of TRANSVESTIA. In reading through some of the issues I had read or had not completed, I have learned there were many others like myself. Like most of my sisters I have read about in the magazine, I thought I was one of a kind for many years until I found Virginia and TRANSVESTIA.

Since that time, Rhonda, my femme self has become a reality; no longer just things in the closet, but femme dressing has become a daily thing with me. I dress completely to some point each and every day and often completely. I do not necessarily don my wig nor use makeup, because as our brothers know it is rather hard on the face to shave close twice a day in order to enjoy the luxury of makeup. Another thing that has discouraged this particular part of "dressing" is I have not completely educated some of my friends in the past several years to phone me before they "drop" in when they are in the neighborhood. It is extremely difficult to scurry into the bedroom to disrobe without the additional time needed to remove a very nicely made-up face.

I might add that I had never experimented with make-up until I joined Alpha Chapter here in Los Angeles. At my first meeting (and there have been too few because of circumstances) after I had dressed, I came into the room where Virginia was and she suggested I would look more feminine if I put on some makeup. All I had in my purse (yes, I did have one) was some Cover Girl makeup and lipstick. So my first attempt at make up was rather limited.

I'll never forget my first meeting at Alpha Chapter. I had spoken to Virginia a number of times on the phone prior to the meeting and even suggested the possibility of visiting the meeting as Rhonda's brother. However in one conversation Virginia indicated that the primary purpose of the meeting was to have an opportunity to dress up with others. All of this, however, is getting ahead of my story. I will have to go back through many years of history.

Perhaps I have two things that are not in common with my other "sisters". First, I was born in Scotland and secondly, I have a twin sister. Others may have been born outside the United States; we do have our "sisters" throughout the world many of whom I met this past summer in Sweden, Denmark and France, but not many of our "girls" can say they have a twin sister. My twin sister, to me, is the greatest.

I have been trying to muster up strength and courage for the past three or four years — at least since my introduction to TRANSVESTIA and acceptance of myself — to tell my sister I am a transvestite. Whether I will be able to do this in person (I have made three special trips to her mid-west town these past three years but haven't had the nerve to tell her) or whether I will tell her via a cassette tape recording or telephone I'm not certain. I do know the day will come. I feel, knowing the nature of my sister, I will have to send along Virginia's book *THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE* in order for her to have a better understanding.

My first recollection that there was some kind of difference between the sexes (boys and girls) was while I was still a young lad of approximately five years of age in Scotland. I recall very clearly one evening I tried to take off the panties of a little girl playmate who lived across the street from me. I remember she screamed in protest and I ran home a very scared boy. Whether anything was said to my mother regarding this incident or not, I don't know. This was my first awareness that there must be some difference between boys and girls.

The next thing I remember with respect to TVism was when we lived in a mid-western city of the U.S. I recall seeing panties hanging on the wash line to dry — usually on Monday's and I was possessed with a desire to wear them. I finally stole a pair off the line which belonged to the girl next door. I was, perhaps, seven or eight years old at the time.

We lived in a flat, the basement of which was common to both families with just a corrugated metal partition down the middle to

divide it in half. Where the separate sheets of metal were joined, it was easy to "spring" the metal apart and I was able to slip into the other side and make my "sorties" in order to obtain panties. The daughter of the owner, who was a divorcee and her daughter lived in the lower flat. When I went on my "sorties," I didn't care whose panties I got, I took whatever was available. If they happened to belong to the young daughter they fitted better, but I obtained that delightful pleasure from wearing them.

Many times I would wear these panties under my trousers when playing baseball or some other game we played in the alley directly behind my home. However, someone must have suspected something because of the panties disappearing from the clothes hamper at the bottom of the clothes chute, for after a period of time I could search the hamper thoroughly and would never find any panties although there was a lot of other clothing. Because of this, I had to go other places for my "panty raids" and the clothes lines in the area of my home were frequently raided.

Although I had two sisters, I felt I could only "borrow" their panties and return them to the hamper before wash day in order to avoid any suspicion in my own home. During some of my raids to obtain a pair of panties, I had to shinney up a pillar to obtain my "loot" from the clothes line which was strung between the two pillars of the porch. As I think back, this was a very risky thing to do, but nothing happened and I got what I was after.

Many a time I walked up and down the alleys of the neighborhood looking in trash cans for items of clothing. I remember one time "striking it rich" just three doors from home where two very beautiful girls lived. I found everything I could use. There were several dresses, hose with runs in them, garter belts, slips, shoes, panties and brassieres — the whole works. It was spring cleaning time. I took everything and "cached" them away in many wooden crates my father had in the garage. Many evenings after dark, I would slip into the garage and dress completely and stroll up and down the alley in femme attire until it was time for bed-call at home. I was thrilled during those moments of dressing. With each article I donned, the excitement increased and breathing would come in "short pants."

Most of my early TV life revolved around panties. It was not until I arrived in California fifteen years ago that I started wearing the rest of the garments of the opposite sex. This dressing was on again, off

again with the usual purges — destroying all the clothing I had, then going out several months later and purchasing them all over again. We have all gone through these episodes.

Like many of my “sisters” I put my time in service during WW II — some forty-nine months of it. Prior to going into the service I was an athlete, excelling in track, swimming and tennis. I set two records in our mid-west city — one for cross-country and one for the half-mile. The former has not yet been broken, and the half-mile record stood for about ten years. Between high school and going into the service (I enlisted) there were occasions when I would wear panties and particularly when Christmas or Valentine Day came around. This afforded me the chance to buy the items I desired without causing much suspicion. Some months later after feeling guilty I would purge myself of these items. I concluded, like many of us, that this was just a transitional thing and in time would pass — ha ha. During my tenure of duty, I gave very little thought to the idea of dressing or even wearing panties. However, about a month before I was to receive my discharge in San Francisco, I was returning to the base one rainy evening when I passed an object in the road. As most of my “sisters” who were in the service know, the bases usually were a long walk from the last transportation stop. I had not passed the object by more than three or four strides when it dawned on me that the object must have been a pair of panties. Naturally, I retraced my steps and lo and behold I was right. These were not silk or nylon, but satin. I had never owned a pair of satin ones before and was thrilled. That old feeling came over me, the thrill, the ecstasy and the excited breathing I had experienced as a small boy returned. I rang out the panties, put them in my pea jacket pocket and took them to the base. The hour was late, so I laundered them and placed them in my locker to dry. I think you can all realize that there were many times I wore those panties under my uniform even while on the base. Needless to say, if I had been caught, it would have meant an Undesirable Discharge.

I have often wondered if it had not been for the chance finding of those panties that night I might not have become a TV. However, that is merely conjecture on my part, but it is true that for four years of service life the thought of wearing anything of the opposite sex never entered my mind.

After discharge from service and return to my home town, I again have the urge to dress. I still feel this was triggered by my finding those panties prior to discharge. I made the usual purchases and purges. It

was not until I came to California that the urge to dress up completely really hit me again. I went through my purges but about eight years ago I took the plunge and have acquired quite an extensive wardrobe including several wigs.

I became engaged on one occasion but the marriage did not occur and TVism did not break it up. She was a lovely and charming girl — a widow with two small children. We enjoyed everything together and with the children. We even purchased a home together, but an inter-loper interceded. The romance ended when I found them in bed one Sunday morning. It was heart-breaking, but I had been forewarned of this by the girl's former employer. He merely said on the break-up: "_____, you don't know how lucky you are. It is probably a blessing in disguise."

After this, I again reverted to dressing. In the meantime, a romance with one of my girl friends from my home town blossomed again and we were married. That marriage ended in disaster about a year and a half later as my wife was an alcoholic and I could not maintain her alcoholic pace. Again, TVism didn't enter into the marriage, nor did I have the urge to dress.

It was after the divorce early in 1962 that I believe I became a true Transvestite. Heretofore all my dressing had been primarily with wearing feminine undergarments. It was less than a year after the divorce that I began to acquire all the various items of dress, including the accessories and costume jewelry. Of course, my venture into purchasing through catalog was a hit and miss thing, not knowing what size to order. Now I know my sizes in most articles and what size is needed for a certain cut of the dress, so I have come a long way since those first days. I have become braver and have even gone into stores to pick out a particular dress.

I did not pick up a good wig until I first was accepted by FPE. Needless to say it was a blonde wig — blondes have more fun — but it was not suited to my complexion. Since that time a very dear friend of mine whom I told about my being a TV has given me a lovely wig more suited to my color. This girl — woman — would make a perfect "A" wife in Susanna's vernacular.

I first learned of TRANSVESTIA about five or six years ago. I wrote a letter to the Editor asking for information on the subject, stating I was writing a thesis for my college psychology course. I never

mailed the letter. I told Virginia about this after meeting her and learned that she would probably have seen through my inquiry as she told me she gets quite a few like that. I wonder how many of us have gone through the same thing, wanting to contact TRANSVESTIA, but being afraid of exposure or something else. About two years passed before I did contact Virginia and I have never been sorry. I had come to the realization there must be something — there must be others like myself who want to reach out to find friends with the same interests so I finally made the plunge. I might say that it was with this finding of TRANSVESTIA that I have come to accept myself as a TV and I am no longer ashamed. I am happy with my two lives.

What now of myself with members of the opposite sex since accepting myself as a TV? I had been dating a lovely young girl — eighteen years younger than myself for about five years. About two years ago I told her I was a TV. She found it hard to believe, so I took her into my bedroom and showed her many of my dresses and other apparel. We continued to see each other for some time after that, still enjoying each other's company and doing the many things we enjoyed doing together, sailing, theatre, trips, golf, movies — all those things, up until about three or four months ago. During our last date we discussed my TVism. I did most of the talking. She hardly entered into the discussion, merely listened. I showed her some polaroid pictures of myself in dress, but they did not impress her. In fact, I guess they left her cold for we have not had a date since that time. I have been to dinners and parties where she has also been. She is friendly, but that is about all I can say regarding her attitude.

This girl had known about my TVism for about two years prior to this incident. Shortly after telling her about myself, I also told her brother-in-law. His only comment to me was, "so what, if that's what you enjoy — enjoy it." He also mentioned he had even tried on a pair of his wife's panties, but they did nothing for him. I told him he was fortunate the "bug" did not bite him.

Since that time a very dear friend of mine — a woman I have known ever since I came to California has re-entered my life. She was a hostess at the place we often went to for lunch. I had been dating, (let me call her Diane), for many months, even before I was married or before my engagement. Nothing really materialized, but we have always kept in touch with each other throughout the years. She has been living in Arizona for the past four years and occasionally comes to California to visit her daughter. One weekend when she was in the area I invited her

over to the apartment and we went out for dinner. During it, I told her I would tell her something later in the evening that would perhaps shock her. When we returned, she kept insisting I tell her what I had on my mind. Frankly, I was a little scared, but I told her I was a Transvestite. Her only comment was, "So what, if you enjoy it, enjoy it. Everyone should have a hobby. By the way, do you have a wig?" She has told me since that time that she learned about TVism while watching a television program and was quite taken by it. Diane has visited my home many times since then and I have greeted her as Rhonda completely dressed. I have even prepared dinner on those occasions. As mentioned, her reply in answer to my being a TV was, "Do you have a wig?" She said she had one, but did not care for it and if I would like it, she would give it to me the next time she came to California. She kept her promise so today I am the proud possessor of "our" wig. She certainly would make a wonderful "A" wife and I have told her so. She seems to be in favor of it. We do have so much in common in all ways and she does enjoy Rhonda.

This has been a somewhat sketchy story of my life as a TV. I hope it has been of interest to others who are seeking understanding and acceptance of themselves. I have met so many wonderful people in and through my exposure to TRANSVESTIA, all I can say to Virginia, with whom I travelled through Europe in the summer of 1969 is, "God bless you, dear, carry on."



Donna — 9-W-2 FPE



Dorina — 25-D-2 FPE



FICTION

THE MASQUERADE

Beverly 32-G-12

"You're crazy! I won't do it!"

"But you promised! You said you'd do whatever I asked!"

"Of course I did. But that was before I knew you had this nutty idea in mind! I won't do it!"

I turned my back on my fiance, Nancy Amish, and strode to the bar to pour myself a drink. I took a long swallow and turned to face Nancy again, as she continued the argument:

"But why not? It's not as though you're the only man ever to dress in feminine clothes, you know! Look at all the professional female impersonators there are!"

"Yeah, but *they* get paid for doing it. What would I say if someone asked me why *I* was wearing a dress?"

"But at a masquerade party you can wear anything you want!"

"Well, I *don't* want to wear a dress!"

"But darling, with your face and figure, you'd make a beautiful woman!"

It was true. Much to my disgust, Nature had, in her sometimes eccentric fashion, given me an almost feminine body. My skin is silken smooth and practically hairless; despite weekly workouts at the YMCA, my muscles refuse to knot and bulge like other men's, but

remained smooth and supple like a woman's. My hands and feet are small and dainty, with long, slim fingers and tiny toes.

All this would have been bearable however, if it hadn't been for my face. I have a smooth, creamy complexion that I suppose a lot of women would give an arm for, but I have always detested. My eyes are large, almost too large for my small face, and set wide apart. My lashes are extremely long, and this feature, combined with delicately arched eyebrows, give me a look of wide-eyed innocence. My nose is small and fine-boned, with a slight uptilt; full lips, and a round, narrow chin complete what, to me, is an extremely, disgustingly feminine face.

Until now.

Nancy, with her innocent compliment, had stated openly what I had suspected. Several times in the past, as I had gazed into a mirror and wondered idly what I would look like as a woman, I had been embarrassed by such thoughts and had quickly put them out of my mind.

But now, someone else had expressed the same thought, and it had awakened something in me I didn't know existed. She had said one thing, but what I felt she meant was, "There is a woman within you, Paul Weston, and I want to bring her out!" We looked at each other for a long time, and during those silent moments an understanding was reached. I knew I would do whatever she wanted, because *I* wanted to as well.

"All right," I said quietly. Then, to relieve the seriousness of the moment, I said, "But if anyone makes any cracks, I'll slug 'em with my purse!"

"Don't worry, darling, when I get through with you, no one will be able to tell you from the real thing. Come on, we've got to get dressed; it's getting late!"

"All right . . . say, wait a minute. You haven't told me yet what your costume is."

"Just wait and see," said Nancy, as she took my hand and led me to her bedroom. There, on the bed, awaiting me was a complete feminine ensemble: bra, panties, slip, stockings . . . everything.

"You're kidding . . . all that stuff couldn't be for me, could it?" I said, viewing the array of clothing and accessories. Nancy nodded, and I said, "I never realized we women wore so much!"

"Now, I'll leave you while you put on those panties and that peignoir. Call me when you're ready, and I'll come in and help you." She pecked me on the cheek and left the bedroom.

I stripped eagerly, anxious to begin my transformation, now that I had made up my mind. When I was nude, I picked up the panties and examined them. They were of bright orange nylon, with a row of lace on each hip. They looked rather small, but when I slipped them over my feet and tugged them up, the smooth fabric slid easily up my legs to fit snugly around my hips. I walked around a little to get the feel of them. Not bad, I thought. They were more comfortable than the masculine cotton briefs I was accustomed to.

I picked up the shimmering white nylon peignoir and slipped it on, noting how it caressed my body. It was a strange, but not unpleasant feeling. I called for Nancy, and she came in and stood looking at me for a moment.

"You're very cute, darling," she said. "You look almost like a girl already."

"These clothes even make me *feel* feminine . . . and I like it!" I said. "What's first?"

"Sit down there at the dressing table, and I'll put your makeup on."

I did so, and looked at the bottles and jars and tubes before me on the small table.

"Is all this going on my face?" I asked in awe.

"Most of it is," said Nancy. "Here, let me look at you." She turned me around and examined my face closely.

"Well, you don't need a shave, but I think your eyebrows could use plucking." She took out a pair of tweezers and, one by one, while I grimaced with pain, jerked out a hair here and there until she was satisfied.

"There. Now we're ready for the paint job." She worked swiftly, smoothing my eyebrows with pencil, lining and shading my eyes, and last, gluing on the long, curly eyelashes.

Finally, she was done. She stepped back to look at her work. "Oh, I can see you're going to be a beautiful woman!" she said.

"I should think so with all this gunk on my face," I said, smiling.

"And now, the crowning glory for every gorgeous girl!" said Nancy. She walked to the closet and returned, carrying a beautiful black wig. Carefully, she fitted it to my scalp, then added more makeup to blend it with the natural roots of my hair. She brushed it into a loose hairdo, then gave it a heavy lacquering with hairspray.

Again she stepped back to look and nodded in approval.

"You are a doll!" she said. "But no fair turning around to look! We've got to get you dressed first. Take off your peignoir."

I slipped the garment off and stood, feeling embarrassed in my dainty orange panties. Nancy handed me a lacy brassiere in the same color.

"Here, slip this on and I'll fasten it for you," she said. After some fumbling, I managed to get my arms through the straps and she fastened the back together.

"Tight, isn't it?" I said.

"It's supposed to be, silly. How else could it hold you up?"

"Hold what up? I haven't got anything."

"You will as soon as you put these in." She handed me a pair of pseudo-breasts, molded of rubber. They were very soft, and felt full of liquid. I slid them into place, and felt the bra straps tighten from the weight.

"How do they feel?" asked Nancy, looking at my bust critically.

"Kind of strange, but not bad. I'm glad I'm not a real woman, though. I feel so strange with these things stuck out in front of me."

"Oh, it won't be long before you're used to them, and won't notice them at all," said Nancy. "But now, we've got to hurry or we'll be late. Put this on next." She handed me a panty girdle with built-in padding on the hips and derriere.

"What's this for?" I asked, climbing into the girdle and tugging it up, noting how it hugged my flesh.

"Obviously, it's to give you female curves where you've got male angles. Now, your nylons."

I sat down on the bed to put the gossamer black stockings on. Nancy showed me how to roll them in my hands and smooth them up over my legs to fasten to the garters.

I was really enjoying myself now. The snug fit of the bra and girdle and the sleek silkiness of the nylons were foreign to me, but decidedly not uncomfortable.

"What's next?" I said happily.

"I'm afraid you'll have to put this on," said Nancy, holding out a lacy black waistcincher. "You've got a little midriff bulge."

She showed me how to position the garment around my waist and helped me fasten the row of tiny hooks up the front. With each snap I could feel my waist being pulled in tighter and tighter. I thought I would suffocate from the pressure.

"Hey, can't you loosen that at all?" I complained. "I can hardly breathe!"

"You'll get used to it in a minute," said Nancy. "Now, try your shoes on. I've got to teach you to walk in high heels. I sat down on the bed and slipped my feet into the black, spike-heeled pumps she handed me. They fit perfectly, and I mentioned this fact, and asked her how she had gotten everything in my exact size.

"Don't you remember when you sent for that tailormade suit from China? And the time you sent to Italy for shoes? Who helped you with your measurements?" she asked.

Then she got back to the matter at hand.

"All right, try to walk in your shoes. It's really easy once you get the idea. Just keep your toes pointed, and put your weight right over the heel."

Carefully, I took a step, then another. My ankles threatened to break with every move, but gradually I got the idea, and by the time I had walked a few times around the bedroom, I was keeping my balance quite well.

"Darling, keep your legs together when you walk," Nancy said. "Place one foot directly in front of the other. Remember, you're a girl now. And try to give a slight sway to your hips. That's better," she said, as I followed her suggestions.

I continued to pace the bedroom, watching my feet carefully to see that I placed them properly. When I was confident that I was walking correctly, I looked up at Nancy, then stopped and gaped. Nancy had been standing in front of the closet mirror, but now I had seen my reflection.

But could this be me? I approached the mirror slowly, unbelieving. Looking back at me was a beautiful young woman. Long tresses of ebony hair framed a soft, delicate face. My eyes were large and expressive, my nose perky and feminine, my lips full and lush. My slender neck led into smooth shoulders and long, slim arms. Full breasts swelled from my chest, and there was even a slight cleavage between. Below, my narrow waist flowed outward into womanly hips and down into long, curvaceous legs encased in black nylon. The feminine guise was completed by the high heels upon my small feet.

"Wow!" was all I could think of to say. "I'm really beautiful!"

"You certainly are, darling, just as I knew you would be. Now, let's complete the costume."

She went to the closet again, and returned with a lovely orange slip to match the panties and bra. The bodice was pure lace, as was a full foot of the hem.

I slipped it on and walked around a bit, twirling, relishing the touch of the smooth fabric against my skin.

"And now . . . the dress!" said Nancy triumphantly, holding it up. Even I, who knew nothing about women's fashions, had to admire the beauty of the garment she held up.

It was a sheath dress of pure silk, all black save for a foot-wide panel of white down the front, from bodice to hem, with three-quarter sleeves and a low, square cut neckline.

"It's beautiful!" I said. Nancy held it for me while I carefully stepped into it and she zipped me up. It fit like a glove, and I revelled in the hugging closeness of the black silk.

Nancy turned me around to look into the mirror again, and again, I was amazed at the femininity of the creature who looked back at me. It was hard to believe that the beautiful woman in the mirror was really me.

"Well, do you think anyone at the party will laugh at you? Do you think you look like a man in woman's clothes?"

"No, I look like a woman in woman's clothes," I said, "and I like it!"

"I thought you would, darling. You're much too pretty a girl to be a man all the time. If you really like dressing this way, you can do it all the time with me, after we're married. Now, I've got to get dressed or we'll really be late!"

Nancy shooed me into the living room to wait while she got dressed, suggesting I practice being a woman while I waited.

I did as she suggested, and for the next hour I tried to remember and put to use all the gestures I had seen women perform. I practiced walking, sitting, standing, and even tried to hold a cigarette in a feminine manner. I felt I was doing quite well, but with no one to criticize me, I couldn't be sure.

Finally, I heard the bedroom door open and turned to greet my fiance. But it was not Nancy who walked through the door. At least, not the Nancy I knew, for she was dressed from head to toe as a man!

She was wearing a dark gray suit, cut in the continental fashion, a pale blue dress shirt, and slim black tie. On her feet she wore black

wing-tipped shoes, with cleverly hidden lifts in them; this I knew because she was much taller than she had been before.

Her face had been darkened and roughened with some sort of chemical to give it a masculine complexion. She had glued bushy eyebrows over her own delicately arched ones, and her short hair had been combed into a bushy masculine hairdo. All in all, she was as convincing a man as I hoped I was a woman.

“What do you think, darling?” she said, “Am I a fitting escort for such a pretty girl?”

“I should have known this is what you’d wear,” I said, smiling. “Yes, I think you’ll do.”

“Then, let’s go,” she said. She walked to the closet and took out a light trenchcoat which she put on, then helped me on with a white linen spring coat with $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves that set off my dress beautifully. She also handed me a pair of white gloves and a purse, and we were ready to go.

Needless to say, I was extremely nervous as we walked down the hall and rang for the elevator. I was afraid I wouldn’t fool anyone, and as I watched the indicator near our floor number, it was all I could do to keep from bolting back to the safety of Nancy’s apartment.

Nancy sensed my anxiety, and squeezed my hand and said, “Don’t worry, no one will guess. Just remember what I told you about walking and acting like a woman.”

The elevator doors slid open then, and we entered, Nancy holding my arm in a typical masculine gesture. There were three others in the car, two men and a woman, who immediately renewed my fears; a man might not spot a femmepersonator, but I felt a woman would certainly recognize a fake. Nancy’s coaching must have been adequate though, for the three merely glanced at us and looked away.

The lobby was nearly empty when we arrived, which was a relief, although the elevator ride had done much to quiet my nerves. I began to feel that perhaps my disguise was passable.

This feeling was heightened when we passed through the door and the doorman nodded to Nancy and said, “Evening, sir,” then tipped

his hat to me and said, "Good evening, Ma'am." I managed to smile slightly and nod.

Nancy linked her arm in mine and we walked along the street to the car. We walked slowly, as I still hadn't become accustomed to high heels.

When we reached the car, Nancy opened the door for me and helped me in. I sank into the cushions with relief, for my ankles ached fiercely. Nancy slid in behind the wheel, and looked over at me.

"Darling," she said, smiling, "You're slipping already. Pull your skirt down and sit with your knees together."

I looked down. The hem of my dress had slipped high up my legs, exposing my nylons and garters. Habitually, I had slumped into a masculine position in the seat, with my legs apart.

Hastily, I tugged my dress down over my knees and put my legs together demurely. I resolved that I would not be so careless again, and would "think femme" as long as I was dressed as one.

Nancy drove smoothly through traffic until we had left the city behind us and were speeding along a dark country road. Finally, she turned off the highway onto a dirt road, and a few minutes later we pulled up in front of a large, well-lighted house.

"We're here," she said, getting out of the car, and coming around to open my door. I stepped out, a bit clumsily since I was still unused to the hobbling effect of my tight dress, and again she took my arm, as much to steady me as to appear masculine, I think.

"Now, don't worry," she said. "You don't have to try to pass here. This is a masquerade party, and no one will think it odd if they discover a man under your dress."

"I'm not worried now," I said. "And I'm not a man, I'm a woman, can't you tell?"

Nancy laughed. "All right darling, you're a woman. Let's go."

We walked up to the door and rang the bell. It swung open immediately, and we entered to the cacophony of a cocktail party in full swing.

The person who had opened the door I assumed was the host, for he was wearing no costume. He was a short, rather slim man who grinned broadly but said nothing, merely motioned us in with the glass in his hand. He preceded us to the source of the noise, and as we entered the room, I suddenly felt terribly out of place. This was not a masquerade party! All the people I saw were dressed normally, the women in chic cocktail gowns, the men in dark suits.

I stopped, panic-stricken, and Nancy, who still held my arm, stopped with me. Hastily, I pulled her out of the room, and whispered, "What's going on here? I thought you said this was a masquerade party!"

"Well, so it is, darling," she said, a coquettish little smile on her face. "But it's a special masquerade party. You see . . ."

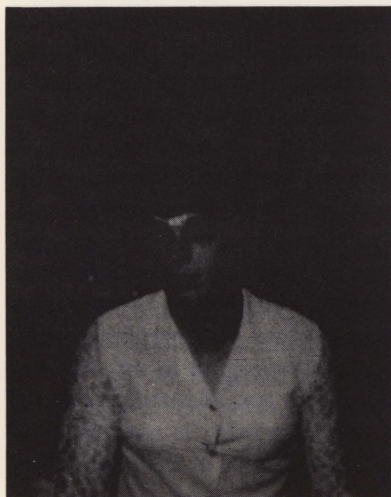
"But they're all dressed just like you and me!" I interrupted her.

"That's right . . . exactly like us," said Nancy. "All the girls in there are no more feminine than you are. And all the men . . ." she indicated the suit she was wearing.

"You mean . . . this is a party for people who like to dress in each other's clothes?" I said, unbelieving.

"Uh-huh," she said, linking her arm in mine again. "Now let's go meet our fellow transvestites!"

* * * *



Francene 21-D FPE



Barbara 5-B-32 FPE

"Dear Editor"



LETTERS

Dear Friend,

You may set your mind at rest. Dressing up is not a sin. Your wife, like most of the wives of men like yourself, does not understand the TV syndrome. This is not surprising because most other people including the TVs themselves do not understand the syndrome. When we don't understand a thing, we tend to think it means a lot of things it doesn't mean at all. It is for this reason that your wife thinks you are wallowing in sin. She should know by this time whether there is anything immoral connected with what you do. If there is not, then the dressing by itself is not sinful; unusual, yes; strange, perhaps; revolting to her, very likely, but sinful, no.

Because your wife does not understand the nature of TV, she cannot understand why, if you really love her, you cannot just stop, just as you might quit smoking or drinking, if it threatened the very existence of your marriage. Unfortunately, most of the experts don't understand the nature of the TV syndrome, so you can't blame your wife very much for feeling like she does. My own theory is that the TV syndrome has its beginning in very early infancy at the time the baby is forming the first beginnings of his self-image. On account of factors over which, obviously, the baby has no control he identifies himself in reference to some feminine figure in his environment, so that he says in effect: "that is the kind of person I am." There are various theories to explain why the baby identifies with the feminine rather than the masculine, but whatever the explanation, the baby certainly has no guilt in the process. You will notice that this has nothing to do with sex. Naturally none of this goes on at the level of consciousness, so the baby is not aware of what has happened to him till some time later. Stoller in his book, "Sex and Gender" says that gender identification is complete before the second year of life. What this means in practical terms is that a child

has imprinted on his mind from earliest infancy his own gender image which stays with him the rest of his life. If identification with the feminine has been strong enough to supercede the obvious fact of maleness, somewhere along the line the boy becomes conscious of "a girl within," and this is when he becomes a TV. If the urge has been strong enough to cause the boy to experiment with dressing, then his identification becomes crystallized, and for all practical purposes he just can't quit. Efforts made by TVs to quit lead to serious emotional problems with which I am sure you are familiar. Consequently, I urge TVs to try to find a way of living with their problem which will give them a reasonable release for their TV urge and will at the same time remove as much strain as possible from their wives and others for whom their TV activities are a serious trial. It is for this reason that I urge people like yourself to get into an FPE group, if at all possible.

My advice to wives is that they get to know other TVs and their wives, so I urge them to get acquainted, at least, with the people in the FPE group to which their husband belongs, even if they can't bring themselves to join in. One of the most effective means of counteracting the impression of TV wives that their husbands and those like him are degenerates is to have them meet other TVs. When they see a group of intelligent, well-adjusted, decent men, who are all TVs, they can't very well continue to look upon the TV activities of their husbands as some sort of immorality. I don't expect wives to *like* TV, but I would hope that most of them are willing to look at it as it really is.

I hope you may have success in persuading your wife to make an effort to understand your problem. This is a very difficult thing for TVs to accomplish. In the first place, the reaction of the wife to TV is perfectly natural. We have to understand this and accept it before there can be any progress toward her acceptance and understanding of TV. Once having understood that the wife's reaction is normal and reasonable, we can ask her to make the effort to understand the TV syndrome for what it *really* is, not what she *thinks* it is. Wives seem to think that TV represents moral degeneracy, which it does not, and they seem to be convinced that all their husbands have to do is *want* to quit, and they will be able to do it, which is due to a failure to appreciate the fact that TV is not an acquired habit (like smoking) but a personality defect imprinted on the brain from earliest infancy. It's almost like being left-handed.

Wives are also much concerned about what is going to happen if people find out, and this again is perfectly normal and understandable.

The great blessing of FPE is that TVs can have a reasonably satisfactory outlet for their desires without people ever finding out. If husbands are considerate of the legitimate concerns of their wives and wives are tolerant of the needs of their TV husbands, there is no reason why a *modus vivendi* cannot be worked out, so that the concerns of both are given consideration.

I have known Virginia Prince for almost ten years, and I have met several others. You may assure your wife that they are all decent, fine people, who are trying to find a way to live with a difficult problem. Without Virginia Prince and the people engaged with her in her work, people like you would still be wandering around in darkness with no one to help them. I think Virginia Prince is a real blessing to TVs all over the world, and far from making money out of her activities, she has probably sacrificed more economically than anyone else in the movement to educate the world as to what TV is all about.

I wish I could help you more, but for the moment, this is all I can do. I sincerely hope that your wife will tolerate at least your getting acquainted with the FPE group nearest you. It would be a wonderful outlet for you, and ultimately would help her.

Sincerely,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Adrian I. Dwyer

(Ed. Note: This is a letter written by Msgr. Dwyer to an FP who, in turn, sent it to me. It is reprinted here with the thought that it might be helpful to other readers, too.)

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

In her very good comments on Susanna's article about going full time femme in TVia No. 61, Sheila dusted off and brought out Myrtle and myself, the two antiques in the TV museum. So I am writing to say that in general I very much agree with her.

In my very long TV life it was not till almost middle age that I found out from Havelock-Ellis and Hirschfeld that TV's were not HS at all, then much more information from TVia. Also that Contact is the only safe way to find other TV's. Having had too little chance to dress and now little inclination; I have mostly day-dreamed of it, and formed many theories that seemed O.K. till I found a case that upset them. So all I am sure of is that in some way TVism has a sexual base, as it lessens very much with the loss of the sex urge. Still it reappears strongly after reading a good story or article in TVia so there you are again.

On the scale of one to six that Dr. Benjamin got out some years ago, persons dressing full time but with too much sense to have the operation rate five as TS not TV and that seems to me to be correct.

“Normal” persons would be surprised to know of the number of males on this continent alone living as females, many with good reasons. Most of us can remember boys in our school days of whom it was said “they ought to have been girls” and who did not have a happy life at school for that reason. Unfortunately too many still class TV’s with HS and perverts.

What strikes me in dressing full time is that the special TV thrill of donning our wonderful clothes is lost. A woman gets no more thrill than a man from getting up morning after morning dressing about the same as before and going to work. Of course she can change much more than most men can. Certainly a woman gets a lot of pleasure we men miss if she finds a dress that exactly suits her and brings out her best features. But too many find that they cannot afford it, and so take what they find and too often regret it. Even if she does find what she wants, it is not at all the thrill that it is to a TV. So, it seems to me that in dressing the same and living the same year after year you are losing the greatest pleasure of TVism.

All my life I have had physical, social, family, and especially financial troubles, and have seldom been clear of them. Yet, the too few times I was able to dress for any length of time I shed my troubles with the male clothes. I was happy and felt different in every way, though I have little experience of the “girl within” theory. Even the Cinderella knowledge that I would have to change back when the clock struck did not affect me much. I don’t know about Sheila’s statement that three days dressing would send her up the wall, for I never had more than one day, but housekeeping probably would. What I have always wanted to do and possibly the next generation can do, would be to be able to dress when I felt like it, go out in public and be accepted by friends as a man who, for his own reasons, chooses to dress as a woman at times. In my own case, I’d possibly look better than as a male.

So it all comes down to what we now call “doing out own thing.” But if you full time dressers will borrow a Bible, dust it off and look in the Book of Judges you will find that the mess Israel was in then was because “every man did that which was right in his own eyes.”

Very Sincerely,
Marjorie

* * *

ED. NOTE:

The following is a news note found by Maureen 6-J-1 FPE in a Denver paper and the reply that she wrote to this person. It is reproduced here to show the kind of thing you can do when you hear of or read about one of our undiscovered sisters. There are many others needing help; don't pass up the opportunity to offer it when it comes your way.

On routine patrol at Red Rocks, Sheriff's deputies came across a man sleeping in the front of a jeep about 4:45 a.m., woke him up, and when he came out from under his blanket they discovered he was wearing a padded bra, woman's slip, nylons and a brown wig. His jeep was filled with other women's apparel and he explained that "I like to dress this way." Officers noted that he was orderly and cooperative, took a few of his magazines away from him but then let him go back to dreamland in his getup.

Dear Transvestite:

I saw the comment about you in the May 28 issue of *The Sentinel*.

There are others like you in Lakewood, in Denver and around the world. Some of these persons have formed an international organization similar in some respects to Alcoholics Anonymous. Activities of local chapters provide a safe and satisfying solution. Only heterosexual transvestites are involved; there is no connection with homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. The organization is approved by various doctors, psychiatrists, judges and lawyers. Two Denver psychiatrists have been involved including participating in a one-hour television program on it.

Please read the enclosed booklet, "An Introduction To The Subject Of Transvestism." If you are a heterosexual transvestite and would like help and a better way out, write to the address in it.

Personal security measures are of utmost importance to protect the privacy of individuals in the organization. Hence you can not reach me except through the California headquarters. And rest assured I have no way of knowing your identity. If this letter reaches you it will have been through the kindness and consideration of the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office.

Sincerely,
A friend

(Ed. Note: This is a letter from a minister who wished to remain anonymous. I received it a couple of years ago but filed it. Recently I came across it again and thought it would be appropriate to print.)

Dear Miss Prince:

Today a friend told me of the suicide of the husband of one of her friends. He hanged himself. But first he dressed as a woman. They found him, dead, in such woman's clothing as he had. It was all hushed up, of course.

He was a wonderful man. He was a good husband, a fine father, a productive citizen, a well-educated and well-liked member of society. But within him evidently were woman-urges which our society says should not be expressed or even had by a man. He stood it as long as he could. Then he took his life. I don't know if his wife knew or approved of his transvestite desires or not — probably not, because a transvestite with an accepting wife is not driven to suicide.

In a way, of course, he did not take his own life — it was taken from him, by our sex-restrictive social ideas that only a male can be a man and only a female can be a woman. Part of him was both. Society did not let that part of him, and it proved to be a vital part, not just a spare appendage. The total life of him could not go on with that part killed.

This kind of suicide happens more times than is generally known, because it is usually covered up. In my work I have known of more than several men and boys — sometimes in childhood and teen years — found dead by their own hands, dressed in girls or womans clothing. Their last mute witness to the society they were leaving told the cause of their suicide — told it in death, as they were not allowed to tell it in life.

I showed my friend your Transvestia Magazine, and told her of the several clubs now organized in Los Angeles and elsewhere. If her friend's husband could have known of you, he would not have been driven to suicide. He would have found life for this part of him which demanded to live or else the whole to die.

Somehow, word of your work should be made more public. There are other husbands, fathers, constructive members of society, taxpayers, to be saved from suicide. And for every one who in desperation finally takes his life, there are dozens, perhaps hundreds, who suffer it through — long years of deep agony, needless misery. Medicine goes to great lengths to relieve bodily pain which is much more superficial than this kind of pain.

I don't know how you'll do it, but I hope you can in some way get it publicly known that there are groups such as yours, and your "Transvestia" Magazine. Alcoholics Anonymous does a tremendous job. It has saved hundreds of thousands of people from being a waste society. In these days of government spending, every taxpayer needs to be saved! But much more important, of course, is the personal loss involved. You, too, just as AA does, can save homes, save husbands to their wives, fathers for their children. I wonder if we'll ever know how many homes have been needlessly, foolishly, broken, simply because the wife didn't have any understanding of the transvestite urge in her husband! And then just the sheer misery of the individual who experiences these woman-urges, as a very real and vital part of his being, calling for expression, for life — and who feels he must deny and stifle that living part of his own being — this personal misery should be relieved.

Let your magazine and your associations become known. Guard yourselves from those in society who won't appreciate you at first, and like AA, guard the anonymity of your members. But let your work, the fact that you exist, be made more widely known, for the people who need you. What you are doing is a saving work, which needs to be more widely known, so that those who really need you can be brought to you. This is serious.

Sincerely,

* * * * *



“Take my word for it, Jimmie . . .
it's YOU!”



OBSERVATIONS

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE LATELY

by Virginia

Most of you spent many years in a limbo of doubt about yourselves — what you were and what you weren't — and with a great feeling of loneliness and a need to share. Some FPs work their way out this morass by themselves but for many more the finding of TVia and through it the knowledge that you weren't alone, you weren't homosexual and you weren't sick, was the beginning of self acceptance. I have many letters of appreciation for the help that my efforts have been to many of you. I'm glad you have appreciated them and I'm human enough to feel nice when you tell me so. But for everyone that does I can't help thinking that there are 10 more out "there" still in that same limbo.

Unhappily most human beings are centered on themselves — their wants, their needs, and their accomplishments. Unfortunately too many of those who have achieved self acceptance forget both what it was like to be alone and that there are great numbers who still are. While I like your letters of appreciation, I'd like it still more if you would apply that appreciation to the job of finding those who are still in limbo — where you probably were not too long ago. Please do your share in helping them. How, you ask? Well there are 7 ways suggested below and if you put your mind to it you could doubtless think of others. See if you can't make a New Years resolution to help those behind you. Since you no more than I can't just go out and find them, the magazine or my appearance on radio and TV are about the only way we can let them "discover" us. So if you can help in one or more of these ways, please plan to do so.

1. The pamphlet, "Introduction to Transvestism" is available at cost from Chevalier (10c ea.) Any of you can afford a couple of dollars worth of them and the necessary postage to mail them out to doctors, lawyers, ministers, police officials, judges, marriage counsellors, news-

paper "advice" columnists and anyone else that you can think of who is in a position which may bring them into contact with FPs one way or another. You never know when one of these will filter into the hands of someone who needs it. Or you may, by getting the pamphlet into some official's hands, aid him in aiding one of our sisters sometime and some place. I have myself given away several thousand of these and every now and again I get an inquiry in the mail addressed to Dept. "L" which stood for lecture and is the address on the leaflet. Somebody found us through it.

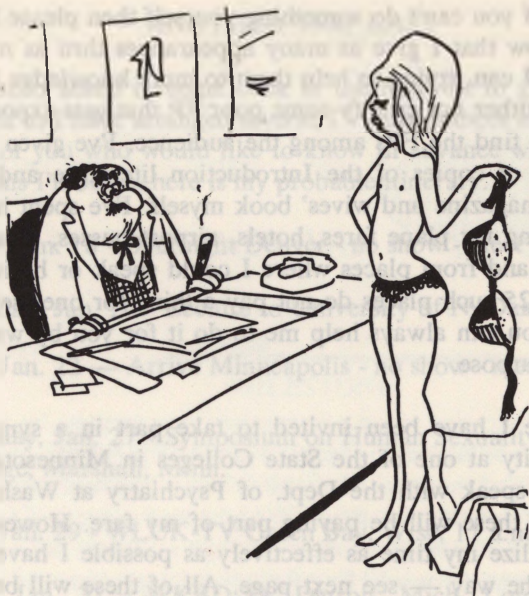
2. You can go to your public library — preferably more than one — and to college and university libraries. Check out the size and general set up of the cards in their file. Get some cards of the same size or larger and cut them down. Type the subject TRANSVESTISM just as they have done on other cards and in the same location on the card. Below it type in, "for further information on this subject contact The Foundation for Personality Expression, Box 36091 Los Angeles, Calif. 90036.

Some poor lonesome FP or his distraught wife will go to the library someday seeking information and will look under "T" for it. There probably won't be anything else, but there will be your card and maybe they will write for information.

The Library will have no way of knowing who did it so there is no risk for you. If a librarian finds it and writes to me about it, I'll be all innocence because I too won't know who did it, but it will give me a chance to put in a plug for the library to put in some information on the subject such as the Wives' book.

3. This also involves libraries and the Wives' book. I have made a standing offer to mail to any library a copy of this book and pay the postage of 45c myself if you will send me the special half price cost of \$2 and the name and address of the library. Please write a short letter of donation to go with it explaining why it is being donated and requesting that they not put it on the Reference Shelf where people will be embarrassed to ask for it but on open circulation so that it can be most available to help any distraught wife who comes looking for information. Here again you may never know the results but you will know in your own conscience that you have done something to help. A couple of our readers have donated \$40 each to get the magazine into 20 different state, county, city, and college libraries.

4. Most of you looked around for a long time trying to find something on the subject without success or you found something that looked like it might be helpful and spent a good piece of change on a piece of junk. You probably went to the mainstreet type of stores now refer-



"But your ad SAID topless waitress'."



"No, I don't mind answering a few questions as long as they're not too personal."

7. Finally, if you can't do something yourself then please help me do it. You all know that I give as many appearances thru as many media and groups as I can, trying to help them to more knowledge in the hope that they will either not crucify some poor FP that gets exposed or even better to try to find the FPs among the audience. I've given away literally thousands of copies of the Introduction literature and dozens of copies of the magazine and wives' book myself. I've spent hundreds of dollars travelling for plane fares, hotels, airport busses, meals, phones, etc. getting to and from places where I could speak or be interviewed, and 24 out of 25 such places do not pay a thing for ones services. So if you can't go you can always help me to do it for you by way of donations for that purpose.

For example I have been invited to take part in a symposium on Human Sexuality at one of the State Colleges in Minnesota. I've also been asked to speak with the Dept. of Psychiatry at Wash. U. in St. Louis. Both of these will be paying part of my fare. However as I always try to utilize my time as effectively as possible I have shows arranged along the way — see next page. All of these will be side trips from the path on which my fare will be paid. Even with coach fares land and Chicago have already said yes. All of these will be side trips from the path on which my fare will be paid. Even with coach fares on planes and cheap rooms in hotels it still ads up rapidly and I simply don't have the wherewithal to do things on my own as I used to. So you can help in this effort and frankly I solicit such help. A months trip away from home requires a large outlay on my part, both in time, money, and falling behind in work. So here is where you can help indirectly if not directly. I just can't do it all alone.

So again, and in conclusion — please think for a bit of how it was with you and remember all the others who are still there. There are lots of calls on our time and money these days and we can't fill them all by any means, but the sisters out there are our sisters — they feel just like you felt and should therefore have a greater call on your sympathy and help than many other otherwise admirable appeals for help. So, as the story says:

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE LATELY?”

Virginia

* * * * *

ANOTHER TRIP EAST

I have been asked to come back to the midwest to give a couple of lectures and so I have arranged several TV appearances at the same time. For those of you who would like to know in advance where I'll be and what stations I'll be on, here is my probable itinerary.

Monday, Jan. 18 - Overnight Denver - no show - meet FPEs.

Wednesday, Jan. 20 - Lecture to University of N. Dakota - Williston.

Friday, Jan. 22 — Arrive Minneapolis - no show - meet FPEs.

Wednesday, Jan. 27 - Symposium on Human Sexuality at S.W. Minn. State College, Marshall, Minn.

Friday, Jan. 29 - WLUK-TV Green Bay, Wisc. 11 a.m.

Sunday, Jan. 31 - WKBD-TV Detroit, Mich. Lou Gordon Show 10 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 3 - WLS-TV "Chicago" Show 10 p.m. (?) Stay Executive House Wednesday night.

Saturday, Feb. 6 - WCIU-TV Chicago, Marty Faye show. Check time.

Sunday, Feb. 7 - WMAQ-TV "Kups" Show Chicago. Not confirmed by press time - check with station.

Monday, Feb. 8 - WKYC-Radio Cleveland, Allan Douglas show. p.m. I think. Check with station for time.

Wednesday, Feb. 10 - KDKA-TV Pittsburg "Contact" show 9 a.m.

Thursday/Saturday, Feb. 11-13 - Inst. Sex Research, Bloomington Ind.

Tuesday, Feb. 16 - Dept. Psychiatry, Washington Univ. St. Louis.

Wednesday, Feb. 17 - In Houston

Monday, Feb. 22 - Dept. Psychiatry, Univ. of Colorado, Denver.



OBSERVATIONS

I WENT TO TEACH AND STAYED TO LEARN

Tyler McFate

Ed. Note: The following short commentary was written by a GG cosmetologist who was asked to come to an ALPHA-FPE meeting and teach the girls about makeup. She was so interested and impressed that she was made an honorary member of Alpha and expressed her feelings about the group in this brief article. Although primarily an Alpha event I felt that her comments would be enjoyed and appreciated by other FPs elsewhere and that they might in some way be handy in speaking to any "reluctant" GGs, wives or otherwise, so I have printed it here for all to enjoy:

* * * * *

Two years ago, while I was directing a Make Up School, we were contacted by an FPE and ended up by giving her instructions in makeup. We lost track of each other after that, and I had no idea at the time that I would eventually be thanking her for enriching my life. Late August she called to ask me if I would give a makeup demonstration to her group of FPs. (Alpha FPE). I agreed to do so and I did. The interest shown at the demonstration developed into special classes in cosmetics and makeup for a number of the girls. We are now in our fifth session and my enthusiasm is growing with each one. My students are attentive, curious, and have a real desire to learn.

One cannot just stop at proper cheek color placement or how to cover a beard. It all goes so much deeper. To help each one of these girls toward the attainment of that image they each have of their femme-self meant that I had to be able to be receptive to their unexpressed needs. It has given my own life a new dimension by making me more aware not only of other people but of a new pride in my own self as a woman. To be able to enjoy both worlds and to seek perfection as a woman — who could deny anyone that? Your ability to enjoy your other selves puts you way ahead of the game.

I've belonged to other womens organizations but never felt so welcome as in the Alpha group — never such genuine friendliness, sincerity and harmony. There is no pettiness there. I've observed men gossiping as badly as women but as FPs you seem to desire only those qualities admirable in a GG. Thank you for the new interest you have given me and for enriching my life. Although I went to teach, I found that I'd just begun to learn.

Your friend
Tyler McFate

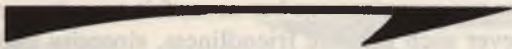
* * * * *

MILESTONE

Alpha Chapter - FPE celebrated it's 7th annual Christmas with a banquet. We got brave, asked the hotel where we have been meeting about it. They were happy to oblige so we had a steak dinner party, presents — the works — party dresses, party decorations, punch beforehand — 28 people sat down including 8 GGs — a marvelous experience for all.

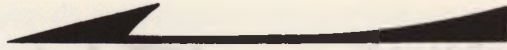


Back: Billie, Betsy, Sherry, Rayna, Mary, Peggy, Irene;
Middle: Joan, Frances, Joyce, Wanda, Veronica, Sylvia;
Front: Cathy, Layne, Virginia, Theresa, Carol.



THE TROUBLES OF AN FP GIRL

Sheila 30-B-2 FPE



My job is full of problems, I shall relate a few
Of the more peculiar things that I'm supposed to do:
And if I could just up and quit whenever I get sore
My brother sure would have to hire a dozen girls or more.

He used to think that I was dumb, and that was bad enough
But now he knows that I can write, and things are REALLY tough!
He dumps a stack of numbers in my lap and lets me know
They've got to be a neat report in just a day or so.

Whatever bunch of bums he joins, they make him Secretary
And you can guess who does the work — and her name isn't Mary!
So then they pat *him* on the back and say he's doing fine —
I'd like to slap his silly face, except it's also mine!

He just loves to experiment, but wouldn't hurt a cur
So when he needs a guinea-pig, it's, "OK, I'll use HER"
He's taking up photography, and a model's all he needs
So who'll spend hours posing in a string of dime-store beads?

By nature I'm a party-girl — a poetess - a witch
And all this extra typing makes me scratch where I don't itch.
Sometimes I really do catch up and think that I am through
And then comes mail from Chevalier: Virginia wants some too!

So when at last I get to bed, to rest our weary body
I have to tell him stories, just like Queen Scheherazade
Since if I don't, we'll NEVER sleep, I try to weave a spell —
At least he can't take off my head if they don't turn out well.

The way his dirty friends can talk makes Fanny Hill seem mild,
And then there's broken finger nails, which simply drive me wild.
All this just simply goes to prove what you have surely known
The poor, hard-working "girl within" has troubles of her own!



YAMS

Robin 5-B-24 FPE

Mr. Green sat there contemplating the contents of the letter. It was in reply to his inquiry to "The More Feminine You Institute" and signed by the director, a Miss Anita Stone. The letter pointed out that the Institute had the basic purpose of altering the physical appearance of poorly endowed women so they would appear more feminine. This included such items as improving curves, removing facial and other unsightly hair, improving complexion, and what could be summed up as a charm course. The Institute was not intended for men but due to the special circumstances Mr. Green had outlined in his letter an exception might be possible. At any rate he could have an appointment with the director if he so desired.

An appointment was made and Mr. Green found himself in the office of Miss Anita Stone. After exchanging greetings and a few awkward platitudes Miss Stone got right to the point.

"From your letter I gather you would like to have your beard removed. Why?"

"It is just that I am tired of shaving." Mr. Green said blushing.

"I see. Quite unusual of course, but we can do it. However, I regret to say you do not fully comprehend our methods. It is really quite revolutionary. Safe but revolutionary. You see we do it with creams and diet. Extract of yams, actually."

"Yams?"

"Yes, but let me finish. This is a wild yam which is gathered by Indians in Mexico near Oxaca. It is similar to the yam used to produce hormones

for contraceptive pills. As a matter of fact this variety of yam is packed with female hormones. Cooked they are ineffective, otherwise they produce startling results. A cream we make from the yam extract removes the hair while the diet inhibits growth. The side effects which you must be warned of are even more startling and result in a lovely glowing complexion plus building up feminine curves. All of our clients have been tremendously pleased. At any rate you can see, Mr. Green, why the Institute is strictly for women."

She stopped and there was a long pause. Clearly it was Mr. Green's turn to speak.

"You mean to say then, Miss Stone, that not only would I lose my beard but I would take on the secondary characteristics of a woman?"

"Yes, precisely."

"Well, could the process be reversed if I stopped the yam treatment. Could it be controlled?"

"It could be arrested but it is irreversible as far as I know. At least it would take a long period of time. Really I am sorry to have disappointed you."

Mr. Green emitted a long sigh. "I would like to try."

Miss Stone frowned, feeling she had not made herself clear. "But Mr. Green it would be embarrassing to you to appear in public after such a treatment. Your hips . . . your . . . well your breasts, you couldn't hide them you know."

There was another long pause. Then Miss Stone continued, "Besides the treatments are initially given under supervision here at the Institute and we have only women here. You certainly aren't thinking of adopting the apparel of a woman? I mean, to be perfectly frank, that is what it would amount to."

Mr. Green grew bolder. "Yes, I would be willing to do that."

Miss Stone lost her composure. "Really, Mr. Green do you know what you are saying?" She reached for a cigarette, shaking. "You mean you would enter the woman's world just to satisfy your craving to get rid of your beard?"

Mr. Green looked deep into her eyes and in even tones asked. "Will you accept me as one of your clients?"

The director thought for a long time. Got up and paced. Sat down. Snuffed out her cigarette. "Very well Mr. Green this is our fee. Of course it is quite large but it includes charm school and lodging. Our clients must do exactly as we say. Only the staff will know the circumstances in your case. All others will know you as Miss Green, and you will always be referred to as a woman while on the premises of my Institute. *Do you agree?"*

Without hesitation Mr. Green agreed.

"Then when will you be available to begin treatment?"

"Tomorrow." he said.

"Very well. Report at midnight and you will be given a room. None of the other clients will be up. Against the rules. Beauty sleep you know."

With that the conference was over. They stood, shook hands and Mr. Green departed catching her final words, "Good Luck."

The next evening Miss Green was shown to a small but comfortable room with private bath in which he soon found himself immersed after drinking a yam "milkshake." After the bath an attendant applied a pleasant cream to his entire body and dressed him in light plastic pajamas designed to keep the cream in place. A facial mask was applied. Then a pill and he was off to sleep. It was a long sleep with vague interruptions for more yam cocktails and additional cream. He was allowed to awake the second day and once again led to the bath where all the cream was removed. All the cream and all his hairiness. He noted at once the soft smooth and light texture of his skin. It was indeed miraculous and although there was no evidence of curves as yet it was clear that the yam had already done its job on the skin. Facing a mirror he could see that not only was he absolutely beardless, but that he wore a light and delicate complexion.

As he reentered his room he found it was occupied by a young blonde attendant who greeted him coolly. "I will be your personal attendant while you are here at the Institute, Miss Green. You will find panties, bra, girdle and hose on the bed. There is a slip in the dresser drawer and

a dress hanging in the closet. Please dress. I'll be back in a short time with cosmetics and your wig."

She left without a word and Miss Green began dressing. Everything fitted perfectly. The lingerie was delicate and lavishly frilled with lace. All was matching pink. He was just reaching for his dress, a light yellow shift with peter pan collar when his attendant returned. She gazed at him without the slightest bit of approval although there was the faintest trace of a smile.

"I am Miss Harris and you should not look so embarrassed standing in front of me like that. I know but do not understand the circumstances."

Miss Green was truly embarrassed. It was evident in the deep blush covering her newly acquired complexion. Here she was, standing before this girl, clad in ultra feminine lingerie which the attendant herself had picked out. If only she had had time to put on her dress. But that was an irrational thought since the attendant was aware of all the intimate details in any case.

There was even more embarrassment when Miss Harris told him to delay putting on the dress until she had completed the task of putting on the cosmetics. She instructed Miss Green to follow every step of the procedure as this was part of the program. First the brows were thoroughly plucked until only two thin curves remained. They were then shaped even more femininely with eyebrow pencil. Next she applied and shaped false eye lashes. With great care she high-lighted the eyes with lining and shadowing. Miss Green's face was enhanced with a light foundation which was all that was required due to her already wonderful complexion. While applying the lipstick Miss Harris cautioned that it should never be too bright and only a shade or two more than the skin tone.

At last she fitted a reddish brown wig and stood back but still showed no sign of approval although there seemed to be a flicker of triumph as she handed over the little yellow shift and matching yellow shoes. Soon, with some finality, she zipped up the dress and her client stood before her charmingly feminine and completely encased in women's attire.

Still Miss Harris failed to indicate approval but the hint of triumph was even more apparent.

“Miss Green the yams will eventually give you all the curves you need. However, I assure you that the other women won’t notice since they are here for the same purpose. You will have dinner with them this evening. Until then you will get acquainted with them in the lounge and participate in the usual girl talk, which of course you must get used to. Tomorrow at nine you will join them in charm school. Follow me please.”

Miss Green felt somehow naked as she left the confines of her room noting that her only protection was feminine apparel. She had the wild idea of running and hiding as she approached the lounge. But it was too late now, this is what she wanted and she must face up to it.

It was so odd to be introduced as Miss Green, but she noted with pleasure how easily she was accepted. She caught herself in a full length mirror and gave a little gasp at the feminine image which looked back. The mirror was like a magnet. She kept glancing at herself and was frightened that someone would notice. Of course she wouldn’t be. That was the whole purpose of the mirror. The clients were supposed to use it to be forever conscious of their new selves; to strive for more and more improvement.

Two women about Miss Green’s age invited her to sit with them. Initially she was apprehensive but as they conversed tension eased and she became more and more comfortable, until by the time dinner was announced she felt natural. She not only was accepted as a woman she was accepting them as if she were indeed a woman.

Just before dinner they all gratefully sipped their yam cocktails.

Any client who came to “The More Feminine You Institute” and expected the process to go on under leisurely conditions was, or had been, quite naive. It was just plain hard work under a relentless routine that was dedicated to perfection. It was breakfast at eight which on the surface doesn’t sound too harsh, but when you consider the requirement that each girl was expected to be meticulously made up and carefully dressed it was an early hour indeed. Miss Green for instance (although she was not the only one) required a good hour and a half dressing and primping the first week. Her greatest problem was combing out her wig each morning as it was one of the routines to set it each evening. For that matter lights out was at ten which forced Miss Green to an even earlier retirement in order to set the wig.

The classes were severe although they seemed simple enough. But try walking then standing as femininely as possible over and over again under the pressure of concentration and supervision. It becomes a strain. It makes one weary. Then sitting and standing, standing and sitting, walking, picking up a book, putting it down, on and on and on. The voice classes were even more demanding if that were possible. The quality, the inflexion, the tone, vocabulary, everything must be perfect or the whole process was to be repeated. Tape recordings were kept on each girl and it was almost maddening to listen to yourself over and over again until the voice supervisor was satisfied.

It was always "think feminine and be feminine." This was the motto of the school. Never was there any let up. It really became a competition to see who could be more feminine than the others. The results were truly startling not only due to the yam effect but the conscious effort of doing the best one could possibly do, until finally it was done unconsciously and automatically.

Miss Green, as might be expected, was self conscious for the first days but those days were gone now and she competed with all her enegeries with the feeling of knowing she was as much a woman as any of the others and the determination to be the most feminine. The yams had taken their effect and she was curving out delightfully except for one portion which had shrunk to insignificance. It was now natural for her to speak softly with a feminine ring without ever reminding herself. Primping had become easy and certain with a flair of confidence. Some of the others, particularly the new comers, had come to envy her and through her example to gain even more determination.

She had earned the right to make her first "field trip" which meant going shopping for a complete womans outfit. It was to be a test of her feminine tastes and behavior. None other than Miss Stone accompanied her. It was a huge success and Miss Green was delighted to fawn over so many feminine delectables and to try on the newest styles. Even the director was amazed and pleased how her client stood out in the womans world as one who was proud of her femininity. She passed with the highest of marks, and there was nothing more that the Institute could do for her.

The next day Miss Green was called to the directors office, where she was greeted by a smiling and friendly Miss Stone, who asked her to sit down and then declared that she was very pleased with the results of the program. They chatted for some time until the director got around to a point she had in mind.

"I am thinking of setting up an Institute in another city. I like your straightforward approach to things and the easy manner in which you make friends with other women. You gain instant respect not only from your appearance but in the manner you put things to people. I have a great deal of confidence in you and knowing your past business experience want to offer you the new directorship. You can take your training here. You will be well rewarded, I assure you. Please think it over tonight and tell me what you think in the morning."

Miss Green was flattered with the proposition and smiled happily.

"Thank you for the compliment," she said. "Of course I'll think it over."

That was a year ago, a tremendously happy year. There is no longer any need for the yams since they would be quite redundant considering my figure. The new Institute is an enormous success, so much so that we have quite a waiting list. Thus far we have only had women, as might be expected, but I am understanding and prepared. Should any TV be interested they need only write to me, Miss Dorothy Green at "The More Feminine You Institute," and I will be happy to make an appointment. All matters are handled confidentially.

* * * * *





"Admit it, Selma — he isn't like most other boys his age — is he?"



"Junior — go to your room and take off your father's clothes!"



“Gee, I’d like to get into your pants . . . and your bra and slip and dress and those naughty high heel shoes, too!”



“It turned out he was a transvestite — he invited me up to show me his dresses.”

red to as "Adult" bookstores. Unhappily these are about the only type of store that will carry TVia but it is also where the searching FP looks. So approach such stores in your city and show and tell them about the magazine and see if you can't get them to express an interest in carrying it. The price to them is \$2.75 per issue post prepaid and COD. If they will give you an order there and then take it and mail it to me. If they want to contact me write me their name and address and the man to write to and I'll take it from there. If you can get the magazine in a store some lonely FP will find it just like many of you did.

5. Run an ad in some local newspaper — even in a neighborhood throw-away sheet, anything that has a Personals column in it. Lots of FPs look in such columns hoping to find some woman who is selling larger sized clothing, furs or wigs as a means of avoiding the embarrassment of shopping in stores. Imagine the surprise and interest you would have felt years ago to find an ad such as: "Are you a heterosexual male who enjoys wearing womens clothes? Would you like help in understanding yourself, meeting others etc. Write Chevalier Publications, Dept. _____ Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036." In the blank space insert the first 3 numerals of your local zip code and then write me that you have done so so we can keep track of the success of the ad. If your newspaper is censorious of ads be sure and use the words "heterosexual" and "counselling" so as to avoid the gay implications and to indicate that the purpose is help and counselling. The second line could well be, "Do you need help and counselling?" This should get by the editor and should also appeal to the FP who sees it. Would you have answered such an ad 10 years ago? If yes, then put one in for the next guy, if no then ask yourself what would have caught your eye and put that in instead. Everybody won't react to the same thing but all FPs will react to some sort of statement that is up their alley.

6. If you feel free enough to be able to give talks or radio appearances or whatever on the subject please do so. I've printed enough of my talks and papers in the past to provide plenty of meat for your efforts. If you can't talk, write. Write to columnists like Dear Abby (tho she has been brain washed by me so she is not so needful, try the others) when they write an answer to a letter that refers to cross dressing, and give her/him hell or praise according to what was deserved. Write to magazine editors who publish stupid contrived stories such as you find occasionally in mens magazines and tell him how stupid they are and ask him if he would run a decent article on the subject. If he says yes, either you do it yourself or send the data to me and I'll try to find time to do so.



“LETTING THE TRUTH BE KNOWN”

Joyce 41-B-1 FPE

Transvestites are seemingly shy about their existence, yet it also seems that there is a common urge to tell others about this “other side of one’s personality.” I know that I have had this urge, and perhaps my experience may be of help to some of you.

How does one go about telling “outsiders” about one’s femmeself? Two things are important, conviction and opportunity. Conviction, firmly resolving within one’s self that the other person must know, for their well being and/or yours. I decided that before I could marry my fiance, in fairness to her, I had to tell her about Joyce. Oh, I know how easy it is to write about it now, but I changed my mind a hundred times and lost several night’s sleep before I could speak the words “I am a transvestite” to her. Opportunity, the right time and the right place, is also vital. I believe it is best to tell the other person when you are alone and in a serious mood. To let the truth be known at a party or when either of you is not in full understanding is self-defeating.

I chose to tell my fiance only after seriously considering all of the consequences. Would she be revolted or helpful? Would she laugh or cry or be indifferent? Would, in short, her reaction be positive or negative? I came to the conclusion that if her reaction was negative, there couldn’t have been a very true relationship in the first place and that it was best to know now. She had to know, I felt, because it is something that we would both be living with for the rest of our lives.

I took her to a movie and afterwards I drove around for an hour trying to summon the courage to tell her. My palms were sweating, my knees were shaking, and I smoked excessively. I parked in front of the dorm that she was living in. It was now or never. I turned to her and

said that there was something that I felt I had to tell her. That it was something that was important to me and had to be clearly understood before we could marry. I took the plunge and stammered, "I . . . I'm a transvestite." I waited for the roof to cave in. It didn't. She was not familiar with the word. I explained to her what it meant, using information and explanations from my experience and from articles I had read in TVia. I finished by asking her if there were any questions in her mind about me or about TVism. Her reply convinced me that I was one of the luckiest people in the world. She said that she understood and that it made no difference. After all, she was in love with me, not with what I chose to wear. She said that love was something that wasn't turned on and off like a water faucet. Since that evening my life has improved greatly. I had someone who knew and someone I could turn to for help. It is a wonderful feeling.

My advice for anyone who feels that they must tell another is simple. Be firmly resolved that you are willing to accept their reaction, whether it is positive or negative. Make sure that the situation is proper for what you are about to discuss. Make sure that the other person fully understands what TVism is and what it is not.

I hope that this will help you toward finding a better understanding and acceptance of yourself. Remember TVism is not something that is bad. Nothing that gives such joy can be bad.



"Hello, computer dating service. . .?"

ME, MYSELF AND I
OR
WHAT ARE YOU?



This is probably a strange title and stranger still, though it is in the first person this editorial is not about me but about you and you and yes, YOU too. It's in the first person because I'd like to stir you up into thinking about yourselves in a special way. Self identity is a very important thing for human beings — without exception for race, creed, color or the era of their lifetime. We all have to establish some sort of concept of what we are and who

we are. It is no problem to give our legal name, street address, and occupation, and on one level, the legal, that does identify us to others, but it doesn't do much for us, ourselves. What is the basic fact on which you construct your self concept? Try an experiment! Ask 10 or 20 people what they would say if you were a man from Mars and ran across them out in the country alone and asked them curiously, "What Are You?" I'll wager that among the first 5 things that all of them, male and female alike, would say would be, "I am a man (male) or woman (female)." The sex is in brackets because either word might be used but it would mean the same to the speaker in either case.

The significance of this lies in the fact that each of us builds our self concept basically and fundamentally on our sex. I wonder if this is not just our animal self showing thru. Although animals don't think and don't have conscious self concepts in the sense that humans do (as far as we can tell at least) they do all know *what* (not

who) they are. They know it instinctively in a reproductive sense. Under the appropriate set of stimuli the males behave like males should and mount females and the females if similarly stimulated respond in the appropriate fashion and receive the male. Thus the species goes on generation after generation because each animal "knows" in an instinctive, programmed sense of the word which of the two kinds he or she is. And that is as it should be for lower animals that operate largely on instinct and do not possess the thinking capacities that humans have. But do we humans still have to be stuck with that lower evolutionary level of identity or can we rise to something more appropriately human? I think we can, I think we should, and eventually we will. Some of us already have and in all modesty I think my peculiar life experiences have brought me to that point. But now to examine the matter from a slightly different point of view for a moment.

Several days ago I had occasion to talk to someone who was an FP some years ago but who, in spite of all counsel and warnings from his friends, went through with the change of sex surgery. He then lived for a couple of years still as a man but without male organs, until his electrolysis smoothed his face too much and the hormones developed his breasts too much so that it became rather awkward for him to remain a man. He then changed to "she" and began some two years after surgery to live as a woman. In discussing this with him he told me, "I hated George, and by having surgery I killed him." (The name is not the real one for security reasons). Here was a classical case of the Freudian idea of the personification of the self, the male self, in the penis. When the penis was gone the "George" self was dead. The fact that otherwise he looked the same, talked the same, had the same memories, talents, shortcomings, etc. as "George" did, made no difference, he wasn't "George" because "George" had been "killed" by the surgeon. In essence then the "George" self was embodied in and arose from the penis.

A few days later I had an opportunity to talk to a female-to-male TS. This person had been a mother three times, though unwillingly since she had all her life wanted to be a boy and man and had gone thru the marriage and motherhood bit to try to conform to societies ideas of what a female was supposed to do. When I met "him" he was sporting a beard, mustache and sideburns and had a good crop of hair on the back of his hands and forearms. His voice too was quite adequately masculine. His significance to this article lay in the fact that he confessed that immediately after surgery to remove the breasts (the only surgery he has had so far) was one of

depression and guilt because of the feeling "I've murdered my children's mother." This was very interesting to me since at first blush one (especially a genetic male) would tend to think of her motheringness as being personified in the uterus — where the baby came from. But on more thoughtful consideration the point was more logical. The uterus is, after all, only a baby basket, the mother has little to do with the processes that go on there, she just carries the child around like a foreign body (which it really is) for nine months and then gets rid of it. But the baby, once being alive and in this world, needs to be loved, fed and nurtured, and the mammary glands of the female are par excellence the mothering center for both the female and the baby. Without breasts this individual could no longer "mother," that is feed and physically nurture her children, and as she had herself brought about their removal she was guilty of "murdering" this "mother" person. She too had fixated this aspect of her self image in a sex organ.

Well, these two examples only serve to point up quite dramatically what we all do without knowing it. We start our concept of ourselves from our respective sex equipment and its functions which is essentially just what animals do on an instinctive level. But what about this, do we have to stay at this level? Can't we just be people and build our self concept on some other foundation? Yes I think we can and moreover I think FPs are making the first step in that direction when they select a femme name and acknowledge the existence of a "girl within" regardless of how well or how poorly developed she may be. In short when we can really, on a gut level, begin to build our concept of ourselves, our identities on an "I am a human being, I am a person" level rather than I am a male-man or female-woman level we will have begun to move up the scale away from our animal predecessors.

Now this is not easy to do, very possibly you may never attain it but it is not only possible it is desirable and it is where it is going to be for everyone sometime in the future. This doesn't mean that everyone will not still be aware of the type of genitals they possess and their proper function both in procreation and in recreation. It does mean that they will find that sex while, useful, pleasurable, and natural is not the main thing in human life. It is in animal life because the only discernable purpose in any animals life is to make another animal and having done so he or she has fulfilled that purpose and might as well die and clear the stage. In some species, such as the bee, that is exactly what the male does; in some fish that is what happens to both parents. But gradually humans are finding

that the kind of life they lead, the kind of person they are known to be is basically more important than what sex they are. Gender is the half way house between a completely sex-identified life as animals and the full person-life of humans of the future. Recognition of gender as one of two possible life styles which, while usually directly related to sex, need not be so, is the first step beyond a self concept that basically says, *I am a male, I have a penis, I make babies I don't carry them (or the opposite for females)*. Such a person would want him/herself to be judged by others on the basis of what he/she stood for and what he/she had accomplished rather than to build his/her primary identity on anatomy.

The importance of this concept is an outgrowth of my own development, and my awareness of it came as a result of my off-the-cuff answer to a question about what would I do in case I was injured in an accident and taken to the hospital? I said facetiously, "Well, if they looked at me from the waist up they'd put me in the womens' ward, if they looked from the waist down they'd put me in the mens. ward, and if they took in the whole scene they'd probably leave me out in the hall, but it really would make little difference to me which of the three places they put me." Having said that I realized that I had come to a point in my life where I no longer basically identified myself anatomically. Me, myself and I reside and originate in my head not in my genitals. Oh, I'm not under any self delusion but that I am still a male and possess all the original equipment. It's true I've acquired a couple of "extras" which were installed later but I still know which model I am in the eyes of the anatomically minded observer. But my identity for myself is based on what *I am* and *I reside* in my head, my body just carries *me* around and does things I want it to do.

It took me many years, many heartaches and many experiences to get here but I came the hard way, breaking ground. You do not have to go thru everything that I did. Those who are of my generation probably would, at least to some extent, but you of the younger generation can bypass a lot of that and that is the reason for this editorial — to make you aware that there is another form of self identity than the genital, that being a person, a whole *person* rather than just another male is where it's at. I dig that, and it's cool. You can too if you think about it enough. Strangely, it was all embodied in "FPE" long before I really became aware that it had happened to me — FULL Personality Expression. I guess I wrote larger than I knew

at the time. But it's real, it's true, and it isn't limited just to me. Others who have been over some of the same road have come to the same insight. You can probably move much further than you have in this direction — it doesn't require full time living, nor breast development. Only a further development of self acceptance. First you accept the fact that you are an FP (TV to the newcomers who may still insist on this term), next you accept the existence of some feminine traits and interests inside your otherwise masculine personality. Finally you not only accept these feminine traits, you *seek* actively to develop that hidden side of your total human self so that you can be a *Fuller Person* — an FP. Having worked in that direction you will realize that you are moving away from the anatomically oriented, animal inherited self concept "I am a male" toward the future; toward, "I am a person" without anatomical or sexually qualifying adjectives.

Isn't it true for most of you that when you are femme dressed you feel in various degrees, depending on the individual, a different person? Why is this? It is because, in our visually minded society, the total visual image that you present to others defines in your own mind the area in which you will operate. When you present the orthodox masculine appearance you are telling others visually that this is what you are, this is how you will act, this is the way you expect to be treated, this is what you limit yourself to (at the moment). A woman does precisely the same thing with her external "feminine" appearance. Now you go to your room and doff your pants, shirt and jacket and step into your lingerie, nylons and dress, put on a wig, make up your face and put on a necklace and — presto, you now project a different message to the observing world (if any). Now, when you say, **THIS** is what I am, **THIS** is how I will act, **THIS** is how I expect to be greeted and **THIS** is the area in which I will operate — the "**THIS**" that you are referring to is a whole new thing from before. It provides you with an opportunity to be, act, feel, be treated and to operate on an entirely different level with different rules, pleasures, and satisfactions. Awareness of all that is what makes you say, "I feel like a different person." You **ARE** a different person in the sense I'm discussing.

Being a different person means a change from the person you've been all day with its exasperations, disappointments, requirements, frustrations etc. etc. In a world such as we live in today, that can be quite a load. No wonder all FPs say "I feel so relaxed, so comfortable, so at ease when I'm dressed." Naturally they do. And naturally too this is why the shrinks can't really "cure" us unless

we are so guilt ridden about it all that we *want* to be "cured". In that case all the shrink is doing is giving us a little moral support and an authority injection to help us accomplish it.

And while we are on the subject, did you ever quietly reflect on the fact that all of this girl stuff is **ALREADY IN YOU!** I don't mean the urge to do it, I mean the feelings, actions, interests, abilities, etc. You didn't suddenly invent them out of nowhere when you put that dress on. They were there all the time. What does that prove? Margaret Mead said it pretty well a long time ago when she pointed out that, "when you train a boy you train a girl, too" and went on to explain that you train the girl in a negative way in that "she" is all the thing you are telling the boy not to do or be. Of course the reverse is true for females trained to be girls. The significance lies in the fact that the potential for being all the things that a human can be lies within all of us, male and female, all the time. It's just that life and its requirements today require us to develop some and repress others in order to live up to the social stereotypes of a "Man" and a "Woman." Actually all of us are both and FPs are just those people who have begun in a small way and against great social pressure to find this out, to seek methods and occasions to express it and to find great satisfaction in utilizing more of their whole, total, human self than the current stereotypes call for.

We may very well consider that instead of being the sick, the perverted, the disturbed, the lunatic fringe of an animalistic, sex-dominated sub-human society, that we are actually ahead of our time in a sense. We are a few steps closer to the real human human who hopefully will someday walk this earth — the *person* (be he/she male or female makes no difference) who will have access to all their human potentials, to be used and enjoyed under appropriate circumstances; who, while acknowledging the possession of one or the other type of reproductive equipment, accepts that fact with detachment and doesn't build his/her whole self-structure around it. So let all FPs perk up and be thankful that whatever the cause in your past and whatever the cost in your present, in your own inner heart you can know that you are a few cuts ahead of the herd. If you use it right and use it wisely that extra bit of your total humanity that you have available to you can give you a better perspective and sometimes a competitive edge over those who are still in the sex-anatomy-identity stage of their development. So hold your heads up girls, and be proud. "FP is beautiful" too.

PREFERENCE POLL

I recently asked you readers to list your preferences for the content of TRANSVESTIA in order of most to least interest and gave you seven categories. I got some replies alright, but this is what is so discouraging to editors. Try as I will to get some involvement and participation out of so many of you I got, how many replies? Several hundred? No! Maybe 50? No!. Would you believe 18? Well that's right 18 replies only. I don't know what the rest of you think and I have no way of knowing whether the magazine serves your needs or not. I can only hope it does. out this way.

I gave 7 points to the most liked category and on down. Thus there were 18 x 7 or 126 total points possible.

True Experiences	94 points or 75% of the possible.
Histories	83 points or 67% of the possible.
Pictures	80 points or 64% of the possible.
Fiction	77 points or 61% of the possible.
Instructional	73 points or 57% of the possible.
Editorials	68 points or 54% of the possible.
Cartoons	29 points or 23% of the possible.

About all of any significance that one can derive from this is that cartoons are not very popular — and that's why there aren't too many, and that true experiences are the most. Everything else is much the same; every category having some 7s or 6s and some 1s and 2s, so the preferences really spread over all categories.

Since the total vote was small and didn't really reveal much I'll just keep on as I have and try to put in a little of everything every time hoping to please all of the readers some of the time. But since so many of you are interested in things bearing on other FP's lives — experiences, histories, pictures, etc. I hope that more of you can be persuaded to submit material in that category. Tell about some particular event or experience that you have been through and share it. I just don't get nearly as much material in any of the other categories as I do in fiction yet it scores way down in the middle.

Way back in TVia No. 5 I reported on a similar survey and I got similar results (tho there was a better response from readers in those days) and the articles about real FP's were better received then as now. So, if that's what you like, do your share and send in your experiences.



EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. SEASONS GREETINGS: This being the last issue of the year even if you don't get it till early in January (I'm writing this on the 13th of Dec.) I shall still take the occasion to send you all greetings. I can't possibly manage separate cards and a separate mailing so Mary and I will take this way of sending you our best for the coming year. Let us all hope that some of the pressing problems of our time come a little closer to solution during it.

II. WE DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT: But we tried — that is I tried. I wanted to get caught up so that this issue, No. 66 would get out in Dec. but I just couldn't swing that many so close together. No. 67 should be dated for January but it won't quite make it and then I have a months trip to the midwest in Jan. and Feb. and we get behind again, I just can't do everything so something has to give, but at least I try.

III. SECURITY: This continues to be a matter of importance to us here in order to protect you there. But its funny how people are concerned with *their* security and never stop to think that every other FP is concerned with the same problem. I get letters from people on hotel stationary and with no return address telling me how lonesome they are and wish they had somebody to talk to and couldn't I get someone to put an ad in a paper somewhere so they would have someone to meet. They are afraid to give me a way of answering them yet they want me to arrange for somebody else to stick their neck out. Security is a two way street — remember that the other girl is just as concerned about hers as you are about yours, perhaps more so. Remembering this you can respect the other parties needs.

IV. MAIL FORWARDING SERVICE: Should any of you have need of a forwarding service so that someone you write to can reply without writing to your own regular address, I can recommend Mr.

Carol Hedgepeth of 406 S. Second Ave., Alhambra, Calif. 91802 and if you want to phone him it is 213-281-4218. I've known of him for the past 8 years and he is reliable.

V. CLIPSHEET: No. 34 of the Clipsheet is now available. For those who have never subscribed to the Clipsheet may I say that since many FPs collect scrapbooks of clippings having to do with the subject I got the idea, many years ago, that if the clippings from all over were collected and reproduced it would be possible for everyone to see everyone else's clippings. So this was done and No. 34 is the latest of these Clipsheets. Clippings from all over, foreign and American, 16 pgs. 7 x 8½, \$1.50 each or for back issues 6 for \$3.

VI. MARTIN TO MARION: This long story that was broken up into three separate sections is all available now, Part III having appeared late in Dec. Each part is pretty much a story in its own right but collectively they tell the whole story of Martins change to Marion — not by surgery, just by decision to live that way. You'll like it I'm sure. Each of the parts is \$3. Specify which part or parts when ordering.

* * * * *



Person to Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

- 33-R-1 Married FP, now in the service desires to correspond with other FPs anywhere especially those in service. Will answer promptly.
- 3-W-4 FPE New member wishes corres. espec. with Christians and espec. with ministers who are FPs but with any FPE lady. Will answer at least once. HAZELANNETTE
- 32-W-11 FP, 24, single like corres. with others anywhere. Meetings possible, travel widely. PATRICIA



Ever since they gave me the girl's part in a high school play I've studied "Method" Acting — you know, where you try to "be" the character. All I can say is that the longer you practice it, the more it grow on you.

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 \$5

Per Copy, Issues 60 and before \$4

Annual Subscription \$30

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books.

Single copies \$1.50

Four copies for \$5

"TV-TALES" Short stories Nos. 2 & 3 available . . . Each \$1.50

SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE" . . .A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$4

"FATED FOR FEMININITY" . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. Illus. \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS" . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. Illus. \$5

"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

"CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. Illus. \$3

"DOUBLE SWITCH" . . . The head mathematician was a man but not a male. The girl who programmed computers was not. Neither knew the other's story but they found out and found happiness. Illus. \$3

"REVERSE SEX" . . . Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous COCCINELLE of Paris. 120 pgs of story 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Imported from England. Illus. \$4

- TV FOR VICTORY . . . Boys become girls to challenge girls basket-
ball team
- A CASE OF ACCIDENTAL MURDER . . . A "whodunit" with
unexpected transvestite angles \$3
- MARTIN TO MARION — A novel in Three Parts
- MARTIN DISCOVERS MARION — PART I \$3
- MARION GOES TO NEW YORK — PART II \$3
- MARTIN BECOMES MARION — PART III \$3

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES

TRANVESTIA: Back issues EXCEPT 1-13, 17, 23-32, 36, 40-47 are available. Every issue is new and interesting until you have read it. Many wonderful stories, articles and pictures have appeared in earlier issues. Don't overlook them waiting for newer issues. Due to the change of price from \$4 to \$5 starting with No. 61, the back issue special price applies *ONLY TO ISSUES NO. 60 AND BEFORE*. Reduced rate, 6 issues for \$20

CLIPSHEET Back Issues 6 for \$3

FEMMEMIRROR — A 16 page monthly newsletter now discontinued but about 10 issues are still available 6 for \$3
(CLIPSHEET and MIRROR back issues can be mixed)

MERCHANDISE

Item 1. SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS: Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a polyvinyl 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 including 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

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

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. Colors: Pink or Black.

EACH \$5

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 derriere 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: MAKEUP REMOVER: A soap and water scrub to remove makeup is doing it the hard way, especially on dry skins. This is a special preparation containing no mineral oil or solvents yet it gently removes powder and creme makeup of all kinds as well as eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner and mascara. Just apply, rub over face and wipe clean with tissue. It will remove part of all lipsticks depending on their composition and all of some lipsticks. A little soap and water on a washcloth will remove any remaining. In addition to being a remover, the oil is a beauty treatment for the skin, softening and lubricating it.

4 oz. BOTTLE \$3

Item 10: "LECTRO-CAINE": A skin anesthetic for use during electrolysis. Apply to skin and gently rub in for 10 minutes before an electrolysis treatment. Does not anesthetize the face nor prevent all pain, but makes the needle much more tolerable.

4 oz. BOTTLE \$2

Item 11. WIGS AT NEW REDUCED RATES:

Recent developments in wig manufacture have resulted in lowered prices. We do not stock wigs but can obtain top quality wigs at less than going prices. All human hair.

Machine made (Weft Type) Reg length \$45

Machine made (Weft Type) Extra Long \$65

Full hand-tied wig \$100

These prices are for unstyled wigs alone. For a styled wig on a plastic head in plastic case and including shipping charges add to the above \$15. Send color sample and picture or drawing of style.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

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.

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for 5 or more issues and having read them. (Back issues count as part of the 5). This will enable the reader to ascertain the kind of people for which the magazine is published and to decide whether he is also one of that kind. Acceptance into FPE is dependent upon approval of an application form, payment of dues and by a personal interview with the area councillor (when possible). Members of FPE may use the Person to Person service by simply paying the regular fees.

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



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