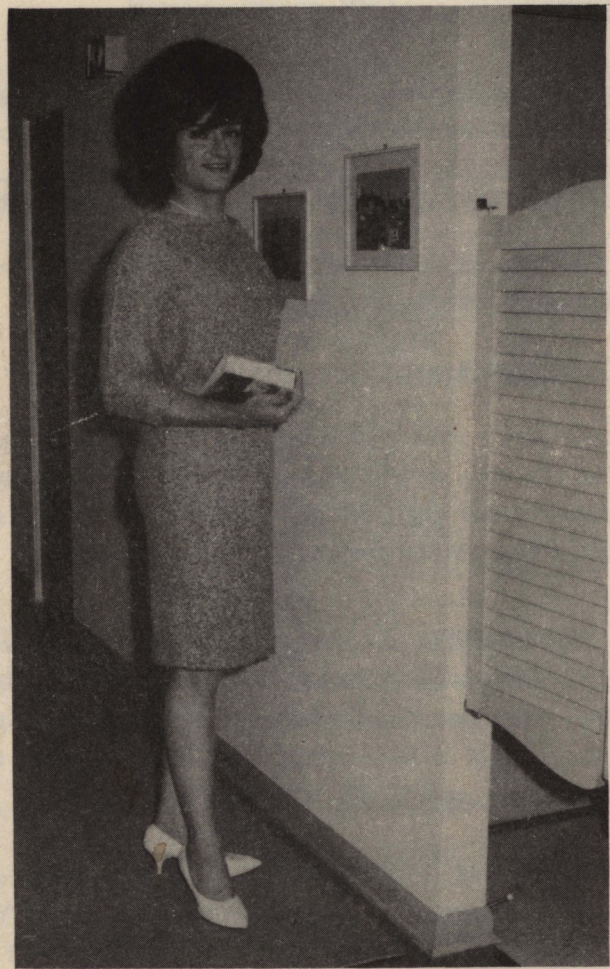


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# TRANSVESTIA



No. 47. 1967

# Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

## ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

## UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

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

A “Saying of Jesus” from the “Gospel According to Thomas”





## COVER STORY



# "Just Me"

by Judy (49-E-1) FPE

A seven year old girl had led her little brother into her bedroom and had dressed him in her clothing. The children's mother was called into the room to see her new little girl. As she entered the room she was surprised and perhaps faintly thrilled that her son was, for the time being, the second daughter she had wanted so badly. She showed her appreciation for her "new" daughter with praise and a loving hug. At this time the boy's father entered the home and promptly lost his temper at the sight of his son dressed in his sister's clothing.

Whether or not the scene just described is true is a question which cannot be answered. A child's memory is faulty and sometimes reality and dreams can be confused. If the scene actually took place it was my first experience with T.V.; if it was a dream, I must say I cannot remember the "why" of Judy's birth.

My first clear memories of Judy as a part of my personality are of the desire to wear my sister's panties and to feel them against my skin. I could not have been more than five or six years old, but the memory is vivid. I would go to "E....'s" room whenever I had the chance, step quickly into her panties and run my hands over the fabric as it stretched across my buttocks. These early entries into the feminine world were only minutes at a time because of my fear of discovery. I was never caught during my young years, but perhaps the violent reaction of my father during that half-dream, half-real



first dressing had pressed the fear into my mind.

My progresssion into complete dressing was not a rapid sequence of one delightful discovery after another. For a few years I was satisfied with wearing only panties while I spent frightened moments in "E....'s" room. These few minutes would provide material for the fantasies which gave me my escape from the reality of being a boy. An escape which I believe was actually an attempt to gain love that I thought was lacking because I was a boy instead of a girl.

I wasn't a well co-ordinated boy, nor was I very muscular, so I had difficulty playing the usual sports and games played by the boys in the neighborhood. However, I couldn't play girl's games either, because my father would not permit it. So I learned to play card games and various board games which were popular. I would often play these games alone and picture myself as a girl. Sometimes on Saturday mornings E.... would get out of bed and go downstairs to get a glass of milk to drink while she was dressing in her room. As soon as she would be out of sight I would hurry to her room and steal a pair of panties and quickly return to my bed where I would put them on and spend half the morning covered with a blanket and playing solitaire.

My childhood seemed to be filled with people telling me what a cute little girl I would make. While most boys would be embarrassed to hear these statements I wasn't. Those words only strengthened my desire to be a girl. I believe that at that point I was beginning to develop trans-sexual tendencies. Although I did not yet know the difference between boys and girls in a physical sense, I could notice enough of a social difference to know that I preferred the role of a girl.

The comments did not end with childhood. While I was in high school a boy in my history class said



Judy  
At Home

What's Cookin'  
Cutie?

Ready For Company



She Can Read Too!



"You should have been a girl....those eyes...those lips." His tone unnerved me so much that I avoided him for the rest of the semester. However, I was thrilled by the knowledge that I looked so much like a girl because at that time I was still dreaming of someday becoming one.

When my sister was twelve or thirteen years old she began to develop physically, which meant the addition of bras and more tailored clothing to her wardrobe. During one of my almost daily visits to her room I discovered a yellow bathing suit which she had gotten for the summer. Just a few seconds after I had pulled on the suit I knew that panties would no longer be the only article of "E....'s" clothing which I loved. That same day I put on the first skirt I had ever worn. I couldn't stop then, and very soon I was wearing my first complete feminine outfit. It seems strange now that the rest of that day is not clear in my memory, but I believe that the experience so affected me that details of it are lost. The first stages of the happiness and frustration which were to be a part of my life for the next fourteen years.

When my sister entered her teens she discovered boys; a situation which affected my life in two ways. "E...." spent more and more of her free time away from home which gave me more opportunities to spend my time in her bedroom. Also my mother found herself with less time spent with her daughter and more hours alone with the son who was supposed to have been her second daughter.

I tried extremely hard to gain the mother love which I thought was lacking because of my unfortunate placement in the world of men. I sought her affection through developing as well as I could the skills of a girl. I tried to learn to embroider, knit, sew and cook among other things. However my fingers could not master the details of these feminine hobbies, and of course this drove me deeper

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into my trans-sexual desires. I reasoned that if I could become a girl I could also be closer to my mother because I would then find it quite simple to develop the skills of a girl. The reasoning was not sound, but my young mind was in search of love, not sound reasoning.

My father did not care that I did well in sports or in school work. I must say that he made it far easier for me to fail than to succeed, because he never expected that I would do well in any attempt. He would make excuses in advance for anything I endeavored to do because I was a stupid dreamer. Consequently he came quite close to completely depressing any ambition I would form in the future. Every time I would try to please him his only comment would be "it stinks." It was so much simpler for me to exist in my dream world than it was to compete with his comments. My comfort was in "E....'s" closet and my thoughts were of some day becoming a girl.

As my sister developed further into womanhood my frustration deepened and my dependence upon her clothing grew stronger. Through my teen years I discovered with her the delights of femininity. I was depressed by the knowledge that I was becoming a man. I remember one evening when I had chosen to wear only her bathing suit. I had finished my walk around her bedroom and I found myself sitting on her bed wondering if my life would be nothing more than lonesome hours spent in "E....'s" clothing and wishing for a miracle. This was perhaps one of the hardest moments of my life; my dreams could no longer fill the emptiness which my loneliness and frustration had created.

This was the beginning of the purges which would be a part of my life until I discovered TRANSVESTIA. I would go for months without dressing in anything other than my own clothing. Then the desire would build until I would give in to it and enter "E....'s"





"Oops...Sorry"



It's A Man-Eating Plant  
So I'm Quite Safe



Takes A Lot Of  
(Tiajuana) Brass



Anyone To Play  
With TV

For

## *Transvestia*

room and my dream world again. After a period of happiness which might have been minutes, hours, or in one case almost an entire day, I would begin to damn myself and retreat from "E....'s" clothing to my own. I never destroyed anything during these retreats because the clothes were not mine to destroy, but instead I would call myself any number of names and vow never again to weaken and give in to my "stupid" desires.

Then almost suddenly "E...." was married and her clothes were taken out of my life. This was a shock to me and immediately the absence of the loved yet hated, clothing triggered a strong desire which plagued me for months until I desperately search the family cedar chest for something to wear. I found the yellow bathing suit which "E...." had forgotten to take with her. This was the only feminine article I had ever owned. I kept it carefully hidden in my closet and wore it whenever I could. On occasion I would wear it under my masculine clothing and help my mother with her housework. Then during one of my purges it was destroyed.

Shortly before I began my junior year of high school I was walking down main street with a weeks pay in my pocket. As I strolled past one of the most exclusive women's shops in town I noticed a summers-end sale sign in the window. I came out of the store five minutes later with a very expensive bathing suit under my rather unsteady arm.

That same evening my parents left on a two day vacation trip. I had carefully formed a plan during the afternoon and put it into effect as soon as they were gone. I called my friend R.... over to the house and suggested a game of shuffleboard in our basement. Midway through the game I was losing badly as per my plan. I told him as casually as I could that I had found one of E....'s swimming suits in the house and suggested that the loser of our game wear the suit, and nothing else for the entire following game. He laughed and agreed saying that he



hoped I would enjoy wearing it because I was about to lose the game. I lost that game and four more right after. We then agreed that the loser of the last game would have to wear the suit under his own clothing for the rest of the night, and also through the night as we slept in a tent in his backyard. I, of course, complained bitterly during that last game as I lost it point by point. I should add here that I seldom lost at shuffleboard because I not only had painted it on the floor and knew literally every inch of the surface, but also that I had practiced almost daily for over a year.

For the first time in my life someone had seen me wearing girls clothing. I know that his knowledge did not constitute acceptance or understanding, but it was never-the-less a thrill for me to know that what I loved to do was not so ugly that someone would avoid my company when I dressed in some portion of feminine clothing. His comments through the evening were not cruel cutting remarks, but only small joking phrases which we both laughed at. For some strange reason this evening gave me two important thoughts: I was not a disgusting ridiculous sight, and quite possibly I was not the only boy who liked to wear girls clothes. I don't know why I decided I was not the only boy with a yearning for feminine clothing, but I did, and I often wondered how I could find the others.

However, this thought did not remain a comfort to me for very long, so the remainder of my high school years and the two years before I entered the service were spent as the early years of my life had been passed. I went from frequent dressing to purge and back again over and over until the day I decided to become a man and join the service.

The summer before I left home I met B...., my future wife. We had a wonderful summer in which my dressing was mentioned only once. B.... passed off my confession as a passing childhood thing which I



How Did Hollywood Find  
Out About Dual  
Personalities?



Judy Is An Animal  
Lover - She Not  
Only Smokes Camels  
She.....



His And Hers





would forget. At the end of the summer I left for basic training.

During my first year in the service I didn't have much time to spend thinking about dressing. The time passed quickly and I soon found myself stationed in Missouri. Shortly before I was to go home for Christmas leave the all but forgotten dressing bug hit me hard. I wrote several impassioned letters to B.... begging her to buy me some articles of feminine clothing. She refused. When I arrived home we had an argument which forced me to choose between B.... and dressing. I, of course, chose B.....

I went back to the base and spent the next five or six months thinking about dressing and worrying about losing B..... Finally the pressure became too great and I went to the post exchange and bought a red swim suit, which I kept rolled up and stuffed down the sleeve of my overcoat. At night when my two roomates were sleeping I would quietly take the suit from my locker and slip into it when I went back to bed. I would lay there enjoying the thoughts which went through my mind. The thoughts were of walking down the street dressed as a young woman and talking to my girl friends about feminine things. This is my first remembrance of simply being dressed as a woman and not actually being a woman. I believe this came about because I was actually beginning to enjoy the fact that I was a man. I had developed friendships with many of the other men in the barracks, and I enjoyed the poker games and bull sessions which men have when they are alone.

In due time the red swim suit was destroyed in another purge. By the time Christmas leave came around I was again writing pleading letters to B.... Once again she refused saying the thought of me being in girls clothes made her sick. While I was home the subject of TV was not brought up again. I returned to Missouri with my thirst for femininity

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unsatisfied.

Later that year I bought another swim suit which I did not destroy so quickly. As the weather turned cool I found myself in the fortunate position of having two roommates who worked nights while I worked days. This would leave me ample time to put the swimsuit on under my clothing, enjoy a movie at the base theater and return to remove the suit and have it safely put away before my roommates came back from work. Once though I returned from the movie to find my roommate back from work with a night off. We sat in the room for over two hours during which I was afraid to remove my jacket for fear the top of the suit would show its outline through my shirt. Finally he decided to take a shower. As soon as he was gone I quickly removed my clothing and was about to take off my swim suit when my other roommate returned from work. Luckily I had decided to lock the door before I undressed. While he walked down the hall to get the key from the C.Q. desk, I took my knife from my locker and cut the suit down the front, across the bottom and at the base of the strap. I had just gotten into my underwear and tee shirt when he returned to unlock the door. I quickly rolled up what was left of the swim suit and stuffed it down the sleeve of my overcoat. When he entered the room he found me laughing over the joke I had played on him.

Once again my letter to B.... were filled with pleas for girls clothes. This time she answered that she would get me some things, but that she didn't want to see me while I was wearing them. When I got home I found a skirt and blouse waiting for me. While B.... was working I went to town and bought a bra, a girdle, some panties, nylons, and a lipstick. Something was driving me to gain B...'s acceptance and I persuaded her to see me dressed. The next night I put on everything but the skirt before I left home. Once I was in the car I took off my slacks and pulled on the skirt. I drove to B....s







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house with very mixed emotions. I was thrilled at being dressed as I was, but I was frightened over what B....'s reaction would be. Before she came to the car I put a blanket over my skirt and legs. We agreed that she would remove the blanket only if and when she wanted to see me. About a half hour later I felt the blanket slip from my knees. As I had feared she said that I looked ridiculous. I went into the back seat and changed clothes while she watched for any approaching cars.

A few months after I had returned to the base I discovered TRANSVESTIA through SEXOLOGY magazine. This was a high point in my life because it proved to me that I was correct in assuming that I was not alone and also it gave me a way of meeting the other people like myself.

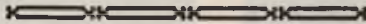
I had not been a subscriber to TVia long enough to be able to join in F.P.E. activities, but I knew it was just a matter of time before I would be eligible. During this waiting period B... and I had a long discussion about T.V. and our future lives. She began to see that T.V. was not the curse she had first thought it to be and I had high hopes for our coming marriage. Then came the meeting with Fran (49-C-1). B... and I spent an afternoon with Fran and her family. After seeing that T.V. could be a part of a family's life B... blessed me with her acceptance. B... and I were now ready to begin our lives together without destructive secrets and stolen moments which do so much to damage marriages.

B.... and I have been together for over three years and while we have the usual marital problems of money, personality clashes, differences of opinion on furniture etc, we can humbly say that T.V. and Judy are not causes for problems. We have worked long and hard to reach the level of understanding which we now enjoy and I know B.... agrees with me when I say I wish our formula could be used successfully by others. However, we both know that what

has been successful for us might not be so for others. We do feel though that love and an honest attempt at adjustment are an important start along the right path.

We have a son a little over two years old who is growing up without being guarded from exposure to his father's T.V. activities. We know that he will have questions as he grows older, but we feel confident that his questions can be answered satisfactorily.

As I look back at my past I see mistakes that were made, and ideas which were not as good as they seemed to be then. I spent many many years in wishing to be a girl when I should have been learning to accept myself as I was. I know now that dreams can be heartbreaking when they are not possible and that they cannot replace reality. I wish I had learned that secret when I was younger, but then wishes are really nothing more than dreams unless they can be made real. One of my wishes was to find others like myself. Now that I have found them I hope to be working more closely with them in the future to promote understanding for those in our T.V. world because I know that somewhere a seven year old girl has led her little brother into her bedroom.....



INEZSQUIB:

No one expected the poor ne'er do well to amount to anything when all of a sudden he married the daughter of the richest man in town. During the ceremony he said, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." "Well" muttered one of his TV friends, "there goes Alfred's bra and girdle."





Margo  
32-F-3



Suzzette 35-S-5  
Diana Joyce (32-H-4) FPE

Laura (35-S-2) FPE



"Dad, do you know if I have to put 'FPE' after my name when I sign a check?"

#### INEZSQUIBS

We understand Christine married a Be Bop musician. He liked those crazy rearrangements.

At a recent meeting quite a number of girls were getting dressed. A newcomer to the meeting place remarked, "My, listen to the crickets." An old timer answered, "Not crickets, zippers."



FICTION



## From Wales To Wedding Bells

by Yvonne FE-S-3

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The sun shone from a cloudless blue sky as Jim Parker drove his M.G. along a main road leading through the magnificent scenery of central Wales, the hum of the tires and the purr of the engine failed to smother the squeaks and rattles of the ancient bodywork, but he would be quite content if it performed as well during the next three weeks as it had in the past ten days.

Orphaned as a child, Jim had been adopted by his Aunt and Uncle. Unfortunately their kindness to him had been utterly ruined by the attitude of their only son Charles, three years older than Jim. He had made it plain from the start that he considered Jim an interloper in the home and by his presence to have stolen some of the dues and privileges which should have come to himself by right of birth. The animosity between them increased as they grew older and as soon as he started work, Jim left the home and took a small flatlet in the East End of London. For several years he had a variety of clerical jobs all at fairly low pay, existing most of the time on one meal a day, until finally he obtained a position as a clerk in a solicitor's office. The work was interesting and he studied hard, spending four evenings a week at night school, and after a couple of years his hard work earned it's reward when the boss took him into the firm in a junior capacity, as at the age of twenty five he still had another year of study before he could take his exams to qualify as a solicitor.

The previous year he had been forced by pressure

of work to postpone his holidays repeatedly until in the end his boss suggested he leave them over to the next year and have a month then. As the time for this long holiday approached Jim grew more dismayed. He could not afford to go away anywhere and the prospect of a month in the flat with nothing to do and no money to spend did not seem very exciting. Then he had a marvellous stroke of luck! One morning an official looking letter arrived at the flat, and when he opened it, he was delighted to discover he had won two hundred and fifty pounds. Some years before his Uncle had given him five premium bonds for a Christmas present, month by month he studied the lists of prizewinners but never found the numbers of his bonds, but now, at last, his luck had changed and he immediately decided to spend the whole amount on the first real holiday of his life. With visions of a month on the Sun-drenched French Riviera he visited a Travel Agency and learnt to his disgust that all available accomodation on ships and planes to the Continent was booked for months ahead and all he could hope for was a cancellation. Returning to the office Jim told his colleagues of his win and how he had been unable to book for a trip to France. One of the clerks suggested that Jim buy his old M.G. for a hundred pounds and using the remainder of his win for expenses, he could tour Great Britain by car. Finally he succumbed to this idea and spent the next two weeks in feverish preparation. A tentative route was mapped out with an average days mileage of about a hundred miles, this would give ample time for obtaining overnight accomodation and visits to selected beauty spots.

So ten days after the start of his holiday, Jim had toured the west country and had reached the centre of Wales, a country of stark desolate beauty with no signs of habitation for miles. His planned route showed a turn off onto a minor mountain road in the next few miles and according to the map this should take him through the centre of Snowdonia and, with ample time for viewing the scenery, he should finish



## *Transvestia*

up at one of the North Wales seaside resorts for the night. Jim slowed the car, his eyes searching for the turn off and as he rounded a bend he spotted the signpost in the distance. At the road junction stood a solitary figure, who thumbed a lift as he got closer. At first he thought it was a young man and decided not to stop but when he realised it was an attractive young girl he pulled over to the side. She explained she was hitch hiking from Cardiff to North Wales having gotten a job in one of the seaside resorts for the remainder of the summer season. He told her he was quite willing to give her a lift but was on a touring holiday, so would be taking a roundabout route although heading for the same town. She said she did not mind as she had already walked miles and was grateful for any lift. She had two suitcases with her and Jim took the largest one and tied it to the back of the car with some old pieces of string, telling her she would have to nurse the other on her lap the boot being filled with his own luggage. Within five minutes they were on their way, the noise of the old car preventing any further conversation.

The sun continued to beat down and although he was only wearing slacks and sports shirt in an open car, Jim was uncomfortable and longed for a swim. Back home in London he was a member of the local swimming club and made time for a quick dip at the pool almost every day, believing it would keep him fit in spite of the hours he spent at a desk. Breasting a slight rise he gasped at the sight spread before him, a beautiful wooded valley with a wide placid river meandering along between the trees, its waters cool and inviting on such a hot summer afternoon. Jim immediately began to look for somewhere to stop and have a swim and spotting a suitable place, swung the car round and deftly backed it between two trees. As he switched off the engine his passenger turned to him and snapped,

"What's the idea, what have you stopped for?"

As he looked at her he sensed rather than saw the cold hard look on her face and thought to himself, this is no demure young teen-ager, but a woman of the world, despite her youth. He had often seen a similar look on the faces of the women living in the mean dirty streets of London's East End.

He answered her curtly, "I like to swim each day if possible, and I feel like one just now. I am going behind those bushes to change and I'm afraid you will just have to wait until I have finished."

Without waiting for a reply he picked up his trunks and towel from the parcel shelf, stepped out of the car and slammed the door. It took only a few moments to slip off his clothes and don his trunks and in less than a minute was back at the car to put his clothes on the drivers seat.

His companion ignored him completely, she was studying his book of road maps and did not look up as he turned, slithered down the bank and plunged into the river. Like all mountain streams the water was icy cold, but proud of his ability as a swimmer Jim struck out with a powerful crawl, the dust and grime of driving disappeared like magic and the cool exhilarating water caressed his skin with the touch of silk. Jim swam briskly to and fro for several minutes and then floated idly on the surface, glancing towards the car he saw the girl was in the drivers seat, she had waited until he was in the middle of the river and now she was trying to start his car. Half a dozen strong quick strokes brought him to the bank and leaping from the water he pushed upwards through the bushes. He must get there before she got the motor going, but the branches which a few minutes before had offered friendly concealment now seemed to be the bars of a cage. Oblivious to the thorns and nettles which tore and stung his skin, he pushed upwards, a stout branch raked his side, caught his trunks and with a rip they were gone, naked now, he had got to stop her.



A scrambling leap brought him to the top of the bank, but the motor was roaring and the back wheels spinning on the grass, with a mighty bound forward, Jim's clutching gingers grasped the case tied to the bumper, but at the same moment the wheels caught the tarmac, the car leapt forward, the string snapped and Jim toppled backwards, the heavy case hitting him a violent blow on the chest. When he recovered his senses the car was out of sight round the bend, heading back the way they had come. The girl had taken with her everything he possessed, even the clothes he had left on the drivers seat were gone.

He thought she would have had the decency to throw them out but glancing round he saw she had left nothing. Looking towards the river he saw he had cut a swathe through the undergrowth which would have done credit to a tank. His trunks were hanging from a branch and, climbing down to retrieve them, he found they were torn to shreds and absolutely useless.

Gradually the seriousness of his situation dawned on him. He was alone at the roadside in an isolated Welsh valley, without clothes, money or transport and he knew there was not a house for over ten miles back the way he had come. The wisest course would be to walk forward but looking across the valley he saw the mountain tops had disappeared behind banks of black cloud and as he watched the sun was lost to view. He shivered involuntarily. First he would have to see what the case contained. It was unlocked and opened at a touch, and, as he suspected, was filled with women's clothes, but very untidily packed. Now shivering violently, he sorted through the case looking for a pair of slacks which might fit him, but his search was unsuccessful. All the clothes were very feminine and of a high quality and had obviously been very expensive when new. His perplexity deepened. Either the girl was much more feminine than she had appeared during their brief contact or these things belonged to someone else.

Carefully he sorted them over. There were two dresses, one a flimsy short evening one and the other a thicker outdoor style, several sets of underwear in silk and nylon all daintily embroidered, and two nightdresses equally elaborate and expensive. Further dips into the case revealed two pairs of shoes. These again showed the two extremes, one pair were very high heeled evening sandals the others had heels slightly lower and were stronger and more practical. Next he found a large handbag which contained no money but was packed with almost every conceivable type of make-up, the bottom of the case contained sundry pairs of panties, girdles, bras, scarves and a variety of other odds and ends. Tucked into one corner was a bundle of tissue paper and as he pulled it out a handful of jewels cascaded to the ground, there was an elaborate necklace with matching bracelet and earclips and several rings. Jim had very little idea of the value of jewelry but these looked to be worth a considerable sum of money. By now his skin was blue with cold and he realised he would have to wear some of these clothes or very quickly he would be suffering from exposure. So picking up the thick dress, he slipped it over his head and was surprised to find it went on quite easily, so offered up a silent prayer of thankfulness for his slight physique and the fact the dress was not too small.

It required several minutes wriggling before he managed to fasten the long back zipper, but he immediately felt much warmer and at least his nakedness was covered, the dress was a reasonable fit, a little tight at the waist and with a certain amount of spare material at his chest and hips. He felt a strange tingle of excitement at the constrictive touch of the skirt on his bare thighs.

Jim wasted no time in bemoaning his fate, it would be useless to wait for anyone to come along this lonely road, so he pushed everything back into the case and set off down the roadside. He soon

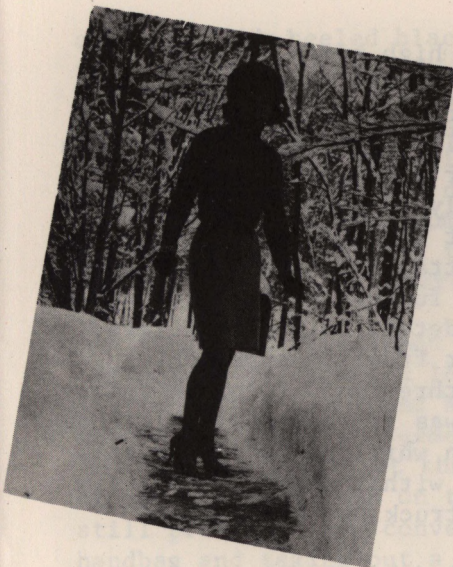
## *Transvestia*

realised why ladies wore panties, as the fingers of the wind probed under his skirt sending icy shivers up his spine, and he found to his dismay the smooth carpet of grass at the roadside concealed stones and flints as sharp as razors which would make walking barefoot difficult if not impossible. He decided he would have to devise some protection for his feet and opening the case again, tried to fashion some bindings from the flimsy materials, but soon decided it would be useless, he was wearing the only stout cloth the case contained and with the weather deteriorating rapidly he was not going to remove the dress. Thoughtfully he looked at the shoes, they appeared to be about the right size but he wondered how on earth he would get on in the high heels. Probably they would be more painful than the flints, but picking up the stouter pair he tried them on. His feet swollen from the water and the scramble up the bank refused to slide into them. Then he thought perhaps if I wear a pair of nylons it will make a difference. To his delight the stockings did the trick, his feet slipping easily into the shoes and after a few tentative steps found he could walk reasonably well.

The nylons created another difficulty, he tried rolling them at his ankles but after a couple of steps they again fell over his shoes. Well, he thought, I have gone this far, I might as well go all the way. During his life he had picked up some knowledge of the intricacies of ladies underwear, so stripping off the dress he made his selection from the case. First came a long black nylon corselette, with slightly padded cups it gave him the appearance of a small bust, the nylons were hitched on in seconds and, shivering violently, he pulled on a pair of black nylon panties, a full length black nylon slip and finally the red dress.

Feeling a little selfconscious in spite of the solitude, Jim picked up his case and again set off. Quickly he adjusted his strides to the restrictions





Lisa (21-D-2) FPE



## *Transmedia*

of the tight skirt and the high heels, and soon found he was making good progress, apart from a slight ache in his calves caused probably by the unaccustomed heels. He felt warmer and happier than he had since he saw his car disappearing round the bend. Stopping occasionally to rest his aching legs he plodded on. After about two miles his spirits soared as he glimpsed a cottage through the trees, it was three or four miles further on and although at this distance he could detect no signs of life, at least it offered shelter from the approaching night and the storm which threatened to break at any moment. Already the wind was increasing in violence and the air was filled with whirling leaves, dust and odd spots of rain, but with renewed vigour, Jim tucked his head down and struck out again.

Suddenly he was startled by the blast of a motor horn and a large American type sports car slid to a standstill beside him. As he turned he saw the driver was a dark haired attractive young lady, he watched her expression change as she saw his face and sensed her decision to drive on. He shouted pathetically above the wind, "Don't drive on, please don't leave me." She hesitated and Jim realising the incongruity of his dress launched into a shouted explanation. At that moment it started to rain in torrents and motioning him to silence she opened the door and beckoned him into the car.

It surged forwards and she shouted, "Explanations later, the hood is broken and I want to reach shelter before I get soaked".

Jim crouched down in the seat for protection from the rain and through his eyelashes he studied his benefactor. He saw she was very attractive and the raindrops trickling down her perfectly made up face had enhanced her beauty. She had a perfect figure, the tight skirt of her black suit was drawn well up revealing dimpled knees and as his eyes traveled downwards, he saw she had trim calves and ankles



and wore high heeled black suede shoes on her dainty feet. Looking up he saw she was watching him from the corners of her eyes and for the first time he could ever recall, he blushed deeply and lowered his gaze. He saw his own skirt was tucked up showing a generous expanse of his nylon covered legs and surrepticiously began to compare them with hers, reaching the conclusion that they would be equally as shapely if the hairs were shaved off.

The big car lurched and Jim saw she had turned off onto a track which led to the cottage. Deftly she swung the car round several bends over a narrow wooden bridge which seemed to move as they passed and under a leanto at the side of the building. The drumming of the rain on the corrugated iron roof still prevented any conversation and opening her handbag and taking out a key she shouted, "Let's get inside out of this weather". Once inside the cottage the noise of the storm was subdued by the thick stone walls and Jim was surprised to find it was a spacious place, well and expensively furnished. Leading the way into a large lounge she turned and said, "First of all, we had better introduce ourselves, I am Elaine Barnett". Jim told her his name.

"Now perhaps you had better tell me what you were doing out in the valley dressed as a woman, I couldn't stop to find out when I picked you up as the hood of the car is broken and we would have gotten soaked". Slowly and quietly he told her his story and she listened attentively until he had finished.

She said, "It is not quite what I expected to hear but never mind, as soon as the weather clears I will take you to the nearest phone box or to the police station, meanwhile we had better get a fire going and make some coffee. Perhaps you would like to help by fetching my luggage in from the car, the boot is unlocked".

## *Transvestia*

By the time Jim had carried in half a dozen heavy suitcases, a large box filled with provisions and finally the case he had acquired earlier he was drenched to the skin and water was dripping from the hem of his skirt, but a fire was crackling in the big fireplace and the room was beginning to feel warm. Concious of the water dripping on the expensive carpet, Jim was wondering what he would do for clothes.

Elaine came into the room and said, "I am afraid I haven't got any male clothes I can lend you, not even a pair of slacks, but I have put a housecoat in the bathroom and you can strip off in there and wear the housecoat for the time being".

Jim was surprised to discover the cottage boasted a small modern kitchen and leading from it an equally modern bathroom with a piped water supply. He stripped off the wet dress and undies and towelling dry, put on the pink quilted nylon housecoat and again he experienced the faint tingle of excitement he had felt when first wearing the dress. Returning to the lounge he found Elaine had also changed into a housecoat, she had dried her hair and repaired her make-up and with a broad smile she handed him a pair of high heeled pink mules.

"I have brought these for you to wear, the stone floors here are rather cold in spite of the carpets, at least until the house gets warmed up', she said.

Jim found himself blushing again and taking the mules said, "Thanks very much, but they are hardly my type."

"Don't be silly, there is only me here to see you and they match the housecoat you are wearing".

He slipped them on and after a few trial steps found he could walk easily and they fitted perfectly.



Soon Elaine announced coffee was ready and they sat before the fire sipping the hot drink and carrying on a quiet conversation, Jim found himself telling her the story of his life and she sat listening intently, with her feet stretched out towards the flames, occasionally wriggling her toes with their painted nails. Again he went over the events of the events of the day, explaining how when the girl had stolen his car she had taken almost everything he possessed, apart from some old clothes back in the flat he had nothing in the world. When he reached the point where Elaine had picked him up, she broke in,

"I nearly left you there. At first I thought you were a young girl with short hair. In the dress and high heels you walked like one, then when I saw you were a man I was going to leave you but when it started to rain and you made your pathetic cry, 'Don't leave me', I changed my mind."

Outside the storm still raged unabated and when it began to get dark, Elaine told him he would have to stay the night as she was not prepared to take the car out on the mountain roads during darkness, she was willing to make a bed up for him in the spare room and would take him to report his loss, first thing in the morning. She prepared a meal for them and while they ate she told him about the cottage, it was hers an uncle having left it to her when he died two years before. Since she liked solitude she had kept it as a weekend and holiday home. Her uncle had owned it for many years and had done all the improvements himself. He had dammed a small stream further up the mountain for a water supply and installed a small generator for electric light, she even had a kind of ice-box kept cool by the overflow from the dam running through it and it was good enough to keep food fresh for several days.

Jim volunteered to wash up while she made the bed up for him and when she came from the bedroom

## *Transvestia*

she told him,

"I have put one of the nighties from the case ready for you to wear". Again Jim blushed deeply and thought to himself this blushing seems to be becoming a habit.

"I think you will like it", Elaine said, "from the expression on your face just after you had put on the housecoat, it looked as though you were enjoying yourself".

Jim stammered "Yes", and blushed again.

"Never mind, I think I understand". she said.

A few minutes later she showed him to his room and they wished each other goodnight.

Jim looked round the room in amazement, somehow after hearing about her uncle he expected the room to be furnished in a masculine way, but this room showed the touch of a woman's hand, everything was ultra feminine, from the tiny dressing table with its lacy hand made mats to the pink frilled curtains drawn over the windows shutting out the fury of the storm which still raged outside. Laid on the pillow was a dainty pink and black nylon nightie and slipping off the housecoat he put it on. The touch of the nylon was cool against his skin and yet immediately he felt a tingling glow spread through his body. This was a feeling he had never experienced before that day yet it gave him an intense pleasure and as he crawled between the sheets he wriggled inside the nightie delighting in the exquisite feeling it gave him.

Next morning he woke with the dreams of the night fresh in his mind, repeatedly he had dreamt he was stranded in the mountains clad only in an almost transparent nightie. Suddenly realisation of the events of the previous day dawned in his mind---he was wearing a nightie but fortunately not



in the open air.

In the next room he could hear the radio playing softly, smell breakfast cooking and hear the rattle of plates in the kitchen. Jumping out of bed he slipped on his housecoat and mules and went through into the lounge. Elaine greeted him with a cheery good morning. She had obviously been up for some time as the room had been cleaned and the fire lit. She suggested he hurry and wash as breakfast would be ready in five minutes. During breakfast she told him that although the storm had blown itself out and it was a glorious day, the flood waters of the stream had washed away one of the supports of the bridge and it would have to be repaired before she could take him to the police station.

Jim offered to repair the bridge as some payment for her hospitality and said she could do her household chores whilst she waited for him to mend the support. He had completely overlooked the fact that he had nothing suitable to wear and it was not until she suggested he wear some of her old clothes for the dirty work that he remembered he still had only the clothes in the case. Elaine sorted out some of her old clothes for him and changing into them in his bedroom he found they fitted quite well. To his surprise he discovered that even these shabby undies and the thick tweed skirt and woolen jumper gave him a strange feeling of exhilaration and idly he wondered how it would feel to be properly dressed and made up as a fashionable woman. He dismissed the thought guiltily from his mind and went out to work on the bridge. It took him about an hour to repair the support and when he had finished he was covered with mud, but at the cottage he found Elaine with all her chores completed, the bath filled ready for him and the clothes he had worn the day before dried and pressed ready for him to wear, she had even put a razor out ready for him to shave.

Bathed and shaved, Jim dressed again in the

## *Transvestia*

scarlet wool dress and expensive undies. This time it was different than the day before. Then he had been very cold and had dressed hurriedly now he put everything on slowly, prolonging and enjoying every moment of the intense pleasure it gave. Fully dressed at last he slipped on the high heeled shoes and spent several minutes admiring himself in the mirror, looking round he saw Elaine watching him from the doorway.

With a strange look on her face she said, "You were taking such a long time and were so quiet, I thought I had better look in and see if you were alright."

Again Jim felt the warmth of a blush spread across his features. Even so he suddenly decided to be bold and tell her the truth. "As a matter of fact", he replied, "I have spent several minutes admiring myself in the mirror and have been thinking how I would look with long hair, a little make-up and perhaps a little stratagic padding, do you think I would make a passable woman"?

With a smile she said, "Yes, I think you would. You look as though you enjoy wearing women's clothing. However we had better get moving and report the theft of your car. Now the bridge is repaired I will take you to the callbox, it is about five miles up the road, and you can phone the police from there."

As he followed her out to the car, Jim admired Elaine's perfectly shaped figure and legs and tried to copy the grace with which she walked. Neither spoke as they rode to the callbox, each busy with their own thoughts, after the storm of the previous evening the sky was without a cloud and Jim was content to ride along in silence and admire the beautiful scenery through which they were passing.

At the phone box he was quickly connected with



the police and told the officer on duty the full story, he was surprised to learn they already had a search warning out for him as his car had been found or at least what was left of it. The officer told him the girl had escaped from an approved school at Cardiff early the day before, had broken into a house and had stolen the clothes and jewels, whose owner had already offered a reward of five hundred pounds for their return. He also told Jim that his car was a complete wreck. Shortly after she had stolen it the girl had tried to take a stunt corner much too fast and had skidded off the road, through a fence and into a deep ravine, she had been thrown clear and killed instantly, but his car had caught fire and was burnt out. The officer was fairly certain Jim would get the reward and said they would send a patrol car out to Elaine's cottage to collect the jewels. He was highly amused when Jim said he was still wearing the women's clothes he had been forced to wear the previous day and promised to send some mens clothes out with the patrol car, which would take him back to town if he wished.

On the way back to the cottage Jim gave Elaine all the details the police had told him, explaining that they were going to bring him some men's clothes and would take him back to town after he had changed. Arriving back, Elaine disappeared into the kitchen saying she was going to prepare lunch and Jim lounged on the settee, listening to the radio and daydreaming of how he was going to spend the reward money. He quickly decided that some of it was going to be spent on feminine clothes, then he would be able to experience again this exquisite pleasure, which seemed to have become the most important thing in his life. That pleasure coursed through him with greater strength as he mentally listed the large wardrobe the reward would buy...It was not until his daydreams were disturbed by the arrival of the police car outside, that he realised he had not even thought about spending any of the hoped for reward on the purchase of any male clothes.

As the officers entered the cottage he was swept by an embarrassment he did not feel in the presence of Elaine and, accepting the proffered slacks and shirt, escaped into the bedroom to change. Reluctantly he discarded the soft nylon underwear and then the tight corselette. The police trousers felt as if they were made of sandpaper at first, but when he returned to the lounge he felt more at ease in front of the police. Again he retold his story and the officers took a signed statement. Elaine confirmed the part from where she had picked him up in the valley. The police told him they had contacted the owner of the jewelry who was willing to pay the reward money to his bank in London. The clothing was of no further value and he could dispose of it as he wished. When the officers were ready to leave they asked Jim if he was ready too, immediately Elaine said she would look after him and take him to the nearest station after lunch and would lend him any money he needed for train fares and any other incidental expenses. Delighted at the prospect of spending a few more hours in Elaine's company Jim readily agreed and the police officers left.

Soon after, Elaine announced that lunch was ready and when the meal was finished Jim helped her to clear away, he was surprised to find he did not feel quite so much at ease in her company, now that he had donned male clothing. Suddenly she suggested they go and sit down in the living room as she had something she wished to discuss with him. Jim wondered what she wanted to say, fondly hoping she would suggest he stay at the cottage for the rest of his holiday. With the reward money he would be able to pay her for her kindness in the past and pay his way in the future, in addition he had fallen in love with the cottage and its surroundings and Elaine herself held a strange fascination for him. She was extremely attractive and never having been in love before, Jim was hoping this strange feeling was the beginning of a true love.

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# Spiritual Aspects Of Transvestism

by Olivia (37-P-1) FPE

The purpose of this short study is to explore the possibilities of spiritual qualities in transvestism, which heretofore has not been done. This will limit itself to transvestism as a charismatic gift. Charisma is a divine or special gift, such as healing or preaching, outside of the routine channels of a given faith. In America, Jeane Dixon would be considered the outstanding charismatic because although she is a devout Roman Catholic, her gift of prophecy is completely outside the channels of command in her church. (If you have not read the book about her, Ruth Montgomery's A Gift of Prophecy, you must do so.)

An exploration of the spiritual qualities of transvestism is not dependent upon any particular set of definitions or concepts. One may accept God as a personal deity of some sort, an impersonal force, or any of the more abstract definitions as Mind, the Absolute, Ultimate Reality, etc. Then God's Will must be consistent with the first definition, and means living in accord with the concept which one has of God. The third step in definition is to realize that Sin is going against God's Will or the Divine Will. This may be defined as disharmony with Natural Truth, disobedience to a Divine Command, lack of unity with the Ultimate Reality, etc.

Every religion contains a basic principle of Gifts. This is necessitated by the fact that everywhere, throughout all history, there have been talented people whose abilities have been unexplainable by any other means. Genetics has contributed a little

so far, but not very much. In I Corinthians 7:7, St. Paul says, "Each has his own special gift from God, one of one kind and one of another." (All quotations are from the Revised Standard Version, unless otherwise stipulated.) In I Peter 4:7, he writes "As each has received a gift, employ it for one another, as good stewards of God's varied grace." In I Timothy 4, he tells us "Do not neglect the gift you have" (v. 14); previously in the fourth verse he reminds us that "For everything created by God is good, and nothing is to be rejected if it is received with Thanksgiving." In I Corinthians 12 he develops further the idea of individualized gifts.

Each Christian group has the feeling it has the inside track on gifts of the Holy Spirit, and it is always disconcerting that the same phenomena and talents happen in all other Christian groups. The enthusiast for spiritual healing at Lourdes or St. Anne de Beauprè finds that Christian Science accomplished the same results. Fundamentalists prophesy from the Books of Daniel and Revelations (which is really the individual preacher prophesying because it all depends on the individual interpretation), yet Jeane Dixon, a devout Roman Catholic, has so far been far more accurate than anyone else.

Once one is willing to admit these phenomena are common to all Christianity, then he must admit that these special gifts happen in all religions and also to people who have no professed religion. The spiritual healing movement today is growing in Islam, especially in Egypt. The clair-voyants, those who possess extra-sensory perception, even the water diviners, do not know how they happened to get that way. All they know is that they have a gift and usually the ones who come to our attention are those with some sense of responsibility. For us to deny that these phenomena exist is intellectual dishonesty in the face of facts. It is quite possible, however, that some of the sharpest confidence men, swindlers, and others have also had these same gifts and mis-

## *Transvestia*

used them for personal gain. This does not refute the idea that they had a special gift from God and that it was God's will that they use it for good, no matter how you wish to define these terms. At first glance it may seem ridiculous to discuss a water diviner, Jeane Dixon, Michelangelo, and Albert Einstein in the same breath, but are they not examples of people who were given extraordinary gifts for no apparent reason?

Then there is the transvestite who has been given a special gift, a sensitivity to beauty, color, texture, and the feelings of the opposite sex. The little accurate research that has been done so far has established that 70 per cent of male transvestites are married, and the other percentages indicate that the sexuality of the transvestites is probably in the same proportion as the rest of the population. Consequently it cannot be considered a sexual aberration because there is no discernible sexual common cause, it exists completely apart from one's sexuality, and is found at all levels of life and at all ages. Thus it is a phenomenon occurring completely irrespective of sexual affinities, social class, or education. Exactly the same generalizations can be made of those who possess the many other gifts of God.

At the beginning of this was mentioned the various definitions of sin. Misuse of any of these gifts is a sin because a person is out of harmony with his given situation and is disobeying an imperative which he has been commanded. In Romans 6:23, St. Paul wrote, "The wages of sin is death," which is a truth evident to all regardless of whether or not they have a stated belief. Inasmuch as the sinners live as long as the righteous or longer, this obviously does not refer to physical death. It merely states that disobeying the rules that are evident for our well being results in spiritual deterioration, ultimately to such a degree that we are incapable of realizing our finer qualities. This is spiritual



death. For the transvestite, the incidence of ulcers, migraine headaches, and of tremendous guilt feelings are further evidence of the consequences. The destruction of character from guilt feelings results in an inferiority complex, inability to achieve one's full potential, and a stunted personality. Is further evidence necessary to illustrate the consequences of our disobeying God's will?

History tell us that a large percentage of the men and women put to death for witchcraft were probably suspected because they showed sensitivity to extra-sensory perception, were psychic in some way, or had other gifts of a similar nature. There is no guarantee that having a gift bestowed upon us will necessarily make life easier. The sufferings endured by transvestites and others in our time are no different from those of the past, for we certainly pay a dear price because of our calling.

In 1845 James Russell Lowell wrote his beautiful poem, "Once To Every Man and Nation," which included the lines:

New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth;  
They must upward still and onward,  
Who would keep abreast of truth.

No one who is given a gift from God has it presented to him on a silver platter. He still has to strive to understand himself and how to make use of what he has been given. The demands of society and the need for adjusting to the world will sometimes make it almost impossible for one to express himself, even though he knows the penalty for not doing so. The demand for truth persists, despite the sufferings of the individual.

The transvestite then must reconcile his gift with his faith in the terms of that faith, as God's will. If his frame of reference is not within a

## *Transvestia*

given faith, it must still be reconciled with his philosophy of life. Otherwise, the individual has a dis-jointed, inconsistent approach to life.

Even though we are aware of our gift being God's will, we cannot expect society suddenly to understand us when we don't even understand ourselves yet! We must support every effort at intelligent research as well as striving to know the real "us" within. The world is as intently burning people at the stake as ever, except that now it is somewhat more subtle and refined, so the smoke doesn't get in our eyes. This is the situation in which we find ourselves, but the realization that our gift is God's will should help us conquer the destructive guilt feelings against which every transvestite must fight.

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Linda Jean (20-B-1) FPE





FICTION



## *A Cap For Jean*

by Wilda 20-Q-1

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### Part I



Evening shadows were beginning to descend upon the campus of the Eastern Parkway Nursing School, and the Board of Directors was still in session debating an issue, which was before them for the first time in the history of the school, Eugene Ross had made application for admission for the purpose of obtaining an RN degree. The young man's application had placed the Board in a quandry, since it was to them an accepted fact that few if any male

nurses had ever obtained an RN degree except through "in Hospital" training.

The Board at Eastern Parkway consisted of three ladies and six men, one of the ladies being Chairman of the Board, and at this point they were evenly divided with the exception of the Chairlady Mrs. Grove who had refrained from voting, and whose vote would obviously break the tie. Mrs. Grove had been selected to head up the Board as an honorary acknowledgement of a large family donation to the school's new library. She was however an astute student of pshychology, having majored in the subject at the

State University.

"I can see no real reason why this young man cannot be admitted" said Mrs. Grove, "after all women are now entering fields previously open only to men, hence I am inclined to think there is nothing unreasonable about a young man wanting to enter a field almost totally open only to women. Since the applicant will not be boarding here, we will have no dormitory problem, as expressed by one member, I therefore cast my vote to admit Eugene Ross as a student here at Eastern Parkway Nursing School.

## Part II

Opening day found the future nurses in the Administration Building to receive their class assignments and among them was Gene Ross, somewhat ill at ease but nonetheless determined to see it through. There was obvious amazement at his being there and some hasty questions whispered from feminine ear to feminine ear.

Gene's first class assignment was Chemistry I and the instructor, Miss Nolan, having some advance notice about the situation was all set to handle it. "Now girls," she said, "we have with us for the duration of this semester, a young man who has been admitted to our school after much discussion and deliberation by our governing body, and although this is a rather unique situation, I trust that you will join me in making our only male student welcome and part of the group."

A deep silence followed, interrupted by a few giggles, and Gene could feel the back of his neck reddening. At the end of the session one of the girls, Betty Lou went up to Gene and assured him that she would do anything she could to assist him in his situation. Gene thanked her and promised to remember her very kind offer, as he might need some help.

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Things did not run quite so smoothly in Gene's next class, which was Latin. The instructor, Mr. James, had been at Eastern Parkway for many years, and took a rather dim view of nursing as a male profession. After the first few days he had already selected his favorite students and Gene was by no means included among them. He was in the habit of addressing his students as "my dear" and he mockingly included Gene in this form of address, and it was all that Gene could do to maintain his temper. Luckily for Gene his friend Betty Lou was also in Mr. James class and through her efforts the girls began a counter-attack by innocently addressing Mr. James as "my dear Mr. James" and he soon got the point and was careful to refer to Gene as "Mr. Ross" in a somewhat sarcastic but definitely less embarrassing manner.

### Part III

It was near the close of the first semester, right before the holiday vacation that Gene had his first chance to enter the social life of his classmates, who by now had come to accept him as a student but not socially. It happened in connection with the annual Christmas party, and Betty Lou being on the Arrangements Committee had suggested that Gene be asked to play the part of Santa Claus and distribute the gifts. There were some objections since this was to be a pajama party but Betty Lou overcame the objections and pointed out that Gene would make a better Santa Claus than any of the girls, but if they preferred she could ask Mr. James, and since he was most unpopular, this settled the question. Gene accepted the invitation only after quite a bit of urging from Betty Lou.

Since Betty Lou had talked Gene into taking part in the festivities, she had also volunteered to assist him with his make-up, so about an hour before the party began, a pale faced Santa Claus was led into one of the vacant class rooms off the



dormitory where the party was to be held. Betty Lou first applied a base coat of make up, powder and rouge, eyebrow pencil and lipstick, and the Santa's beard. "All set?" asked Betty Lou. "Yes." said Gene, "But although I should feel silly with all this makeup and lipstick on, I kind of like it." Betty Lou said nothing, but there was a mischevious gleam in her eye!

After Gene had distributed the gifts, one of the girls Imogene announced that they had a present for Gene, and after handing it to him insisted that he open it and after untying the bows and ribbons, Gene opened the box and took out a pair of lacy nylon pajamas, size 36, and he turned red under his several coats of makeup. Imogene then said that this was really only a joke and she hoped that he would not take offense, she then presented him with another gift, a bottle of Jade East mens cologne. After the party Gene took Betty Lou to her door and as she put her arms around him she whispered very softly, "Sleep well in your new pajamas, Darling, they were my idea, and no joke really!"

#### Part IV

Graduation Day was near at last and Gene and Betty Lou had decided to get married after they were out of school. For the graduation ceremony Gene would be wearing a white medical uniform in contrast to his classmates who would be dressed in their starched white nurses outfits. Betty Lou had her outfit ready, including her nurses cap. Before the graduation exercises she showed the outfit to Gene and said, "You won't be getting a cap you know, lets see how mine looks on you."

"Well, not too bad," said Betty Lou, "But with a little makeup it would look even better. In fact I just happen to have another nurses outfit here, why don't you go into the other room and try it on? And oh yes, the wig and shoes are in there too."

## *Transvestia*

Gene was somewhat confused, but couldn't stop himself from almost running into the next room.

"Gee whiz," cried Betty Lou, "here comes Imogene" and sure enough she was in the door before anyone could have stopped her. "Who is your friend, Betty Lou?" Imogene asked and winked at Betty Lou. "Well, what are we waiting for, lets go or we will be late for our graduation." On the way over to the auditorium Betty Lou and Imogene explained to Gene that they had planned it this way and even Mrs. Grove knew about it, and while Gene's diploma would read Eugene Ross he would be called upon as "Jean" during the excercises. Gene now fully dressed in a pretty starched nurses uniform was not at all sure he could carry it off, but the girls assured him that all he had to do was follow their lead, since he had been placed between them purposely. After a few final touches to hair, makeup and lipstick before they went into the auditorium, Gene was more confident.

And so the whole thing went off well and "Jean" graduated as a Registered Nurse, but after the ceremony was over one Mr. James was overheard saying, "Whatever happened to that guy who wanted to be a nurse, wasn't his name Eugene Ross?"

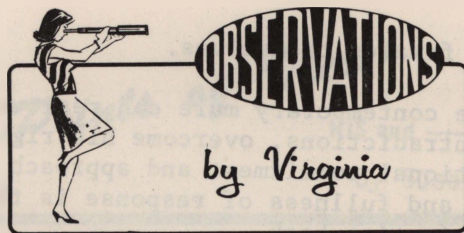
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In TVia #42 Sheila reviewed and I commented on the book "The American Male". Recently I ran across a regular newspaper book review of it. It was so succinct and to the point I thought I would reprint it here as a further urging to get it and read it.

MASCULINITY CODE IS OUTMODED SAYS AUTHOR OF  
'AMERICAN MALE'

Myron Brenton's "The American Male" is said to pave the way for American men to liberate themselves from the masculinity trap that "has been undermining true manliness and restricting the inner core of men for too long."

Brenton says men in America are saddled with an outmoded code of masculinity that cripples their personalities and restricts their enjoyment of life at every significant level of experience. This explosive theme is based on two years' research among men of all classes as well as extensive interviews with psychiatrists and other members of the psycho-sociological communities.

According to the American idea of maleness, a man is supposed to be a strong silent type who keeps his problems to himself and rules his women with an iron hand. He shuns any attitude or activity that lacks a distinctly masculine label. This means that he almost never experiences a deep human contact, because he has learned to suppress the requisite feelings of tenderness and warmth. These are "feminine" feelings, and the American male bears a certain hostility toward anything feminine, including,



inevitably, females themselves.

How the contemporary male can resolve these manifold contradictions, overcome his rigidity and fear of emotional commitment and approach life with flexibility and fullness of response is the subject of this fascinating book.



IF YOUR BOYSELF WEARS GLASSES  
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*Points of View*

HIS and -----

by Susan - Calif.

Goody-- A goody for us who like kicks  
 --- offbeat amusement....odd little tricks.  
 Born a man I have no regrets  
 if only society would forgive and forget.  
 Let every man be free to pick his place  
 and... if he chooses, silks satins, and lace.

I long for a woman, one who thrills  
 ...at the scent of rare perfume, feminine frills  
 a gentle smile....long glowing hair  
 well rounded breasts, I can't help but stare  
 I love her tiny waist...her curvaceous hip  
 in a merry widows mold, and a full lacy slip.  
 Shapely thighs, legs, ankles...heels pencil thin  
 a luscious pair of nylons...sends quivers to my chin.

Only another gal ... when passing by  
 will get the message... the flash of eye  
 The magic power of the feminine mind.  
 In my heart I am searching that I too may find  
 the deep understanding girls have for each other,  
 A kind of a kinship denied to their brothers.  
 All of this beauty ... is missed I regret  
 by ordinary men, living the pattern society set.

Were we to pass on some great city's street  
 Though an ordinary guy, if our eyes should meet  
 You'd get their message, and we both could tell  
 HERE'S A FEMININE FRIENDSHIP----A WISHING WELL.

You would know at once my desire  
 to be like you.--My heart's on fire.  
 To spend happy hours in some sweet repose  
 Enjoying your affections and your feminine clothes.  
 Lacy silk panties, lacy slip, and brassiere

## *Transvestia*

lovely high-heeled shoes, sheer nylon hose---  
I love them, my dear  
A lovely gown and with make up divine  
I say "I AM YOURS"---and ask "WILL YOU BE MINE?"

Our chances of meeting, though so very small  
Do not separate us with a permanent wall,  
they could be worse, one in a billion.  
For it makes me so happy to know you ar real  
my heart now is with you, I know how you feel.  
You would fulfill my dreams --- dressing me as a gal  
And I'd adore you for doing it---

Your Feminine Pal

### ----- HERS

Goody --- A goody for us who like kicks  
--- off beat amusement .odd little tricks  
that break the monotony, add fresh new fun  
to human relations... cute things to be done.

I love the sweetness, gentleness, grace  
the self-proven beauty of nylon and lace  
... definition of form, the shape of romance  
which girl or man feels at a touch, or a glance.

Man looks at woman and thrills at her waist,  
legs, hips and breasts...well I've the same taste  
I love beauty, too, and thrill to my heels  
at another cute trick ... I know how she feels  
... and I wonder if my form... hair, smile and  
grooming  
sends her pulses pounding, skip-beating and  
zooming?

Men I Adore---they're so good at looking  
and showing they know what dish I am cooking.  
... what I mean by the show of a knee or a slip  
... a half-buttoned blouse---a tongue-moistened lip



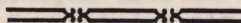
When a guy looks you over, and likes you, you know it  
Because, the dear darling, he can't help but show it  
Men I take straight (hate masculine she's)  
Still a man's more fun when he likes me, and frees  
his dull inhibitions, and flatters me ... oooo---  
Says "WERE I A GIRL I'D LOOK LIKE YOU"---

This of course is my cue. I smile and say, "I  
would adore you as me. C'mon baby try---  
Then in minutes I've got him in skirt and sheer hose,  
his lacy slip billowing like some precious rose  
hair falling to shoulders, breasts jutting like mine  
lips red, appetizing, bracelets, earrings ... divine.  
And oh-ah-ah when he slips into beautiful high  
gracefull heels  
His walk... I can see--- I feel as he feels!!!

What do we do? Just --- girl friends at home  
YOU KNOW --- trying on all sorts of cute clothes  
how I look in these --- how he looks in those  
Nothin' naughty --- (unless just a dance)  
or a kiss with each other is harmless romance.

Some times I feel lonely, lost and hurt, too terribly  
shy  
with some friendly fellow, some really gone guy  
whom I'd love to be friends with ... if only he guessed  
how easy I'd feel if only he dressed ---  
in a way to relax me ... make me feel at ease...  
seductively gowned just to please

So here is my kick, the thing I adore  
The thing I want more of and more  
IS GUYS WHO ADORE  
BEING FEMININE PALS TO FEMININE GALS.



A redhead whose clothing was strewed  
By winds that left her quite nude,  
Saw a man come along,  
And unless we are wrong,  
You expected this line to be lewd!

## Book Reviews

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE



THE NEW YORK SPY, edited by Alan Rinzler; David White Co., 60 E. 55th, New York, 10022. 408 pp + 23 index, + 5 misc. \$6.00 (6/16/67)

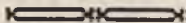
With the publication of THE LONDON SPY in 1703, Ned Ward began a series of guide books to the great cities of the world. After a trifling lapse of 264 years, THE LONDON SPY was reissued in completely modern form early this year and THE NEW YORK SPY carries on this series of intimate descriptions of fascinating cities. It will be followed by Rome, Paris and San Francisco if all goes well. The expressed intention is to avoid the trite "you-MUST-see" format, and this has been admirably done by the 25 contributors. Each is an expert in the field on which he or she writes, and each has given a personal touch to that chapter. You learn how to keep the children out of your hair, while following explicit instructions for locating an Ambulance, a Ballerina, and on through to a Zipper-Hospital. You also learn quite a few ways to keep out of trouble - or to get in no deeper than you choose.

To me, the only flaw in the shopping chapter was the failure to mention the shops specializing in the problems of tall girls - but no reader will fail to find those for herself. Another reviewer complained of the rather pervasive Jewish flavor, but I think that is only fitting in discussing a city to whose culture the Hebrews have made such tremendous contributions. For wanderers from West of the Hudson into

what we barbarians sometimes call "New Jeruselem", a small Yiddish glossary would have helped - but what we got was a BRITISH one!

So, you say, why clutter up the expensive pages of *Tvia* with this? The point is that the author of the "Gay World" chapter included a page and a half on Transvestites. Mr. Skir has presented a concise and accurate picture of the three groups of cross-dressers who are so often confused; we owe him and the publisher a round of applause for it! Especially with OUR address spelled out on page 390.....and he refers the homosexual cross-dresser to the Mattachine Society, and the transexual to Johns Hopkins. When Virginia wrote "Let's be friends with our friends" some time ago, this was the sort of thing we hoped for - so let's reciprocate and advise potential Mattachine members of their address, 1133 Broadway, New York 10010.

This would be a good book to give to your local library - and then slip a card in their catalog under the cross-reference TRANSVESTISM. But read first, you'll love it.



THE LASCIVIOUS ABBOT, By L. H. Walker; GC 303, Greenleaf Classics, 5839 Mission Gorge Rd., San Diego, 92120. Paperback, 192 pp, \$1.25 (1967).

The introduction by Dr. L. T. Woodward, M.D., would serve as an excellent review in any ordinary magazine as he presents a disarmingly unbiased report on the book's merits and faults - plus a surprisingly good little account of transvestism in general. (I question his "Possibly a million Americans are transvestites" and his "many transvestites are also homosexuals"; "50,000" and "some" would be closer.) (See note at end)

The book derives from a section of the memoirs of the Abbe de Choisy which he failed to destroy



## *Transvestia*

prior to his death. It was published 11 years later and again in 1742, as "Memoirs of Countess de Berres". A scholarly version appeared in 1870, and this was transcribed and adapted into English, for the first time, in a 1958 Paris edition from which this volume is reproduced.

Dr. Woodward apologizes for the quality of Walker's work, and rightly. Not only is the result loaded with lower-class British slang and "unfunny jokes", but the crude, coarse language used tends to antagonize the reader. Nevertheless, it is our first glimpse into the private life (as contrasted to biographies) of the world's second most famous TV. We can only hope that some more conscientious translator will do the job over, and include the two-thirds of the material which Walker left out.

From the first four chapters, one would not guess that Choisy is a TV, as he mostly appears nude in the bedrooms of three different girls. He does femme-dress in chapter 5, but only to allay public suspicion during visits to Girl #4. Back to bare with #5 and #6, but he had to resort to full dress to get near #7, a Lesbian. She was nearly his undoing, as her jealousy of #4 led her to denounce him and he had to leave his four mistresses in a hurry! And so to #8, who helped him to seduce #9 - a virgin so innocent she still thought him a woman until her mother caught on. #8 was also helpful in diverting another heterosexual male intent on seducing "Mrs. de Sancy" (his alternate femme-name). And so to #10, 11 and 12; the last wore him down to near collapse, and this led to his joining the clergy. His title had been purely secular, but for the next 50 years he became a pillar of the church and wrote many pious books; apparently he never dressed again.

On the basis of the evidence presented here, dressing meant little to Choisy except as an expedient means to an end. For that reason, and because of the repulsive language used, this book may be a disappointment to you - but what's \$1.25 these days?

It just might do to impress someone with how heterosexual a TV can be, but don't show it to your family-Choisy carried the demonstration a little TOO far!



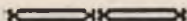
EDITORS NOTE: I'm compelled to get my word into this too. I am sure Dr. Woodward with 1 Million is closer than Sheila with 50,000. With nearly 200 million people we have roughly a 100 million males in this country. Perhaps one quarter of them are under adolescence, are feeble minded, insane or in some other way "out of the running". This leaves 75,000,000 "elegant". 1 million would therefore be only 1½% which I think is a very conservative figure. Homosexuals are estimated variously between 6 and 16 per cent with 10% being a likely compromise. As TVism appears to be the second most prevalent form of variable behavior, I would personally make the guess of 4 to 5%. Of course this includes all the various degrees of the activity from the isolated, locked room panty wearer to the one who lives full time as a woman (but is still a TV as she doesn't have or want surgery--and there are such).

On the homosexual and transvestite terminology matter, I wish I could persuade TVs to consider themselves as a class, a kind, a group, a specific type of behavior rather than just as an adjective. It is true some homosexuals do cross dress, but I dislike to refer to them as Transvestites as a noun. To do so makes the symptom the disease, so to speak. TVs, TSs and HSs may all exhibit the pattern of cross dressing, i.e. the same symptom but they don't suffer from the same "disease" any more than cases of typhoid, bubonic plague, and poliomyelitis are the same just because all three victims show a high fever. So let's say that "some" homosexuals are drag queens but let's not say that either "some" or "many" transvestites are homosexuals. Personally I do not consider that any Transvestites are homosexual because if they are homosexual they are automatically removed from the category of heterosexual males that enjoy cross dressing which is what a true Transvestite is.

VIRGINIA

ON THE SECRET SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN, by Sol Weinstein; Pocket Books #10172, New York; 128pp., \$1.00 (1966)

A farcical account of Isreal Bond, Hebrew Agent Oy Oy Seven, protecting the person of a royal visitor who is definitely NOT heterosexual - and an Arab at that! To do the job, Bond must also dress; reluctantly, and secretly fearing that he might LIKE it! And he does, for a while, but a melee in the Gayboy Club ends up with Bond in tears, tortured with the thought "I have just killed a man by striking him with a purse." VERY camp, in every sense of the word, but a few good laughs; for one, Bond's victim was wearing Transves-Tights and was a member of the Gayfia. In this case, borrow, laugh, and return - same as I did.



THE BALLAD OF DINGUS MAGEE, by David Markson, Blond Publ., London 25/- (\$3.50) (Also available in US as a paperback at about 75¢, and just barely worth it.)

A broad parody of all the bad Westerns you ever read or saw, with too many bad jokes but quite a few good ones too. An ambitious young gunman, whose reputation has been built mainly by taking credit for crimes in which he had no part, is the bane of a bungling sheriff. At the height of the action, both take refuge in the local brothel (having tricked two other citizens into fighting it out in the dark street). The fugitive disguises himself as one of the girls so effectively that he is able to trick the sheriff into helping him escape with a trunk containing the Madam's ill-got gains. The Madam, who has been fighting his side of the battle in HIS clothes, forces the sheriff to wear hers for the chase. Read, laugh and discard.



## Susanna Says....

---



Hi, everybody....Gosh... Summer is suddenly over and we barely got a measly little tan. And let it be known that the tan I got came from sleeveless Summer frocks, NOT bathing suits. Virginia bravely tried to break the anti-bathing suit campaign I have instituted and actually brought with her to Casa Susanna for the Labor Day

holiday a bathing suit in her luggage. But the weather was on my side. It was so cold that one would have to be as vain as Lili or as crazy as Jody to try a bathing suit outdoors. Despite the counter-attacks, I'm standing firm on my "no bathingsuit-no-slacks-for-TV's" crusade, although I must confess that I have already broken my "firm" stand on no-mini-skirts for TV's. Just between us girls, and please don't tell a soul, I'm having a grand time wearing skirts 2 and 3 inches above the knees. But despite the rather cold holiday, I think Virginia had a chance to relax after a hectic tournee...at least she slept and slept and slept.... It was fun. Of course we talked of many things, excepting kings and cabbages. Some nasty minded people might suspect that we even gossiped. And they would be right. Have you ever seen two gals spending a long week-end together and NOT indulging in that marvellous hobby? It was wonderful skinning some TV sisters alive. (I'm attaching the names of the TV's we talked about at the end of this column.)-

And now...a bit of information past due. Many

## *Transmedia*

of you have written concerning the beard-removal experiment. I did not want to refer to it until my chemist had had a chance to really try. But in view of the pressure from all of you feminine "things", I will say that I've temporarily discontinued the experiment for two reasons: 1) that the water-base solution is a most awkward method. And it proved literally not feasible to maintain the necessary systematic applications night after night after night. The chemist is now convinced that very few people will have the patience of sustaining this type of application for the needed long time. So, he is now working on the same formula but in "cream form", the only practical way. The second reason why I discontinued the experiment was that in my eagerness to see results I kept asking for much stronger solutions. And the last one he gave me turned out to have such a penetrating odor that after 30 minutes with the compress held against your chin you began to gag and had the awful feeling your stomach was going to misbehave in a most unladylike fashion. So...I am now patiently waiting for the second round of experiments. As I promised, I will keep you informed of whatever progress we make.

Yes, Virginia says I should really help her out by remembering once in a while that there are such things as paragraphs. As you may have noticed, I have the peculiar habit of using as my favorite form of punctuation the three little dots . . . which is a rather lazy and comfortable way of writing, but which can be fairly annoying to an editor....so.... from the many subjects that come up when TV's get together...the most recent one turned out to be VOICE. This is a beautiful subject because it gives me the opportunity to criticize to my heart's content, knowing full well that no TV feels comfortable when the subject of voice is brought up. We go to great lengths in our efforts to project "the girl-within". We dress her up in the latest of fashions... we spend hours perfecting make-up techniques...we

search endlessly for anything that will hide, erase or disguise the so-called "obviously masculine traits" of our psyques...Some TV's even learn to sit like girls...others (after much trying) manage a very passable feminine walk (or as Virginia says: a non-masculine walk). Why do we do all these things? I feel there are at least three purposes (or targets we shoot at) when we make these various efforts to feminize in action the image we see in the mirror: 1) for our own esthetic pleasure - we "feel" more feminine, 2) to impress our TV friends (vanity, you know), and 3) to help us "pass" if and when we should be out in public. But despite all these various areas of "feminization", there is one big empty gap left. The "girl" we have created is dumb. Notice that the word "dumb" can mean two things: a) lacking the power of speech, and b) lacking intelligence. I am referring to a) (although on second thought I should let b) also stand).

GG's are notoriously talkative...the impressive infinitive: "to yakketty-yak" is seldom, if ever, applied to the boys. Boys grunt, argue, discuss, comment, analyze, and what-not, but they never yakkety-yak. And what happens to our "girl-within" once we manage to get her out of the closet? There she stands, almost beautiful, graceful as a kitten in her movements, she even smells feminine if she remembers to put on a little perfume. (Marginal thought): why is it that few - perhaps I should say almost no TV bothers to put on perfume? And to prove it I ask the readers of this column to say outloud at this very moment: "the perfume that I use when I'm dressed is....". Got you! Only 3 out of one hundred could honestly say that they use perfume. And should there be someone that wants to tell me that he does not use perfume because "it lingers on" after "the boy-within" has reappeared on stage, let me say "phooey!" That's no excuse. So use cologne! It does not linger. Carry it in a little atomizer in you purse and give yourself a couple of whiffs every hour or so. (End of marginal thought. Back



## *Transvestia*

to VOICE).

There she stands, a gorgeous vision of loveliness, but her lips are sealed. This applies to 99% of all TV's. (How do you like my statistics? I just make them up as I go along). She is so dumb (meaning voiceless) that she can't even say "thanks" when a gallant male (probably short-sighted) does hasten to open a door for her. And there she goes shrouded in a world of silence. God help us if she should try to say "good morning", or "is this seat taken?". The rafters would shake. Aha! (someone may say)...there are women with deep voices. And here we go again. Why, oh why, should we always try to excuse our weak points by bringing up the fact that there are women with deep voices so my voice should be okay...or that there are women who walk like men so my walk is okay...and there are women with skinny thighs, so I look okay in my bathing suit....and there are women who don't smell so nice, so if I smell of beer I'm okay...etc...etc...etc... I really get mad when I run into this type of defense.

But, let's go back to VOICE. What I'm trying to say is that while we spend (or should spend) so much effort in creating this gorgeous creature we see in the mirror, what is wrong with trying to give her a voice as feminine as possible? I don't claim to have the final answer to this problem, but it has bothered me enough to stir me into trying to find out what can be done about it. A voice teacher tells me that it can be done. It is not easy, but it should take less time and effort and pain than going through electrolysis. There are methods to train not only the quality of the voice, but to learn the peculiar lilt and intonation (or emphasis) which makes a woman's speech so peculiarly feminine. The odd thing is that when TV's get together they all agree in principle that it would be nice to be able to speak without the "chest-boom" and without provoking suspicious reactions from strangers. But when it comes to actually making the first efforts at feminizing their speech,

they run into a mysterious block. They feel "silly", "awkward" and what-not. Admittedly, it is not easy. It takes a lot of time...constant practice...and I imagine it should best be done under the supervision of a good voice teacher....And before I hear some catty remarks about Susanna's voice not being so hot as she thinks, let me hasten to say that I'm not claiming to have achieved this dream...I know, though, that I should try harder...and I've promised myself that I will. Just think for a moment that your looks and poise may be 50% of the personality you project, but the other 50% is pretty much wrapped up in what you say to other people. You may be even frankly ugly as a girl, but if you had the right voice just think of the personality impact you could make!

You know how voices carry in the country. This is an observation I've made after many week-ends at Casa Susanna. There we are, walking on the lawn... a car may go by and the occupants usually see a group of women moving about. But if the TV's should be talking among themselves...or (heaven forbid) should one call another TV in a loud voice...there goes the illusion! I'm surprised there haven't been any automobile accidents in front of the place. Or we may be sitting at the breakfast table...we are all chattering...suddenly a stranger knocks on the window of our kitchen...he may just be asking for directions...but what he heard just before he knocked was a roomful of guys...not one feminine voice in the entire room...and try to tell him that "many women have deep voices so, why should he be surprised to run into a roomful of deep voiced women!". But even before any of us gets the idea of doing something about the matter of voice production, here goes one bit of practical advice which is within the reach of every TV: don't project when you talk...cut down the horsepower! At least your voice won't carry too far, thus reducing the chances of being heard by others. I know many of you will object to my viewpoint, and say that I'm overdoing it. As a matter of fact a couple of friends have already said so.

## *Transvestia*

Still, I'd love to hear your reaction to this line of thinking. Moreover, if I have the time, I'll continue to make inquiries about the subject.

My dream would be to obtain from some voice teacher a set of "lessons" or exercises which we could print in TVia for those who'd like to follow this path towards a more realistic femininity. I mention "exercises" because a radio announcer of my acquaintance was having a big voice problem. His voice was too high and too thin. So he took a Voice Training Course at New York University and he showed me some of the exercises which he had to do at home over a period of time. They were not only vocal exercises but also body exercises, which, altogether, helped lower his pitch and helped him in the production of a strong, resonant voice. My question is: couldn't a set of exercises "in reverse" be developed? And before I pass on to another subject, let me say that I have been extremely interested in the voice problem ever since I saw the reaction of the audience in a nite-club when they heard one of the impersonators. I forget for the moment his name. He was not what we would call a beauty. As a matter of fact there were many others in the show who surpassed him in feminine appearance, except for the voice. His voice was a perfect girl's voice...quality...pitch...lilt...etc....And this fact ALONE caused many in the audience to question his true sex. This told me that if one can SOUND like a girl, all other physical imperfections dwindle to almost zero. So... let's do something about it. Okay? Then of course there is my usual list of THINGS I COULD DO WITHOUT... the TV who insists in wearing high-necked blouses or dresses, or turtleneck sweaters without first wiping off most of his neck's make-up. The usual result is a mess, particularly if the blouse or dress is white or pastel. The make-up makes him look like a most untidy GG.....The TV who goes for sleeveless frocks but won't shave under his arms...ugh!.....(and please don't give me the excuse that some GG's are just as untidy...) This time I'm feeling less critical than



usual, so I won't add to this list. And concerning the names of the TV's Virginia and I talked about I just realized I misplaced the list somewhere. Sorry. And that's all for now....see you in the next TVia.

Love, SUSANNA



The Catskill Witches Susanna & Debbie  
But, Which Witch Is Which?

~~~~~

Since Susanna has devoted most of this column to the matter of voice control I can't help but throw in my 2¢ worth because this has long been a bug to me too. And while I agree that a voice coach would be the ideal solution it could be inconvenient, embarrassing and expensive so I developed a "do it yourself" method. It worked for me and several others I persuaded to try it so it can work for you too. I hope you will try it and perfect it because there is nothing more incongruous than a nicely dressed "lady" pretty or ordinary who suddenly booms forth with a low and powerful voice. So try this.

Take any reading material like a magazine or newspaper article and start reading it aloud. In a

## *Transvestia*

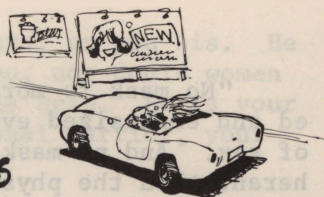
few moments after you have established your normal voice keep on the reading but gradually lift your voice little by little as you read. Keep on going higher and higher until you crack into a falsetto. This indicates you have gone too far. Go back down to your ordinary level and start over again and try to find some "landing" lower than the point of breaking that feels relatively comfortable. Read along on this level for a bit until you get the "feel" of where it is on the scale. Then momentarily drop down to regular pitch and jump up to your new femme level until you can find it unerringly. Get well acquainted with the location of this "landing" so you can start from silence and begin at that level. Once you know where it is just keep on practicing at all convenient times by reading or talking out loud until "her" voice becomes real to you. This whole procedure is like climbing a stairs until you get into the attic which you realize is too far; returning to the ground floor and trying again until you know where the second floor level is so that you could "find it" as it were, in the dark.

Secondly, the matter of power that Susanna mentions. If you will just talk or read out loud in your femme voice and experiment a little with your throat muscles while doing so you will probably discover, as I did, that there is a kind of "damper" in your throat like the one in the fire place that cuts down intensity a bit while not changing the pitch. To do this experiment you have to talk on only one note so that you can experiment with the feeling of throwing your voice "out" or holding it "in". It is hard to explain this in words but you'll find out how to do it if you play with the idea a bit.

Susanna is right that if the voice "fits" the appearance then you can "pass" very easily. Even a low contralto is permissible if it isn't forceful and aggressive. The voice I use on radio and television and which I used continuously on my recent 5 week trip (see Virgin Views article) was learned this way. You can do it too.

Others Also  
Speak

Signs  
of the  
Times



Susanna and I and some others have been voices in the wilderness for a long time trying to get across the conception of the "Girl Within". Most outsiders and a great many within our own group do not understand this conception--more than that they completely misunderstand it. So it is with some satisfaction that every now and again others who are quite unaware of our interests and our point of view in the field come to essentially the same conclusions without any TV implications at all.

Recently I have received two items of this sort which are interesting enough to reprint for you so that you too can take some comfort in the realization that others are coming to understand what some of we femmiphiles have known for a long time. The first of these was sent over as a translation from the Danish by our sister Erna FD-J-1FPE who was our attractive Cover Girl back on TVia #35. It is part of an article by a Mr. Kresten Bjerg, a psychologist at the University of Copenhagen. He wrote an article in a Danish scientific journal entitled, "MASKS, PEOPLE AND SOCIETY". Part of this had application to us and Erna's translation is given here.

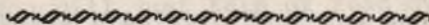
The second article is by June Wilson and appeared in the Atlanta Journal. Although this piece is essentially about the "BOY WITHIN" it is important because it indicates a recognition that there exists in all of us, male and female alike, the nucleus of a personality of the opposite gender. Articles indicating that "He" exists in her are naturally indirect indications that likewise a "She" exists in him. I hope you enjoy both articles.

VIRGINIA



## *Transmedia*

"No mask is more forced upon us, more reinforced and emphasized every day of our lives, than that of sex. And no mask is, as a fact more palpably inherent than the physiological sex distinctions. However, there are hardly any proven congenital psychological differences between the sexes. Therefore there is nothing extraordinary in the idea that every masculine mask covers a potential woman and every mask of woman a potential man. The woman in the man and the man in the woman do not have an easy time in life. In some people their existence is hard to discern. In others they have more real character and manifest themselves as extreme hate or envy regarding the opposite sex or as contempt for or overestimation of their own sex. By means of sex-masking, it is possible to let the woman in the man or the man in the woman live fully and completely for a time. The person thus gets a freedom that he generally does not have. Yes, some are really able to be themselves....."



There was a piece in the papers this week about a swimming pool manager requiring that long-haired youths of the "cool" generation must wear bathing caps in the water, just like the girls must. If this serves to convince even one matty-haired lad that a girl's hair-do does not just happen, we are on the way back. But it reminds me again how mixed and mingled in us all are both the masculine and the feminine qualities.

Usually, thank heaven, one has the upper hand, yet we could not function effectively as women were it not for the "man" who dwells within us.

The fellow who lives inside of you is the only

man who shall ever totally be yours, or you his. He is part of you and has always been, nor could women have survived the ages without his help. He is your mostly silent partner, your personal warrior, your final protector.

Do not pretend that you did not know he is there, for you have known. If he were not, you would be only a sham of a woman. It is the contrast which makes you even more feminine.

He can be a devil at times, as most men. But daily he helps you live your working life, enables you to feel at home with things of the mind and to relate with confidence to the man's world of the job. He is an able fellow and though he learns everything quickly except discipline, he can be controlled once you realize the increasing need you have of him.

He is the drillmaster; he is administrator, scholar, and more. He is our independence and valor, he is the force when we would win. Yet sometimes, even after he is trained, he may go on a tear and drag us underfoot, raging and storming and beating his chest. When he does, woman, who has lived so many centuries under the shadow of a minus sign, rejoices in the way he roars! And we begin to revel in the pulse of power he gives us, and his bold, brash ways which, without him, we would never dare to try. And even as we fear him, he is joy and delight.

He is the ballast that keeps our tiny ships steady in rough waters, and he who first tires of our weak, womanly tears. No matter their cause, he is who orders us, finally, to dry our eyes and think instead of merely to feel and weep.

Now and then, without your calling him, you wake to find he's up already! He shows himself in the glint that supplants the soft glow in your woman's

## *Transvestia*

eyes. Ah yes, he's up, and someone had better watch out! And it's you...you the woman who is in peril for he means to carry you off, for good.

Convince him, then, that you need time to negotiate the terms of surrender and so keep him in his place and for his purpose. How? How else? Seduce him, of course!

It will not help now to give men back the vote or lay down our 24,000,000 jobs and return to the hearthside. No longer will he - nor you - be content to stay down on the farm.

Just be sure the woman you are holds the reins and live usefully both sides of your nature together, neither despising one, nor over-honoring the other.



By accident an error was made on page 2, TVia #46. This was on the first page of the Cover Girl story. The printer accidentally used the name of Julie who was Cover Girl on #45. Also the first line of Barbara Lee's story was omitted. I've had the printer make up a correction slip that may be pasted over the top of the page to correct this. This slip is being inserted in copies going to those with advance orders on file for #47. As this error was caught and corrected before all shipments were made on #46, it is difficult to tell who got incorrect copies and who didn't. If your's was wrong (Barbara Lee was the Cover Girl's correct name, not Julie) and you do not find a correction slip inserted here, please write and ask for one and I'll mail it.

Thank you,

EDITOR



# VIRGIN VIEWS



I have just returned from what might be described as a busmans holiday. When I take a vacation I spend a good part of my time on something having to do with TVism. So it was with my trip.

Lots of readers enjoyed Diana's cover and travelogue stories in TVias #42 and 43 and I hope therefore that you'll find my chronicle equally interesting. So let's start at the beginning.

I left L.A. on Monday Aug. 7 and flew to San Francisco. I was picked up at the airport by my old friend Louise--the first TV I ever met 25 years ago. We had a lovely visit in her beautiful flat overlooking the city and then she took me to my hotel. That evening I was picked up by Crystal (our Cover Girl on #41) and another FPE and taken across the bay to a get together at the apartment of Karin (Cover Girl #43). We had quite an interesting group and I met several old subscribers and several new friends.

The following evening I had dinner with Dr. Benjamin which is always a pleasure for me. He is always so polite and courtly and treats me as a lady should be treated. We had one of our usual discussions of the subject and swapped various ideas about it.

Wednesday morning I got aboard the Calif. Zephyr

## *Transvestia*

in Oakland. I had planned to ride it all the way to Chicago just for old times sake. But a long distance phone call from Gisele in Chicago the night before informed me that I had to be in Chicago before the train would arrive so I had arranged to get off in Denver and fly the rest of the way. Being on a train again was quite a novelty after the jet planes and brought back memories of my childhood.

It was one of those trains with the Vista Domes up top and I spent quite a bit of time up there especially going through the Sierras and the Rockies. I got well acquainted with a nice couple at dinner and found them pretty open minded about things and with some very sensible views about gender and sex. So I invited them to come to my compartment for a couple of hours before we were to get into Denver Thurs. evening. They did and I proceeded to tell them all about myself, the magazine and TVism. They were much interested and thanked me for sharing the material with them, and afterwards we had dinner together again. Just goes to show again that it isn't difficult to tell others nor to achieve a measure of acceptance if you can do it with sincerity and realism rather than guilt.

I was supposed to have 2 hours between train and plane in Denver but the train was 3 hours late. So nothing to do but phone Gisele in Chicago, make arrangements to be met about 8:30 the next morning on another plane and go to a hotel. I checked in at 10:30, in bed by 11 and left a call for 2 AM telling the operator to be sure not to forget as I had to catch that plane. As one will, I woke up voluntarily at 12 and again at 1 AM to see if it was time and then when 2 AM came I was so dead that I didn't hear the phone. Remembering my warning about the plane the operator got worried and sent the bellman and the house detective up to the room. Knocking didn't wake me so they just came in and turned on the light which did the trick. There I was in bed in my nightie without make up and with a mans hairdo.

My wig was parked on top of a vase on the bureau and my clothes were scattered around where I'd dropped them in my haste to get to bed. It must have been a strange sight when I liften my unladylike head from the pillow but nothing was said either at the time nor later when I called the bellboy for the bags and went to the desk to check out. I expect they just felt sorry for the poor lady who had such short hair that she had to wear a wig.

Anyway after my 3 hours sleep I got to the airport for a 4 AM flight to Kansas City and Chicago. This flight was late too, so I didn't have much time to lie down to rest at Gisele's house before her brother Gus came home to take me to the radio station for the TV taping session. This was held at 11:30 AM and was the reason for my having to get to Chicago earlier than the train. It was the Irv Kupsinet show, a rather well known one in the Chicago area. I wasn't the only guest nor was TV the only subject. I shared billing with Dr. Gebhard of the Inst. of Sex Research in Bloomington, Ind., with Dr. Wright author of "Black Power" and with a psychiatrist. This was very good public relations for our cause because I wasn't on the program as an oddball to be dissected but as someone with something to say and was billed as the author of "The Transvestite and His Wife". Thus while we were discussing the book "Black Power" I had some comments to make and made them, which put me in the position of an intelligent person with something to say. I mention this not out of personal bragging but to indicate that for the first time over the air a TV was treated as the intellectual equal of other persons with some stature and not as a sort of curiosity to be taken apart.

One very funny thing happened on the show, however. The psychiatrist had something to say about everything that was brought up and on several occasions interrupted my replies to questions to give his own views, thus stealing some of my all too





Kup's Show  
with  
Dr. Gebhard of  
Sex Research Inst.  
and  
Irv Kupsinet  
Show's Moderator

Panel  
Discussion



Jerry Williams  
Show on WBBM

on Marty Faye



little time. It was obvious that he didn't go along with TVism very far. As the very last question on the show I was asked if I would be willing to appear as Charles sometime. I replied in the negative and among other things I said, "This way I appear before you as a woman and even though you know better you cannot help but think of me as a woman and treat me as such". The psychiatrist could not comment because it was the end of the show, but it was evident from his expression that he was not about to buy anything like that. But just after the show went off the air and we got up from the lounges one of my earrings fell off. The Dr. immediately stooped to pick it up and while half way back to a standing position realized what he had done and rather sheepishly looked up at me and said, "You know, if you hadn't been a woman I wouldn't have done that for you." I said "Yes I know, Doctor, I was about to point it out to you". Ah revenge is sweet, he sure fell into that one.

The next morning was a repeat on the Jerry Williams show over WBBM--the same show I had done last April. It was quite successful and they told us afterward that their phone registering device showed that there had been over 1400 callers trying to get the line during the show, though we could only take a few of them.

After this show we, Gisele (as Gus) and I paid a visit to the offices of Dr. Walter Alvarez the famous medical columnist. He is a wonderful man and was much interested in our subject. He took his two secretaries and Gus and I to lunch at Jacques French Restaurant one of the really "in" places in Chicago where we spent much more time discussing TVism. He also consented to pose with me outside afterward (see picture section).

That evening Gus had arranged an appearance on the Marty Faye TV show in which they gave me two half hour segments and this too was very successful.





Viginia with  
Dr. Walter Alvarez, the  
Medical Columnist



With The Two Chicago  
Go-Getters  
Barbara Lee (13-D-4) FPE  
Gisele (13-J-2) FPE



Russian Bldg.



Siamese Bldg.

At Expo



One of the calls after the show was from the wife of a TV who had been happily married for 25 years..

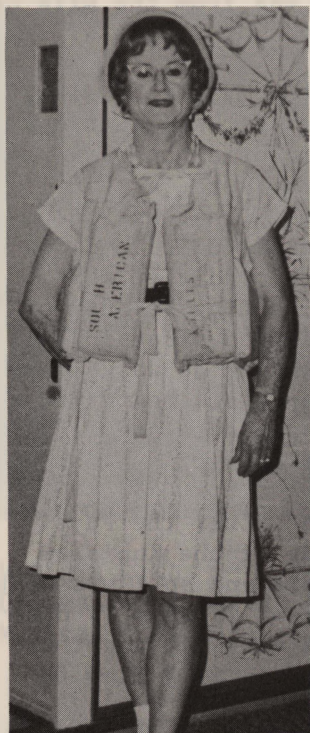
Since my return I was told by my friend Nikki who was handling the mail for me that she sent out about 125 requests for further information as a result of these shows and more, I am sure, are still in the pile of as-yet-unopened mail that has accumulated. So the three appearances in Chicago did a lot of good. I want to give much credit at this point to Gisele (Cover Girl #32) acting as Gus for being a good public relations man and arranging all three of these appearances. Although he was just convalescing from a bout with Hepatitis he put in a lot of time and energy on these projects and we all owe him a vote of thanks for the effort.

We got back to his apartment after the Faye show in time to see the screening of the Kup show that had been taped the day before and so I was able for the first time to see myself on TV as a TV discussing TV. The next nite was a nice get together at Gisele's place and the following day I flew to Detroit.

I took the tour out to Dearborn and the Ford Museum and also went thru the River Rouge steel plant. It was fun walking thru the plant as a woman asking a lot of intelligent questions (my brother is a chemist you know) that a woman wouldn't usually ask. I really kept the guide humping.

The afternoon of Aug. 19th I went down to the docks and boarded the SS South American for the boat trip to Montreal. This was a fascinating trip thru the locks of the St. Lawrence waterway, the 1000 Islands and a side trip to Niagara Falls by bus. Everything went off lovely on the boat--I was aboard 2½ days and 3 nights. The ship's photographer got several shots of me which I am printing with this article. One was as we got off ship for a half hour stop at Ogdensburg N.Y. and the other two were during

Aboard Ship S.S. South American



Life Boat Drill



Disembarking



Going Down To Dinner

lifeboat drill and on the stairway going down to dinner.

We arrived in Montreal Sat. morning about 10 AM and I took a taxi to the home that I was to stay in. This was arranged by our sister Sydney 56-K-1 FPE and it was a very nice place. One of my GG friends from L.A. was at the fair at the same time and we both stayed with this lady and her daughter. So far as I know she never detected anything out of order for the 9 days we were with her, though she may have seen the 10 minute TV show that I did on Canadian Broadcasting and which was shown several days after I had left.

Well, we had a great time at the fair. For once I found out what it was like to be a V.I.P. Our sister Patricia 56-W-1 had thoughtfully sent me an application for a press pass which I very nearly didn't fill out since it seemed so unlikely to be granted. But finally on a "what can I lose" basis I sent it in signed by Charles Prince Publisher and Virginia Bruce Editor, of Chevalier Publications. Lo and behold about 10 days later I was the possessor of a nice little plastic enclosed press pass that not only got me into the fair for free but enabled me to go to the head of the lines at all of the pavillions and to take my friend in with me. We saved an awful lot of time that way as some of the lines were 4 hours long. We thus saw about all that was of importance and enjoyed the fair greatly though I was disappointed that there weren't more industrial exhibits like Ford, Westinghouse, DuPont etc. None of these were there and only a few others.

One intriguing incident has to be related. As is usual at such large public affairs there are not enough women's toilets so there is always a line up at them. One afternoon we were to meet Patricia at a certain spot and got there about 15 min. ahead of time, so while my friend waited for her I went and stood in line at one of the ladies rooms. There





Expo  
From Top Of French  
Pavillion



Expo  
Looking Toward Montreal



In Front Of Russian  
Pavillion

was a matron and a janitor at the door letting women in one at a time as one came out. Finally 2 men with a door came up and after waiting for a couple of women to come out they took the door and went in. One of the women ahead of me said, "Why can't we go in?" The janitor said, "Because there are two men in there". The lady replied, "We don't care, let us in!" So the janitor shrugged his shoulders and stood aside while about 15 of us went in. It was a four booth convenience and one of the doors was off. Women lined up in front of the other three and came and went, washed, fixed face and hair etc. like nothing was unusual while these two men were trying to rehang the door. Even women who came in not knowing that the men were there accepted the situation and nobody got excited or even made any cracks about it. Which only goes to show that all the excitement about a man in dresses getting into the ladies room is a lot of imagination. These two guys were there in overalls working and none of the women seemed in the least disturbed. Of course they were in privacy in their own cubical. In Europe this would mean nothing as the two rooms are frequently adjoining or open into each other, but Americans get so shook up about such things.

I got a chance to meet the Montreal members of FPE and we put together a meeting at the home of a friend of one of them. There were 7 of us and 3 GGs so we had a pleasant evening launching a Montreal chapter of the organization which will now be able to carry on alone as there are 3 more members who were unable to be there.

Thanks to Patricia I got on CBC-TV for a 10 minute spot which was certainly not enough to get into the subject but at least it aired it and I can only hope that some of our locked door sisters saw it and will come out and be counted.

Well at the end of our Montreal trip my GG friend drove to N.Y. with one of the group and I went





At Casa Susanna

Back:

Front:

Wilma (32-S-11) FPE

Marilyn (47-I-1) FPE

Janine (56-D-2) FPE

Virginia (5-P-1) FPE

Lucille (22-R-1) FPE

Susanna (32-V-1) FPE

Kathy (30-S-6) FPE

Debbie (32-R-9) FPE



In Boston

Betsy - R.I.

Lisa (21-D-2) FPE

Virginia (5-P-1) FPE

Eloise (21-F-3) FPE

Karen (21-F-2) FPE



by train to Quebec for a day and a half and back by air. My Quebec friends may be unhappy but I didn't find the city worth the trouble of going there except for a bit of rest. You can see about all there is of importance in one day easy. It is not nearly as interesting a city as Montreal although it is older and more historical.

From Quebec back to Montreal by air and change for a flight to Boston. No trouble at all with customs. By this time I had a going case of laryngitis which I'd had for 2 days (and still have the remains of as I write this two weeks later.) It was kind of ironical too. So many TVs who haven't found a satisfactory femme-voice feign laryngitis to explain their masculine voice and here I was with an adequate femme-voice and actually having laryngitis so I still sounded like Charles. I "did" Boston, Lexington and Concord by foot, by Greyline bus and by the courtesy of Maxine 21-G-1 and another friend from Conn. who met me at the airport. We also had a nice meeting of some of the members from the Boston-Conn. area (see picture).

Finally came the Friday before Labor Day and I took off for New York so that I could go up to Susanna's Resort over the long weekend. If you think it is annoying as a man to try to catch a taxi during a busy period try it as a woman with 3 bags in front of Grand Central Station about 6:30 PM on a Friday nite. It took me 45 minutes to get one and finally I had to leave the bags and walk a block away to another street, flag one down and have him drive back for the bags. I think he thought I was some kind of a nut. I went to Susanna's apartment, met some of the rest of the gang and later we drove to the resort.

We had a small crowd but a congenial one and the country was well represented, Seattle, Detroit, Los Angeles, and Montreal were represented as well as the local N.Y - N.J. area. We had a good time,

## *Transvestia*

good food and good fellowship (or should I say girls-manship?). Playing pool as a girl has certain advantages over doing it as a man. For instance keeping one foot on the floor is easier with heels though I think that the pleasure of the occasion does something to ones masculine accuracy and precision. But came the end of the holiday and back to N.Y. Monday night.

In New York I met several of our member individually and made several other contacts that may prove useful in the future. I also toured out to Kennedy airport to see our literary editor, former field coordinator for FPE and friend--Sheila--and wife off to Scandinavia via SAS. Having been there myself I was very envious of them. They will be making contact with our affiliate chapter of FPE-North Europe in Stockholm and later on the Beaumont society - our FPE group in England. I look forward to making that tour myself in a couple of years, but first I've got a battle to wage with the passport people about getting a passport for Virginia. This is not just a personal matter but a matter of principle involving the pursuit of happiness in a different gender role than the one your sex of birth would indicate. Wish me luck.

Next stop was Chicago and Gisele again. We were an hour late and this caused some confusion as Kay, Cover Girl on #28, was also flying in from Michigan. However, we finally made it and all got together. That night Fran (Exec. Sec. of FPE) came down from Wisconsin so we had an executive committee meeting (Pres. 2 Vice Pres. and Exec. Secty) to thrash out a few FPE problems which we did with vigor (and that's the right word too).

The following night the Beta girls put on a party at which there were about 20 FPEs, about 6 wives and pleasantly two mothers--Gisele's and Maryann's from Ohio (Cover Girl on #38). It was crowded in the motel but it was much fun getting acquainted



The Big Chicago Party  
All FPE Members

Back:

|                 |                |                  |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------|
| Cindy<br>13-J-3 | Joan<br>49-B-4 | Evelyn<br>35-B-9 |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------|

|                |               |                  |
|----------------|---------------|------------------|
| Lisa<br>49-B-1 | Kay<br>22-K-1 | Gisele<br>13-J-2 |
|----------------|---------------|------------------|

Middle:

|                |                    |                  |
|----------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Gina<br>44-S-1 | Jean Ann<br>13-V-1 | Evelyn<br>15-E-1 |
|----------------|--------------------|------------------|

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Betty Lou<br>13-R-3 | Mary Ann<br>35-J-2 |
|---------------------|--------------------|

Front:

|                 |                       |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Julie<br>13-M-7 | Barbara Lee<br>13-D-4 |
|-----------------|-----------------------|

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Virginia<br>5-P-1 | Charlene<br>49-B-5 |
|-------------------|--------------------|



## *Transvestia*

with new friends and renewing old friendships. I get so many letters from so many people that I come to know by mail but have never met. This trip enabled me to meet face to face for the first time many only previously known by correspondence--Montreal, Boston, New York, Chicago, Minneapolis--its great to have friends all over, a real reward.

Since Gisele and her lovely wife Cynthia took care of me for 4 days on the way out and 3 on the way back as well as planning many activities while I was there, I want to extend my thanks to both of them. Cynthia doesn't get much play in a report that deals mostly with TV doings but she does a lot for the cause and I want her to have her share of appreciation.

Next stop was Minneapolis where I was met by three of our sister's brothers. It was so convenient since I had three bags. It makes a lady feel very nice to have three boys taking care of her - thanks to all of them. That afternoon we went to the Univ. of Minnesota Medical School Department of Psychiatry for a seminar which had been arranged by Dr. Hastings the man who is heading up the transsexual surgery work. There were about 30 doctors, interns, residents and other interested personel. I told them all about our activities, FPE, the Foundation, the magazine etc. They asked many questions about TVism, its difference from TS and HS, etc. and we kept at it for about 2½ hours. It was a very good session.

That evening I had the interesting experience of taking to dinner my first wife and her sister and sitting around the hotel room and talking afterwards. This was the one that divorced me on account of TVism. I had the satisfaction of having her acknowledge that I made quite an authentic and attractive woman. It took 20 years for that satisfaction to come so I savoured it when did.

The following morning before being taken to the

airport by Sally 23-W-1 FPE I had a little time so I called the Asst. Chief of Police of Minneapolis and asked him what the local law was concerning a male in feminine attire on the streets. He said it was against the law unless it was a professional. I told him about the seminar the previous day and asked if that made me a professional. He allowed that it probably did and that being so I asked him if he or his chief of Vice would like to have a talk with me about TVism. He said very much so and he would have him meet me at the 3rd street entrance. So I went down there by cab, met and talked with the officer in charge of Morals and Narcotics and had a pleasant visit. He was interested, appreciative of my coming and asked me to send him some further material, saying that he would circulate it to his men. So that was another good job done. An educated police department is a first step toward a fair and understanding attitude.

Finally to the airport and home without further incident. I was met at the airport by my GG friend Nikki who had been doing her best to cope with orders etc. during my absence. Although she had shipped out about 120 orders there are at least that many still in the box waiting for me to get around to them. I hope those who were delayed will understand that I couldn't be in two places at once and that they were taken care of as soon as they could be.

In retrospect, this was a very worthwhile 5 weeks. Not only did I get a vacation and meet a lot of new people but I think I accomplished a lot for the cause-- 3 TV appearances and 1 radio, a medical seminar, and conferences which may hopefully lead to further radio and/or TV appearances and possibly some money for some special TV research. For myself personally it was my longest time "en femme". Five weeks without pause and in some new type situations such as on the boat which all add to my total experience. I feel quite able to hold my own in all type of situations by this time and while this is very

satisfying to me personally it also demonstrates to those acquainted with the actual facts that a TV can be a pleasant, intelligent and well behaved "lady". This is important in view of the general public idea about a male in feminine dress. Anyway it was great, I enjoyed it and I hope you enjoy the pictures presented along with this report.

*Paris Fashion*

**WIGS**

FEATURING

All 100% human hair wigs, wiglets, switches,  
pony-tails and falls -

Service department for expert styling, cleaning  
coloring and repair - all work done by skilled  
specialists -

Private fitting booths -

TV's welcome -

Call, write, or come in for consultation -

104 E. Broadway  
opposite Security Bank  
Phone 241-5619

*Paris Fashion Wigs*



## *Editorial Emanations*

---

I. DELAY: I am sorry that this issue is delayed, but I indicated in #45 that it would be. I didn't arrive home from my trip until several days after the finished copy would have to be in the printer's hands for a first of the month delivery, so naturally the publication date was moved up.

I'm sorry that more of you didn't read about this in the last issue because I've been plagued with letters giving me the date of the order and asking where the heck it was. This lack of getting the message has cost readers a lot of worry and postage and me a lot of time opening such mail. I have not taken time from the handling of the terrific backlog of mail on hand (with more coming in every day of course) to reply to these letters because in most cases the order had been filled and shipped about the time the letter had been written. However, if you have not received an order sent in in Aug. or Sept. by the time this print comes to your attention please do let me know because the backlog will all have been cleared by then and any unshipped orders were either never received, lost by the P.O. or we have made a boo boo here at Chevalier and I would certainly want to know which for my own sake as well as yours.

II. WOULD YOU BELIEVE? Yes, it's true the "TV and His Wife" is finally out and available at \$4. It is \$1 more than the old price which appears on the price list because that is the price that the publisher put on it. They did a very nice job on it and it is a production that can sit with ease on any bookstores shelves--or on yours. If this doesn't help recalcitrant wives then take them to the headshrinker because they will be the ones that have the problem.

## *Transvestia*

Many of you have commented that it is too bad that TVia has to appear only in the cheap Main street type of bookstore, but that is the only sort of place I can get them in. However, Argyle (subsidiary of Sherbourne Press who did the Wives book now have a respectable book to sell and will sell it to respectable book stores. Those of you who are brave enough ought to ask for it in your favorite bookstore so that they will hear of it and want to stock it because of the demand that you will help create by your asking. If they should have it and you don't need it because you've already gotten it from me, just smile and say that you didn't want to buy it but only wanted to know if they stocked it because you knew a TV that wanted to buy it. Your request will help build the demand and as more stores stock it more of our sisters will find it and come out of the woodwork which eventually makes more friends for you in your own area.

III. CLIPSHEET # 24: This item is also out and available. For the benefit of newer readers, this is a compilation and offset reproduction of all the clippings that are sent in to me concerning TV or any interesting items related to cross dressing. I don't however clutter it up with reports of the number of bank robberies etc. that are done by males in dresses. However, if you like to collect scrap book materials this is the way. Current issue is \$1.50 and back issues are 50¢ each when bought at least 6 at a time. I am already out of some of the earlier issues and do not have too many of some others as I don't print as many Clipsheets as TVias. So if you are interested better get with it.

IV. CORRESPONDENCE AGAIN: As I've said before, I'd love to write answers to all of you but it is physically impossible so don't be hurt as some have been by not getting a reply. Specific questions on a post card that can be answered yes or no or a date I can return easily but letters I can only handle when time permits and it usually doesn't. I wish I could persuade the newer readers to buy the early issues be-

cause somewhere in them every question that you might ask about TVism has been answered.

V. DEFINITIONS: Many of our newer readers ask what the initials "GG" and "FPE" mean. "GG" means "genetic girl", that is a natural born female. "FPE" is the english initials of PHI PI Epsilon our sorority, application for membership in same can be requested after you have received 5 issues (old or new) through Chevalier (newstand purchases don't count). This way you prove your genuine interest by the purchase and you also satisfy yourself that this is the kind of group that you are looking for.

VI. TYPING AND MANUSCRIPT ERRORS: Sometimes I'm amazed. I get letters bitching about the fact that there are typo errors in TVia and that on a couple of occasions I have mistakenly printed the same poem or cartoon twice. True, but how important is this? I'm mighty damn (unladylike word) sure that if I had discovered something like TVia 20 years ago when I was alone and hungry I wouldn't have cared if every other word was misspelled. I'd like to have it come out perfect but between the typist, myself and the printer there are bound to be boobos and some are caught and some are not. If I took 6 or 8 months to produce an issue like some other publications I know of everything could be letter perfect but every 60 days is pretty darn often, so bear with me.

V. PINK MIRROR: This item still listed in the already printed price list is no longer available. Reverse Sex is nearly all gone too. TVia #12 has been recently exhausted. As our readership expands the number who want back issues increases and the supply is going down fast on some of these. So those who would like a reasonably complete library had better fill in their gaps while they can.

VI. CORRECT ADDRESSING: To help me in handling your mail quickly and efficiently please do not mix things up. That is address everything to do with orders to



## Transvestia

Chevalier, if mail is to be forwarded to Fran address it to Phi Pi Epsilon Attn. Fran. Please don't write one check to cover both Chevalier purchases and FPE dues, it makes a lot of unnecessary book-keeping.

thanks

VIRGINIA



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" 1407 So. Highland Ave. Los Angeles 19, Calif.



=====  
22-R-1 FPE. Single TV, 38 yrs. would like to correspond and meet other TVs and understanding women in and around Detroit area.  
=====

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1st TV: "I tore up that fiction story I wrote for TVia last night."

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# Publication Policy

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

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

## PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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

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