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# TRANSVESTIA



No. 35, 1965

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

### ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

by means of fiction, articles of opinion, true experiences etc. Its purpose is to help its readers to promote:

### UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

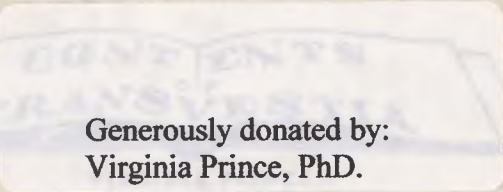
TRANSVESTIA has, and will continue to serve as a means of gathering information in its chosen field and to aid, by any means available, the dissemination of knowledge of the field to further the understanding of it by psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists, lawyers, jurists and police officials.

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

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





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EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI  
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES  
Literary Editor

THEA VYNCENT  
Ass't. to Editor

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OUR COVER GIRL

# Erna Tells Her Story

by ERNA (FD-J-1) FPE



It is possible for most of us, I think, to remember the time when we first realized that we were not like other boys around us. I remember that I was 7 years old when I began taking pleasure in so called feminine things and at the same time I understood that it was not well accepted that a boy took an interest in feminine clothes and shoes, girl's toys, jewelry and cosmetics.

The picture of a female dancer in a sparkling dance frock and golden sandals had suddenly made me jealous of the girls. Why could I not wear such clothes? A curious thrilling feeling seized me. What would it be like to be a girl? From then on I liked to play with the thought of being transformed into a girl who could wear such beautiful clothes and paint her face with cosmetics. The idea thrilled me more and more, but it was impossible to tell others about it. Perhaps I was the only boy in the world who had such thoughts and ideas.



For many years, every night before falling asleep my thoughts played with the same subject. . . How a boy becomes a girl. Stories were invented night after night or the same story would continue several nights, while I went over it in detail. All these fictions were invented by me with or without an outer inspiration. The more details, the better. This mental work, a sort of mental cross dressing, pleased me immensely. The curious thing was that I had an inner feeling that some day my fantasies would come true.

Born in 1920, I was the only child of my parents and on the whole brought up as most other boys. My mother and father were proud of having a son, and they were not longing for a little daughter. Girls were good for nothing. I was dressed as other boys at that time wearing long stockings up to my 9 years. I remember that I always wanted the stockings to be stretched on my legs and that I hated wrinkles. I was allowed to play at home with little dolls and, together with my mother I sewed doll's dresses for them. However, at the same time I could play with tin soldiers, toy theatre and mechanical construction sets. I also loved to draw and paint for which I had and still have a certain talent.

Only a few times during my childhood did I have the opportunity to secretly put on feminine clothes, but in my dreams, I could live freely as a girl and loved it. However, on one occasion I put on one of my mother's discarded dresses. It was too big for me naturally, but I had a strong sensation when wearing this dress. It gave me a feeling of what pleasures the future might bring. One day my mother saw me in her dress and laughed. From that day I did not play with it any more.

Several other times I had to put on a woolem cordigan belonging to a girl of my age. It would happen when my mother and I visited the girl's mother and it was too cold for me to play outside with only my shirt on. On such occasions I could also borrow a pair of her



DO BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN?



ERNA AT HOME



slippers. The girl and I played with her dolls and exchanged cut-out dolls. I identified myself with the girl next to me, and it was a wonderful feeling.

At Shrovetide it was common that boys and girls disguised themselves as Indians, cowboys, clowns, fairies, etc. But I was not allowed to disguise myself or buy a mask. I had only to dream myself disguised as a girl in dance frock with half mask and golden shoes. There I was with my dreams before the big show-windows with all the fancy dresses, the exotique jewelry and the masks. How I longed to try on these dresses and wigs, earrings, bracelets, colored stockings and smart high heeled shoes. I looked at the cosmetics that were displayed and all the special fancy make-up for carnival. But that land was closed to me.

When I was about 11 years old I began putting on weight. The fat settled on my thighs, derriere, tummy and breast, and it must somehow have given me a sort of feminine appearance, for some of the boys began teasing me by putting an ending to one of my given names (firstnames) so it became a girl's name. When I was 12 or 13 years old some of my school fellows made fun of me finding that I had begun getting breasts and soon would have to wear a bra (so they said, laughing). I was surprised. Naturally I could see that I had a little more flesh on my breast than the other boys, However, their remarks annoyed me. On the other side the consciousness of having something the other boys did not have gave me an inner satisfaction. It was for me a confirmation of my own opinion of myself. My natural shining finger-nails were another object of teasing. My nail-biting schoolfellows asked me if my mother lacquered my nails. Perhaps they envied them!

At a party where I was present with my parents an elderly lady suddenly exclaimed; "What beautiful long black eyelashes that boy has." I blushed. I had never thought of my eyelashes before. Now they were in the limelight. Perhaps other boys have been exposed to

## *Transvestia*

such envious exclamations from nice old ladies and teasings from their schoolfellows, but sensitive as I was, on the matters, I felt that perhaps somehow they were right in their opinion about me. More and more I felt that I had something of a feminine nature in my inner self.

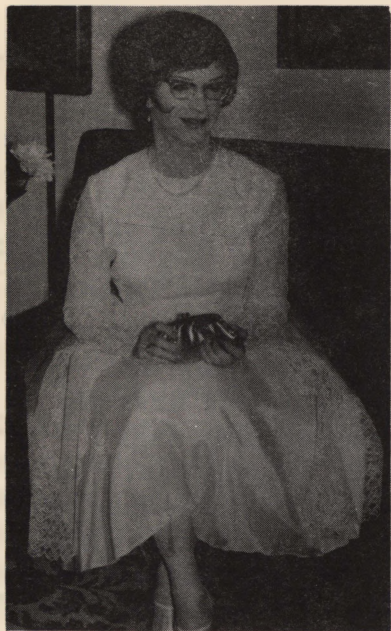
When I was 15 years old my overweight disappeared and I had a fine slender figure. However, the fat on my breasts remained.

I did not like to show myself naked to my school-fellows when we dressed for gymnastics. In my eyes it was a blow against my sense of decency every time I had to take a shower together with the other boys after gymnastics. The sight of the other naked boys was disagreeable and unpleasant. I found it unseemly. I have the same feelings to day and have never visited a public swimming hall if I could not have my own cabin for changing my clothes.

I never use trunks always a bathing suit. At school and college my gym suit was composed of a pair of shorts and a shirt, though most of the other boys were stripped to the waist when doing gymnastics. I remember how bashful I was when I had to subject myself to the compulsory examination of men liable for military service. When I had to do this service, however, my country was occupied and I only had to do civil service without living in barracks, but could live at home.

Ever since I learned to read my favorite reading has been the fashion pages in the newspapers and magazines. Especially I was thrilled and happy to read the correspondence columns about beauty questions and beauty culture which gave me my first idea of the wonderful world of cosmetics. My mother did not use any form of cosmetics, so I had to study the girls and ladies in the street. I think all these observations at an early age gave me a keen eye for feminine things. Soon I began secretly making scrapbooks with clippings and pitcures about fashions and cosmetics. Later in life





BRIDESMAID?



BRIDE?

OR



ERNA AS A PARTY GIRL



## *Transvestia*

these scrapbooks also were filled with articles and pictures about femmepersonation, sexchanges, etc.

As a teen-ager, I found that my mother's shoes fitted me, and there followed my first exciting experiments with walking in high heels and with long silk stockings. With one of my mother's skirts, a cardigan and a bandana I could see myself in the mirror as a girl, certainly without cosmetics, to my sorrow, which had to wait, but nevertheless as a girl. My first wig I constructed from three of the biggest doll-wigs I could get hold of, and I found it to be a fine one. The sight of my silk-clad legs below the skirt was marvelous to me. Some handkerchiefs bound together made a bra, and the cups were filled with other handkerchiefs. I felt I had created something or better had found expression for some ideas that were part of myself. Later in life I should find that all this was in accordance with the general pattern for the career of a FP.

As for back as 10 years old I had been thinking what it was that gave me this strange interest in feminine clothes etc. As the curious boy I was, I studied all sorts of encyclopaedias, I could get hold of at the libraries, but found nothing about my subject. In my early twenties, studying at the university, I began finding books and works about the theme. For the first time I became acquainted with the words "Transvestism and Transvestite". I read the biography of the Chevalier d'Eon and the books of Magnus Hirshfeld, Havelock Ellis and more. One day I found the famous book "Venus Castine" in the window of a second-hand bookseller.

Having graduated from the University, 26 years old, I began earning my own money. In the following years I bought my feminine wardrobe, little by little. The first feminine things I bought for myself were a pair of nylon stockings, a garter belt, panties and a pair of high heeled shoes. My first cosmetics were a lipstick and pancake. After that I bought a bra, but in a sudden feeling of guilt (I think it must have been such a thing)

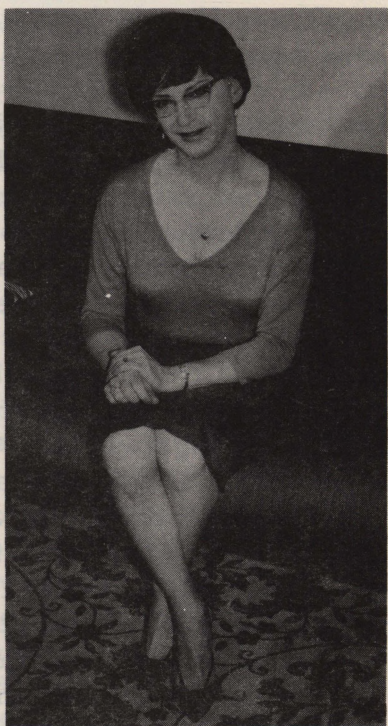


I shortly after burnt most all of it.

After this "purge", however it was as if I had found myself. I understood I had to accept myself. I had not created myself. I was born with masculine and feminine feelings and none of them were bad feelings. I realized that it was not a handicap to live in a feminine world. On the contrary I had the advantage of being able to look at mankind through two sets of glasses, two sets that complimented each other.

Today I have an extensive feminine wardrobe, and I dress as a woman as often as possible and generally some hours every day. All sorts of feminine clothes are represented, and all forms of foundations are to be found in that wardrobe together with underwear, nighties, shoes and jewelry. As an experimenting girl I find we have to try all the fashions and types that we can afford. How is it to wear? How does it suit me? There are constant questions. Therefore my wardrobe has been continuously growing. I have several wigs of real human hair and find it interesting to change color and style now and then. My beauty-box is full of all sorts of cosmetics and for me it is a charming hobby to find out how they are to be used, for the best results.

Through the years I have studied the ways and mannerisms of women in order to develop my own authentic feminine traits and habits and to improve my feminine appearance. But above all it is my wish to look authentic, not to attract attention, and to be able to look and act like the average woman. To be natural is the most important thing of all. The adoption of feminine mannerisms is an art, but also an inevitable consequence of my desire to express the feminine side of my life. Walking and posing like a woman, some minutes of daily training in speaking with a modulated feminine voice are studies that influence the person in a feminine direction. I think we are here meeting an interesting factor in our feminine development. We learn that the more we act and pose in feminine ways the more and easier do we



READY FOR ANYTHING



think femininely. It is as if the outer feminine practicing has an inner mental effect. Our inner feminine self grows and matures towards full expression. We not only create an outer feminine illusion, but dressed as a woman we also gradually feel that we are women. Dressed as men, we act like men and think like men. Dressed as women, we are women having no feeling of fooling society.

My height, only 5 feet and 4 inches without shoes, and my weight, 122 pounds, are of great advantage when trying to create the authentic appearance of a woman. My bone structure is light and I have but little muscular development. A fine slender girlish waist is nature's gift to me. The fat on my breast makes it easy to make a good cleavage. My unpadded measurements are 35-25-1/2-35. I prefer a bra size 36 with an a or b cup and use a panty girdle with appropriate derriere and hip paddings. My hands are small, glove size 6-1/2 and I have slender arms and wrists. The strap of my wrist watch measures only 6-1/2. My feet are size 6 and narrow. I use stockings size 9. When appropriately padded I am a typical size 14 or 16. I always wear a corselette or other sort of foundation under my male outfit, when not dressed as a woman, as I find that it helps to keep my slender waist.

Naturally I tweeze my brows to the extent possible. I have to shave twice a day in order to keep my dark somewhat strong beard away. Therefore it takes some time for me to make-up, but it is always possible to give my face a smooth feminine surface when doing the make up job carefully. I hope some day to have my beard completely removed by electrolysis. My breasts are free of hair. I shave my arms and legs regularly, but the growth of hair on these is not as strong as formerly. Like G.G.'s I have to struggle with wrinkles of my face and constantly have to treat my skin with day and night creams.



COLD SHOULDER?



DOUBLE OR NOTHING



MORE OF ERNA





I am unmarried because I find marriage a difficult affair that can give immense trouble when the husband is an FP. You know what you have, but not what you get.

The splendid Chevalier Publications give a sense of "belonging" and we can see that we are not alone in our desires. I am now in my middle forties and want to express myself as a mature woman when femininely dressed. I think we get much more joy when our appearance is in accordance with our age and it is much easier to obtain the authentic look. I find it fascinating to read in TRANSVESTIA about the F.P.'s who are older than I and are still enjoying Femmepersonation, yes, perhaps more than ever. Reports and accounts from these elderly sisters show that we never need worry about our age. Every age has it's own special fascination, not least for women, nor less for F.P.'s. I look forward to becoming an old lady.

I have experienced being able to pass as an authentic woman among others. This is fine, but for us girls it is still better to feel that we have found the way into the feminine world. I feel that we should be thankful that we have been endowed with the ability to also express the beautiful feminine side of our mind.

ERNA - FD-J-l-F.P.E.

Editors Note; ERNA is our 4th Cover Girl from a foreign country. We had Joan from Australia on #8, Judith from Canada on #25, and Roma from South Africa on #27. Now we have a European representative in Erna from Denmark. Our welcome is extended to her both as Cover Girl and as a new member of FPE. We hope to soon have under way a European chapter of FPE to be called "The Beaumont Society" and Erna will be a charter member of it I am sure.

FICTION



# Show Girl

by GLORIA 38-A-1

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It was thirty years ago this spring when my life was changed completely! Out of the clear blue sky it seemed--I, a boy of sixteen became in all facets that meet the eye, a GIRL!

It was in the midst of the great depression, in the early summer of '33 that I went to spend the summer with my Mother's sister and Uncle Jim and plunged into the exciting life of a Carnival, traveling through the neighboring states for one week stands, setting up, trucking by nights to a new location, breaking up and moving each weekend. Uncle Jim ran the ferris wheel and whip and the "follies", a girlie show. Aunt Effie sold tickets and kept the accounts, and my cousin Connie managed the Follies and danced with the "line" of girls while Uncle Jim did the "spieling" to draw the crowd. I helped out as best I could, cleaning the tent in the mornings, helping with the girl's wardrobe (a task I loved), and making myself useful as best I could to earn my "keep" for the summer.

I was the only boy in our family of



four, and the youngest of the brood. I guess I was my Mother's favorite, at any rate I received more of her loving care and attention than my older sisters, and was petted and pampered more than was good for me. Father worked on the railroad, a brakeman, and was out on his run much of the time. I really never became close to him. He seemed to favor the girls more than his only son, at least I resented his attention to them, although he probably spread his love and attention evenly among us. I felt that I should have the major share and so retired from as much as possible, growing up to envy my sisters and perhaps unconsciously imitating them a great deal, to his puzzlement no doubt. And then it happened! One ice night he fell under the train and was killed. Mother was left with we four to care for, a formidable task in those trying times, when just getting enough to eat was a problem with many that we knew. My oldest sister had finished school and worked in a cafe. The other girls were still in high-school and after the funeral expenses little was left of the insurance money. My Mother found employment in a laundry and struggled to keep the family together, at least to see us all through high-school. So, it was a welcome opportunity when my Aunt Effie offered to take me under her care and let me live with them, working with the "show" during the summer season.

The Follies girls were recruited from among the unfortunate who had gotten into some minor trouble in their home towns and welcomed a chance to get away from all who knew them, joining the Carnival for the freedom and adventure it offered. They were a fun loving lot as a rule, though hard and a bit bawdy under the standards of those days. I went through a deal of teasing and good natured fun which I rather enjoyed. They were always threatening to dress me up in one of their costumes and make a girl of me, and I pretended to shudder at the thought. And then one morning they did just that! When Connie came into the dressing tent I was wearing a can-can costume, my rather long hair curled with an iron and fluffed on the top of my head, my face made up completely. The change was really startling when I faced myself in the mirror, and I must have worn an expression of rapture when Connie walked in. She did not recognize me at all!! The girls made no move to tell her either,

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enjoying the joke immensely, giving me time to regain my composure somewhat. I began to enjoy the fun and sat down on a bench, crossed my mesh clad legs provocatively and reached for a cigarette with what nonchalance I could muster. The cigarette was my undoing! I had never learned to smoke, and went into a fit of coughing, attracting Connie's attention. "Jess", she screamed, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING LIKE THIS?" The situation was funny, and she burst out laughing as did the others. It was contagious and I joined hysterically. Just then Aunt Effie and Uncle Jim walked in, attracted by the hilarity.

At first they were flabbergasted, they just could not believe their eyes! They kidded me unmercifully at first, and then their joking remarks turned to compliments. I had to turn and prance and pose, actions which came naturally to me from watching the girls on the inside stage. I did a part of the Can-Can dance that was the main number in the "show" to the delight of all, and I admit to a great deal of exciting pleasure of my own.

"Come now", Connie exclaimed, "get out of all this, Jessica", giving me the name that I bear until today. "Get over to the cook tent all of you, the show starts in another hour!" She stayed behind and helped me get out of the costume, remarking the while "you really enjoyed this little play-acting didn't you hon? You know, you make a very nice looking girl, I can hardly believe my eyes. With a nice hairdo you could fool anybody." "But enough of this, get dressed now and have something to eat, you haven't much time." Reluctantly I drew on my corduroys and army shoes and walked over to the cook tent, too excited to eat more than a mere snack.

That night I lay awake in my trailer bunk for a long time. I wondered what had happened to me that morning, why I was so strangely thrilled and excited. Would I ever experience this wonderful thrill again? I drifted off into a fitful sleep and dreamed that I was in the "line", tossing my hips and smiling at the men in the audience provocatively. Aunt Effie came into the trailer after closing and tenderly put her hand on my head, "you are a real doll" I heard her murmur.



And next week my dream became a reality! A boy delivered a note to Aunt Effie from Sue, one of the six girls on the show. She had found romance with one of the local boys and was going to get married, they were on their way to the local Gretna Green! A family conference was quickly called, for a replacement could just not be found on such short notice. What to do! The routines required six girls to execute! And then they all looked at me at the same time, and broke into roars of delight! I was sitting on the studio couch eating an apple and looked up at them in puzzlement.

"Jessica" they all exclaimed at once! "Would you take Sue's place, just for today?" Asked Connie. I stared at them dumbfounded! Yet a little thrill was crowding my breath so that I could not answer. "You can do the routines," said Connie, "just watch the rest of us and follow along. You have watched us enough to know what it is all about". I still could not answer! "Please, just this once", she begged, sitting on the couch beside me with her hands stroking my arm. I nodded dumbly, having no words in my mouth.

"Let's get busy, Mother" said Connie. "Go take a bath now Jess, and you start on his hair Mother, while I go for the costume". With that she tore out of the trailer door while I stumbled over to the shower tent.

An hour later I was transformed into Sue's replacement! My hair was beautifully curled and tied with a large ribbon in the back to cover it's shortest area, my naturally long lashes were heavily mascaraed and a dark shadow added, my brows were plucked and shaped, my mouth made into a cute "bee stung" shape of the times, large gold button earrings screwed into place. A wasp-waisted corset of Aunt Effie's earlier days in place, the mesh theatrical stockings tightly drawn and the frilly panties and voluminous petticoats of the can-can costume slipped over my head. "I don't think we should try high heels at first", said Connie. "How about those ankle strap platform shoes of your's Mother? The heels are not so high really. They just look that way!" With them on my feet we began the short way to the "Follies" tent, entering the interior through a flap in the canvas. The "girls" screamed with delight! They had been huddled

## *Transvestia*

around the stage, wondering what they would do without Sue. After many congratulatory remarks, we all went up on the stage and the piano and drum started for an hour-long rehearsal. Everything went wonderfully well, I fell into the routine easily enough, following the girls through three practice sessions. "You will do, Hon". Connie said. "Don't get frightened now if you make a mistake". "The others aren't too wonderful as performers anyway, and no one will pay any attention", which brought a chorus of "boos" from the other girls, as they filed out for a half hour to rest before the first performance. I gladly went back to the trailer and got out of those shoes. My feet were hurting me and the corset was getting uncomfortably tight. I did manage to eat a sandwich and drink a glass of milk, but just could not seem to manage my usual ample lunch.

The evening performance went quite well, I was very proud and pleased with the way I had carried out my part of the show, although I did get the others rather confused at the early afternoon performance out front. Of course they were over anxious and flubbed their parts too, all waiting for me to miss a cue. However, the out-front act is very short, mostly we just stood in a line and smiled prettily at the prospective customers, whom Uncle Jim bullied and coaxed inside to see the "big show". It was eleven o'clock eventually and I struggled to my bed exhausted, not even combing out my hair or removing my make-up. I danced all night in my dreams and woke up at ten in the morning, tired but strangely happy.

Aunt Effie came into the little bedroom and handed me a silk Chinese dressing gown, saying teasingly, "breakfast is ready, Doll, here slip into these, I hope they fit?" As she produced a pair of "mules" with pink bunny tails on the instep. Without hesitation I donned the frilly things and gracefully slid into the tiny dinette, much to the amusement of Connie and my Aunt. I found myself blushing under my make-up, and stared into the mirror at my side for reassurance. Jessica stared back at me, a little mussed but rather girlishly pretty. I looked and looked until the women's laughter brought me back to reality.

So began my life as a "Show Girl". Connie had been



down to the town and found three pairs of lovely slippers, with the high built-up soles and heels of the times, a skirt and sweater, three dresses and a jacket, and such accessories as purses, hankies, and a pair of really wild sun-glasses together with "shimmys" and hose of real silk---and a formidable corset that laced up the back! !

"But-But-But" I stammered! "What goes here?" As if I did not suspect! "We can never get a girl for the act that can do it as well as you do. JESSICA, drawled Connie, tantalizingly! And you LOVE it, I know you do! And you can't go running around in boy's clothes, now can you? Not when you are a Show Girl? And, besides, you must get used to being a girl to act like one! So---it's girl's clothes for you for the season, Darling! And look here, especially for you!" Unwrapping a package she held up two lovely silk nighties. I blushed! "How cute" exclaimed Aunt Effie! "Oh, this is going to be real fun, having another girl in the family". With that she left the trailer, saying "Take care of her Connie". Which Connie proceeded to do, with unbound enthusiasm!

"You know, Jessica", she began, "I have been very lonely for a girl friend of my own age, while Mother and Dad are the most wonderful parents ever, I have been an only child since they found me as a baby and took me into their hearts as their own".

"But", I interrupted, "I always thought you were my blood cousin, I never dreamed that you were not".

"I always thought so too, until last Christmas", Connie said. "I found some baby things and a gold locket in an old traveling case at that time, and I asked Mother about them. She told me the story, of how she and Dad found me abandoned near the show lot, and having no children of their own, took me in and raised me as their own. No real Mother could have loved me more, nor could I love any real parent more than I do Mother and Dad".

"Then you don't know who your real parents are, Connie?" I asked. "The only clue is the locket", she replied. "The name Connie and the date November 1916, and the baby clothes that I was wearing. They are hand

## Transvestia

sewn with great care, my Mother must have really loved me", she said. "But enough of that, we have things to do, my sister"! "You can't use the shower tent any more, so use the shower here in the trailer, and hurry!"

My shower completed, I returned to the living room to find Connie all ready to begin my transformation. First my hair was set in curlers to dry while she attacked my nails. Soon they were nicely shaped and buffed with chalk and a buffer to a gleaming sheen. She then started on my face, cream and powder, mascara and lipstick and my lashes curled with a special curler till they gave me a wide eyed look of innocence. She then combed out the hair and added a small hairpiece in back to cover my neckline, remarking "In just a few weeks we wont need that!" I stepped into the bedroom and donned my chemise and the corset, under advice through the curtain from Connie and came back to her. She drew in the laces till I cried "stop" remarking, "You will soon get accustomed to this, my dear, now put on your hose and slip, and I will help you with this dress. We must be carefull not to muss your hair". Soon I was as ready as I ever would be, she handed me a purse and my sun-glasses and said, "now we will just stroll down the street for a ways, away from the lot while I coach you on how to act like a girl does in public". So, arm in arm we started across the grassy lot to the sidewalk and walked under the overhanging trees toward the town in the distance. I had a little trouble with my new shoes, was told to hold my legs straight and walk from the hips, putting the heel down to the ground with the toe of the shoe, not to "clomp" but to swing. I found it to be quite easy after a short distance, the higher heels forcing me to take a feminine stride and to walk with a movement of the hips, attractively, as I had so often admired girls doing.

"Now, said Connie. "Let's make with the purse! Don't carry it like a bag of sand, it is a pretty thing a part of your wardrobe, handle it this way", and she demonstrated, carrying it lightly, with the arm slightly bent, sometimes by the strap, often held in the arm. I caught the idea, but the purse was the hardest thing to get accustomed to! I missed my pockets! "Throw your shoulders back, let your body curve, be fluid. Don't just walk, strut! See?" And she walked ahead of me to



demonstrate. I was so fascinated that I forgot that I was supposed to be a girl too, and she promptly "called" me for it, an amused expression in her eyes!

Two hours later we were back home and had to get changed for the four o'clock show. We just made it, dressing in the trailer and entering the main tent where the other girls were waiting. I found dancing in the act much easier than walking on the street! Three shows before six, then five by eleven tired me to exhaustion! I just "fell" into bed and morning came all too soon. As a girl I was spared the rough work of tearing down and moving. We packed everything away in the trailer and Uncle Jim hooked the big old Packard to it and away we drove to the next location, ready to repeat the routine on Monday. So passed three enjoyable summer months. We would not play the fairs before setting down for a leisurely winter.

The show wintered in Southern Indiana, six hundred miles from my home, I dreaded to go back there, though I missed Mom and talked to her on the telephone. Aunt Effie persuaded her to let me stay for the winter, so that fixed that problem! I had one year left to finish High School as did Connie, so Aunt made arrangements for us both to attend a girls academy in the town where we made winter quarters. Connie was studying dancing and it was decided that I would do so too. We were soon hard at our routine while the men overhauled and painted the equipment in a leisurely manner. For we "girls" it was work, work, study and more work, the winter passed quickly.

Connie had worked up a sister act, a song and dance team. My lower pitched voice blended with her clear soprano in a pleasing harmony. A booking agent heard of our act and soon we were booked for the season in a chain of vaudeville theaters. By this time I was thoroughly at home as a girl, never thought of myself as anything but feminine. Then a terrible problem arose, my beard started to grow! So began the long process of waxing and plucking, with time spent in a salon whenever we could spare it for permanent removal. Eventually we conquered that problem and became quite accustomed to hotel life, the quick moves to another date, but something was

## *Transvestia*

terribly lacking in our lives. Time had passed and we were both now twenty one and I was terribly in love with Connie.

By now I was completely an attractive young woman to the eyes of others. My hair was long, down on my shoulders, it's natural light brown color now a dark auburn. My hands were smooth, my nails long, gleaming ovals. I had a very complete feminine wardrobe, my long legs were accustomed to high heels and silk hose. I had the art of make-up down to perfection, and the feminine walk and mannerisms were completely natural to me. In most respects I was now a woman, in all but one! I had a man's great love for a very desirable woman. But--how could I tell Connie of this, me, her dearest girl friend! I longed to hold her in my arms, our act became living torture with her so close. Our separate hotel rooms were torture to me, the nights lonely. I became moody and distressed. Our act suffered from my moodiness. Connie was distressed, and we drew apart. Finally, I could stand this terrible situation no longer.

We were going down to the dining room before the theater when Connie came into my room that winter night. She wore a little fur hat and a fur collared coat, her perfume filled my nostrils, and I was standing before the mirror putting the last touches of my make-up when she came close to me. "Darling, what IS the matter, what have I done to make you avoid me?" She asked. I turned to her and forgot that I was a she-man! I "grabbed" her in my arms and kissed her beautiful mouth, tenderly at first and then my longing made me forget! She drew away from me, holding me at arms length, but I was not to be denied--and then my high heel caught in the carpet and I fell headlong to the floor, dragging her with me! She struggled to a sitting position and tried to remove her coat, her hat had been lost in the fall, I caught a look at us in the large wall mirror and suddenly started to laugh! At first amusedly and then hysterically, and Connie joined in!

"Darling", she cried, "I thought you would NEVER get around to kissing me like that!" "I love you, dear Connie", I said soberly. "I have always loved you! But HOW could I make love to you, another girl! It just



would not be DECENT!" "You silly darling", she exclaimed! "You are a MAN to me", and she giggled!!!! "But you really don't look like one!" "My lovely, pretty, adorable man-girl", and she fell into my arms, kissing me in wild abandon! "I love you too", she cried. "I have been living in misery since you became so distant to me. I thought you did not love me!" We kissed, for hours it seemed, sitting together on the floor! Then we both looked into the mirror and started laughing. Reflected there we saw a gorgeous blond girl, her furs on the floor around her, embracing a handsome red haired girl, with lipstick smeared on both their faces, their lovely hair badly mussed, their dresses sadly askew, their skirts above their knees! "You know what?" Laughed Connie, "the door is unlatched! If anyone should come in here, they would never understand!" We struggled to our feet, embraced again, and walked over to the mirror and started to repair our make-up and arrange our hair, then arm and arm we headed for the elevator. Our act that night was one of wild abandon!

That was a long time ago, years have passed. I purchased a man's suit "for my brother" and tucked my hair under a man's hat. Without make-up and with a pipe I looked rather like a man, enough so that we obtained a marriage license next day and were married by a half blind, half deaf old judge in the neighboring village. I gave my occupation as "female impersonator"! We engaged the "bridal suite" at a resort hotel, phoned our agent to cancel our two remaining bookings of that series, and retired to our rooms. My lovely bride wore a chaste white gown, her long blonde hair hung down to her waist. She stood before the fireplace waiting for me. I wore a jet black gown, floating around me in a misty cloud, my auburn hair falling free in the firelight. We embraced tenderly, kissed again and again and arm in arm we walked to the enormous bed. Two girls in a dream world of love. Man (??) and wife, never to part!

Vaudeville had had it's day, bookings were infrequent and hard to find in theaters, prohibition had passed and many night clubs, large and small were operating across the country. These called for an intimate act, directed at a smaller audience. Sister acts were not popular so--I became the "straight man" of our new comedy

## Transvestia

team. Connie became the "dumb blonde", we were an immediate success. I became a sophisticated "auntie" type, the situations we developed were numerous and hilarious. We moved into the circuit of the better clubs, eventually into radio and became internationally famous. We were now permanently in New York, we could have the children we both longed for. Four lovely daughters arrive in planned succession. Connie wished to retire, so--- I had to start a new career---the love-lorn column in a leading daily newspaper, now syndicated in papers across the country, That is where I am today if you have any problems, write Dear Jessica!

(\*)\*(\*)\*(\*)THE END(\*)\*(\*)\*(\*)

### TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR

Some years ago somebody published several stories which had illustrations on one side of the sheet and text on the other. One of these was called "TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR". It is a story of a young boy with a malicious stepmother who sends him to a girls school or I should say a school where they made girls out of boys. You can guess the whole bit. It is a classic of its kind. With 48 pages of text and 48 illustrations, its quite a little book and an interesting story.

The reason for telling you this is that many of you have heard of these books but couldn't find any of them. I have discovered someone here in L.A. who has reprinted them and have been able to get ahold of some. So if you are interested the price is \$4.00 and you can order direct from:

Chevalier Publications

Box 36091

Los Angeles 36, Calif.





WENDY-35-C-4-FPE



BARBARA LEE  
13-D-4-FPE



SYLVIA      MARY ANN  
FE-B-3-FPE    35-J-2-FPE



BARBARA  
13-S-3-FPE

ARTICLE

# The TV As A Policeman

by MADELINE - Canada

---

I suppose being a transvestite and a policeman represents the ultimate in incongruity. Nevertheless, I have been a transvestite since I was a child and a policeman for about 10 years.

I expect that being a TV must influence, in some way, the manner in which I perform my duties. The only thing I can think of which could possibly be attributed to being TV is that I am adverse to violence. Without being thought immodest, I hope, I can say that I am regarded as being an efficient policeman. I have had to arrest many men for most crimes except murder. I have on two occasions stood on the wrong end of guns and talked myself out of this unenviable position. I have never had to strike a man whilst doing my duty, Have never drawn or fired my gun. I feel quite proud of this but must add that although I know other policemen with similar records I am, as far as I know, the only TV cop around.

I am said to have a very persuasive manner and it is probably this which makes it possible for me to do my work without the unpleasantness which John Q. Public normally associates with policemen. I have a good knowledge of human nature. I am a graduate nurse, have done postgraduate psychiatric nursing and studied psychology.



One of the greatest differences between myself and my fellow policemen is that whereas I am aware of the manifold and diverse types of abnormality, most policemen tend to lump together all deviations from norm under one heading. Thus, transvestites, homosexuals, the exhibitionist, necrophile and ravisher are classed as "queers". This inability to differentiate between the unconventional is probably the reason why many TV's fall foul of the law. Not because they are TV's but "queers".

In Canada and England, there is no specific law or statute against cross dressing. In England however, I know of several instances where TV's have been arrested and charged with "Conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace". Transvestites, as a group, have not yet acquired a reputation or identity, for good or evil.

Every policeman, at some time or other comes into contact with some form of deviation. Peeping toms for example. These gentry in some cases, disguise themselves crudely, as women. They frequent powder rooms or women's changing rooms at swimming pools. Their unskillful impersonations are usually soon detected and an arrest follows. The policeman, unless he happens to be a TV has no way of differentiating between a peeping tom, so disguised, and a harmless TV. Again, many homosexuals disguise themselves as women with the intention of attracting a male person. If they succeed in attracting some man, their masquerade is soon discovered and often a fight develops. If the police happen along it is usually the homo who gets the dirty end of the deal. I recall an instance in England where a man, a schoolteacher by profession, dressed himself as a woman. It was alleged that "she" made advances to a man. The man on becoming aware of "her" true sex beat the masquerader so badly that death ensued. The man was subsequently charged with murder. He was eventually released on a reduced charge as the jury felt there had been an uncontrollable impulse prompted by loathing and humiliation. This case sticks in my mind as there was actually only the evidence of the man upon which to build a case. It could have been that the schoolteacher was innocently enjoying himself by wearing women's clothing. It could have been the man who made the advances and not "her". It seems, impossible for the

## *Transvestia*

average person to believe that a man could actually like to dress as a woman, without having some ulterior or perverse motive.

Another case, which illustrates how vulnerable we are, is the "Pornock" incident. This man, in addition to being a TV enjoyed bondage. One night it appears, he prevailed upon his wife to bind and gag him in the bath. This was apparently a common occurrence. His wife did so then turned the tap on and drowned him. The usual soft soap was spread around by the defense - "the years of humiliation and despair" etc. ad nauseam. The woman was acquitted of a murder charge and subsequently collected considerable money in Royalties by having her story of "Degradation and Despair" published in the Sunday papers.

The panty thief is a somewhat common bird these days. Incidents are reported where bras and girdles have been taken from wash lines. These incidents can become quite a nuisance to the police department concerned. The offender is usually caught by baiting a wash line with enticing frillies. The thief is then hauled blushing and squirming before an unsympathetic court. Invariably the offender states it was "just a joke", the judge slaps him with a fine and there the matter rests. I once tried to discuss this trait with a panty thief with the idea that I could point out that he could buy these articles instead of stealing them. I had scarcely gotten two words out when the boy turned and ran off with a face as red as the sun. I could not approach him at all. He had probably been exposed to so much ridicule that he could not conceive that anyone would or could help him.

There are many such instances which illustrate that we TV's do not have any rights and even less protection. Truly we are behind the 8 ball. Even bank robberies have been committed by men dressed as women. Looking at the problem dispassionately, I must confess that any kind of solution evades me. Certainly as a start, education and enlightenment as outlined in the pages of our magazine. The great problem is that just about anyone can masquerade as a woman, bring himself into disrepute and all of us are labelled as potentially dangerous. Perhaps some form of registration with one's police department or



other agency similar to Diabetics or drug addicts. This is probably an obnoxious thing to suggest but it should be considered.

Many policemen today, would arrest the innocent TV on general principles, principally because "it just doesn't seem right". The legal pro's and con's would be taken into account later. A TV in such a situation, fearful of the imminent publicity and possible loss of employment will most likely plead guilty to some trumped up charge, pay a fine and shut up. One could confess to being an active communist and not cause so much of a stir as to announce one's affinity for things feminine.

I believe the safest place for a TV who wishes to venture out in public, is in his car, or better still, one driven by a friend. If for some reason you are stopped by a policeman, and you happen to be the driver, show your own licence, not your sister's or girl friend's. The officer may think you are an oddball being dressed as a woman but there isn't much he can do about it. On the other hand, should he realize you are really a man and are presenting someone else's license, you can bet your best girdle you will be on the inside looking out before many minutes have passed. I, myself, once stopped a car, and the driver, dressed as a woman showed me a license with a girl's name on it. The woman I realized almost immediately was a man, (it takes one to know one). After some delicate questioning a very embarrassed and blushing TV showed me his own license. I gave him a little advice, outlined his rights to him and left the matter there.

As a policeman and a transvestite I have tried to present both sides of the picture. Police work is a hard, thankless task which cannot possibly be appreciated by anyone who has not done this type of work. A policeman has to evaluate and make a decision in split seconds whereas eminent lawyers will debate the same issue for days and weeks.

I would say to masquerading TV's if you are stopped and questioned by a policeman, be frank and honest, Act naturally. Do not be smart. You don't have to crawl but be polite. I can promise you that in nine cases out

*Transvestia*

of ten you will come to no harm. I have seen more people talk themselves into trouble, by lying, being rude or preaching law, than you could imagine. It is an odd fact but the person who, when stopped for questioning, makes the biggest objection, shouts for his rights and his lawyer is almost invariable hiding something.

THE END

*But Mother, I'm not a  
little boy anymore.*



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# To Each His Own

FRANKIE - N.Y.

---

As far back as I can remember - RUBBER has thrilled and excited me. Just about as far back as I can remember I was barely in my teens, my sister and her girl friends and I were heading for the beach in an automobile. I can still hear my sister saying, "you should see Diane's new rubber bathing suit! It's made entirely of RUBBER, they're the latest RAGE, everywhere!!"

Just hearing this, and imagining that rubber bathing suit - sent a thrill through me like a bolt of lightning! I'd never heard of a pure rubber bathing suit before. I could hardly move or talk, just from the excitement within me! Right then and there, I made up my mind that one day - somehow - I would put on and wear a girl's rubber - bathing suit! (I knew I just HAD to).

Due to 'time and tide' - plus my personal 'guilty feelings' about wearing girls' clothing (which I also deeply loved) - it was a few years before I ever 'actually did anything about dressing in rubber or anything feminine. (I would like to ask the readers to bear in mind that ALL this time I was completely excited and thrilled by girls: (women) and absolutely NOTHING homosexual appealed to me in the least - I am still completely that way).

THEN, that thrilling, exciting day arrived! I could never forget it if I lived to be a thousand years old. It was on a beach in Connecticut - a beautiful June morning and I was 17 years old.

I was tall, slim, and dressed in lastex trunks - had a

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towel over my shoulders (as I was self-conscious of my slimness) and I was leaning on the railing of the soda-concession shack when it HAPPENED! I looked and to my right, about 25 feet away, stood this most beautiful blonde girl of about 18 - WEARING A YELLOW RUBBER BATHING SUIT!!!! The bathing suit was 'overskirted' with a short, pleated rubber skirt, which just covered the attached under-trunks of same yellow rubber. She held a white rubber swim-cap in her hand and, as she approached me, my heart began pounding madly! In spite of my mounting excitement, I knew that I HAD to meet her - and that I MUST say the right thing NOW!

I somehow managed to calmly say to her, "Race you to the water?....She must have sensed how I felt, and quite fortunately for me, she was friendly, broadminded, and (as I found out later) a true aesthetic lover of RUBBER. She answered me with, "I don't care for racing - but you can buy me a coke!" Nothing has ever thrilled nor excited me more than those precious words of hers.

Her name, believe it or not, was Diane. This thrilled me even more! I could hardly believe it was true and that I wasn't just dreaming.....Here I was, standing with a beautiful Blonde named Diane - who was clad only in pure RUBBER! I was so very thrilled. I suggested a swim.

After the swim, sitting together on a beach blanket, I suddenly threw fear to the winds - and decided to tell her exactly how I felt about RUBBER - 'come what may'. So I said, "Diane, I must tell you right now that I'm a "weirdo" for RUBBER - and I simply adore your yellow rubber bathing suit!" Frankly, I thought she'd laugh at me, or call me a pervert or something, but - much to my delightful surprise, she looked me straight in the eyes and replied, "Frank, don't EVER think of yourself again as being "weirdo" nor anything else like that; you're a true RUBBER-FETISHIST, and so am I." I was 'tingling' with mixed emotions, when she added, "I sort of felt you were this way the minute you first looked at me and especially at my bathing suit."

We then talked and talked - excitedly and happily - and I was telling Diane that I'd never even put on and worn anything rubber yet because of my 'guilt' of doing so



She said this 'guilt' was nonsense, and then she simply said, "you're slim and I'm tall - let's run up to my friend's beach-bungalow - everyone's away today - and you can put on my rubber bathing suit - I bet it'll fit you perfectly...."

I could never describe the tremendous thrill surging through me as we walked swiftly, hand in hand, to her beach bungalow! I put her suit on - even the white rubber under-panties - and walked out to her, actually trembling, not only because of the extreme thrill of wearing rubber for the first time - but because of HER - and her beautiful attitude and understanding! She did not laugh at me (as I'd always known anyone would do) - instead, she came up to me and sweetly said, "let me put this rubber cap on you" - and she did just that, and gently snapped the under-chin strap in place. I was in 'Heaven on Earth' and never before so completely "EXCITED YET RELAXED" at the same time!

She had changed into a white, one-piece RUBBER BATHING SUIT, with a 4 or 5 inch 'diamond' cut out of the front center. We then sat down together on a leather sofa, and when we embraced for the first time, I actually cried, from happiness, excitement and her closeness. Believe me, there is NOTHING more profoundly beautiful in this whole world than "TRUE MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING" - I realized at that moment, that I had fallen madly in love with Diane. I told her so - and found she felt the same way about me.

We were to have been married in a very few months (I'd then be 18) after having gone quite 'steady' for a while. However, fate intervened and took my Diane from me (she was killed in an automobile accident). I wanted to join her in death, but forced myself to live on. It took me many years to 'get over' this tragedy, but I feel we MUST live on, no matter WHAT happens to us in this life. Now I'm glad I did, for from dear Diane, plus many years of reading, studying, and simply 'being what I am' - I've learned some vitally important steps towards REAL living!

The FIRST step is: DON'T LIVE A LIFE THAT IS SUBJECT TO YOUR OWN GUILTS AND TABOOS. If you do, you'll live a life of absolutely UN-NECESSARY torture

## *Transvestia*

and un-happiness. Guilts create 'hidden fears' and eventual complete breakdowns. Admit to yourself what you truly love in this life - and as long as it never hurts anyone - DO the things you love and thrill to. AND, do them with a clear, and 'guiltless' mind. Lots of people will not agree with your way, because of their OWN guilts and fears, and their LACK of understanding. However, you must remember that you and ONLY you - are living your own life. THE OTHERS ARE NOT LIVING IT (even though sometimes they TRY to!)

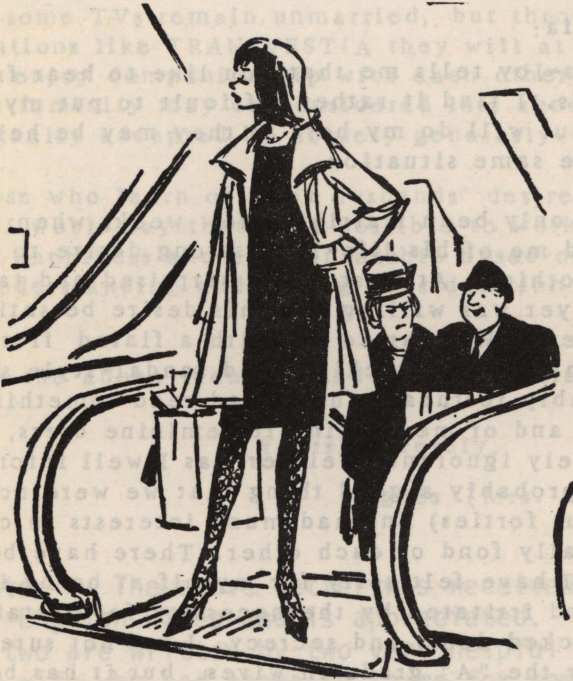
SECONDLY: Don't go to a psychiatrist for the purpose of him CHANGING your 'guilty' ways (similar to my PAST 'guilts') - but, if you do go to a psychiatrist (and they are vitally necessary to the world) - go with the MAIN purpose in mind of FULLY ACCEPTING yourself - for what you ARE and DESIRE! Believe me, I fully and truly KNOW that Transvestism, most of all of the various fetishes, and even MILD discipline, are deep and very real and BEAUTIFUL things. They are a positive part of this life and world; and they should be FULLY ACCEPTED BY THE INDIVIDUAL who truly has them. To try to 'rout out these evils' (as many un-knowing and misguided people call them) is the most horrible, wasteful, unnecessary thing that a human being can do. And, in addition, one NEVER can rid oneself of these DEEP AND TRULY DESIRED THINGS! To do so is almost impossible - and should NEVER even be attempted.

THIRD: I throughly endorse, and believe in, individuals SEEKING OUT their OWN types! People like myself - who are definitely 'different and unusual' - should not be made to feel guilty or badly about 'seeking our own true level 8,000 times', if necessary, until we find the one who thinks and feels as we do. This is made possible by the newer 'correspondence clubs' that are directed to the 'unusual and different' kinds of people. These clubs are marvelous for those who are intelligent and 'guiltless' enough to use them. True, there's always some 'bad' to go along with all 'good' things - but merely a few immature 'perverted ones' (who are so easy to weed out) should not prevent the great majority of 'unusual' people from reaping the benefit of these correspondence clubs. After all, many 'quite normal' people are using the new I. B. M. 'mate-selecting' machine, very successfully. I



also think that is a wonderful thing - but the I.B.M. machine, unfortunately, is not directed to the 'unusual' individuals. It's a shame that 'society' has dictated the 'rules of proper living' and subjected more good people (who happened to have 'unusual' desires and/or tastes)) to a miserable, lonely, frustrated, empty and colorless life than could EVER be calculated! Remember: NOTHING IN THIS WORLD IS MORE PROFOUNDLY BEAUTIFUL THAN 'TRUE MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING'. I most sincerely pray you all find it.....

THE END



"I don't care HOW fashionable those patterned stockings are, I still say he's just wearing them to hide the hair on his legs!"

# Letters

# From

# Wives

---

Dear Virginia:

Virginia-Joy tells me that you like to hear from wives of TVs. I find it rather difficult to put my thoughts on paper, but will do my best as they may be helpful to others in the same situation.

We had only been married a few weeks when my husband told me of his life-long strong desire to wear feminine clothing. At first I felt surprised and taken aback, and yet was willing that his desire be satisfied to some extent. We started off with a flared floral skirt stiff white half slip, stockings and sandal-style shoes. It was probably fortunate that I had read something of sex changes and of men taking to feminine dress, so was not completely ignorant. Neither was I well informed. It was also probably a good thing that we were not so young (in our forties) and had many interests in common, and were really fond of each other. There have been times when I have felt sorry for myself at being in this situation, and irritated by the necessity for curtained windows, locked doors and secrecy. I am not sure that I qualify for the "A" grade in wives, but it has become quite natural to order or buy clothing for "a friend who takes larger fittings", and there is satisfaction and pleasure in seeing her enjoyment when garments look right as to style, fit and colour.

I would like to add that it seems to me that a wife just has to realize that her husband's desire for feminine clothing is really genuine, and the satisfying of this pre-



viously frustrated desire brings a great measure of contentment and relaxation to him and to the home generally. TVs on their part need to appreciate that their wives may have to make very big adjustments in setting aside their preconceived ideal of masculine companionship. It is not easy for some of us to change over to the ready acceptance of a "girl" about the place instead.

Taking all things into consideration, I feel strongly that it is only kind and fair for a TV to tell the girl of his choice about himself before marriage, and to tell fully what his desire means to him and what it will continue to mean through the years ahead. The telling may mean that some TVs remain unmarried, but through helpful publications like TRANSVESTIA they will at least be enabled to enjoy companionship with each other. Gradually their femininity may be considered less abnormal until eventually accepted by society generally.

To those who learn of their husbands' desire after marriage, I would say that it is possible to work out a continuing happiness and companionship based on sympathetic understanding and loving consideration on both sides.

Hoping the above thoughts and comments may be useful,

Yours Sincerely,

Agnes (Mrs. FE-M-1)

Editors Note: The above letter was received from one of our English wives and is appreciated. The following two are written by two very helpful wives to another wife who had appealed to me for some help in understanding her husbands inclinations. I referred the request to Nicco and Shirley feeling that one wife could help another better than I could. The letters are reprinted here because I feel that they might prove helpful to some other wives in their struggle to understand.

## *Transvestia*

Dear Georgette:

Virginia said you would like to hear from some of the rest of us. I didn't read your husband's letter, so I know absolutely nothing about you. So that makes us even. I also will apologize for this first letter being so short.

Just a little about us. We have two pre-school boys to start with. My husband is in graduate school and I am a medical secretary. We have been married for five years.

I have known about his TVism since before we were married. This hasn't driven us apart but just the opposite. It has made us much closer. It takes a lot of long talks and a lot of give and take on both sides. You notice I say both sides. I do feel it is easy to go to the extreme that everything is done for TVism only. This is not good. As I said, it takes a lot of love and open talking. We have fun going shopping together. I enjoy sewing so I usually make most of both of our clothes. As you noticed, I have a letter in the wives' booklet.

I would enjoy hearing from you very much. If either of you have any questions, I would be glad to try and answer them.

Your Friend,  
Nicci

Dear Georgette:

My name is Shirley. I am, like yourself, the wife of a TV. I am writing this letter at Virginia's request, and with the personal hope that I may be able to help you understand your situation. I am certainly no authority, but I can tell you how I feel about our situation.

First, some pertinent data: My husband and I have been married five years. We are now ages 31 and 28 respectively. It was after 1-1/2 years of marriage that he finally had the courage to tell me about his transvestism. I might add, he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown from the uncertainty of telling me or not. I thank God he confided in me when he did.



Virginia did not give me any of the particulars on you and your husband, but whatever the age group, the situation is still the same. Your husband has this desire to cross-dress and you must be there to help him as you would if any other problem occurred in your married life and you, as his wife, would be there at his side to help. This is the way I feel about this problem, if one chooses to call it that. I prefer not to, as it need not be a problem

I love my husband very much. I married him because he was all the things I loved and desired in a man; not for the kind of clothes he wears or because he created a masculine image. The way I see it, one particular thing about a person, such as TVism does not make the whole picture black. You must look at the combined being. My husband is a good husband, good father and provider. and so many, many other wonderful things I could say. So he likes to wear dresses! To me, this does not make him any less of a man. All of the other TVs that we have met are good husbands and fathers, who love their wives and families. They are not any sort of deviate.

These wonderful guys of ours have enough doubts and fears about themselves and everything else without our adding to it. Since this TV habit is so much a part of his life, I feel I must look on the positive side of it and help him where I can. We learned to start living with it and stop fighting it. The latter was getting us no where. We have experimented with make-up and styled the hair piece for his face. Getting the right style of clothing to make him look better is very important, especially for him.

Anything you do to help him, he will love you for more and more. I truly feel that this situation has brought us closer together and our bond of love is stronger. Many couples go through their entire married lives, miles apart.

Personally, I think that being a TV has many contributing advantages to our husbands' personality. My husband knows what a new dress or some small item can do for my feminine morale. They actually understand us better than most other husbands. They are more sensitive and compassionate.

Transvestism is very difficult to understand, but it is definitely a part of our husbands' make-up. I think the important thing is to try and accept it and realize that it is only a small part of our lives, regardless how big it may seem at first.

I hope I have been able to help you in some small way. If you feel you would like to write to me, please do so thru Contact. You may get to know me a little better by the letter in the Wive's Book on Transvestism which was signed, "Mrs. Fran".

Best Wishes,

Shirley

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WHATS TO BE HAD FROM CHEVALIER

There was a small misprint on page 70 of the last issue. It said #s 4, 6, 7, 8 and 12 of TVia are NOT out of print when in actuality the word should have been NOW out of print. They are all gone. Other issues are running low too. You may think I'm trying to drum up business, and to be honest, I need it. But that is not my reason for speaking again about back issues. Many of our newer readers do not know that most of the older issues are still available (all except 1 and 2 in addition to the above numbers). However, readers keep putting off ordering wanted back numbers and then when they are all gone will order one of them. I don't like to disappoint you, so if you want to fill out your set let the current ones slide a couple of months and get the needed back issues while they are still available.

Remember the special deal of 6 for the price of 5 or \$20 on back numbers. As mentioned once before we have an excess of #s 14 and 15, so when bought together I made the offer of \$3 each (\$6 altogether).

Back issues of the Mirror and Clipsheet are also available. Half price when bought 6 at one time. You can mix 'em up if you want.





JOAN (30-L-2) FPE



BOBBIE (13-D-2) FPE  
COVER GIRL TVia #20



ANNETTE (12-F-1) FPE  
COVER GIRL TVia #5



KAY (22-K-1) FPE  
COVER GIRL TVia #28

THE FLAME (con't) from TVia #34

"For the first time, I realize why it always took you so long to buy anything and I have to admit that I enjoyed every moment of our shopping excursion. However, I will probably enjoy shopping tomorrow for the things I really need and can use as much. Do you know that most of the time I forgot who I really was and everything seemed quite natural and comfortable for me." I replied.

"Marion, that is what I want to talk to you about now. This is the first time, in a long while, that I have seen you so relaxed. I know that you have been looking forward to your vacation and I feel guilty knowing that instead of going away, we will be spending time shopping for furniture, an apartment and clothes. But, perhaps if you remained as Marion for the next couple of weeks, we can kill two birds with one stone by accomplishing what we have to do and giving you a vacation from yourself. I will try to see that you do things that you would never do as Ed and at the same time give you a better understanding of what I do while you are at work. After all, a vacation is getting away from the familiar and usual and you must admit that this will be the case if you agree with me. What do you think?"

I remained silent for a while thinking over her suggestion and finally said, "what you say is true to a large degree, and if I am completely honest with myself, I would thoroughly enjoy the experience. But Adele, I seriously doubt if I could get away with it and would be embarrassed as the devil if I was discovered."

"If THAT is all that worries you, forget it," she replied, "let me give you some facts as they pertain to the last few days." She gathered her thought for a moment and then continued, "in the three days we have been in the hotel no one has thought of you as anything but a woman. Even when we shopped no one suspected, otherwise you would never have seen the inside of a woman's fitting room and actually be fitted yourself. Even when you spoke, no one noticed anything unusual."

"But Adele, I was with you at all times," I replied. "I knew that if I got in a mess you could rescue me!"



Her reply convinced me to go along with her plan.

"The reason I am so sure that this idea is right for you, is the way you have reacted during the past few days. You walked, bought, and reacted as a woman would in the situations that were presented. You seem to have a natural grace about you when dressed that most women never achieve. But most important, you seemed to forget all about your other self and to really enjoy taking part in these so-called feminine activities. Although I know you are quite a man, there was nothing manly about you while we have been out together. At least we can be together most of the time for the next two weeks."

I had to admit that there was some truth in what she said and agreed to go along 100% with her suggestion.

"Tomorrow we will call the adjuster, I will make a beauty parlor appointment, and we will go looking for an apartment. Now, lets get some sleep".

We turned out the lights and I crawled into bed alongside of Adele and the smooth comfortable feel of my gown felt wonderful as it brushed up against Adele. Marion disappeared for a short time and all was well with the world.

Adele was already dressed in skirt and blouse when I awoke the next morning. The wide belt which blended with her blue skirt accentuated the smallness of her waistline. She informed me that the adjuster would be over early this evening with a check for the full amount of our loss since it had been total.

"I made appointments for both of us at the beauty parlor this morning and after lunch we will look for an apartment."

"Now get out of bed and get ready because for the balance of your vacation, you are going to have to do everything yourself. I will help you at the beginning." She announced.

After I had finished shaving, Adele had me remove my robe and gown and put on waist cinch, panties, bra and slip in that order. The bra was much improved with

## *Transvestia*

the new inserts. She then informed me that I was to follow her instructions on applying my makeup which she had placed on the vanity in a neat row.

Rather slowly, I applied makeup base, rouge, powder, brush on brow and mascara as she educated me. She handed me a lipstick and sable brush and I outlined my lips as I was told and then filled in the outline as I had seen her do many times herself. I then donned my hose and attached them to the garters of the cinch enjoying the soft nylons on my smooth legs.

"Now put on this blouse and skirt, then take off your houseslippers and put on these midheel casuals. They will look nice with your outfit". I complied with her orders.

As I regarded myself in the mirror, she handed me the shoulder length wig which I set on my head and adjusted as best I could. Earrings, choker and watch were next and I was almost ready.

"Now, Marion," Adele asked, "from what you see in the mirror tell me if you are still worried about being recognized?"

The reflection confirmed my feelings that recognition would be virtually impossible. I paraded before the mirror several times and with each step gained confidence that I could carry this plan through. I even found myself mimicing Adele's gestures in the fitting room. I was pleased.

"Proper makeup and correctly fitted clothes make you just perfect as a woman. We will take care of any rough spots that remain this evening", she said.

I draped the loose fitting sweater which Adele handed me over my shoulders as I had seen her to, picked up my purse and draped it over my arm and we were off to breakfast.

During breakfast Adele informed me that she had arranged to have my wig set by her hairdresser, and for a manicure. She said that since they would have wigs on



sale there, we would buy several for different occasions and times of day. We would not be wasting money since she could use them after this vacation was over with.

"Adele, how did you accomplish this without telling anyone who I am"? I demanded.

"Don't worry your pretty head about that, Marion," she replied, "I told Hazel, the owner of the salon that you were my husband and that in addition to your regular work, you were also an amateur female impersonator." She wants to be helpful and will use one of the private rooms for you."

I was stunned by this information but did not make an issue of it since I was really looking forward to this new experience.

When we arrived at the beauty parlor and Adele introduced me to Hazel, she remarked to Adele, "I would never have known that Marion is your husband and not a woman if you hadn't told me. You should see what mine looks like. However, as I look at HER closely, I see a few flaws that can be corrected this afternoon."

Adele left the room while Hazel remained with me in the comparative seclusion of the private booth. She removed my wig and after studying my face for a while took the wig to another room to be cleaned and set. She assured me the style would "do things for me."

When she returned she said, "Marion, while we are waiting, I want you to try on these wigs which Adele picked out. Besides, it will look better if you are wearing one if someone comes into this room."

After trying on several different styles, I selected a turban wig, one also that hung just below my shoulders, and a short style wig that hugged my face. All were in a light brown color which Hazel and I thought looked best for me. I kept the turban wig on while Hazel arranged for the finishing touches on the others.

"Hazel, what did you mean when you said earlier that there were some flaws that you would correct? You

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inferred that they might be noticeable to others who looked at me closely?" I asked.

"Well, Marion," she replied. "There are several things, but mainly your eyebrows are too scraggly and also you have a bit more hair on you arms than most women do. Now sit down and let's correct these things."

She then applied a sweet smelling depilatory to my arms from wrist to shoulder and began to remove the excess from my brows. While she worked, she promised that she would not pluck my brows too much so that my appearance would be normal even when not working as an impersonator. The finished result was most pleasing and I felt almost undressed with my bare arms hanging at my side.

"There is no reason to sit here alone any longer and I do have another customer to take care of. You can take your manicure in the outer room with the rest of the customers!" she said. And took me by the hand and led me to the manicurist's table.

"What shade of polish would you like me to use?" asked the girl.

Speaking softly I suggested that something which matched my new lipstick would be fine. Quickly the manicurist removed the polish that Adele had applied on Halloween and put my fingers into luke warm water to soak. While she worked shaping the nails, applying base coat and several layers of nail polish, I watched the women in the shop, completely fascinated by the dryers and the huge curlers that most wore. More interesting however, were the snatches of conversation about men, clothes and other feminine subjects. This was more fun than a football game.

As the manicurist was finishing my nails, Adele walked over and inquired if everything was all right with me. I could see her eyes travel from my turban wig, to my bare arms to the slim waist and over my crossed legs adorned in nylon and I could see that she was not only pleased but somewhat amazed at what she saw.

"Just fine", I answered, "this has been a delightful



experience." Without thinking, I had spoken very softly and the manicurist did not even glance up.

As we were leaving Hazel came over and complimented Adele on how realistic an impression I created and said she would like to see my performance sometime. Then she added, "Marion, I want you to come back Friday evening so that our hair removal specialist can do something about your beard. He is only here two nights a week and I thought it would be an advantage to you not having to shave before each performance and also will permit you to pass on close inspection much more effectively. Be here at 9 p.m.."

As we drove away, I asked Adele, "isn't this going a little too far? This is more than I had bargained for."

"Marion," she answered, "you will have to keep the appointment or else Hazel will get suspicious and we wouldn't want that. Or would we? What if you have a treatment or two during your vacation. It will just make shaving easier and might even be better if you did have your beard removed completely. Look at what you could save on razor blades and lather?"

I knew she was kidding but not having to shave ever again sounded good to me and I agreed to keep the appointment especially after Adele informed me that the procedure was practically painless.

Luck was with us and the first apartment building we looked at contained a beautiful two bedroom apartment which we rented and could move in as soon as we were able to get furniture.

Since we had some time remaining before the adjuster was to be over to our hotel room, we continued our clothing shopping expedition and for the first time since we were married, I had as many pretty clothes as my wife. This time I was not reluctant to enter dressing rooms, fitting rooms, powder rooms, nor was I afraid to ask questions. The smooth brows and bare arms - the finishing touches of Hazel---had added to my confidence.

The high point of the afternoon shopping consisted of

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the purchase of two full length evening dresses. Mine was a two piece affair with sequined top and the slightest hint of a sleeve. When I asked Adele what I would use for a slip, since those we had previously purchased were knee length, she informed me that none would be needed since the skirt was fully lined. I was learning more and more "useful" information.

Later that evening when the adjuster arrived, he presented us with a check for the full amount of the fire loss. The check was made out to Marion and Adele Hale and throughout the evening, he addressed both of us as Miss. We assumed that since the policy did not denote gender, he had assumed that we were both women. For the first time I was grateful for the name Marion which up to now I had detested.

Adele suggested that we change into capris and go bowling since the evening was early and she knew I enjoyed this activity. It might be fun bowling as a girl!

We changed into capris and flats and wore ankle length hose as well as open necked short sleeve print blouses. Following Adele's lead, I touched up my makeup and we drove to the bowling lanes.

We were very disappointed when we were informed that no alleys were available since there was league bowling on all lanes. The desk man, noting our disappointment asked if we would like to play with an all girl team that was two members short this evening.

Adele answered for us in the affirmative and he escorted us to the lanes which had been reserved for the two teams. I admit that I was just a bit fearful and hesitant about spending 3 hours with 10 women--including myself.

We were introduced to three girls; Betty and Bernice Bowan who were sisters and Sylvia Wakefield who was captain of the team.

"We appreciate your filling in this evening," said Sylvia, "two of our members had to drop out of the league at the last minute and we have not had time to find re-



placement. We will show you as members of the team tonight only so that your scores will count and we will not be penalized for a short team. That is, is it all right with you girls."

Since it was all the same to us, we agreed. The bowling began and for the most part while the other girls engaged in light conversation, I managed to sit by myself. We won the first game, largely because of my score of 172 which was better than most women bowlers in this league were capable of.

During the second game, Bernice and Betty Bowan sat with me and tried to be friendly and make small talk. I appreciated this effort on their part and was grateful that my replies to their questions did not seem unusual to them.

The three games were all won by our team and I was pleased that we had been able to help three nice kids get a good start in league competition. We changed into our flats and returned our rented shoes and were preparing to leave when the three girls stopped us and Sylvia asked, "if you girls are free on Tuesday evenings, why don't you bowl with us regularly? We seem to get on beautifully and it was fun, wasn't it? Please tell us that you will join us and come back next week?"

Not able to think of a good reason why we couldn't we agreed to join the team but as a precaution we all exchanged phone numbers and I really planned to call with some excuse why we could not continue bowling with the girls.

While we were driving home Adele said, "it might not be a bad idea at all to bowl again next Tuesday. You will still be on vacation and it will be something to do and you did enjoy the bowling didn't you?" "What do you say?"

I agreed much more readily than I thought I would and Adele seemed pleased as she had liked our new found friends.

It was to be a complete surprise to us the following week to find that Betty had found a sponsor for our team -Dale's Dress Shop- and that we would be given matching

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skirts and blouses with the sponsor's name on the back of the blouses and our names on the pockets.

I did not realize then that I would enjoy the swirl of the skirts around my legs as the bowling ball was released, nor that I would not want to give up this activity or my new girl friends.

Wednesday morning we arose very early, again dressed in capris, and after a hurried breakfast were off to the stores to shop for furniture for our new apartment. Adele had definite tastes and in almost no time at all, we had selected our basic furniture and were also the proud owners of a stereo-television combination. Since drapes were already in the apartment, we could now move in. I was impressed with the manner in which Adele used her femininity to induce the storekeepers to deliver our purchases that same afternoon.

We stopped at a department store before we headed for our apartment and purchased linens, spreads and cooking utensils. "We can add the finishing touches without rushing", Adele said, and I agreed.

Needless to say, it was a hectic day, but by 10 p.m. our new apartment was in order and it was a pleasant relief for two tired girls to slink into our nightclothes and crawl between the fresh sheets for some needed sleep.

When we awoke the next morning we enjoyed our first breakfast in our new home. It was a relief not to have to rush to get dressed in order to go out for breakfast and we enjoyed eating at leisure comfortably garbed in house coats and slippers.

"Adele, I said after we had finished doing the breakfast dishes. "What are our plans for today? As you have often told me in the past, I must know so I will know what to wear!"

"We will do a little more shopping today, but first thing we will see about getting you a driver's license in your new identity. You will be driving the car and it might be awkward if you were stopped." She answered.

I applied my makeup a bit more skillfully than the



day before and decided to wear the brown jumper which had a low V neck and sleeves and to complement it with the white blouse I had bought to go with it. Adele attached a pin beneath my left shoulder for added interest and we were on our way to the Motor Vehicle Bureau.

Getting a license was surprisingly simple. When I was given my application I put down my real name, Marion E. Hale and answered all questions truthfully except one. I admit I blushed as I put down the letter "F" where sex was to be indicated. The written exam was a snap for me since I had been driving for years. When the examiner had finished grading my exam she told me to follow Mr. Smith who would give me my behind-the-wheel tests.

I followed Mr. Smith to our car and was surprised when he opened the driver's door for me and said, "Please get in Miss, and don't be worried about driving with me." I was not used to this little courtesy nor extra consideration for me.

I can still remember his complimenting me after the test by saying I was the best driver he had had that week and "that I drove like a man."

I was told to enter a small booth and my picture was taken to be placed on my driver's license. I was given a temporary license to use in the meantime.

To celebrate my success in obtaining a new driver's license, Adele suggested that we dine out that evening in a really good restaurant. She phoned and made reservations for us when we returned home.

This time, the preparation of dressing was different than before! "Marion", Adele said, "watch the way I apply the eye shadow to my eyelids. You have not done this before since we have not gone anywhere until now, where you would want to look your very best. I duplicated her movements without too much trouble except when she used a liquid eyeliner instead of an eyebrow pencil to outline the lids of her eyes. I worked very slowly applying the eyeliner with the fine brush that she had used but the result was worth the extra time it took. I was intrigued by the extension of the liner beyond the eye which made them look larger and more attractive."

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Next she handed me a different mascara than we had been using up to now and explained that this mascara would actually make the eyelashes longer. The application did just that and was no more difficult than the regular mascara to apply.

"You know, Adele," I remarked, "I did not know that you used different makeup for the evening than you use during the day. No wonder you have to spend so much of my hard earned money on cosmetics."

After the makeup was as perfect as we could make it, Adele handed me a powder blue sheath dress with two slits on each side and told me to put it on so that she could decide what accessories would best compliment the outfit. The dress fitted like a glove and as Adele zipped the back of it for me I was thrilled by the feel of the tight fitting dress around my body. A simple pearl choker and earrings with Adele's rhinestone watch completed the outfit. But it was when I put on the very high heeled shoes of fabric which matched the sheath, that I first realized how much I loved this part of being a woman, albeit for only a short while.

"Adele," I announced, "if I look as good as I feel, I will look almost as nice as you do this evening!" I walked over to the full length mirror and studied the picture I presented. An attractive woman gazed back at me. I noted how the waist line nipped in and how soft and feminine my arms and legs appeared devoid of any hair. The feel of the nylon on my legs and the almost imperceptible tug of the garter belt which held them taut made me feel good. I could not explain this feeling even to myself.

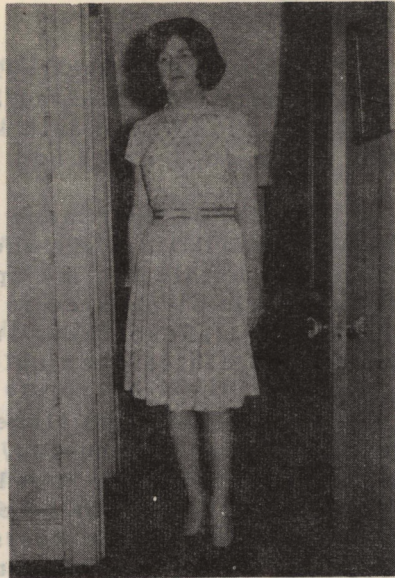
When Adele had finished dressing and returned to the room she remarked, "Marion, you are unbelievable! Put on these gloves and you can drape this beaded sweater over your shoulders. It will be too cold to go out with just your bare shoulders. I will be surprised if no one flirts with us this evening!"

"Let's get this straight, dear", I replied pointedly. "I admit I enjoy being dressed as a woman, but believe me, I want no part of any men----in any way."





CAROLE (5-S-12)



CAROL (35-L-3) FPE



FIRST MEETING OF THE BEAUMONT SOCIETY IN ENGLAND

SYLVIA	GISELE	PAMELA	PAULA	ALGA
FE-B-3	13-J-2	FE-B-1	FE-P-1	FE-A-1

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"I know that," she replied, "but that is not going to stop them from looking and even striking up a conversation. . . . Who should know better than you what men will try to do," And I had to admit she had me there.

We left the apartment and I was very much aware of the very small steps the sheath dress forced me to take. There was nothing in my appearance to indicate that I was not what I appeared to be. My new driver's license, along with makeup, keys and cigarettes were safely in the beaded clutch evening bag I carried.

For the first time since we had decided to take our vacation as we were doing, I drove the car to the restaurant secure in the knowledge that even if we were stopped, we would not be embarrassed. The parking attendants opened the doors of the car so that Adele could get out at the same time. The attendant on my side offered me his hand to assist me in alighting and I was faintly aware that I deliberately kept my knees together and swiveled out of the car in this characteristic feminine manner.

Shortly after we were seated in a softly lighted booth, the waiter inquired, "Cocktails, ladies?" And we ordered two Pink Squirrels although normally I would have ordered scotch. The meal was superb and for the most part we found our conversation drifting to clothes, makeup, and a critical evaluation of how the other women in the restaurant were dressed. I was grateful that except for an occasional glance from some of the men in the room, no one approached us.

Before leaving the restaurant we went to the powder room to fix ourselves up at our prettiest before leaving. After we had touched up our makeup, I went before the mirror and adjusted my dress and hose faintly aware that Adele was looking at me as I did so, but in a somewhat different way than she had till now.

Soon we were home and after washing and getting into our nightclothes, Adele said that she would like to talk over a few things with me. "Marion, you were simply fabulous tonight! Do you know that there were times during the evening when even I forgot who you really



were? What a story I could tell your family and friends if you'd ever allow me to! But what I really want to know, is how have you yourself felt about the last few days in your new role?"

I collected my thoughts and then began to speak. "I wish I could do this forever, but I know that this would be impossible. In the beginning it was just a joke, but now as each day beings, I find myself looking forward with anticipation to being Marion. I find myself unconsciously thinking of ways to improve my appearance both in dress and makeup. I enjoy the little courtesys which are given to me that till now I never received. I even enjoy just sitting here talking to you with the feel of nylon against my body and the press of the fitted housecoat against my "breasts". My only worry is that perhaps there is something wrong with me for feeling this way? What do you think, Adele?"

Now it was Adele's turn to hesitate before speaking. Finally she said, "I'll have to admit that like yourself, it was the humor of the situation that appealed to me at first plus a desire to have you forget your problems for a little while. I had no way of knowing the delight that you would take in your impersonation. I've enjoyed every minute with you as Marion, and I feel that as a result of this experience, you are better equipped to understand me or any other woman---than you were a few days ago. Still, I want you to be with me as Ed also which is sort of a contradiction in my thinking, isn't it?"

We talked for several hours and when we had concluded there was perfect understanding between us, more so than any time since we had been married.

The following days passed quickly. Thursday we enrolled in a class in Domestic Science which took in areas that all women were supposed to be well versed in such as cooking, sewing, grooming, the art of being a hostess and more. Our instructor informed us that there would be field trips to each student's home for the purpose of constructive criticism about the student's ability as a hostess and skill in furnishing and arranging a home. It sounded like fun, but I knew that I could not participate.

Friday Adele and I went shopping dressed in shifts

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and little things like placing my purse in the shopping cart while making selections, reaching in my purse to find change, and being helped with the groceries by the box boy gave me a degree of unexpected pleasure.

That evening, I had my first electrolysis treatment for removal of beard by Hazel's expert who assured me that he could complete the treatment in less than four months and made an appointment for the next Friday for me.

Each succeeding day was sheer delight and heaven for me. Shopping which I had learned to love, attending class, bowling with my all girl team, dining out in restaurants of various kinds in various styles of dress and even the light housework with which I assisted Adele were pleasant experiences. In between these activities, Adele insisted on my practicing the art of makeup and kept up a running commentary on how I should walk, sit, talk, eat, and in general comport myself at all times in a truly feminine fashion.

Finally, it was the weekend before I was to return to work and Adele informed me that we were going to dine out this evening in high style. Betty Bowen had asked us to join their table at the Hilton Hotel at a charity affair they were attending. It was to be a formal affair and since the rest of her friends were not married there would be no men present---at least at our table. She had some shopping to do and suggested that I might straighten out the apartment while she was gone.

Several hours later when she returned she was carrying two large boxes. "Marion," she said, "look at the beautiful stole that I bought to replace the one destroyed in the fire". It was on sale and a real bargain!" She held the stole that she had removed from one of the boxes and draped it around her shoulders and over her arms in different ways to show it off. "I couldn't just wear a sweater tonight, I just had to buy this." She concluded.

Then she opened the other box and a similar stole was brought forth. She handed it to me saying, "Wouldn't you like to try on YOUR stole and see how it looks on you? Don't be concerned by what it cost. I told the store



that I couldn't make up my mind which to buy and they suggested that I take them both home and let my husband decide. I'll have to return one Monday, but you can wear it tonight if you are careful."

Even before I tried on the stole, I knew I would love wearing it for at least the one evening. The feel of the fur as it caressed me neck was heavenly and I now could understand Adele's desire for fur which I had not really understood before.

I was especially careful as I applied my makeup that evening and was grateful that my hand was steady as I outlined my eyes with liquid liner. The lipstick brush outlined my lips perfectly on the very first try and I thrilled as I filled in the outline until my lips were perfectly made up.

The evening gown which we had purchased was put on over matching panties and bra. I attached my hose to the new waist cinch I had purchased the day before since I had been losing weight dining as a woman and put on the shoes with the spiked heels of clear plastic. Rhinestone accessories completed the costume and I wore the shoulder length wig on which Adele placed a small rhinestone tiara. Except for the mink and my over the elbow gloves, I was ready to go.

I slowly walked over to the full length mirror which was now a habitual thing for me, and was delighted at what I saw. I couldn't help but wish that this interlude in my life would never end.

As Adele and I walked down towards our car, I knew that we were as perfect in appearance as two girls could be. When we entered the hotel, I was aware that both men and women were looking our way and felt complimented. Betty was waiting at the doorway of the charity affair and took us over to her table and introduced us to the three women who shared our table along with Bernice and Sylvia.

Bernice remarked, "you girls are just gorgeous tonight! You never looked this way at the bowling alley". Then she turned to me and continued, "your outfit, Marion, looks as if it were molded to your body and that color is

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just perfect for you". I blushed as I thanked her for the compliment and returned a similar compliment to her.

The evening passed quickly and I drank in the feminine conversation with obvious relish. At one point, Sylvia mentioned that the evening would be perfect if only there were some men to share it with and Adele and I looked at each other and had to smile.

As we were leaving, Betty and Bernice invited us to join them for dinner at their home Wednesday and we accepted since it would have been awkward to refuse even though my vacation ended tomorrow.

I was reluctant to get undressed this time, after we were home, and Adele seemed to understand. It was finally dawning on me that there was only one more day of this bliss for me and I knew I would miss being Marion. Yet, I knew that I would be back at work Monday as I had a family to support and a responsibility to my company.

Adele was the first to get in bed that evening and when I finally climbed in beside her, I held her close and she seemed to understand my mood and thoughts.

I awoke early the next morning having had great difficulty getting any sleep, thinking about my last day as Marion, and set the table. Adele awoke some time later and as we ate our breakfast we began talking about the subject we had both been avoiding the past few days.

"I just don't know why I should be so upset about going back to work tomorrow and why I should be so reluctant to reassume my role as a man! I enjoy being your husband and have no wish to become your full time girl friend! Still, I love the role that I have enjoyed these past two weeks and the company of the new friends we have made. I honestly hate to give them up and wish there was something that we could do to make it possible not to."

Adele replied very soberly, "Marion, I knew this was coming and I have been giving it almost constant thought for the past week and I think I have the solution, but it will be up to you. I must admit that I enjoyed



having you with me as Marion, but there are times when I would prefer that Ed be the one who takes me to dinner and being a woman, there are times when I would much prefer to be with my husband----as a man."

I interrupted, "Adele, you said that you had some solution would you please tell me what it is!"

"Very simple," she replied. "Of course you must go back to work tomorrow and we both know it would be wise not to have your friends at work know of your two weeks as Marion. We are fortunate in not having any long friendships established or many social committments. But there is no reason why you cannot continue as Marion on a part time basis!"

"Do you mean, Adele, that you would be willing for me to live part of the time as Ed, and part as Marion?" I inquired.

"Exactly", she reaffirmed. "Since you still have to earn our living for us, you will have to continue work as ED, but there is no reason why we can't continue bowling on Tuesdays and our friendship with Betty and the other girls. You can continue your treatments at the beauty parlor on Friday as well as our classes in Domestic Science. If there is no activity scheduled for Mr. & Mrs. Hale on the weekends or other times during the week, there is no reason why Marion cannot go somewhere with Adele!"

CONCLUSION: We are enjoying our new way of life and Adele insists that I am a better man and husband for it. I no longer object to her shopping sprees, nor the time it takes for her to prepare herself for going out on an evening. When the occasion demands, I assist her in shopping and doing the housework.

Tuesdays, I rush home from work and am looking forward to the trophy that our team is sure to receive. When the league ends. Wednesdays we visit friends of Adele's and Marion's. We still go to the Beauty Parlor on Fridays although my beard is completely a thing of the past.

We have completed our course in Domestic Science and have enrolled in a Charm School which should be an

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interesting experience for me. Adele insists that we go to a dancing school when we finish this, but I swear I will not. She says I will change my mind.

It was a big fire that Halloween, but it started a bigger fire within me, one that will never die out.

KATHY - 5-P-4

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### F. P. E. NEWS

Phi Pi Epsilon (FPE to you) continues to forge ahead under the guidance and tutelage of Fran and Sheila. The first issue of the Newsletter is off the press and is a really good production. Both girls are to be congratulated, especially Fran who had the production task to perform. In this connection may we extend thanks and appreciation to Shirley, Fran's A-#1 wife who did the typing and I'm sure contributed mightily in other ways to the success of the issue. Would that there were more like her.

FPE has been divided into Regions not only in the continental US but in the rest of the world with a Councillor and Deputy appointed for each. Rules and procedures have been set up as well as a security manual so that everyone's interests are protected yet we will be able to have groups gradually forming in areas where there now are none. Most particularly of interest is the new European group presently located in England. They have picked the name of the "Beau-mont" Society after, guess who. 5 girls were present at the first meeting and a second will have been held by the time this gets in your hands. Giselle our charming Cover Girl of TVia #32 is the Councillor for the area. All European F.P.'s wherever located are invited to apply.

We have many readers who are not members and who might well be. Applications are sent on request to those who show on our records at Chevalier as having purchased at least 5 copies of the magazine. Approval is by Fran, Sheila and myself and an interview with the Councillor in the Region. FPE is for true FPs, fetishists, bondage, humiliation, gay and other fringe interests are not invited.



# Femme

## Identification

by Peggie (25-E-1)

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It is generally well known that I was recently arrested while out dressed as Pegie, and suffered through the ordeal of being in jail (without charge) for four days with the resulting embarrassment to my boss, the company and my family. The details of this catastrophe, and a still more recent brush with law authorities, is another story -- but one aspect of these two frightening experiences has to do with the matter of personal identification for those who go out en femme.

To begin with, we never anticipate the en femme arrest. This is something that always happens to somebody else. At the time of my first arrest I was totally unprepared; carrying my male billfold filled with a large sum of money, checks made out to my company, photos of Pegie, and my male identification. The police "had me cold" on any number of assorted suspicions: robbery, check passing, pornography, etc., and etc.

I vowed after this experience to never carry any kind of identification while out en femme, and certainly no large sum of money, no checks, and no photographs or femme letters. And yet, it took a second police episode to drive the fear of personal identification home to me with crushing force; this, when I was a passenger in a car when the driver ran a stop sign.

Whereas before, the police were looking for me and knew I was en femme; this time I was brought into the precinct station as a female automobile passenger. My companion was grilled unmercifully. Finally the interrogation turned in my direction as the officer in charge

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asked, "do you happen to have any kind of identification on you?"

In a femme voice that is all the more convincing in high pressure situations such as this I managed a very demure "No". But while I went on successfully answering his questions; giving my femme name, my actual date of birth, and my real address, my original "No" was quite ambiguous.

I had identification -- and I didn't.... The fear of leaving a large sum of money in my motel room had made me foolishly decide to bring along my male billfold in Pegie's purse; but this male identification would not have identified Pegie. And as my companion and I left the police station after the traffic fine had been taken care of I knew that as Pegie I would never, under and circumstances, carry my male billfold again.

Of course, some form of identification is imperative for those femme dressers who drive while dressed -- some even go to the lengths of obtaining a female driver's license . My own opinion is that driving while dressed is the sheerest sort of folly, absolutely stupid, no matter what kind of identification one carries. And my concern is not over being stopped for a safety check; a minor traffic violation; or any of the occasional reasons calling for the driver to present his driver's licence.

### My concern is over an accident.

In today's traffic a car accident is an awesome, and very likely risk no femme dresser can even dream about taking; not even a drive around the block! It isn't just the matter of having a female driver's license which might see you through minor traffic situations or accidents; it is the chance of having to present insurance policy details; and further, of course, the chance of being hospitalized. Where would the deception of the masquerade end? And once involved in one deception suspicion can only mount.

But let's assume one keeps his en femme activities confined to walking, riding cabs or other public conveyances, or even more cautiously, to remaining on the hotel



or motel premises. Should you carry some form of identification? And if so, what?

In my opinion it isn't necessary. In the first place it isn't uncommon for women not to have any kind of identification on their person and I do not think authorities are surprised when this is the case. In the second place there is no such thing as a license to go out en femme; no kind of credentials give femme dressers the right to masquerade as women in public. In the third place, this "right" is something femme dressers individually earn by virtue of being undetectable under all circumstances, and the oft-repeated motto is "If You're Read--You're Dead".

Still there is an urge to have something....

One acquaintance of mine has a letter from the Secretary of his state to the effect that this individual (addressing my friend in his real masculine name) performs as a female impersonator on various occasions; another has contrived to obtain a "The Fraternal Order Of Police" card from a friend; others carry letters from their psychiatrists, physician, or some person of responsibility.

In my own case I had a business card printed -- in fact, because the printer would make up no less -- I have 1000 of these cards. This is how my card is laid out:

Nightclubs

Hotel Shows

Pegie Val Addair

Female Impersonator

Contact

(actual name)

Telephone

(actual address)

(actual Ph.)

Actually, this card is the farthest thing from any license or privilege to go out en femme, simply because a professional female impersonator of all people knows full well the jeopardy of going out in public; cities requiring cabaret permits for female impersonators would certainly revoke such a permit if the performer was arrested in public!

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I do not carry the card on Pegie's person. I don't carry anything in the way of identification. But I have the cards with my belongings in the motel; along with professional 8X10 femme photographs which again have my professional name printed on them; and I have my professional costumes, evening length dresses, etc., and recordings of some of the material I have written for a female impersonator act.

Once you are arrested, believe me, the police will "check you out" of your hotel or motel room (and I'm assuming nobody risks being arrested near one's home.) Thus I think it doesn't hurt to have an atmosphere of professionalism surrounding your femme activities -- no matter how amateur they may be. In fact, your very amateur naivete, is view of your honest attempts and intentions in regard to female impersonation, may be your saving grace. I do not know; I haven't had occasion to present the card to law authorities and hope I never will.

I have found, however, that just the actual act of having the card made up at a legitimate printing office in a straightforward manner, gives one added confidence and a slightly new attitude towards femme dressing. The cards only cost \$9.50 for the 1000 minimum, and I have found them extremely useful in approaching various professional people; photographers, wig stylists, dressmakers, sales people, even a dentist.

It can be said that there are questionable connotations in regard to ones becoming associated with, or thought to be associated with, female impersonators. This is true; but in areas where your legal rights or personal jeopardy are concerned; when and if you ever are arrested; at the very best it will be assumed you are a female impersonator -- or even worse. Thus there is a certain status in declaring your professional approach; even if that profession is female impersonation.

In the end there is really no identification card, no type of credentials, that enables us to go out en femme. We are beyond identity; we can only hope to stay that way by scrupulously avoiding all risks.



# Book

# Review

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MAN INTO WOMAN, by Gilbert Oakley, D Psy ;  
Walton Press, 525/7, Liverpool Rd , London N 7 ;  
Hardcover, 248pp, price unknown, 1964.

This book is a must for all transexuals and for those pitiable TVs who are "selling" the TS idea to themselves. Other TVs will find it of great, but not vital, interest. Of all the books on this subject, (including the one of the same title published in the 20s but concerning a Danish artist who had an early - and fatal - operation) this one makes the best effort to place into perspective the TV and TS worlds. That there are some errors is understandable; the internal inconsistencies of the book are not so easily forgiven.

From the beginning, the reader is left in doubt as to how closely "Julian/Juliet" represents a single real individual and how much a fictionalized synthesis of many cases. Certainly neither her having a brother who is a psychiatrist, nor her suicide at 29 due to operation-induced cancer is at all typical; yet such statements as that "she is the personification of many well known transvestites and transexualists" in the "Author's Note" lead one to feel that this non-typical case is a composite.

The Note above reflects one of the serious inconsistencies. On many pages the TS is equated with the

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TV; on others, they are properly described as separate classes. Dr. Oakley has clearly read and half-digested too many "authorities", and casually gives equal weight to the opinions of the Rev. A. M. Smith and Hugo Beigel versus those of such eminent medical specialists as Dr. W. S. Pugh and Dr. Harry Benjamin. (All these are quoted at some length, with many others.) Especially confusing is the last chapter, where excellent discourses on TV and TS are accompanied by an extremely unsatisfactory pair of questionnaires. As there is an obvious misprint at the top of page 239, one may hope that the questions on pages 238 and 240 were also transposed by the printer.. Otherwise, page 240 makes every TV I know of appear to be a TS, while page 238 would indicate the same people are not even TVs!

Another flaw in confusion on medical knowledge (apparently D. Psy. is not a medical degree). A horrible example is the statement on pages 145-6 that "ova...projected through the Fallopiian tubes into the womb, creates the true female orgiastic sensations." This would imply that a woman can have but one orgasm per month! In reality, up to 250 per month have been reported. However, most of the medical data appears reliable.

On the whole; this book is a definite advance over its predecessors, and may do a good deal to improve the public image of the TV as well as of the TS. Repeated emphasis on the differences of both from the homosexual is always welcome, and Oakley makes this point well. His pleas for public sympathy include all three, but one can scarcely resent that generosity.

Sheila Niles, M.S., FPE.



FICTION



# The Physician

by Nancy

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To the teachers and students of the medical academy from your head master and physician of the royal court. This is my last message to you; it is the story of my life.

I was born among the tent people; who dwell on the outskirts of our land. We herded and hunted and supplied most of the warriors for we were more rugged and ignorant than the people of the cities.

When I was fourteen years old I told our local headman that I did not want to take the rite of manhood. Our headman was a kindly person and he talked this over with me. He was not opposed to my decision but because he knew that my father would be against it he agreed to speak to him for me. My mother, who was a third wife and therefore had no authority, also pleaded my cause and in the end my father decided to apprentice me to the temple that taught physicians.

I was given a letter, in the form of a scroll, for the tutors of the temple. I was also, for the first time, lawfully allowed to dress as a woman, although my mother had often dressed me thus in secret. I was to study in the temple until my twentieth year when I would be graduated as a doctor. My father agreed to pay so much gold per year for my keep which, though he did not speak to me directly, I was told I should repay when I began practice. So began my life as a scholar and a young woman.

In the Temple of Physicians there were a few young men, about thirty when I arrived, that chose to live as

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women. We lived in a special section and were treated with more kindness than the others. This was because the priests, who were our instructors, felt that our difference from other boys was due to a spiritual power which set us apart and above other people. When one of us would show signs of intelligence or wit the priests would nod their heads and say to one another, "They have contact with the world of the spirits of knowledge," or "They are favored by the Goddess 'Mideo" who dressed her only son as a girl so that her husband the cruel 'Cayon' would not make him go to war." The only sadness I knew in the temple was a longing for my mother.

At the age of twenty I was given the Rite of the Physician and began to practice. Because I chose to live as a woman I had to give up many of the legal rights of normal men. I was forbidden to bear arms or to marry a physically perfect woman. We men-who-lived-as-women were allowed to marry only cripples, impotent women, or slaves.

I chose for my first wife a comely girl of sixteen who had one leg shorter than the other. She bore me two sons and six daughters. The boys I gave to an uncle of mine who was impotent. Our daughters we raised and they were our joy. As we got older - though I get ahead of myself - I took several slave girls as secondary wives. They were young, beautiful, and physically perfect but they never had my real affection.

Strange as it may seem my good fortune in life was also the beginning of the end for my people. Shortly after I became a physician and had married, the Tent people, who lived to the far east of our cities, came into contact with a strange group of related tribes that were migrating towards us. A war broke out and, for a time, we seemed to be doing well. For the first two years our armies never lost a major engagement; they managed to capture a fair amount of horses and domestic animals as well as some treasure, and of course women slaves.

My practice became great. I had several young doctors working for me in a hospital I had built on the outside of the city wall. I displayed signs of good in-



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telligence very early in life and in time I became famous as a physician.

The enemy, with whom we fought were barbarians. They were crude, their manners non-existent, and their language so simple that later when I tried to instruct their crude doctors they had to learn our language. In all ways they were our inferiors except two; they could fight as well as we could and their population was endless. Within ten years all of our cities had been captured and my hospital was filled with their sick and wounded.

During this time my personality was changing. I enjoyed an hour before a mirror with jewelry and fine clothing. I loved the company of my wives and daughters. My greatest joy was to join them in their daily tasks. My youthful innocence however, was dying and I became scheming and outwardly hard of heart. I felt the need to protect myself from the barbaric victors who in their ignorance of culture looked down upon men such as myself.

At the close of the war their king came to live at our capital. He was crude and merciless, but more than this he was afraid. He ruled a fair sized empire and his great desire was to keep ruling but he suffered from an illness of the stomach. His own physicians did not understand enough of drugs and diet to be of much help to him and so having heard of my growing reputation, he sent for me.

I could not cure him but with the right amount of herbs and a special diet I was able to relieve both his pains and his fears. He resented me, but he needed me, and to keep myself indispensable to him, I never allowed another doctor to examine him, nor would I tell anyone my methods of treatment.

He lived under my care for twenty years in which time I managed to marry my eldest daughter to one of his sons. I also was able to secure high positions in government for several of my friends, so that when he died I was still well off. A short time after the death of the king my first wife died. I buried myself in work in order to ward off a tremendous feeling of loss.

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I decided to retire from everyday medicine, although I was still treating the members of the royal court, and build my own medical school. I was dissatisfied with the instruction given in the old Temple of Physicians where the priests taught with the methods of both science and superstition. They relied more on prayer than they did on medicine. I felt that the time had come for science to prevail.

Now that I am old and I realize that I am dying I wish to leave to you young physicians the riddle of my life. I believe that in the future you must also begin to treat the mind as well as the body. I reason that my choice of living as a woman instead of as a man is only a very small part of a new type of understanding which you must develop if you hope to be of greater use to mankind.

The whole development of my life rests upon my childhood relationships with my mother. In secret until my fourteenth year she would dress me as a girl. These moments were among my happiest. Always her affections were focused upon me and always she was there to blot out the image of my father. I loved her, imitated her, and looked to her as my guide in all things.

Later before I left home for the Temple of Physicians I came to have other feelings toward her. At first these feelings gave me a sense of guilt until I realized that they were never meant to be fulfilled with their original object. The replacement of the original object I found in my first wife. She was crippled and not very strong so she appreciated my gentleness. Our relationship was a mother, daughter, lover mixture which, although it may seem strange to you, gave me great happiness.

You see, I had managed to create a second childhood with her that contained all of the blessing of my first childhood and more. In the passion of our love I and my ideal were no longer separated—we joined—and I became--in image, feeling, and expression--my own mother. This absorption lasted from a few seconds to as long as a week. It was both mental and sexual and very very beautiful.



Her death was the greatest torment of my life. At the death of my real mother I felt great pain, but at the death of my wife I was nearly destroyed.

I write this to you young physicians so that you will be able to understand the great hold that the years of extreme youth have on the individual. These years of youth may give you the key to madness. No man knows for sure, but as I am dying, I must leave the problem to you.

This is my last treatise to the school. It is less scientific than my older writings on herbs and surgery but I hope you will understand it's meaning. It is my secret and I give it to those who will understand it best.

Completed in the fourth month of the 210th year after the great fire of our capital.



"But, dad! Consider the economics! Think of the saving if sis and I wear the same clothes!"



"Guess what, mom. I didn't pass the physical for the Nurse Corps! The doctor fainted!"



Virgin Views by Virginia

IT COULDN'T HAPPEN BUT-----IT DID

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You'd never believe it and neither do I..... quite. How many times have I dreamed of going to Hawaii, but said it couldn't happen...but it did. How nice a dream that Virginia should spend that time in the islands! An even bigger improbability....but she did. And how many times have I thought of trying to get the story and true nature of TVism before a group of psychiatrists. This too was pretty unlikely...but I did. But when all three of these events occurred at the same time....well, we get into some rather astronomical probability factors. Nevertheless, between Aug 27 and Sept 12 all three occurred. It couldn't happen but it did.

Last year when the American Psychiatric Association had its convention in L. A. I attended a few of the meetings. I saw the notice that there would be a meeting in Hawaii in Sept. of 1965. I thought to myself that it would be real great to go there and then I forgot it for many months. The questionnaires kept coming in and when I had acquired a large enough number and decided that there wouldnt be any more I sent them up to Berkeley to have them tabulated by the computer. When this was done in the late spring I remembered the Hawaiian meeting and found out who the Program Chairman was. I wrote and asked about giving a paper about Transvestites. I received back an application form with space for a resume of the paper. I filled it out and returned it and was really somewhat amazed to receive a letter several weeks



later saying that the paper was accepted. I had sent in Dr. Virginia Prince Bruce as the author, so I was committed to deliver it as Virginia. Well, the die was cast, nothing to do but make Pan Am reservations and get a hotel, which I did.

Came the 27th of August and Thea drove me to the airport and parked the car while I checked in. Then we had a bite of lunch and went to the gate. I still didn't quite believe it as she kissed me goodbye but in a moment I was in the plane and we were off so I guessed it was true. I was really committed too, as my 2 suitcases, one wig box and a cosmetic case didn't have one item of Charles' things in them. It was Virginia or bust. (I guess it would be more correct to say Virginia and bust). After about 5 hours flying there was Coco Head off the Starboard wing, then Diamond Head and finally the beach of Waikiki and Honolulu itself. I have never seen such beautiful blue colors as the water off Waikiki. It ranges from usual ocean green through a beautiful aquamarine to deep royal blue. . . . fascinating. Then we were circling the airport and touched down. There was a small possibility that a friend would meet me in the concourse as I left the plane and while I was looking for him suddenly a little Hawaiian girl grabbed my arm, a flashgun went off and I was handed a card. It turned out to be the picture on the next page. I had truly arrived in Hawaii.

After slowly fighting our way thru Honolulu traffic and trying to get used to the heat and humidity, we arrived at my hotel. I stayed at the Waikiki Circle Hotel, a rather unique place in that it is built in a circle 14 stories high, and 10 rooms to a level. Each room is somewhat pie shaped and has its own balcony. When the bell boy had been tipped and had gone I put down my coat and hat and stepped out onto the balcony and looked down at fabled Waikiki beach with Diamond Head in the distance. What did I do? I just sat down and cried for the sheer thrill of it all. I, Virginia, was actually in Hawaii. It was too much!

Since I arrived on Friday and the convention's



ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT



BOAT TRIP TO PEARL HARBOR



VIRGINIA CRIED HERE  
VIEW FROM MY HOTEL ROOM



opening cocktail party wasn't till Saturday evening. I had a day to get settled into the idea of being a lady in Waikiki. It appeared that everybody wore Muu-Muus of one kind or another and everything was quite informal, so I set about finding a Muu (properly pronounced Mu-u Mu-u) that would be appropriate for the Cocktail Party. I roamed Kalakua Ave which has about 50 shops selling these garments and men's flowered shirts. Finally I found one in the hotel shop. It was a golden color with brown print flowers and nuts on it. Since it was a polished cotton, it looked almost like satin and thus would be O.K. for the party. I bought some seed beads and earrings to go with it and I was ready. Gold sandals were just right, not only for the outfit, but were the most popular color to be seen on the streets. So I went to the party to start being seen as Dr. Virginia Bruce by all members of the convention. There were about 5 M.D.s present who already knew me, so I felt as tho I were among some friends.

Sunday was the Pearl Harbor Boat trip and we all got in a bus to go to the excursion boat pier. I was sitting alone and soon another woman sat beside me and we struck up a conversation. After a bit she asked me, "Where do you practice?" I replied that I didn't practice as I was not a psychiatrist nor even a psychologist. Of course, she was curious as to why I was there and wearing a convention badge with "Dr" on it. So I told her I was giving a paper to the convention and naturally she asked on what. So I had to tell her the title. This itself interested her but she asked me how come a woman would be interested in that subject. So I made up a true-false answer on the spot. I told her that my "brother" had been a TV for many years and naturally I became interested in the subject because of him. This was reasonable but how did I get all the data? I told her that I had become acquainted with some of his friends and that thru a magazine that he subscribed to I had sent out questionnaires and the paper was just a report on the results. So I satisfied her and didn't tell a lie either... or did I? I'm really not too sure myself.

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Monday there were papers and Monday night a Luau. Following my intention of being seen as part of the group and be accepted as such in as many situations as possible, I went to all the functions. At the luau another of those flashbulb pictures and claim card routines went on with the results also shown in the accompanying photograph. I was in the process of enjoying a piece of terriyaki steak on a skewer and had a mouthfull which accounts for the expression.

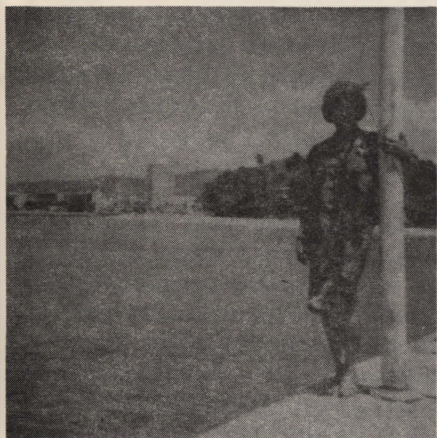
Tuesday was eventful in that I found and bought a long type Muu with slit skirt and criss-cross strips that pass over the bust and fasten behind. It makes a very striking dress, something like a sari. This I am wearing in the picture taken in the library. It was actually taken at an Alpha meeting after my return, but as it was the only one of this dress I included it. Anyway having found this dress I wore it out of the shop. I remembered seeing an announcement in the hotel that there would be free Hula lessons in the Banyan court of the Moana hotel that afternoon, so I went there and proceeded to learn the Hula, "Lovely Hula Hands". While I can't say I'm any expert I think I did as well as most of the rest of the women in the group.

The dancing worked up just enough extra heat on a very hot and humid day that I decided that this was the time to try the fabled waters of Waikiki beach. So I went back to the hotel and changed into my beach outfit... a bathing suit, beach hat, terrycloth beach dress, beach shoes and beach bag all in shocking pink. I also had a bathing cap to match but I carried this. I lay on the sand and read for awhile and then decided on my dip. I had taken the precaution of a couple of trial spins on the beach in California with Thea so I was somewhat prepared. I had taken along an old and somewhat sparse wig. This I wore to the beach. When I went in the water I put the cap on over this wig knowing full well from previous experience that it would leak and the wig would get sopping wet and it did. But I had found that putting a tight bathing cap over a wig is one thing, but taking it off over a





AT THE LAU AU  
WITH FISH AND POI



MUU MUU MAID



OVERLOOKING HONOLULU

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wet wig is something else--the whole bit comes off. So after my swim I just left the cap on and walked back to the hotel. The swim was refreshing but the water is almost luke warm and the waves being broken by the coral reef about 1/4 mile out were very weak and small and all in all it was much like going into a big bathtub. Of course if you want to lie on the sand and get brown, thats the place for it but for swimming you'd do as well in a pool.

Tuesday nite I went to bed early because Wednesday morning was "P" day. I was due to give my paper at 9:30. I was there and I gave it. The paper as written for publication was 18 pages long and I had to cut it to ribbons to squeeze it into the 20 mins. allotted. There were so many papers that they asked it to be cut to 15 mins which was pretty difficult but I tried. I had had prepared and mimeographed at Foundation expense a number of copies of the paper and had mailed them to the hotel intending to pass them out before I spoke and thus let the doctors follow the charts while I talked. Unfortunately Uncle Sam with his usual efficiency didn't get them to the hotel in time so they could not be passed out. So I told the audience this and said that any who would be interested in a copy should give me their names afterward and I would send one to them. Quite a few did this and made complimentary remarks so I knew that the paper itself had gone over all right. That being the case and the acceptance being good I decided that I would chance going with the group to the outer islands.

By this time all accomodations thru the convention's own travel agency were gone, so I went across the street and told them what the conventions program of flights, dates, times and hotels was and in 30 minutes they had me booked into hotels and planes that were almost the same as the group. So I followed them all over the islands and was part of the group all the time.

Wednesday night was the farewell banquet and lil' ol' Virginia was there in a green chiffon cocktail



dress with rhinestones and silver slippers just as much a well dressed lady at a party as any of the other women. Having the paper behind me it was now desirable that I let people in on the truth as the situation warranted. So, at dinner I proceeded to tell the lady doctor on my right and the gentlemen on my left what it was all about. Both were much interested. 3 days later on Maui I had an opportunity for a long talk with the lady doctor who was a child psychologist from the Middle West. She was much interested in the whole matter, particularly from the childhood development point of view. She said she really hadn't known much about it before but now would keep a lookout for it in her child cases.

After the dinner I was talking with one of the girls from the travel agency whom I had had to confide in earlier when they were trying to persuade me to share a room with another lady doctor. I had had to tell them why I couldn't. She had a date with the Dr. who had been in charge of the section where I gave my paper. When he came up with another doctor and his girl friend he suggested that they all go to the Ili Kai which is like the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco. Like the Top of the Mark, the cocktail lounge on the top of the Ili Kai overlooks all of Honolulu and it is very lovely there. The Dr. said "come on with us Virginia". I told him that I didn't want to be a 5th wheel but he said to forget it and come. So I was taken there, had several drinks and was then taxied home by the other Dr. to my hotel. A very nice thing for them to do. I didn't know at the time but found out later that the section chairman had known my true sex at the time of the invitation. Later at Kona I talked to him again and thanked him especially for his thoughtfulness.

So, as a result of my decision to dare the rest of the trip with the group I was up bright and early the next morning to catch a plane to Kauai. I stayed at the Kauai Surf where the meetings were held and most of the psychiatrists were registered. I went on two of the sightseeing trips with the group. On the first one the next morning I rode in a 12 passenger

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limousine with some of the group among whom was a doctor and his wife from No. Calif. and their 4 daughters of various ages. I got to kidding around and having fun with the kids as well as talking with the parents. We had a good time. So, in the afternoon I was standing around waiting for the limousines to be loaded when the same Dr. came up and said, "Would you like to ride with us again Virginia, we enjoyed your company this morning." I was pleased with this and said that I would. As there were a few minutes more to wait he asked me the \$64 question of where I practiced, etc. So I took him and his wife off a bit out of earshot of the kids and told them the facts. They were quite amazed and interested and said they wouldn't have known if I hadn't told them. Two days later on Maui this same Dr. invited me to have cocktails with him and got so interested in the matter that he invited me to have dinner with the family. We got to be very friendly.

After Kauai we flew to Maui. Here I stayed at the Kaanapoli Hotel about 1/4 mile down the beach from The Sheraton Maui where most of the group stayed. I'd walk over there to see and be seen. The second afternoon I rented a face plate and snorkel and swam out to the point to watch the coral fish. This was a fascinating experience. Here I was watching these beautifully colored fish and I was myself wearing a beautiful 2 piece shocking pink bathing suit. I liked to think (though I knew better) that I too was beautiful like the fish and the coral. A girl of about 17 swam out with her father and they brought along a piece of 2 inch pipe. After while the father got tired and swam back leaving us two girls coral hunting. We managed to break off a lot of pieces, 2 of which now reside on my mantel. Virginia's first trophies of the hunt. Everytime she'd break off a piece I'd put it inside the trunks of my suit since I needed hands free for holding on, clearing the face plate etc. As a result when we finally swam back to the beach and I emerged from the water I looked like I was pregnant with a porcupine--lumps and points sticking out all over my tummy. My psychiatrist friend whom I had left sunning himself on the beach thought that some-





SIGHTSEEING ON KAUI  
WITH THE PSYCHIATRISTS



LADY TOURIST ON WAIKIKI'S  
MAIN STEM KALAKAUA AVE.



"ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI"



THE AINA FALLS  
HILO, HAWAII

## *Transvestia*

thing had slipped and that my "equipment" was badly disarranged. . . I told him it was only a matter of pregnancy and proceeded to give "birth" by removing the coral piece by piece which gave everyone a good laugh. Some of those who didnt yet know about me were wondering how this middle aged lady doctor had the stamina and fortitude to swim way out to the point and bring back all the coral. Well, I just live right thats all.

Next day we flew to the island of Hawaii at Hilo and took a tour of the orchid farms and other places of interest. At one of these places they give away an orchid to every lady that comes in so I got one too. You were to wear it over your left ear if you are married and over the right if you are single and still looking. I had the girl put mine in the middle signifying that I was "undecided and confused." This was good for a laugh by those in the know. We had lunch at Volcano house on the edge of Kilowea crater. At lunch I let another doctor and his wife, and the wife that I had sat next to at the Luau and on the river excursion on Kauai, in on the secret. The latter's husband and I had had a good talk the day before on Maui. I had lent the wife my traveling iron, so we "women" were pretty good friends. Needless to say this was a surprising luncheon.

It was drizzling up on the mountain and in walking about to the various points of interest my hair got damp in spite of a wind net. As a result a good bit of the curl came out. So when we finally arrived at Kona I was in rather sad shape. I put it up in curlers that night and put the block near the window hoping it would dry but it was so humid that the next morning the hair was still damp and lank. I was kind of panicky but managed to find a beauty shop near the hotel and took it over to them while I wore my 2nd best "hair hat". We took a glass bottom boat trip that afternoon and I acquired a large Hawaiian sea urchin which now graces my mantelpiece between the 2 pieces of coral and the piece of Hawaiian lava from Moana Loa. Kona and the surrounding coast is beautiful and the village is a sweet little town. It is a far cry from Waikiki



which I have renamed, "Miami of the Pacific". It's a place to see once to say you've been there, but it is far too "touristy" and not really very Hawaiian. Hauai or Kona is the place to go to really rest and enjoy the islands.

Finally I got back to Honolulu where I was met by Cathy, one of our Hawaiian sister, although she had to send her brother to do the honors. But he, being an understanding brother brought me a beautiful carnation lei. I was thrilled. He had me to his house for dinner and the next day drove me around the far side of the island of Oahu. In the evening we visited the famous (?) Yappy's bar to which the gay queens go in their drag. This is O.K. with the police as long as they wear a small sign on their dresses saying, "I am a Boy". I can't imagine a real TV being caught dead with such a sign on his femmeself.

I called, made an appointment and went down for an hours chat with the Lieutenant in charge of the Honolulu Police Vice Detail. I gave him a thumb nail sketch of TVism, answered interested questions and gave him a half dozen of the lecture leaflets which he said he would pass around. He particularly spoke of giving one to the training instructor. So I hope all Honolulu Police from now on treat TVs with some understanding. They seem to be pretty reasonable. The basis for the "Boy" signs on the queens is that the law prohibits cross dressing with intent to deceive, it being understood that the deception is for some illicit purpose. If you are just walking down the street and minding your own business they don't seem to care whether you are in a Muu Muu or a tuxedo.

So all in all I think my trip was very worthwhile not only for me personally but for the cause in general. I am sure that there are a number of psychiatrists who are much better aware of what TVism is and that one can be a lady even tho one may be a male, than they ever were before. I think having a real; live, walking, talking TV in the group that they kept seeing day after day naturally brought about an unintentional state of acceptance on their part simply because there was no ostentatious exhibitionsim, "camping",



THE KONA INN



READY TO LEAVE FROM THE  
HONOLULU AIRPORT



LADY BEACHCOMBER



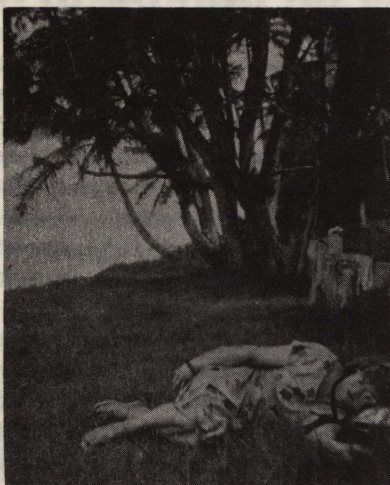
MY LONG HULA MUU



or other off beat behaviour. I was just as much a woman and a lady as any of the other lady M. D.'s or wives and as such I just kind of fell into their category and nobody acted any differently toward me than toward the other women. The paper itself will have a much larger audience when it gets published in their journal but it roused considerable interest among those who heard it. So I think the Foundation which paid the transportation for the trip had its interests well served since one of its corporate purposes is collection of information through research and its dissemination to both lay and professional public.

As for me, I finally had to come home, and believe me, after 17 days this was a real Cinderella break. I was so used to Virginia that it was hard to get around to Charles again at first. Though 2 hours after Charles arrived on the scene it was all Charles but memories. Memories of the trip that couldn't happen but did. Sometimes I kind of wonder how I got that coral, lava and sea urchin on the mantle piece. I need them to keep on proving that it wasn't really a dream after all. I did it, and I'm glad.

Virginia.



A TIRED LADY TOURIST

## *Editorial Emanations*

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I. VIRGINIA MAKES PLAYBOY MAGAZINE: Yes believe it or not my trip back to the Inst. of Sex Research last Dec. had an unexpected result. An article appeared in the September 1965 issue dealing with the Institute. In referring to interesting events and people Virginia got mentioned in a couple of paragraphs at the bottom of page 196 if any of you want to look it up. It was a favorable commentary and provided some more education for the cause since it emphasized that TVism was not necessarily associated with homosexuality. It's only anachronism was to say that Virginia was happily married. Well I was for about 10 years so I guess those years outnumber the bad ones since.

II. THE HAWAIIAN TALK: Although there was a possibility that the press would have caught my talk in Hawaii it turned out that nobody from the news services was around. However one of our number in Honolulu turned the story over to one of the local reporters after I had gone and it got a little play locally. Well, I guess every little bit helps. Incidentally, the paper which I read which contains the results of the questionnaire circulated a year or so ago is available in mimeographed form at \$2. each. I haven't had too many printed up so if you are interested please ask for one promptly. Order directly from Chevalier Pubs. Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, Calif. This should provide some very good statistical arguments in your discussions with wives, parents or others whom you are trying to educate. For that matter it is educational to the TV himself so if you participated in the questionnaire or not you will want to see the results. It is 18 pages long regular typing paper size single space.

III. LECTURE LEAFLET REMINDER: While talking of publicity and education etc. Let me remind you again



about the leaflets on TVism that I prepared for distribution at my lectures. These can be very educational to all authorities. A number of readers have followed my suggestion and have ordered some of these and sent them out to various responsible people in their cities and counties. Seems to me that more of you ought to take a little hand in this. There are not many things that most of you can do for the cause what with security etc. yet all of you are bugged by the ignorance and condemnation that we face. Why dont you do your part then and order a few of these and send them around to doctors, judges, police chiefs, marriage councillors etc. The cost is small purposely to induce you to get some and lend a shoulder to the wheel. At 10¢ each you can certainly afford a couple of dollars worth for the cause. So get with it and order them.

IV. TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR: Dont forget that I have another story for you, a reprint of one of the Gilbert stories called Tales from a Pink Mirror. I'm sure you will find it interesting. Every other page is a picture and it is 96 pages long. \$4 a copy. I got a limited number of these from another publisher knowing that they would be interesting to our readers so if you are interested get with it while they last.

V. CORRECTIONS: Two corrections from TVia #34.

1. The word NOW slipped in in place of NOT in the announcement about back numbers of TVia. Actually Nos. 1,2,3,4 and 12 are out of print and some others are low, but most back issue are available. For new subscribers to Chevalier's products may I strongly suggest that you let the current issues ride awhile if you must and pick up these back issues. A great deal of very useful material as well as interesting material appeared in these early issues....material that was specially designed to help TVs to find and understand themselves. It cant be reused in current issues naturally, so go back and pick up the issues you need to fill out your library. They are cheaper with the back issue deal of 6 for the price of 5 and I think you will find a lot of helpful material there.

## *Transvestia*

2. The address for FRAN 49-C-1 FPE our Executive Secretary for Phi Pi Epsilon was given as Box 1391 Madison, Wisconsin. Fran has asked me to make a correction here and ask that all mail be addressed to Box 323 Madison, Wisconsin. This is the FPE box number and is more convenient for her. So please remember to make the change. Fran Connors or Phi Pi Epsilon Box 323

VI. FINDING FRIENDS IN YOUR CITY: Lots of you live in areas where there are not many other known TVs and you would like to know someone near by. Finding TVs is not easy as you all know. You could be helping yourself, the cause, the "unfound" TVs and Chevalier if you would take a copy down to any bookstore in your area that sells off beat magazines and try to interest them in carrying it. If they did other local TVs would find it, would subscribe because it is cheaper direct from Chevalier and would thus eventually join CONTACT or FPE and become available for communication by mail or personal visit. Lend a hand here too wont you? The wholesale price in less than lots of 50 is \$2.50

VII. CURRENT STATUS AT CHEVALIER: Things are still complicated for me although there will have been a hearing between the time I write this and when you read it. It is hoped that the freeze on the income of Chevalier will be lifted. If it is the printer can be paid and we can continue. If it is not this will be the last issue until it is. We owe the printer nearly \$3000 at this point and he cannot carry the operation any further without some remuneration. So hold your breath or pray or whatever will help.

VIII. ADJUSTMENT OFFERED: As one of the by-products of my divorce battle some of the records which I have kept to enable me to cross check against errors within Chevalier itself have been stolen. As a result I am unable to check back against these records and cannot therefore tell whether or not we received money and shipped and the P.O. didnt deliver or whether some error occurred here with us. As a result and because I dont want anyone to think that I am either dishonest

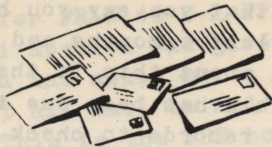


or wilfully negligent I will ship without further question any merchandise that you say you have ordered and paid for during the last 6 months and have not gotten. You may have written about this in the past and not gotten an answer. This has been due to the lack of time, to the lack of records to check with or because we thought the letter and the shipment crossed in the mail which occurs frequently. Be that as it may, however, if you will write again and tell me what you think you have coming to you I will send it. Since I have been financially unable to continue to pay Thae as a secretary she has had to obtain other employment and thus I am back doing everything myself. But this way at least I will know what has been done because I will have done it personally. Of course, this will be a wonderful opportunity for anyone with larceny in his soul to take advantage of me and ask for things that he never paid for. I hope, however, that you will recognize that I have about all the financial burdens that I can stand already and need your help not your hindrance. I'm trying to be fair with you so please be fair with me. Under the circumstances of getting everything reorganized I am simply unable to answer letters personally which I hope you will understand. I still love you all and wish I could write to each of you, but my strength is limited as is my time. Remember as a batchelor girl I now have cooking and housekeeping to make demands on my time too.

IX. CHANGE OF PACET There have been comments made that TRANSVESTIA is too much all the same from one issue to another. I try to vary the fare between fiction, articles, histories, true experiences etc. since there are readers that prefer each of these catagories. Yet the subject of TVism is not endless and perhaps long time readers do get the idea that there is not enough variety. So I ask and would like a response...do you want to see articles on any other subjects in this magazine and if so what? I try to edit this publication in the interests of a variety of different tastes so if it doesn't suit yours please make some constructive suggestions. The magazine is for the readers so the readers should be for the magazine.



*Person To Person*  
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

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49-D-1 FPE Minister TV. Would like to correspond with other ministers who are TVs. DOROTHY  
\*\*\*\*\*

39-J-1 FPE Married TV, 30, love to corres., eventually meet other TVs in Connecticut area. Interesting & prompt answers to all. JANET  
\*\*\*\*\*

20-C-2 TV age 28 wishes to contact other TVs in Florida, speely "Sharon" Ans fee refnd. SUZETTE  
\*\*\*\*\*

38-C-5 FPE New FPE member wishes meet others in the Philadelphia-Camden area--Desperate-- CONNIE  
\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\* R E M I N D E R \*\*\*

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If your library lacks any of the above better get them while they are available.....some are in short supply.....they wont be reprinted.



## DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST

- "TRANSESTIA"... A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1 st of even numbered months at \$4 per copy.
- "FEMMEMIRROR"... A 16 page newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Published 15th of each month at \$1 per copy. Yearly subscriptions 12 for \$10.
- "CLIPSHEET"... News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50 per copy Yearly subscription \$5.
- "TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"... 16 page short stories with Transvestic themes. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50. Yearly subscription \$5.

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- "THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES"... A collection of 5 short stories involving transvestism. 77 pages, illustrated.....\$5.
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Back issues of TRANSVESTIA from #3 to current issue are available at reduced rate of 6 for \$20. Select any issues needed to fill out your library.

Back issues of Mirror and Clipsheet (as available) are offered at 6 for \$3 and may be mixed as desired.

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## Publication Policy

TRANSESTIA 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 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.

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### 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 the correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for a time 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. Member of Phi Pi Epsilon need no further application and may use the service by paying the regular rates.

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