

TRANSVESTIA

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No. 37, 1966

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.

"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".



Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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OUR COVER GIRL

My Double Life

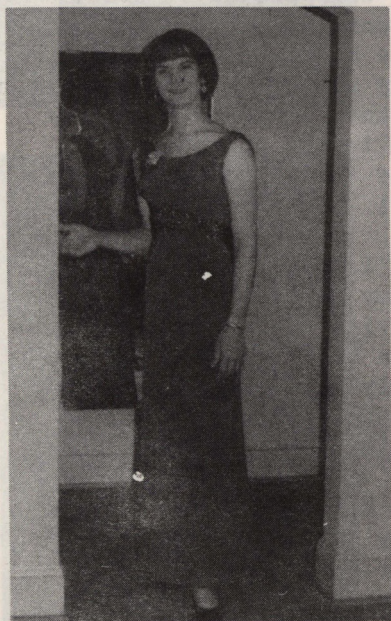
by Betty Dixon (20-H-1) FPE

"While sitting here in my filmy pink flowing negligee....." No, I'll try this one. "As I sit here in my soft baby blue nylon slip....." Nope. I give up. It seems like all of the great cliches of the TV world have been used up by former great literary artists of the TV world, therefore I'll have to start by telling the truth. "As I sit here in my white shirt and business suit wishing that I was in my soft etc....."

Actually the above thoughts were going through my mind as I began beating this poor old typewriter, and truthfully those old phrases have just about been murdered by overwork.

I guess that I am like most TV's in that I lead a dual life but unlike many, I would not have it any other way. Betty and her brother are as different as two people can get and I hope it will remain so.

I guess that I'm rather stupid, for unlike most TV's, I cannot say where the turning point in my life came when I began enjoying feminine attire. My wise and learned headshrinker has not come up with the answers as yet, so I guess we're both in the same boat.



SOCIETY GIRL

BETTY WITH EILEEN, OUR
COVER GIRL ON TVIA 16

Most of my early life was rather unpleasant and perhaps Betty came as a relief from the misery of my surroundings. This is some of my headshrinker's thinking. My childhood was filled with violence and hate which is contrary to the nature of TV's, so I've been told. If I were to pick on any single incident that might have lead me to the path of TVism, I would say that the following incident may have been it.

My mother was making a skating outfit for one of my cousins. I guess that I was about 10 years of age or maybe a little older. She had to hem the skirt but lacking a dummy she grabbed me for a model. (No wise cracks) I remember having quite a sensation as I put the skirt on and a difficult time hiding the erection that resulted. The skating outfit remained in our home for two more weeks and I wore it during this period at every opportunity. During my teenage years, I often wore feminine undergarments but I tried to fight off the desires, which only made them more persistent. In order to show everyone that I was as masculine as the rest I participated in the neighborhood gang fights. I guess I was trying to prove something to myself as well.

At the age of 17 years I enlisted into the U. S. Army. I suppressed my desire for dressing during my years in the service, by the frequent use of alcoholic beverages. In other words, I put on a four year drunk. The only time my commanding officer found out that I drank was when I showed up sober for work one morning.

I spent three years in Europe and found the booze and the women equally enjoyable. I seldom thought of wearing feminine attire during those years, but that was only because I did very little thinking about anything other than booze, women, army life and, suprisingly, school. The army did give me a chance to catch up on my education I had



THE WELL DRESSED MISS
OR, HOW "FUR" SHOULD
A GIRL GO?

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missed when I quit school at the age of 16 years old.

My return to civilian life was quite a jolt to me. On the outside, I found myself facing responsibilities that Uncle Sam had always taken care of. It wasn't too long before my old desires began haunting me again and soon I was back to wearing feminine attire while hiding in my bed room.

A short time after my discharge I met a girl; rather the girl. A year later we were married. Up to this point I hadn't the slightest idea as to why I liked to wear women's clothing, but I did tell my prospective bride of my somewhat unusual desires. We decided that it was just a fetish and would go away after we got married. Sound familiar?

Adjustment for the newlyweds did not come overnight. As a matter of fact a bitter conflict raged on for the next several years. There were several times when we just about parted, but each time we would ask ourselves the same question, "Do we love each other?" Each time the answer was, "yes."

I cannot say that what was good for our marriage is good for all TV marriages but our answer has been "Moderation". Betty and her brother have two entirely separate identities. On the night that Betty is to visit, she comes from her room completely attired in her chosen clothes. To my spouse, it is just a visit from a friend. The two girls may just stay at home or may go visiting together to the homes of other TV's. In the past we have gone to the movies together and even shopping. These visits may only be once a week and sometimes even less, depending on the urgency of the desire. Betty does not come at the slightest whim of her brother, for he has learned to control her to a certain point.

One of my major problems has been going out.



BETTY AS THE DOMESTIC TYPE AT HOME

Transvestia

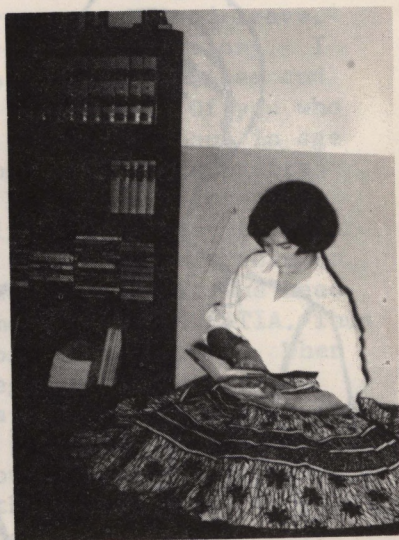
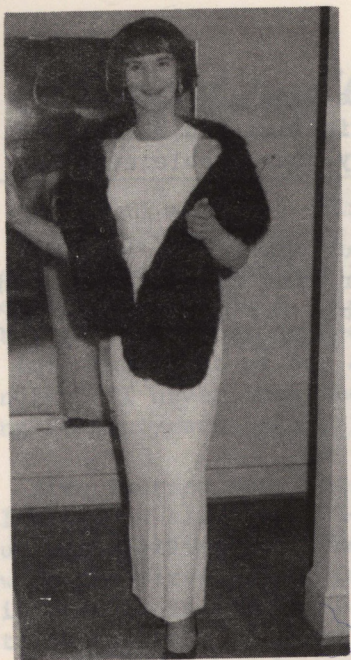
We now realize that with me this is a must and we therefore have adjusted to the fact. Betty learned a great deal from her friend about how to dress properly for various occasions, how to carry herself in public and the do's and don'ts of a young lady out on the town.

The masculine side of this duet enjoys the pleasures and privileges of being a man, such as cold beer, fishing in the bay, a night out with the boys and target shooting. In his occupation, as an investigator for a corporation, he must deal with the many elements of today's society. There can be no signs of Betty on the job and by the same token, I don't believe that Betty should have her brother's traits when she makes the scene.

In the past several years, Betty has been active in research work with Johns Hopkins Hospital. On one occasion she was called upon to speak before a group of fourth year medical students which was a tremendous experience for her and I hope interesting one for the students.

Today I consider myself one of the most fortunate TV's alive. I have a woman who loves and understands me, a son who loves his daddy (and does not know Betty) and an outlet for my TV desires. Through FPE I have met many other TV's and therefore Betty's life has been enriched just by knowing the many fine people she has met through the organization.

This article would not be complete without mentioning (and bragging about) our chapter, Pi, in this area. From our President, Eileen, down through the ranks, they are the finest group I have ever met. We have our own code on how our chapter is to be run and our main objective is having a good time. We believe in helping each other and take pride not only in our association as TV's but also in the friendships that have been made by our



BETTY IS VERSATILE
ALL KINDS OF CLOTHING FOR ALL OCCASIONS

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brothers. Our wives have been a great help by participating in our activities and have added a great deal to our many pleasurable evenings together.

Several members of our chapter have also contributed some of their time to the Johns Hopkins program and stand available for any further projects. I'm very proud of the Pi chapter.

"THE CHANGING TIMES"



THEN.



Now.

Birthday '66

Well, we made it! Six years I mean. This issue #37 marks the beginning of our 7th year. Would you have believed it possible if you'd heard about TVia 7 years ago? I didn't. I just started it because I wanted to say things to people and try to get them out into the light of day and the light of understanding. I never imagined then that I'd still be doing it six years later.

I've learned many things in the past six years as I hope you all have. I've found out many things about femme living and femme feeling that I didn't know in the first days. One of the things I've learned is what it is like to be a mother (figuratively that is) and have your children grow up and leave. Because that is what happens to me right along. I feel like a mother to you who read these lines and to many others who no longer read them. Of you who do, some of you are young in the field---not in age but in understanding---and some of you are pretty well developed. Many others have gone before you. They were helped to find their way and they grew in acceptance and understanding till they were able to stand on their own feet and no longer felt the need of the support and encouragement of TRANSVESTIA. Thus they are no longer on the subscription lists. When children grow up, go to college and leave home to make their own way, mothers are left behind with the younger ones to continue the task and can only look at those who now make their own way with a certain pride and an awareness that they contributed to that independence and self assurance.

I think I am entitled to feel that my efforts have been instrumental in helping quite a number of persons to know, to understand, and to accept their feminine selves during these six years. I am sad

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about any that I may have failed to help in achieving some peace of mind regarding their femmeselves and I am even sadder about those who may have taken the whole matter too seriously and gone too far and too fast without using discretion and moderation such that they have created new problems for themselves. I hope these are few and far between but they do exist as I know of some.

Then there are those thousands still out there waiting to be found, waiting to have the opportunity of knowing that there are others like themselves with the same worries, fears, guilts and loneliness. Realizing that that is true is the first stop on the road to self acceptance and peace of mind. So there is much work ahead for me. For every fledgling that tries her wings and leaves the nest there are a half dozen more waiting to be hatched and to grow. My recent article in the National Insider, for example has so far brought about 70 inquiries from TVs who saw it and wanted to know more. Imagine how relatively few people read that article and how many more TVs there must be.

But those coming on the scene now find a better world to grow up into. Better externally because social conditions are becoming more tolerant (California cities no longer bother you when dressed if you look reasonable and mind your own business), and better internally because PHI PI EPSILON is now a real going concern (thanks to Fran, Sheila and the councilors) so that there is something more than just literature to grow into, to enjoy and to contribute to.

I am thankful that there are a few among our readers who are willing to take up some part of the load of helping to find our younger sisters and of helping in the education of outsiders such as doctors, columnists and others. I wish more of you would light your candle from the flame of TRANSVESTIA and go into the outer darkness with it and help dispell some of the gloom of ignorance, prejudice and non-understanding with which we and our interests are

surrounded. There is so much to be understood by so many and so few to teach. It is always said that we live in a changing world but too many just wait for and then accept the change instead of going out openly into the battle of ignorance and prejudice and doing something to influence the direction of that change.

Well, so we've lived through our sixth year. What has been accomplished during it? First and foremost Fran (49-C-1 FPE) the Executive Secretary and Sheila (30-B-2-FPE) the field organizer have done a real bang up job of reorganizing and energizing PHI PI EPSILON. They haven't done it all alone naturally because the various concillors have pitched in and helped get their areas under way have surely done their part, but FPE is a real going thing now and will surely use the momentum gathered in this year to continue to expand until we really have something to talk about and be proud of.

Along the lines of education, Betty (20-H-1FPE) our Cover Girl on this very issue has done her bit by her talks to medical students and professors at Johns Hopkins University, I have done the same here at UCLA and, as related in TVia #35, I did my best to influence a lot of psychiatrists in Hawaii. Several of the girls have undertaken to reply to columnists such as Dear Abby and others who have shown less than a clear understanding in their columns in an attempt to straighten them out. Literarily speaking Peggie (25-E-1) has broken into the literary world with an article about TV poetry in the magazine TRACE and both she and I have had articles in the MAGAZINE OF MODERN SEX. Then there was the NATIONAL INSIDER bit. My lectures have been continued in So. Calif. with continued excellent audience reaction. One of them was to a psychology class at UCLA and resulted in interesting the professor in the subject which will result in some papers on it in the future. So, much has been accomplished but there is much more to do. Wont some of the rest of you put your shoulder to the wheel in our 7th and "lucky year"?

VIRGINIA

FICTION



*From a Newspaper Story
of a Wedding*

A. D. 2064

by Nina

Weddings have always been especially feminine affairs, an important landmark in a woman's life, and it has always been traditional for them to be characterized by the pretty trappings of femininity. Therefore, flipping through the newspaper stories of weddings, one generally finds much attention given to what the bride wore, and the bridesmaids, and the other ladies present. The menfolk, on the contrary, were invariably regarded as foils to the ladies, in the sober conventional uniform which is still the favorite in some quarters. Today, of course, we are not so hidebound by convention, and if the social reporters write that "Miss So-and-so had a pretty wedding, we take it for granted that the menfolk may care to contribute to that, just as much as the ladies. The bridegroom's wedding dress may often be no less charming than the bride's, and the best man's pretty flowered frock and picture hat may not be outdone by those of the bride's mother. For many couples in this modern age, the bridegroom's trousseau of pretty things is just as lovely as the bride's.

After all, it is a charming way of paying a compliment to the ladies, to share their tastes and interests in this way, and one can do this without in the least ceasing to be masculine; it is simply an enrichment and broadening of experience, as so many people well understand in this 21st century.

Your reporter, therefore, was only too delighted to cover a very pretty and fashionable wedding the other day. The bride looked lovely in a cream satin gown,

with floor-length skirt, deeply gored, and an unusual and attractive bolero cape of old Spanish lace. The latter went very well with her flowing veil. She carried an enormous bouquet of lilies. The bride was given away by her father, who had chosen a smart two-piece suit in the same material as his daughter's wedding gown, with a narrow skirt and a rather mannishly severe top, worn over a contrasting lace blouse, with an ornate multi-strand crystal necklace, and ear-pendants to match. In the sleek satin of this outfit, with medium-high heels, the bride's father appeared both dignified and graceful, as befitting a rather important participant in the ceremony.

But really, it was the bridegroom, of all the menfolk present, who really stole the show, as is right and proper. We have heard so much discussion of what a bridegroom ought to wear. So many men simply content themselves with an identical replica of the bride's gown, but that is not very original, and does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that it is, after all, two different people who are being joined together. It is so much better for the bridegroom to choose a dress that will emphasize its own position, and set off the beauty of the bride's attire. We have seldom seen a wedding where this was done more effectively than in this one. The bridegroom looked infinitely dignified and stately in a floor-length Tudor-style gown of black velvet, with very full skirts, and a close-fitting waist-coat style bodice, opening in front to reveal a froth of lace. He really looked superb as he swept up the aisle in his lovely gown and flowing skirts; after all, the skirt is the appropriate attire for ceremonial occasions, as we in the 21st century well know, and what more important ceremony than this? His dress had very full short puffed sleeves, in the Tudor-style, leaving just a hint of bare arm above the black nylon elbow-gloves. But the sombre dignified black of his dress was set off and emphasised by the gorgeous glitter of ornate antique jewelry; his multi-strand diamond necklace was matched by another similar one, worn as a pendant from the belt of his dress, and also by equally ornate bracelets, ear pendants, and bodice brooch. We have seldom seen a more effective and delightful outfit for a bridegroom.

The best man, for his part, made an important contribution to the brightness of the scene; he turned out in

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an extremely pretty party frock in blue moire silk, with very full tiered skirts, so full that one caught tantalizing glimpses of a froth of frilly underskirts, Hungarian peasant style. The bodice of his dress was fairly loose, and sleeveless, but worn with a matching bolero cape. He wore a very wide-brimmed picture hat of Italian straw, with matching handbag, and pearls galore, in necklace and bracelets. In this lovely attire, the best man yielded nothing to any of the ladies present, and the deportment drew many compliments, for the practiced style in which he managed his skirts and his five-inch stiletto heels.

The bride was attended by two maids of honour, in long flowing gowns of the same material as the best man's dress - a charming touch of "togetherness". There were six bridesmaids, all in elegantly simple yet pretty long frocks in white organdie, and four delightful little page boys, dressed in exactly the same way as the bridesmaids.

After the ceremony, the party adjourned to the Central Hotel for the reception and to view the presents and trousseau. This was an extremely happy and colorful affair, strictly for ladies and Femmepersons. The Rev. Jones, who had officiated at the ceremony with dignity and style, withdrew discreetly, to re-appear at the party in a ravishingly pretty shirtwaist dress in white silk, with a bold floral pattern; this was a very charming and personal present to him, from the bride; she had chosen it with him, and taken him on a shopping tour, until he found something that he really liked. The bride and bridegroom, too, changed into something less elaborate, after the formal exchange of toasts and the cutting of the cake. They appeared, both in simple but tasteful dresses, that they found "right" both for the party and for the honeymoon journey. The bride had chosen the material and had them made especially. Hers was a close-fitting sheath, and his a looser affair with swirling skirts, each made of the same surah print, in glowing colors of red and tangerine and yellow. They made a striking couple. Actually the husband's dress was a good deal more sophisticated and clever than met the eye; for the party. It seemed gay and playful, with very full ankle-length skirt that swirled seductively as he moved about, graceful on his high heels. In fact, it was

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a two-piece suit, rather than a dress, because the long skirt was separate, as the lucky fellow demonstrated towards the end of the party, as he unzipped the side and stepped out of his long skirt, to reveal the attached knee-length skirt underneath. And having put the long skirt aside, there he was in a pretty and practical dress, suitable for driving away on the honeymoon journey. It had a pretty "flyaway" collar in white, to contrast with the emphatic color of the dress, and the guests all pronounced it very, very charming. The bride won many compliments for having dressed her husband so tastefully.

One of the most interesting and delightful things about the party was the display of presents and trousseau. The bride's gift to her husband was a lovely wardrobe of pretty clothes, such as any woman would envy, and he had one of the same for her. There were two travelling wardrobe trunks, ready to be put in the back of their station wagon, each full of lovely, pretty frocks, playsuits, blouses and skirts, and it was hard to tell who was going to be the prettier, the husband or the wife. He was obviously going to spend the entire honeymoon wearing only girlie things, with his wife's full co-operation. He had lots of nice hats, too, and dainty high-heeled shoes. And lingerie - there was something else again; there were on display two enormous plexiglass domes, each filled with a froth of foamy frilly lingerie and nighties and negligees; one predominantly white and pink, with "hers" embroidered on each item, and the other white and blue, likewise embroidered "his". Evidently, the bride was going to have an enthusiastic girl-friend around, as well as a husband, and in a properly balanced marriage such as this, a husband would know how to handle the feminine world.

But it was a delightful party, not only for the radiant couple, but also for the other girls and their wives, who united to give the newly-weds a real good send-off. We could not wish anybody a more delightful and pretty wedding-occasion, and when they took off for their honeymoon, they looked as pretty and radiant a pair or girls as one could wish to see.

THE END

Nina



JUDITH 55-B-1 FPE
COVER GIRL on TVia 25



JONELLE 7-C-3



a transvestia

**TRUE
STORY**

My Existential Commitment

by Donna (28-D-1)

My name is Don Dameron. My femme name is Donna and I receive just about all my TV mail and some of my regular mail under that name. I am fairly new to TRANSVESTIA and the readers of it. I am not new to TV'sm however.

Like most of us I have memories of TV'sm going back to my fifth and sixth year. All my 30 years have been in and out of skirts. I went through most of my teen years thinking this was quite normal. After entering the U.S. Air Force, at the age of 18, I found out otherwise.

The jolt hit hard and started the usual guilt cycle. I fought TV, tooth and nail, until I developed a healthy psychosomatic disorder. This put me on the couch for a six month stretch of psychotherapy.

When I got off that couch I was under the impression that I was "cured". Thus started a four year period of rationalizing and sublimation. The TV was there but I wasn't letting it out.

In September of 1963 I made my existential decision. I went back to skirts and have, and in all likelihood, will stay in them. When I made this decision I knew full well that I would have to face the guilt and anxiety of being "different". Part of this could be handled internally but I knew that not all could.

I started out cautiously and as time progressed I

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expanded to the point of doing all shopping, going to movies and anything that did not require my male self as Donna. This was a slow process as I had to make up for four years. It wasn't until late November that I was finally prepared to go out and stay there.

On New Year's Eve of that same year the second decision was made. I went to a party dressed as Donna. This was a party made up of all the people I worked with. It was not a costume party. I did explain that I had been to a costume party.

The purpose of going to that party as Donna was to study the reaction of my friends whom, up to that party, had never guessed I was a TV. I knew at that time that I would be talking about myself to these people some time in the near future.

The results of the party were surprising. No derogatory remarks were made. The women were quite impressed with my new wig and makeup job. Only one person recognized me as Don.

The next time I made an appearance in front of friends was the evening of the local Mardi Gras Ball held at the Flamingo hotel here in Las Vegas. This event fell on payday night. The checks came in late, about 9 in the evening. Having prepared most people about how I was going to dress for the ball I went into the office in "costume". I was wearing a black sheath, three inch heels and a fur coat.

Again no comments of a derogatory nature were passed. Again the gals liked the makeup job, particularly the eyes. The guys had nothing to say. One did ask me whether I was going to use the mens room or the ladies room should the need arise. This however was meant and taken as a joke.

Later that evening I was joined by some of this same office crowd at the ball. At this time I let it be known that I did this female impersonating fairly often as a hobby. There were however, no comments at this time directed at me about homosexuality. However I was told two days later that the comments flew hot and heavy at

one of the local bars following the Ball.

This conversation was started by a man whom I had only met once and he didn't know me. He said I was homosexual. The others, about a half dozen defended me. No one seemed aware of transvestism. Most of my defenders argued that it was just a hobby.

Three months later I changed departments in the company I work for. I had tired of working in a male job. I was tired of having to play the male role, which to a great extent repulses me, so I requested and received a transfer to an all female department doing work which I like much better. Once into the job I decided that the final decision time had arrived.

One slow evening I started talking about various mental problems that pop up in the human animal. In view of the fact that the majority of mental disorders fall into the category called neurosis I swung the conversation into this area. It took only a short time to get into TV'sm.

Once launched into the subject and having explained the difference between homosexuality and TV'sm I let the girls I talked to put one and one together. It took no time at all and they realized I was a TV. From that point on it was and is easy to talk to anyone about transvestism.

The most surprising thing, though it shouldn't be, is the way that TV'sm in relation to myself, is accepted. There followed a short period of education for those out of my department, but once this was done there were no problems. No one thinks I'm a homosexual as far as I'm aware.

The average reaction of the "straight" person seems to be first surprise then indifference. By "indifference" I do not mean rejection as a human being but a live and let live attitude. Only one person out of about 25 made any effort at all to "do something" about me. Even so her effort was short lived.

This "announcement" was made and explained to

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my friends about five months ago. The interim period has been a most interesting one. There was embarrassment and discomfort when word first started getting around. I found it hard to look at some of my male friends but this passed. Now there is little embarrassment in front of anyone.

I am now able to talk about the time last spring when I had my purse snatched. This occurred one evening while I was walking from my car to one of the local movie houses. I had checked the laws concerning female impersonation last January and had been told that there was no law that I or anyone else could be arrested under as long as we weren't caught powdering our noses in the ladies room.

Knowing this came in nicely. I raised such a fuss when the purse was snatched that the cops were called and were on the scene in a very short time. An officer asked me if I was the woman whose purse had been snatched. I decided to play it straight. I told him I was a male and proceeded to give a description of the snatchers. They were caught in a matter of minutes and we all went down to the station together.

I filed a report on the snatching and made the usual statements that go along with this sort of thing. The only comments made to me was the asking if I dressed like a woman often. I replied yes to this question and told them I was doing it on a bet that evening. They did not press the issue any farther. When I asked them if I was to be booked they evaded the question. One of the officers did say that if this got into the paper it would make quite a story. I agreed. I walked out of the station with my purse and my dignity intact.

This story made an interesting impression on my friends. The people I work with, and for that matter live with seem to be undisturbed by my pretence. I am apparently well liked. I'm not sure they would accept me if I tried wearing skirts to work but at least I'm not, as I thought and I suspect many of you think, rejected and scorned by those about me.

There are many advantages to being so straight for-

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ward about TV'ism. It is not too unusual for all of us to compare notes on makeup, clothes and such. I am living in an apartment which is owned by one of the girls I work with. We, (the girls and Donna) go shopping and run errands together. I have had all of Donna's clothes altered by another one of my co-workers who is handy with needle and thread.

I stated earlier that some of the guilt and anxiety could be handled internally. By having let my TV'ism become general knowledge all remaining guilt has been eliminated. There is now no anxiety about being "caught" Should I be spotted by friends downtown or picked up by the police there might be a few needles jabbes in but then what is life without a sense of humor.

Another aspect of this is the impossibility of anyone shaking me down or blackmailing me. There are no laws here in Las Vegas that I'm breaking, nor am I worried about losing my job. I do a good one and as long as there is no police trouble my job is secure. In view of this lack of laws there should no police trouble.

In issue Number #27 of TRANSVESTIA on page 30, there were these lines: "We wouldn't worry so much about what people think of us, if we only realized how seldom they do."

Who penned these lines I don't know but I can say this, they are very true. It appears to me that as long as a person does not hurt another person with their actions and as long as one remains a reasonable human being you can find acceptance regardless of how "far out" you may think your behaviour is.

A cute little babe from St. Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball;
But the dress caught on fire
And burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

FICTION

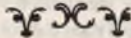


The Cooperative Wife

by A. T. R.

The very real fear of condemnation and rejection prevents many transvestites from seeking the understanding help of others. The atmosphere of intimacy and love created in the marriage relationship is even, in many cases, insufficient to bring timid transvestities to share their big secret with their partner.

This is the story of a man - a transvestite from early childhood - who married without sharing his most important secret in the belief that his wife could never understand his compulsion to dress and behave on occasion as a woman. Time and an understanding wife proved him wrong. The story is told partly in prose and partly in poetry.



It was Mary Ann's bridge club evening and as usual she hurried through the dishes. Leaving Bill to dry them she was gone until midnight - or so she thought. Sarah Morrison was suddenly taken ill and by seven-thirty Mary Ann was already half way home. No one had really cared to play after hearing of Sarah's misfortune. Even if Bill would be busy with his company reports Mary Ann wouldn't mind the evening at home. Perhaps she would bake some cookies.

The front door was locked. That was strange. Going through her purse for the the Mary Ann noticed

the light in the bedroom. Now what could Bill have been in there for, she thought. The key was hiding in the bottom of her purse but in a few moments she was inside taking off her coat. The house was silent. Mary Ann started down the hallway to the bedroom. Bill must be there. The door to the room was open - "Bill, are you there?" she called. Suddenly she saw the skirted figure - it was

Bill without his pants and shirt
Clad instead in Mary Ann's skirt
With a sissy blouse all ruffles and bows
And heavens, look! - her heels and hose

Bill, her husband - dressed in her clothes
Striking a fashion model's pose
"Bill, you sill ... is it really you?
Oh Bill, tell, it can't be true."

Thoroughly startled by Mary Ann's unexpected appearance the skirted Bill could only blurt

"Mary Ann, you're home so early?"

"Yes dear, I am, but I never thought.."

With a sad, sad look on his face, Bill sank into a chair.

"After all these years...to be caught

Darling sit down - I must explain
Men are not always what they claim

I am not, my dear, all that I seem
Sometimes I think it is all a dream
Sometimes I wonder if it really is true
That my baby clothes were pink
- not blue

And that Mother wanted to call me Jill
But I was a boy - a boy named Bill

Transvestia

A boy who wore dresses until he was four
And later took things from Mother's
drawer
To wear in secret.....

Who could tell the events of the next three hours and relate them accurately? Bill talked to his wife as a desperate man without hope that she could comprehend what he was saying but knowing that she must comprehend if his marriage was to be saved from its recent shock. In the end their marriage, instead of being destroyed, had found a new rock of love and understanding upon which to anchor and Mary Ann could say

"I love you my dear and I always will
Chin up, my darling husband Bill
Life sometimes makes the strangest demands
Bill - I'm a wife who understands
I'll help you darling if its what you
desire
You can dress as you like in woman's
attire."

Bill, scarcely knew how to express his relief. Tenderly he kissed Mary Ann and said

"I thought you surely would condemn
And believe that I was one of them
Oh how I feared to share this with you
How frightened I was that you already
knew.

At Mary Ann's request Bill got up to walk about to show his wife just how nice he looked in her straight skirt and sissy blouse. She laughed when he attempted to imitate the walking movements of a woman. Standing before the mirror Bill thought out loud.....

"During the week I'll be a man
Then change on weekends if I can

To the clothes and role I much prefer
I'll drop the he - adopt the her
If you can remember, call me Jill
It's ever so prettier than just plain
Bill.
And won't you help me to improve?
I need to learn to walk and move
As ladylike as I possibly can
No one should know that I am a man."

It was the very next weekend when Bill was
awakened on Saturday morning by Mary Ann

"Bill, my dear, or Jill I should say
You're going to be a girl all day
First, darling, we must narrow your waist
you'll wear a corset tightly laced
And panties replete with frilly bows
Stretching garters meet nylon hose
And, darling, you'll learn just how it feels
To spend the day wearing high heels
A girdle, of course, for your bulging hips
You'll love the rustle of lacy slips
Won't it be fun to make up your face?
With lipstick and rouge, powder and base
A wig for you also; crown of curls
The pride of vain and silly girls."

"Will I be learning the housewife's trade?"

"Yes dear, I have fired the maid
And you will do the housework today
And tonight you'll sleep in a negligee."

"Will we shop together for my new clothes?"

"Yes darling I would suppose
We'll shop together for your new clothes
We'll buy you a three-piece wool knit suit
And skirtwaists with billowy skirts
would be cute

Transvestia

A cocktail sheath in black would be stunning

In matching sweaters and skirts you'd be cunning

Of course, we'll buy you an evening gown
For special occasions out on the town

Your ears and neck in jewels adorned

Arm caressing gloves are worn

Clutching a purse in your braceleted hand

Who would suspect that you are a man?"

"I want to learn how to walk and stand."

"Of course. You must practice the feminine wiles

The art of innocent sweet girlish smiles

In time you will master our manners and traits

The high-held arms, the mincing gaits

You'll learn to move with lady-like care

Arranging your skirt to sit in a chair

And seated there dear, your nyloned knees

Must daintily cross so no one sees

I'll teach you to toy with your necklace
of pearls

While gossiping with other girls

Dear husband, no one will recognize

That you are a man in woman's disguise."

"Mary Ann, what can I say to your proposal?

Today I am at your complete disposal

Feminine beauty is today my goal

Today I adopt the female role

From girdle to dress a woman I'll be

At last the imprisoned Jill is free.

Needless to say this story could go on and on
but wherever it does end it is a happy ending.
Marvelous things happen when there is a cooperative
wife.



BARBARA FI-P-1 FPE
AN IRISH COLLEEN



SUSAN 20-C-1



AN ORIENTAL TOUCH FROM
ROSEMARY FHK-L-1 FPE
in HONG KONG

Letter To a Wife

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

Dear Mrs. M.:

This is written in the hope that it will find you sufficiently open-minded to face a few cold, hard facts about transvestism. If, however, you feel that anyone who does not agree 100% with you is automatically disqualified, please stop reading right now as you will be wasting your time. The facts are these:

1- Transvestism is not a disease. You apparently feel qualified to diagnose and pass judgement on those who are "sick" and those who are not. I do not know what your basis for this qualification is, and so cannot question it, but would like to point out that many eminent and impartial medical authorities have reached quite a different conclusion from yours. In the past, Drs. C. G. Jung, Havelock Ellis, W. S. Pugh (and the non-medical Alfred Kinsey) have studied this subject: their findings are at present being confirmed by Drs. Money (John Hopkins) Stoller (UCLA), Benjamin (New York) and others. Briefly, they have learned that every man contains a feminine component which is expressed in one way or another. Some men do this quietly as part of their daily life; others fight and repress it with more or less internal upsets as the result; the transvestite must give it expression in the

relatively unacceptable form of personifying his femininity in solid, three-dimensional form by dressing himself as the woman he feels himself, in part, to be. There are many even less acceptable forms, such as homosexuality - but apparently once a form of expression starts, there is no shifting to another "channel" and the TV does not turn into something else.

2- TVs are not second-rate men. Not all of us attain eminence, as we are apparently a cross-section of all IQ levels from genius to idiot, but there are enough of us in high positions to make an interesting point. I know, personally or by indirect contact, these TVs:

A world-famous naturalist-artist, whose wild animal pictures illustrate countless books and calendars,

A high official in the New York City police department,

The head of West Coast space fight operations,

A well-loved screen and television comedian,

The insurance agent who last Summer broke the world's record for value of policies written,

A successfully practicing psychiatrist in the New York area,

Myself, a scientist and engineer with 32 US patents and 20 technical publications.

That we can practice this "art" in comparative safety is due to our own innate caution and to the excellent anti-blackmail laws which protect us just as they do all other citizens.

3- Ann is not your rival. It seems clear from the hatred and contempt you have shown that you have a deep fear of her. There IS reason to fear her, but not for any of the causes you imagine; she can never replace a real woman. However, she does represent your husband's idealized concept of all that is best in womanhood, and every blow you strike at her sets you farther apart from that ideal. You cannot

Transvestia

destroy her - but you can destroy a marriage that was apparently meaningful to both you and your husband. That you have already gone far in this direction must be obvious to you. I can only guess at how many (or few) more such blows the very real love your husband feels for you can sustain without breaking.

Those wives who, reluctantly or willingly, have chosen the route of tolerance, open-mindedness and acceptance have found that there are things they can learn from this uninvited "guest". Acceptance and tolerance on the part of the wife does not automatically mean a "Take-over by the Girl"; on the contrary, with the conflict resolved, the urgency behind dressing is lessened and the husband will tend to dress less frequently or will be willing to compromise with you as to an acceptable frequency. The reward for such patience has been a deeper, richer relationship with their husbands - even that all too rare thing between spouses, genuine friendship.

So, there you have it. If you still feel that TVs and all who tolerate them are "sick", then our use of words is so different that attempts at communication between us are probably futile. In any case, the choice is yours, and yours alone, between accepting the many hands that are offered you in friendship or continuing to the logical end of your present course.

Sincerely yours,

EDITOR'S NOTE: This letter was written by Sheila (30-B-2 FPE) to be sent to the wife of one of our girls. It is so well done that I felt that it ought to be available to all readers so that they might use it's contents in talking with their own wives... or let them read it. In interesting contrast are the two following letters FROM understanding wives.

Letters From Wives

by Connie's Wife (5-S-12) FPE

Dear Virginia:

We were married nine and a half years ago and we have a fine boy who is eight years old now. My husband didn't dress in feminine clothes before we were married. About two years after we were married he started getting a desire to dress in them when he saw my nice lace undies and the things women use, to make themselves more lovely. So when he knew I was going to be out of the house for the afternoon he would rush home and use my make-up. But not thinking, he would leave his finger print in my mascara and also the messed up towels, he used during that process. Then he started getting the feeling to use the clothes, but he couldn't use mine as I am a size nine and he is much bigger - more like 22½, so this was a problem for him. At the time, I didn't know anything about this feeling he had. He went to a store and bought the biggest bra they had, and ladies undies, then he used those for a while until he could get enough money out of his check to get a real cheap knit suit and pair of ladies slippers, nylons and round garters. He then got dressed completely. He still didn't have a wig, but he used his own hair which was a long Hollywood style as a man. This went on and off for a year. Then one day when I came home I mentioned to my husband about these towels and my make-up being used, he said I was seeing things, so I over looked it for the moment. But I'm a person who keeps looking until I find

Transvestia

an answer. One day I found a lipstick and some ladies underwear in the glove compartment of his car and I asked him who's they were. He gave me a story about them being for me, but I said they are too big and also someone has been using them. He got mad about then and said noone's hurting you, so don't ask so many questions. But I kept up, until he finally said alright let's sit down and I'll tell you all about it. That was when I found out all these things and I was pretty shocked. I started crying and wondering what was going to happen next. Thinking of our son and how things would work out.

I couldn't let the in-laws or any of the family know about this, as I knew they would just laugh and make fun of him. All I was concerned with was how to get him to stop this sort of thing. But as time went on I knew he could never change, as this just meant too much to him and it helped him to relax when the tension was too much at work. So, I kept wanting to talk to someone about this, but there was noone with whom I could discuss it. So I just started helping him along. I got him a cheap wig, heels, bought the right undies and other stuff, until he had the complete outfit he wanted.

Then one day about a year and a half ago I saw this ad in a magazine, about a female impersonator wanting to meet more friends who liked to dress. I asked my husband why he didn't write this guy and maybe he could get more pointers. At that time all I was hoping for was to talk to someone who knew more about this sort of thing because I was about to have a nervous breakdown. He wasn't interested in writing him, so I wrote him myself. A few weeks later he wrote and wanted to meet my husband. I told my husband then, what I had done and he was glad to meet this fellow. When we met, I was quite impressed, as he had been dressing for quite some-time. He talked quite a bit on this and the things he had done over the years. We came home that

night and I was all mixed up.

I felt my husband, had a right to dress, and it surely didn't hurt anyone. So since last July I have looked upon this thing in a different way. I gave my husband a closet to hang his clothes in. We have a key to it so noone else can get in. I made him two evening dresses and two straight skirts and I got him a beautiful wig. I style it for him and keep all his clothes in order for him, and believe me it's a job. I got him three new pairs of heels and two pairs of flats. Everytime I go out and get something for myself I bring one also for Connie (his femme name) as I know she loves new things. I can really say I enjoy seeing Connie dressed and I love the name we picked, as Connie seems to suit her very well. We are both young and we are very happy we are married. We are also thankful that things worked out so wonderfully as to my understanding. I'm really glad to be a T.V.'s wife as I think we are closer together and freely in love. I wouldn't have it any other way.

I do hope you wives who read this will try and understand your husband's problems and if you truly love each other there will be no problems anymore. Of course your husbands will have to give you time to adjust and find out more about it, so you can see there is really no harm in what he's doing. That is when you will really enjoy it.

~~~~~

"A" wives are hard to find, but they do exist and this is encouraging to those still seeking wives and to those who are married but whose wives do not yet know of their husband's femmeself. These two letters are by way of showing that women come in all kinds, not just of height, weight and appearance but in breadth of vision and understanding. My special thanks to Elizabeth and Juanita, the writers of these two letters, both for writing them for the benefit of all but even more for just being the kind of women they are.

VIRGINIA



## *Letters From Wives*

by Linda Jeans's Wife

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Dear Virginia:

Just about 2 months after we'd been married my husband brought home a pair of high heeled shoes and told me he intended to wear them. He couldn't understand why I didn't object and said he'd expected me to. I explained that my father always had an extra rubber heel added to the leather heels on a new pair of shoes as the higher heel rested his feet. And besides that I couldn't see anything wrong with it so there was nothing to object to. Then I found my husband enjoyed wearing dresses along with his high heels and was surprised, again, that I had no objections. After all, I know how nice it feels to dress up and if a man happens to enjoy it it seems more or less natural to do so.

But there were problems connected with cross-dressing that we had not considered. Problems such as the reason, what to tell the neighbors, and a myriad of others. So we decided to keep it a secret until we learned what we were dealing with and we set out to learn all we could on the subject. There followed a long series of experiences with friends and neighbors that might have been comical had we not been afraid of the consequences of discovery. And our researches had led us up all sorts of blind alleys. My husband paid big prices for books, magazines, etc., that purported to be informative but, when unwrapped, only added to the confusion. At times my husband even suggested divorce as a way out of the dilemma for me. I told him it was as much a part of my life as it was his and we would find the answer together.

Then in September of last year, (1964), he found the answer to all our questions in the publication called *TRANSVESTIA*. And new questions arose as the old ones were answered. Now he knew he was not alone, but where were the others? He was not "queer", as he'd thought he might be but what would others think? Those and other

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questions have been answered since Linda Jean became a member of the family. More and more people are learning about her, and it is a real pleasure to see her eyes sparkle and the flush of pleasure on her cheeks when someone compliments her on her appearance and dress. The pleasure is two-fold when she is wearing something she has made herself. She's quite proud of her ability as a seamstress.

To those who may think, from the statements I have made, that it has been easy for us, I must say that in some ways it has not. My husband used to be irritable and nervous and at times I had to bear the brunt of his anger. He always apologized afterward and I could understand his reasons for being upset but it hurt nevertheless. I thought many times that if he did not change I could not go on living with him. We have Linda to thank for giving him a new outlook on life. And now he understands better than most husbands the reasons behind feminine behavior. In my opinion transvestism has been a Godsend for us. And one of the most surprising aspects of it has been in the field of public relations. Linda used to feel she'd be persecuted by anyone who found out about her, But she began telling about herself and those she told were only concerned that others would misunderstand.

I don't know that what I have said here will be of any help but I sincerely hope it will. There is enough misunderstanding in the world and it would make me quite happy to think that my statements have helped someone to peace of mind. There are people in this world who care. It's up to each of us to find them. To those who fear the unknown, all I can say is take courage and face it. You may like what you find. And to other wives may I say that you can't realize how much more your feminine life can mean to you if you are willing to share it with your husband. His feminine self is probably a sweet, gentle person you'd be proud to know. I am.

Sincerely,

Linda Jean's wife,  
Juanita

POEM

Things  
My Mother Never Taught Me

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

---

All the other girls I study  
    seem to know just what to do  
All their lives they've been absorbing  
    everything their Mothers knew

So I'll study to be like them,  
    though it's quite an uphill fight  
I'm a self-appointed daughter,  
    and I've got to do this right"

The high heels feel quite natural,  
    And I'm right at home in furs  
But why do my sheer stockings look  
    like I've been picking burrs ?  
Although I sit quite lady-like,  
    or so it seems to me  
The pictures always look as if  
    I lived up in a tree!

Why can't I wear red shoes with green?  
    It looks all right to me  
But then my room-mate up and says  
    "Well, dig that Christmas Tree".  
A floor-length dress for morning  
    didn't seem to make a hit  
She said "Not in this neighborhood;  
    the cops will have a fit".



I've learned to light a cigarette,  
and not touch off my hair,  
(Dynel burns with a yellow flame,  
and quite fast, so do take care).  
But when I hold one in my mouth  
and use both hands to talk

Even the other TV girls  
get up and take a walk

Though I've spent hours reading  
Mademoiselle and Seventeen,  
My make-up still looks strong,  
even for a burlesque queen  
And memorizing pages out of Glamour,  
I enjoy -  
But it can't erase my childhood,  
wasted looking like a boy!



"What's your Secret Ken?"  
Well.....  
The ad said  
"You move like a girl,  
walk like a girl,  
dance like a girl,  
play like a girl"  
So I bought some  
to try and now.....



TRUE  
STORY

## *Just Us Girls*

by Rosemary (42-H-1) FPE

---

Attending masquerade parties only once a year and dressing at home in front of a mirror just weren't enough of a thrill for me. When I become a lady "all dressed up with no where to go" I want to go somewhere.

Two years ago, with the help of a female friend, I dressed and appeared at a large masquerade party as a pregnant woman. With my wife and some other girls who lived in the next apartment (none of whom knew I was a TV, including my wife) we went out after the party and window shopped on the downtown streets. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to be taken for what I felt was a woman among women, out for a leisurely stroll. Yet I realized that an adventure such as this, albeit thrilling was not really "passing".

Shortly after the night of the masquerade, the female friend who had helped me get ready for the party (as if I needed help) asked me to go to the movie with her and a girlfriend of her's. With my wife on an extended visit out of town, I readily accepted. Shortly before time for me to pick up the girls, I called them and asked if they wanted to make it a "three girl" party instead of two women and a man. Apparently they thought I was joking and laughingly agreed.

Bathing, shaving closely, and making up very carefully, I delightedly put on my panties, girdle, bra, dark

hose, tricot slip, dark green knit skirt and sweater. My blond wig, scarf, black heels and glasses help to complete the metamorphosis into a tall, mature matron, out for the evening.

Excitedly I grabbed my purse and coat and drove to my friend's house. For the first time by myself I knew the thrill of having men on the street and in surrounding cars give me the flirtatious glances that I, as a man had given to so many women. My nervousness, however, grew as I approached my friend's home for I had no way of knowing how I would be accepted when I arrived.

I almost didn't go up to the front door and considered blowing the car horn, hoping they would come out to the car without making me come in and be examined. But with a deep breath I decided to risk being ridiculed and got out of the car, walked up the sidewalk and knocked at the front door. My friend came to the door, opened it, looked at me, and said, "yes, can I help you?" She didn't recognize me for at least a minute and I knew I had passed the first test of any TV acceptance as a woman.

I was ushered into my friend's living room, seated and served a cup of tea. Nothing would do but that she should bring in all her neighbors to meet - as she called me - her out-of-town friend. For one of the most pleasant half-hours in my life, I gossiped with four of the most delightful ladies I have ever met.

When we finally told the ladies of my true sex, they were at first amazed then quickly laughed and asked to examine me more closely which I readily allowed them to do. One of them insisted on going home and bringing her husband back to meet me. I was truly embarrassed for this would be my first time to meet a man and talk with him - the first time when I was dressed in women's clothes - that is. He, however, was a good sport, talked to me as would any man to a lady, and laughed hilariously when let in on what to them all was the big joke.

By 8 p.m. that evening, my two friends, Ellen and Marge decided it was time that we three girls went to that promised movie. Afraid to press my luck too far, I talked them into attending a drive-in movie where I knew there would be little chance of my being recognized.

## *Transvestia*

Exercising my new found skill as a woman, I stopped and bought gas, then purchased the movie tickets, all without incident.

Perhaps the most embarrassing time of the evening for me, though I don't believe that it will ever be that way again, was when the call of nature hit me. We each realized the complications that could arise if I were caught in the ladies' room. We finally determined that one of the girls would accompany me, keeping watch while I entered the bathroom signalling me if anyone was to enter. After giving way to nature, I went into the powder room where she waited, and freshened up my make-up. Two or three other girls came into the powder room to put on lipstick, straighten hose, et al. Because this was a new experience for me, I waited as long as I possibly could to see if there would be any reaction to my presence, but I was just treated as any other girl. The most hilarious part of the evening was when my friend got the giggles in the powder room. When she began to laugh so hard that she couldn't control herself. I rushed with her back to the car. I just know those other girls thought that we were silly-or-drunk.

My first evening "out" ended at a drive-in restaurant where again there was no recognition by the carhop. And imagine my thrill when, after dropping the girls off at their home and driving toward my apartment, a truck driver tried to pick me up. Needless to add, by the time I got back into my own apartment I had had quite an interesting evening on my first night out. Before retiring I freshened up, put on my long nylon nightgown and deliberated about the evening's events. I concluded that, if I did not try to get too bold and held myself in check, that I could safely pass for a woman for many years to come. My dreams were pleasant that night.

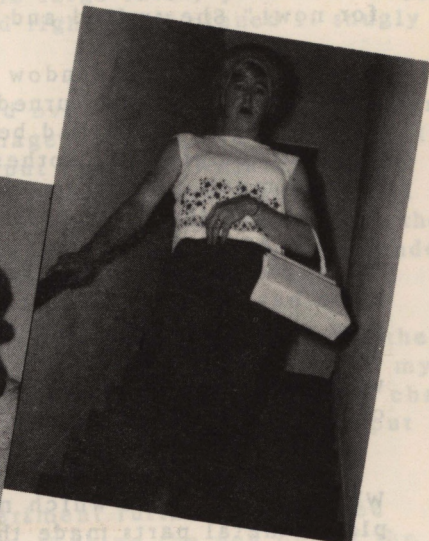
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DEFINITION: "A girdle; accessory after the FAT."



BETTY--FENN



DARLENE JOY--Calif.

## *Transvestal Virgin*

Continued from #36

by Verna (22-S-5)

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### CHAPTER FOUR

For five months things went along at the near normal relationship of employer-employee. Nights I was technical dreaming of Grace. Then, one Saturday morning she asked me to stay there and wait for a package containing a fur coat from one of the fashionable shops. It was all paid for. All I had to do was take it in when delivered and be certain the latch was shut on the door, she had her own key with her. It was nine o'clock then and Grace didn't expect to return 'til noon or later from the beauty parlor and a trip to the doctor.

"If you get hungry there is some sandwich meat in the ice-box. Perhaps you will empty the hamper in my closet and take it downstairs for washing Monday, Goodbye for now!" She smiled and left.

I stood at the window and watched Grace as she swung down the street and turned the corner out of sight toward the car line. Tho I had been in her bedroom a number of times to empty the clothes hamper I had never snoopied around much. A perfume wafted out as I opened the closet door to get the dirty clothes and I saw all her pretty dresses and suits. Across the back wall ran a shelf containing eighteen of her left shoes. Overhead a shelf held some hat boxes and cartons. Hung in a corner were two pair of her everyday crutches and the solo crutch. With a white bag cover over it stood 'Zelda', next to it the white peg leg. I was oddly stirred as I looked at and felt of them.

Grace had taken her new leather-topped, brown walnut Whitmore crutches which matched the suit she wore. Gold plated metal parts made these a striking pair. Built for comfort, they were. I lifted down the black pair and went into the bedroom to try them out. I felt as guilty as a housebreaker, but reason told me I had a right to be there...anyway, Grace wouldn't be home for more than three hours.

## *Transvestia*

I lightly swung around the room then tried to recall just how she walked. I knew with her shoe on I could do better. In fact, I realized it would be easier to simulate her stride if I folded my leg in my trousers, as I had done at camp. I did this and walked out into the front room. I actually felt that I was "her". I sat on the sofa and tried to imagine her as she would look as she sat there. I looked down at my empty leg and made up my mind what I would do. Standing up on one leg. I nearly fell on my face, but went into the bedroom.

Pulling open a dresser drawer I saw the neat piles of silk and rayon underthings. At the time, I considered this sacrilegious so I hurriedly closed it and went to the closet. I took out the black suit and hunted out the hi-heeled black boot and took them to the bed.

Removing my shirt and pants, I put on the skirt and jacket then laced up the boot. (The first object of my admiration). My problem now, with the skirt on was.... what to do about my leg. I went to the hamper and got a hand-towel, looked up some large safety pins and wrapping it tightly around my folded right leg I pinned it snugly and pulled the skirt down.

I stood up and crutched over to the full-length mirror on the closet door. The image wasn't quite right, so, I found the black beret and put that on. Walking toward the mirror I appeared more like a woman than I had. I was pleased except for the hump my foot made under the skirt, but that was small peanuts compared to the wonderful sensation of wearing Grace's clothes.

I felt as tho I were floating when I walked thru the front room to the large kitchen. "Why not?" I asked myself. "have a cup of coffee and sit in her cushioned chair as we had done together?" I was in an ecstasy as I put the coffee and water to boil.

I then decided to experiment further and walked slowly back to the bedroom. Taking the peg out of the closet I laced it on and stood up on the crutches and awkwardly made my way in to the front room again. This wasn't working out too well so I went back and took it off.

## *Transvestia*

I heard the coffee boiling in the kitchen, made my way out there and shut off the fire. It was a good thing the stove was close to the table or I'd never have gotten any coffee in the cup. I wasn't too handy on the 'sticks', as yet. I pulled her cushioned chair out and sat down to enjoy myself. I'd forgotten the cream and had to get up again. I helped myself to a couple of cookies while up. I hooked the crutch hand-holds over the corner of the chair, as Grace did and proceeded to revel in my new role. I had eaten one cookie, got another coffee and the front door bell rang. Persistently, loudly and demandingly.

Panic seized me. My heart came up in my throat and stuck there. I then remembered the reason for my being there....the coat, of course! I shakily got up on the crutches and went to the front door. A delivery man stood outside with a large suit-box. In a high, boyish falsetto I ordered; "Would you please put the box inside the screen door? I've just gotten out of the bath!....Thank you." He opened the screen and leaned the box against the front door. As he went down the walk to his truck I reached out and snatched the box in. He looked back as he climbed in and saw the door closing and drove off satisfied. So was I....as I got over my scare.

I lugged the box over to the sofa and sat down. It was now a quarter after ten and I thought I'd better be getting out of Grace's clothes and go home. But, the box fascinated me and I opened it.

The lovely, soft, dark brown plush material and the mauve, silk lining felt heavenly as I wiggled my way into it. I walked into the full length mirror to 'admire' myself. Something wasn't quite right. I still didn't look as much like the Duchess as I would like to have. The coat fitted beautifully and I went back to the kitchen to finish my 'coffee break'. This was sheer luxury. Her lovely coat, clothes, hat and black kid boot.....Oh, yes, her crutches too. I would never forget this moment if I lived to be a hundred.

I looked at the clock over the window....11:00 o'clock, Plenty of time for one more cup for the road. Then, I must, like little Cinderella, break the spell and put my finery away. Perhaps forever, unless some 'prince' found



that....the shoe fitted; seven and a half-A. As I idled over another coffee I relived the first time I had seen the Duchess waiting on the corner, (for me?) I broke my reverie and rinsed out the cup, brushed up the crumbs and felt the luxury of her clothes as I walked in to the front room to put the coat back in the box. I had just started unbuttoning the coat when the roof fell in!!!!

CHAPTER FIVE

Cushion crutch tips and a rubber heel make absolutely no noise so I didn't hear a thing 'til the key turned in the lock and the front door swung open and Grace came in.....! She stood near the door, half frightened half puzzled not comprehending the sight that met her eyes. Her new coat, hat, black suit and one black kid boot. There I stood on her crutches, one leg showing..no mate. I was petrified! Solid rock from hat to heel.

Grace walked over to the sofa, a smile slowly came, with relief she sighed; "it's you.....I thought at first it was a burglar or another woman then I saw my clothes on you, the crutches and all, I know you weren't going to steal them so what on earth are you doing in that get-up? I'm not going to do anything to you, but I've got to find out why you are dressed in my clothes. Are you really a boy or one of those double-sexed people..what do you call them...hermaphrodites, or something?"

I started crying from humiliation, fear and exposure by the one person I was really mad about. I knew the world had ended the moment she walked in the door. Prison--the asylum, I didn't care, nothing mattered anymore the worst had happened. I'd rather she'd caught me naked--or setting fire to the house or really stealing her things, but this.....to be caught this way---dressed in her clothes!

Grace sat down on the sofa and reached out taking my hand and said, "come on, dear, sit here by me and we'll have a heart-to-talk. I think we've got something to work out and I'd like to help you. This needn't be the tragedy you seem to feel it is." She put her arm around me and drew me close to her. The electric sensation that coursed thru me from her touch revived me and I eased my crying. Grace tilted my face up and looked into my

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eyes for a moment studying me then put both arms around me and gave me a kiss on the mouth. "There, "mama" make it all well", she said. Holding me at arms length she smiled and----heaven help me---started laughing! I hung my head.

She put her arm around my shoulder once more and gently said: "Come on, dear---you poor kid. Take off 'our' coat and let's go in the kitchen as you are, on crutches. It's evident you like them for some reason. I'm famished. We'll have a bite of lunch and some talky-talk. You know, I'm very fond of you, dear. I do want to help you." She dropped her hat on the sofa, fluffed her hair and went out.

When she had called me 'DEAR' I knew then that things would work out all right. I took the coat off and followed her to the kitchen.

Grace got a can of soup, opened it, added water and put it on the stove to heat. Picking up the coffee pot she remarked, "well, so you had some I see. Glad you did. You might have been gone before I got back. I've some toast would you care for croutons in your soup?" I did.

Though I was burdened with guilt and humiliation her natural manner was putting me at ease---as tho I were a casual visitor. She took a napkin from the drawer, came over smiling and handed it to me saying: "here, put this on your lap. We wouldn't want to spill soup on 'our' suit...would we?" She sat in her chair waiting for the food to heat. Putting her hand on mine she observed: "my clothes seem to fit you quite well except you lack a little feminine padding here and there. That can be corrected. When we're thru eating I want you to tell me all about yourself."

Grace put the lunch on and we ate, my admiration for this woman grew by the minute. When we finished she suggested: "Well...let's start. Are you this fond of me that you wish to be just like me? Minus one leg.. and all? I suspect that is behind this masquerade. Am I partly right?"

I nodded my head, said 'yes' and told her the whole story.

My Mother's shoes. The ones I had bought for twenty-five cents, the single-footed young woman last summer and my secret, mid-nite crutch-walks at camp.

"HmMMMM", she mused, looking out the window. "That may explain why I've been followed by men several times. I'm certain of it. Apparently you've got it bad, but I can't see that it is going to hurt you any. What harm? You know, dear, I rather like the idea of having a one-legged girl friend....so 'sympatico'! You can do one of two things, as I see it. Put your own clothes on and walk out of here and never come back if you wish. I like you too much to ever say anything to anyone. I wouldn't want to hurt you."

She turned from the window and looked straight into my eyes, reached for my hands and holding them tightly said: "Or...if you wish we can carry this affair along to a more satisfactory relationship. You may wear my clothes use my crutches if you want and live as I do, we'll share alike. We can give each other pleasure in a perfectly harmless way. I'm not certain if my stump or my hi-heel serves as a phallic symbol to you, but I know crutch-walking has given me vicarious gratification at times. Especially if I walk fast. I think it's the rhythmic swinging. Oh, well, possibly this is all a little bit over your head. You'll see later on what I mean."

Grace arose from her chair came over and had me push mine back and sat on my lap. With her arms around my neck she kissed me hard on the mouth. "Well...Verna? I'll call you that when we're together...what do you want to do? Do you care for me a little bit...hmMMMM?"

Her stump pressing against my leg and stomach decided for me. I returned her kiss and murmured, "alright, call me Verna....I'll like that."

#### CHAPTER SIX

It seemed impossible that less than six months had passed since I stood on a street corner and beheld this (to me) irresistable, crippled woman who now sat on my lap...unbelievable! My life was now to be rerouted from the prosaic path of baggy-kneed trousers, ill-fitting black or blue shirts and scratchy cotton underwaer..to say nothing

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of the heavy, clumsy cowhide shoes of my boyhood.... Yipeee! Much happiness, contentment. Lace-trimmed, silken pleasure and a love such as I would never feel for the woman whom I married in later years. This was to be mine though occasionally we had a close call, but the 'gods' not only smiled on us....they must have chuckled once in a while.

A shy, speculative smile on her face matched the expression in her brown eyes. She patted me on the cheek and slowly got up slipping the crutch under arm. Her smile broadened as she said; "Gee! Verna, old chum, I bet I nearly broke your foot off sitting on your lap. We don't have to be so drastic in achieving realism, do we? I'm sorry, really, It was thoughtless of me. Even minus a leg I weigh a hundred and eight pounds, I guess I got carried away! Come into the bedroom while I change into something more 'housewifely'. Leaving the kitchen she spoke over her shoulder; "can you believe it? The Doctor was ill and cancelled his appointments today."

I was glad now that he had. I must be returning to normal because I thought; "who doctors the doctor when the doctor needs a Doctor?"

Grace stood looking at the new coat and remarked; "nice, isn't it? I should be jealous that you wore it first but I'm not. I think it had a fitting baptism...don't you, Verna? She picked up the coat and carried it to the bedroom. I followed wondering...what next? What more could happen to make this 'dream' any more fantastic..?

She sat on the edge of the bed, stood the crutches at the foot and, taking off the brown jacket hung it on the crutches. Looking at me standing on one leg she patted the bed and said; "sit down here, Verna. Take off the suit now. Golly....I've walked about a hundred miles today, I'll bet. I'm bushed!" As she spoke she raised up standing on her stump on the edge of the bed. Unhooking the skirt she let it drop to the floor and with her crutch deftly flipped it onto the bed. A neat trick. Grace sat again and suggested; "you'd better unbind your leg and walk around on the crutches to limber up. Then come sit here by me." This I did. The silk-stockinged stump peeped from a lace-trimmed bloomer. A two inch heeled, brown

calf boot completed her apparel. Sympathetically I gazed at her one, slender leg. Her perfume was intoxicating.

CHAPTER SEVEN

After my Saturday of introduction into the world of transvestism I stayed away from Grace's for a week. A week during which I experienced every emotion known to members of the human race. First, and most intense were ecstasy and happiness. I literally walked in a cloud of day-dreaming. Underlying this pink aura was an indecinable sense of guilt and indecision. It was evident that my three times-a-week church attendance hardly fitted me for making decisions of this nature. No intimate sex was ever involved in my relationship with Grace. I was simply a hobby which was filling a void in her somewhat barren life. No one could have been kinder or sweeter to me. I desperately wanted the world of femininity she had to offer, to become part of it. Pretty clothes and all.

Thus it was..with mixed trepidation and eagerness that I rapped on the back door a week later. It opened almost at once. There stood the Duchess, a twinkle in her eyes a smile on her face. "You're just in time for coffee. I saw you coming up the alley. How are you... Verna? You know, I've missed you quite a bit. It seems I haven't realized how much I've come to depend on you. I'll admit...I was a little dubious about you returning after last Saturday." As she spoke she stepped close to me and putting her hands behind my head solidly planted a kiss on my mouth. "That's for coming back...dear. I know now I haven't hurt you. Come...let's sit down, have some coffee and a little 'woman talk'.

Letting me fill the cups we sat and had small talk about my folks, home life and my ideas and philosophy of life (if any). Then she asked; "Do you still like the idea of....Verna? If you do I can arrange some things to make you more presentable and comfortable. Until I saw you on one leg and wearing my clothes I never realized the attraction a female amputee might possess.

"You know, dear, it came as something of a shock to me. I never think of myself anymore as one-legged. Oh...it has nothing to do with vanity. I'm just practical.

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Putting on one shoe and stocking...the crutches or peg seem so natural now. Two or three times I've forgotten my abbreviated leg and taken a tumble. I stand up and.. boom, I'm on the flook or hopping frantically around trying to regain my balance. With one crutch I'm sure I could walk a rail or climb a ladder, but when I go out I like to use a pair...less tiring. Sooo...there it is. We will become a pair of one-legged sirens. It will give us much in common.

"I've been making some plans for you in the event you came back and wished to play the role of...Verna. The other day I experimentally rebuilt one of my foundation garments to fill you out properly above and with some elastic stump bandage we can bind your leg more comfortably. So, with a little hip padding you'll make a passable " woman ". Ho! Just call me Gracie...girl surgeon, amputater par excellence! Golly....I hope that isn't a sadistic streak showing up in my otherwise spotless character. What do you think, Verna?"

"Oh, of course not," I answered, not fully understanding what she meant. "I just love it. I've wanted to be a one-legged woman ever since I saw that lady at camp with her foot off. I don't know why but I do! I was wondering...how can I look more like a girl? Your hats don't fit me right and my face...well, it looks kind of naked."

Smiling at my puzzlement Grace patted my hand and said assuringly; "That we can take care of easily with proper make-up and a wig. Would you like one the same color and styled like my hair-do? It would be cute if we dressed alike...to. Oh!...mark my word, Verna, I've got plans if you want to go all-the-way. It can be a lot of good fun! A wig will cost quite a bit, but if you love me enough and want Verna to come alive I'll do it. probably \$50 or \$60 for a wig. I'll find out at once. I know of a costume house back home who would have them. Well Dear, enough planning and plotting for now," she stood up. "Let's do the dishes and we'll work out something for you. At least you won't need a wig to practice crutch walking....I'll put you thru your paces". She leaned her crutch against the sink and put her stump thru it and stood that way, freeing her hands for work.

I reached over and placed my hand on the end of her stump. She smiled at me and winked, "it has a strong attraction for you, doesn't it? Well...it isn't the worse thing that can happen to a girl, I've found out. It does present some limitations but not many. There are compensations, too. Even...rewards! Like you...for instance! Yes! I mean it! You with your youthful love and innocent attachment have stirred up something in me and given life some meaning. Mine has been so drab and hum-drum. Now...we both have a secret and a project to work at. Even as a child I was so lonesome. No one has ever really loved me...even Harry. As good as he is to me. But...you do, in your fantastic way. I know you do! For a boy nearly fourteen you're very perceptive and understanding. You are endowed with many feminine qualities."

"I imagine it is because of your close association with crippled people of all kinds at summer camp every year. Your Mother being the boss there would help too. I suppose. Anyway, Verna dear, you're no johhn-Q-average. I know this sounds odd, but I feel like a kid myself." She laughed and handed me another dish to wipe. "It was a good day when Chuck brought you over. I'm glad he did...are you?"

I slipped my arm around her waist and gave her a big hug, sighed and said "YES!" I didn't care now what happened. This dear woman could give me Verna...and her companionship. What more could a potential transvestite ask of life? I had the world...my type of world.. with a crutch-picket fence around it. Ho Hum...We finished the dishes and went in to the front room.

#### CHAPTER EIGHT

Grace rummaged around in the top drawer of the dresser and got out a role of two-inch elastic bandage. She told me to get a pair of crutches, a gray house-dress and a brown oxford from the closet. While I did this she took the foundation garment with the newly padded top, a silk stocking, a stump-sock to match, silk bloomers and a slip, which she tossed on the bed. She turned, smiling and said, "well, Verna, there you are. Put them all on except the bloomers. If you wish I'll leave the room. Should you need any assistance just scream and 'Auntie Grace' will come running. Take all your duds off

## *Transvestia*

and put on the foundation first. It hooks up the side. Then the shoe and stocking. I'd better pitch in and help you after that. You have to learn to dress as a woman does now."

Grace left the room and I stood surveying my wardrobe. I was dying to put them on, but felt reluctant for some queer reason. Slowly I unbuttoned my shirt, took off my trousers, shoes and underwear. I picked up the corset slipped into it and started on the hooks and eyes. After a struggle I got it hooked from bottom to top. It seemed somewhat loose and uncomfortable. I slid the stocking on and laced the oxford. It fitted beautifully, soft and snug. I called to Grace. She came in and looked me over.

"Well, it's a start, but your stocking seam is crooked. wouldn't you know it?" She observed. "Turn around, dear I've got to pull up the laces on this foundation to give you a more feminine appearance. It will give you a waist line. We'll pad the hips after I see how your foot lays under the corset." Grace's ingenuity was put to the test but when she finished we felt she had a 'marketable product'....me....Verna....a femmeman.

"Stand with your knee on the bed so I can check your 'stump', she directed, and had me take the crutches and walk around the room as she sized up her handiwork. "Not bad", she mused. "How does it feel?"

"Those stays and laces in the back of the corset kind of hurt my foot, otherwise it isn't bad. Feel nice. I like these clothes very much." With surgical felt she padded the foot and hips for greater comfort and shape.

"There, now....Miss Amputee", she smiled. "Put on the bloomers and let's have a gander." This I did and we went into the front room. The Duchess plunked into a big chair. "OK...Verna. Leave us get on with our hoofing lessons. Walk back and forth from the kitchen to the bedroom a couple of times so I can check your stride and posture.

Thus went my education for the next two weeks in the arts of walking, sitting, rising properly and sessions on the solo-crutch. Make-up, poise, gestures, feminine



mannerisms and dressing took us up to the day my wig came. Grace had changed her mind and gotten a short-bob blonde for my new personality.

"For contrast", she explained. "So our personalities don't clash." I liked it immensely. Grace had made a real transformation. She was elated. So was I, for now I was Verna...for real.

#### CHAPTER NINE

A week after 'I became a blonde' I went over to Grace's and was greeted with a kiss and the bombshell that today, Saturday, would see my debut downtown! Naturally, I became a little panicky and demured but Grace assured me that I now made a very presentable one-legged chick and had to build up my confidence.

After I had dressed in a pink, crinkled-crepe and the black kid boot Grace took extra care with my make-up and wig. She called a cab, while I put on a white silk scarf, her black coat and a brimmed felt hat. Taking the black crutch I checked in the mirror and went in to the front room.

"here's your purse, dear. I bought you a compact with a mirror, lip-stick, comb, pocket-book and there's one of my hankies. You wear this extra wrist watch I have. With the earrings and necklace you'll look very nice. As Grace slipped into her brown and tan plaid coat a raucous horn announced the arrival of our cab. The driver's eyes hugged out when he saw two one-legged femmes come out and climb into his hack.

On reaching 7th. street I nervously followed the Duchess out of the cab and into the Woolworth store on the corner. We hadn't walked around for more than a couple of minutes when I saw a girl I knew who had been to camp a few times. She looked right at me, down at my leg, then at Grace. She looked amazed then shocked and turned quickly away. I was immensely pleased because, this used to be my reaction to a female amputee. But, best of all....I had passed the 'test'. I wasn't recognized!

Swinging up the aisle Grace stopped at a notions counter, I stood along side her. She picked up a spool of

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thread, turning her head to me she said, "I don't really need anything in here but, it is usually quite crowded so it is a good place for your debut.... You look fine, dear, don't look so concerned....relax! You're as jittery as a new amputee on her first public appearance. Afraid people will stare at her and wonder how she lost her leg. From here we'll go over to 'Dayton's'. I want some stockings and underthings and an elastic knee sock for you, then we can go to the Forum for dinner. The Orpheum has a very special act we should see. I think you'll enjoy it.

We hiked over to Dayton's, made her purchases and on to the Forum cafeteria. Grace carried the various items in a needlepoint shoppingbag. She was every inch the Duchess of crutches. Several heads turned to watch as we swung along.

We chose our meals cafeteria style. As we neared the cashier the manager spotted us wheeling along and whistled up a couple of bus-boys, 'to give the girls a hand...to that nice table up front..near the window!

I was so nervous and self-conscious that I could hardly concentrate on the job of eating. I expected, any minute to have someone come over and tap me on the shoulder and say...! "Aren't you so-and-so from summer camp!" I had the maddest impulse to get up and run...but, I realized I was hardly equipped for that sort of activity in my present state.

Good old perceptive Grace reached over, placed a hand on mine, soothingly she said, softly; "Relax..dear, you're doing fine." To further take my mind off myself she asked, "How is it you've never asked how I lost my leg? I've wondered many times since that is inevitably the first question put to any amputee. You've been positively 'clammy' about it."

Nervously I replied, "I just figured it was a personal thing you wouldn't want to talk about..like painful memories or something." I shuddered at the thought of her leg being torn off or maybe sheared off in some horrible grinding crash. "Well", she recalled. "I was a student nurse at Finnley Memorial and a group of us girls decided

to drive to Chicago for a three-day whing-ding in 'gangsterville'. We never got any further than Lafayette. On the outskirts we came down a slight incline to a railroad crossing. One car had stopped for the clanging signal. I don't remember the details but I heard it was a tie." Grace related, as tho it were a daily event.

Our flivver slid right into the baggage-car...boom! The seat shot forward, broke both tibia and fibula into a compound fracture, shoved them right thru the skin and into the floorboard. It was kind of messy, I guess. The 'kindly-old-medics' had to remove about three and a half inches of bone and shortened the leg up to try and save it. For all their noble efforts to make me into a hippity-hop circulation trouble set in after two weeks and my Doctor came in one morning and let me have it. "Gangrene, Gracie-girl!" He said. "It's gotta come off. We'll do a supra-condylar on top of the knee joint, this will leave you a full thigh for a weight-bearing stump. By pinning the patella over the end of the bone, drawing the flexor muscle over that you'll be able to jump on the end of the stump...if you want to go around doing those shennigans. Which I don't imagine you'll be doing."

I said to him, "Oh stop it Doc... Your humor is killing me. Apparently there is no alternative. I don't doubt that a wooden gam would be more attractive than one swinging three or four inches above the ground, anyway. So...from a purely cosmetic viewpoint I guess I'll have to agree. Do I have any choice...?" Looking seriously at me he said, "Seven o'clock tomorrow morning, Grace. We're all ready for you."

"Soooo", she ended, "that is my success story, or how I got stumped in ten easy lessons. Fascinating..... HMMMMMMMMMMMM?" Grace started picking up her gloves, shopping bag and remembered to slip on her coat. "Well, Verna, old chum, leave us crutch out of here and away to the Orpheum! How is your leg dear, numb? No? OK, Climb aboard the sticks and we're off in a whirl of cheers and shouting!"

We got seats on the aisle from a very solicitous usher who constantly warned us against the sloping floor. I think

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he would have carried us down to our seats if we hadn't both been larger than he. 'Tis ever thus...with the Uniped. Service, favors, concern...bless their little hearts!

The picture; "Husbands and Lovers", starring Lew Cody and the beautiful Florence Vidor was just ending in a flourish of kisses and a crescendo roar of the 'Mighty Wurlitzer' organ. Grace linked her arm with mine as the house-lights came up. With the last notes of the organ the pit band took over with a blaring overture.

A dog act opened the bill, followed by two clever jugglers, a baggy-pants comic playing a flute as a prop. Then, a 'retired' actress came out and sang some of her stage-hits from twenty-years ago to generous applause. Grace looked at her program and exclaimed; "Here comes an act to end all acts it's really different. "The Broken Toys", with Yvette and Henri.

The house lights dimmed. The orchestra swung into "Toyland" as the curtain rose on a nursery scene with oversize toys set around. A one-legged toy soldier stood among a file of cardboard troops. All life-size.

Propped against a huge alphabet block sat a beautiful French doll in ballet costume. The orchestra switched to "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" as the soldier hopped over to the doll. Another charge to, "Oh! You Beautiful Doll", He bowed, then raised her up. She stood on one shapely leg...the other was a mid-thigh stump. Really a...broken doll!

They did some unbelievable acrobatics in...out of... and on the big alphabet blocks beside tumbling and trapeze workouts. A truly remarkable exhibition of overcoming a handicap. I have never seen anything like it since. Tho I have several books on vaudeville, theater and movies I have never seen mention of this act of the late twenties. I knew now why Grace wanted me to see this performance.

The 'debut' was over...The Duchess and I returned home via street car to vary our round trip. With her solicitous aid and guidance I had run the gauntlet and came thru with flying crutches. After this, we went out

on the town nearly every week end. I was to enjoy another nineteen months of the Duchess' friendship, clothes, shoes, wig and walking aids. Tho we often reclined together it was never for more than pleasant body-contact.

The Duchess had found me pure and... 'simple' and left me a.....TRANVESTAL VIRGIN.

THE END

EDITORS NOTE: Perhaps a word should be said about this history and the one appearing in #35 entitled "To Each His Own". Both of these histories are concerned with a particular type of fetish fixation. Stories and histories like this have not previously been used in TVia, primarily because the focal point of our efforts is not toward the fetishistic aspect of things. However, all of us are rather more interested in some things than in others so none of us is free from fetishistic elements in our makeup. These two pieces were printed because they are enlightening about some of the doors through which the world of TVism may be entered. I feel that anything that opens our eyes to a wider understanding of this subject in others gives us an improved understanding of ourselves.

The appearance of these two pieces does not, however, indicate that TVia is embarking on a different course than it has pursued in the past. We are not going to have a spate of pieces about 6 inch heels, 24 inch waist corsets, shoulder length white lace gloves or a run of stories about how "they" or "she" forced me into girls clothes and oh, how I hated it" etc. All of these have their devotees and it is not up to me to judge them, but TVia will continue to follow the course so successfully steared since our first preference questionnaire in #4 way back in 1960.

# THE Sisters

YES, YES SISTER DEAR, IT'S PERFECTLY ALRIGHT IF YOU BRING YOUR BOY FRIEND HOME. I WON'T EMBARRASS YOU WITH MY TV! I'M WEARING PANTS!!



RedA 38M2  
PFE.

Susanna Says...

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Hi, Everybody:

Any TV article - so the classic formula states --should begin: "As I sit writing these lines I am wearing...." and on we go with a minute description of the contents of Frederick's catalogue. So, I in order to conform, let me say that as I sit to write this column, I am wearing...a disgusted look in my Helena-Rubinsteined- face. You see, I have read and re-read an article entitled "The Myth of the Latent Femininity in the Male", written by Dr. Hugo Beigel, a psychotherapist and author who has been looking into the question of Tranvestism for some time. Needless to say I started to read his article with gladness. Every bit of literature about TVism should be helpful for a better understanding of this "peculiarity" of ours. My expectations turned into disappointment when I realized that Dr. Beigel reveals the very same prejudiced attitude that the uninformed individual displays in the presence of any "deviation from the norm". He goes so far as to echo the typical lurid publications which inevitably describe TVism as a sickness. Dr. Beigel spotlights one of the various "theories" which TV s are fond of sponsoring when they are called upon to do some explaining to non-TV s who know nothing whatsoever about the subject. Unfort-

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unately he takes said theory literally, thus distorting its real meaning, and fabricates for himself a triumphant climax which labels the upholders of the theory "stupid". He then proceeds to declare that "anything that becomes a compulsion indicates sickness." And finally, utterly annoyed by the fact that most TV's never try therapy, he dismisses the entire transvestic experience with these words: "They (the TV's) seek their meager joys in the company of those who have convinced themselves that by wearing lace panties and rubber breasts, they are demonstrating the greatness of the eternal feminine in themselves". Thus spake Dr. Beigel.

Let us analyze his posture. The good doctor has heard some of us talk about "the girl-within" and this makes him mad. There is no such thing, he says. No such thing as a feminine soul in a male body. There is not even a soul - he adds -- in the religious sense of the word. The word "soul", he points out, is indisrepute among scientists... reputable scientists speak today of the "mind" or the "psyche" - which he defines as "that intangible emanation of the living organism which is the functional correlate to impressions made upon a unit of cells, glands, nerves, muscles, and so on, and which results in thinking, feeling and acting." - I am afraid our doctor is totally unable to understand symbolism or poetry. He simply reads literal meanings into the things he sees or hears. He won't have anything to do with "religious legends" because religion speaks of the soul as "the breath of God.". I am tempted to say: "please, Dr. Beigel! Religion does not mean that the good Lord actually, bodily, inflated His chest, puffed His cheeks and proceeded to blow into the shell of a human body! Honest! This is just a way of saying that there is a Creator and that without Him there wouldn't be life nor that "intangible emanation" whose name seems to bother you so much." I am tempted to say this to the doctor, but on second thought, I'd better not. That's the kind of explanation you give



to kids after they go beyond kindergarten. Of course when we say that we are giving expression to a feminine soul - we do not mean that as we emerged from the womb we were already conscious of a desire to wear high heels and artificial eyelashes, or that there was an itty-bitty girl-soul already wiggling her hips anticipating the swinging and the swaying of skirts. If he reads that kind of a meaning into our "girl-within" theory, no wonder he thinks we are stupid.

So before I attempt to refute some of his statements, I am going perhaps to bore some of my TV friends by giving him an idea of what we mean when we speak of "the girl-within".

Admittedly TVism is a rather complex phenomenon. Looking at it from the outside one would see only one fact: a male wearing feminine attire, and in most cases, trying to imitate a woman's gestures, stance, walk, looks and even her speech peculiarities. However, looking at TVism from the inside, getting into the "soul" of the TV (although I know I should say "mind" or "psyche"), what do we find? What forces, and urges are there inside triggering the appearance of this male body framed in feminine attire? Obviously it is not one single desire, but rather a combination of several urges of greater or lesser intensity. Some quite vivid on the conscious level of the TV. Others deeply buried somewhere in the subconscious. We can identify them only through years of constant self-analysis and observation of other TV's in multiple situations. Some of them are hard to put into words since they are seldom neatly isolated from other related urges. Most of the time they tend to blend and fuse into one another. So I'll try to list them, knowing that there are others that must have escaped me. These are some of the most common ones. They are listed in no particular order of importance or of contributions to the over-all transvestic pattern.

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1) The urge to create a different face in the mirror. This is a desire for change, a rebellious act against the monotony imposed by custom upon the physical appearance of the male. A blast directed against the "Thou shall not's" hung by society over a man's head. This includes, for instance, the freedom to dye your hair in a different color from week to week if one so desires...to wear it long or short...to redden or not to redden your lips...to bare your neck or to adorn it with glitter...to cover or not to cover our arms...etc...Girls are granted this freedom to transform themselves visually in a great many different ways. Man is restricted as to modifications he is allowed to make in his appearance. This desire to see ourselves as somebody else in the mirror, in a radically different guise, is one of the drives that push us over the dividing line and makes us become "girl-for-awhile". I compare it in some ways with the desire of a fat person to slim down and thus alter his silhouette, or a skinny one, to gain pounds...or a pale individual longing for a tan...or a bald one purchasing a toupee, etc. The difference lies in the fact that these latter urges do not violate a social taboo. Ours does.

2) Somewhat connected with No. 1 - although different- is the urge to see ourselves as esthetically pleasing...to ourselves, and hopefully, to others. To a TV a woman's face and a woman's body are infinitely more pleasing and attractive, than a man's. This is the urge to undo in order to replace. To erase something esthetically unpleasant and to create an image that - to the TV--is nicer looking than the one that he is forced by nature to exhibit to the world throughout his life. This urge contains obvious narcissistic elements. The TV wants to be able to say to himself "I am prettier this way"...and naturally longs to make the same

impression on others.

- 3) The urge to be and to feel in intimate contact with, color, glitter, softness and perfume... This is a rebellion of the senses... Our society condemns as "Unmanly" a man's love for self-decoration... the plumes, necklaces, bracelets, paints, satins and perfumes that once were within his reach, are now forbidden to him by custom. Personally I feel terribly depressed when I am forced to enter a store that sells men's clothing. I actually feel as if I were entering a cemetery. Nothing but dull drabness... the deadly monotony of the tombstones symbolized in the greys, blacks and predominantly dark colors, and all this, while my inner "eyes" are thirsty for prints, vivid colors, variety and more variety in styles and materials. I can spend hours just browsing in a jewelry store... actually drinking in the beauty of stones... angry, at not being allowed to wear them as I please. Only by assuming the role of a girl will society allow me to satisfy this craving.
  
- 4) Less obvious to the onlooker, but quite strong in many TV's is the urge to divest himself of the rough, aggressive, coldly logical traits which his environment expects him to express and show day in and day out, whether he possess those qualities or not. To dress up is to take a holiday from these pressures and weights and a revel in being meek, passive, giddy, and even weak. Only a TV knows how restful it is to do so. Only a TV can tell of the calm, peace, that descends upon one's soul (oops! I meant "psyche")... or the contentment imparted to one's nervous system. Many non-TV's are frankly astounded at what they call "the change" that comes over the TV when he dresses. What they refer to is the new sparkle that gleams in the TV's eyes, the sense of freedom, of

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liberation.

- 5) The urge to give rein to emotions whose expression society frowns upon when coming from a man. To cry if you feel sad - to giggle if you feel silly - to underscore an intense reaction with words that are usually taboo for a man: "divine" "lovely" "gorgeous" "heavenly", or to say that one "adores" a painting, a house, or a hat. - To actually shiver ecstatically if you are thrilled - To actually "talk" with eyes, eyebrows, mouth, hands, arms and the entire body, as girls are allowed to do when they wish to underline an impression, an opinion, or a feeling. - To even walk hand in hand with a friend to physically express friendship and trust - All these things and many others, he cannot possibly do if he wants to maintain his masculine image. Society would find them effeminate, disgusting, ridiculous in a man, but not so in a girl
- 6) Less important perhaps - but frequently found - is the urge to enjoy certain typically feminine privileges in social life: to have doors opened for us, to be given preferential seats, to remain seated when introductions are performed, to keep your coat or wrap on your shoulders as you enter a restaurant, to have somebody else pick up the tab for a change, to expect gestures of help and protection from others (like changing a flat tire), to be accorded kinder treatment in a rough situation, to even avoid a traffic ticket by putting on a good cry - (I've seen it work when done by GG's).
- 7) Perhaps less frequent, but to some TV's extremely important and rewarding is the urge to perform tasks which are usually beyond the province of a man according to our present customs: to keep house, do laundry, ironing, spend an afternoon sewing, knitting, or

experimenting with make-up, hairdos, to chat with friends about fashions, or learn to follow on the dance floor.

- 8) The urge to express that part of our nature which is graceful, soft, sweet, harmonious. Girls are much freer to express these moods and feelings. Even in dancing a male projects more force than sweetness...The TV enjoys too the opportunity to walk along those frothy, ethereal paths...In this category the swirl of a skirt cannot possibly be beaten by the most "exquisite" pair of trousers.
  
- 9) And finally we come to the urge to express tenderness, be it with words or with action. A field in which a man must always be on guard, lest he be tagged as "effeminate" or "queer". Our society goes to such extremes in curtailing the expression of this emotion in men, that it even frowns when the son kisses his father. Men should only shake hands. In the USA we find it comical that some European countries permit kissing and hugging between males. If we should give a peck on the cheek to a male friend.... Heavens forbid! It cannot possibly mean anything but the expression of a homosexual trait! And what about girls? The darlings never have to worry about showing tenderness.

So we have spelled out some of the most typical TV urges. They vary in intensity from TV to TV... and that's why some TV's are satisfied with infrequent dressing sessions...Others feel these desires with greater intensity and persistence and so they must dress more often. But, weak or strong, they are the ingredients which shape the personality of a TV. They are our definition. And since we couldn't possibly list them all every time we say "I am a TV", we resort to the much simpler way of putting the whole thing in a nutshell which we call "THE GIRL-WITHIN".

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We most certainly would be extremely stupid if we really believed that these individual desires were actually born with us. Of course they crept into our being, one at a time perhaps, in many mysterious ways which no scientist (not even Dr. Beigel) has yet been able to explain in an all encompassing, cohesive formula. The most that some of us have suggested (and we do have a few professionals who also share this belief) is that maybe there is a congenital predisposition (-genes, chromosomes, hormones, chemical patterns, etc...) in the TV that makes him gravitate towards these diverse elements which, together, spell femininity in our times. We do not claim to have proven anything, but we definitely feel that more, much more research and testing is in order, before we can definitely say whether we are dealing with a totally acquired condition without a single inborn root, or whether there is a "seed" from the very beginning which is later triggered by various social forces, or environmental conditioners.

The sum total of these individual urges, eventually becomes one strong desire (compulsion or even obsession sometimes) to express that femininity. But as men we cannot do so with impunity. We would certainly endanger our status within our own family, among our friends and in our jobs. Example? Personally I happen to adore a certain color : lilac and all its various shades: orchid, lavender and so on all the way to violet. Once I found a lavender necktie which I wore to the office. The remarks, the looks and the innuendos turned out to be more than I was willing to put up with. Unfortunately Walter Wincheil invented the term : "the lavender set" to identify homosexuals. And there I was with my lavender necktie. So the pressure of the environment forced me to abstain from satisfying my harmless love for lilac. I also happen to be crazy about perfume, particularly "White Shoulders". I love to feel that essence surrounding me, all over.

Could I walk into my office, or show up at a business lunch wearing that perfume? You guess! So, in order to satisfy these urges I simply dress as a girl and lo and behold! I can wear perfume, and I can wear lilac from my earrings down to my shoes. (This is why it becomes important for a TV to improve his "girl image" so that he will be able to "pass" in front of other people, or at least to present a fairly pleasant aspect to friends who understand, tolerate and-why not-- approve.)

So much for Dr. Beigel's mistaken concept of what we mean when we speak of "the girl-within". But I am not finished yet. Dr. Beigel in his article states that a condition which is acquired can therefore be cured. I beg to disagree. We'll look later into the connotation of "cure", but first, I'd like to prove to Dr. Beigel that there are many traits, urges, inclinations, or whatever you want to call them, that although they are acquired they cannot be erased, eliminated, or "cured". Let's take a little tree, Like all trees it starts to grow in a perfectly perpendicular position, nice and straight. But, during its formative years, the wind, sunlight, declivity in the soil, or some other environmental factor may start a slight deviation from the upright position. As the years go by, the trunk hardens, grows thick, and we are faced now by a giant whose trunk presents a 75 degree inclination to the West. The best position was acquired by the little sapling. it was not "born" with it. But I'm sure Dr. Beigel will agree that aside from actually breaking the trunk in two, there is absolutely nothing we can do to set it back to its original vertical position. Yet, the tree, though bent, is healthy and strong. Dr. Beigel would probably disagree and think of it as a "sick" tree. Why? Because it is a non-conformist tree, a tree that is different.

Some may say what has a tree got to do with TVism being an acquired and - according to

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Dr. Beigel - a "curable" condition? Alright, let's take some human examples. A singer feels the compulsion to sing. This urge was acquired since the little brat was not born singing. How would Dr. Beigel go about "curing" this singer and erase from him the desire to sing? (Aside from cutting his throat, I mean). Or could one "cure" a painter who has acquired the compulsion to express himself in canvass and make him NOT to feel like painting? Or, let's take the "acquired" desire and interest in tinkering with engines and all sorts of mechanical things. Does Dr. Beigel think he can cure a boy who feels so inclined? who acquired this urge? I'm afraid that interest is going to stay there for keeps, just as the love for singing and the love for painting are a permanent, vital part of a singer and a painter's personality ....All these are acquired, yet permanent. So, what are Dr. Beigel's grounds to assume that because TVism is totally acquired (and again there are theories which do not wholly agree with this view) it can therefore be erased?

"Transvestism" he says---"does not harm society either materially or morally, but there is no doubt that the phenomenon is a behavior disorder that indicates a personality disturbance." I would like to point out here that anybody who goes to see a psychotherapist, TV or non-TV, does so because he feels, or thinks he has, a personality disorder. So naturally every TV that Dr. Beigel has met in his office probably did suffer from personality disturbances. But how about the thousands of TV's who do not feel the need to go to a mental doctor? How about us, who feel that dressing gives us serenity, calm, contentment, happiness? But Dr. Beigel won't have any of this. He goes on to say: "By keeping up the myth of innate femininity, TV's try to convince the world of the compulsiveness of their acts and themselves of their unimpaired mental health. Yet anything which becomes a compulsion indicates sickness....."



This indeed is a devastating paragraph. I just love it. Compulsion equals sickness! Obviously the world to Dr. Beigel is nothing but a huge insane asylum. Every woman who feels the compulsion to go into a store to try on "that" hat in the window would have a rough time under the ministrations of Dr. Beigel. She's got to be sick. Her compulsive behavior tells him so. Sick also would be the woman across the street who simply must pick up every stray cat and dog she finds and sees to it that they get shelter. Also sick, according to Dr. Beigel's yardstick, must be the poet who feels the compulsion to express his feelings in rhymes... and the religious person who feels the inner compulsion to forgive wrongdoers....and the writer who must pour his thoughts onto paper...See how absurd you can get when you base your judgements in wild generalities? The trouble, it seems is that many psychotherapists today seem afflicted by their own peculiar type of compulsion: to see sickness whenever a person's behavior veers from the accepted tenets of conduct set by society. Unconventional behavior, non-conformity, automatically spell sickness, no matter how harmless such behavior may be. I see here an attempt by Dr. Beigel to abandon his role as a psychotherapist and assume that of a moralist. He is perhaps baffled, or even angry, because most TV's do not rush to psychotherapists in search for a cure. Let us quote him again : "The great difficulty in weaning transvestites from their compulsion lies in the weakness of their motivation towards removing this behavior pattern from their lives." Here our friend admits that there is hardly any reason why we should want to be turned into non-TV's We are an army of potential patients who refuse medication. A bunch of "sick" people who actually enjoy being "sick". They blossom, they find peace, relaxation, mental balance, fun, stimulation in their "sickness". Like children they are capable of enjoying hours and hours of the magic of make-believe. What a horrible situation for any psychotherapist! Magic in a society where

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it is a sign of "sophistication" to be under the care of a psychiatrist.

The trouble is that transvestites are non-conformists and refuse to be pushed into the neat little compartment which Dr. Beigel would like us to occupy. It happens that we enjoy, very, very much, the company of our "girl-within" and we only wish that professional people would look just a little deeper into our unconventional behavior before sending us to the hospital.



Viva Sussana, Bravo! I read Beigel's article too and felt much the same way, but having so much else to do, I didn't feel he was worth the time necessary to formulate a reply.

Susanna has evaluated the TV motivation from a somewhat different point of view than I have but I do not disagree with her a bit. I think there are other motivations in addition to her list but they do not conflict with her presentation at all -- they would only supplement it.

The problem that faces all psychiatrists, psychologists, analysts and counsellors is that they are forced to study, analyze and interpret the emotional problems and behavior patterns of their patients from a detached objective non-participating (and therefore non-experiencing and non-feeling) position. Furthermore they can only bring logical, rational intellectual weapons to bear on the problem. How could you describe to a fur-wrapped Esquimo sitting in his icy igloo munching on a piece of cold whale blubber the pleasures and delights of dining in a fine restaurant with Strauss Waltzes for background music, with a beautiful girl in a low-cut sequined cocktail gown, nicely made up and exuding the fragrance of an American beauty rose

while you are both enjoying steak and mushrooms etc? All of these experiences would be outside of his experience and therefore beyond his understanding or a feeling lived. In the same way it is almost impossible to get over to one of these professional types why we as TV's would give most anything to be that beautiful girl in the low cut sequined dress looking lovely, smelling lovely, feeling lovely, and therefore BEING lovely. I doubt that Dr. Beigel has any background to deal with the desire to BE LOVELY. Oh he would probably drag out some one of the old standbys of castration complex, unresolved oedipus complex - a castrating mother, etc.

Seems to me that the psychiatrist usually feels better himself after dropping us in one of these overstuffed pigeon holes, but do we? Personally, I'm still stopped way back at the sentence about the sequined dress---umm---what did you say, Doctor, I wasn't listening?

VIRGINIA



Could this be an ad for one of those Casablanca doctors? The price is right!



ESTHER 22-G-1



VIOLA 38-M-3 FPE



"Look Georgia! I'ts our Boss ..... All week he tells we salesmen to keep our pants pressed ... & there he stands with his slip showing!"

## *Our Changing Times*

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One can not look around him these days without seeing signs of change. The change works like a snow ball. It started very small and very slowly and has been gaining momentum ever since, both in variety of change and the rapidity with which it is being accomplished. I might even hazard a guess that in about 25 years, if the world is still in one piece, that the battle will be won. "You mean that in 25 years the world will allow men to wear feminine clothes", you ask. With tongue in cheek my answer is "yes, that's just what I mean". Then taking tongue out of cheek I'll explain. Men will be wearing feminine clothes and women will be wearing masculine clothes because to a considerable degree there will be no such thing. With little or no segregation of permitted attire and the opportunity to express yourself as you please I think people will pretty well wear what they wish.

Let's go back to the slow beginning. In a way it all started with President Truman. At least that was the first dramatic step. You will remember that he went to Hawaii on a war conference and that he returned from there wearing flowered sport shirts with pictures of outriggers, cocoanut palms, hibiscus flowers, etc. in brilliant colors. You know the kind, they are all around today but it was a real break in the drabness of the men's clothing world in those days. Because it was done by Mr. President and because the colors and flowers came from Hawaii where everybody visualizes the strong brown skinned men in tapa cloth skirts climbing cocoanut palms barefooted with a flower behind each ear, there was no hint of effeminacy in this. In fact, it was almost supermasculine. So, within a season, practically every man in America had shirts like this.

Slowly then other signs appeared, lace fronts and eyelet fronts on tuxedo shirts; a little brighter

designs and colors on sports clothing; fancier jeweled cuff links and such. And the slow stirrings of the cosmetic industry getting men to use under-arm deodorants and after shave colognes. These had to have strong masculine names to preserve the image. Men would use "Old Horse Blanket" or "Essence of Motorcycle Boot" but wouldn't be caught dead wearing "Indiscreet" or "Flirtation" even if the two fragrances were identical, as in many cases they are. But progress was being made.

While this was going on, the needs of the economy for more workers during the war gave rise to "Rosie the Riveter" and many other kinds of production jobs for women. As a matter of safety, convenience and practicality women began to wear slacks on the street and to work. Hairdos became shorter and easier to take care of. Remember the "poodle cut" and the "urchin" styles? This trend proliferated during the rest of the war and even more so afterward with every type of two legged garment, slacks, capris, surfers, cabin boy, clam diggers, peddle pushers, toreadors and extended into hostess and evening clothes in fancier materials. So the movement of the feminine toward the masculine was, as it always is, even faster and greater than that of the masculine toward the feminine.

As I said a snowball is small and slow moving to begin with but the more it grows the faster it grows. Consider the progress since the Beatles first hit the world in the ears a few years back. The long hair bit was an accident with them to begin with, but it touched a sensitive point with their contemporaries in age and nationality. It served as a crystallization point around which some of the rebellion of the teenager against the conservative, established rules of society gathered. If the Beatles could do it and make millions-well surely anything so financially popular must be good-so millions more teenagers in all countries adopted the mop top. As usual there were those who wanted to go one better and this led to the tight pants, lace cuffs, high heels, hair ribbon, even purse carrying developments which are more prevalent in England and Scandinavia than here, but they will arrive. This change

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has taken place in a relatively few years. As a result of the changed fashions among teenagers it gradually began to percolate upward into the ranks of the young adults until within the last 2 years there has developed a whole new cult of hair styling for men. Most of you have seen pictures of men in hair nets sitting under dryers in what should be called men's beauty shops. (Personally, I wear reasonably long hair as Charles, but I can neither see the time nor the money involved in all this. Am I an obstruction to progress or am I just doing my bit as Virginia?)

Economics is always a strong factor waiting in the wings to see which way to make it's influence felt. When the pattern had been tentatively established and the pioneers had, by their ingenuity and suffering opened the door a crack, the big boys stepped in. Firms like Arden, Revlon, John Robert Powers and many others have, within the last year, enlarged their line of men's cosmetics greatly. They are daring to offer eye shadow, pale lipstick, facial packs, skin freshners etc. in addition to colognes, after shaves, deodorants, which are by now old standbys. The tide will run even faster as the big dollar boys get behind it.

Going back to the girls--after pants of one kind or another became so fashionable that you saw more of them on the streets than skirts, they had to go in for the female side of the Beattle age, the boots, then the leather, and I have even had a prediction fulfilled. little whips for women. Does this have a familiar ring? It should. This is the world of the "Dominant Female" and the subserviant male that the punishment, humiliation and masochiatic element goes for. Then, cosmetic-wise, the girls begin to stop wearing visibly colored lipsticks, etc. and go for the "natural look"- a pale washed out appearance of everything but the eyes. This last is necessary because it goes along with the dominating tigress image. The lips tend to run toward the masculine, but the made up eyes are necessary to maintain the ferocious, dominant female image. Hair is gradually falling out of the high piled beehive and big-headed, bird-brained look. The teen agers in



their tight pants, bell bottoms, flat shoes, no jewelry or make up,--look are wearing just longer, stringier hair than the boys. This probably wont penetrate to the older women because that kind of hair is too difficult to deal with in working lives whether domestic or business, but it still represents a diminution of the fancy feminine hairdos of yore.

So now, what do we have? Women wearing more masculine attire, pants, boots, leather coats, natural make-up, etc. And men beginning to take an interest in how their hair looks, how they smell, how their skin appears, more color and design in their clothing and all this without the implication of sissiness. The simpering, effeminate type homosexual with affected clothing, mild eye makeup, too obvious rings and jewelry, smelling of cologne, is being pushed out of the picture with the same clothing, cosmetics, and jewelry gradually becoming "de rigueur" among the young executive set. This type of gay person is more and more forced into the "queen" catagory wherein they are resorting to the complete feminine get up in order to be able to appear different. Thus there are now a spate of magazines appearing which serve these tastes. Starting with FEMALE MIMICS, we now have HE-SHE and BOY GIRL and probably others I haven't seen. 98% of the pictures and all the featured stories in these publications, pretty as they may be in full color, nevertheless are of homosexual queens parading for the delectation of the other side of the homosexual world.

While I am in agreement that the freedom I ask for our kind must be extended to all others, it somewhat pains me that many of our members seem to think that these mags are real great and they oh and ah over them. I will grant that the impersonators shown are sometimes very pretty and authentic looking but alas some of the others are rather gruesome. In any case the clothes, poses, facial expressions etc. are so obviously of erotic intent that they leave me a bit disgusted. Nevertheless, they represent one of the lines of development in current society. At the same time that these mags



Left: RUTH- Wash. D.C.

Below: JUDY 49-E-1 FPE



JEAN 54-M-1

are appearing there is a plethora of the male "Adonis" type of little magazine on the stands. Books of male nudes are now beginning to appear. What our printer calls "Boily" magazines as the opposite to "girly" mags of which there must be 200 available.

While Kinsey and others maintain that the incidence of homosexuality has not increased, it's evidence certainly has. Numerous homophile societies and publications are in existence. The homophile community is on the march AND on the way to gaining acceptance. As I was writing this I heard on the radio that England's House of Commons had passed a bill making homosexual acts between consenting adults in private, legal. This was the recommendation of the famous Wolfenden report of some years ago but it took this long to gain enough popular support to make it in Commons. The House of Lords may still not be broad minded enough for it but it too will come around. In this country Illinois has already adopted the Model Penal Code of the American Bar Assn. and New York and California have it under study. This same clause appears in this code. So the snowball rolls here too.

Some of the more narrow minded of our sister TVs see nothing good in anything that homosexuals do, but we ought to remember that their persecution is our persecution and their victory will be our victory too. We are not understood and condemned today because we are linked with the homophile world. When society learns to tolerate them it will have removed its intolerance and non-understanding of us. So, personally I am all for their success and would cooperate in helping them to achieve it where I could, out of pure self interest for our group if nothing else. There is, however, the broader interest of helping all minorities toward acceptance.

This thought naturally requires that a word be said about the climate toward racial integration. This too works in our favor though it may not seem so. Color and class bigotry and prejudice would seem to be a far cry from the disapproval of sexual or general

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non-conformity and in fact they are a long way apart. However a society that is ingrown and stratified in one way is of necessity intolerant and non-permissive in lots of other ways since strict rules of conformity in many areas of life are necessary to survival of such a conformist society. So that when circumstances develop wherein past patterns of conformity, repression, intolerance and disdain for one group are brought into question and gradually destroyed, the social "smog" that blinds society to one kind of injustice begins to clear away and a clearer atmosphere of tolerance and freedom for many other minorities comes to pass at the same time.

There is another current social development that bears watching too and that is in the field of religion. This country is the inheritor of a Judeo-Christian set of ethics interpreted in the past largely by two very conservative forces...the Catholic church and the more fundamentalist Protestant sects such as the Baptists. The religious ethics were incorporated into the legal codes of the state so that what was morally "bad" in the eyes of the church became legally "wrong" in the eyes of the state. This condition remained an integral part of American culture from the beginning in spite of consitutional clauses about separation of church and state. As institutions they were separate, as policies they were almost one and the same.

So what is happening now? Most recent, most interesting and perhaps most heartening is the series of re-interpretations and restatements of doctrine by the Catholic Church. Everything from saying mass in English, not having to go without meat on Friday, lifting the blanket condemnation of the Jewish race, and now "discussing" birth control, etc. None of these have any direct connection to our main interest but they are another sign of the times, of breaking down of some of the religiously imposed barriers and ethics. Meantime in the Protestant world a lot of clergymen finally woke up at the time of Selma and found that the world existed outside of their pulpits. They went, they saw, they participated, and they came back

with an awareness that there were a lot of social problems that they had not faced up to. One of these was homosexuality again. So that today in a number of different cities and religious groups there is an active cooperation between church leaders and Homophile organizations. They have sponsored dances, discussion groups, lectures, public meetings, etc. The opening up of the long closed minds and ideas of the church leaders will have a beneficial effect on the minds and ideas of their followers, so I'm sure we can look for a slow but steady increase in tolerance and understanding of us along with other types.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, oops, I mean criminal courts, the tendency has been to gradually loosen up on the idea of what is obscene and pornographic. In court decisions, starting with the Supreme Court's dependence on "contemporary community standards" and in many other decisions since, the heat is cooling off. Oh there are still convictions and I suppose there should be of the lunatic fringe, but in general an era of permissiveness is opening. It is almost impossible to see this from within a particular year but by looking back to see where we were, it is easier to say where we are. Now that the TROPICS books, FANNY HILL, LOLITA, LAST EXIT, SANDWICH, and others I can't remember, are free to appear, you can look for more to do so regardless of all the little old ladies from Pasadena and their blue nosed, elderly, gentlemen friends may try to do about it. Time runs against them and so does the current social trend to non-conformity and disagreement with accepted, conservative social norms. I can't say I go for the Teen ager's attitudes (I have one and I can't figure him anymore than any other parent) but I will say that their rebellion at their level has sparked rebellion at many another level as well.

So where does this somewhat overlong dissertation leave us? I have taken this amount of space to summarize some of the forces at work in contemporary society because I hope it will help to put our own special interests in a proper perspective.

## *Transvestia*

For many of us this slowly increasing tolerance and understanding is going to come too late. But for an even greater number it is going to be developing during the period when it will be helpful to them. The condemnation, abuse, and persecution that has been heaped on the older ones among us in the past is going to be less and less the rule in the future, so the younger ones among you can take heart. At the same time, as I indicated in the opening paragraph, I'm not at all sure but that TVism as such is not on the way out. In the highly polarized society that we have had in the U.S. in the past it was inevitable that there should be those that rebelled against it and whose own polarized psyche sought and found femmedressing as a means of integrating a divided personality. But the more the factors discussed in this essay develop, the more they are going to destroy this polarization, the more men and women alike are going to be human beings first and men and women second. Only incidentally will they be males and females.

The forces leading to broader tolerance on the one hand and the increasing tendencies for women to invade aspects of what used to be considered masculinity while men are more slowly moving in the opposite direction, together are driving us toward a new form of human society. It will be a form in which there will be a desegregation of most of those traits, abilities, behaviour patterns, interests and means of personal expression that have for so long been arbitrarily "assigned" to one gender or the other. In such a world so much more can be accomplished, so much more enjoyed because all aspects of being human will be available to ALL humans. When the grass on the other side of the street is NOT greener there will be no motivation for the chicken to cross the road--nor the rooster.

VIRGINIA

# Professional Female Impersonation

by Jennifer (37-M-1)

I've wondered why there has been so little mention of professional femme mimics and why so few seem to be Chevalier subscribers or FPE members. For those of us who are truly amateur, they should represent our heroines, as the ultimate in dressing as a woman. Attending an FP revue or show in a larger city is always a thrilling experience for me. Not all are highly accomplished in their art, but those who are - are excellent actresses and excite my envy. One wishes she knew their stories and how they actually live. I suppose they represent a mixture of transvestites, transexuals and some homosexuals, but all seem to share with us the supreme joy of becoming for a while, a woman.

Linda (5-F-5) in TRANSVESTIA #15, wrote a fine article about the Jewel Box Revue, and Judy (7-C-1) described two entertainers she had come to know in a FemmeMirror. Surprisingly little, though, has appeared in our publications. My own favorite female mimic is Laverne Cummings in San Francisco's renowned Finocchio's. Her slender figure, delicately beautiful features, and lovely long blond real hair combine to make her truly a vision of feminine loveliness. If she lives as a man (as she must) in San Francisco, she must have problems with her gorgeous shoulder-length blonde hair.

Such problems would not exist for her in Paris. Visiting there last year I spent a memorable evening at the famous Madame Arthur's. The show does not begin until 11 p.m. During the hour before, the female impersonators arrive via the front door and pass through the main room to back-stage. About two-thirds of them came dressed and made-up as women. They wore casual dresses, or skirts with

## Transvestia

blouses or sweaters, or slacks, street make-up and apparently their own long, waved hair. The revue itself consisted of individual song or dance acts, and the girls were extremely attractive. Their breasts appeared very feminine in contour-one even had accidentally one breast escape the confines of her low-cut gown. I presume hormones, plastic surgery or injections produced these magnificently rounded breasts.

I unfortunately did not see the show at the Carousel Club, but the still photographs outside the club were of startlingly beautiful femme mimics. Again most not needing wigs or falsies.

For the rest of us girls, not able to wear our hair to our shoulders, live constantly as women, and defy detection that we are not truly feminine, we can only marvel at these enchanting creatures: and envy them their feminine lives.

Jennifer - 37-M-1



"I see your a graduate of TV school."

"I got my draft notice yesterday in Green."



## *Editorial Emanations*

1. FIRST OFF MY THANKS:---It has been a long time since Christmas but due to various delays this is my first opportunity to extend a general note of thanks to the many of you who remembered me at Christmas time with cards. Please do not feel neglected that you did not get one in return. I did not send out any this year even to real old friends. Frankly my heart wasn't in Christmas this year as I am sure those of you who are aware of my troubles will understand. However, many of you remembered me and I do want to thank you for doing so. In addition to cards several sent me little gifts and I want to thank them too. I know that I should acknowledge such things personally, but reflecting on the fact that this issue is 6 weeks late you will realize that I have been overwhelmed. So again, thanks for the cards and gifts, but even more for the words of encouragement, support and appreciation that so many of them contained. It helps!

11. SUBMISSION OF MATERIAL:---I often get inquiries from readers as to whether I would like to have them submit a story, article, experience, poem or something else that they have done. May I say categorically here, please do submit whatever you have. The magazine remains interesting for all in direct proportion to its contents and this can only come from you the readers. I don't necessarily use everything submitted for one reason or another, but I always have to have a backlog to draw on. And because each issue has to be in some sort of balance as to its contents I cant say when something will appear, but please do send in your contributions.

III. NAMES ON MATERIAL:---When you do submit something please put your name and code number if any on the material itself not just include it with a letter. The material gets saved and the letter does not. Then when it is published I am left without a name to

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attach to it. This occurred with the cute little poem, "My Closet" published in #36. It was a nice piece and I'd like to be able to give credit to its author, but the original piece of paper had no name on it. Thanks to it's author anyway.

IV. DISCONTINUANCE OF THE FEMMEMIRROR:---It was too bad but the Mirror had to be discontinued with #45 I just couldn't carry the load on top of everything else. Those who had subscribed on a yearly basis are entitled to credit for the issues they did not receive. As I can I've sent credit slips to such subscribers, but if you have some credit coming please ask about it so that you can have the use of your money.

V. CLIPSHEETS AND TV-TALES:---Clipsheet #20 and Tales #4 were the last of these series published. As I have just barely been able to scrape together enough money to keep TVia going I have not been able to do anything with either of these. However, when my personal financial situation is cleared up the end of March I will begin to get ready for Clip #21 and Tales #5 and on, so please bear with me.

VI. VOL. 2 OF PINK MIRROR:---I didn't publish this story and I didn't notice till it was called to my attention by a request for volume two that such a statement appeared at the end of the book. Unfortunately the author never did a second volume so far as I know, so I can't supply it, sorry!

VII. PERSONAL PROBLEMS:---My domestic situation continues. The trial was set for Feb 10, but we were number 51 on the docket and they ran out of courtrooms and judges on the 29th case so it was put forward till March 31. If the Lord is with me maybe I can get out of the mess then. Thanks to so many of you who have sent my your words of strength and encouragement during this ordeal.

VIII. GROUP SUBSCRIPTIONS:---With the demise of the Mirror there ceases to be any need for a group sub-

scription. TVia remains \$4 each or \$24 a year, but both the Clipsheet and the TV Tales are cheaper on the 4 issue for \$5 basis. So order TVia singly or by the year as is most convenient for you.

**IX. CREDIT FOR CERTAIN OLD ISSUES:**---Some of our early issues are exhausted and yet there are calls from those who would like to have a complete set. Some of you dont care for keeping issues after they have been read so I offer a deal to you. I will give you \$2 credit for the return of these issues to me provided they are complete and in good condition in order that they can be resold to those who want them. This offer covers TRANSVESTIAS number 1,2,4,6,7, and 8 ONLY and will apply to the first 50 copies of each returned. I have to reserve the right to withdraw the offer if I get too many.

**X. ORDER SLIPS:**---You will note that I have discontinued printing order blanks on the last page as most of the readers refused to cut them out and use them. In its place is a separate order slip in each copy. PLEASE use these. It makes filing orders away much easier as they are of uniform size and this will help me trace orders if a snafu arizes. Help me to serve you better---Use the slips.

**XI. NEW READERS AND OLD ISSUES:**---We have gotten a lot of new subscribers lately and this note is addressed to them. Many of you write and ask the questions that all of us ask at one time or another. Almost all phases and problems of TVism have been discussed in TVia at one time or another. Obviously I cant write about them all over again so I earnestly suggest that you buy up the back issues first.1) Some of them are already out of print (1,2,4,6,7,8) and others are not very far behind; 2) This will give you a lot of good reading without having to wait; 3) They are cheaper (6 for \$20 or \$3.33 ea.) 4) It will enable you to "grow up" with the organization like the rest of us did.



*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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30-D-1FPE Would like to buy, rent or borrow copies of TVias Nos. 1,2, and 7 or any of them ANN

\*\*\*\*\*

49-K-5FPE Wish to corres. with those knowing effects of taking hormones in form of ENOVID JOAN

\*\*\*\*\*

32-G-7 Like to meet or corres. with FPs in Syracuse and Utica, New York area. LINDA

\*\*\*\*\*

55-L-2 TV engineer, 33, with Class A wife, like to contact others near Toronto, Canada. RONA

\*\*\*\*\*

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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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