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# TRANSVESTIA



No. 22, 1963

# 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. It's purpose is to help it's readers to promote:

## UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

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



Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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BOBBIE GOES PRIVATE    Cover Girl Story by Bobbie 32-T-3	2
TO HELP MOTHER, I BECAME A GIRL Fiction by Marjorie (55-R-1	15
CHER CHEZ LA FEMME True Experience by Fran 49-C-1 FPE	33
THOUGHTS REGARDING TV Article by Teddie 5-P-4	36
A REAL NAME Fiction by Winfie 5-B-1	41
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48
IN MEMORIAM	61
SEXOLOGY	62
SUSANNA SAYS	69
OBSERVATIONS	82
VIRGIN VIEWS	84
EDITORIAL EMANATIONS	87
PERSON TO PERSON	90

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VOL. III NO. 22

AUG., 1963

## BOBBIE GOES PRIVATE

Sequel to "Bobbie Goes Public in TVia #18

by Bobbie (32-T-3)

"Bobbie Goes Public" in TVia No. 18 tells something of my experiences in amateur theatricals and how this has given me a means for public, artificial, expression of my feminine self. Since there is much more to me than that, a fuller account seems appropriate.

My upbringing was quite conventional. I was the second child of a middle class family in a typical mid-western city. Mother had yearned for a girl as the first child was a boy and she lost a second boy. Even though I was a disappointment from that point of view, I was raised as a boy in a strictly conventional manner. With no girls in the family, domestic chores fell to my brother and me, but that was quite the usual thing in our neighborhood so no stigma was attached. Family life proceeded in average fashion with a strong emphasis on church life and educational training. My own education included high school and engineering training at the state university. I decided that a scientific career was what I wanted so I did graduate and post-graduate work in a physical science. My professional career has followed along these lines. Sounds conventional and proper and as I look back I realize it was just that.

In reviewing my background in search of any strong factors which might have contributed to my development as a transvestite, I can find none of great significance. There were bits and pieces which show from earliest days a latent urge which gradually found expression.

My interest in TVism goes back as far as my memory will carry me. I can see myself clearly at the age of four or five "playing house" in the attic of a neighbors home and insisting that I be the mother. We were decked out in old clothes we found there and had



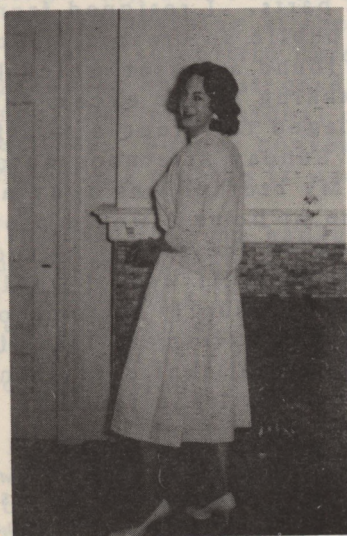
a delightful time. Through the boyhood years I would on occasion put on some of Mother's old things and I remember particularly a lovely pair of shoes of vintage 1912. They were high laced with probably thirty pairs of eyelets, had extremely pointed, highly polished toes, Louis heels and soft uppers. On one particular Saturday Mother was doing some cleaning in the storeroom with my help. She let me put the shoes on and parade about as she continued with her work. What fun that was.

Mother made no obvious effort to accentuate the feminine in me even though many times she remarked how much she wished I had been a girl. I can recall only one exception to this. Mother loved to play the piano and sing and I to listen. One time while playing she suggested that it would be fun if she dressed up in some of Dad's clothes and she would dress me as a girl. I recall my reaction was an outburst of tears and cries of refusal.

As I grew into my teens my interest in women's clothes heightened, but on a very secretive basis. I sang for nearly a year in a boys choir. It was planned to put on a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in which some of the boys would take girls parts. I resigned from the choir rather than appear in public so dressed, much as I wanted to. But at home I found a corset which had gone into the rag bag. By taking in the excess fullness with safety pins, I managed to effect a satisfaction in fit. In those days a Sunday afternoon automobile ride was "de riguer". My brother was away at college and so as to be alone at home I would protest that I didn't want to go along on the ride. As soon as Mother and Dad were well on their way, I would rush to their bedroom and dress, usually in some of Mother's older clothes. She was extremely fastidious and neat so I had to be very careful that everything was folded and put back exactly as I had found it. I remember one time when they came back home in about twenty minutes having forgotten something. I beat a hasty retreat to my closet and as rapidly as possible undressed back into my boys clothes. Fortunately I had no make-up on. I emerged in about five minutes



BOBBIE as  
"Diamond Lil"



BOBBIE



and then went through a regular third degree as to why I had not responded when they came back into the house. Fortunately they started out again and I was able to return the clothing without further incident.

Again, I remember a pair of purple rayon bloomers which Mother had worn in the early 20's and since neglected to discard. As a teenager I loved to wear them under my trousers and go to the movies with one of my chums. He lived about a mile from my home and as I walked down the dark, shady street, I would revel in the feel of the satin against my legs. My hips would sway in a most unboyish manner.

Through this period I developed a guilt complex. Perhaps this stemmed from the fact that I carried my "dressing up" strictly in private and was ashamed to have anyone know about it. I realize that what I was doing was not commonly accepted. I must have concluded that it was morally wrong, rather than that it was simply a part of an individual personality, namely my own. Since I found it impossible to resist, I went through all sorts of mental agony, especially when under emotional stimulus as at the Y.M.C.A. conferences. The effect of this was to keep my TV life on a completely clandestine basis. For example at the university there was a dramatic group which annually staged an operetta with men students playing all the roles. I would have given my eye teeth to have taken part, but I didn't even try out for fear that the real me would be discovered.

This conflict continued for many years and it was not until I began my theatrical activities in "Bobbie's" favor, but certainly a long way in that direction. To plan this in proper perspective let me give more of my background.

During graduate school I married, went to work on completion of my training and established a home. We have three adopted children about whom our home life has revolved for nearly twenty years. I have had many interests and hobbies which I have thoroughly enjoyed even though some of them have been quite masculine in nature. I have operated a fruit farm avocationally

and have developed proficiency in a number of manual arts, such as carpentry, electrical and plumbing work, concrete and masonry construction to mention but a few. I am a "do it yourself" addict and have a reputation for that in the community. I frequently become deeply involved or take the lead in work projects at my church. I enjoy these activities and have not gone into them to create an impression or camouflage, but these have been a salutary effect to name the least. My theatrical efforts have been very successful enough that I could very easily have been branded a "queer" in the community. Since I have these other talents carrying a strong masculine connotation, I am instead recognized as a very versatile and unusual person. The result has been no loss of position in the community or business. Over the years I have gained recognition both at home and abroad, and I am considered an expert in my professional field. This is evidenced by listing in "Who's who and the other compendia". At the age of fifty-three these are facts not to be treated lightly. If I had no family or other responsibilities I might very well yield to Bobbie as Kathy and others have done. But under the circumstances I can not bring myself to this. Instead I have come to recognize that Bobbie is a real and vital part of a multi-faceted personality and to treat her as such. The inner conflicts of the early years are gone forever. I intend to live out the rest of my life philosophically taking things as they are and not be continually alternating and yielding to the fact of resisting what God did for me.

Before reaching this state of mind and existence, I went through any number of cycles of gradually building up a wardrobe only to eventually destroy it by one means or another. Sometimes this destruction involved throwing a bundle in the river, other times it might have been into the heat of the furnace or a bonfire. On three different occasions I left a suitcase in a motel room or a rented locker while away from home on a business trip. Then a month or so later I would find my way back and go through the embarrassment of identifying and reclaiming. In one instance I left my suitcase and a fur jacket in a locker in Washington. About three weeks later I was in New York and on the spur of





BOBBIE THE MODEL



the moment bought a plane ticket for Washington. In an hour I was at the airport "lost and found" and quickly spotted my belongings. My explanation was that I had left Washington hurriedly after a party and did not remember my luggage until the plane was well on its way. I knew I would be back in a few weeks so I figured on picking up my things at that time. The clerk accepted my story as it was simply a matter of paying storage charges and I was on my way back to New York. You can well imagine the reunion with the prodigal "Bobbie" that night in my New York hotel room. Another time in Chicago it wasn't so easy. Before the clerk opened the bag I had to describe the contents. I could visualize just how everything had been packed so snugly in place and he was incredulous. He could not understand and wanted to know why I had such a wardrobe. My explanation that it was to be worn for my own pleasure left him completely nonplussed. However, since my identification of the contents was so perfect, he let me pay the reclaiming charges and fortunately didn't call the police which I was afraid he might do.

The problem of safe storage was always with me. For a time a locked wooden box kept under a bench in my laboratory served this purpose. When a trip was at hand, a suitcase would be surreptitiously spirited out of the house to be packed after hours and deposited in a locker until train or plane time. I make it a practice to either take a taxi or drive my car to the terminal and park it for the few days I would be gone. On returning home the reverse process took place ending up with the suitcase back in the storeroom.

On these trips I have always insisted on a spacious room with ample mirrors for who is to see and admire but my alter ego. I even go to the extent of changing rooms if the one first assigned does not meet my requirements. I have on occasion even changed hotels for the same reason. I have also learned which hotels afford the type of privacy I want. Those with a key clerk on the floor are frowned upon as are those where a chambermaid is popping in and out at the drop of a hat. In all the larger cities in the east I now have my favorite and ask for and get just about what I want in



the way of size and appointments.

There is a vitalistic pattern to these trips which has become established. I try to schedule the trip so that the first day in particular I arrive in the afternoon. As soon as I am settled into my room I go to a delicatessen for sandwiches and snacks and to a package store for a bottle of wine. On returning to the room I undress and slip into a negligee and mules and proceed with my unpacking. Dresses are hung one by one, lingerie is put in the dresser drawers. Shoes are set out, wigs are checked and cosmetics and jewelry laid out for a gala evening. Then comes body hair removal with a depilatory after which a cleaning shower and a luxurious bubble bath. An extremely close facial shave is of course a basic essential. What happens next depends on the time and place. I love to shop when on these trips so if there is time and a way, I slip on my foundation and hose, but omit the breast pads. Just a touch of mascara, lipstick and perfume and over all goes a shirt and trousers and I am on my way looking perhaps just a little bit as feminine as I feel. I have long since settled on my favorite shop. Since I am over six feet in height, it is always an 18 tall style gown. The Tall Apparel Shops are my first choice, but Lane Bryant's or Gimbles or Ohrbachs do have to be shopped too. As for shoes I get my 11 1/2 A's from a Tall Gals Shop here at home so that is no problem. I am partial to heels, but on Anita's advice I bought a pair of flats to wear with a blouse and slacks. Of course I will need them if I get to the resort this summer. Then with purchases under my arm It's back to the hotel to resume preparations for the evening.

On rare occasions I have something sent up to my room by room service, but here timing is a problem so I generally depend on the delicatessen approach. I usually plan to eat by candle light and take candles and holders along for the purpose. Now, depending on my mood, the dinner gown is selected and made up appropriate to it is applied. I try to give myself a choice of blond, brunette or grey wig depending on how I feel and of course all the accessories must be



BOBBIE "at home"



suitable to the gown. So I finally after about an hour or so emerge in all my glory like a moth from the cocoon.

The radio with dance music is an ever present accompaniment. My make-shift dinner embellished with my favorite wine is eaten in front of a mirror and then follows the evening of dancing and successive changes in outfits. Letter writing is usually a part of these evenings with a trip to the mail slot at the elevator to send the message on its way. This is always met with mixed emotion--how do I look--is my make-up effective and is my hair presentable--what is the degree of activity in the hotel--has the night watchman made his rounds recently or is he about due? It is a case of wanting to appear in public and yet not being sure enough of myself. And yet, in the many times when I have met a bell hop or chambermaid or some of the hotel guests in the corridors, there has never been a problem. As has been said so often, if we are tastefully dressed and do nothing out of the ordinary, the chances of being accosted and apprehended are really not very great in a good hotel. But still, each time my heart beats faster and as I unbolt and open the door carefully I stand and listen before I venture forth. And rest assured I check and double check to be sure I have my door key before I close the door behind me. As so it probably will always be.

When finally time for bed arrives it is "Bobbie" in black chiffon nightie who crawls between the sheets to awake and greet the new day with that heavenly feeling of luxury and femininity. And it is always with a feeling of nostalgia when the end of the trip comes around and everything is packed away for the trip home.

About five years ago a new era dawned in my life. I prevailed on a bachelor friend who is a hairdresser and knew about my interest to let me store my wardrobe in his apartment. This was wonderful as it gave me safe storage free from prying eyes and yet it was always accessible to me. But like the goose and the golden egg, I over did things. I expanded from one

suitcase to two and then to three and finally added a big garment bag. It was obvious that I was taking up too much room and finally on returning from a trip, the axe fell. We talked things over and my friend thought that he could help me get a room of my own. The landlady was quite receptive and understood the purpose fully. However my activities had to be confined to the room as the other tenants knew nothing of what was going on. It was a large rooming house with a fairly high turnover, so everything was on a very impersonal basis with the other tenants.

Then along about the first of this year my understanding landlady sold the place and after a month or so of dickering, finally bought another, much smarter place. She told me she would be glad to have me move with her if I cared to so do now we are settled in new quarters. There is only one other tenant and he is there at different times than I, and is on a different floor. I find that a long noon hour gives me the chance to do something almost every day.

Sometimes I dress just to be myself for a few fleeting moments. Sometimes I do some needed mending or alterations or laundry. Sometimes I re-dress a wig. Sometimes I just read TV'ia or other mail or write a letter. And sometimes I spend a little longer to write an account such as this. It is not a perfect arrangement mostly because I can not find the time to be there as much as I would like. And that weekly rental payment has a nasty way of eating into what I would like to spend on clothes. But it has been so much more pleasant than anything I have ever known that I am very happy with the arrangement. Though TV'ia and Contact I have met several Transvestites in the area and my room has become a focal point for our get togethers. My wardrobe has continued to grow and a dress is discarded only if worn out or doesn't "do something for me". I try to buy styles which will last with hemlines going up or down as fashion dictates. I have complete latitude in room arrangements with a dressing table and mirrors front and center.

A part of my wardrobe still goes on every business trip when there will be time for "Bobbie" and especial-







Some of the Girls  
of the Theta Chapter  
at work and play.

Above 1. to r.  
Lynne (49-F-1)  
Carol (23-S-4)  
Fran (40-C-1)



Carol and Lynne  
Check the record



## To Help Mother. I Became a Girl

Marjorie (55-R-1)

It seems to be the rule when telling of our lives to start by describing our dress. So here I am seated at Miss Elliotts typewriter. I am wearing a black box-pleated skirt with a blue and black blouse with a jewel neckline. One of Miss Elliotts presents too, a gold necklace and drop earrings in my pierced ears. The tiny waist that I have from early corseting, I consider my best feature. But I can claim to be fairly good looking. An unusual feature, perhaps for my age, twenty, is waist length hair that I wear piled on my head. Even when young and a boy I wanted long hair probably as ultra feminine.

Now, to start at the beginning. When I was just two father was killed in a car accident. Mother, of course, got a settlement for herself and for me till my sixteenth year. So she bought a small house on the edge of town and invested the rest of the money. She altered clothing for two stores, so we lived comfortably, and the only drawback was there were no children close for me to play with. My only contact with boys was at Sunday School when I became old enough to go. So mother and I were very close, still she never dressed me girlishly, but did keep my hair in a long bob. That was a fashion for some boys at the time so it was not commented upon.

A very old house on large grounds was just past ours. It had been built by a pioneer family but their descendents had gone, and it had been rented for a time, but not kept up. When we moved there it was empty and had a "for sale" sign on it. I used to go over through a gap in the fence to play in the yard which was grown up wild with weeds and untrimmed shrubs. Mother often said she hoped some nice person would buy it and fix it up, so she might have a nice neighbor and I have someone to play with.

So we were both excited when we heard that a rich widow from a city some distance away had bought it. Soon a group of workmen started on the house and two men commenced to clear up the grounds. I was just four, very interested in anything I could hammer or saw, so was over watching the men almost all my waking hours. Mother had taught me, sometimes painfully, to be polite and not to bother persons working, so I got on fine with the workmen who would talk to me and sometimes to my delight let me hold a board or get nails or do something that made me feel of use. The first week end the new owner came to see how work was progressing and of course I was there. With her was a boy my size who seemed very nice. He too had long hair, the first I had seen. I explained I lived next door and we made friends at once. They did not stay long and I went home to tell mother about my new playmate and of course his long hair.

In a couple of weeks part of the house was finished and the lady decided to stay over the week end in it, so as to get a better idea of what remained to be done. They arrived Saturday night after I was in bed, but I saw the car and was over Sunday morning almost before breakfast. Instead of Harold, the boy, I saw a girl with her back to me looking at a new flower bed. She had on a pretty-white dress with blue sash tied in a big bow behind and hair in two braids with big blue bows too. I asked where Harold was and when she turned around I just stared, for it was Harold. I looked so surprized he asked what was the matter with me. I sort of stammered "I thought you were a girl. What are you doing with a dress on?" "Why I wear dresses a lot. Mother likes me in them and I do too. Don't you ever wear dresses", he asked. I said no never thought that boys wore them except as babies.

Then we went in the house and he told his mother how funny it was that I had never seen a boy in a dress before. She explained that while the old fashions had come back and were spreading all over there were still lots of places where they had not been taken up. Then she said it was too bad that mother did not put me in dresses as I would look lovely in them and be taken for a pretty girl as Harold often was,



and that she was sure I would like them as much as he did. I told her that when a baby in my buggy I had often been taken for a girl, and that I would like to try a dress to see if I could look as nice as Harold and to find out what skirts felt like. So she said that if mother said it was all right, she would bring more of Harold's things next time and dress me up. When I went home I told mother all about it and that I wanted to see what I looked like in a dress. She laughed, said she did too and maybe I would look so pretty she would keep me in dresses for good. We had no idea that was what would happen.

So next Saturday afternoon Mrs. Taylor came over with an armful and I was soon arrayed in a girls waist with laced back that I told mother was like her corset, nylon panties with lots of lace and a slip with ruffles to hold out my skirt, and finally to my delight I was given the same white dress that Harold had worn. Mother had got me a strap slippers. My hair was fastened over with a pretty barrette and a big bow pinned on it. Mother was surprised at how well I looked and agreed with Mrs. Taylor that I ought to wear dresses as much as possible. Sunday morning, of course, I got into my new clothes, but Mother thought that as I would be the only boy in my class in a dress I had better not go to Sunday School. So, Mrs. Taylor took us all for a ride that afternoon, and I found I did not feel a bit shy even meeting some people. Mrs. Taylor wanted to leave the outfit for me but mother said she could easily make some dresses for me. She did that week and got me all my undies. By the end of that week I told mother I liked dresses more than pants and somehow felt that they were what I should wear. By the time that Mrs. Taylor was settled in the house, more strangers were in town and some local boys in dresses too, so Harold and I could wear ours to Church and whenever we wanted to, which was about everytime we were dressed up to go down town.

When I was eight the whole country was in a depression. Mother had put her money into stocks and dividends stopped. The stores tried to save money by having a clerk do the alterations so almost all her income was gone. Mrs. Taylor was not so much affected

as most of her money was in bonds that still paid interest. She had become a close friend so mother talked over with her what could be done. They decided the best thing was to look for a housekeepers position where she could keep me with her, and to rent the house to some good tenant. So mother advertised and answered ads. There was nothing very suitable till she saw an ad in the paper from Mrs. Taylors city "Wanted a housekeeper for single lady. Must be able to type. No objection to one school age child". Mother answered that she had taken a commercial course and still had her typewriter. The reply came from a lady that Mrs. Taylor had met and whom she said was very nice and should be easy to get on with. The lady was middle-aged, had written some books, and now reviewed books and wrote for magazines. She wrote mother that her qualifications seemed satisfactory, but of course would want a personal interview, and for the present could she send a picture of herself and daughter. She went on "You did not mention sex, but I am taking it for granted she is a girl for I do not want boys at all. She is of an age she should be no bother".

In great distress mother took the letter to Mrs. Taylor who said she could explain the objection to boys. This Miss Elliott had been born and raised in a poor and very rough part of the city. Her parents were well educated but somehow had lost all of their money and had to take a very run down house belonging to some relative. The boys in the vicinity were rough and formed gangs and fought and it was not safe for a girl to go out alone. Likely it had given her a lasting dislike for all boys.

Mother almost cried for she had built her hopes on this position, and from what Mrs. Taylor said there would be no chance at all with me, and she would not consider leaving me with others. Mrs. Taylor did some thinking then said, "Well you have the picture she wants anyway. Send that one I took last week of you and Jack and Harold and mark which one is your daughter". Mother replied, "What is the use. I would have to explain that Jack was a boy in a dress". "Just this, that it is easy for Jack to be a girl. You know that



strangers always take him for one. Perhaps you do not notice but I do that he has a lot of girlish ways from being so close to you and imitating you and your way of talking and acting. Besides he loves to be dressed as a girl, and I bet he would be glad to live as one to help you". I know he would want to help, but this is not just dressing up. He would have to be a girl every minute, perhaps for years if conditions do not pick up so I can move back here". "How do you know that wouldn't suit him. Harold tells me he wishes sometimes that he was a real girl so he could do everything they do, and I am sure Jack feels that way too. Call him in and see".

So they called me in. Mother explained it to me, and said that she did not want me to say yes just to help her, as it would influence my whole life, and if I lived as a girl for years it would be very hard to change to a natural boy again. I said of course I liked being a boy, but played a lot with girls and liked them too and their ways, someways better than boys, that I loved being dressed, would be glad to wear skirts all the time. Then I said, "Mother it is the funniest thing, but ever since Mrs. Taylor dressed me in that white dress of Harolds I have felt that dresses are my proper clothes. When I look at the pants and shirt that I take off they seem to belong to someone that I know but not me. Maybe it is like you read about I was intended to be a girl but got the wrong body". "No I wouldn't say that, but you do make a natural looking girl. But there are dozens of little things that you do not know about how girls act and this Miss Elliott would be sure to notice something and wonder". "We can fix that too," Mrs. Taylor said. "Take him to my cottage at the lake as soon as school is out for the long holidays. Stay a month. You can explain that you have to get your furniture stored and the house rented before you can come to Miss Elliott. You know from last year that there are a lot of girls around there. He can live with them as a girl, swim with them and go to their parties and soon pick up enough to pass perfectly, we will both be there to teach him too".

So the great decision was made. Mother wrote Miss Elliott that she could not come till late August,

and got a reply that it was perfectly all right as she would be away visiting most of that time. My new name was soon settled. Father's people had come from Scotland and his mother was Jean. Then too, Jean was Jack in French. So Jean I became and by the end of the month all of us had forgotten I was ever Jack. Today I have to think back to remember it.

I had a lovely holiday at the lake, made close friends with two girls my age, went to everything, learned to pass things at afternoon gatherings the ladies had. I constantly watched the girls ways till even mother agreed that I acted as though I had been born a girl. The only thing she was afraid of was that I felt myself so much a girl I might become careless and give myself away. So she constantly impressed on me to be careful dressing or undressing when we went swimming.

We moved to Miss Elliotts just before school started. I liked her very much at once, and she told mother that I was quiet and had very good manners. We had our own apartment with two bedrooms and sitting room and bath, there was no danger of catching me undressed. Mother's work was easy for there was a woman to do all cleaning and the heavier work. Afternoons she typed out what Miss Elliott had written that morning or the evening before. I was allowed the run of the study and to read any of the hundreds of books as long as I kept quiet. It was a wonderful help to my education. Many of course were too old for me but she never made fun of my comments. She at times reviewed childrens books, and got the habit of having me read them to get a child's viewpoint. I got to love her dearly and she told mother that is she had ever married she would have wanted a daughter just like me. She had explained her dislike of boys about as Mrs. Taylor had told mother.

There was some difficulty getting me into my new school. I had my report from my former one and of course I was Jack on it. Luckily it was written so mother had no trouble erasing it and putting Jean. Then too, there was a typed letter from the principal.



But mothers typewriter had the same style of letters, so she erased the "Jacks" and the "he's" quite well and the changes passed O.K. I liked my new school made nice girl friends, went to their homes, and was allowed to bring them home. I never had the least regret about my change of gender.

But when I was twelve I worried mother again. I had come home and reported something that we girls thought was very funny. One older boy when he started to answer a question would perhaps start with a high almost squeaky voice then in the middle of a sentence it would go deeper then perhaps change back to a squeak. I could not understand why mother seemed upset till she explained that nearly all boys voices changed at about that age, some not much, some a lot. So I asked would mine get funny too like that boys, and she said there was sure to be some change perhaps not that much, but Mill Elliott would be sure to notice it unless we happened to be away on a long holiday, and there was not much chance of that at the right time. So I was worried too.

But even that worked out. Every summer we had gone to Mrs. Taylors cottage for a couple of weeks. This year Miss Elliott had decided to go to Europe for July, and Mrs. Taylor was taking Harold for a long visit to relatives in California that he had never seen and then down into Mexico. So it was decided to close up the house and we would stay in the cottage for at least all of July. I got right back in with my old girl friends, and now was old enough to dance with boys at parties, so looked forward to a wonderful time.

The beach was restricted but still there was trouble with drunken car loads driving through making a noise at nights and throwing out empty bottles and cans on the beach and into the water. There was a large flat rock a few yards away out in the water and about even with high water. We girls used to stand on it to watch others in swimming. One afternoon I was standing waiting for my special friend, Irene, to catch up with me so we could go in and dress I slipped off the edge. Some drunken fool had thrown a bottle at the rock and it smashed in the water. My thigh came

down on a jagged piece and I got a long nasty, but not deep cut. I stood up with blood running down my leg. Irene started to scream, but I told her to run for Dr. Carson a lady doctor a short way up the beach, and I streaked for the cottage and mother. She acted quickly, put an old quilt on a bed and cut all the bottom of my bathing suit off. By that time Dr. Carson arrived, she gave me a hypo to quiet me, then a local anesthetic to deaden the pain as she had to put some stitches in to keep the cut closed. Then she sat by the bed talking quietly to mother waiting for me to go to sleep. But the hypo just made me drowsy and I laid there listening. I heard her say, "There are queer coincidences in life and this seems to be one of them.

Mother said, "What do you mean".

"Well I like to read dectective stories, women are not supposed to like them, but I do. I am odd anyway. The plot in one I was reading when Irene came running, was based on the murderer being a woman who was employed as man. Then I come here to sew up Jean a girl that I know quite well, and find a boy. Is he Jeans twin or what is the explanation?"

Mother said, "There is a reason but I suppose you think it is awful of me to bring Jean up as a girl".

"Perhaps not. You are a sensible woman, and likely have a good reason for it. Then I just told you I was odd, and I have ideas of my own". So mother explained the whole history.

Dr. Carson said, " I think you did the right thing. If Jean was a different sort of boy who hated dresses and was not adapted to a girl's life it would have been different. But she seems happy and contented, and it is not such an awful thing these days to be a girl like it was in grandmothers time. People still have a lot to learn about variations in the percentage of sex, but they are slowly learning that a man especially or a woman can be largely of the other sex. We doctors see a lot of that sort of thing. I have two men patients, good fathers and well known. They are as masculine as they make them but they completely are feminine at times and love to dress and act as women. I have seen both of them. There is nothing wrong at all, if they could not dress they would almost have a mental upset it is so important to them. I know men,



probably you do too, who are not making a go of it as men, but would do well at some woman's job and should be allowed to do it and to dress to suit".

Mother said, "Yes, I knew two girls who wanted to be mechanics and would have been good ones, better than many men. But it did not suit their parents, so they had to be clerks in a store. Both were unhappy. One married, was not suited for housekeeping at all and soon separated from her husband".

It was all very interesting to me and I kept still and took it all in. Then mother brought up her trouble. "What worries me is that Jean has got to the age where her voice will change. If it gets deep Miss Elliott will be sure to notice, and we will be in trouble for sure then, for she hates boys".

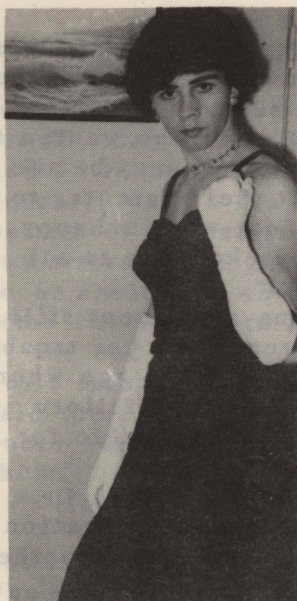
"Well something can be done for that too. Dr. Carson said, "You don't mean a sex change operation surely. I would never think of allowing that," mother asked.

Dr. Carson replied, "No, I don't believe in them except in cases where there is no doubt at all, but a course of hormone injections can be given. I have never given them for just that reason, but we give them right along to men for a number of troubles, and the kick the men have is that they become too feminine. One objection is that the mens breasts start to grow. I had to keep on with one man, and his breasts were as large and natural as his wives.

"That woke me in a rush. I said, "Dr. Carson if you gave me injections would my breasts grow just like a girl my age and keep growing too?"

"Yes, Jean, they would, especially if you are somewhat feminine there to start with, and many boys are. Let me take a look". She did so then said, "You are too young yet but I would say what you have shows promise. There are other signs too. Your bones are small, your wrists are smaller than most boys and hands slender. I bet you have trouble throwing a ball like a boy too". "I do", I said, "that's why I am no good at baseball. I have to toss a ball like a girl. It hurts my shoulder to throw like a boy".

"Well it will take months of course, but I would say that if Jean is started on a course of estrogen injections, about once every two weeks, her voice would



RUTH



JEANNETTE & VIRGINIA  
at a FPE meeting



BEVERLY (32-S-13) FPE



change very little if, any, and her breasts would certainly grow, and she would get a girl's figure in other ways too. Of course it has to be kept up for a long time".

"Oh mother please you will let Dr. Carson do it won't you, PLEASE? I want real breasts more than anything, and I wouldn't have to worry a bit at school then".

"It certainly appeals to me Dr., mother replied, but suppose something happened and it became necessary for Jean to change back to a boy, what then; could she do it?"

"Yes, that is just why I object to sex operations which are final whether they turn out all right or not. By stopping female injections and starting male ones it would reverse. Of course breasts and some minor changes might remain but nothing important, Dr. Carson explained".

"Then I feel it should be done, mother said, but we have no doctor to do it. We are too far away from our old doctor, and he might not want to do it anyway. He is rather old fashioned. We had a doctor when Jean had the flu last winter, but we did not care for him. I hate to go to a strange doctor for some thing so intimate and secret as this".

"I am interested in Jean, and besides that, I like what I have seen of her here, and want to do anything I can to help her make a go of it as a girl. I am out of your part of the city, and it means more travelling to get to my office, but I would be glad to take on such an interesting case, and because it is interesting to me, I would charge just for the hormones", the Dr. offered.

So it was settled. She gave me my first injection that next week end when she brought out what was needed, and two more before we left the cottage. In the city I went every two weeks to her office. She kept that up for six months, then I went once a month. It was simply wonderful. My voice hardly changed at all just became a rather deep contralto, and my breasts grew beautifully. Today I have lovely firm ones just B cup size. Do I ever love them. My body did not change much, just a little extra fat where it is needed. I have to get an injection at times yet,

just to remain feminine. But I surely bless that fall off the rock and I could almost forgive the fool who threw the bottle except for the thought that it might have been a real girl who might have been cut far worse.

The injections helped too when hair started to grow on my face. It came in fine and soft. Of course mother could not afford much for electrolysis but I could get a treatment at times. Between them she used hair removers and they seemed to discourage the growth. So with a shave every morning there was nothing to be seen. When I started to earn money myself I got all that hair removed. Probably as a result of the injections there was none on my chest and almost none on my arms and legs.

Every previous year I had gone to Mrs. Taylor's for a visit during the summer holidays. Of course, I had to dodge the old chums who might have remembered me as a boy. But I looked forward to getting back to the old town, and missed the visit very much that year with Harold away. I got almost homesick to see them and the old home. So I asked Mother if she thought there would be any chance of Miss Elliott allowing me to have Harold, as a girl of course, for a few days at Christmas. He would be Margaret, the name he had adopted, all during his stay. There was no chance of passing him off as a girl to Miss Elliott as she knew that my dear friend was a boy and I had told her about him dressing up. Mother was doubtful but said, "Miss Elliott certainly likes you very much. If you explain how much you miss your dear friend, and that he would be a perfect acting girl all the time he was here, you might get permission". Harold had sent me a lot of colored pictures taken on the long trip, and as he had gone as a girl, some of the ones taken in California with other girls were simply perfect. He was beautiful. So one morning I showed some of them to Miss Elliott pointing out Harold and telling her that he went as Margaret for the whole trip as he liked dresses and being a girl so much.

She said, "He is so pretty and natural he should be a girl".

Then I got up courage and said, "Miss Elliott I



miss my dear friend and my visit home very much. Would you let me have him for a few days in the holidays if he comes as Margaret. I know you do not like boys, but I am sure you will think she is just as nice as a real girl".

"Jean, I think that would be a nice Christmas present for you. How about it?"

I said, "I would love that more than anything else I can think of".

"Well then, write to Margaret that I will be very pleased to have her come and stay as long as possible. I suppose she would not want to leave her mother for Christmas day, but she could come after".

So I went back to Mother almost walking on air, and wrote Harold at once telling him to bring his prettiest dresses too. He wrote back that he could come a couple of days after Christmas and stay after the New Year as the school heating had broken down and school would start a week late on account of it. Was I ever happy.

I thought I would have a surprise for him when he came. One day I heard Miss Elliott and mother talking about presents. She told mother that she had some lovely old earrings that she had made into more modern ones, and thought of giving them to me if I liked wearing them, but I would have to have my ears pierced and what did mother think about it. Mother said that I was crazy about earrings and kept asking how soon I would be old enough for her to allow me to wear them, so there was no question but that I would be thrilled to get them. I decided to surprise them as they talked about how long it would take for my ears to heal up, and too bad I could not wear them for Christmas. I knew a nurse who pierced ears so I went to her and explained. She pierced my ears and put in little plastic tubes that hardly showed at all. All I had to do was change my hair style a bit to cover all my ears. So Christmas morning after I had opened my presents and thanked Miss Elliott for the loveliest earrings I had ever seen, I slipped into my bedroom and put on a long pair. They did not notice for some time till I started swinging them. Were they surprised. I had to explain that I had heard them talking and wanted to be ready for Christmas. I was

so happy I kissed Miss Elliott and she seemed to love my doing it.

So when I went to meet the bus I was all ready to surprise Margaret with my beautiful long pendants. But when she got off the bus in a beautiful tweed coat with deep fur collar and fur hat to match, she also had dangling earring as long as mine. She explained that in California all the cousins wore them, even the boys who loved to dress as much as she did, and were among the pretty girls in the picture, so her mother had had her ears pierced then.

Although Miss Elliott had been so nice about inviting Margaret I was a bit shaky when I took her in to introduce her. But I did not have to worry, they got along fine from the first. Miss Elliott asked her a lot of questions about her trip and how she managed to be a girl for the whole time. A few days later she explained her special interest in that.

She had a large fireplace in her living room and we often had a wood fire in it on cold evenings. We would sit around it talking quietly or just watching the fire burn and coals drop. She started to tell Margaret that something during her trip in the summer had interested her in boys like her. Of course she said she had read historical cases of men who have lived as women, and there were often cases reported now of boys or men who had been discovered by some accident when living as girls. But when in New York she had been invited to stay with the daughter of an old friend while she was waiting for her boat. One afternoon they were going shopping. Waiting for her friend to get ready she happened to pick up a small magazine called Transvestia that she had never seen before. Glancing through it she was surprised to find it was written for and about men who loved to dress as women. She became very interested in the explanations for the love of feminine things and some of the letters from Transvestites, which she explained such persons were called. When her friend came down and saw what she was reading she gave her a rather peculiar look but said nothing. That evening she looked for the magazine again to finish what she had been



reading.

She mentioned to her friend that it was something new to her, and wondered if she had any other issues of it as there were things she wanted to know more about, now that she had read that one. The lady rather hesitated then said, "I know you can keep a secret, so I might as well explain how we happen to have it. My husband loves to dress as a woman at times and it means so much to him that I do all I can to help him. I suppose you like most people think there must be something very odd about him".

I told her that I had never heard about it before but now I would like to know more about it. When I run across something new, I always like to find out all about it.

"Well I can tell you this. Any girl who gets a husband like mine is very lucky," this woman told me. "You know enough about men to know that we puzzle them with some of our ideas especially about clothes. Mine has enough of a feminine mind to understand, and we can talk things over and he understands my view-point". I asked her how he got to liking dresses and if his mother had dressed him as a girl.

"No not very long. He was about four when he got his first pants. He says he is convinced he was born with a love for feminine things and ways. His mother had a wonderful figure, and from a small boy he used to wish he could have a tiny waist too when he grew up. Of course he had the idea that as a man he could not, until when he was twelve he read in a magazine that thousands of men wore corsets, and womens corsets too, and in older times used to tight-lace. So he asked his mother about it and she liked the idea and had him carefully fitted. He has worn corsets ever since. His waist is just twenty three inches, the same as mine, and I am proud of his figure as he is". I asked her if she had known all about him before she was married.

"Yes. Every woman should know all about her intended, to save them from misunderstandings after. What really started my serious interest in him was his slender waist. I was rooming with a girl friend at the time. She was going to a play and suggested that I go

on a double date with her cousin whom I had never seen. I did and liked him from the start. I loved his erect way of standing and his waist, and wondered how he got it. That summer we knew we were in love and meant for each other. Sitting together in the park, I slipped my arm around his waist, and asked him how long he had worn corsets. He explained all about it, and that he loved the support and feeling of them. I said I did too, and that I loved his figure and there would be a serious row if he ever went without his corset. Soon after he told me that there were other things I should know, and explained that he loved to dress entirely as a girl at times, and if he was unable to dress for long periods it upset him badly. He said he had to know what I thought about it before we married. It seemed an odd idea to me and I told him I wanted time to think. Well I started to think that I often went around in pants and boys shirts and my oxfords were like his only not so clumsy. So if I wore everything boys wore why could boys not wear what I did. Then too, it struck me that if he was that much feminine he could understand me better too. But I told him that I wanted to see him dressed so I could get used to the idea, and to come to our apartment with his things and dress there. He about had a fit thinking what his cousin would say. I told him she had plenty of sense and I would explain before hand. So he came over one evening and we put him in the bedroom to change. He said getting nerve enough to come out for the two of us to look him over was about the hardest thing he had ever had to do. But his dress was lovely and fitted perfectly. New slippers, and a becoming necklace, and what gave me the greatest surprise was long earrings. Here we had been going together so long and I had never noticed his ears were pierced. But his wig was rough and what make-up he had tried to put on all wrong. So we took him in hand combed and parted the wig and put some ornamental pins in it. Then fixed up his face. Were we ever surprised! He was lovely. We told him we were jealous because he looked better than we did, and it was almost true. His cousin had a camera so took a lot of pictures, then as it was dark, we all went for a walk, the first time he had ever ventured out. He soon got



over being nervous, and we ended up in a little lunch-room getting something to eat. He often came over after that and we would sit and talk just like three girls together. Now he often dresses evenings and sometimes the whole week end or holiday. Both our children are old enough to understand and know enough to say nothing to outsiders. So there is the explanation for that magazine being here. Through it we have met half a dozen other couples like us and at times we are able to get together".

"So" Miss Elliott said, "that explains my interest in you Margaret and why I love to hear you tell about your trip and your dresses. I hope now you have started, you will come to visit us often".

Margaret stayed with us all the next week. Of course I was at school so Miss Elliott and mother took her all over shopping and to places she wanted to see. The next year we persuaded Miss Elliott to go to the Taylor cottage with us, and she enjoyed it as much as we younger ones did, even admitted that some of the boys had nice manners. She is convinced now that every boy should be dressed as a girl till at least school age so he would learn to be quiet and well behaved, and that there would be much less juvenile delinquency if the fashion became common. I believe there is a lot to her idea too.

There is not much more to my story. With all the reading I did and loved to do in the study, I did extra well in all literary subjects at school. When I finished, I took over some of the work from mother. Miss Elliott was then over sixty and wanted to ease off some. So, as I was well acquainted with her style of writing, she would give me the ideas for her articles and I would put it in almost her words. I gradually worked into other magazine and newspaper work especially in the womens sections. So my life work is settled.

Mother worries at times about a matter that rather makes me laugh. Of course I have many girl friends some very close ones. So she is afraid that Jack may still come back to life and take over so much that I

will fall in love with one of them, and what then? I tell her there is no danger. I still have to keep on with infrequent hormone injections. My opinion is that they have made me so feminine that there is almost no chance of the old male side of my mind or even body taking over. Even if it did, public opinion is gradually changing and old prejudices dying out, though not fast enough. So it might even happen in my lifetime that husbands in skirts would not be a curiosity.

In conclusion I can truly say that I have never for a moment regretted my decisions to live a girl's life.

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"Just as I thought... your underwear isn't regulation!"





## CHER CHEZ LA FEMME

by Fran (49-C-1 FPE)

It began when I was given the job of providing entertainment for the annual dinner dance of a civic club that I belong to. The committee wanted something different that would be especially pleasant to the wives so I gave it some serious thought. Then the wheels started to turn and I suggested a Fashion Show. The committee was not sure until I explained that I intended to use male models and dress them all as women. They thought that this would be great fun since the auxillary sponsters the largest fashion show in the state every fall.

My first job was to get some men who would be willing to do what I asked of them and I was not sure that I could find the volunteers necessary for the production. To my surprise there were plenty of models around, in fact six of the first eight men that I asked said yes. When I explained that it wouldn't be easy because we were going to be as serious and as realistic as possible they went along with the idea. The rules were that each model had to dress completely including high heels, nylons, bra, slip and especially a fashionable dress, that fit.

Things really began to happen shortly after the first briefing and to my complete surprise the models were very excited about it all and their wives were really helpful. I received several phone calls wanting to know where to buy the things that were needed or did I think that this or that would look good. I had to explain to the wives that we were going to go all out and if any model did not look good he would be dropped. Many of the wives had their husband completely dressed several times during the evenings proceeding the first rehearsal and I did not hear of a complaint. In fact many of the models remarked how good it felt to be all dressed up like a woman and all of them were very

surprised to find that they looked good as women.

There were, of course, many problems that had to be worked out, but I had everyone's cooperation so it wasn't too difficult. One model's wife was a cosmetician and agreed to furnish all the make-up. Another model knew a hairdresser who agreed to furnish real human hair wigs and even style them for us. Then there were many trips to the Goodwill Store for odds and ends. I dropped several hints that were immediately picked up by the boys and followed.

We rehearsed all afternoon before the show and the models were all walking very well in their heels and looked very good even without make-up. The script was excellently written for us by an advertizing manager from a large department store and the "girls" were all ready for the show. At this point I could not help but wonder what the audience's reaction would be. I knew that they expected a bunch of boney-kneed, hairy-legged men and what they were about to see was anything but that. Three of the models looked so good that they would have "passed almost anywhere and the other three were not bad at all

With everything ready, including a large feminine sigh, spot lights, and an orchestra for background music the show began. As the first model walked to the stage there was nothing but murmurs and gasps because "she" took them so completely by surprise with "her" feminine gestures and complete model-like appearance. Then the next model entered. The audience loved it so much that when the last model had left the stage there were several curtain calls. The men were now clapping and whistling while the ladies just sat there and gaped with awe at what seemed to be almost unbelievable. They just couldn't quite believe these six men were just plain guys dressed as women.

The show was over, but the people who saw it are still talking about it and we have received several offers to repeat the show for other groups around the city. This group of people learned that boys can be "girls" and I learned many things too. Some of which I



believe worth mentioning. As a very active TV I could not be in this show, because I go out a great deal and wanted to maintain my privacy for the future. I did admit to many who asked where I had obtained all the ideas about dressing as a woman, that it was sort of a hobby of mine and I had done it before in the service. Most of the people that I told accepted my answers though a few gave me suspicious looks, but that didn't bother me at all. If they ask more then I will tell them more.

Perhaps the biggest lesson I learned was that concerning guilt. By taking a good cross section of well adjusted men, all married and all professional men I conducted my own little experiment on latent TVism. The results are something like this. All of the models took the challenge, three or four really loved every minute of it. Only one had dressed in public as a woman before and he is very proud of his feminine appearance when dressed. None of the models had any guilt about wearing women's clothes because they had no previous worries about it and because of the audience's acceptance.

When I speak of non-guilt I mean going about your business of dressing up as a woman and not caring what other people think. Some examples were presented quite clearly to me. Three of these men went to several different shoe stores and tried on high heels. They simply asked if there were any pumps in stock that would fit them. They tried them on and walked around until they found some that fitted. Another model went to a department store and asked the saleslady to help him find a bra and girdle to fit him. One model went into a store and asked for help in finding nylons that would look good on him. I never heard a excuse from any one of them. There was no "buying for my wife or girlfriend excused given, only " I need this and can you help me". I gained a great deal of insight regarding guilt from this experience and I will never forget it.

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## THOUGHTS REGARDING TV

by Teddie (5-P-4)

The discovery of Transvestia and the Femme mirror must of neccessity be one of the highlights of any TV's life since it is through these media that he learns more of his/her problems. Nevertheless, he/she may become confused and perplexed as a result of reading these publications since it my be difficult to identify himself with other TV's who appear to have facets to their TV existance which the reader may not have.

The purpose of this article is to assist the new reader of these publications to make a proper evaluation, so that a source of comfort and information will continue to be available to him/her and to others.

My first impression on reading my first copy of Transvestia was to forget this publication and to retire to the solitary world of TVism that I had created for myself over the years. As many of you have done, I had read the magazine, evaluated it, and felt it fell short of my needs since I could not identify myself with the TV personalities revealed in various articles whose activities were more active, daring and aggressive than my own.

However, I continued reading the publications, had a fairly long discussion with Virginia, submitted myself to subjective evaluation of myself and as a result modified my original impression. It would appear to me that each TV is unique in that education, family status, economic condition, physical characteristics, opportunity for TVism are not the same at all. However we have one common bond that locks us all together and that is the compulsive desire to dress, look and act feminine.

The newer reader of Transvestia or the Femme-Mirror may be confronted with an article written by someone who is 5'4" tall, slightly built, and who



lives as a girl 24 hours a day. He may even be envious, but after all he is 6'3" tall and built like a bricklayer. He somehow can't associate himself with this individual

He continues reading and learns of another TV who wears feminine apparel under his ordinary street clothes and shudders since he has a great fear of revealing himself, or he may feel that one either dresses all the way either as a man or woman and outwardly at least should be either a man or a woman. Again he finds it difficult to identify with this person.

He then reads of another of the sorority who has gone shopping in the "outer world" in feminine garb and makes the intelligent observation that he cannot do this for reasons of fear and knowledge that he could not for many reasons be successful in such a sortie.

He continues to read and finds that in TV #---- is having electrolysis to remove the hairs, hormones too change to a more feminine appearance, plucked eyebrows, growing long hair, piercing ears, and completely shaved legs etc., and withdraws from these since he knows he must make a living, may have a family that does not understand or know of his TVism, and because his activities are in a masculine sphere would not dare alter his appearance to this extreme--even though he might wish to do so. He also does not want to reveal himself to others and these actions would do so.

He reads further and learns that there are meetings of TVs at which non-TV's may be present, and he does not wish to reveal himself in this type of situation. He reads of others who sleep in nighties, use perfume, practice walking and talking and says this is not for me.

And when he evaluates them all he may come to the conclusion that these people are not like himself, and he plans to withdraw to his solitary TV confinement.

These at least were some of the thoughts that oc-

cured to me and it took lengthy subjective evaluation of myself to reach what I feel is a more intelligent attitude toward the periodicals and TVism.

The fact remains that we all have this compulsive desire to dress, look and act feminine. However, we pass through various stages as we progress along. There are many stages but for purposes of illustration I will only show them as three in number.

In the initial stage a TV may utilize only one item of feminine apparel and then proceed through other stages until a full wardrobe is available. The use of make-up may be added at any time during this period. This solitary activity may be as far as he progresses in TVism. His opportunities for dress are infrequent and secretive.

From this stage the Femmeperson will attempt to create a more realistic effect of a truly feminine person by use of padding, and other camouflage. She may attempt to adopt the mannerisms as well as dress of the feminine person. However, this is still mostly solitary though possibly one or two other persons may know of it.

In the final, or advanced stage, the TV makes contact with others like himself, communicates and meets with them, and may possibly make a sortie out into society as a femmeperson.

What we have to keep in mind is that there is a great deal of overlapping of the various stages and that most TV's never get to the final stage. They reach a sort of "arrested" development somewhere along the line.

Since the Femmepersons in the last stages are more vociferous than the rest of us, we should avoid the conclusion that unless you have reached this stage that you are different than the others. Somewhere along the line there are others almost like you.

If you will bear this in mind and give support to these publications so that this means of expression and



thought can be available to all who are with us in their feelings, everyone will benefit. It may be important to know where you are going as well as where you have been in this area of your life.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Teddie makes some very good points in the above, and I am glad that someone else says them besides myself. I have mentioned this before in some of my editorials and it is important to emphasize again. There is too much tendency to think one has to pass some sort of test of social acceptance or something. This is not so. Some have it and some don't and some can do it and some can't and there is no reason for everyone to aspire to the accomplishments of the few. The main thing that I have always urged is to arrive first at self acceptance, then find your niche in the order of things. Enjoy what you can and don't be envious of what you can't have, be or do. Life is a balance and accepting of one's limitations personal, social or domestic is part of achieving this balance. Recognition of the femmeself within you is the important thing. What she does is of much less importance. Your masculine life can be fuller and easier for recognizing her, but it need not be spoiled by catering to her.....

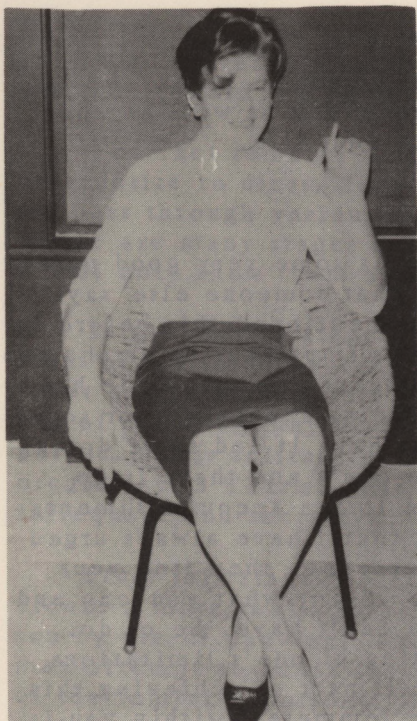
....VIRGINIA.

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#### NURSERY RHYMES FOR TV'S

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
His ma caught him dressed like his sister!  
"For punishment, you stay  
Dressed that way till May!"  
So Jack jumped up and gratefully kissed her.

Tecla 38-M-2



GERALDINE (49-K-3) FPE



DARLENE (9-C-1)



WHAT'S COOKING? by JUDITH (55-B-1) FPE



DOROTHY\_\_  
Canada



## A REAL NAME

by Winfie (5-B-1)

J. C. was his name. His father had wanted a boy who would carry on his name; so he called him J. C. because his own name was John Charles. To J. C., this meant "nameless". He would have liked to have been called Marion. That name, for some reason, seemed to come easily to him. Sitting at his desk doing his homework he sometimes fell to doodling, and he would "come to" and find he had written the name "Marion". He could not tell why.

His dad certainly wanted to carry on his name. He would have liked to have had a family of boys-a baseball team of his own-but J.C. was the only child. He could play most games; he was well co-ordinated, but the main reason was the constant coaching and urging that his father put forth to make him an "All American" or something.

His mother was a petite, rather pretty woman, who never spoke out to her rather domineering spouse. She too was proud of J. C. but she certainly hated that appellation. One was enough in the family. When J. C. was born, yes, even before, she had suggested several boys' and several girls' names but the father did not even consider the possibility of having a daughter. He was the only boy in his family and by George, he would have a son to carry on his name.

Fortunately for him, he did get a son. What would he have done had he had a girl? No doubt after the first harsh realization that she wasn't a boy, he would have brought her up as one anyway. So he was making a man out of J. C. to follow in his footsteps.

In her secret thoughts his mother longed for a little girl. She loved J. C. but felt sorry for him too as she knew that he was not really the "tough" boy his dad thought he was. She had come upon him sketching and on occasions had been happily gratified when he made some comment on the dress she happened to be wearing.

J. C. did not spend much time with girls but worked hard at sports as his dad wished.

One year, when he was about twelve, his mother told him that, during the summer vacation, a brother of hers and his wife and daughter would be visiting them. J. C. did not take much interest in what his mother was saying but suddenly perked up when she said that the daughter was about his age. Like J. C., she was an only child. "Does she like games?" he wanted to know. "I have no idea," his mother replied but adding that when last she saw her brother, Marian was only five; "pretty as a picture and always dressed so neatly." J. C. gave no further thought to the forthcoming visit. He carried on at school and played games with the other boys.

Finally school was out and the visit was in the offing. The day came when his dad asked if he would like to go with his mother and him to meet the relatives at the station. J. C. didn't mind going and so they drove down to the depot. After a short wait, the train came in and then his mother was hugging her brother, then her sister-in-law and then Marian. The next thing J. C. knew he was being embraced by his aunt and had his hand pumped vigorously by his uncle, but he was rather unnerved when his cousin spoke to him and brushed his cheek with her lips!

In a kind of daze he piled into the car and found himself sitting in the front with his dad driving and Marian between him and his dad. A faint perfume touched his senses and he found it very much to his liking. Marian said little but now and then would turn to him with a warm smile. J. C. Senior maintained a rather one-sided, rather grandiloquent conversation.

When they got home, J. C.'s mother suggested that he help carry the bags upstairs. The house was spacious and Marian would have a small room to herself. After taking up his aunt's and uncle's bags, he took two attractive-looking suitcases up to Marian's room. He showed her the way. J. C. had never bothered very much about the upper part of his home and was rather surprised to find her room very daintily and



femininely furnished. Marian exclaimed when he opened the door. J. C. put the suitcases down. Marian took one, swung it on to the bed and opened it. J. C.'s eyes popped a little when some dainty and filmy garments spilled out. His cousin felt among the filmy mass and brought out a small parcel. "Here J. C." she said. "I brought you a present."

Surprised, but happy at the thought that his cousin had thought of him, he opened the parcel and drew forth a small transistor radio. Nothing could have pleased him more and, impulsively he moved towards Marian and kissed her full on the lips. Abashed, he drew back and stammered something about being so pleased that he forgot himself. Marian smiled and then to his surprise but unexpected pleasure, returned his kiss.

In his excitement, he dropped the radio, moved to catch it, only to see it disappear into the soft mass of feminine clothing. Again embarrassed, he drew back and blushed. Whether his cousin noticed this or not, he did not know but she felt in the suitcase and drew out the radio but apparently failed to notice that a wisp of a garment was clinging to the radio. It dropped and fell onto the carpet, opening gracefully as it did so to reveal a dainty pair of pale blue lace edged panties.

J. C. had seen some of his mother's more intimate garments on the line after washing, but had never seen anything like this or if he had he had somehow forgotten. He flushed more deeply, turned and dashed from the room almost tumbling down the stairs as he reached them.

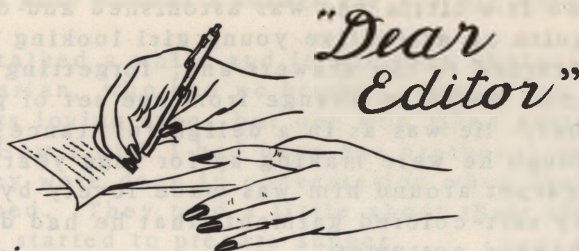
He made his way to his own room, ignoring in his pleasurable turmoil the remarks of his family. He flung himself on his bed and closed his eyes. At once the scene he had just left appeared vividly before his eyes. There lay the dainty underwear. For some unaccountable reason, a tingle went through him. He opened his eyes, then shut them tightly again to see if the entrancing picture would reappear. This time he saw Marian's pretty face and she was smiling at him. For a moment he thought she was really there then she

turned and vanished and as she turned with a twirl, he caught a glimpse of lacy underwear. His heart gave a leap.

His reverie was broken by the sound of his mother's voice calling him for supper. Throughout the meal he was aware of no one but Marian at whom he surreptitiously glanced from time to time. He felt strange though. He knew that he already liked her and at the same time he felt in some peculiar way as though he were her. He could not make this out. He could not know that his mother had longed for a daughter; she had never mentioned this but he did recall how she often took him when she went shopping for new clothes and always, before she left, she would make her way through the girls' department. J. C. would tag along though at first he had felt embarrassed but soon came to accept this as something his mother had to do since he loved her, he went along with it. Now he recalled how she would fondle the pretty girls' things and then J. C. knew that he had seen pretty panties before there in the shops.

He also remembered now that on occasions his mother had called him Shelley and then passed it off as best she could. It suddenly was clear to J. C. that his mother missed very much having a daughter. Then he remembered something that he must have forgotten. One day he had been in his mother's room looking for some money; his mother had said he could have some for a show. But he could not find her purse so had begun to look for it. After looking around the room and in one or two drawers, he had opened a closet door and found himself face to face with a mannikin--a girl mannikin--pretty and arrayed in lovely clothes. Hanging in the closet were all kinds of dainty apparel. The closet also contained drawers and had he opened them he would have found them filled with pretty underwear. At the time it had not occurred to him why the mannikin was there and he had never asked his mother, but now it all seemed clear. Moreover, for some reason he felt sorry for his mother and also, in some strange way, he felt with and for her. He thought of the times she had insisted on taking photos of him and how she had always remarked that he was very good-looking and had nice hair. Boys at school sometimes kidded him about the wave in it.





Dear Virginia:

Thank you for your letter together with the issue of Transvestia. I would love to write an article about my life as a TV including the arrest, etc. Thank you for asking me to contribute my experiences so that other TV's can share. Sorry that I was not able to have this ready for an earlier issue as you had asked, however I do hope that you will use it in subsequent issues. Please correct my grammer mistakes.

My unmarried years from 1950 to 1956 were very active years as a TV. Practically every evening after I came home from work I would immediately begin wearing my feminine attire. After preparing supper and doing the dishes I would go out for a stroll or go shopping via bus or in my car. I was always accepted graciously by saleswomen. Somehow I always felt that other women wanted me to remain their equal forever. (Believe me I will always remain a woman in soul and spirit even though I am not able at this time to appear publicly as a woman.)

While trying on dresses one evening in a local department store the salesgirl asked me whether she could assist me. I told her that I thought I could manage myself, but did ask her to bring in enough dresses to try on to make a suitable selection. Dress after dress was handed me. I must have tried on nearly 12 dresses before deciding on two rayon print daytime dresses. Actually the salesgirl gave me several compliments. She thought I had a lovely figure (36-28-36) tall (5' 9") slender (140 lbs.). I will never forget the compliment she gave my hair (A newly styled hair piece purchased from New York). In fact she plainly said "I envy you". I was in seventh heaven knowing that another woman wished to be like me.

ruffled it a little and was astonished and delighted to see quite an attractive young girl looking back at him. He returned to the drawers and, forgetting all thought of time, began to change from one set of garments to another. He was as in a delightful trance; it seemed as though he were making up for long years of waiting. The carpet around him was made lovely by the various dainty soft-colored garments that he had drapped, as he changed costumes.

Suddenly he was startled to hear the front door opened. Before he could collect himself his mother entered the room.

"What are you doing?" she gasped. All of her lovely girls' clothes lay everywhere. Then she understood. She came towards J. C. and put her arms around him and kissed him. No longer the well trained sport he broke into tears and hugged his mother. "Oh, Mom, what have I missed and what have you missed?" His mother stroked his hair. "You wanted a girl," J. C. went on and now I know that at times I have wanted to be one. Dad has tried to make a 'he-boy' out of me and now I am two people--his son and your daughter." His mother drew him to her and then led him to her bed. Both sat on it.

They made up all the time that had been lost as each told the other of their longings. Finally his mother said "J. C.-Shelley, you know you can still be your father's son and keep him proud of you and sometimes you can be my daughter and keep me happy," and they began to plan just how this might be accomplished. Later they lovingly put away the dainty garments which had remained all the while on the carpet. When they had put the room in order again, his mother said, "Now I won't need the mannikin anymore and you can wear any of her clothes that you wish." So from that day on J. C. had a real name, at least part of the time, and it was--Shelley.

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sisters and your mother's things are too big anyway."

They talked a while and it was soon obvious to J. C. that Marian, who had no brother, longed for one—not a sports loving type, but one who liked pretty things. "How I wish I had been her brother," thought J. C. They were deep in conversation when their parents returned. They told a little about their trip then the women started to prepare supper.

The next day Marian and her folks were to return home. Marian and J. C. promised to write and when they were alone she whispered that she would have some pictures of herself taken in her prettiest things and send them to him. J. C. wished that he could do the same, but of course had never worn pretty things so really could not tell. After his cousin and her parents left, things reverted to their normal course, but something seemed different. J. C. found himself going into his mother's room whenever he was alone. He usually stood just inside the door and seemed rooted to the floor.

Then came the day when his dad had occasion to go to a nearby town and his mother drove him to the depot and then planned to do some shopping. She would be gone for several hours. As soon as his parents had departed J. C. had a great and unaccountable urge to go to his mother's room again. He went up and this time entered it. Tentatively he approached the closet. He stood before the door and suddenly opened it and stood regarding the mannikin. Lingeringly he felt the pretty dress. His heart beat faster as he lifted the dress hem and touched the lace of the lovely slip. Feeling more daring and more excited he lifted both and saw that his mother had arrayed the mannikin in a pair of lovely filmy, dazzlingly white panties. Slowly he allowed the garments to fall into place and then, before he could think, pulled opened the drawers and feverishly began searching. He chose some lovely things and hurriedly and almost unconsciously doffed his own clothes and put on the dainty panties he had chosen. Then he knew what he had been anticipating—a wonderful feeling suffused him. Almost reverently he put on all the garments he had picked out. He moved across the room to a long mirror and, seeing that his hair was rather long and showing its wave he

Marian and J. C. got along well together. He had never seen any more of her pretty things except the outer garments she wore. Vaguely he felt disappointed.

One day his parents, aunt and uncle decided to take a fast trip to visit a manufacturing plant. They would be gone about two hours. Neither J. C. nor Marian were invited as it was felt that they would not be much interested. When the elders left, Marian was in her room and J. C. in his. He had a sudden wish for a drink and went to the kitchen to the refrigerator. While there it occurred to him that Marian might like a refreshing drink too. He poured one and carried it upstairs. He knocked on the door. The door opened and before him stood Marian in a sweet white kimono and pretty fluffy slippers. Instantly, and this J. C. could not understand, he felt as though he were in Marian's place, but quickly, he was himself again. The feeling, however, had been both astonishing and strangely delightful. There had not been any thought of sports; only the feeling of what the girlish garments might feel like.

Then he came to himself and offered the glass to Marian who had been regarding him curiously. Then she astonished him by saying, "J. C. (I don't like those initials), I suddenly felt that in some way you felt you were me. I also felt that you also liked girls' clothing."

"Oh no!" was his first reply, but then the realist in him made him say, "Yes perhaps I really did." As he said these words his mother came to his mind and he began to tell Marian about the mannikin.

"Wait," said Marian, "Let's go to the living room and talk." She turned a little as she said this and the swish opened the kimono to reveal dainty lacy briefs before the gown fell in place again.

This time J. C. felt really envious of his cousin and as they walked down the stairs he said, "Yes Marian, it is clear to me now I must always have wanted to feel the touch of girls' clothes but I never have.

"How could you?" asked Marian, "You have no



The number of shopping trips, beauty parlor man-  
icures and sleeping overnight at the Y.W.C.A. were  
many. So numerous that I will have to write about  
them at another time.

I do want to write about my arrest in February  
1956. While touching up my makeup in a local de-  
partment store one Wednesday evening, several young  
girls whose ages ranged from 8 to 13 walked by. I  
saw them in the mirror. They looked at me, whispered  
to each other "It's a man". This shocked me! Never  
before was my identity ever questioned. Thinking  
that these girls would just forget about it I politely  
walked away, minding my own business and consider-  
ing myself fortunate. After stopping at several coun-  
ters on my way out of the store I got into my car and  
headed for home.

The next evening I went downtown for a stroll. I  
went into the lobby of one of the larger hotels. After  
window shopping the lobby shops I was confronted by  
two plain clothes vice squad detectives who said they  
knew who I was and arrested me.

The facts leading up to the arrest as told to me  
by the detective bureau were that the girls that saw  
me in the department store the evening before follow-  
ed me to my car and reported my license number and  
description to the police. An alert was called at all  
of the hotels to be on the lookout for me.

I am still confused as to how these young girls  
came to the conclusion that I was a male. I had no  
guilt feelings of wearing female attire. I thought my  
mannerisms were feminine and in good taste. However  
they probably noticed my physical features were out  
of proportion. Large hands and feet. One of the de-  
tectives said that if it were not for my large hands  
and feet I would never be doubted as being anything  
but a woman.

The interrogation that followed the arrest together  
with the fun-making the police department made of me  
were aggravating and unfair. However, the judge was  
very considerate to my case. He said that he would

not fine me since this was my first offense but insisted I be put on probation for one year.

May I caution all of you girls that go outdoors to beware of young children (boys or girls) ages ranging from 8 to 12. They have very keen powers of observation.....

Sincerely,

Cecilia Kaplan

Dear Joyce and Virginia:

May I say thank you for your note and your efforts. The former was sweet and the latter magnificent.

I have been with you spiritually for years and mentally now for three days and hope that I may be of service in the lifetime ahead.

Your endeavors are heart warming and a simple thank you is insufficient gratitude for your unselfish devotion to the many who have needed you for so long.

In 1957 I made an attempt to achieve the goal which you have successfully undertaken. I lacked not in faith and compassion but in courage and I only hope that those to whom you have brought understanding and peace of mind and heart do fully appreciate the new life you have given them by exposing yourselves to the hazards of the completely uninformed public.

The success of most basically non-profit organizations depends almost wholly for its very existence upon the financial generosity of its members. I hope that everyone who has reached out for your hand and your heart will reach out once again, this time with a check, be it large or small, so that the light of our kind will burn for all eternity and give our "sisters" refuge from the storm

Deeply and Sincerely,

Bill.

NOTE: This is a plug for the Foundation not Chev. Pubs.



Dear Virginia:

Just a quick line to let you know what Transvestia has done for me.

A couple short months ago Lucienne discovered Transvestia in a Times Square Magazine Store. Until that time she had never known a single other TV or had experienced the pleasure of their company. Thru the magazine Susanna and Marie were met and while visiting their home Felicity and Lucy became friends. Likewise on a visit to Helen Lancaster's Vicki really impressed Lucienne with her very warm friendliness. Both Vicki and Susanna invited her to come to a TV party which was being given at a Night Club in Brooklyn. Lucienne was torn between the possibility of an evening out with the girls and fear of trouble. Talks with Vicki and Susanna helped dispell the fears, but the cincher was the confidence obtained as she saw herself in a beautiful electric blue dinner dress Helen had made and the gorgeous wig just purchased from Marie. As she saw herself in the mirror she knew Lucienne was a little plump, but a really passable lady. On the eventful evening she made her first public entrance to the presence of other TV's at Susanna's house and drove a group to the party. It was a thrill a minute all night. Can you imagine a dozen TV's all sitting together exchanging girlish pleasantries and experiences. Lucienne thoroughly enjoyed the evening especially the wonderful comments on her femininity and outfit. A professional female impersonator, an actress and lady singer all paid her compliments. While she realized that many imperfections existed, their encouragement added to her much needed confidence and pleasure.

About a month later while on a business trip to Canada, Lucienne found she was returning sooner than previously planned so the weekend would be free. That night as she sat in her hotel room lounging in a new pink baby doll nightie a decision was reached and a

quick phone call made reservations at Chevalier D'Eon for the weekend.

After flying into New York City early Friday evening Lucienne drove to Susanna's and Marie's house where they soon departed for camp. All the way to D'Eon she worried about her inadequate wardrobe and just how to act in camp. They all went to bed upon arrival and in the morning Lucienne was securely locked in a suitcase as her shy twin brother went downstairs for breakfast and Marie in her wonderfully warm direct friendly manner smiled and said, "Lucienne why aren't you dressed?" She just gulped and half mumbled something about wanting to be sure it was alright and was dressing after breakfast.

Once the meal was over Lucienne changed places with her brother for the rest of the stay.

The questions that must be in all TV's minds who have never been to camp most certainly must be, "what did you do?" How did you feel? Could you relax?

Well, mostly you are just your femmeself. The clothes vary and whatever you have is alright. You do anything you want as there is no planned activity. Lucienne just relaxed and enjoyed chatting about TV experiences with the other girls. There were two TV's wives and another woman present. The woman a former actress and presently employed as a business executive had been around TV's before and enjoyed their company. She actually spent several hours helping TV's perfect their feminine selves with suggestions and demonstrations of all sorts of normal womanly characteristics. She offered constructive criticism when asked for it and took many movies and snapshots for TV's with their own cameras.

Susanna and Frances put on a professional female impersonation show at the camp's auditorium which was open to the public, the TV's, their wives and friends sat together and enjoyed themselves. No one stared or seemed to pay any particular attention to them, so again it was just enjoyable relaxation. Joan, like Lucienne, was on her first camp visit. She had her wife along and



her name was Dorothy. She was a very beautiful and charming woman, but as you wives reading this article can imagine, she was really "shook". She had expected the worst possible on this visit and was visibly under a terrific strain the first day. She was fighting desperately to understand a TV husband about whose feminine nature she had only recently learned. The last thing Lucienne's brother did at the end of the weekend was to have a chat with her and found the visit most certainly didn't change the fact her husband was a TV and this presented her a problem, but the experience helped her to better understand him. She had talked to the four TV's present and found all to be married, professional men of outstanding character and success in their male life. They were sane, a little on the quiet reserved side and became entirely different persons as their feminine selves. As it happened all four were men whose education included considerable graduate school work. The former actress had made one very appropriate remark to her during the course of events. She said, "Dorothy you, should count your blessings. You have a very devoted husband who loves you and is very faithful. I have nothing. I divorced my husband 14 years ago, because he was no good. I was left with a daughter to raise on my own. I'll tell you this, you don't know how lucky you are to have a good husband. I have no-one".

Dorothy was very pleasantly surprised at the easy relaxed atmosphere at camp as there was absolutely nothing to cause worry or excitement, and in actuality every TV present went out of her way to make her feel comfortable. By the end of the day she was laughing at the funny experiences told by TV's and her own misfortune of the night before. She had accidentally locked herself in the bathroom and couldn't get the latch to work from the inside. Lucienne with a well padded feminine figure clad in a beautiful nightgown had opened the door and had dashed wildly away after releasing the latch, with "his" bald pate reflecting the light as she slipped out of sight down the hall. Dorothy had failed to recognize her without her wig.

The main house at the camp is very large and everyone has a private room. There was absolutely nothing or no occasion to embarrass anyone either TV or wife.

It was really a family atmosphere with everyone perfectly at home free to be themselves. When Sunday night came and Lucienne had to switch places with her brother again, it was hard to part with such pleasant company. She has enjoyed many happy hours since just reliving the wonderful memories of that weekend and most assuredly is returning soon for another visit. Who knows it may be she will meet you there and become your friend too.

Best regards,

Lucienne 30-L-2FPE

Dear Virginia:

Found these photos of a very lost young lady, in case you might be able to use one of them in the upcoming photographic issue.

The poor girl is really without any friends, home, loved ones, what-have-you. I'd get rid of her if I could, but she haunts me like a wraith. You might say she's attached to me.

But it isn't easy for me. When she's around she costs me nothing but money, and she constantly bothers me to buy her pretty things. She's untidy, compared to my wife, and I have to pick up after her whenever she gets dressed up to go anywhere. She's forever ripping nylons, and they don't grow on trees, you know. And I don't think she has a home, because she always wants to stay at our house. My wife hates her, and I can't invite her to stay when the better half is around. None of my friends have met her, because she takes careful pains not to show up unless none of them are in the vicinity.

The neighbors have seen her, but I'm sure they don't know who she is. They suspect, I presume, that she's just a girl who borrowed my car once or twice to go driving. She doesn't drive terribly well, by the way. Gets in heavy traffic and nervously sneaks a look in the car mirror every other second to see if she looks all right. What kind of a woman driver could



she be, except a bad one?

I think she has rather nice legs, although she doesn't take very good care of them, and she takes pride in her figure, although I know she laces herself to a point of self-destruction. When I first knew her she painted her face like a demimondaine, but she's grown more constructive of recent months. I think it was the salutary influence of meeting two real ladies, yourself and Gail, from New York.

But I don't know what to do with her, Virginia, really I don't. It's enough to make a man lose faith in himself. She's much happier gazing into a mirror at her own made-up face than she is looking at my sturdy masculine one. I must admit, I love to look at her face too, but that makes it rather one-sided affair. Maybe we're just not destined for each other. Just as well. I'm in love with my wife.

Affectionately

Linda's Lover

Dear Virginia:

You have asked for my story so, for what it may be, here it is. You have my permission to use it, or any part of it, as you see fit if you use only my fem-name, Marie.

I am a male, 38 years old, 5'2" tall in my stocking feet, and weigh 106 pounds. I am also a femme-personator.

I am the only male child born to my parents and have two sisters. One was two years older than myself and she died when she was 17 years old of cerebral hemorrhage. The other sister is three years younger than I.

My childhood was quite normal and I enjoyed all of the usual games and sports that all young boys do, such as cowboy and indians, tree climbing, hut-building, swimming in the old swimming hole, camping out,

sand lot baseball and football.

I have never been punished by being made to wear girls clothes, neither can I ever recall having worn them in make-believe play or for a costume party such as Halloween. (That is any Halloween party prior to 1952).

I spent 3 1/2 years in the United States Army, almost 2 of these were overseas in the New Guinea area and I progressed to a Tech. Sargent (one grade below a Master) so feel that I was masculine enough for anybody. Well that sums up my experience with Transvestism prior to 1952...None.

The beginning of F.P. for me began on Halloween of the year mentioned. My wife, Vivian, myself and another couple had decided that we would take our son and their son out for trick or treating and we would all go out in costume. Why in the world I ever chose to dress as a woman heaven only knows but that was what I wanted. My wife thought nothing wrong with my decision, but couldn't understand why I could not at least wear my own underclothing. "After all no one will see what you have on under your dress". I was insistant however and so she gave me a pair of her panties, a bra, garter belt, nylons, slip and a dress to wear for the evening. I had purchased a pair of cheap shoes with 3" heels (black) and a cheap black girls Halloween wig earlier in the day and this completed my wardrobe for my first FP experience.

I put on all of the mentioned clothes, including a pair of button earrings, bracelet, necklace and make up. I don't remember the dress I had on, not even its color. I don't recall the overall appearance very clearly, but I do recall that I felt wonderfully feminine. It was a pleasant and luxurious feeling. I also felt a little guilty at being dressed as a woman so I kept this wonderful feeling to myself. (A mistake I can tell you now).

When I came out of the bedroom, completely dressed, I was greeted by Bill & Sally, the couple that



were to accompany us for this evening. The odd thing is that I can't recall their costume or anyones costume except my own. They seemed not to notice my dress as anything but a costume for Halloween. No derogatory remarks were made and they treated me with the same friendliness as always. My wife could' not have treated me better. She told me when I was taking too long of steps, when I was swinging my arms too much she cautioned me, and was constantly telling me not to slouch but to stand up straight. All in all, with her aid, I believe I acted quite feminine.

Bill drove us first to my parents home and we all walked to the door. My mother answered our knock, but she didn't at first recognise me. She thought I was some girlfriend of Vivian's. After about 2 minutes Vivian asked, "Don't you really know who this is?" and then mother realized that the girlfriend she saw was in fact her son. Both my father and mother thought I looked alright dressed as a woman for Halloween and not much more was said of my masquarade. The same was repeated at my wifes parents home and also at the homes of a few close friends. This outing was supposed to be for the enjoyment of our your sons, but I must admit that I enjoyed it most of all. The tautly garted stockings, the slight pull of my bra, the new feeling of height in my high heels and the lightness of my dress was giving me a very feminine feeling.

Our last stop was at a friends home that my wife and I had known for years. Neither of them recognized me and would not believe that I was not a real girl. I myself told them who I was and thought that they would surly know my voice, but to them I talked and acted to much like a girl and they wouldn't have it otherwise. This really happened and we left, never convincing them of who I really was.

From here we went home and this is where my memory fails me because I do not remember if I changed back to my male clothes or remained in my dress for the rest of the evening. On this point my mind is a complete blank. Even though I really enjoyed myself I never again gave more than a passing thought to this night of femme-personating, and it was nearly

3 1/2 years before I again put on female clothes.

Thanks for listening,

Marie 14-K-2FPE

Dear Virginia:

Thank you for accepting me into the "family". It gave me a thrill to see my right name, Arlene, used in your femme-note. I used to try to get my wife to call me Arlene, but she wouldn't.

Soon after we married I began wearing my wife's clothes and she even encouraged me. She would say, "Let's go show Betty", our neice, and naturally I didn't object, in fact I was thrilled to death. It did not take many, "Let's go show Betty's" until we were three happy girls together and it seems to me as I look back that it was almost everyday. It's too bad it couldn't last but my sister in laws husband came home from the service and so did our neices husband and pretty soon something happened.

My sister in law and neice began asking my wife ugly embarrassing questions. My wife and I were shocked and surprised. We had never associated femininity in men with homosexuality. Altho my wife knew it wasn't true, she began to turn against my feminine ways. Then when George changed to Christine there were a lot of other ugly remarks from more men and women and that did it. If I don't wear dresses and skirts all the time she tolerates it. She can't see my nylons under my pants and she can't see my long leg panty girdle under my dresses and skirts or pants. So that is all right but bras? Lipstick? NO! She can't tolerate it. It's not what she says. She knows I'll wear what I want to when I want to but what fun is it? So you can understand the position I am in. It's not a happy situation. When I read Virginia's article in Sexology to her, she wouldn't even listen. She said she wasn't interested in men wearing dresses. Public opinion has a lot to do with her attitude and I'm surprised she has any respect for me



but she does and I believe she loves me.

Your sister,

Arlene

Dear Virginia:

My wife has just returned from work and recounted to me an incident involving one of her co-workers. It had to do with TVism and ended with the phrase, "There certainly are a lot of wierdies around". After fuming for what seemed like hours, I decided to dissect our social structure and make a few comments, most of which I'm sure have passed through the minds of every TV and FP. I expect nothing to come of this but I had to blow off this head of steam that has accumulated. Being an ex-sailor, I'm addicted to outbursts of profanity, but I'll try to control myself.

Why are we considered to be wierdies? Simply because we defy convention. Don't people realize that history was written by unconventional "werdies?" Today there are many groups that experience some sort of defiance, such as homosexuals and beatniks, etc., and yet they are accepted in spite of social condemnation. Why must we remain outsiders? To differ from the so-called normal person is a crime! To have habits not indulged in by the majority is a sin. Actually, I should not have used the word, majority, for I'm certain that if a truly honest poll could be taken, it would reveal that those people who live within the standards set up by society, would be most definitely in the minority.

If this be the case, if we deserve to be ridiculed by those who differ from us, those who seek to hide their own idiosyncrasies by making jest of others, then what of those poor souls who were born left handed, those who have large ears and noses and those born with club limbs? Are they to be ridiculed? Of course not. They were given these things at birth the same as we were given our unorthodox desires.

Who set up these standards? Those so-called nor-

mal people who condemn what they do not understand. As unconventional as I am, I consider myself to be a normal member of society, though at time I don't know why I should want to belong to such an oddball group. To this, I am sure there are those who would remark, "An unbalanced person considers himself to be more sane than anyone else". In some cases, this would be more fact than fiction.

In closing this letter, which might very well be titled "The Ravings of a Madman (Woman?)", let me express one last thought. To be normal is to be brave, for to be really normal is to be not as others, but as ourselves

Louise 5-L-7FPE

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#### NOTICE AND REQUEST FOR MANUSCRIPTS

One of the purposes of the FOUNDATION FOR PERSONALITY EXPRESSION is to collect information and statistics on matters pertaining to TVism, and the other is to disseminate it to the lay and professional public. I propose we do both of these simultaneously through an annual or semi-annual publication of the Foundation. This should be an intellectual and scientific type thing--no stories, pics, etc.--serious articles considering some aspect of Personality with reason, insight and in depth. It is in order for Transvestites or, as I prefer, Femme-Personators, to write about their subject if they try to do it as objectively as possible. Such a publication could make a real contribution to the study of human personality in its various manifestations.

I propose to publish this book for the Foundation and to turn over to its treasury half the receipts from its sale, the rest going to cover editorial and printing costs. Your contributions to and comments about this project are invited. Your Editor--Virginia.





## IN MEMORIAM

I've written many things in this magazine in the last 3 1/2 years, but this is the most difficult. I must tell you that a dear friend of yours and of mine has passed from among us. Joyce Stevens died Sunday July 27, 1963 of an accidental fall.

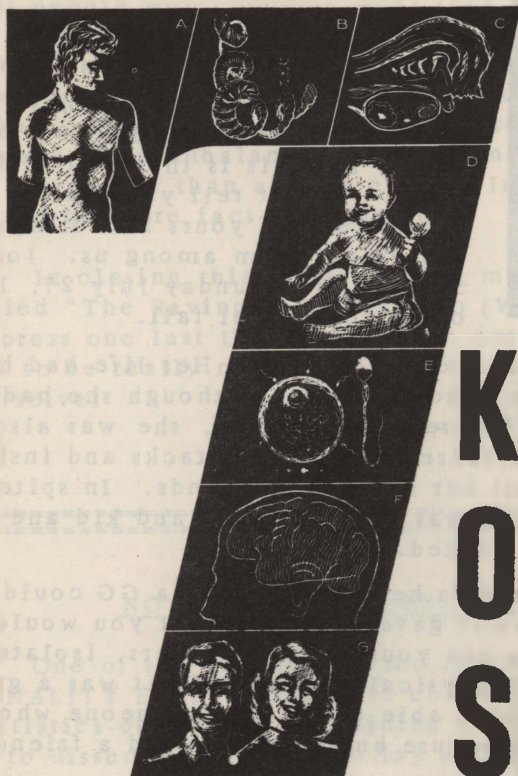
Fate had not been kind to Joyce. Her life had been filled with problems and tragedy. Although she had found happiness in her recent marriage, she was also very much hurt and depressed by the attacks and insinuations made against her by former friends. In spite of this, however, she was able to smile and kid and be a friend to any who asked.

Lots of you found in her a proof that a GG could understand a TV and it gave you hope that you would one day find such a one yourself. To others, isolated behind locked doors physical and mental, it was a great help and comfort to be able to write to someone who did not condemn or accuse but who extended a friendly hand and heart.

To me, she was for a long time a loyal right hand. Even when she retired from direct participation in Chevalier several months ago, she continued to extend her friendship to you and her considerable help to me in writing and organizing the FEMMEMIRROR from the letters and clippings you sent in and in typing manuscripts and other material. To say that you will miss her friendship and I will miss her help as well as her loyal support and friendship is a great misundestatement.

Joyce was a member of the Church of Religious Science and was not afraid of death. I feel that she at last has found peace away from the hurts, pressures and disappointments of this world. All you and I can say now is, "Thank You, Joyce, for your help and friendship."

Virginia



B. chromosomes; c. the female ovary and fallopian tubes; and e. ovum or egg at left and sperm cell at right.

# KINDS OF SEX

by Harry Benjamin, M.D.

**S**EX means different things to different people. It means one thing to a Kinsey, another thing to Brigitte Bardot and still another to the courtesan. The average citizen may not identify himself with any one of them, but he (or she) has his own concept of what sex means. The biologist, the medical man, the psychologist, the jurist, the sociologist and the priest are all apt to view and study sex from different angles and in a different light.

To the less educated, a person is either male or female, Adam or Eve. With more learning comes more doubt. The better educated knows that every Adam contains elements of Eve and vice versa.

He has heard of the existence of intersexes, of pseudo-hermaphrodites and true hermaphrodites in whom the physical sex is in doubt. He also knows of homosexuals, bisexuals and transvestites with a doubtful manifestation of sex. He is aware that sex may serve for



**S**EXOLOGY considers this article one of the most important it has published in many years. The concepts developed here will not only throw much light on the increasingly difficult "riddle of sex." They will also provide an approach to understanding why the manifestations of sex—normal as well as deviant—can be so diverse in our society.

recreation, as well as for procreation.

The purpose of scientific investigation usually is to bring more light into fields that are obscure. Modern researches, however, delving into the "riddle of sex," have actually brought more obscurity, more complexity. What sex really is, has become an increasingly difficult question to answer.

Instead of the conventional two sexes, symbolized by Adam and Eve with their anatomical differences, there may be seven or even more—that is to say, at least seven separate concepts and manifestations of sex, each of more or less vital importance to the individual.

*These are the kinds of sexes I have in mind: 1) chromosomal sex; 2) anatomical sex; 3) legal sex; 4) endocrine sex; 5) germinal sex; 6) psychological sex, and finally, 7) social sex.*

What makes a sexual being? Does a man belong to the male sex because he has testicles and a penis? Is a woman female because she has ovaries and a uterus?

The answer to both questions is "NO," legal opinion notwithstanding. Actually a man has his male sex organs *because he is a male,*

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and a woman has her female organs *because she is a female.*

Man is male and woman is female because of his or her genetic inheritance. Sex is decided at the moment of conception. The male sperm that enters the female egg carries among its (normally 46) chromosomes either an X (sex) chromosome or a Y (sex) chromosome.

These are the so-called sex-determinants. The Y spells male for the offspring, the X female, at least under normal circumstances. The egg always carries an X chromosome, and the XY combination means a boy, the XX a girl.

*This sex chromosome constellation remains frozen in every body cell.* Modern scientists with high-powered microscopes can actually diagnose the inborn ("chromatin") sex by examining tissues, for instance from the skin or the mouth or blood cells. In this way, the genetic male or female can be recognized, no matter what the rest of the body may indicate.

The sex thus determined *is the inherited, fundamental sex.* It is the first of our (arbitrary) seven sexes. It is the *Chromosomal Sex*, also called the *Genetic Sex* because the chromosomes are made up of the genes, the carriers of heredity.

Under rare abnormal circumstances disturbances may occur and unfortunate individuals have been observed who carried, for instance, XXX or YXX chromosomes

with corresponding physical (and mental?) anomalies.

Much is yet to be learned about the genetic sex and some sexual abnormalities, deviations, etc., now ascribed to psychological causes, may eventually find their explanation in some still obscure genetic fault.

The (genetic) male embryo, barring accidents, will develop the respective male characters. The so-called primary ones are the testicles (testes), because they are directly concerned with reproduction. The secondary ones are not so concerned, but are characteristic for the gender. They are the penis, scrotum, prostate, hair distribution, body build, etc.

The (genetic) female embryo will develop the characteristics for her sex, the primary ones being the ovaries. Secondary female characteristics are the clitoris, vulva, vagina, breasts (mammariae), wide pelvis, hair distribution, etc.

Both together, the primary and the secondary sex characteristics constitute the *Anatomical Sex*, our second definition and concept.

**T**o the ordinary way of thinking, a person's sex corresponds with his anatomical sex. This everyday notion is also the concept of the law. The visible sex organs provide the simplest and most practical way to declare "You are a man" or "You are a woman," and so we have the *Legal Sex*, the third of our seven.

*Errors of sex are possible and not infrequent. The obstetrician or the midwife usually take one look at the new-born baby and congratulate the parents on a girl or a boy. But they may have made a mistake.*

This so-called "nursery sex," while being the legal one, is not always the true sex. The not yet fully developed anatomical structures may have misled the observer. They may not correspond to the genetic sex.

*The genetic sex alone is fixed and unalterable. The anatomical as well as the legal sex are subject to change.* The surgeon's knife can remove the male organs and also the internal organs of the female, and bring about, not a "change of sex," but a change of secondary sex characters, allowing therefore changes along other sex lines also, for instance, a change of the legal sex.

This is often a most difficult problem, red tape being the chief obstacle. Birth certificates are often sacred documents to judges and law clerks, and a change of the sex status of the bearer is an unheard-of violation of something like a divine law.

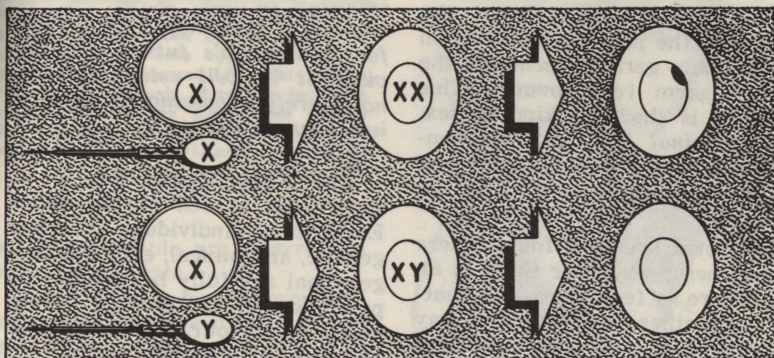
Much unnecessary misery has sometimes been the consequence. But we should be thankful that occasionally broadminded officials do cut through red tape and grant a legal change of the original sex status, whenever indicated.

**T**he primary sex characters—testes and ovaries—are known collectively as gonads. Their presence could be termed the *Gonadal Sex*, although it is part of the anatomical sex.

Two vitally important functions are inherent in the gonads. One is the internal (endocrine) secretion, the other the external (germ cell) production.

The product of endocrine glands are their respective hormones. The so-called "male hormones" are





The fundamental sex of the individual, chromosomal sex, is determined at the moment of conception by the type of sex chromosome carried by the male sperm cell. All eggs have the X chromosome. At top, the XX combination means a female. The black mass at top right is the sex chromatin, found in the nucleus of the female cell only. The XY combination, shown below, means a boy.—After *Modern Medicine*.

known as *androgens* and are secreted by the testicles and by the adrenal glands. The ovaries are the principal source of the "female hormones," the most important being *estrogen*.

Both sex hormones — androgen as well as estrogen — are present in both sexes, but androgen dominates in men, estrogen in women. The sex hormones promote the development of the secondary sex characters and preserve them throughout life.

Their importance for the personality justifies the term *Endocrine Sex*, as the fourth in our series. The endocrine sex is not linked to the sex glands only. Other glands likewise supply hormones, essential for both sexes in maintaining their complete sex status.

Just as the anatomical sex is never purely male or purely female (remember the nipples in men and the rudimentary penis called clitoris in women), so is the endocrine sex "mixed" to an even greater extent.

If we want to be technical, we must admit, with scientific justification, that we are all anatomically as well as endocrinologically "intersexes." But we are male or female in the anatomical or endocrine sense, according to the predominant structures or hormones.

Actually an abundance of androgen seems to go with greater masculinity, an abundance of estrogen with more femininity.

Men have varying amounts of both sex hormones, and so have women, determining to some extent their appearance and their behavior. More or less distinct changes can be brought about by artificially increasing or decreasing the amount of hormones in a person, especially if the normal ratio between androgen and estrogen is altered and with it the character of the person's endocrine sex.

*It must be remembered and again emphasized, however, that the genetic sex comes first, the endocrine sex merely being the re-*

sult of the inherited glandular equipment.

The second function of the gonads is the procreative function of the male germ (sperm) or the female germ (egg, ovum). This function is the fifth kind of sex, the *Germinal Sex*. It is—in contradistinction to the endocrine sex—an inseparable part of the gonads.

Wherever sperm is found, there is maleness; wherever there is an egg, there is femaleness, no matter what other sex characters may be present. If both sperm and egg, testes and ovaries, are present in the same individual, together with the secondary sex structures of the male and the female, we have a true hermaphrodite. They are rare. The medical literature of the whole world reports hardly more than 60 such cases.

In the more frequent pseudo-hermaphrodites, one or the other sex structure predominates. Accordingly, such condition is referred to as male or female pseudohermaphroditism.

In all such instances a test for the genetic sex is essential. It may show "male" in a female pseudohermaphrodite and, vice versa, "female" in a male pseudohermaphrodite.

**H**ow is a person with such questionable or contradictory sex to live? How should a child of that nature be brought up? The logical answer would be: "According to the genetic sex." If, later on, at puberty or during adolescence, psychological orientation toward the male or the female manifests itself, with emotional preferences in either direction, then there is a lead which can be followed.

*The person should—in adult life—live in the sex of his or her choosing. In other words, the Psychological Sex should be decisive for the person's future life, provided it is well established and not merely a passing mood or an immature erotic wish.*

**T**he *Psychological Sex* is the sixth kind of sex in our series. Even if an individual in whom genetic, anatomical, endocrine and germinal sex fully harmonize, the psychological sex may be the opposite of all four. Such people exist—few in proportion to the total population, but still many in numbers. They have been called "psychic hermaphrodites." Theirs is often a tragic life.

Many psychiatrists and especially psychoanalysts ascribe the plight of these people and their "split-sex personality" to purely psychological causes. They say that early conditioning in a faulty environment is responsible.

*Yet, psychotherapy has never cured such a patient, except in borderline cases, where the split was not too wide and the patient's mind was still wavering between male and female. In pronounced cases, psychotherapy has nothing to offer and cannot bring the patient's mind into harmony with the body.*

Therefore these patients often want their bodies brought into harmony with their minds, and a certain justification for such desire can hardly be denied. To live as a member of the opposite sex is their particular pursuit of happiness. They want a surgeon to alter their anatomical sex, especially their gonadal sex and they want (and need) hormone treatment to influence the endocrine



Legal sex (1) is usually based solely on visible, external anatomical structures of the individual; anatomical sex (2) takes in both the external and internal sex structures; germinal sex (3) refers to the type of germ cell produced by the gonad, or sex gland, in this case eggs produced by the ovary; endocrine sex (4) refers to the proportionate amounts of various hormones secreted by the sex glands and certain other glands; and psychological sex (5) refers to the individual's emotional orientation and identification.

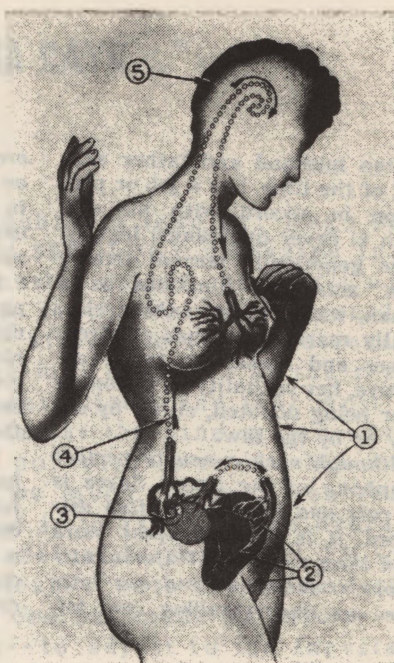
sex. These people are referred to as *transsexualists*.

Other "psychic hermaphrodites" are satisfied to live merely in the dress of the other sex and in this way appease their frustrated psychological sex. They are the much more frequent *transvestites*, men dressing and often living as women, and women as men.

If the anatomical sex, that is to say the appearance, is not too markedly opposed to the psychological one, they may "pass" and live a reasonably happy life, just as a light-colored Negro may "pass" as a white person. In other words, they bring their *Social Sex* into harmony with their other sexes.

Sometimes, but not always, the history of transvestites and transsexualists reveals that as young children they were raised, wholly or partly, as if they belonged to the opposite sex. Their *sex of rearing* was wrong. The boy was brought up as a girl and the girl as a boy (tomboy).

Such faulty upbringing may, indeed, have triggered the future aberration of the psychological sex. Since many normal people, however, people in whom all seven sexes are in harmony, often had the same faulty conditioning, another factor must enter into the cause of the deviations. With our



present state of knowledge, we can only assume a congenital (inborn) predisposition of an as yet unknown nature.

There can be no doubt that the sex of rearing, which is also the *Sex of Assignment*, has a profound influence on the future *Social Sex*. This—the seventh and last of "Our Sexes"—is the most obvious one. It is the one in which a person dresses and finds his place in the world. In the vast majority of all people it blends harmoniously with the other sexes.

The normal (genetic) male has his masculine build, an ample supply of androgen, satisfactory potency, a sperm count assuring fertility, feels as a man, dresses as a man, likes women, would be horrified to wear female clothes,

is often husband and father and, most of the time, has a job or profession in accord with his sex, which is never questioned legally.

The genetically normal female looks, acts and functions as a woman, wants to be nothing else, usually marries and has children, dresses and makes up to be attractive, her sexuality as a woman never being doubted, either by society or by the law.

*Although such a nearly perfect Symphony of the Seven Sexes is the rule and is not too often disturbed, it is perhaps upset more often than we think. Unfortunately, our conventions and our laws have no understanding, no tol-*

*erance for those in whom nature or life have created a dissonance in their sexuality. Such persons are usually condemned to much misery, much frustration.*

In rare cases they may succeed, against great odds, in defying tradition and orthodoxy (also in the medical profession) and find a degree of happiness which our present-day society generally denies them.

Our sexuality is one thing that has to be without fault and must function in strict conformity with customs and laws, otherwise there is either "sin," an invention of the church, or "crime," artificially created by unrealistic laws.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: Since, as Dr. Benjamin says, the word sex connotes many things to many people, and since his article is such a clear and interesting discussion of the many aspects of the subject, we felt it quite appropriate to reprint it here. Both the author and SEXOLOGY magazine have given us permission to do so. Unfortunately there are many parts of this country in which SEXOLOGY is not attainable so we felt that it would be doing a service to our readers to make Dr. Benjamin's article available to them.



## "SUSANNA SAYS..."

### WIVES

Many of you have undoubtedly read Dr. Hugo Beigel's article in a recent issue of SEXOLOGY magazine in which he examines that curious entity called "the TV's wife". Our good friend was able to reach the various conclusions he puts forth in his article after a series of personal talks with wives of TV's he met last year at the resort. I must say that he missed very little and that most of his observations ring true (as far as the nine or ten wives he met are concerned). I do not wish to repeat his statement here, since it would be much fairer if you read the article yourselves. Suffice it to say that the overall conclusion reached by Dr. Beigel is that most TV wives would prefer that their husbands were not transvestites. But, since they are, each one has made an effort--with varying degrees of success--to adjust to the inevitable and live with this "peculiarity": of her husband's behavior. I hesitate to write about wives because it is almost impossible to state anything that will apply to all of them. In this field where human beings are concerned, any attempt at generalization provokes howles of protest from those to whom the statement does not apply. I've had much criticism thrown at me every time I've tried to classify, no matter how broadly, various "types" of TV's.

So here I go again, fully aware that there'll be some wives who'd like to scratch my eyes out or simply pull my hair, (which unfortunately would come in any feminine tug of war). By force of circumstances I can only talk about those wives that I know in person and those whose attitudes I have come to know through conversations with their husbands or through correspondence. So if any wife who happens to read these lines has the sneaky suspicion that I am thinking of her as I write, she can be sure that her intuition is absolutely right. To facilitate this analysis let's grade wives in six categories by the six grades most schools use to evaluate a student's performance in the classroom. So we'll have A-wives (excellent), B-wives (good), C-wives (average),

and F-wives (a total failure-the flunking grade). And remember that this is a classification from a TV's standpoint, therefore, extremely biased.

A-WIVES. - Before looking at these marvellous specimens of the human race I guess I should mention the A-plus category which simply does not exist inasmuch as she is an ideal in the dreams of most TV's. The A-plus wife goes into ecstasy every time we dress up. She personally takes us by the hand and proceeds to make a lady out of us. She is the happiest when in our feminine presence. She does not buy anything for herself unless she buys something equally as pretty for us. If by some strange reason we decide not to dress some evening, she is desolate. She considers herself the luckiest woman in the world and can't understand how other women can possibly get along with a husband who is not a TV. After this flight of fantasy, then we can come down to reality - and to the... A-Wife: This girl really takes seriously the concept of partnership involved in any marriage. Two people sharing their lives to the utmost (except in such cases when it is physically impossible to do so... e.g. husband is crazy about weight lifting, football, wood chopping, etc.) The A-wife loves her husband as he is. Does not try to "change" him into her pre-conceived ideal of what a husband should be. She takes him without reservations because she loves him. She sticks to him no matter what. Remember those movies in which the fellow has committed a crime and is sent to jail and she says: "Honey, I'll be waiting for you, and she means it. That's an A-wife. She realizes TV-ism is not something you can turn off and on like a faucet. She discusses the matter with him from A to Z and becomes thoroughly conversant with the situation. She loves what it stands for in itself. She makes a point of meeting other TV's and their wives and helps them understand and cope with the facts...

At this point it is imperative to point out one of the most important things a TV MUST DO. Learn to think clearly and to EXPRESS his thoughts with logic, conviction, coherence and vividness. It is really a shame that so few TV's can be fluent enough to present their case without stumbling all over the place, full of hesitations, and at a loss for words. This inability to



impress a potential jury ( and all our relatives, friends and associates are potential jurors) has actually been the cause of untold misery and misunderstandings not only in relations with a wife who could easily be in the A-class but vis-a-vis acquaintances and friends. I maintain that it is not enough to dress the part well and to act pleasantly without shame and guilt. In addition we must be ready and well equipped with convincing arguments to disarm any attempt at condemnation or destructive criticism. Once we have fully accepted ourselves as we are, we have the duty and obligation to learn to put others at ease and make them feel the pleasant, relaxed aura which envelops most TV's. Words are powerful weapons. I have personally seen hesitant wives do a complete turnabout after hearing a serene, and persuasive explanation of the way a TV feels within himself. There's no need to run to a psychiatrist in the hope that he'll be able to "talk the wife into accepting her husband's TVism". When two people love each other, the husband can perform miracles, IF he knows what he is talking about, and IF he knows how to express himself with clarity and conviction.

Let us remember that most wives have never heard of such a thing. And if they have any ideas about the subject, it is usually the same mish-mash of misinformation spiced up with prejudices, intolerance and ignorance that the average person has acquired about unconventional behaviour such as ours. If the wife is a total idiot then no matter how good an exposition we present to her, she just won't follow but if she loves him (and idiots do fall in love sometimes) then her feelings should be sufficient to gain her acceptance and co-operation. Sometimes I have the awful feeling that very few people get married because they love each other. If they did, I'm sure we would have very few cases of marital anguish because of TVism. So, the A-wife, above all, loves the guy she married, learns all about his feelings and this particular facet of his personality, shares with him the happiness that permeates his whole being when he is dressed up and actively helps him to get rid of any guilt, awkwardness, and fear. If he really loves her, this active participation of hers in this vital aspect of his life, should produce a "togetherness" that most married couples would envy.

But what about the children? I was afraid someone would ask that question. I've been trying to avoid it all my life and as a result of it, I don't have any children. Obviously I am an exception, most married people do have children. How does an A-wife act in this situation? There are several schools of thought in this field. Let's take a look at them: 1) Tell the child. 2) Don't tell the child. 3) Wait until he or she is older and then tell. Obviously each case offers a good many pro's and con's. Most TV couples I've met lean towards the "don't tell" school. They point out that it would be perhaps damaging to the child's need for a "father image". Furthermore, they fear the child's instinctive lack of discretion and they picture little Johnny meeting a playmate and saying "Daddy wears Mommy's dresses." In no time the entire neighborhood would hear the story and...curtains for Daddy's reputation in town.--Digressing just for a second (I love to digress) the above did happen to one of our TV friends but the curious result was that little Johnny's playmate answered: "That's nothing...my Daddy wears Mummy's shoes and stockings when he's home." And, believe or not, the two daddies heard the story, compared notes, and discovered that they were both TV's living right next door to each other. So let's, in this instance, give one black mark to the "don't tell" school, kids do make excellent "contacts" (If Virginia will pardon the expression.)

Another argument of this "let's keep-the-children-out-of-this" school is the belief that if you expose the child to the sight of a TV father, Junior is going to "become a TV through imitation". If Daddy wears dresses, why can't I? Personally, (and I know most of my TV friends and especially their wives will mercilessly send me to the electric chair) I think that this argument does not stand up. It is my firm belief that TVism is not catchy. You don't become a TV just by reading about it or looking at a TV. My argument is that the immense majority of TV's never saw a man in women's clothes before they felt the urge to dress up...and in the second place I know of children who have found out about their daddy's TVism and they either don't give a hoot about it, or actually fear and dislike his feminine activities. I say that a child who does not possess transvestic inclinations is not going to be a TV no matter



what you do, even if you make him wear dresses. Let's just remember that in many foreign countries (until rather recently--25 or 30 years ago) it was the accepted custom to keep a boy in little girl dresses until he was 5 or 6 years old. If TVism were "catchy", then this mass exposition of little boys to skirts and long curls, would have resulted in an entire generation of transvestites. Since this was (unfortunately) not the case, then we must conclude that seeing Daddy in Mommy's clothes is not going to turn the kid into a TV UNLESS he already is a potential TV...and in this case he will certainly be one, no matter what.

If-despite these arguments, you still believe that little Johnny might learn to like to dress up by imitating Daddy-then I argue that neither Daddy nor Mommy should worry. To worry means that they see in TVism something ugly and undesirable. (My last words before they pull the switch on the electric chair will be: "TVism is a wonderful thing.") If I were given a choice to start life all over again I would still pick TVism as a basic ingredient of my personality, despite all the problems that it entails. Ah! The problems! Here I see the point of those parents who say "don't tell the child". TVism, as society is constituted today, IS a problem and I can see why parents do try to eliminate as many problems as possible from the life of their offspring. I believe however, that life without problems would be an awfully boring thing. Half the fun in life is in meeting the problems and striving to solve them, or learning to live with them, or even turning them into a source of joy.

But, where did we drop our A-wife? She will probably choose the third alternative: tell the child later. This implies a conspiracy of silence and a constant state of vigilance so the child won't find out before the parents feel the time is ripe. A conspiracy of silence always strikes me as being somewhat tainted with guilt. It means that there still exists in the parent's minds a feeling that TVism is somehow wrong and ugly. I will admit that there may be other considerations such as social position, daddy's job, intolerant relatives, etc. that might make it necessary to keep Daddy's TVism

under wraps. At any rate, our A-wife will talk it over with her husband and reach a common decision, instead of unilaterally "drawing the line where my child is concerned" without even considering the TV's thoughts on the matter.

Next we come to the B-Wife. She is a cheerful sort of woman, extremely practical-minded and can't conceive that there are people who stumble over problems. She is a good TV wife, although she won't take any special interest in delving into the "why's and origins" of what she considers "her husband's harmless peculiarity". A B-wife will not make fun of his dressing, and will not object to his dressing whenever "the coast is clear" (no neighbors or children around) She will sweetly shop for his TV needs, although she probably does not quite realize how deep and important to him are those items of wardrobe she is purchasing. She has come to realize that "he is happier" when dressed but will not conceive giving up a weekend with the children or at her sister's country house in preference to a TV weekend. The B-wife to a certain extent is instrumental in keeping her husband in balance. She assumes that he is intelligent enough to keep things in perspective and not overdo his TVism to the exclusion of other activities which she expects from a husband. She won't object to his dressing as long as he is discreet about it, successfully performs his bread-winning role and shows himself to be a good father to the children and a kind and loving husband. If he meets all these qualifications she couldn't care less what he wears in his TV-time. She'll be perfectly happy seeing him going to bed in a lacy nightie because "he likes it"-no need to dig deeper into the reasons behind it. If she meets other TV's and their wives, she'll judge them exclusively on their being "nice people", pleasant to be with. She'll comment that she does not mind at all his dressing and proudly points out to others that "he does not drink to excess, does not gamble and is a faithful husband." As a matter of fact, the B-wife intuitively senses that this "peculiarity" is a sort of insurance of his fidelity. Since he can dress at home, he loves to be home and therefore the probability of his gallivanting around is just about nonexistent. More so, if he happens to be the kind of TV who wears feminine undies under his male attire or keeps his toes brightly colored with



nail polish.

She is definitely a practical girl who does not miss a trick to insure a solid basis for her home. In a strange way her attitude in this case is very similar to that of some women who do not feel secure in the permanency of their marriage until they have children. When the husband is also a father she feels that no matter what misunderstandings may appear in the course of their married life, the children will act always as the main factor towards a reconciliation and a peaceful solution. In some ways, to indulge her husband's "whim" seems to her an extra factor in her favor should the marital sky become suddenly cloudy. She realizes she should not try to "cure" him, because who knows what other things he might turn to to replace his TVism if he should give that up. A TV husband makes her feel safe. As a matter of fact the main difference between the A-wife and the B-wife lies in the lack of interest in the latter in wholly sharing with her husband his TV life. She'll help him to look good, she'll advise him, she'll even escort him outdoors if she feels it's safe, but basically she feels it's his peculiarity which must be indulged as one indulges a child whom one loves. To a certain extent she feels that this is one category in which she is more grown up than her husband, the one aspect of their life together in which she is perhaps superior since she does not have any peculiarity. She looks upon TVism as a wee bit of weakness in an otherwise strong and almost perfect personality. But she admits that it is not an unpleasant or harmful weakness and therefore it is easy to cope with. Besides, it does prove at times to be a source of fun for her, like when she let's him do the dishes or finds him quite helpful in some of the other household activities which at times become a bore to every woman. "Dear, while you are washing your things would you mind doing mine too?" And-it works beautifully.

The C-Wife.-When a TV is married to this type of woman, he feels he is doing alright. It could have been worse, oh, so much worse! Usually this is a wife who needed a lot of explaining and oodles of patience to get her to accept her husband's "odd behaviour". She has finally learned to get along with TVism but she wishes there were some ways to get "this silly idea" out

of his head. She puts up a brave front when in the midst of a TV party and makes an honest effort to like the TV's who are her husband's friends. She admits that most of them are nice people, but she feels that it is a shame that they should waste their time in something so unproductive and rather senseless as sitting around in frocks, makeup and wigs. After every TV party she is secretly hoping that her husband has gorged himself with enough dressing-up to last him for quite a while. She is terribly disappointed when the very next day he decides to doll up again. She puts up with his dressing but does not encourage it. She feels rather silly buying feminine things in big sizes for her "man". She tries to please him, she understands (finally! after much discussion) that this is the way he is and will probably to continue to be for the rest of his life, but down deep she does not like it. She wishes it weren't so. She wants to really like TVism but something within her prevents her from emotionally accepting such weird behaviour.

When this type of wife first found out she was shocked. She immediately thought that her husband was one of "those perverts" one reads about in the newspapers. It was a long uphill battle to convince her that this was not the case. But at times, when he really lets go and projects intense flashes of femininity the old worm of doubt faintly squirms in the innermost recesses of her mind. But she knows that it is useless to fight against his "obsession" and silently bears what she feels to be a cross. She is nervous every time he dresses and lives in constant fear that his secret will be discovered and thereby bring scandal and shame over herself and her family. She cringes at the thought of discovery by one of her own girlfriends and would have a nervous breakdown if "they" were to find out. All of this she suffers in silence, but since she loves the lovable lug she will not nag him and he blithely believes that "my wife goes along with my dressing very nicely". She most certainly does not!!! If someone should invent a pill to "cure" TVism, she'd be the first to trick him into taking it as part of a new treatment for colds that her doctor recommended. The C-wife is, I believe, the most common type of wife we



find among TV's. Let me point out however, that these categories are not unchangeable. A C-wife can develop into a B-gal (oops! I don't mean that the way it looks!) and even move on to the "A" class. In most cases it's up to the TV himself to work towards that goal.

Now, how about the D-wife? Things are rougher for the TV in this case. She knows about his intense desires and at times she seems to go along with them. But he's never sure. Sometimes she'll gracefully accept his "femme-company" for an evening, but other times she'll give him an irritated, contemptuous look that will hurt him to the bone. She will definitely object to his "wasting money" on such stupid things as an expensive wig or a nice winter coat even if he is making lots of money. She won't complain if he decides to buy an expensive rifle for hunting or a gold-plated golf set, but a \$20 dress? No, no, no!!! She refuses to share with him his TV activities and she'd rather plan a visit to her mother's some weekend so that he can indulge in his silly whim all alone.

She never loses hope that she can reform him and does her best to interest and rope him into what she considers to be "proper masculine pursuits and activities". She'll even organize unexpected gatherings of non-TV's at home, knowing fully well that this will ruin his TV evening. If he should try to give her a kiss while he's dolled up, she'll freeze. "Don't you dare kiss me while you are dressed that way! It gives me the willies. Makes me feel as if I married some WOMAN. Or she'll remark: "Do you have to be dressed like that every time you have a day off?" Sometimes she will be very spiteful and say: "Alright, since you like being a woman so much, then act like one. Do the housecleaning this weekend, and the wash, and the ironing. See if you like it!" (This is supposed to cure him!) She will always see in TVism nothing but the desire of her husband "to be a woman". She is unable to see the point. (Probably because her own husband has been unable to make the point.)

If there are children in the family she will be adamant! No dressing at home-no keeping all that stuff in your closet, or even in the attic, suppose one of the

children find it. How could I tell them that their father is a...a..."(she chokes up and can't finish the sentence) And so our TV abstains and abstains and abstains..until he's ready to burst. Then, he'll do what hundreds and probably thousands of TV's have done and are doing and will continue to do, find a place away from the house where they can dress once in a while and, even better, keep their clothes and "things". And when they meet other TV's with A or B or even C wives, they'll sigh and with the deepest regret they'll say: I wish I had a wife like yours. Mine is okay, but....I wish she'd understand. Here we have a marriage which manages to keep going along, looks fairly solid on the outside but certainly has a leaky bottom below the water line. I give these couples less than a 50-50 chance to successfully finish their wedded lifetime period.

Next let's tip-toe into the household of the E-Wife. Here the leaky bottom has turned into a whole plank missing and everybody is bailing water by the bucketful. She does not want a divorce but won't have anything to do with that "horrible thing". She won't lift a finger to help him in anything having to do with TVism. She takes every opportunity to speak disparagingly of his TV friends, even if she's never met them. He hopefully leaves TVia lying around the house hoping that she'll be curious enough to at least read about it, but she won't. She refuses to be "contaminated" with this terrible perversion. Every time they have a quarrel, the first thing she'll throw back at him is his being a TV. If she gets mad enough she'll go through his closet when he is at the office and proceed to destroy systematically everything feminine he owns. She'll be suspicious of any package he brings into the house. She'll watch like a hawk every time he is packing to go on a business trip to make sure he doesn't slip something feminine into his suitcase.

She frankly tells herself that she'd rather see him drunk than dressed as a woman. And many times it turns out to be just that!! He is so frustrated that he exchanges the girdle for a bottle. The tragic thing of these marriages is that her antagonism towards his TVism creates a resentment on both sides that begins to expand and include other things that have nothing to



do with his TVism. He will think of her as a nagging, ungrateful wife: "After all, "--he says, "I give her everything she wants, I never refuse her money. Why can't she reciprocate in this one thing?" And she says: "He does it just to upset me. He knows how sensitive I am to that thing and he insists on torturing me. He's cruel and ungrateful. After all, I am a good wife. I keep house, cook his meals, take care of him when he's sick...so, why can't he do this one little thing I ask; stop dressing." The E-Wife feels she has been cheated, especially if she found out about his TVism after the wedding. But in most cases, even if she was told about it before, she'll say that she never dreamed it was so much of an obsession. She was convinced that marriage per se would erase that silly desire of his. In other cases she'll even add jealousy to her grudge against TVism, especially if he makes a good looking TV. She won't admit it, but if by some miracle she is dragged to a TV party, she'll be green with envy seeing that hubby is the center of attraction and not her! It may sound incredible, but it does happen!!! She assumes that to be a TV means to want to change sex and is scared to death of the possibility that her husband will someday decide to buy a ticket for Casablanca.

If the traits of the E-wife are intensified a teensy bit more we get the F-Wife. She is living hell for the TV. When she finds out, she literally hits the ceiling--calls him foul names...and initiates a veritable Inquisition period for the poor guy. She won't think anything of telling the children that their father is a pervert. She'll spread the news among her circle of friends and paint for them all sorts of weird rites that "he makes me witness". She loves the exclamations of amazement among her girl friends and officially becomes a "victim" of that so-and-so of her husband. If he suggests a divorce, she'll threaten to drag his name through the mud in court and will actually proceed to do so. I know more than one case in which the TV involved was literally run out of town because of the "revelations made at the trial by his wife". At no time will she show the slightest desire to understand or learn anything about TVism. She equates it completely with homosexuality and she'll positively refuse even to listen to pacifying words from a friend or even a priest or psychiatrist.

This is the most horrible thing in the world as far as she is concerned, and that's that. I recently learned of a case in which the wife just walked out on him taking the children with her. She would not expose her little "angels" even for a minute to his perverting influence. The poor TV was actually in tears when he told me the story.

So we come to the end of this rather incomplete and admittedly biased examination of TV wives. A, B, & C-wives are awfully hard to find. Their number however, is possibly much larger than we imagine if we consider that there are thousands of TV's we'll probably never hear about who are happily TV-ing at home with some wonderful A or B wife. But again, this might be wishful thinking. It could also be that most of them are caught in the D E F category and that's why one feels like saying to all TV's contemplating marriage: "Don't, chances are you'll be sorry." There are many cases of early acceptance by the sweetheart (and later, the bride) which turn into nonacceptance and hostility after the first few months or even years of marriage. This is the most heartbreaking experience for any TV.. to find that his A-wife is rapidly slipping down the alphabet. However, I prefer to end on an optimistic thought. I think that through their own self-acceptance, their better knowledge of themselves, and their feminine talents, a good many TV's are able to push their reluctant wives upwards towards the A and B positions.

#### GOSSIP BITS ABOUT TV COUPLES I KNOW:

....She realizes he's got better taste than herself for things feminine and lets him do the buying of her clothes and makeup....TV vacationing is much easier, she just packs girly things. Men's suits are so much more difficult to fold and pack....Any time she wants to get a new hair style she tries it first on his wig to see what it looks like....She was so disgusted with his dressing that she purposely started to get fat so that he couldn't wear her clothes any more, it turned out to be an expensive experiment because she had to buy a new wardrobe for herself and he had to do likewise.... Ever since she found out about his TVism she lets him do the ironing at home. He does it better than she! For Xmas she always buys him something girly and even



a second Xmas card addressed to: "My best girl friend."  
..She's a B-wife, but somehow she can never bring herself to call him by his feminine name..(Joe gets so mad...)...They think it's funny the way she gets out of her bra and girdle the moment she gets home while he proceeds to do just the opposite..and they both feel so much more comfortable!....The TV wife who is really proud of the fact that hubby just had his ears pierced (she talked him into it)..To her, the rest of us are just chicken!...And so it goes..until next TVia...

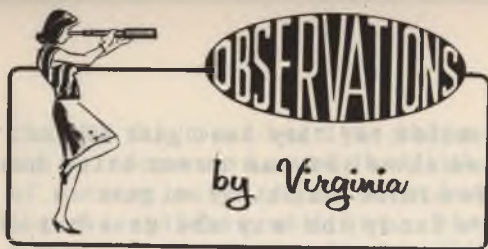
Love,

Susanna

Editor's Note: Susanna has come up with a very thought provoking piece this time..one that will probably stir all married readers to a little "agonizing reappraisal" of their domestic situation. Since you are all going to do this anyway, why don't we make a little research project out of it. It will be a valuable contribution to the field, and one which could be accomplished in no other way and by no other people than just we TVs ourselves.

So in order to accomplish this with the least confusion please answer the following questions on a 3 X 5 card or piece of paper and mail them in to Chevalier now--TODAY, before you forget it so that we will be able to tabulate and report the results in TVia #23.

1. I think my wife rates a \_\_\_\_ grade
2. We have children, yes\_\_\_\_no\_\_\_\_
3. My wife knew about TVism before marriage  
yes\_\_\_\_no\_\_\_\_
4. They know about my TVism\_\_\_\_  
They don't know now but we plan to tell them  
in time\_\_\_\_\_  
We don't want them to ever know.\_\_\_\_\_



It appears to be time to issue a new warning and commentary concerning obscenity in the mail and in one's possession. Many people have no idea of the lengths in time and in effort that the Post Office Department will go in tracking down persons who mail forbidden material. They not only go after the individual himself but they will keep track of return addresses of persons mailing things to him. These are also watched and the network spreads. If they find something incriminating one of these correspondents they take action, if after a time nothing further turns up they are likely to "call" on the individual and if it happens to you, you won't like it.

The best and safest way to protect yourself is to keep your nose clean. DON'T be a party to sending or receiving nude pictures, shots of people in compromising positions, or verbal descriptions of erotic situations. Don't carry on further correspondence with anyone who sends you anything like this except to tell him not to write anymore. Don't keep questionable material around your house or office. The P. O. now co-operates with local authorities so that prosecution can be carried out under state laws in order to circumvent recent Supreme Court decisions. Believe me when a man rings your doorbell and flashes an Inspector's card you will turn to jelly--and he knows it. He will be a past master of the alternate tough and buddy-buddy approach so you won't know if he is friend or foe. You don't have to tell him anything without your attorney present, but he'll be so friendly that you will not bother about the attorney. You may be completely innocent, but you will be scared, and when the interview is over a statement will be drafted and you will be asked to sign it. It will then be in the files. If you are innocent nothing further will happen, but that document remains there forever after as an indication that you were at one time a suspect in an obscene mail investigation. I don't think you'd care for that.



I have been criticized for limiting the use of our Person to Person column to members of CONTACT or FPE who are willing to fill out forms putting their cards on the table. This procedure was instituted precisely because of what I have been talking about. Two years ago before this rule when ads were accepted openly, one was run by a person in Ohio. Several of our people answered it. A network of cross reference was set up which is still being investigated. One of our best known readers was visited just last month because he had written and sent perfectly decent femme pictures to a person who had previously corresponded with the party in Ohio. Everything was clean, but he was put to the embarrassment of the interview, veiled accusation and implication and finally the statement which he was asked to sign.

My limiting the services of CONTACT to those who have filled out applications is designed to screen people to such an extent as I can, but this cannot be infallible. So just don't mail anything questionable and don't receive or keep it either. I think as a result of my trip to Washington and their own investigations the P. O. Dept. knows that TVism per se is neither obscene nor homosexual. But they are aware that there are a lot of fringe individuals who may indulge in cross-dressing along with other pastimes that they view with a very jaundiced eye. Thus they keep continually at it trying to ferret out those who misuse the mails so DON'T be among those whom they are looking for.

If, because you have innocently corresponded with someone they are investigating, you have an "interview", be polite, be firm and don't be panicked or manipulated into giving the names of others. They have a job to do, true, but they have no personal concern for those that they are investigating. If you are clean say so, stick to it and let it go at that...Name, rank and serial number like in the movies, but first, BE CLEAN.

## "VIRGIN VIEWS" — by VIRGINIA

To some that will sound like a stupid title because such people think they know the answer--Sex! But to those of us who think a little further and probe a little deeper it becomes very obvious that not only is sex not a satisfactory answer but that the complete answer has as yet not been put on paper.

I suppose that I get exposed to more facets of TV-ism than anyone ever has--in my capacity as Editor of TVia that is. Of course, at the same time I am more fortunate than most in my home circumstances too. As a result I find myself spending a lot of time cogitating about this whole thing. There is a great deal more involved in TVism than meets the eye. If you will sit down quietly by yourself sometime and ask yourself, "just what satisfactions am I getting out of cross-dressing and what are the motivations for this activity," you will first say something like "the clothes are pretty, or soft, or comfortable, etc." These answers are classical, they have been given by every TV. But I'm sure, with a little more thought you will agree that they do not really answer the question. There is something more fundamental.

The standard psychiatric explanations are also unsatisfactory. There are entirely too many TVs with no history of being dressed as girls when small, either for fun or punishment; too many whose mothers did NOT want little girls and didn't treat their sons as though they were girls; too many whose fathers were good images, whose home life was normal and whose treatment was just like any other boy's would have been, yet they become TVs in later life. Nor can it be explained as a fetish since by definition this involves sexual release and we have quite a number of stillactive TVs who are well into their 60s, 70s and even 80s, which means they are beyond the time of effective sexual activity. Neither can it be simple narcissism since once started it continues long past the time when



there is much beauty to admire in the mirror. (While there are those who cross dress in the course of other pleasures of a masochistic nature, this type of motivation is out of the field of our consideration.) So all the usual explanations fail to hold up as I have pointed out in other editorials. So what is involved?

Well, it seems to me that the TV doesn't so much seek femininity as he strives to temporarily "get lost" from masculinity. I was walking through one of the big hotels the other day and observed all the shops displaying all the variety of women's clothing, jewelry and accessories. Wild designs, wierd shapes, infinite varieties of style, color, purpose, etc., and the thought occured to me, "I wonder if one of the things that appeals to us in our TVism is the opportunity to share for in the almost infinite variety of self expression available to women. Perhaps the words capriciousness, variety and non-conformity best express what I mean. They are in such contrast to what society expects of the male-- he is supposed to be constant, enduring, steadfast, conservative in personal expression and plain. So his clothing is heavy, rough, course, simple and plain to be consistant with these traits.

If a woman wishes she can wear this type of clothing too, but when it befits her to be seductive and soft, she wears silks, satins, jersey and bright colors. If she just wants to be different or careless, or to attract attention she puts on some outlandish hat or some new kind of garb and in effect says, "the heck with you, world," thus partially escaping from her cares and problems.

The male, on the other hand, goes on from day to day, year to year and almost generation to generation without recourse to this subtle way of getting away from himself. I wonder if we TVs don't subconsciously resent this masculine straightjacket we are in and find release in the ability to enter a world of so much greater freedom of personal expression. When a TV says he finds relaxation in dressing I don't think this is quite the right word. A man relaxes in the proper sense of the word when he reads a good book, plays golf or lies

in the sun at the beach, because he forgets, for the time being, his usual problems. But there is a world of psychological (and physiological) difference between forgetting problems, and simply not having them. I believe that our Femmeselves just do not have the problems and worries because we have symbolically entered a world in which our usual problems do not exist.

I do not mean to imply by the above that women do not have real problems, they do, but they are women's problems not men's. Both sexes may have the common problems of making a living, paying the rent etc., but I'm referring to the more subtle problems of just having to always be ME...the same old ME and no escape from what I am supposed to be and do...from what society expects of this ME. That ME is left behind when I enter the femme-world and thus I cease to have the same requirements of constancy, solidity, etc. etc. I learned this clearly one day when I wanted a wide sunhat to go with a white dress with gold belt, shoes and accessories. I found a white straw hat with big gold sequins on it. To a man it was just another silly woman's hat, and as Charles that is just the way I felt about, it. But Charles didn't buy it, Virginia did and I felt very feminine and in style with it. Apparently others thought so too as one woman came up to me as we entered a store and said, "My dear, I just wanted to tell you how nice that hat looks with your outfit, I saw you clear across the parking lot and just wanted to tell you so." You can imagine I was knocked off my pins by this, but I greatly appreciated it, for I knew I had "arrived". You don't think I was worrying about payrolls, sales, contracts, etc., at a time like that do you? That wasn't relaxation that was just living, and Man I dig that, like WOW!

VIRGINIA





## EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

BY *Virginia*

I. DELAY AND THE FUTURE: Apart from the usual problems of getting publications edited, printed and mailed, Joyce's death has added a new factor. This issue was delayed because of it. As to the future, I must record some reservations and indecision at this point. Not about TVia itself, but frankly I don't know about the FemmeMirror. I have no one in mind at present who could carry on in the way that Joyce did. Without a doubt Issue #20 due the 15th of Aug. will be omitted, whether it will resume thereafter remains to be seen. If it is discontinued of course it means a lot of book-keeping to readjust subscriptions paid in advance which included the Mirror. At the moment I just don't know. This has become somewhat of a Frankenstein and is going to require some considerable internal rearrangement so please be understanding and patient.

II. PAYMENT FOR ITEMS: I receive quite a lot of payments in cash. This is all right with me, but dangerous for you. All mail sent to me does not get here, neither do all shipments out arrive at their destination. One can stop payments on checks and money orders, but not on cash. When cash payment does not arrive and the subscriber complains of non-receipt it is always embarrassing to me since the possibility always exists in his mind that I got the cash but denied it. I don't like to be placed in this position, so I recommend payment in checks and money orders.

III. CODE NUMBERS: New subscribers, as soon as they find we have code numbers write and ask for one. I don't assign codes until the person has purchased several times to avoid cluttering the file with a lot of dead numbers. People who buy once or twice and quit because TVia just isn't for them are numerous. Once every couple of months I find time to go over cards and assign numbers, so you'll get one in time.

IV. PLAGIARISM MARCHES ON: There are always people

too lazy to create themselves who try to latch on to the work of other people. Latest entry is "SHE MALE" a hard bound book that is a direct steal on almost a word for word basis from REVERSE SEX. However, it is \$5-7 in stores against \$3 for the latter. Its author will probably find himself sued by the English publisher for his blatant steal.

V. CIRCLE OF SEX: This booklet was mentioned briefly in TVia #20, but not again because I did not receive my shipment from its publishers for sometime. Now that I have, I'd like to recommend it again. Its only \$2.75 post paid, but I think you will find it not only interesting but useful as a guide in classifying people.

VI. FANTASIA: Many of you used to read "FANTASIA", and some still would if it hadn't gone out of print. Purely as a service to those interested, as I'm not interested in promoting other periodicals, I have run across a man who has a large stock of back issues of this magazine. He has #s 3, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 and correspondence issue #2. These I will get and mail to you at \$1.50 each if you will order 3 or more at a time as I have to make a special trip to pick them up--I don't stock them. There is also Vol. III which is a combination of #s 9, 10, 11, and 12, and this costs \$3.50 (this can be ordered alone).

VII. AVAILABILITY OF NEW ITEMS: When we changed size with TVia #21 it was necessary to make up a new price list to go in it. Since once made this goes on for several issues, it was also necessary to project expected publications into it. Thus "SCARCITY of NURSES" and "WIG WISDOM" had to be listed even though they were not ready for distribution. Some of you have paid for these and I want you to know that they are down on your card and will be shipped when available. "SCARCITY" is all done but the binding and will be ready, I hope, in the next 2 weeks. "WISDOM" hasn't even been written yet, and with the new complications brought on by Joyce's death it will certainly be delayed, so again please understand.

VIII. SUBMISSION OF MATERIALS: This magazine and our other items are interesting because they are made up



of material sent in by our own people. If you can write, draw, or title cartoons pitch in and send something in. Don't be surprised if I don't use it right away, as I have to plan quite a way ahead and because I have to select items to make up a reasonably well rounded magazine. So some things stay in the file for sometime before printing, but I have to have a backlog to select from. Poetry, incidentally, is something many people can do but our contributors in this line are very limited. We can stand more poetry so how about the bards among you getting busy. I still would like to have letters from wives even though the wives book has been printed (its gone into its second printing too). These letters appearing in TVia occasionally serve to help both new TVs and new wives that may pick up the magazine, so if you have an "A" or "B" wife (see Susanna's column in this issue) get her to write in something about her view of TV.

IX. SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS: Outside of the usual stories, histories, etc. I am always particularly interested in receiving letters from wives as one of these every now and again in TVia is encouraging to those TVs who are not married and helpful to other wives who do not understand. Maybe Susanna's classification of wives in her column of this issue will stir up some replies from "C" and "D" wives. In addition to these I am particularly anxious to get some brief letters or articles dealing with the children matter from those couples who have told all or part of the story to the kids. I would like to print a collection of notes about this subject if I can get enough together to make it worthwhile. So if you have told your kids, allowed them to find out or been discovered, please write up the matter and send it in.

X. ORDER SLIPS AGAIN: You would help me a lot to get your orders off to you and to be able to trace back when anything goes wrong if you would use the order slips printed in the back of each issue. These I can file and go back to if necessary which I can't do with letters. They are designed to be cut out so please do.



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TRANSVESTIA is made up primarily of material submitted by its readers. Case histories, true experiences, fictional stories, articles of opinion, poems and pictures are welcome. The greater the variety the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited on the following basis:

1. Most material submitted is offered without expectation of compensation-for the benefit of all.
2. However, fiction, true experiences and articles running 10 printed pages or more will be compensated at the rate of \$1 per page. This does not apply to short subjects, case histories, letters and the like. This payment is not large, but is offered to encourage authorship.
3. Material submitted will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.
4. The Editor reserves the right to be sole judge of what material shall be printed and to edit, alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed in the best interests of the magazine. Off-color material and pictures will not be published and there fore should not be submitted.

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