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Transvestia



Volume IX

No. 54

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

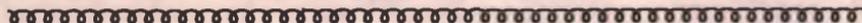
to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



THE COVER DESIGN

The cover design symbolizes the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides - mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (femininity) - the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being - not all masculine - mind and reason, abstract and unseen - and not all feminine - beauty, desireability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both.



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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Leading Lady

The Way it Was

by Barbara 13-B-7 FPE

I really haven't the faintest idea of what ever caused me to become a TV. It must have happened pretty early in my life, though, because I can distinctly recall having had the desire to dress as a girl as early as the age of four. My playmates at that time included a pretty little girl whose dark brown hair fell clear down to her shoulders in soft, beautiful curls. One night I dreamed that I awoke the next morning to find myself a little girl too, with dresses and hair just like hers. When I did wake up, I was both disappointed and relieved. Relieved, because I can also recall feeling vaguely guilty about having such a "sissy" dream. But the stirrings were obviously there.

I don't remember doing anything about them, however, until I was six, when I came down with a serious illness which kept me home in bed for several long weeks of recuperation. Mother certainly must have had her hands full keeping me occupied. In any event, I remember seeing a skirt of hers on a chair one morning and asking her outright if I might wear some of her clothes. She didn't seem particularly shocked, but was mildly surprised. She questioned me briefly to make sure I was serious and then, to my surprise, presented me with that very skirt and one of her blouses, telling me I could keep them if I wished. She also gave me one of her bandanas to tie over my head to cover my short hair.

Never before in my life had I experienced anything to compare with the thrill I felt when dressed in these things. During the brief moments I was allowed up, my delight in

wearing them must have been evident, for a few days later Mother told me she had something else for me which she thought I might enjoy. That proved to be the understatement of her life, as her second surprise consisted of an old pair of her nylons and a pair of spectator pumps. Everything was much too big, of course, but I'll never forget how the nylons looked and felt on my legs. From that point on, I think I was hooked. At last I felt like the girl I had dreamed of being, and with my mother's approval. I must have literally floated around the house all week.

My father, however, was far less sympathetic. Once he returned home from his business trip, I enthusiastically got dressed to show him what we had been doing, only to be greeted with severe sarcasm and derision. I was crushed, and never mentioned it around him again. I love both my parents dearly, but I had seen a reaction to my innocent desires that I never wanted to see or feel again. Days earlier I had learned the magic of dressing; now I had learned something of the guilt and shame which usually accompany it. Soon I began to hide my things under the bed and even stopped dressing around Mother. I imagine Dad's reaction (which I'm sure he felt was in my best interests) had an effect on her own, for from then on I was always afraid of her finding me in her things. Indeed, I often wonder what impelled her to give me her clothes in the first place. Probably humoring me because I had been so sick.

As for what could have impelled me to ask her for them, two things have always intrigued me about that: (1) how, except for that isolated dream at four, the impulse to wear that skirt seemingly came from almost nowhere, full-blown as it were, and (2) the astonishingly early age at which it came.

My return to school that fall saw the resumption of what seems to me to have been in every other respect a pretty normal childhood. With one interesting exception: I was the only boy through the fourth grade who had a steady girlfriend, a little girl with whom I had been terribly smitten my first week back. I remember announcing to her one day on the playground that she was going to be my girlfriend, and she was, for three years until we moved. At the same time, I had plenty of friends among the fellows and quickly became the elected leader of the group both in and out of school (I mention this only to

illustrate another, less expected trait which seems fairly common among other TVs as well). I don't recall thinking very much about dressing during these years, but I'm sure I must have, as I do recall wondering how my friends would react if they knew.

Clearly, my early adventure at dressing had been far more than just a lark, but I tried not to let the implications prey on my mind. Since I had always liked girls, I remember thinking that I would probably lose this urge to wear women's clothes once they began to grow up and wear the same things. I would, in a word, "outgrow" it, so there was really nothing to worry about. Whistling in the dark!

As it turned out, of course, my desires did anything but abate, and I spent the next several years getting secretly acquainted with my mother's wardrobe. At first it was only about twice a year. Then, with the onset of puberty, my experiments grew more frequent, each one going further than the last. All this despite my sincere resolve after every episode never to do it again.

By now I was really starting to get scared of what this might mean. Not only was I finding it impossible to quit, but I found myself thinking about it more often as well. So I deliberately cultivated all sorts of time-consuming hobbies in a campaign to rivet my attention on something else. Stamps, coins, model cars, model trains, tropical fish — you name it. The net result of this all-out effort was that I became an extremely versatile and accomplished hobbyist and an extremely guilt-ridden TV.

I didn't know that I was a TV however. In fact, I didn't know what I was, and as I entered the early years of sexual consciousness, it bothered me no end. Whereas before I had been outgoing and athletic, I now became more introverted and studious. My grades soared while my spirits sank. No one else could possibly be like this, I kept telling myself. What was wrong with me? Was this some early manifestation of homosexuality? I doubted that, since nothing else seemed to fit what I knew of the problem. Even so, I found the smutty stories the other boys swapped both repulsive and embarrassing and began to lose confidence around girls. Adolescence was, in short, miserable. But it didn't stop my dressing.

On the contrary, by the time I reached high school, I was holding down a part-time job and had begun to purchase clothing of my own. As I could still wear Mother's dresses and money was scarce, I only bought the things I could no longer borrow, such as hosiery and shoes. That was when I discovered how thrilling it could be to buy myself something new for the very first time. And how marvelous it was to really have my own things for a change! Still, I always pretended to be buying them for her and always felt terribly guilty about the whole thing. Not only because of the dressing, but because of the deception as well. I have never liked lying for any reason. Time and again I would solemnly renounce it all and plunge myself into some terrifically masculine activity in order to "prove myself" only to return eventually with renewed interest and zest.

All along I avidly read everything I could lay my hands on concerning my problem and did manage to learn that I was a "transvestite," but as my sources had little more than a generalized idea of what that entailed, neither did I (at latest count, I think, Time magazine, has in occasional articles appearing over the past fifteen years, used the term correctly three times).

About the same time I began to encounter a nagging sense of inadequacy about my feminine role as well as my masculine one. When viewing myself in the mirror, dressed, I began to be highly critical of my appearance and conclusions were not at all encouraging. As badly as I wanted to, I just didn't look much like a girl, not an attractive one at any rate, and the realization that I might never be able to, filled me with great regret. This dreadful frustration persisted for some time, but I suppose the absolute nadir came shortly before my senior year, when I went to a theatrical supply house on the pretext of representing a drama group (a reluctant liar, but a resourceful one) and purchased my first wigs. This was well before fashion wigs became popular, and the colors and styles of these two were not well suited to me at all, a fact soon discovered upon arriving home. I could barely wait to try them on. They had looked so pretty on the stands; on me, however, they looked simply horrible. My unskilled attempts at makeup only made matters worse. It was an awful disappointment and I recall thinking that

if I were going to look like that, there wasn't much sense in dressing. So they were destroyed along with everything else a few weeks later in another one of my purges.

Things had a way of repeating themselves, however, and it wasn't long before I had re-outfitted myself with the help of the local stores and Mother's closets. Over the years I had paid particular attention to the things she no longer seemed to be wearing, some of which I like a great deal. From these I would select one or two suits, a couple of dresses, a slip, and a blouse which, together with the things I had purchased and the necessary foundation garments, gave me a nice little wardrobe. All this I kept hidden in a suitcase in my closet until the inevitable purge, at which time the things I had borrowed would be duly and silently returned. While this may sound awfully foolish, it seemed to me a safer risk to run than that of being trapped should the rest of the household return before their appointed hour. On occasion they had done just that, and only a miracle had spared me in each case. The problem wasn't so much getting out of Mother's clothes (I could stage a quick "shower" and take care of that) as it was of getting them back before she entered her room and discovered the disarray. This way, I not only avoided the hazards of such impromptu "raids," but obviously gave myself secluded access to my things at any hour of the day or night.

Self-recriminations notwithstanding, I must have thought myself a pretty cool customer, deftly spiriting these things away from her closets for such prolonged stretches. Then one day I outsmarted myself. Among my regular confiscations was an attractive little blue tweed suit. A little way down the rack, in "verboden" territory, was the perfect light blue blouse to go with it. This time I took it, along with the rest. After all, I told myself, wasn't the whole place "verboden"?

Breaking rules seldom pays. Some time later Mother missed that blouse and mentioned it to me. "She knows!" was my first thought. What should I do, return the blouse and hope she thinks she merely misplaced it? I never got the chance. She was so disturbed by its absence that she spent the whole day taking a thorough inventory of her closets. All I could do was stand by and watch my goose getting slowly cooked. I was sure it wouldn't take long for her to figure out where everything had



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gone.

So, when she announced she knew the identity of the culprit, I could only manage a weak "Oh?" Yes, she continued, it had to be — the cleaning lady. I could scarcely believe my ears; she had never suspected me for a minute! My relief, however, was considerably mingled. Not only was an innocent person getting blamed, but Mother's words had extinguished a flickering hope of mine that she had known about me all along and was merely using this as a device to flush me out. But I consoled myself with the thought that the heat was off now and the worst that could happen to the poor cleaning lady would be to lose her job at our house.

No such luck. My alarm mounted as Mother began spreading news of the "great theft" throughout the family. Then one morning she came into my room to tell me that she had phoned the police, given them a list of the missing clothes, and that they were on their way to pick the cleaning lady up. This was more than I had bargained for. I knew I couldn't let an innocent person go through that and braced myself for the most difficult confession of my life. She had understood once, I reminded myself. Maybe she would understand again. "Mother," I said, "T— didn't take your things. I did."

Her reaction more than made up for the one she had given my request when I was six; she looked as though I had clouted her over the head with a board. "You did?" she stammered. "But . . . why?" I told her it was a long story and it might be well to give the police a quick call before they set out after the cleaning lady. She did so and then I tremblingly unfolded the whole tale. It left her incredulous, confused, and afraid that I might be a homosexual (I quashed that — but fast). As for my "initiation" years before, she had forgotten all about it; now that she knew its consequences, she blamed herself. I wish I could have told her then what I suspect today, that even if it had never happened, I probably would have ended up a TV anyway, with or without help. She then demanded to see my suitcase and, as it was opened, her disbelief quickly melted into horror. Piece by piece she took out everything I had and I think it nearly killed her, especially when she came to my lingerie and foundations. For myself, I felt sick and ashamed, but exquisitely grateful for what seemed like a merciful reaction to what I

thought must surely be the world's darkest crime. Moreover, just in telling someone, I had the sense of having a heavy burden lifted from me for the first time in years.

As I had fully expected the world to cave in, I thought Mother was pretty generous about the whole thing. To my relief, the family was told that the missing things had turned up after another search (which was true). But there was still the piper to pay. She warned me that something like this could easily ruin my life (I hardly needed to be reminded of that!) and insisted that I see a psychiatrist. Great, I thought, I'm going to be cured at last. Any hopes I may have had of that were quickly shattered by my first few visits; I had the distinct impression that the doctor knew even less about TVism than I did. Not only was I getting more depressed the more I saw of him, but I had the sneaking hunch that the sizable amounts of money I was forking over for treatment might be better spent elsewhere (guess where). So I told Mother that he had straightened me out and there was no need to go back, a solution which left her faith in the powers of psychiatry undiminished and my bank account likewise.

Mother had returned all her things to her closets and I had destroyed all mine. Everything, that is, but the shoes. Though my promises to reform had been in earnest, for some reason I had hung onto them. Some months later I was glad I had. This time, however, I didn't break any rules, so nothing was missed, even though I took many of the same things I had liberated in the past. It's really easy to get attached to things. In fact, I was so attached to them that I didn't even return them when I left home to enter the Army, but hid them in a trunk in the attic awaiting my return. Already I had let dressing make me a liar; now I had allowed it to make me a thief.

When I came home on leave six months later I could hardly wait to get my clothes out again. Just the sight of them has always been able to arouse in me the most indescribable feelings. I had no sooner put on my girdle and stockings when the bedroom door opened and in walked Mother to tell me something. For what must have been the first time in my life, I had forgotten to lock it!

What followed was a real nightmare. This time she was

furious. I had betrayed a trust. Not only that, but she certainly could never wear these clothes again, she said, not after a man had worn them, and I was ordered to take them all out to the dump and dispose of them. I did as I was told, and we have never discussed the subject from that day to this.

Still, I understood how she felt; to some extent I felt the same way myself. So much so that once I got out of the Army, I made a real effort to quit and didn't dress at all for over two years.

I thought about it a lot though, and eventually drifted back into the old intrigues. This time, however, everything was freshly purchased and nothing, but nothing, was borrowed — from anyone. I adopted this policy for two reasons: (1) I had promised myself never to steal anything else again, and (2) I vastly preferred having my own things anyway.

I also began to give greater attention than before to my face and hair, with a correspondingly greater degree of success. By now fashion wigs had caught on, and after my earlier venture, I knew what to avoid. I first ordered two from a mail order house, choosing colors and styles from those they had pictured. They turned out to be excellent, but were not, ironically, the first I got. Once the order is placed, my enthusiasm mounted to the point where I became impatient. When it was clearly going to be some time before the first two arrived, I couldn't wait. Bracing myself for whatever might transpire, I marched into a beauty salon and bought one "for my mother," specifying the color and style "she" desired. Next to buying my first corselette, this was about the bravest thing I'd ever done. But they were very co-operative and had my wig ready that evening. I could barely wait to get it home, but restrained myself until I arrived. By some miracle the rest of the family was going out that night and I would be alone. That is happy news, and I smuggled my new hairpiece into my room and sat looking at it until they were safely out of sight. Then, remembering my bad experience of yore, this time I dressed and made up completely before trying the wig on. When it came time to slip my new gently curled tresses over my head, I was so excited I could hardly hold them. But somehow they went on, and I took my first look in the mirror, afraid of what I might see this time. I couldn't believe my eyes. The effect was

remarkable — I actually looked like a young and reasonably attractive girl, as I had always dreamed of being. That night I went out on the streets for the first time, tingling all over with wonder and excitement.

The next few months were just heavenly, since I was able to spend nearly all my free time getting the “feel” of my new role. Then something happened to change all that. I met a girl with whom I fell deeply and passionately in love. Lacking any other explanation, I had come to assume that dressing simply acted as a sex-substitute for me (albeit a pretty unusual one), and one with which I would have to be content. Her love dramatically taught me how wrong I was — on both counts. Not only did it bring me more happiness than I had ever known before, but I knew that dressing alone would never completely satisfy me again. Indeed, I was thrilled to think that my adventures in that area were finally over — that I didn't need it anymore. Later I was to learn how wrong I was about that too.

At the time, however, I was more optimistic about successfully quitting than at any other time before or, I might add, since. As soon as the opportunity presented itself, I cleaned out my closets and without a moment's hesitation burned everything. This, I was positive, was at long last the end. Still, I felt she had a right to know what I had been, so one night I told her. It seemed a tremendous risk at the time; after all, I thought, what girl could ever love a man who had done the things I had? She was baffled, but, as I had assured her I had quit, passed it off as something over and done with and, therefore, unimportant.

But it wasn't over and done with. Far from it, for while dressing had proved no substitute for sex, neither, I found to my discouragement, was sex a substitute for dressing. In the months that followed, true to form, I began thinking about it again. Then reading. But I still managed to abstain from dressing itself . . . though not in spirit. All in all, it took me about a year to go back, and by this time (for reasons having nothing to do with dressing) I had a new girl — and a whole new confession ahead of me, made even worse because I was back at it again. As we were planning marriage, I had to let her know about me, especially since now I knew I could give her no assurances that I would ever stop. She too was surprised, but very understanding.



MORE OF BARBARA

Nevertheless, she made it clear that she would prefer to have me quit, but that if I couldn't, at least I would never let her see me dressed. I never broke that pledge.

In fact, I almost thought I had it licked again. We courted for another year before our marriage and in that time I was able to stop completely. Still no guarantees, but I'm sure she thought I was through and with all my heart I prayed she was right.

We had only been married a short time when the old urges returned; and this time, considering what I now had at stake, they were more terrifying than ever before. Finally, hoping that maybe just a "little bit" of dressing would be all I would need, next morning I bought myself some lingerie and hosiery — nothing more. Again I was wrong. I had gone too far for that. Now nothing could satisfy me short of the total image — top to toe. Within twenty-four hours I had purchased everything I needed to create that image and soon I found myself dressing on the sly when my wife was out. It was awful; I left like a thief in my own home. To compound the guilt, I had also begun reading TV literature again, most of which was only available in stores I wouldn't have been caught dead in otherwise. Worse, nearly all of it had given me the feeling that what I was doing was "dirty", something it had never seemed on its own. I was horribly confused, especially as I still loved my wife.

I kept everything carefully hidden, however, and even though I was now shaving my legs and plucking my eyebrows (in my case absolutely essential for properly feminine features), she never seemed to suspect. For extended sessions, I was fortunate to have a relative who lived nearby and was fond of taking trips away from the city during which I had the run of her house. A sham business trip of my own, timed to coincide with her absences, would sometimes give me as long as two or three days — all of which I would spend as a woman.

On such occasions, I sometimes found it handy to assume the role of my own "wife". The first time I tried this, I loaded my things in the car, picked up my wig at the beauty salon, then drove all the way to another city where I registered for the night in a motel as a married couple (my "wife," of course, being in the car). The bulk of the night was then spent plucking my beard out completely (my own idea — and another first on

this trip) and polishing my nails for the next day. The following morning I made up very carefully and put on my smartest outfit, a camel suit with a beige blouse and black kid shoes. I then proceeded to check out as my "wife," and drove the hundred and twenty miles back to my relative's house, where I could now arrive as the very girl the neighbors would be seeing around for the next few days. And those next few days were sheer delight. Using her place as a base of operations, I took walks, went shopping, took short scenic drives, and even paid occasional visits to the park — all in the daytime, a brand new experience for me.

But eventually my misgivings about deceiving my wife got the better of me, so one night I very tenderly told her I was having problems again, a little bit about what I had been doing, and how terrible I felt about it. I didn't know it at the time, but that confession set the seal of doom on our relationship. I had made a serious and irrevocable mistake, and it began to prey on her mind from that night onward. Before long I realized that her image of me as a husband had been shattered and she was no longer able to accept me in that role . . . even sexually. And with that bond severed, we only began to grow further and further apart in other ways as well. I was hearheartbroken . . . and I'm sure she was too . . . but nothing I could do or say would weaken that mental block or alter her responses in the slightest.

This didn't all dawn on me at once, however (sometimes I'm pretty slow). For a time I merely moved all my feminine things into another apartment where, without my wife's knowledge, I commenced a strange sort of triple life — filling, besides my own regular identity at home, the roles of both husband and wife (under assumed names) at the other place. My neighbors, of course, seldom saw the "husband" (working during the day), but the lady of the house quickly became a familiar sight, whether working around the house or garden, hanging out the wash, or going shopping. I reveled in it while it lasted, taking long, sunny walks to the store or around the neighborhood. Naturally all this dream-time had to come from somewhere, so my work may have suffered for it. No matter. It was worth it.

But our marriage wasn't worth it, and as the situation at

home became increasingly clear to me, I resolved that for my wife's sake this would have to come to an end. Not just the "other life", but dressing as well. How could I expect her to try with me making almost no effort at all? So, in a final purge, I got rid of everything, once and for all — and I've always regretted it. Not just the wigs and women's glasses . . . I could get those again. No, I lost things in that grand resolve that I've never been able to replace, things like my camel walking suit and a beautiful flowered green dress which I wore almost everywhere. When they were gone, they were gone for good.

Had it all given me back my wife, no price would have been too dear. As it was, it was too late, and in view of my actions, I couldn't blame her a bit. Still, I actually quit for a year, completely, and it didn't seem to mean a thing. Whenever we quarreled (our philosophies were radically different by now — on lots of things), nearly every tension in our home would boil down to the declaration that she wanted a husband (a pretty normal desire, and one I wholeheartedly approved of) and I, as a TV, couldn't fill the bill. Even though I knew she couldn't help the way she felt, this really hurt, because I wanted to fill the bill, but she wouldn't let me. Frustrating it surely was and after a year of it I gave up and went back to dressing.

And this time I really went back. Not only did I build up my wardrobe from scratch again, but in so doing I built it up carefully, vowing to myself never to destroy anything again. That was getting too costly. Should I decide to break it off, I would simply hide everything until next time, secure in the knowledge that, come what may, sooner or later I would be back. That has been a hard lesson to learn, but learn it I did, and I have never had another purge. Moreover, I began taking my own pictures for the first time and selected a name for myself, all of which gave me an increased sense of feminine identity.

Nevertheless, in keeping with my pledge before our marriage never to let my wife see me dressed, I kept all evidences of my recent return carefully hidden away. One day, however, while I was at my office, she pulled a secret inspection and found the whole works. I knew nothing about it until we were in bed that night, at which time it all came out. As bad as it had been, though, the very worst, the last straw, had been the pictures.

She didn't say anything about them at first (I wasn't even sure she'd found them), but simply began to cry as hard as she could. Something else was obviously up, and when I pressed her for it, she broke off her wailing long enough to sob, "You're better looking than I am!" I didn't agree... but I would be lying if I claimed that that didn't thrill me. For years whenever we discussed my dressing, she would always point out how senseless it all was, since I must look absolutely ludicrous. Still, I guess it turned out to be the most expensive compliment I've ever received; within a month she had left me for good.

Meanwhile I had also begun to seek out other TVs, in the dim hope that I might not really be so unique and alone. My initial efforts were, with much trepidation and reserve, made through the infamous "correspondence clubs", perhaps more accurately known as the "sex clubs." I did make a few contacts, but it didn't take long to discover that nearly all of them had a lot more on their minds than TVism, and that ended that. One of them even asked me to give up my male identity for good and marry him - and even promised to give up dressing if I would! That scared me so badly I was afraid even to write back.

Amazingly, however, (considering the odds) I did locate one honest-to-goodness TV and pretty quickly she directed me to Virginia Prince and TVia, and that, I have to confess, opened up a whole new era. For one thing, I finally found that TVism didn't have to be off-color, and that there were plenty of others who felt as I did about that. In fact, I don't know that I've ever learned so much about myself in such a short period of time as I did in poring over those first issues. We seemed to feel similarly about many things; indeed, I could see something of myself in nearly every history. so much so that far from continuing to feel that I was unique, I soon began to suspect that I was, in truth, pretty run-of-the-mill... for a TV.

With this self-acceptance has come not only real peace of mind but at the same time an even greater sense of identity... on both sides of the gender ledger. I know now that the strong attraction I feel for women is not inconsistent with my desire to be like them, indeed, that the two are probably very closely related.

Whatever rigors of adjustment the last year or so has

brought, from a TV standpoint it has been marvelous. As a girl I now have the run of my apartment and even have my own banking and charge accounts. I keep my nails long and shapely, my eyebrows carefully plucked, and my body femininely free of hair. And, not too surprisingly, my public adventures have grown bolder, with, as far as I know, no one the wiser. And that is the greatest experience of all — to be accepted as a woman, even tacitly, by others.

My most unexpected success in this field came quite by accident one morning after I had dressed and was preparing to leave our building as though I were going to work. As I reached the bottom flight of stairs (a much more private means of exit and entry than the elevator), I heard someone outside in the hall, so I waited primly by the door for them to pass on. As luck would have it, the sounds drew even closer, and in the next instant I found myself face to face with the janitor . . . and he knows me quite well, as a man. "Well," I thought, "this is it," and I waited for the questions. Not only were there no questions, but he tipped his hat politely, said, "Good morning, miss," and held the door open for me to pass through. Pass through! . . . I nearly passed out, but composed myself as best I could, smiled a "thank you" at him, and completed my exit. One of the most frightening moments of my life, and yet, once over, easily one of the most satisfying. Nothing else can quite match the pleasure dressing can bring.

Indeed, I have had a lot of desires . . . things I enjoy immensely . . . but I can say in all truth none of them is quite like this one. What kind of spell, what kind of power does it wield? I wonder about that sometimes when I recall that dressing is the only thing for which I have ever lied or stolen — my only really dark sins. Whatever that power is, it seems positively universal. As scattered and as alone as most TVs are when they begin, no one generally has to tell us what to do, we just do it almost as if by intuition. My own experiences with wigs, beard plucking, and going out are cases in point. In each case I had never even heard of anyone doing those things before . . . they seemed to come naturally. Hence, I realized my history reads more like a composite of other accounts than like an original creation; it is none the less true for that, and to me all the more amazing. Alone? Unique? Why, we're so much alike it scares me.

LETTERS

With apologies to Virginia

*There are letters in my mail box,
Every morning after eight
There are letters in my mail box,
When the afternoon is late.*

*There are letters that are witty,
There are letters that are gay,
There are writers more's the pity
Who haven't much to say*

*There are letters that are wheezy,
There are letters that are good,
There are writers who are cheesy,
And who write in dreadful mood.*

*There are letters that are brave,
There are letters that are strong,
There are writers who are slave,
To everything that's wrong.*

*Letters come from Dick and Harry,
And from other people too.
From Girls who want to marry,
And from nuts there's quite a few.*

*But I'm looking for a letter
From a girl out in the West,
And the day will be the better,
When I read her merry jest.*

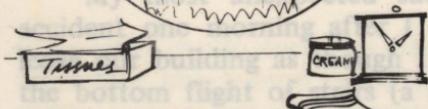
*I look forward to that letter
From the one whose name is 'Virg.'
For Though I've never met her,
She always puts me on the verge.*

*She has wisdom, she had pride,
She has vision that is wide,
She's a TV and a winner,
But she'll never be a bride.*

by David — So. Dakota

CINDERELLA AFTER THE TV PARTY

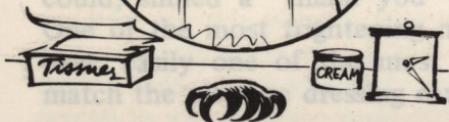
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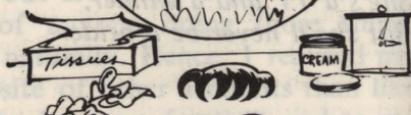
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Being Nobody At All

Janet, Va.

It was damp that night. The forms on the dam project would be wet and slippery, but I do my best thinking on the project after the crews have gone home. My mind needed time to regroup after another hectic day. I had not had time to think since I was called in on the job.

The rough jog of the battered mud path we call our work road brought my full attention back to driving. A bright full moon was jockeying for position with ominous cigar shaped clouds. Erie moonlight flooded the road to near twilight brightness, making the headlights almost useless, and the road nearly indistinguishable from its drainage ditch.

The dirt smoothed for a moment, and my mind drifted back to the problems of the job. It was dropped in my lap one week ago, nearly one week to the minute. The previous job foreman had somehow gone over three months behind schedule. For some unstated reason the boss had been thoughtful enough to transfer the lagging foreman to a safe small job in Japan three days before I got there to ask him what might have gone wrong. The resident engineer doubled for him before I arrived. He assured me he didn't have the slightest idea why the project had gotten behind, unless it was the original cost estimate. No dice here. I had already checked this excuse to see if I could use it. That put the completion of the lagging job squarely on my shoulders. I had to pick up the loose ends my predecessor had left unmarked. I had to figure out what he had done, what he had not done, and what I could do to get everything done on or before our deadline. It was just as well the foreman wasn't there. I'd probably have dropped him for getting me into this

mess, and not got any help from him anyway.

The car slammed down into a pothole and skidded off toward a waiting oak. But it couldn't get there because it was being steered by the ruts in the road. I tried to concentrate on the murk beyond the dirty windshield and on the problem at hand — getting an automobile down this “road.” Maybe that was half of what was holding the project up. After driving to work the men were beat till ten or eleven. And I was probably in no shape to work either. Take a memo, old boy. First thing Monday morning put a crew up here on the road improving drainage and spreading gravel.

I struggled around the final bend, and the dam project loomed phantom-like in the cold moonlight. The first of the storage sheds began to slink by on my right. Suddenly my eyes fell on something unexpected. A car, in this desolate place, parked at the base of the form. It would be building material thieves. I killed the car lights. Maybe lovers, but it was nearly a mile to the main road, and no girl could be good enough for this drive.

I was close now, and the moon showed that there was nobody upright in the car — blue Toronado convertible. I eased in behind it, slid over the front bucket and went out the rear door to keep the courtesy lights off. Crept up beside it — nobody. Hidding in the shadow of the car I scanned the dam site for some sign of life, but saw nothing.

Then a movement on the dam itself caught my eye. It looked like a woman standing on the center section of the curving black form. The wood was wet and slick, and she was on an unpoured section — two hundred fifty feet to fall on either side, no staging near the spot where she stood. She might go between the form or over the side into the canyon.

I started to yell, but thought better of it. This had to be suicide. If I yelled she might be frightened into jumping. Good God, she might jump anyway! I stood transfixed. It's like the first few moments after a wreck, when you stare dumbly thinking somebody should do something, but you do nothing.

I made up my mind. I've got to do something — and NOW!

I began to walk slowly toward her, trying to keep in the shadows. She hadn't noticed me, and I thought I might make it all the way; but her eyes, turned on me, stopped me twenty feet from her. Curious, how I just stood there trying to look natural, as if I had a habit of sneaking down this dam at this hour every night.

She was staring directly at me, the icy look of the frozen moon. Time must have frozen too. And my blood was just beginning to circulate again. I knew she would jump. But I must have startled her so that she couldn't move either, or didn't. On this narrow wall I wouldn't be able to stop her if I were standing by her side. She'd take me over the side with her. Doesn't matter, I decided. I've got to try to do something.

Her clarion voice cut the icy air between us. "Don't come any nearer - I'll jump!"

The wind slashed across the canyon leaning me over the slick edge. It was kicking her skirt to her thighs, but her statuesque marble form didn't seem to waver.

I could hear a crack in her voice this time, as if she would start to cry any second.

"P . . . Please. Don't come any nearer."

"I've got to. I just want to talk to you."

"Why! Why? Everybody wants me dead, but when I decide to kill myself you try to stop me."

"Everybody wants you dead? I don't want you to kill yourself. I'm risking my own neck out here to stop you. Sure you have reasons, problems you can't solve. But for God's sake let me try to help you before you do it. If I can't come up with any reason for you to live you can still jump."

"I'm going to jump before you stop me," she said, but the quiver of her voice said she was trying to convince herself, not me.

"Look, if you still want to I can't stop you, and I will not

try. It's wet and slippery and, there's nothing to hold onto out there. You could take me over the side with you if I tried to stop you. You must have some reason of your own for not jumping. You're still there."

"I'm just making . . . thinking about my life. I'll do it. I . . . no — you're right. I'm still scared I might be wrong. Death is so final, so eternal. And I'm so afraid. There might just be a reason for me to live."

I walked the final twenty feet to her side. She stood, head bowed, quietly sobbing. I laid my hand on her shoulder to steady her, and studied her lineament for some small clue to help me save her. Her soft golden hair brushed my hand. She was tall and delicately thin — about twenty-five years old. But the palid glow of the moon on her skin made her look as old as death.

"Let's sit down. I can't hold you steady." Obediently, almost abstractedly, she sat.

As she regained her composure a strange look spread across her face. The aloof and frightening look of someone already dead by proxy. Someone who had no reason for being, and therefore was not.

She looked up into my face. She had deep set eyes, and her long curling lashes made them seem nearly beyond sight, and beyond the prying rays of the moon. But even her eye shadow could not conceal the purple bruise festering under her left eye. She noticed my staring. Even now she was self concious.

"Now tell me all about it," I said. "Tell me why."

She hesitated. "It's a long story. Too long. And before I finish, you will want to push me off instead of letting me jump. That's my problem. I'm so God awful lonely. Everybody hates me. Everyone wants to kill me."

I couldn't picture anyone hating her or wanting to kill her. She was so lovely and fragile. "I certainly do not want to kill you. I'm out here risking my life to stop you from doing it yourself. Now try to make sense."

"Oh, but I am making sense. Everyone does want to kill me. I'm not being paranoid. My black eye could just as easily have been a bullet hole if my boyfriend had had a gun. And the trigger could have been pulled by fifteen or twenty . . . let's face it, a million different guys could have pulled the trigger. You probably will pull it."

"Don't be cryptic," I said. "You're acting just like a woman."

A subtle change came over her face. It was washed by a strange comingling of pain, fear, and resignation.

"That's the hitch," she whispered. "I'm no woman."

"You're a woman. Very much a woman. I'm sitting right here looking at you. You are just disturbed right now. You're facing a tremendous decision here tonight, and you are obviously in no mental state to make it."

"I AM PERFECTLY SANE! I know what I am." She deftly lifted her skirt, moved her girdle to the side, and proved it. "There's my story in a nutshell. Don't look so disgusted. I didn't invite you to this party."

Damn him, I thought. The risk I had tried trying to save this insolent queer. The time I had already wasted. . .

But something in his eyes stopped my anger dead. That aloof look of simultaneous triumph and defeat. How callous could I be; thinking time spent saving someone's life was wasted? And my look of disgust had probably sealed his fate. He had been here debating, not quite ready to take the final step that would end his life forever. Now he was resolved to kill himself, and there was nothing left on earth to stop him.

I knew I would have to do or say something. If he jumped now I would feel I had murdered him. But what could I say? I would have to think fast, and be right.

I knew, too, the horror of being alone. Alone and facing a world you don't understand. Like the time when I was just a kid; thrown out of my home on Christmas Eve. How alone must



**ONE OF OUR ELDER
MEMBERS, JEAN ANN
13-V-1 FPE**



**EVERY GIRL SHOULD BE
A BRIDE AT LEAST ONCE
RITA 32-Z-2 FPE**



LANNIE - PENN.



MYRA - ARIZ.

this boy feel? If I could just let him know I understood how he felt. If I could make him believe I was sorry.

“How did you get that black eye?”

“It really doesn’t matter how I got the black eye, does it? I told you, you would have pulled the trigger yourself.”

The soft lilting voice was as feminine as ever.

“I would not have pulled it. I didn’t hit you, did I?” I seemed on the defensive, as I am when I argue with my wife. Damn him, I thought, but I didn’t say it. “Now you said before that you would give me a chance to solve your problems, and, as far as I’m concerned, nothing has changed since then.”

“Alright, because it probably doesn’t matter anyway, I’ll tell my story. I’ll waste your time, because it doesn’t matter to me. Just now I have an eternity to waste.

“I don’t know how to start telling you how I got to be like this. I can’t really pinpoint the time in my life when it all started. Maybe it’s hereditary. Ask my psychoanalyst. After three years on his couch he may know the answer to that. But he obviously doesn’t know all the answers.

“Anyhow, for as far back as my memory will take me I have wanted to be a girl. I’m sure it wasn’t just a sexual thing with me, as it is with the queers I’ve met. As far as I know my parents never encouraged me to be feminine. I just was. I’m sure it was not because my parents wanted a little girl. I remember the trouble I got into when my dad caught me dressed in my sister’s skirt and blouse.

“It caused me trouble in school too. Not liking baseball — just being different at first. As the other children grew older and more worldly; they started constantly teasing me about being a sissy. They had always known I was different, and they had hated me because of it. But now they had a word in their vocabulary for me. And they did not miss a chance to use it. God knows how I hated to wake up on school mornings.

“But by pressure at home and at school, by needing

friends, simply by not wanting to be hated I was forced to try to be . . . well, normal. As a man I feel about as normal as you, an average man, would feel dressed as a woman and standing in front of an auditorium full of people. At least you wouldn't feel so smugly normal there.

"I'm sorry. I've no reason to call you smug. I guess I've built up quite a defensive wall.

"Anyway, I pushed myself into the mold we're all supposed to fit — you know, the W.A.S.P., fraternity brother, sports minded, and so forth ad nauseum. Though I hated the role I must have done a good job. By the time I left high school I was well liked by all but the few who remembered me as a sissy in grade school. All in all I was quite popular.

"In college the guys in my dorm had no idea they had a real live girl living with them. One of the boys was expelled from the school for homosexuality. We had been fairly close friends before he was caught. I'm sure he would have propositioned me if my femininity had shown through. But I never had any idea he was queer until I heard it from some of the other boys.

"Nobody even noticed the feminine streak in me. I'm sure it was still there, but it was well hidden.

"By my junior year I was on top in popularity. I was the class vice president, on the debating team, and deans list, and so lonely and hollow inside that I was planning to kill myself.

"But I did not kill myself that time. During my senior year I met a girl. Fay was the first girl I'd liked as more than a friend. Of course I had dated before, but just to keep up appearances. Oh, I had always loved to sit and talk with girls, and I had never seemed to have any trouble attracting them. But, until then, I had never really loved a girl. Fay was the first girl I'd wanted to be with, rather than be.

"She was such a compassionate girl. You could just sense it about her. She had none of the thick callous skin most of us try to protect ourselves with.

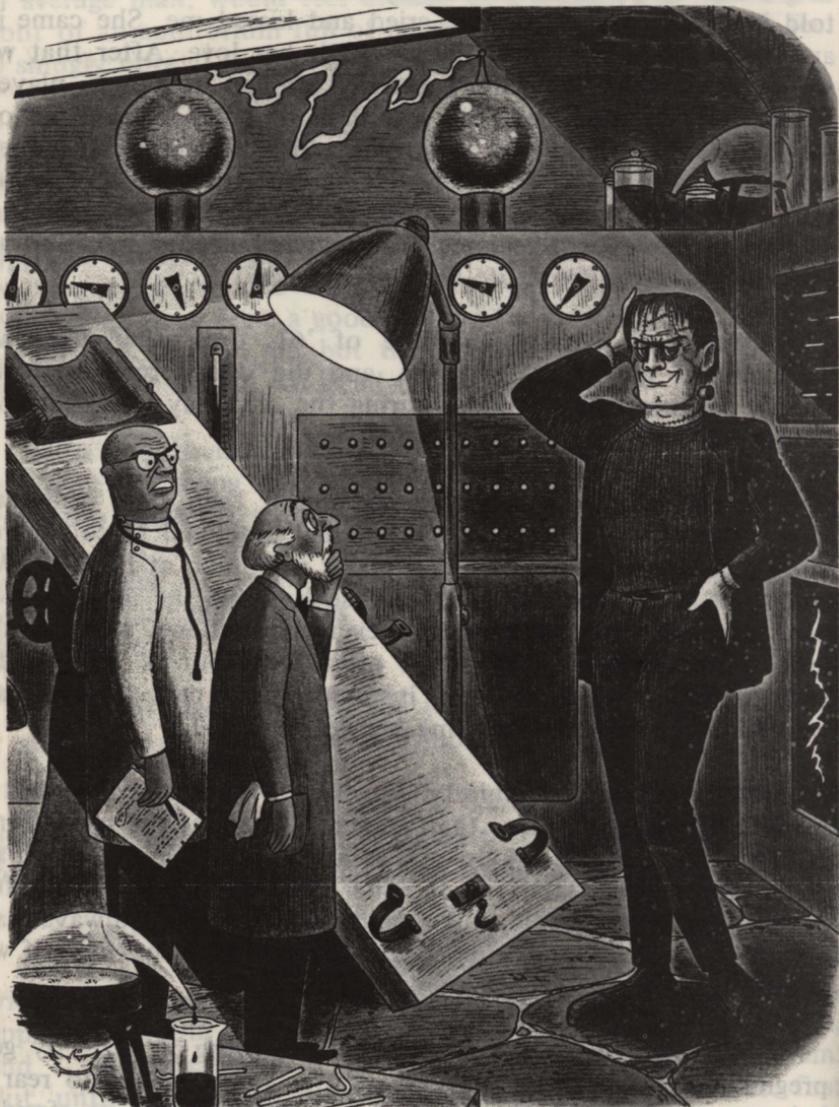
“What I loved most in Fay was her sincerity . . . All the shell I’d been so careful to build around me was melted away by her. I had to be honest about myself from the start with Fay. I told her my story – and she cried and kissed me. She came in and filled the empty spot in me with her love. After that we were inseparable. We ate together, studied together, played together, and, when possible, we slept together. Sometimes on weekends when I had sold a painting and had some extra money we would go out to a motel. Fay let me dress in her clothes then. We both wore a size 14T. If you could have seen the sparkle in her eyes. She knew how much I needed her, and all Fay really wanted from life was to be needed.

“We were married in June of ’61, one week after we graduated. I taught art at night, and did commercial artwork, mostly technical illustrations, during the day. Fay was a fashion model.

“I didn’t have much time to myself then. But when we were home alone I lived as a girl. I had practiced voice control until I could probably have passed for a soprano at the Met. We had three wigs between us. Of course Fay got the most service out of them. But I dressed whenever time let me, and I could look quite feminine. Fay and I often went out as girl friends, and the most notice we ever inspired was a pass from a man who went regularly to the same bar we went to.

“With all my femininity I’m sure you think Fay and I could have been no more than friends. I thought the same thing at first. So I would try to act as a real man should. But Fay could see through the facade. She told me she loved me for myself, not for anything I could act like. Fay always had accepted me fully, and when I learned to fully accept myself we got along perfectly, even sexually.

“We got along so well that in the spring of ’62, Fay got pregnant. I was a little worried at first about having to rear a baby, or to be really honest – I was terrified. I was afraid I wouldn’t provide it with the necessary father image. For the first time I was ashamed to take my problem to Fay. But the more thought I gave it, the more my maternal instinct began to guide me. I rationalized the problem about the father image



"HE WANTS A MINI-SKIRT".

thus. My daddy had been perfectly masculine, and look how I turned out. By the time Fay's stomach was showing I could hardly wait.

"But . . . one day that all came to an end. Fay was going to see her doctor. I heard it first on the car radio on the way home from work. 'Pregnant woman killed in hit and run accident. Police are holding a shipyard worker who allegedly struck a young woman as she stepped from her car on Brewster Street. The woman was pronounced dead on arrival at Riverside Hospital. The driver of the hit and run car, apprehended three blocks from the scene, was intoxicated at the time of arrest, according to police detective B. M. Barker, Jr. Charges of hit and run, and drunken driving have been filed. Names are being withheld pending notification of the next of kin.' I didn't really need to be notified. But there was still hope it was someone else.

"Fay would be home by the time I got there — if she were coming. When I rounded the corner to our road I breathed a sigh of relief. Fay's '63 Ford was sitting in our drive.

"Only after I had pulled all the way up behind the car did I realize that it wasn't her's. It was an unmarked police car. It took everything I had to get out of that car, but I got out. A policeman got out of the other car and walked over to me with a reassuring smile on his face. He looked so kind, smiling like he was, that I thought he couldn't be there to give me bad news."

"Hello," he said, "I'm Detective Sergeant B. M. Barker." I passed out in his arms.

The tears that had been welling up in her eyes poured out. I could feel all the pain that was there three years ago flashing back through her mind. Then she slumped against my shoulder. My first reaction was to push away, but then I saw she had fainted. As long as nobody saw it, including her, I didn't mind having her, a boy, on my shoulder. Funny how I can't seem to call her a boy.

Before I could really calm my own nerves and collect my thoughts, she began to come to. Her body was shivering, and she was crying softly. But almost immediately, she had regained

complete control of herself. It was as if she had tried nightly for years to ease her anguish, and she knew it wouldn't help. She must have had a special nerve path to stop crying. But I had to choke back my own tears.

Her eyes still glistening salty wet she returned to her story. "They must have had some drugs in the police car for the people they have to tell. I slept for ten hours. When I awoke I had complete control of my emotions. I was reared to be strong — to conceal my emotions, that is.

"I stayed home till after the funeral, then went back to work trying to act as if nothing had happened. Well, there are times when the plain facts of life just won't let you be strong. Everything I did seemed at least unnecessary, and at worst unreal. My job, the car, the house, our friends all reminded me of Fay. There was nobody to talk about it to.

"I couldn't hold a secret like that, my transvestism and Fay's part in it, forever. I tried drinking. But it scared me. I was afraid I would stand up drunk and make a public statement. 'Gather around folks and look at the TV clown. Guess what I want to be when I grow up. A girl, that's what.' I think I was really punishing myself for not being strong enough to face up to life without alcohol for a crutch.

"I guess it was easy to see that I was running for the rocks. One night my best friend, Clay, invited me to supper with him and his wife. When I got there I found out it was all to find out what I intended to do about myself.

"Clay had no idea I was a TV. And I had no idea of telling him. At first I simply told him that I had been very dependent of Fay. I said it would take time to put the pieces back together.

"Clay knew there was more to it than that. 'Look Jim,' he said, 'I know you better than that. If you really feel that way just tell me to mind my own business. But you know you can trust me. It might help to get it off your chest. I've got a feeling it's more than just Fay's death. I knew you before you met her. You were pretty bad off then too. Marrying Fay seemed to help, but what you're troubled with now is the same thing that was bothering you before you met Fay.'

"Of course, I knew he was right. And I knew I needed to tell somebody. So I started from the beginning, just like I did with you.

"Telling Clay did me a world of good. It let me see that I couldn't keep on the way I was going. Clay thought the same thing. He's always had the type of mind that sees things as simple, like addition or subtraction problems. He said, 'If you really want to be a girl why don't you go ahead and do it? Act like one that is. You could move away, get away from all the memories of Fay. Start living like you want to.' After he said it, it all seemed so clear. Perhaps that's what I'd wanted to do all along. But I wouldn't let myself think of it until I'd proved I couldn't live otherwise.

"So one day shortly after that dinner, without a word to anyone, I disappeared. I moved out here and began to establish an identity as a girl. I took the driver's license test, established credit, opened a checking account — all under the name of Patricia White. I got a job with an interior decorator as a secretary, artist, draftsman, designer, and girl friday.

"You're probably wondering why I went through all the trouble of building a new life when I was so grief stricken. I've asked myself why, and I wish I knew. Maybe I thought I could escape what I'd been. Maybe I thought I could really find a new life as a new person. The human animal never seems to know when to quit. One glimpse of happiness and I hang on for years after I should have retired. Here I am, finally. I'm ending my life just like I started it. Nobody at all.

"You see, this new identity I'd created, this Patricia, needed love terribly. But the heartache was there too, not letting me love.

"Of course I know the old line, 'Time the immortal elixir . . .' We all know that one. Well I got over the first shock. I even began to look for a new love. But where? Who would love a girl that was really a boy. I wouldn't meet another Fay, even if there were another. She wouldn't even notice me as a girl. And if she were a lesbian she would drop me when she found out I didn't have the equipment she was interested in. Men were out of the question for anything more than casual

dating. I thought of the Swedish operation, but I'm not a rich girl. And the operation probably wouldn't solve any of my problems with men. I'm not even sure I could find the love I want in a man. I once thought I could, but now I think an operation would just be a colossal waste of time, money, and a big mistake.

"I went out with several of the boys in the office. But every time I felt myself beginning to like a boy, or thought he might be falling for me I had to back away, to become aloof. I knew what would happen if they ever found out.

"I knew till I met Harry, that is. That was last December. I had just gotten off work. A cold wet snow was falling, clinging to my hair and dripping down my back. This guy drove past and splattered slush all over me. It went down my boots, down my coat, even down my blouse. He must have seen it happen. He parked his car, came back and apologized and offered to take me home to make amends. Of course I don't make a habit of accepting rides from strangers, but I was cold and wet through. Besides, I really didn't care what happened to me anyway.

"Well, that's how I met Harry. He walked me to my door under his umbrella. He said he wouldn't let me go in till I'd made a date with him. I was a little worried when I did it, but I'll admit it thrilled me all through.

"I dated Harry for nearly a year. I knew all along how dirty it was not to tell him, but somehow I just couldn't make myself. I'm sure I loved him in a way. I still do. But it was never the same as with Fay. Harry didn't accept me as me. But then how could he if I never told him? Oh, if I could just convince myself that he would have understood. If he could have, then someone else might. I would have some reason for living. But I could never trust Harry to understand. I instinctively knew what a girl would think, but I didn't know what to expect from a man.

"So I never told him. I just played the virgin queen with him. Whenever he tried to get sexual with me I pushed his hands away. I don't think it should be that way, but the rejections seemed to make him love me that much more. I never liked that in men. They try to make every girl they get near, but when

one gives in they lose 'Respect' for her. I wanted so much not to push his hands away, but I had no choice.

"But tonight I wasn't fast enough. Harry was at my apartment for supper. We were sitting on the couch, me with a Scotch in my hand, when he put his hand up my dress with out a word, just teasing I think; but he found out and hit me in the face. He knocked me out right away, but I think must have kept kicking me in my stomach. When I woke up I couldn't see out of my left eye. He was still standing there, by the door. I tried to talk to him, but my stomach started burning, and I threw up instead. Believe it or not, I was going to ask him to forgive me, and he just stood there watching me gag. Then he turned and walked out — smiling. I know I treated him dirty, but it was inhuman — what he did to me. I'm not a queer. I just want to be loved. I never, even as a child, was loved as myself.

"You're a man. A normal man. Tell me, how can everybody hate me so? I can't help being what I am. Please . . . Please help me!"

She broke down, her aloofness gone, she wept on my shoulder. And I couldn't blame her, or hate her. We tottered near the edge. Her listless body, like a corpse to bear, threw me dangerously off balance. The sound of the shallow water lapping the form two hundred feet below brought the full impact of what she planned, home to me. I hugged her tight to stay on the dam. With that she grew calmer — her cry now resembling the purr of a kitten. I touched her cheek — turned her soft face up into mine and stared into her deep set eyes.

"Please believe me, I could never hate you," I said. "People today don't have time to sit down and listen to somebody. They must prejudice their friends even. And a total stranger doesn't have a fighting chance if he appears odd. But I'll make some of them listen, some of my friends. And I guarantee you no one will hate you. If you'll come home with me I'll show you there's a world for you to live in."

I knew the moment that she stood up she had believed me. For the first time she seemed scared of falling. We walked back off the dam.

I took Patricia home with me that night. If it hadn't been for her black eye and scared, deranged look it might have really set my wife back to see me come walking in the door with a strange woman. But Anna could see at a glance that she was in trouble, and there's never been anyone like Anna to help someone in trouble. She simply took over, had me introduce Patricia, and without so much as asking one question she announced that supper was ready, and there was enough for all. Patricia protested, but Anna said she would just have a lot of leftovers on her hands if she didn't come on and eat. This bit of friendliness eased the tension just as Anna knew it would.

Supper lasted about two hours that night while Pat and I told Anna the details. When we got up from the table Anna told me to go read the paper. She said she and Pat needed "... to talk a little girl talk." I've never seen one phrase make someone look as happy and relaxed as that one made Pat. She knew then that she was in. She knew there was some place in the world for her.

We let Pat stay in the guest room, and introduced her as a cousin of Anna's who was getting a divorce. This helped explain her anxious appearance and insured her against dating offers from my friends.

She seemed to be progressing quite well, but there were setbacks. No one who had been rebuked and hurt as often as Pat had could open their hearts without a struggle.

I think she cleared her last big hurdle the night John and Sandra came over. John is my best friend. I've known him since I was a kid. I thought it best we try telling someone else about Pat before she left the house, and John was the natural choice.

I broke the whole thing suddenly to John, and his look of surprise rather startled me. I guess I'd forgotten that night on the dam when I'd given Pat the same look. But as Pat told them about herself, the look of surprise faded.

As Pat was finishing her story I glanced at John. There was a tear in his eye. As practical as John was. But when he spoke it was on a mundane note.

"Patricia," John said, "I'm personnel manager for Western Tool Corporation. We need someone with your background in commercial art to head up our advertising section in Westbridge. Of course it would require relocation, but it's a good opportunity to get into management."

Pat and John hashed out the details that night, and in two weeks Pat was leaving us for Westbridge. I must say she was a changed girl. And it was almost like seeing one of your own children leave home to watch her go. We had given her life, in its present form. She was, in a sense, one of our own children.

Pat's first act upon arriving in Westbridge must have been to write us a letter, judging by the post mark. And rarely a week went by for the first three months that we didn't get a letter from her. But she grew more accustomed to her surroundings she took less time in writing to us. It's been a month now since I've heard from her. But I got a letter from her yesterday.

I did not get a chance to read her letter till yesterday afternoon while I was out checking on the dam project I had found her on. She seemed to be bubbling over with enthusiasm and happiness. She didn't come right out and say so, but she seems to have met some other understanding person like Fay. She really knows now that she belongs in the world.

I seldom wax philosophical, but I couldn't help remembering the stormy moonlight sky and mud choked work road that marked Pat's stormiest moment of life. And now the sun was shining and the road smooth.

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**TRUE
STORY**

First Time Out

by Shirley, California

Shirley tried to keep back the excitement as she cleared the dishes from the table. She carefully donned her gay red print apron, and washed the few dishes used for the just concluded dinner. It was difficult to concentrate on this effort as tonight promised to be something special in Shirley's life.

Shirley lived in a flat in San Francisco with her father, a widower. This Saturday evening she was alone as her father was out of town on a business trip which was expected to last for two weeks. All day she had worked cleaning up the apartment, but the vacuuming, laundry, ironing, changing the beds, and various other tasks had seemed more like a game than work. Today, unlike the normal routine, Shirley was able to feel that the work was a natural part of her being. This feeling had all started when she started dressing that morning. To be more precise, it began when she deftly hooked her bra and pulled on her girdle. She was only momentarily depressed as she inserted the foam falsies in place. The change in her silhouette brightened her spirits immediately. The long stockings, which had been such a problem to purchase, went on smoothly. A quick check in the mirror revealed the seams were straight, and with some difficulty the garters were fastened to the stockings.

The sling high heels were always a problem, but this morning even these seemed to be easier to cope with. At this moment Shirley paused to let a wonderful sensuous feeling engulf her. Why this was she was never quite able to explain to herself. She was glad she had taken the trouble to shave her legs, as this act always added to this delicious feeling. It was marvelous the way the taut nylons caressed her smooth flesh.

This ecstatic feeling finally ebbed and Shirley was able to continue dressing.

The relief was only temporary, however, as a lovely white nylon tricot slip cascading down over her body causing her to flush again with delight. The slip had tiny pleats and the hemline was rimmed with lace. This luscious lace also edged the sheer nylon bodice. The entire effect was a voluptuous joy to Shirley. In this mad wonderful moment a daring thought came to Shirley, tonight would be an excellent time to go outside. It was a crazy idea without reason or logic. Shirley had never dared to go outside before, and with good reason. She was a shy unsophisticated girl with a very limited wardrobe. All of her treasured things had been either purchased by mail or had belonged to her mother with the exception of her stockings. The best that might be said of the clothes, was that they were a near fit. Shirley's six foot height required special clothes from a Tall Girl Shop, and this required a direct purchase which Shirley had never had the courage to make. Once she had gone into a Tall Girl Shop to purchase nylons. It was almost Valentine's Day and it seemed an appropriate time to make a gift purchase for a girl friend. There had been no other customers in the store, so two salesgirls had waited on her. Their light banter, and their insistence on sending a catalog to the girl in question, led to blushing confusion. Shirley was never certain whether the name and address she had given was ever accepted by the girls.

The idea of going out had taken over, and despite all the obvious reasons why she shouldn't, Shirley's mind was set. She would make her plans later, as for now housework had her first priority. She put on her favorite daytime dress. It was a Shelton Stroller in a blue print nylon jersey. Make-up was applied with careful deliberation. Lipstick was the big make-up problem for Shirley as it was always so difficult for her to remove it. Time was not a pressing factor this morning, so it was put on without a second's hesitation. A last minute check of the mirror, a turban to cover the short hair, a few items of costume jewelry to adorn her, and Shirley faced the day with eager anticipation.

As Shirley washed and rinsed the last pan, she escaped from her daydreams long enough to get a dish towel, and complete her task. The day had been a good one with no outside phone calls or ringing of the door bell. Finally the job

was done, all the dishes, pans, and silverware had been put away. The apron was slipped off over her head, neatly folded, and put in a drawer with her mother's other aprons. Shirley tried to keep all tell-tale evidence out - of - sight.

A throbbing pounding of her heart told Shirley the moment was now at hand, quickly a sinking feeling of despair descended on her, and many reasons for abandoning her plan to go outside quickly followed. Indecision led to an after dinner drink of port. The warm red wine rekindled Shirley's spirit and the plan was formed.

The plan was a simple one. It was to mail a letter from a post box a block and a half away. To any more sophisticated girl this was an act of no consequence. Those who have had the nerve to dare so much perhaps would find it difficult to recall that first outside adventure. The height and lack of a wig made it seem difficult to keep from arousing the suspicion of those who might meet her during this walk. Shirley hoped that by late evening this area in the Sunset district of San Francisco would be deserted. The chief danger was that a street car stopped at the corner where the mail box was located. The second consideration was that Shirley would have to walk about a half-a-block to reach the corner from where the mail box could be seen. A large apartment house was located at this corner which would block Shirley's vision from any people walking up the steep block from the street car stop. Shirley would have to listen intently for any sounds of a street car, and chance that no late walkers would be out in the area where her visibility was blocked. So much to lose and so little to gain, but feminine logic was ever thus.

Shirley went into her bedroom to change into something special for this important occasion. The dress decided on was a cute full skirted one. This choice required a slight change in her lingerie as a waist nipper was the answer to the narrow fit at the waist. A bouffant petti-coat in white was added to give the skirt more fullness. The sound of a rustling slip or a petti-coat created by her walk was exciting to hear. The navy blue dress with white polka dots was finally zipped all the way up in back. It seemed that the fit was perfect, and Shirley's excitement mounted. A black scarf was chosen to conceal the short hair. Shirley then selected a black coat of her mother's. It fitted



BETTY 5-F-8



SUSIE 38-F-3 FPE

loosely over the billowing skirt and was tied in front with a sash. Gloves were put on. The letter was put in her large black purse which also contained a key to the apartment. Shirley thought she was ready. A final glance in the mirror — if only she wasn't so tall!

Shirley then walked down the stairs and stood by the glass front door in darkness. No one could be seen on the street. The door was opened slowly and Shirley stepped hesitantly out onto the vestibule. A pedestrian was seen coming up the street. Shirley retreated back into the hall out of sight. She climbed the stairs in defeat, and went into the front room. There in the darkness she stared down into the street below. An occasional pedestrian walked by every few minutes. It was too early. Time passed with agonizing slowness while Shirley studied the street. Finally all traffic was gone. To the sweet rustle of her skirts Shirley went down the stairs again. She looked through the glass door. No one was in sight. Again the door was cautiously opened, and the latch checked to see that it was unlocked. Shirley took a few steps into the vestibule. She looked — no one. She listened carefully for the possible sound of an approaching street car. There was no sound. With breathless excitement Shirley stepped out onto the sidewalk.

The click of her heels on the cement, the San Francisco late evening breeze that swirled around her nylons and skirts, the open freedom, this was a joy of a new world. She headed toward the corner where the large apartment blocked her vision. She was aware of entering the light cast from the street light. Each step was crazy wonderful freedom! The apartments and flats were dark. No signs of life appeared for the moment. She was at the corner. A glance told her the way was clear to the mail box. Down the steep hill she went. She was careful to walk with short steps. The heart pounding had eased and in its place was a radiant feeling of well being. All too soon the corner was reached. A careful look in both directions indicated no one was about. Shirley crossed the street to the mail box. She removed the letter from her purse and deposited the letter in the mail slot. For one moment she paused, longing to go further. The street seemed to beckon, but with great reluctance Shirley headed back up the hill on the opposite side of the street from where she had come. Near the end of the street she saw the unexpected. A woman was crossing the street. It was later than

Shirley had realized. The woman was a nurse walking to the hospital for the late shift. Unless Shirley took immediate action they would meet. Shirley stepped out in the street to walk diagonally toward the apartment. It was most unladylike, but that of course was Shirley's problem. She was not ladylike and perhaps the nurse would know it too? The two apparently passed about 30 feet apart without recognition. As she neared her own friendly vestibule, Shirley saw two other nurses coming up her street. They were too far away to be a problem. Shirley was back in the hall, safe! She had made it! No one had stopped her. Her secret world was safe, but it was a lonely secret world, and just perhaps the nurse if passed directly, might have given Shirley a look of compassion or understanding. Perhaps there were people in this world who could understand and accept Shirley. Where were they? "Oh God where were they"?

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Personal History

by Kathy 5-P-8 FPE

The first instance of "dressing", which I can recall positively, occurred when I was approximately five years of age. At that time I was discovered by one of my older male cousins wearing a dress and a pair of high heels which belonged to my mother. I believe the incident was prompted by my having seen another, but younger cousin of mine, dressed in one of his sister's frocks. Although I was embarrassed I continued to dress, but with more caution.

What prompted me to "dress" throughout my pre-adolescent years would be difficult to describe except to say that I felt wonderful as I paraded before the mirror. When the girls in my grammar school began to wear lipstick I wanted to also, and when they began to wear nylons I dreamed that my mother would buy a pair for me. Needless to say she didn't. But if things were occasionally bad during those years they got worse when in 1954 at the age of eleven I discovered Christene Jorgenson through a Sunday supplement series.

I became more convinced that when I grew up I would live as a woman and for many years thereafter I toyed with the idea of an operation.

It seemed whenever I dressed during those years that my dreams were close to being answered, especially when I visited my cousins. When we were together we played a fashion game modeled after a current television show. I would always pretend that I wasn't interested but after a little prompting I joined eagerly for it not only gave me an opportunity to dress but to walk and talk as a woman.

It surprises me when I look back now but as a child I was quite ignorant about sex. As I began to grow older, and the full impact of my desires hit home, I began to experience a great deal of guilt. When this guilt was coupled with a strong desire to gain an acceptance among my peers, it resulted in several years of frustration.

By my senior year in high school I had become captain of the football team and had been honored by "All League" despite my size. I was also vice president of my class and was adolescently in love with an attractive girl. I was to all appearances a successful young man. Yet I continued to "dress" and I was bewildered that such a thing could be so powerful in the face of all my masculine success.

When I entered college, one of my pre-requisite courses was psychology and I began to see a solution to my dilemma. Along with my studies, I became involved with the social life of the university. I joined a fraternity and gained quite a reputation as a ladies' man. I felt sure that insight through learning and success with women would finally cure me of an ailment which I now knew had a name.

But in my final semester, while working on a term paper on transvestism for one of my courses, I began to realize the impossibility of my task. Journal after journal, report after report, spoke only negatively about a "cure". But I had only to look into my own life to see the truth I was now twenty-three years old and I had been dressing for most, if not all, of my life. I had fought with myself many times. I had gained many new insights into my problem and through my experiences I had become secure in my manhood, yet I was no closer to an end to my behavior than I had been on that first day so many years before.

I began to worry seriously about where my life would take me. Could it be that I was to be alone for all of my years? Would I ever be a success? How could I reconcile my behavior with my desire to marry and raise a happy family?

These problems, however, were quickly taken from me as I was drafted two days after my last final.

And so began a period of time in which I had little to do but to consider a future that was temporarily a safe distance ahead. Certainly I reasoned there must be a woman whom I could love and who could love me regardless of my idiosyncrasies. And I began to believe myself; well almost.

Toward the end of my military commitment I discovered F.P.E. through an article in Confidential Magazine. When I returned home I purchased a few copies of Transvestia and a copy of "The TV and His Wife." That was several months ago and having read the material I have begun to see, through the success of others, that the full life I seek as both Ted and Teddi can be mine if I pursue it with patience and understanding.

I am who I am and God knows I wish never to change. But I am yet some distance from complete knowledge and acceptance of my total self and so it is that I seek enrollment into your Sorority for I feel that with your understanding and acceptance my fem-self can come fully into her own gaining the complete acceptance she so much deserves from her brother.



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Talk to Professional Seminar

Virginia

Introductory Note:

Following its successful Open House given last year for friends, relatives and any interested persons that any of our members knew, Alpha Chapter of FPE in keeping with its position as the founding chapter extended itself one step further. We had a Professional Seminar. To this we invited psychiatrists, psychologists, marriage and family counsellors, attorneys, ministers, social workers, and even sent invitations to the FBI, the District Attorneys office, The Sheriffs Vice Detail and the LAPD Vice Squad.

While the turn out was much less than we had hoped for we did have a very interested group with persons from these various professions represented. Surprisingly there were no representatives of any of the law enforcement groups. Perhaps we can take this as a good sign in that they did not think TVs important enough to take the time to assign a man to look into it. Certainly if they regarded us as any kind of criminal or moral threat they would have been there. Apparently things are looking up.

The talk given by Virginia to this group is reprinted here both to give individual readers the ammunition it provides for their own use in explaining us to others but also in the hope that other groups will decide to follow Alphas example. The procedure was simply that we printed up a letter of invitation briefly setting forth what FPE was and what our purposes were in holding the seminar. This was mailed out, we rented a hall and waited for the night to arrive. The program consisted of an

introduction of Virginia by the Chapter President Irene, this talk by Virginia, a question period from the floor and then an adjournment for refreshments with the suggestion that the guests seek out the other members of the organization and question them personally. We all wore nice dresses and new hairdos and sported red hostess ribbons with "F.P.E." on them. Altho we didn't draw as many as hoped, those who did come expressed both interest and appreciation so the effort was worthwhile.

With Alpha having shown the way how about some other chapters following suite? Public education requires public exposure and Alpha can't do it all.

* * * * *

Welcome to our professional seminar. This meeting is sponsored by the Alpha Chapter of Phi Pi Epsilon which is the social arm of The Foundation For Personality Expression. The purpose of which is to carry our research where possible and to disseminate its findings to the lay and professional public to educate them on the subject of Transvestism.

We have invited people from many different professions here tonight and hope that you will all learn something from this meeting that will be helpful in your work.

Unfortunately the term transvestism has too long been loosely used to include any persons (usually males) given to wearing the clothing of the other gender without regard to their motives for doing so. The fact that a rather small percentage of homosexual males adopt feminine attire (termed "drag" and the wearers, "drag queens") has been known for centuries. Unfortunately the actions of these few have not only colored the public's idea of what a homosexual was like but served to obscure the fact that a large number of completely heterosexual males also indulge in cross dressing but for entirely different reasons. The homosexual "queen" does so solely for sexual purposes, as part of the bait useful in attracting sex partners. The heterosexual cross dresses does so for reasons of gender identification with women. Whereas there is some justification in referring to the homosexual queen as a "sex deviate", since his variation from the norm is a sexual one, there is no justification for using this term for the "true" transvestite. His variation is one of gender only and not of sex. If the term "deviant" must be used at all, it should be as "gender deviant".

The term "transvestism" simply means "cross-dresser" in Latin and is an exceedingly poor term, since it refers only to an observable phenomenon without any regard for what is causing it. This is like lumping malaria, smallpox, typhoid and tuberculosis together as "fever disease" simply because a high temperature is characteristic of them all. This was justified in the Middle Ages when medical knowledge was extremely limited, but not now. We require better identification and communication from our doctors today. This is no longer the Middle Ages for psychiatry either and we require the same thing of them — namely distinction as to motivation and characteristics of a behavior pattern, proper diagnosis, and descriptive and distinguishing names for conditions that will aid in communication about and understanding of that condition. As a step in that direction I have coined the word "Femmiphillia" for the condition and "Femmiphile" for the individual manifesting it. The word literally means "love of the feminine". All normal heterosexual males love the feminine in women, but the femmiphile loves it in the sense of wanting to experience and express it. It is to be hoped that this term (or a better one) will in due course take hold. In the meantime for better temporary communication I will stick with the word "transvestite" with the understanding that I am referring to the "true" transvestite, which is to say, an individual whose only variation from the norm is cross-dressing rather than one whose principle variation is his homosexuality incidental to which he may on occasion cross dress. Moreover for brevities sake I shall use the abbreviation common in our group, namely the term "T-V", short for tranvestite.

So much for the means of communication about the condition, now let us see what that condition consists of. First off I must caution you to be aware of the frequent confusion of communication that appears in the literature in articles dealing with the subject of "transvestism." Close reading of some of these articles reveals that the individuals being described are more often than not homosexually inclined and in some instances are transsexuals neither of which should be included in the term. So, just as you are aware that "all is not gold that glitters, bear in mind that all are not transvestites who are listed under the term".

Now I don't want you to think that what I have to tell you tonight about TVs is just a matter of personal opinion. It is based on over 500 cases who have replied to a rather extensive questionnaire concerning their personal histories. When this group consisted of only 387 I presented the data at the Honolulu meeting the American Psychological Association in 1965. Copies of this survey are available on the literature table. The figures I will give you in this paper are based on the 504 cases but the percentages are about the same. Much of what was found in this survey is not in agreement with what is to be found in the literature and this will be pointed out. To the various objections that may be raised to questionnaires as research tools may I say that: (1) 504 cases is considerably more than all the cases in all the world's medical literature for all past history combined. The results should therefore warrant serious consideration, and (2) whatever information is in the literature has been written by Doctors, and Psychologists based on what they have learned from patients — individuals sufficiently disturbed, in trouble with the law or with wives or parents that they sought or were sent for professional help. As statements about specific patients the reports are justified, but the conclusions drawn are open to serious question when claimed to be valid general observations on the pattern itself. This assertion is based on the fact that in the 504 cases in this series only 119 or 24% had ever seen a psychiatrist at all, and only 43 or 9% of the total undertook what was considered as serious treatment. From this it is evident that such data as is in the literature is both biased in favor of more seriously disturbed individuals and incomplete in that it comes from a very small segment of the transvestic population.

What are transvestites actually like? First let me say that in most cases you would not know one if you saw one. We do not have or generally show anything in our masculine life that reveals our interests. In fact we take considerable pains to conceal them. It is quite possible that some friend, colleague or business associate is given to slipping into something pretty and frilly when the occasion permits. Occupationally, about 1/3 of the group were involved in the three categories of labor (including both skilled and unskilled) business and the arts, and technical-professional. The occupations of their fathers showed about the same distribution. 17% of them were in business for

themselves or presidents of companies which is an indication that a number of them has the necessary drive, aggressiveness and know how to achieve success on their own. This is not compatible with the idea that a male with feminine interests would of necessity go into soft, easy, "feminine" type occupations or be passive, unassuming followers. Income-wise, 30% of them made over \$10,000 per year and educationally 37% had college or advanced degrees.

Moreover, in contrast to general expectations for men with such feminine interests, our sample indicates a high degree of heterosexual orientation. 78% of the group either were married at the time or had previously been — 14% were separated, divorced or widowed. 12% had been married more than once. Three quarters of those to whom the question was applicable stated that they had children. Where divorce had occurred transvestism was given as the cause in 1/3 of the cases. Of these only about 1/3 of the wives knew of the husbands transvestic interests prior to marriage. The attitude of the wives is interesting too. About 20% did not know of the husbands interest: another 20% knew but were completely antagonistic: a further 20% permitted the husband to dress but did not want to see him so attired. A final 35% ran from permitting dressing in her presence to being outright accepting and cooperative. These figures indicate therefore, that 2 out of 3 wives show some degree of permissiveness.

Inquiry into the childhood and family relationships of this group revealed that only 18% came from homes broken by divorce before their 18th birthday. 72% said that their father provided a good masculine image and of the 28% negative replies it was principally due to the fathers absence. 51% reported that the father was the dominant parent.

Three other types of experience generally given in the literature as predisposing factors are (1) the mother wanted a girl and brought up the son in a somewhat girlish way: (2) the boy was forced to wear feminine attire as punishment: or (3) he was kept in curls and long hair longer than usual. Data from this group showed that of the 486 responding to these questions 83% said that they had been brought up and treated just like any other boy. Only 4% said that they had been brought up or treated by the mother in a girlish way. 4% were punished in

feminine attire, and 6% were kept longer in curls. That individuals treated in any or all of these ways do occur and that they show up in the clinicians office is not to be denied, but such persons are more likely, it would seem, to have additional emotional troubles which help to bring them to the therapists couch. It is not good science or sense to project the causative factors found in such persons to everyone else with the same behaviour pattern, yet this is what is to be found repeatedly in the literature.

The age of first TV experience also provides some illuminating results. The literature uniformly points to the origin of TVism in early childhoods. In our study 14% reported starting before 5 years, 40% between 5 and 10; 37% between 10 and 18 years and 8% after 18. While it is undeniable that many TVs do have their beginnings when very small, the fact that 45% or almost half had their first experience after the age of 10, makes it evident that whatever may be claimed to be the primal cause of the TV urge, it is certainly something capable of occurring at almost any age.

Considering the small number beginning before 5 years; the small group reporting the specific conditioning factors reported in the literature; the relatively small number reporting divorce, poor father images or dominant mothers during their childhood, it becomes obvious that the etiologic ideas advanced in the literature are very largely wrong. Much more research needs to be done with a clear and open mind without preconceived theories. There are many psycho-social influences that come to bear on males, increasingly at adolescence and after, which may have a hand in bringing about transvestism. These have been given but slight consideration in the literature of the subject.

Cross dressing is practiced to one degree or another by several other different types of persons. To indicate that the group under investigation was a rather highly "purified" sample of "true" transvestites, that is heterosexual transvestites without many other conflicting patterns; only 2% classed themselves as homosexual (9% said they were bisexual). Only 14% said that they would seriously consider sex change surgery at the present time (and many of these are not really trans-sexuals but misguided TVs who for lack of adequate counselling feel that that is the only path to free and unrestricted feminine



MARY ANN
31-N-1
DOES HER
OWN HAIR

BEFORE



NOW ALL
DRESSED
AND NO
PLACE TO GO

AFTER



expression). Only 6% would enjoy domination by another person and only 1% enjoyed bondage.

It is interesting that fully 3/4 of the respondents reported that they did not just feel like themselves dressed up while wearing feminine clothing but rather as a different personality. Over half the group stated that they liked their feminine self better than their masculine side – only 1/4 preferred their masculine self. Thus therapists dealing with the problem are, in most cases, trying to persuade the patient, in one way or another to accept the least satisfactory self concept simply because it conforms to social expectations and to reject the more satisfactory one. This is hardly an optimistic base for therapy. The therapist would do better to help the individual to accept his feminine side and to integrate “her” into his total life.

Since the TV himself is aware of the general social attitude toward males who adopt feminine attire, he leads a very isolated, lonely life, swamped in fears, shame, self doubt, and guilt. Most of us have a long history of broken promises to ourselves that we would stop the ridiculous practice. It is characteristic to have periodic paroxysms of guilt which we call “purges” in which we give away or destroy all the clothing and swear to ourselves we’ll never do it again. But who can the TV talk to? Certainly not parents, siblings, teachers, ministers or other counsellors. The majority of these people being generally even more ignorant of the true facts than the TV himself would in many cases actually push him further into isolation and withdrawal by their failure to understand and/or their expressed or implied accusation of homosexuality.

The only other possible person to turn to is a doctor, especially a psychiatrist. Unfortunately in a great many cases he is of no more and often less help than lay people. If he really understands he can of course reassure the patient and help him adjust to the problem. But if he doesn’t his official position and supposedly great knowledge give so much weight to his opinion that it is accepted as correct even if it isn’t. My own first marriage was destroyed because a psychiatrist told my wife that I undoubtedly was a homosexual and that she had best get a divorce. I have never had a homosexual experience either then nor in the 15 years since. I had previously been to 6 different psychiatrists

myself seeking understanding of myself without getting any help until I met Dr. Karl Bowman the first director of the Langley Porter State Mental Hospital in San Francisco . . . a man with sufficient knowledge, understanding and compassion to tell me that (1) I was not alone, that there were thousands more like me, (2) that I was not a homosexual and should not worry myself further about it, (3) that I was not psychopathic nor headed that way, and (4) that the best thing I could do was to learn to accept myself as I was and learn to live with it.

With thanks to him that is what I began to do and it worked.

Dr. Alfred Eyers writing on this subject in 1960 said, "effective therapy, formidable and difficult in any of the personality disorders, is, in this particular entity practically impossible. Any therapeutic approach relieving symptoms, tensions and discomfort and promoting better adjustment certainly is in order." Bowman and Engle in 1957 wrote, "It is generally agreed that all types of psychotherapy are failures (as a cure for transvestism), so far there are no reported successfully treated cases." Drs. Walker and Fletcher in "Sex and Society," stated, "When doctors are able to do as little for patients as we doctors are able to do for these cases of transvestism, it would be better for us perhaps to make efforts in another direction. Instead of treating the patients themselves, we might treat with more profit the society which makes it so difficult for these unfortunate people to live in."

Taking Dr. Bowman's advice to me and the words of these authors to heart I began to publish the magazine *Transvestia*, 9 years ago with the hope of making the transvestite realize that he was not alone but only one of many, that a male with feminine interests is not necessarily a homosexual in spite of locker room assertions, and that he can learn to understand himself and thus achieve a measure of peace of mind. That this means of promoting the "better adjustment" that Dr. Eyres suggested has been reasonably successful, is indicated by the replies to the question as to whether *Transvestia* had helped the individuals understanding. 64% replied "greatly" and 34% said "some".

That this was not merely flattery of the magazine is

revealed by the respondents own assessment of themselves and their plans for the future regarding transvestic activities. Only 1% expressed any hope or intention of stopping their transvestic patterns. 21% expected things to remain in status quo, while 22% wanted to expand their activities. Another 22% planned on developing their feminine side more fully. These figures also correlate interestingly with those obtained on inquiring into the state of guilt feelings. Only 2% still felt guilty and ashamed, 20% felt they were gradually reducing it, 31% stated that they felt substantially free of guilt, and 20% felt on the positive side, that is, that TVism had made a valuable, positive contribution to their lives. A further 20% answered both affirmatively – no guilt and a valuable contribution.

I thoroughly agree with the authors cited in their observation that true transvestism is virtually incurable in the sense of removing all desire for the expression of one's feminine components thru the medium of cross dressing. But that adjustment to the problem and reduction of stress is possible is indicated by the fact that whereas 68% of this population had gone thru the spasmodic guilt pattern of "purges", 63% found the magazine and its guidance of "great" help and as a result 73% reported themselves as being essentially free from guilt. Thus practically the same percentage of respondents who had experienced deep guilt had found the magazine very helpful and were presently practically guilt free.

When 50 times more transvestities wish to increase their expression than wish to reduce it, and when 73% do not feel guilty or ashamed any more, why should they seek a psychiatrist or look for a change? There simply isn't enough motivation or reason. Moreover it is obvious that as many as 41% find a positive value in the experience in spite of social ignorance and disapproval, the pattern must surely be more than just a conditioned response to some childhood experiences. There must be some real value accruing from it.

These figures all suggest that professional counsellors of whatever school would do much better in handling femmiphiles if they would look deeper into their motives and satisfactions. There is certainly something more fundamental involved here than has previously been considered and investigating it might very probably lead to a better understanding of all of us.

Letters to the Editor



"Dear
Editor"

Dear Virginia,

I really do not know how to start this letter. I feel that I have to try to explain how I feel at this moment.

Last night I bought a copy of *Transvestia* for the first time. As I was reading it through, I experienced a feeling of joy and happiness coming over me. I have finally found a way I can fit into this world and still have an understanding with God.

The reason I mention God or a higher power as I sometimes refer to Him, is on account of the article by Olivia, "Spiritual Aspects of Transvestism". It has a great deal to do with the way I am now living.

The main reason for this letter is to tell you about myself, which I think is necessary. I really don't know quite just how to state this, but I will try to be perfectly honest with you.

I am an alcoholic. I am a member of Alcoholics Anonymous and have been, for almost nine months now. I haven't found it necessary to take a drink since February 3, 1967. Up until last night I had a great many guilt feelings about dressing in feminine attire.

Since Alcoholics Anonymous is a program of rigorous honesty, I will not try to hide anything from you and your staff. I have had a few HS experiences, before I went to Alcoholics Anonymous. I'm not going to say I was drunk and

didn't know what I was doing, that would be just an excuse. I knew perfectly well that it was wrong, but I did it anyway. Out of these experiences came disgust, loss of self-respect, just deep down inside, I was sick of myself. These places I went to were the only places I knew of where I could go and not feel odd, but I was odd and I did not fit in there either.

I find that I can know and meet transvestites anyplace in the world, through your publication of Transvestia. To me this is one of the basic ways of relieving our guilt feelings. I mean getting rid of them all together. It is a realization that we are not alone and that we can have friendships and correspondence with happy and contented persons with the same thoughts and views. It means to me that I do not have to be an outsider or a loner any more.

I am now 24 years old and single. I am very grateful that I did not get married when I wanted to. The reason I wanted to get married was to cut down on my drinking, but I know now that it would only have prolonged my misery. The reason I am so grateful (referring to myself as a transvestite) is that I would never have told the gal of my desire to wear feminine clothing. Now I know that I will never get married unless I can be accepted as I am. By reading your book I realized that there are ladies who will accept me.

I do not know whether I am an attractive transvestite or not, but I think I can be. If not I know what I am. I truly believe that I have accepted myself as a transvestite just as I have accepted myself as an alcoholic. In that I will always be this way. I really cannot describe acceptance, but to me it is an inner peace with myself and my God.

At one time I thought of becoming or wanting to become a trans-sexual. This I could never do, because I really believe that God put me on this earth for a reason, just the way I am. To me everything that God creates, you can always find beauty in. Now maybe I can radiate some of that beauty in a good way.

What I have said here is quite personal to me. I might have disqualified myself for Phi Pi Epsilon sorority. I surely hope not and I pray that I am accepted. As I need the fellowship in Alcoholics Anonymous, I want and need the ladyship in Phi Pi

Epsilon.

I was really worried in the last month or so that I would never be happy. Then running across this book when I was out looking for material on cross-dressing. In this book I ran across your notice on that article that was in Confidential. That was where I first ran across the name of your publication. I can only speak for myself, but I did not take the article seriously. I know how I feel and I think that it is the same as you, that it was pure slander against the true transvestite. My letter will be sent in to protest. I feel that these were pointed accusations at each and every one of us. When someone does this to me it hurts me and also my friends. It also destroys all the good work you and your staff are doing. Back to my happiness – if it wasn't for Olivia's article this letter would probably never have been written. To me this is God's way for me, and that is to share beauty, kindness and understanding with my fellow transvestities.

You probably have gotten a lot of these views before, but this is the only way I can accept my life. I'm so full of joy I can't really tell you how happy I am in words. I could go on and on, but I will try to bring it to a close. Enclosed is a check for \$20.00 for six back issues of Transvestia. Would you please send a subscription blank along, for a one year's subscription. Would I by chance be eligible to receive a personal information form. Could anyone in your staff or yourself, Virginia, drop a note of encouragement in with the information form, just to set me at ease.

Donna

Dear Virginia,

Recently I ordered your "Realistic" Falsies and jelly kit. As soon as I received my jelly kit I mixed it and filled the inserts per instructions. I just want to say it is wonderful! I had a stretch strap bra on that I didn't use much because it used to ride up, but now with the weight of the inserts it works perfectly. I also have a strapless long line and today I put the inserts in it and if I did not know better I would swear it was

my own breasts that bounced when I walk. The long line now fits snug so it doesn't pull down and the cups are wired to keep them in place. One more thing I want to say and that is that I added nipples to the inserts and under a sweater they look so natural. Pass this on to the other girls if you want. I used some "plastic goop" from the children's "Thing Maker" set and made a form out of foil. Then I poured some goop into the forms and carefully heated it with a torch until it hardened. Using the natural color it's next best to the real thing.

Transvestia and The Transvestite and His Wife have helped me to understand myself a little better and enlightened me on many things I didn't know before. Thank you.

Betty Ann

Editor's Note: This is an old letter of Laura's and is therefore several years out of date, but it is timeless in its sincerity and genuine feeling (I know Laura) and seems fitting for inclusion in TVia.

Dear Cathy:

Your most welcome letter arrived only this evening and I am truly sorry that it was too late to see you in Akron—doubly so because I have business commitments that require occasional trips there and could easily have scheduled them to suit.

I can find no record of Cathy in TVia or Femmemirror, so surmise that you are still rather new to FPE? Not that I am more than a near-novice—having been a member for less than a year, but what a wonderful and thrilling time it has been! I have been an FP all of my life, but one whose insufferable male ego has fought to keep the feminine component secretive and alone for decades. Luckily, I stumbled on Transvestia & Virginia and ultimately found FPE—which has come to be the most meaningful thing in my femme life, not only because it provides a means of communication with kindred souls, but also because of the many heart-warming friendships I have found among the FPE's.

Actually, it is less than four months since I summoned enough courage to acknowledge my true status as an FP to Fran (49-C-1 FPE; TVIA No. 25) and through her great compassion and wise counsel was able to 'see the light'. In the intervening months, through correspondence and personal contact, my circle of very dear valued friends in FPE has widened remarkably and has vastly broadened my horizons. Each of the girls has been exquisitely kind and helpful, asking nothing, but giving so much.

Less than a week ago, Laura made her 'debut' in dress at Marie's (14-K-2) which was not only enormously satisfying emotionally, but which brought a serene contentment in being just me! The real test is yet to come—attending a chapter party all decked out in my very best cocktail dress before the assembled members and spouses. This is the avenue of expression I have sought all my life. It has been a long uphill pull (that ego again), but the rewards of living FPE actively are so tantalizing that I cannot let any imagined fears stand in the way.

Dear Cathy, I sense from your letter that you have been quite lonely and still feel that you must proceed slowly and cautiously into the fuller life of FPE. That is only natural. Believe me, if there is one trait that is common to all of the girls, it is the ability to respect a confidence. We are all quite vulnerable and can be 'destroyed' by thoughtless persons. But to really communicate, one must get to know each other and personal contact is the only real way to build lasting friendships. I should like very much to become your friend.

I wish I could find words to express the very great happiness I have found in FPE. There is a new and fresh appreciation of people as they are, a feeling of contentment with my lot in life, and the simple joy of just being a lady in congenial feminine company. All of the agony has been worth it. My only regret is that I have waited so long. Please don't hesitate to become active—you will find all that you seek.

Laura



Feminization of U.S.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is reprinted from the Medical Tribune of September 18, 1965, because it is felt that the views expressed by Dr. Greenson will be of interest to our readers. Dr. Greenson by the way is the Psychiatrist who remarked to your Editor, after I had gone at some length into the Gender vs. Sex idea and the concept of Dual Personalities, "Virginia, the area you have been discussing has never been adequately explored by psycho analysis." This is not quoted as a compliment to me but because it indicates that while our kind of individuals are well known to psychiatrists, our outlooks and philosophy is not. Fortunately some, like Drs. Greenson and Stoller are working on it.

LOS ANGELES—A psychiatrist here with a special interest in gender concepts believes that American society is getting more feminine as it grows more complex.

"Industrialization, technology, and the population explosion seem to have 'demasculinized' the American male," with a consequent increase in psychiatric problems related to gender, Dr. Ralph R. Greenson told a meeting of the Southern California Psychiatric Society.

"The Welfare State also seems to act like a mother, taking care of the sick, the aged, and the unemployed," he continued. "This point is made without implying approval or disapproval—it is merely a statement of fact. At the same time there are some indications that women, since they have felt relatively emancipated in recent years, have taken on some traits we have customarily attributed to males."

Dr. Greenson reported that he had seen such changes in gender concept on the clinical level in his work at the Gender Identity Research Clinic of the University of California School of Medicine, Los Angeles, a center for the psychiatric examination and treatment of patients who seek a surgical change in their anatomic gender.

This was the situation he described: "Before World War II most of my women patients suffered from frigidity, but this was not a major complaint. Today I rarely see a woman patient who accepts her frigidity. In fact, most of them demand orgasms and feel they are cheated by their sexual partners if they do not obtain them readily. Previously women patients seemed relatively inhibited about sexual activity with the mouth, and today they seem to accept it . . .

"Before World War II, most of my men patients complained that their wives were reluctant sexual partners. Today it is the women who complain that their husbands do not seem to be eager for sexual relations. Whereas frigidity in women seems to be decreasing, frigidity in men is increasing enormously."

On a more superficial level, Dr. Greenson noted that since women have gained greater social freedom, "they have taken over many of the perrogatives previously reserved for men."

"They are able to smoke and drink in public, to work, choose a husband, divorce, own property, and vote," he continued. "In addition, modern methods of contraception have freed women from their constant fear of pregnancy. In general, women have become more active, daring, and even rebellious.

"On the other hand, men have become more passive, security-minded, and conforming. Young men start out their working careers thinking of retirement rather than becoming boss. Ambition, drive, outspokenness, and rebellion are considered old-fashioned masculine traits."

He attributed these shifts in gender role to changes in the relative economic status of the two sexes. American women have largely gained economic independence and thus their social and

sexual security, he said, but "in societies where a woman is still the property of a man she still tends to be passive, timid, and envious."

"On the other hand, men have become economically and psychologically more insecure," he noted.

For psychiatrists and allied workers, such changes in the psychosexual outlook of men and women pose problems not only in clinical treatment but also in the investigation of sexuality. One complicating factor in such research is the bisexual nature of men and women in varying degrees — the investigator must sort out what Dr. Greenson called "male and female traits [that] are constellations and combinations of single elements."

Another difficulty in studying the masculinity-femininity spectrum, according to the psychiatrist, is "the battle of the sexes, the unconscious tendency to prove one sex superior to another."

"Despite a conscious attitude of scientific detachment, there is so much unconscious fear and hatred of the opposite sex that it seems to influence and distort one's findings and conclusions," he said. "I believe that this is even true for psychiatrists and psychoanalysts and explains — at least in part — the lack of progress we have made in studying this problem."

He continued: "In America and similar societies we all recognize women's hostility to men. The woman as a castrator is a stereotype, as is the woman who wears the pants in the family, who is in the driver's seat, etc.

"What is less well known and is still the subject of great debate in psychoanalytic circles is men's envy of women. Underneath man's conscious contempt of woman lies a great unconscious envy. And it is envy which is at the bottom of much of his hatred and fear."

Dr. Greenson thought men's greatest reason for envying women was their ability to create life through childbearing.

"Men's creativity in art, literature, and science is their

attempt to sublimate the urge to create something living and alive," he commended. "It is striking to note that the most creative women are those who have no babies or those beyond the childbearing years.



WILDA 20-Q-1

"I'M A TEXAS TV SONNY, WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?"



CHI CHAPTER (CHICAGO) HAS A HALLOWEEN PARTY

BETTY LOW 13-R-3

JOAN 49-B-4

CHERYL 13-S-7

BARBARA LEE 13-D-4

ELLEN 13-M-6

LOIS 49-V-1



3 ALPHA CHAPTER GIRLS

HARRIET 5-H-22

DONNA 5-W-15

JOYCE 5-B-28



Sheila Niles (30-B-2) FPE



I AM MARY DUNNE, by Brian Moore, Viking, New York, 217 pp, \$4.95 (1968).

Attempts by male writers to portray the "women's viewpoint" are, almost inevitably, a by-product of the story-tellers' art — except for those rare novels in which the girls are totally absent. While many of the resulting "dolls" are little more than part of the scenery, it is interesting that

so many men have portrayed quite credible women — in the third person. Much rarer is the man who tries to tell a story from the "inside of his female character, and has the courage to tell it in the first person. His intent is, all too often, pornography, and the success of such books seems to depend largely on male curiosity about how it FEELS to have one of those spectacular female orgasms which the reader can only enjoy by proxy. These books lead from John Cleland's *FANNY HILL* to the current series by Rod Gray, *THE LADY FROM L.U.S.T.*, in which the girl is little more than a self-propelled set of sex organs. Such personality as these heroines have is so blatantly masculine as to evoke derision from any woman who chances to pick up a copy. Then, rarest of all, is a book like the present one in which a man really and sincerely tries to "think myself into the skin and into the mind of a young, troubled, pretty woman", as Mr. Moore wrote in a statement prepared for the Literary Guild Magazine. A measure of his success is the fact that the Guild, a major book club has selected *MARY* for distribution.

This is not Mr. Moore's first venture into what Deanna

20Q1-FPE calls "literary TV"; his very first novel (thirteen years ago) was THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE, one of those excellent third person characterizations. The several novels in between have been quite conventional. This one differs in being so utterly convincingly feminine that it has excited the attention of many reviewers, all of whom express their admiration of the achievement. It is not a particularly happy story, being the chronicle of one long day of psychological crisis during which Mary has many reasons to recall her past in a series of flash-backs. To begin with, there is her "hateful premenstrual tension". "The curse that comes once a month, making me murderous one minute, suicidal the next, weepy, sick, silly, confused, and I sit here appalled, feeling some other self within me beginning to go berserk". This sense of duality haunts her day, and "the mad twin" nearly drives her to jump off the fire escape. Her past is a varied one, involving two failed marriages each of which left a burden of guilt, a period as an unsuccessful actress, a rise from being a backwoods girl who has pyramided her gains into life as the pampered wife of a writer of box-office hits, and a few sexual adventures. The latter are really of no great concern to her, and her problem is not one of sexuality, but of identity — what has been called the characteristic problem of modern culture. Despite all her troubles, she retains her ability to laugh at herself (something I could stand to see more of in OUR sisterhood!) and is a very lively, attractive and properly feminine person.

There is no way of telling whether Mr. Moore carried his two years of "taking his own life and transmogrifying it into hers" to the logical extreme of dressing up for his daily battles with the typewriter, and no real reason to suspect it. He has, I think, found a way to come to terms with his "anima" that satisfies him in about the same way that dressing does us — but brings him honor instead of the scorn he would reap by showing MARY in three dimensions. Actually, he has outdone all but the very best of us in that he never hits a false note — and who among us can pretend that she has kept up to that standard? Even Virginia has been known to draw a polite "Yes, Sir" from a clerk on the phone, much to her dismay! I've been around and heard some big talk about how we "think like women", but I've never seen a TV (and darned few TSSs) who do it so well, truly and naturally as Moore. In an interview with John Barkham of the Saturday Review, he said "I like being in the company of

women, and I'm one of the few men I've known who likes listening to women." Some of my TV friends claim to like such listening, but their performance shows little effects; I think what they REALLY listen to is the Centrece ads . . . so listen to Mary, I think she is trying to tell you something good.

And now for what seems to be a steady feature, the TRASH-BASKET REVIEW:

THE STUDY OF THE TRANSVESTITE' BY T. O. Gambino
NAA. Box 426 St. James N.Y. \$5.

This is a fascinating study – but in editorial methods, not TV. Gambino apparently set forth to do a conscientious job, and did so up to where he lost control of the situation. He starts with the usual library survey, and continues it right down to now; his last citation being Dr. Benjamin's latest book, he is able to make cogent remarks on the differences among TVs, TSs and homosexuals. This is followed by twelve case histories, some of them new to me, some so brief as to be trivial. One is odd: speaking of the permissive attitude of Asian people to various deviations, "In the area of the Malay Archipeligo it is a common sight for transvestites to live together. At night these men can be seen socializing together in groups . . . The Malay transvestite sometimes will run wild, in a sort of delirium. Then he will try to destroy everything in his sight." Case X is De Choisy, with a few details, but going on far too long in proportion to the others. And then, something went wrong with Gambion's plans

The book is illustrated, according to the cover, with "over 60 photographs of actual transvestites." Well, maybe you could CALL them that – if you hadn't read the text. First, 26 views of a group of drag queens getting dressed together, with much body contact (ever notice how real TVs almost hate to shake hands, let alone help put on each others' underwear?) Then, 13 pictures of professional impersonators, mostly with their hormone development tastelessly displayed; 7 cartoons of the ENEG series, and 10 cartoons by someone else, considerably less sadist-minded. Top it off with a "glossary" which is neither relevant nor accurate – and aren't you GLAD you have me to do your dirty work for you? Now you don't have to even BUT it, let alone wade through it!!!!

* * * * *

And now, an OPEN LETTER to our Editor: Dear Virginia:

Our conversation during my recent visit to your place seems so important that I feel it should be put on paper, especially since there has been so much discussion of your article in TVia No. 52. In that issue, you summed up your findings as to who you are, where you're at and where you're going – and seemed rather surprised to find that I agreed with you despite my known bias towards a physical theory of TV. We actually are in much closer agreement than our recent exchange of open letters seemed to indicate, since each of us took a somewhat extremist stance to make our points. You are primarily interested in the environmental effects that cause a TV to develop but grant the need for predisposition along TV lines for these effects to produce our kind. My main interest was, and still is, in the nature of the predisposition. Regardless of that nature, I think we are in good agreement that each male is born with a certain amount of femininity POTENTIAL in him. This would range from 0% in those recently discovered "super-males" with XYY chromosomes, who have about the same outlook as a bull – all aggression and sex drive, which results in their spending most of their time in jails. Most men take one of two courses with their femininity; either they repress it, with resulting ulcers, nightmares etc., or they sublimate it as Brian Moore does into socially acceptable lines. And then there are those who must express it physically . . . For the sake of having numbers, let us assign the fetishists the range 10-30% F. No more on them, but next comes what I call the "All-Girl fetishists", who dress completely but get a thrill out of it which is at least complicated by erotic overtones. Let us call this group 30-50% F – and I can speak freely about them, because I'm their self-appointed representative. Maybe we aren't TVs by Stroller's definition, but we can pass pretty well when we want to – which is seldom. Then we have a more strongly motivated group, say 50-70% F, who constitute the main bulk of FPE members, and go out to pass quite often. At the end of the line, we have you – and a dozen or so others like you – in the real tradition of the Chevalier d'Eon, who tend to stay dressed for long periods. I would put you at 70-80% F. And, confusingly, we have the TVs, at 90-100% F, who seem to be part of us but eventually prove that they are NOT.

If we ever co-author that article, I'd suggest we call it "THE KINETICS OF TV", because that is the important point of what we agreed on — the TV is NOT a fully developed personality when we first see her (in most cases) but a personality striving to attain her potential. I think the readers, and especially their wives, need to know this. They also need to recognize that YOUR potential and MINE are quite different, and that they are more apt to be like Fran than either of us. All of us, even the TSs, start off with a more or less fetishist pattern; some stay there a long time, and for a great many it is THE GOAL. Others, like me, develop some what alone, then seem to "explode" when we first read TVia. Then it levels off; I do not dress any more now than I did six years ago, and would be bored to tears at having to dress more than twice a week. In other words, I also have reached my potential, limited as it may seem, and want nothing more. But what I am today would not satisfy Miss 50-70; she must have a bit more. You passed through my stage long ago, and seemed to be about a 60 when we first met — but you were still growing, and have only recently come to what we both feel to be your true potential. I do not envy you, because I am just as happy at my 46% as you can be at your 80%; nor do I feel in any way inferior just because my number is lower than yours. What I do feel is sorry for those who are yet groping towards a goal which they do not understand — and horror for those unfortunates who have OVER-estimated their potential and had some well-meaning surgeon put them irreversibly in the TS class for which they are not and never would be fitted. Short of that, I do not think an over-estimate does much harm; if any reader is "dressing more now and enjoying it less", I think she will find the solution without any advice from me!

I like to think that we in Chevalier and FPE are creating an environment, such that the TVs being born now will find their potential without the years of agony we "old-timers" went through.

Shiela, 30-B2-FPE

* * * * *

EDITORS REPLY:

Yes, I tend to agree with Sheila except that "feminine potential" is a pretty hard thing to deal with. Regardless of how we become TVs and relatively regardless of how we over develop

in the early years there comes a time when the force of circumstances seems to have more to do with our further "development" TV-wise than any inherent "potential". Of course without some potential of face, figure, size, and adaptability it wouldn't make much difference what the circumstances were. On the other hand there are many cases where the circumstances prevent further development even though all other factors may be highly favorable so maybe we are back to the "nature vs. nature" business again at a chronologically more advanced point.

If a TV is frustrated and uncomfortable in other aspects of life then, he will likely turn more toward TVism as compensation and relaxation. On the other hand if a TV is happily married, with an understanding wife and his work and position are interesting and rewarding he is very likely to find that the pressures toward dressing and the forces tending to prevent or inhibit it about balance and he is in equilibrium and pretty well satisfied with life.

As I commented in passing in my "Observation" column in TVia No. 53, if my marriage had remained intact and had my postal hassle never occurred (which got me into leturing etc.) I too would have arrived at an equilibrium point. But such was not the case and there being no particular balancing forces and I, in addition, being scientifically curious and investigative I simply resolved to find out where the TV road led. This was a very special set of circumstances that I found myself in and one in which probably none of our other members finds herself. So my experiences and feelings and adventures were different from those of most of my readers. I have always written of my insights and concepts and in No. 52 I shared a couple of highly significant events (for me) with my readers. It was not intended to be an example to be followed and should not have upset anyone (but it did). It was merely a continued chronicle of my experiences and conclusions.

So whether or not I have really any higher "feminine potential" as Sheila suggests is a moot point. But what I have had are various experiences both good and bad; motivations to understand the subject, an urge to offer (in print and in person) whatever ideas I had about TVism to others and eventually (due to divorce and a retirement from business) a rather unusual

opportunity to extend my personal development even further – which I have done. I love it, but that does not mean that anyone else would. Somebody once said, “Everybody goes crazy their own way”, and I guess that this is just my way.

Sincerely,
Virginia

TV Humor

A 28 inch TV is obviously someone who could use a bit of padding in the right places.

1st TV “Did you hear that Mary was arrested last week?”

2nd TV “I suppose someone read her.”

1st TV “Heavens no! She was on vacation for a month and passed the Whole time. The only problem was that after four weeks in heels she couldn’t walk on flat shoes and so she was mistakenly arrested as a drunk when she went back to work.”

1st Secretary “Automation finally caught up with me. My boss fired me a week ago and replaced me with a TV.”

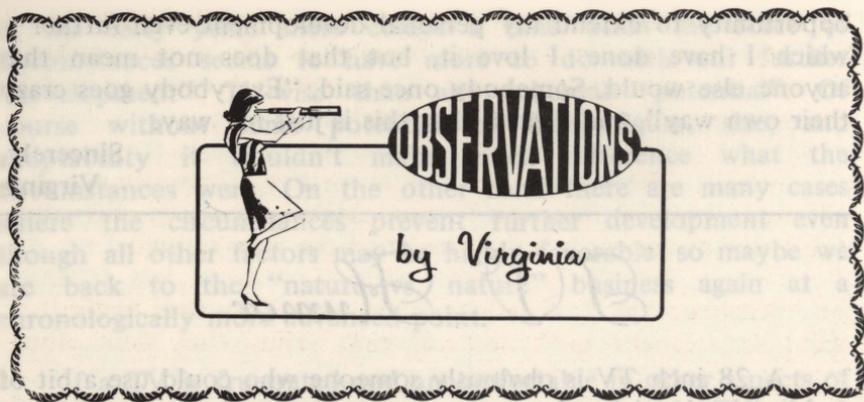
2nd Secretary “That’s too bad, but what can a TV do that you can’t?”

1st Secretary “Well, the one they just hired serves as plant foreman from 9 until noon and as private secretary, receptionist and girl friday from 1 until 5. Plant production doubled the first week and she’s a better typist than I am. That’s what a TV can do that I can’t.”

OVERHEARD AT A COLLEGE REUNION:

What ever happened to that kooky chemist who was working on a chemical formula to remove a man’s beard?

I really don’t know, but he must have given up on the idea. I see that a lovely girl is living in his old home and I noted that his company is now listed on the New York stock exchange so I assume that he invented a product that people needed and then moved away.



It is sometimes hard for your Editor and for those who have been subscribing to the magazine for a long time, to remember that we have a great many readers who have joined our ranks in the last couple of years. We "oldies" tend to use terms whose definitions and derivations were explained in the older issues of the magazine which new readers probably haven't seen. It seems appropriate therefore to define some of the terms and explain their origin briefly for the benefit of our more recently joined sisters.

"TV" and "TVia": Both of these are probably obvious but are included for the sake of completeness and clarity. Naturally "TV" is short for Transvestite. It is handy to use when talking among "squares" since they generally would not get the meaning. "TVia" is just an abbreviation for the magazine name, "TRANVESTIA" – saves space.

"F.P." "FemmePersonator" and "Femmiphile". The initials "F.P." are an abbreviation of the other two words. These two words (spelled just as shown) were coined in an attempt to escape from the word transvestite since it is all too frequently used to refer to homosexuals or transsexuals that affect feminine attire. Literally FemmePersonator was devised originally as, "one who personates, or gives life to his own inner feminine self". Femmiphile means "lover of the feminine" for an individual and "Femmiphillia" would be the name of the condition such as Transvestism or Eonism (the latter, incidently, is the name given the behavior pattern by Havelock Ellis, The great English Sexologist. Transvestism was coined by Magnus

Herschfeld of Germany). If we could learn to utilize these terms and get them accepted by the professional we would gradually be able to set ourselves apart as a separate breed and not be always confused with the Homosexuals.

“HS”, “HO” and “TS”: The first two are simply two different ways of referring to homosexuals and homosexuality. The latter of course, is an abbreviation for a transsexual.

“GG” or “RG”: These terms refer to born female girls and stand for “genetic girl” or “real girl”. Thus, “my GG” would usually refer to ones wife or girl friend.

“PG”: In this connection I am herewith adding a new abbreviation to our lexicon. “PG” means “Perennial Girl” and comes from the botanical world in which there are flowers that are “Annuals” and have to be replanted every year, and “Perennials” that live from year to year or continuously. This may also be taken to mean “post-graduate” and is to be applied to those of us who have decided to live as women all the time instead of intermittantly. There will not be very many members of this group as it will not include TSs who may do the same thing. Presently I know of only about a dozen and would like to be told of any others that readers may know about.

“F.P.E.”: This initial after one of the names in the magazine signifies that the person has joined the Sorority, Phi (F) Pi (P) Epsilon (E). These greek letters stand for “Full Personality Expression”. The non-profit Calif. Corporation which was formed some years ago is the Foundation for Personality Expression with the same initials.

“Femme-dress, Femme-life, Femme-self”: These compound terms (and any others you want to dream up) merely refer to various aspects of ones feminine existence.

Don't use the terms “gay”, “drag”, “Queen”, etc. These are terms from the homosexual world and have no place in TV terminology. Use of them tends to identify us with that “life” and further muddies the waters.



**KATHERINE
CONN.**

SUSAN 30-S-1 FPE

MINI HAPPY RETURNS



Where do
You Fit in

Virgin
Views
by Virginia



Shiela in her open letter to me at the end of her book review in this issue, uses the term "whole girl fetishist" (WGF) and we quite agree on the definition. In my own "Observations" column just preceding this I have defined "FP" for newer readers. I would like in this editorial to point out another way of distinguishing these two classes of persons and, hopefully, by doing so to bring about some changes in some of these whom the "shoe fits" (even if it is an 8 inch spike).

Some among us have made their peace with their "Girl Within" and have learned to accept her existence and to share their lives with her. If she is real and not pretend these persons would probably be classed as FP — lovers of the feminine. However, there is much much more to being feminine than just slipping on a dress and heels and wearing earrings. Any WGF (whole girl fetishist) can and does do this plus the lingerie, hairdo, makeup, etc. The GGs that you know and respect and presumably try to emulate (if you really qualify as an FP) manifest themselves in a myriad of ways other than just wearing femmeattire. They are (or should be) more gentle, graceful, compassionate, considerate, helpful, thoughtful, sensitive, emotional, and long suffering at the hands of men. In our

society they have the primary responsibility for carrying for the home, cooking, shopping, raising the kids, looking after their husband and being general girl friday to that great big, gorgeous (???) hunk of man that they consented to marry. But also in our society, a great many of them have to work in order to help the economic life of the family. Whereas there is an old saying that, "a woman's work is never done" (and believe me I know from personal experience now that this is true) referring just to the home and all that implies, those of us who have to help in earning the living as well as taking care of a home, husband or kids have it doubly hard.

Now what kind of bugs me about a great many of my TV acquaintances is their lack of feeling for the wife's problems. If they had half the girl within them they claim they have, they would enjoy doing some of that "woman's work" — cooking, washing, ironing, shopping, vacuuming, mopping, waxing, cleaning up — even taking care of their own clothing (masculine and feminine). Helping in these areas, and others unmentioned ought to provide some real life experiences for the girl within and be a source of pride, pleasure and satisfaction to themselves as well as a big help to their wives. I suspect that much more understanding and help would be forthcoming from otherwise reluctant wives — particularly those that work — if more of this were done. Some TVs do just this and I think they are the ones properly termed, "FemmePersonators" and "lovers of the feminine".

But what of the rest? I see them trying to live out their non-dressed time as the typical man who takes the position that his job in life is done when he brings home a paycheck, and that anything having to do with the home (the inside of it that is, since most men take care of the lawn, shutters, fences, snow shoveling, etc. outside the house) is the wife's territory and, more to the point, her responsibility. The fact that she may be bringing home a paycheck too does not seem to enter into his calculations. True, often what she earns goes to her own or the kids needs, but if she didn't work those expenses would come out of the husband's paycheck anyway so its all the same.

Such husbands very often come home from work, drop into their favorite chair and expect to be waited on by the wife and/or children. "Honey, where's my this or that?" "Why didn't

you do thus and so". "Bring me my slippers or whatnot". "What's holding dinner up", etc., etc. I must say I admire the patience of a lot of wives. It is almost as though being a TV and being aware of its non - masculine quality, that in all other aspects of communal living (or even outside the home at work or with friends) he feels that he must prove his strong, dominant, decisive, directive, lord - of - the - manor masculinity. These TVs are the WGFs among us because they are either not desirous, or perhaps are unable to submerge their masculine selves, their socially determined concept of adequate masculinity long enough for the feminine to find expression in any other way than just wearing the "uniform".

I have said in previous Virgin Views columns that the American male is, in general, a very insecure person. And I have pointed out that part of that insecurity is based on the fear of being in any way feminine - society does this to boys. It does not do the reverse to girls. As a result 99% of all TVs go thru long periods of guilt. I have further pointed out that when a TV is really able to face up to his own femininity and to be proud of it and not shamefaced, that he actually becomes a more secure man than most of his brothers. This does not mean proclaiming ones TVism to all and sundry, it simply means accepting ones femmeself, selecting a name for her and letting her live as opportunity presents itself in a quiet, unassuming, pleasant and happy way. Conversely, if this comes to pass it becomes unnecessary for him to be the big man around the job, the home or anywhere else, sitting on his throne and shouting commands.

Such a person will find other rewards, self expression thru sharing some of the womanly tasks around the house, appreciation from the wife for doing so, (which may well pay off in greater tolerance and understanding) and generally being a better liked, more fun - to - be - with type of human being. One who has achieved inner peace and self acceptance radiates this assurance to others. Don't you know some people like that? It doesn't have to be a TV, just a self confidant self accepting person who knows who he is and "where its at". So look long in the shaving mirror tomorrow - are you an FP or WGF? - Or perhaps I should ask your wife!"

Virginia



DOROTHY 21-D-3 FPE

JACKI - OHIO

TWO BLONDS "MAKING LIGHT OF IT"



TWO BRUNETTES "KEEPING IT DARK"

Editorial Emanations

I. MY APOLOGY IS ACCEPTED (NOT ACCEPTED):

As I have said before I am just unable to keep up with correspondence. Thus it was that out of the dozens upon dozens of "where the hell is it" letters that came in due to the delay in no. 53s appearance, only a very few got answered and then only because there was something else that had to be straightened out also. By this time all who had it coming have gotten it and along with it a yellow sheet telling you how to keep from getting high blood pressure about similar situations in the future. I warned all readers several issues ago that I was no longer going to be able to adhere to the even numbered months publication date. You will get the magazine but only as I can get prepared. The big problem on No. 53 was that it was due (technically on Oct. 1 and I didn't arrive home from Alaska till Sept. 28 so. . . ??? That, compounded with delays with the compositor, printer and binder accounted for the whole problem. You never get something for nothing you know and our new format with justified (even) right hand margins means that there is a new hand in the stew, namely the compositor who has to get it all typed right on a special computer - IBM - typerwriter set up, then paste up the headings, pages, etc. It takes just that much longer. We will have made up some time on this issue and I hope to make up still more on No. 55, but as I am going to Europe this summer for 4-6 weeks you can figure for yourself what is going to happen to the June and August issues. So read over that yellow sheet again.

II. FPE MEMBERSHIP APPLICATIONS: Here is another matter that involves some delays and upsets people too. There is more to all the details than those uninvolved realize and both

Fran and I do this work on a volunteer - time available basis so there are unavoidable delays. Lately we have been getting a lot of new applications to process so FPE is growing nicely, but it takes time.

III. SPECIAL OFFER EXTENSION: At the time the special offer of TVias No. 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21 was made I presumed that the magazine would be out much earlier than it was and made the offer good till January 1. But with its being so long delayed I am extending the offer thru the month of January. So check out your back issues and take advantage of the savings.

IV. CLIPSHEETS AND TV TALES: My travels and the efforts necessary to get TVia itself in the mails have inhibited my getting either of these items to the printer. Clip No. 27 and Tales No. 5 are still the last ones printed as of now. I'm going to get going on both as soon as I get this issue put to bed. Many of you have paid in advance for one or the other and I've held you up long enough, so I'll now get with it. One thing holding up the Tales and also another long story has been the lack of an illustrator handy here in L.A. So now I think I'll just go ahead and print them without. After all, you're all too old to be too concerned with the pretty pictures anyway aren't you (or are you?)

V. ANOTHER WARNING: For as long as TVia has been in publication I have tried to make it possible for one of you to meet another but with some measure of security in the process. Unfortunately, I appear to be more concerned with your security than many of you are about your own. As you know I refuse to give the name of one of you to another because of the chance of becoming involved with any complications that might result. However, thru Contact I have made it possible for you yourself to give your name, address, telephone number and any other information you wish to someone else providing both of you are either FPE members or have filed the necessary form with CONTACT. However, I find that my security precautions are in many respects a waste of time because many of you give the names of other people to 3rd parties. Oftentimes you do not know either of the other except thru correspondence. This is hardly a sure way of controlling security. There are many "cross dressers" of various other persuasions some of whom are

potential dangers to others due to their particular interests and their easy going, unconcerned attitudes. When such a person gets into your private correspondence net without your knowing it and you give him a 3rd parties name and address or vice versa you are taking a chance of involving somebody in unpleasant complications. This has happened in the past and can again. I don't want to have it on my conscience and that is why the rules about CONTACT. I wish many of the rest of you were equally concerned.

VI. CONTACTS WHILE TRAVELING: Readers are always writing in to say that they are going on a trip and will I give them the names of TVs in ----- . You know our policy. If you want to see somebody where you are going write for the femmenames and code numbers of sisters in that area far enough in advance to give time for me to get you the names, you to write thru contact and for them to reply. This takes time, please allow for it.

VII. CORRECTION: In TVia No. 52 on page 26 there were 2 pictures of Norma of Toronto but one of them was captioned as Barbara Anne FM-S-1. My apologies to both of these girls for this goof. Hope neither set of feelings were hurt too badly. Slips will happen and I'm sorry but glad to correct them when it is pointed out. This correction should have been in last issue but was overlooked in the confusion. Again sorry.

VIII. POEMS, FILLERS AND MISC. The way TVia is put together there are lots of stories and articles that do not completely fill the last page. This requires other material such as poems, Inezsquibs, cartoons, etc. We haven't heard much from our poetic sisters lately so how about sending in some little items like poetry, humor, short commentaries, etc. Naturally fiction, histories, interesting letters, articles, etc. are always needed to keep the files full, so keep 'em coming.

IX. ACKNOWLEDGING ORDERS: The suggestion made previously about sending self addressed cards to be returned as proof of orders need only be done for advance orders or those for merchandise that might be out of stock. Current and back TVias will simply be shipped within 1 week.



Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

6-S-3 FPE Phoenix TX, 22, college student, wishes correspondence and meet others especially near my age. Hobby collect TV literature. Will pay fair price for early issues TVia, Turnabout, Impersonator mags, etc.

LESLEY ANNE

41-B-1 Sngl. TV, 20, Wish corres. with all other TVs. Will answer all promptly.

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5-M-11 Girls of all kinds please help a sister find freedom. Replies answered immediately.

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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