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TRANSVESTIA



OUTLET AND OUTLOOK
ON THE SUBJECT OF FASCINATING ATTIRE

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TURNABOUT

I'm usually seen in slacks and shirt
But sometimes wear a blouse and skirt.

I trade my male clothes and my place
For frills of femininity and lace.

This turnabout is quite a blessing
To those of us who love cross-dressing!

*** TRANSVESTIA ***

A PRIVATELY PRINTED MAGAZINE

with

Three Objectives

To provide EXPRESSION for those interested in the subjects of exotic and unusual dress and fashion.

To provide INFORMATION to those who, through ignorance, condemn that which they do not understand.

To provide EDUCATION for those who see evil where none exists.

Vol. I. -- No. 4

July 1960

Los Angeles, California

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

TRANSVESTIA has, with this issue, appeared four times. In these four issues your Editor has tried to provide material living up to the objectives given on the flyleaf: Expression, Information, and Education, as well as entertainment. Since these objectives were formulated by me as Editor they of necessity reflect my own views as to what the magazine should consist of. Now, perhaps my ideas do not run parallel with those of the readers and I think we have gone far enough to stop and find out just how well this magazine is serving the interests and needs of those who buy it.

The last leaf of this issue is arranged to be torn out without damaging the rest of the magazine. On these two pages are listed some of the individual items which have appeared and some listings of types of material together with space and directions for grading this material. Will ALL of you please fill out, tear out, and mail this page to me! A compilation of the results will appear in No. 5 together with commentary on them. The information gathered by this survey will give me some guidance as to your interest in various kinds of material so that I can make TRANSVESTIA of greatest interest to the greatest number.

I am making this survey because I am aware that the magazine is failing some of its readers. When some who had subscribed to No. 1 did not come back for more I wrote to them. Some had simply forgotten or mislaid the address and these resubscribed and thanked me for the reminder. However, there were others who told me that TRANSVESTIA was not for them. One of them was disappointed because there was not more erotic material in the magazine. (I must say at this point that I have no intention of producing an erotic rag no matter what the poll shows. That kind of stuff can be obtained in most any Main street arcade and I'm not going to stick my neck out to produce it). Stories that are interesting and entertaining may very likely have some "stimulating" effects on some readers and such stories will continue to be printed.

But they probably will not be "strong" enough for this reader.

Another said that he didn't like all the scientific and psychological material. He said that if he wanted psychology he'd go get a book from the library or go to a lecture. I wrote and asked him if he ever did either of these things and found any material worth thinking twice about would he please let me know as I'd be greatly interested. Nobody but nobody is giving lectures on the subject of TV. Moreover, I doubt that there are ANY books in any library he is liable to be able to get into that would provide him with more information and insight into the nature of his problem than we have presented in these pages. Rest assured that any articles or books bearing on the subject which come to our attention will certainly be reviewed.

Paraphrasing Lincoln, one cannot hope to "please all the readers all the time". The problem is to please the greater number and let the rest go elsewhere. My idea and point of departure for TRANSVESTIA is simply this (and I want to know if a substantial number of you agree with me): I feel that the average TV knows too little about himself, his problem--its causes and development, and about others who have the same desires. This lack of information leads to considerable guilt, fear, ignorance and self-condemnation. Collectively these feelings make life rather miserable for many a TV. If through the medium of TRANSVESTIA we can broaden our understanding of ourselves, our problem, and of society's reactions to it, we will be better able to contend with the problem and therefore with life itself. Helping people achieve some peace of mind through insight and understanding and aiding them in becoming more integrated and secure, seems to me to be a rewarding undertaking and this is what keeps my knos to the grindstone in turning out TRANSVESTIA.

With these ideas in mind I have presented and will continue to present (if the survey shows approval of the idea)

reprintings of articles from Medical Journals with the hope that they will be helpful to those who have no access to psychiatrists or to medical literature. I have begun in this issue to present interesting case histories where I have found something in them that was a little different than the usual which could contribute to our knowledge of causes and effects. Additionally I have used my own column "Virgin Views" to present some personal contributions which may or may not be correct but which should at least stimulate some useful thinking in the minds of you who read them.

Cross-dressing as a behaviour pattern can exist uncomplicated by other patterns as in what I consider to be "True Transvestism"; or it can be incidental to other patterns which are more fundamental for the individual concerned, such as homosexuality, masochism (the humiliation and punishment bit), fetishism, etc. I would be much interested to know what portion of the "membership" of this "sorority" fall into these various categories. This information would be of both personal and scientific value. I am personally interested in straight transvestism for its own sake without any of the rest, and I tend to judge things accordingly, but I'd like to know where the rest of you fit in so that I can fill these pages with material of interest to all.

So, since this is your magazine please cooperate by filling in the form on the back page and by expressing on a separate sheet your personal views and criticism of the magazine as it has appeared to date and your hopes for it for the future. If a good response is obtained from all of you it will help me considerably.

Sincerely,

Your Editor.

I DREAMT I WENT TO THE CHEVALIER D'EON RESORT
IN MY MAIDENFORM BRA

By Peggie

It all started when I left my home in Trenton, N.J. and headed for New York, only a short train ride away. I had packed all the things I thought I might wear in my suitcase. The only men's clothes were on my back. Wigs, dresses, undies--everything in the bag. It was a conservative bag. I had been afraid to carry a girl's suitcase when I was traveling as a man. I looked forward to the weekend with serious reservations. Sure, I had read in the magazine all about it, but still in my mind I had serious doubts. First, what if it wasn't a sure thing, Or what if they laughed at my attempt to portray my feminine character? Of course, part of my apprehension stemmed from never having dressed as a girl in the presence of others--only in my apartment in the usual furtive manner. Now I would be among others like myself. I just couldn't imagine seeing other men perhaps older or younger than I parading around in dresses and high heels and made up prettily. And then the train ride to New York was over before I realized it. I took a cab to the apartment of the owner of the resort.

After the nice lady let me in I could see there were others waiting for the ride out to the resort. Only the lady who let me in wasn't a lady---and the other girls sitting around weren't all girls either. This caused me some embarrassment but I pretended to be nonchalant and we talked of various things. I had previously checked with the owners as they screen all applicants before accepting them. The whole thing was set up in a clean straight-forward manner. This was what I liked about it.

Some of the fellows were very pretty in their dresses wigs and all. They evidently were good enough impersonators to pass for women on the street so that when they

went to the resort they naturally went as girls. There were several couples too, I found after carefully appraising the group. Yes, some fellows had brought their wives and the wives were having a ball. I was still dressed as a man and found myself afraid to get into my girl's things since I thought I wouldn't look so pretty as some of the others. I knew that this was the purpose of the whole thing, still I was afraid to undress. I decided to postpone it till we arrived at the resort. Actually this was better, they said, since traveling some 125 miles or so there should be some real men in the group.

Another young man about my age seemed shy also, so I started a conversation with him. 'We only used first names but after awhile I told him my full name was Peggie Val Addair and he said his was Anna Lee Halbert.

"Been a TV long", he asked?

"Several years, but this is the first time..." I hesitated to add this was the first time in public.

"First time in public were you going to say? Mine too"

I knew he was as nervous as I was about dressing up before more experienced TVs. We talked about other things and before we were aware of it the ride was over and we were at the resort. It was wonderful. Just like the descriptions had said, secluded, comfortable and with all the facilities a resort should have.

Anna and I got a cabin together and started to dress. I noticed that Anna was not new at TV because he put on his bra and girdle just like I did. After putting on his slip and hose he casually put on his face. The transformation was remarkable. I had never seen another TV dress up before, I had only read about it in books and magazines. The strange experience of seeing a man like myself dressing up in beautiful feminine clothes startled me. I thought I was looking as a playback of my own self. Actually Anna was about my size and we began to compare notes.

"Are you a 16 too?"

"Yes, perfect 38-28-38" he replied.

"How about those high heels, what size...?"

"Ten, I'm sorry to say---that's the place where I'm big", Anna said.

"Your lucky, some TVs wear 12s", I replied.

"Yes I know, but when you wear a size 16 dress which is pretty common it hurts to have big feet.

"Yes, I agree, I wear 10s too and everything else is within normal sizes. I notice you keep your legs and arms shaved. Have any trouble?"

"No, not really. Oh once in a while someone makes a catty remark---usually about arms in summer."

"I tried peroxide to bleach them as I just can't shave my arms real smooth when I work with other guys and they knew my arms were hairy or used to be!" I said.

"Legs aren't any problem unless someone pulls your pants leg. But you can tell them your allergic to hair or something. It's a shame we have to justify each action or habit we have. Maybe some day there will be a lot of these resorts and we could go all the time, wouldn't that be crazy?"

"Sure would! Gee that's a pretty dress, how much?"

"Only \$10" said Anna. "Do you buy all your things?"

"Yes, I live in Scranton and I just go in and pretend I'm getting stuff for my sisters or some relative. You know modern merchandisers have actually made it easy for TVs to buy. Particularly from say around Thanksgiving Day till after Christmas."

"After Christmas?" I knew what he was going to say.

"Sure", he went on enthusiastically, "after Christmas you can exchange like mad even up to the middle of January. And then its Valentines Day and then Mother's Day and then Graduation presents and through the summer you can dream up all sorts of birthdays and showers.

"Do you order much from catalogues", I asked?

"Some, but I like to see what I'm getting. Oh bras and items like that, but usually I just go in and brave my way through it. Some clerks probably know, I say to myself. But if they do they never say so and why should they criticize me, I buy enough stuff?"

"Oh they won't usually", I said. "I have one lady I buy lots of things from. She thinks I'm married, are you?"

"Yes."

"Really?" The answer shook me. Here was a perfectly wonderful young man so beautiful in his full skirt and pink blouse, high heels and ruby lips, arched brows and all. So damn pretty! And yet he was a married man too. Oh sure, I had read about it, but here was the first TV I'd ever dressed up with and seen real close and he was married.

"Does she know....I mean.....?"

"Yes she knows. I didn't tell here while we were engaged but after we got married I started to get the urge again and I decided to show her some color photos of me when I was dressed as a girl." He added, "She found them so I had to tell her about it."

"What'd she say?"

"Well I sort of prepared the way. I told her that a bunch of us college guys dressed up once and after that the guys always liked to see me do it. At first she was sort of, well nauseated by it I guess, but then she started kidding me and finally challenged me to show her how I looked. So I did. I still had all the stuff, wigs and all and I really put on the dog for her. I was a little rusty but still looked pretty good I guess because she was dumbfounded when she came out of the bed room".

"Boy I bet she was," I said.

"Well after that I dressed up once in a while and she never seemed to mind particularly but I could tell she had her doubts about it and soon I didn't dress up around her too much."

"Did she openly object?" I asked.

"No, not exactly, she just didn't seem enthused. She didn't understand why I liked to do it and I couldn't explain it to her. She thought I was queer but still I had sex with her and she knew I liked it. But it was getting sort of sticky so I quit dressing and started to rent motel rooms when I felt the urge to dress up."

"Then what", I said as I silently thought of my flat.

"Well we are almost up to the present. The big thing that occurred was the magazine."

"TRANVESTIA"?

"Yes, when I got my hands on the first copy she read

it and began to see the light. In no time she was asking all kinds of questions about TV and finally we had a long talk and I told her how I got into it."

"How did you", I asked. As he answered me we began to walk out into the grounds. We had both lost most of our nervousness during our conversation.

"Well, I had two sisters, one two years older and one four years older. I never wore their clothes like some of the histories say others did, but, well, I sort of thought they got the best deal in everything. I sort of envied them. I did see them naked quite a few times and their beauty was attractive to me. I wished I could be as pretty I guess or something like that. It's so hard when no one thing occurs to give you a clue. I guess I just thought a girl's life was ideal or I should have been a girl. Still I think sometimes that something might have happened that I don't remember because I keep having the same dream over and over."

"Want to tell me"? I asked.

"Sure".

We sat down in the shade of a big tree and spread our full skirts out in pretty circles. If a helicopter had flown over they would have seen two lovely girls just talking together on the grass. Anna's hair flowed out from her head in lovely long curls. Mine was a bob style, but I often wished I could afford another one like his.

"Well, it usually starts at school. I'm on a Merry-go-Round with this girl. She might be my sister or she might be a girl I just knew. I did like her a lot I remember. It was in the first grade so I must have been six at the time. We are comparing each other as kids do. Suddenly she says that my shoes are just like hers and I look down and sure enough they are. They were the corrective oxfords that children wear, and there is no difference between the boys and the girls types. Well, I can't explain it but I was thrilled to see that she wasn't making fun of the fact that our shoes were alike. She liked it and it brought us closer together. Then the dream ends just like that."

"Any other dreams"? I prompted.

"Yes, about a shoe store only its hazy. I am looking at shoes and the man shows me several pairs. Suddenly I

I see a loafer that I like and I say I want that one. He looks funny and my older sister tells me it's a girl's shoe. I'm not embarrassed but I am unhappy when my sister won't buy this pair. They were just like the pair I did get but with thinner soles and shorter vamp. There wasn't much difference but I still wanted the girl's loafers, then the dream ends again...."

"What were the first girl's clothes you ever bought or wore, can you remember", I asked Anna.

"Girl's loafers, brown and with two straps across the vamp. I remember that my sister kidded me so I took off the straps and wore them without straps. I was fourteen"

"Are girl's shoes still your favorite item?"

"Yes, I must have twenty pairs. I even worked in a shoe store later when I was about twenty two."

"Then you added other garments and finally I'm looking at the finished product, right?"

"Yes, how do I look to you".

"Wonderful, just wonderful. You're beautiful and I still can't believe your married," I replied.

"Here look in my purse" Anna said, and showed me pictures of his wife with himself in both feminine and masculine clothes. One picture showed his wife pregnant.

"Your wife looks....well pregnant in this picture, do you have children", I inquired.

"Yes we have a boy. He's just one now", said Anna.

"How will you work that", I asked.

"I'm not sure. Since she has read the magazine and all she is a lot more understanding. Sill with the boy I,well I just dont know how we'll work it. It wont be so bad till he's say about three or four. But I couldn't bear to have this affect him."

"I know what you mean. If you're a TV with a male child you would certainly want to save him from all the heartache we go through."

"Do you have any ideas", Anna asked?

"Well, none but to keep it quiet. Don't get dressed up when you think he might get up and discover you. Keep your things with your wife's so he wont discover the difference. I'll tell you something else that might work. Can you be happy dressed up but without makeup or falsies"?

"I used to be but not anymore. I'm not as satisfied as when I go all the way, you know what I mean"?

"Sure I know what you mean, I'm the same way. Once it was just an item or two but now I'm unhappy if I have to do without even one feminine item. I'd even sleep in a wig--as long as I'm going to be feminine I want it all the way", I said, thinking how impossible this was for me.

"Then what do you mean, you had some idea---

"Well there are a lot of clothes on the market that are so similar in masculine and feminine styles that you could satisfy your TV desires and still be masculine enough for your son's sake. Take slacks for instance--lots of them have fly fronts and your wife can order them in the real tall size and then hem them above the ankle before the taper is so severe. And shoes--loafers you know about, but some tennis oxfords are the same except for weight. And tee shirts are often unbuttoned or have V necks so you don't worry about the feminine buttoning. Anklets or socks too you could wear and under it all wear panties if you want to."

"I see what you mean---you still want my TV desires taken care of only leaving me masculine enough for the sake of the child and his friends. What about makeup?"

"Well if you are not satisfied unless you are all the way into the feminine mood, try light grey or brown eyebrow pencil, clear lipstick and real light pancake or powder---then the aura of femininity will still be with you"

"Yes, it might work, but how do you know all this"?

.....

Just then there was a loud crash.....I woke up to find that my baby son had fallen out of his crib and was yelling his head off.....

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TRANSPOSITION

All through his tiring business day
 George does not have time to play,
 But evening brings a change of pace--
 Then Georgia's dressed in silks and lace.
 Georgia.

THE DELIGHTS OF THE FILMY NIGHTGOWN

I can vividly remember the day I acquired my first feminine nightgown. I had done my wife a favor by doing some shopping for her, and when she thanked me, I suggested she repay me by buying something "pretty" when next she shopped in a woman' store.

She was well aware that I was a transvestite, and so she kindly agreed. Two days went by before she went to town again, but I knew, when I came home on the third day that she had been shopping.

After greeting her and talking a bit I made some excuse for going into the bedroom, and there on my bed I found a pretty box from a department store. I must admit I opened the box with trembling fingers. Inside, under the tissue paper I found a beautiful pink gown-length nightie--just my size. It had lace and ribbons at the neck and sleeves and a gorgeous lacy hem. I rushed into the bathroom, closed the door, took off all my clothes, and then put my new soft garment on. What a delight to let it fall down over my body and to feel it caressing my skin!

When, quite a while later I emerged once again dressed as a man, my wife, seeing me blush a bit, said,

"Did you like it?"

"You know how much I did", I said.

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So many of you have asked me for my picture
that I decided this was the easiest way to
oblige....so here is you editoress, VIRGINIA

A DOCTOR BECOMES A TRANVESTITE
(anonymous)

((Editor's Note: This "case-history" was sent to Transvestia by a friend and subscriber because he thought it an unusual story--and it is. This is the first of a series of life stories which we will print. The ones we select to print we have reason to believe are substantially true and they are accepted primarily because they will illustrate origins of the TV impulse other than the orthodox (and I'm sure frequently false) explanations such as long hair till 5 or 6, "mother wanted a girl", "I wore dresses till I was x years old" etc. etc. I feel it is highly probable that people who acquired the TV impulse in other ways and later in age are not the ones who turn up in the psychiatrist's office leaving the doctors to study the phenomenon on the basis of the most mixed up patients not on the most stable and integrated ones.)))

I am a healthy, ambitious, 42 year old man. I am a Doctor (Pathology) and own and operate my own laboratory, with four persons in my employ. I married at age 25, but lost my lovely wife in an auto accident in 1951, I am single. I am from a well adjusted, happy family. My parents, both now dead, were well educated, good citizens and lived what I believe was a normal life in all their human relationships including sex. My two brothers and one sister are also perfectly normal, all married, and each has children.

My parents were residents of a Chicago suburb where I grew up. I served in the military in both World War II and the Korean war. After this latter period I went to a large city on the Atlantic coast where I now live and practice. I live alone except for about 100 tropical fish. I enjoy a substantial income and want for nothing in the way of entertainment, travel etc. My hobbies are tropical fish & guns

All this only serves to acquaint the reader with my background and to show that I enjoyed a rather "normal" existence in earlier life. To be more specific...myself, my parents, and my brothers and sister to my knowledge had no unusual or abnormal sex habits.

Now let us go back to 1951 shortly after my wife was killed, when my life changed and when I became addicted to transvestism. The shock of my wife's sudden death caused me to temporarily lose all interest in everything except my profession. I gave up all social activity, became somewhat depressed, and worked like the devil for long hours at my laboratory. I even stopped my usual regular attendance at Sunday School and Church (Protestant)

About six months after my wife's death the large Sunday School class that we had attended together began to beg me to become active again. The church was beginning a concentrated financial campaign to raise funds for the addition of a wing on our church educational building. A committee from the class called on me one evening requesting me to take part in a program the class was sponsoring. I think they had a dual purpose in calling--to get my interest aroused again as well as the program.

The committee explained that our class was sponsoring a big womanless wedding and bazaar, and that tickets were being sold for this evening of entertainment. When they told me they had selected me for the BRIDE I nearly blew my stack. I bluntly refused. I told them I had never had on female clothing in my life and that I was not about to start now! I thought the matter settled until the following day when the chairman of the committee called on me at the laboratory and began twisting my arm. He told me that I just MUST be the bride.

I might mention here that I weighed about 150 lbs. had a rather fair clear skin, and my torso, arms, legs, neck etc. although not dainty and petite were well proportioned and (except for hair) could pass for those of

16.

a woman. I had been the smallest and "prettiest" baby in the family. Because of an ample covering of hair on my torso and limbs and because of my masculin manner, heavy beard, etc. my masculinity had never been questioned. I was then and still am 100% male, if one can draw such a line between the sexes.

Back to the story: The chairman convinced me of the genuine desire of everyone for me to play the bride and appealed to me in a rush hour peak at the laboratory and I gave in with a reluctant, yes. This was a decision that was to later change my life.

It soon became obvious that the Womanless Wedding was to be a big show. Over 2,000 tickets had already been sold. In fact response was so great that the show had to be planned for TWO nights in succession to accomodate the crowd. Donations of items for the bazaar after the show were generous. My enthusiasm perked up and I began to feel a sense of duty for my part in the show.

The several rehearsals of the "Womanless Wedding" were fun for me, after so many months of staying to myself. I was still very reluctant about the idea of wearing women's costumes, and I even managed to beg off from wearing my costume at the dress rehearsal, giving some minor excuse. During the several weeks of preparation my costume began to take shape. My secretary did most of the actual shopping for me. I had agreed to pay for the needed costume as my contribution to the costs.

The show called for one change of costume....a change from the wedding gown to a "going away" dress, which meant two complete costumes. My secretary purchased a beautiful but inexpensive wedding gown with a long train, veil, etc. White gloves, white slippers, nylons etc. She, sensing my dislike for wearing the clothes, went about the buying for me in a business-like manner, not once kidding me about it. She even kept the matter a secret from the other three employees. Without asking me, she purchased a "waist cincher", a girdle (one piece

foundation) with a strapless brassiere top, beautiful lace panties, half-slip, etc. When she came into my office and spread these items in front of me on my desk I felt like the proverbial 2 cents. She remarked, "You must not disappoint the committee or the audience, and you must look like a bride!" She continued, "I don't believe they will want a bride with a 31 inch waist and a flat chest."

Later, (she had no respect for my money) she turned up with some "falsies" she had fashioned from foam rubber of a size adequate to fill the "c" cups of the brassiere. She had purchased a lovely pink strapless "going away" dress, purse, matching color high-heeled shoes, a matching hat, and beautiful costume jewelry. She even purchased a complete make-up outfit, including lipstick, matching nail polish, rouge, foundation creme, powder, mascara, eye shadow, etc.

On the week of the show my secretary (who was bubbling over with excitement about my performance as a bride) informed me she would purchase the wig that afternoon, and asked me if I wanted a blonde or dark colored one. I asked how much it would cost. When she replied, "Oh...about \$100 I counted to 10 and then asked if we couldn't rent one. She left the office with this alternative in mind. She found one at a costume shop, a beautiful platinum blonde color with long tresses that came down to my shoulders when she placed it on my head.

The nearer the fateful day approached the more butterflies I had in my stomach. I seriously considered "getting sick" suddenly to get out of the job. One of my close associates, a married man of about my same age, popped into my office one morning when my secretary had all my beautiful feminine things laid out making a final check to make sure nothing had been overlooked in her purchasing. My friend soon learned their intended use and he burst out laughing much to my discomfort. Knowing me well, "I'll bet you a new suit of clothes you never wear those silly things in that womanless wedding...you havent got nerve enough!"

That challeng sort of picked me up and gave me courage, and I said, "You've got yourself a bet".

I arranged to have no responsibilities at the laboratory the afternoon before the first night's performance. I had already tried on the "unmentionables" and the dresses shoes, etc. and found that they fit like a glove. But I figured it would take me several hours to get the cosmetics etc. on, the wig combed etc. 'It did. That was the first time I had seen myself void of all hair and the contrast was amazing. My arms and legs looked rather pretty that way, although at that moment I felt miserably ashamed and self conscious at the sight. It took about an hour to get rid of all the hair.

I then picked up all the costume items, the cosmetics and wig and drove to the church where I was provided with a small classroom as a dressing room. I went to work feverishly putting on the panties, waist cincher, foundation, bust pads, hose, slip etc. Then I made up my face and nails. I took almost an hour working with my face, looking at a color picture in a fashion magazine as a guide. Believe me....I learned plenty that evening. In spite of my inexperience, I was completely amazed at the result. My lashes were curled, mascara applied, lids darkened with eye shadow, the foundation and powder on thick enough to hide the darkness of my beard. I painted my lips in a seductive color and shape to near perfection. After putting on the wig and combing and brushing it nicely I took another look in my mirror and could hardly believe my eyes. I was BEAUTIFUL!

A knock on my door and a warning that I had but 15 minutes before "show time" sent me into hurried completion of my costume. With the beautiful gown in place and the high-heeled white sandals on the veil on my head I was ready. My heart was pounding a mile a minute. I was of mixed emotions....scared stiff, nervous, shocked at how beautiful I had become and I began to get a headache. On top of that the waist cincher had reduced my waist from 31" to 26" and I had trouble getting a full breath.

I was surprised to find how well I could walk in the high heeled sandals. They had 3" heels. The short walk to backstage down the terrazo hall, hearing the feminine "click" of my heels gave me confidence, and I managed a faint smile when I was greeted by the committee and other "actors". There were the bridesmaids...all men, six of them. They were a sight. Obviously they had not given as much time and thought to the perfection of the masquerade as they were funny rather than pretty. One had used a rag mop for a wig.

The cast was speechless at the sight of me. Typical remarks were passed, "You should have been born a girl... You are as pretty as a picture...etc. Strangely I began to loose my embarrassed feeling and began to enjoy the flattery directed at me.

As a group we went to the rear of the auditorium to prepare for the "wedding march" down the aisle. Following every detail of a regular big wedding the show was on. My bridesmaids stumbled down the aisles on their high heels, swinging their arms in wild abandon. The best man and the preacher appeared. Then in proper order the groom, a 200# athletic type, made his appearance. The flower girls were little boys dressed in their sister's best Sunday clothes, ribbons and all. I've never seen two more humiliated young boys. One of them hesitated in the aisle and almost decided not to go through with it. One terse word from his mother sent him running down the aisle.

At last the wedding march signaled my entrance. Everyone's eyes turned toward me as a gracefully glided down the aisle in perfect rhythm with the music. Somehow I was able to muster the courage and skill to walk down that aisle in perfect imitation of a woman. What had been laughter turned to silence. One could have heard a pin drop. Whispered words of astonishment then began to be heard.

One remark gave me a cold chill....yet thrilled me beyond words. It was, "Aw...that's no man...she's too beautiful". Another...."If that's a man in that dress, I'm a

monkey's uncle!" My head was spinning. I was dizzy with self pride and admiration. The audience obviously couldn't believe I was a man.

It was a double ring ceremony with all the trimmings, the kiss, and the quick run up the aisle with my groom. As we dashed up the aisle my groom said, "You dressed up so good these people think you ARE a woman!!"

The schedule called for me to make a costume change into a going away dress which I would wear to the big reception in the church dining room...the scene of the bazaar. One of the "bridesmaids" went to my dressing room with me to help me make the quick change. Off came the wedding gown, veil, gloves, white sandals, etc.

The cute pink dress I put on fitted like a glove in the waist and my helper had a difficult time getting the zipper closed. The skirt was full and a mass of ruffles. The open (strapless) top was cut daringly low which I noticed revealed the bust cleavage. This cleavage was caused by the tightness of the strapless foundation garment filled to the maximum in the brassiere cups with falsies, which pushed my chest flesh up into well proportioned feminine lines. I put on the cute pink high-heeled slippers that matched the dress color. I brushed my wig out, grabbed a pink purse, which also matched the dress and shoes, slipped some jewelry on and took another look in the mirror. What I saw was femininity....a beautiful woman. I kept asking myself, "What's happening to me...Why am I so thrilled and excited?"

I hurried down to the basement dining room where hundreds of people were milling around making purchases at the bazaar. When I made an appearance, everyone yelled "here's the BRIDE". I joined my groom and we joined hands to cut the wedding cake. As I stood off to the side drinking my punch and eating my cake at least 50 persons must have come up to me and made some comment on how beautiful a Bride I made and how they actually did not believe me to be a man until now. I was surprized to note how few kidded

me about the circumstances. I think they were so amazed at the transformation they forgot all about making a joke of it. One lady came over and complimented the show and asked me how I could stand to wear those high heels not being accustomed to them. That was the first time I had realized that I was "at home" in high heels. I had no difficulty walking or standing in them. I received numerous compliments on my "beautiful legs". The high heels seemed to bring out the beauty.

Soon it was time for the departure for the "honeymoon" At least a hundred people lined the walk from the church building to our waiting "get away car." As my "husband" and I ran to the car people threw rice at us. The car was painted with "just married" signs and had the traditional old shoes and tin cans tied on behind. We roared away from the church out of sight then doubled back to the church via an alley, abandoned the car and returned to our dressing rooms to get out of costume.

As I was undressing I heard a conversation between 3 or 4 people as they walked down the hall outside the room. One remarked, "Boy...That Bride was the cat's meow!" When I went to the men's rest room to wash off the make up, two men were inside. They both said they were going to pay admission to see the show again the following evening.

That night in the privacy of my apartment I couldn't resist the temptation to dress up again. As I would don each garment I would look at myself in the full length mirror on my closet door. The sight thrilled me to the point of ecstasy! I can't remember anything in my entire life thrilling me so greatly...even my own wedding night. I remained in various stages of feminine dress and undress for two hours, thrilling with every minute of it. I did not get to bed until 1:00 A.M.

The next morning as I entered my laboratory office the kidding began. It seems that all my employees had attended the first performance. They threw such remarks as, "How was

Continued on Page 44

DEPARTMENT OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES
Compiled by

PEGGIE VAL ADDAIR

These are women's figures extended to a height of 6'6". You probably won't conform, but it will give you something to shoot at and help with purchasing garments.

Ht	Bst	Wst	Hps	Caf	Akl	Weights		
						Small	Medium	Large
5'5"	34½	24	34	12¾	8½	to 120	to 127	to 137
5'6"	35	24½	34½	13	8¾	to 124	to 132	to 142
5'7"	36	25	35	13¼	8¾	to 128	to 136	to 146
5'8"	36½	25½	35½	13½	"	to 131	to 139	to 150
5'9"	37	26	36	13½	"	to 135	to 143	to 154
5'10"	37½	26½	36½	13¾	"	to 139	to 147	to 158
5'11"	38	27	37	13⅞	"	to 142	to 150	to 161
6'0"	38½	27½	37½	14	9	to 145	to 153	to 164
6'1"	39	28	38	14¼	9	to 148	to 156	to 167
6'2"	39½	28½	38½	14½	9¼	to 150	to 160	to 170
6'3"	40	29	39	14¾	9½	to 154	to 164	to 174
6'4"	40½	29½	39½	14⅞	9½	to 156	to 168	to 178
6'5"	41	30	40	15	9¾	to 160	to 172	to 182
6'6"	41½	30½	40½	15¼	9¾	to 165	to 175	to 184

*** Eye Glasses and TV's ***

This is a problem only to those TVs who must wear glasses and among them only to those who are casual TVs. Professional and more experienced TVs who go out regularly will be able to bring off a feminine fitting successfully. Here are several suggestions for solving the problem.

(1) Obtain a second pair from your eye doctor but get them rimless. You probably need a second pair anyway, but in this case you can remove the lenses from the frame by removing the small screws at the temples. Mail them to a mail order lense company describing the kind and color of women's frame you want and you will be in business. Since women's ear to temple distance may be shorter than yours you might save time and inconvenience by measuring this and drawing it on paper. Send it in with the lenses.

(2) Ask your eye doctor to write out your prescription on one of his cards. Tell him that you are planning a trip and should your glasses break while away you would want to get them fixed without the expense of a whole new examination. Some states require the Optometrists name to appear so be sure he puts it on one of his cards. Then you can take it to any optician around, pick out a nice feminine frame, telling them its for your sister who lives out in the sticks or some other excuse. Give them the prescription and again you have it made without danger to your eyes or embarrassment.

(3) Contact Lenses: These are wonderful if you can wear them, everybody can't. These must be measured and fitted by your eye doctor. Since there is no difference between men's and women's lenses you can get them made up as a man. Of course, you might want a different color as a girl. This can be done easily once the measurements have been taken. Cost of first pair around \$200 of second and further pairs \$50 to \$75.

One word of caution--your eyes are most important, especially to a TV, dont fool around with 5 & 10 glasses.....Peggie



In Germany--1944
Without Wig



Recent

HILTA....Ogden

WHAT TO WEAR?

There is a tendency among some transvestites to regard being dressed in a fabulous evening gown and all the trimmings as the height of feminization. It is true that such an ensemble can be flattering and provocative, and professional female impersonators rely upon it very largely for the effect they seek to create. Allied to stage make-up and stage lighting, the imprescion can be quite stunning.

But how many women dress formally more than a few times a year? The impersonator of the average female or the "true" female, would surely plan to wear a shirtwaist dress, a suit, or a pretty skirt and blouse. No sequins, gaudy bows, rustling taffeta or voluminous, hard-to-manage crinolines. It is just as easy to be chic and smart as to be exotic. In other words, to be a true woman and not a largely artificial creation.

I have worn an evening gown with a full-length satin slip beneath and a fur stole over my shoulders, elbow length gloves, fragile high-heel evening slippers etc., and I have derived exquisite pleasure from the regal and graceful effect I created. It is so easy to glide along in a feminine manner, and such a pleasure to raise one's skirts on getting out of a car, sitting down or walking up steps. But one cannot live in such an outfit--it is for special occasions only. The frocks and skirts and suits of the suburban matron, the housewife and the office girl are the clothes most worn by women. I, seeking to dress as a woman, prefer such outfits. I do believe that professionals would arouse more response from their audiences if they were to consider the fact that a real woman is rarely attired in exotic gowns.

At the risk of censure, I would even venture further to suggest that a "true" transvestite is a man who dresses

as a woman, an average woman, OF TODAY! I once corresponded with a fellow who made long taffeta bloomers for himself and who wrote about being taken to a school (today!) where the boys, for punishment, were garbèd in corselettes, taffeta pantellettes, taffeta petticoats, and taffeta frocks, and other relics of a bygone age. When simple fetishism of this kind is offered up as truth I lose interest and become bored though sympathetic. I would not deny such people their indulgences, or condemn them in any way--I would simply plead that the term "transvestite" be given reasonable qualification, and that fetishism be given honest acknowledgement. TRANSVESTIA, I would hastily add, is an appropriate vehicle for material on fetishism as well as transvestism for I feel an affinity for female clothing fetishists, being a lover of all items of regular feminine apparel.

I am sure the L'Abbe de Choisy derived no less pleasure from dressing as a woman because nylong panties, uplift brassiers, Harvey Woods' negligees and rayon crepe afternoon frocks were not available to him. One loves reading about him and the other transvestites of the past. But shouldn't a male of 1960 longing to wear garments of a former era be classed as a fetishist? Am I merely quibbling over a fine point, or do some of our readers and friends agree with me?

Jo-Anne, Montreal

Editor's Note: Here is an interesting observation and a challenging question. For the enlightenment of all of us it would be interesting if some of you would take up the challenge and give your opinions. Either a consensus of agreement or of disagreement would begin to give a picture of the way the average TV feels about his pastime. As it is too little is known about TVism that applies over a large number. What is known is usually based on observations of just a few individuals. So lets have it!!

*** REASON FOR REMAINING ***

I went to his apartment--though I am awfully shy,
 I'd never been so bold before--not with a grown up guy.
 I wouldn't drink for fear that he
 might start on something rash,
 Though I was surely tempting him.
 My sheath just seathed of pash.

Not only was I shy, but cold. I'm seventeen and he
 Was much older than I am. I just did not feel free.

Too, I was jealous--

 All around his place were lovely shots
 Of just one girl about my age.

 He liked this girl, and lots!
 Photography was excellent. In shorts, in bathing suit,
 In frou-frou formal, sweaters, skirts
 His girl friend was a beaut.

"I have to go", I said at last

 "You're much too old for me.

"Besides I'm scared of males. And you---

 "You love that girl, I see."

"Oh, dont go. That girl you see

 "Looks your age, right? She's not.

"She's just the age I am myself.

 "Age is a lot of rot.

"Sure I love her...like myself. But her mom and dad

"Were my parents, too. You see? That's really not so bad?"

"So you're scared of males? Just wait, I'll make a change."

He went.....And now I got it! It was so sweet and strange!
 Now it dawned upon my senses

 That he'd come back to play...

Not him, though, just his girl friend.

 I knew I'd stay, and stay!

Lil, San Francisco

o--- AUNT MARIAN'S REVENGE ---o

A piercing shriek rang through the Brown's living room. Mr. Brown's pipe dropped from his mouth and his paper to his lap.

"Good gosh, Anabelle", he exclaimed, "What's the matter?"

Mrs. Brown jumped to her feet and paced wildly. She threw a letter at her husband shrieking, "It's happened at last--Aunt Marian is coming to visit us."

"So what?" said Mr. Brown replacing his pipe, "Aunt Lucy came out here last year and you never tore the house down."

Mrs. Brown stared in disbelief, "What's wrong with you Bruce, have you forgotten the money we borrowed from her--and the reason she helps us financially is because we named our child after her?"

Mr. Brown nodded, "yes of course, I see what you mean. You're afraid she'll be sore when she finds out that Marion isn't a girl."

"Sore! That's not the word for it. I gave her more than an impression. For years I've been writing her a pack of lies about our daughter Marian's activities. Who would ever have thought she'd take a trip clear across the continent to see her. When she finds out how deceitful I've been she'll probably demand we return all we owe her."

"My word, Anabelle, I never knew you went that far in your letters. I agree we are certainly in a pickle but there is nothing to do but face the music", Mr. Brown said.

Mrs. Brown wrung her hands, "But we can't, we can't it will simply ruin us."

"Maybe not", Mr. Brown said thoughtfully, "it will be summer vacation by the time she gets here and Butch is going to summer camp again this year--we'll just tell her our daughter went to a girl's camp."

"Ha," said Anabelle derisively, "you dont know my Aunt Marian. She'd insist on going to the camp--she says she is coming out here expressly to see her namesake." Mrs. Brown was becoming hysterical. "We must do something, think of something! Oh goodness, if Butch could only be a girl for just two weeks."

"Humph", snorted Mr. Brown, "dress him up in skirts and ribbons I suppose".

Suddenly Mrs. Brown shrieked again, but this time happily, "That's it, Bruce, that's it". She flung her arms around her startled husband gushing, "oh, I'm so happy you thought of a way out."

Bruce felt flattered at being so complimented but didn't know exactly what for--"you mean"---, he put forth tentatively?

"Yes, of course, for the two weeks Aunt Marian is here we'll dress Butch up like a girl and let Aunt Marian continue to believe he is one."

Bruce rubbed his chin reflectively, being dubious of his brilliant idea. "Butch isn't going to like this, and I can't say as I blame him."

Mrs. Brown's eyes snapped, "It makes no difference whether he likes it or not, he's got to do it to save our home. Why Aunt Marian could actually take it away from us if she wanted to." This thought made Mr. Brown nervous.

Butch Brown came home from the baseball game quite exuberant for the home team had finally won in the 9th inning. Butch was quite a sports fan as well as an active participant in everything in season. There was nothing girlish about him anymore than there is in any handsome youth of average size and 14 years. Quite naturally he did not accept the fantastic story about what he must do to please Aunt Marian. In fact, it was a long time before he was finally convinced of the seriousness of the situation through his mother's tears and his father's arm waving. He finally gave in under such pressure, but viewed the whole thing with alarm a few minutes later when his mother seated him and began working on his hair with a curling iron. He had had a rather long pompadour but when she finished there were little curls sticking out all over his head. He didn't like it a bit, but his parents were satisfied. A wig would be much more satisfactory his father said, but as Aunt Marian will be here tomorrow there isn't time to buy one.

"Tomorrow"? shrieked Mrs. Brown, "I thought she said the 8th."

"Calm down, Annabelle", said Mr. Brown, "you know her 3's sometimes look like 8's, but its definitely the 3rd."

"Good heavens, now there wont be time to get anything what will we do."

Mr. Brown looked at his wife and then at his son--
"Why can't Butch wear your clothes, you look about the same size?"

To Butch's utmost embarrassment he was put into several of his mother's dresses and it was decided that although they were a trifle large in some places that on the whole they would have to do.

The first thing the next morning Butch was carefully dressed in his mother's yellow linen dress and a yellow ribbon was put in his hair. He couldn't navigate in her shoes so had to wear his own. It was true he looked like an awkward tomboy that had reached the gawky age, but still he could pass for a girl or rather a young woman. The poor boy felt so foolish in his attire that he floated about the house nervously not being able to relax or concentrate on anything. He most certainly dare not go outside even in the yard for fear someone he knew would see him and he would get branded with a stigma he would never live down.

Aunt Marian arrived that afternoon. She was tall and gaunt and with the sharp features and general appearance characteristic of the old maid she was. It didn't take her long to discover that her namesake was not a girl. In fact she realized it alomst at once but decided to play along with the gag while she could figure out the meaning of it all. As the toadying of her niece and her husband became so disgustingly apparent it became clear to her why they had deliberately tried to deceive her. The more she thought about this the more furious she became. Of course she could foreclose on all the notes she held, but it would take time and there was no assurance that she could get all of her money back anyway. She didn't want to ruin her neice actually, but she did want some revenge, for the disappointment had been great. She was a lonely

old lady and had been led to think her niece's daughter might come to live with her after she graduated from grammar school. But she had been put off by one pretext or another until Aunt Marian sometimes wondered if Annabelle really had a child. Now she knew it was even worse--the child was a boy. Aunt Marian despised boys--they were even worse than men and she had despised men all her life. She also despised Butch because he was a male in spite of his awkward and rather comical efforts to impersonate a girl. He too was in cahoots with his parents in trying to deceive her. Because it was Butch who was the actual deception her wrath concentrated upon him and she longed to get her hands on him and make him pay for it all.

She evolved a plan whereby she might get revenge upon the whole family. She asked if the folks had been serious about little Mariaon being sent to live with her awhile. Mr. and Mrs. Brown hemmed and hawed but being backed into a corner said yes of course that had been their plan. If that were the case, Aunt Marian said why couldn't the little dear go back with her now as that was actually the reason for her coming.

The Browns were in a panic. They tried every way they could think of short of disclosing Marion's real sex to dissuade Aunt Marian from her desire, but nothing stopped the gaunt old lady....she broke down every argument and added subtle threats of collecting what was owed to her if they continued to go back on their promises. The Browns didn't know what to do, they had to say yes but they knew that the jig would be up if she ever discovered Butch's real sex. They wondered if he could continue to deceive her as he had been apparently doing so successfully so far.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown went into a serious huddle with the boy, explaining all night the seriousness of the situation. They made it clear to Butch that it meant financial ruin for them if Aunt Marian was displeased, and it meant no college for Butch--even that he might be lucky to be able to finish

high school. Butch's world toppled around him, but before he could rearrange it the dynamic Aunt Marian had packed up and whisked him off on an eastbound train.

The trip was an embarrassing nightmare to both of them for the same reason, namely his apparent boyishness. As there was really nothing girlish about him but his clothes, many stares and laughs were directed at him. Whether he was guessed to be masquerading or thought to be a coarse tomboy didn't matter, it was enough to upset the two, and Aunt Marian suffered almost as much mortification as he did. They finally reached Aunt Marian's secluded house, however, much to the relief of both. She lived in a small town in upper Maine and in the seclusion which certain old maids of her type developed.

Aunt Marian changed her attitude toward her nephew almost at once, becoming severe and abandoning her former restraint.

"Understand, Marian", she said, "I brought you here for two purposes, the first to keep me company as you already know, and the second to try and correct the horribly mistaken way your mother was raising you. I do hope it isn't too late to make a young lady out of you. At the rate you were going you would grow into an uncouth roughneck--and bearing my name too. Why it is disgraceful the way your mother was bringing you up. You can't sew, you can't cook, and are interested only in rough boy's sports. I even doubt whether you wear dresses half the time judging the way you walk and I'll swear there were more slacks and boy's clothing in your closet at home than there were girl's clothes. Answer me this truthfully now, 'didn't you father encourage you to wear boy's clothes and to act like a boy'?"

Butch was quite confused. The events of the past 8 days had been enough to reduce almost any normal boy to a state of hysterics. The embarrassment he had suffered had been almost torture. He just couldn't get used to

his mother's dresses and this put him under constant strain, even when he was alone. He was almost to the breaking point. Being away from home for the first time also upset him and his strange Aunt was becoming harder than ever to understand. Aunt Marian repeated her question. "Er--yes, I guess so", he replied.

"I knew it, I knew it", said Aunt Marian. "Your father probably wanted a boy and not getting one tried to do the next best thing and make you into one. Why I'll bet you think you are a boy sometimes because your father deceived you in this matter when you were younger"

Butch scratched his head--the conversation was getting too confusing to follow.

Aunt Marian didn't approve of the scanty costume of the modern girl and made Butch wear the type of clothes she had worn at his age. In fact she dug out of her numerous trunks the exact clothing she had worn. Mostly white dresses with long lacey drawers and several petticoats. She even put high heeled buttoned boots on his feet. His figure was flat and disgustingly boyish, she declared, so she forced him into corsets, making him wear them day and night, often coming into his room in the middle of the night to check up and see that he had not loosened them.

The Brown's expected any time to receive a wrathful and explosive letter from Aunt Marian when she discovered the hoax, but though the weeks slipped into months nothing of the sort was forthcoming. Instead the letters from the east continued in the same vein--accepting the boy as a girl. The Brown's were further puzzled when their son began to write also. It was in his handwriting without doubt, but anyone reading its girlish gush would hardly expect the author to be a boy. The Brown's argued that Butch was one of the cleverest sons in the world to have deceived Aunt Marian for so long. The old gal was apparently not as shrewed as she seemed.

The Brown's biggest worry was when was Butch going to

to come home. Aunt Marian had originally stated that she would send him back after a 6 months visit. But after that she put it off again and again. After the visit had been prolonged over a year Mrs. Brown said she was going east and bring Butch back with her even if it did put them in financial jeopardy. Mr. Brown argued, pleaded and finally persuaded his wife to wait until he could put his business upon a sound basis. He pointed out that Aunt Marian had reassured them that the furtherance of Butch's education had been provided for and that Butch's recent letters had indicated that he was not in the least unhappy.

These letters from their son were becoming increasingly bizarre of late. They prattled on happily and stated that Aunt Marian had finally relented and allowed her supposed niece to dress more fashionably. There followed detailed descriptions of the new clothing purchases that Mr. Brown could make little of, but which Mrs. Brown found quite interesting. In one letter he wrote, "Last night on my date with Mr. Lodge I wore a dress of blue mohair prettily piped with white braid, a straw bonnet wreathed with pansies and a short jacket of figured chintz. As I have said before, dear Aunt Marian has begun to mix a little more socially on my account. She says that the people she invites to our teas and dinners bore her frightfully but she knows of no other way to get me a satisfactory husband. Mr Lodge has already proposed. Aunt Marian thinks I would do well to marry a man that is so well established, but I can't decide. You see he is well past forty and not particularly dashing to a girl my age.

The dainty perfumed letter slipped out of Mrs. Brown's hands. She and her husband stared at each other. Mr. Brown rubbed his chin, "Do you suppose the lad is poking fun at us or what?"

"I really dont know, dear, it all sounds so strange, almost as though we really had a daughter. Mrs. Brown picked up the letter and scanned it again nervously. "Butch was never one to think up a gag like this you know, I wouldn't be surprised but what Aunt Marian knows everything and has put Butch up to all this", she said.

"You may be right", agreed Mr. Brown. "The old gal might not be as stupid as we think and is trying to make us squirm". He grinned. "It isn't likely that Butch would stand for being dressed as a girl all this time even for us. I have a hunch all this is a hoax and that the best thing to do is to pretend to play along with the gag."

Butch's letters during the succeeding months gave them a merry whirl of parties and dates with confiding notes about his supposed admirers. Then came the wedding announcement accompanied by a note from Butch—

"My darlings: I can hardly wait until you meet my husband. I hope you will approve. Conrad and I are going to the northwest for our honeymoon and will stop over for a two weeks visit on the way back."

Mr. Brown slapped his sides hilariously, "that Aunt Marian is certainly a card, she ought to be a gag writer for the movies". Mrs. Brown's laughter was a little more hysterical, "how wonderful it will be to have our boy back with us again—I do hope Aunt Marian is really sending him home this time."

"And whom did you wish to see", asked Mr. Brown of the two strangers on his porch? To his confusion the feminine member of the couple rushed forward, grabbed him about the neck and began kissing him.

"Oh Daddy, Daddy darling, dont you know me she squealed?"

Mr. Brown gasped stupidly—the pretty young girl on his porch bore a startling resemblance to the Mrs. Brown of a couple of decades ago, but he had no daughter. Then came full recognition—it was Butch still masquerading. But what a change from the awkward facsimile of a girl that had left with Aunt Marian! Now there was nothing at all to indicate his being a male—smartly dressed in a powder blue suit with a perky hat perched on top of a swirl of curls. It was the curvaceous figure with the nipped in waist and swelling

bosom that gave her a start. Aunt Marian had really done him up for the occasion. Then with another start he realized that the other person on the porch wasn't Aunt Marian--unless she too was masquerading as one of the opposite sex. No, the rotund little man with the fat jowls could hardly be the tall, gaunt Aunt Marian. Butch, if it was he, gave out with another shriek as Mrs. Brown appeared in the doorway to be likewise enveloped in a startling embrace. The natty little man advanced toward Mr. Brown beaming--he thrust out his hand and said,

"I'm glad to know you sir, I'm Conrad your new son-in-law.....!"

Mr. and Mrs. Brown both felt quite giddy. Aunt Marian's joke had been carried beyond the realm of possibility. Neither as a team were able to guide the conversation into explanatory channels. The passively stood by awaiting developments while their effeminate son chattered and gushed and built up the charm of his mysterious companion. "You know, Daddy, Conrad is also in the hardware business. He has a chain of five store now." At that Mr. Brown's interested perked up and before long he and Conrad were deeply engrossed in the technical points of the hardware business.

Butch giggled and jumped up, "Mother, the conversation will be rather dull from now on so come and help me unpack while I take a shower and change".

Mrs. Brown's gaze was divided between the expensive silks and things that she was discovering in Butch's trunk and the personal uncovering of her pseudo daughter who was now wriggling out of a girdle. "You know, Mother, I owe this nice figure all to Aunt Marian. She made me wear a tight corset day and night for over a year, but you can see it brought results".

Mrs. Brown gasped as if she had been struck. A lacy dainty dropped from her nervous fingers--Butch had unhooked his brassier displaying the unbelievable fact that it was

not padded and that Butch's beautifully full and pointed breasts were his own. Mrs. Brown's glance dropped--what she saw made her giddy and she clung to the bureau for support swaying unsteadily--as Butch stepped out of his pretty lacy panties. He became aware of his mother's gaze and apparent confoundment--the thin line of his eyebrows arched up even higher--

"Why mother dear, didn't Aunt Marian write you about my operation? Right after we left here Aunt Marian had those large growths in my crotch removed. She told me that they were mainly responsible for my acting and talking so much like a boy.....!"

OOOXXXXOOOXXXXOOO

DOOR-BELLE

My sweet new husband's awfully nice.

He doesn't mind at all
Modeling dresses that I make--
We're each about as tall.

He rather likes the whole effect
(One must, designing dresses,
Adjust for heels and proper bust,
And color too, and tresses.)

I had him in a waltz-skirt which
With all else on was charming.
The doorbell rang. He answered it--
It was a bit alarming.

A salesman looked him over like
He was a box of candy.
I was so pleased. My handiwork
Was turning out just dandy.

But I'm a jealous wife. I fumed
When that man, the dope!
Said to My model, "Your husband's not
At home....I hope, I hope?"

Yes Sir, I'm sure your
wife will love it!



Helen: "Am I beat! I've
laid 300 bricks today".

Jane: "That cement mixer
I run is no egg beater".

COCKTAIL DRESSES-EVENING



All the fellows will be
green with envy of you
Mr. Koster

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO US STORIES NO. 2

It came to pass that one of his informers told Sultan Das Daaro of the indiscretions of his favorite wife Delicia with the captian of his private guard, so he summoned Delicia before him.

She noticed his stern countenance and her mind was swift when he told her of his problem. "If a beloved and trusted subject of mine behaved in a manner that I might interpret as a betrayal of me, how should that subject be punished"? he asked her.

"Embarrass the culprit with kindness," she counseled him. "Have the court maidens dress the guilty one in the most luxurious and ravishing of garments, in flowing silken gowns and costly gems. Fragrant perfumes should anoint the guilty person and the offender should be given a luxurious private quarter in the harem and the girls should shower this poor unfortunate with all the treatments that delight a woman's heart."

"Your wish shall be carried out," said the Sultan.

"Send the court maidens to me." Delicia smiled to herself.

Soon twenty of the loveliest maidens of the court approached the Sultan. "You girls will arm yourselves with silken scarves," he instructed them, "any you will sieze and bind the captain of my private guard. You will transport him to the harem and dress him in the most luxurious and ravishing of feminine garments, adorn him with costly gems and anoint him with your most alluring and provocative feminine perfumes. He will then be locked in your quarters in a private room and you will pluck out his beard and tame his brows. Make his face to appear as that of a woman and so tend him that he appears as a woman at all times. You will shower upon him all the treatments that delight a woman's heart and, should he endeavor to escape this treatment, you may bind him, imprison him and tease him in any manner you choose. He must become one of you for three years. Only Delicia is to be denied access to his presence."

And the women did as their Sultan had commanded.....

A.B.-L.A

***** MEMORIES *****

Reading of Susanna's project, The Chevalier d'Eon, recalls a little coterie of close friends of mine who were accustomed to gather at my apartment in New York City in the early 30's. There were 7 in the group. Five were married and lived in the suburbs. We met on Wed. evenings.

Although not a large apartment, there were two bedrooms, one of which was used exclusively for storing the clothing of our "other" selves. Each guest arrived at a different time so there was no confusion in preparing for the evening. To keep our clothing cleaned and pressed, and to tidy up the apartment for myself, I employed a pretty light-skinned colored girl, who was to be trusted, receiving sufficient recompense to assure this. When we met, she remained to assist the girls in dressing and putting on their makeup, at which she was very clever. She also coiffured our wigs for us as needed. The "boudoir" as it was called, was appointed in a most feminine fashion.

We spent many delightful evenings, chatting about the latest fashions, the theater etc. If one discovered a shop where the owner was sympathetic to us; it would be revealed. I knew a buyer in one of the stores who would give me a buzz when something which she thought would be becoming arrived. The smaller shops were more fun though as there one could have a fitting for one's purchases.

If one of us was wearing a new frock or lingerie, she would be "persuaded" to model it for the rest while we all "OH'd" and "Ah'd" over the garment. I daresay our greatest delight was window shopping along the avenue; not as a group, but in 2's or 3's. We always felt more secure this way and with less chance of attracting attention.

During those few hours together we could live the lives society denied us. I wonder if any other readers have had similar little groups and will in turn tell us about them.

Nancy, N.H.



LENA....
Arkansas





BESSIE....L.A.

Some girls just have
to learn the hard
way....Bessie being
punished by her Mis-
tress..Miss Babs.



Transvestite Doctor (Con't)

the honeymoon dearie?" "Darling, your slip is showing". I gave the impression that I was mighty glad I did not have to wear female garments all the time and remarked that I wished the second performance was over with. Actually I could hardly wait to dress up again in those clothes.

The second nights performance of the wedding was a sellout and additional chairs had to be brought in and placed in the outside aisles. Everything went according to schedule. The only thing different about it to me was that I found myself EVEN MORE THRILLED when wearing the beautiful feminine things. The comment, "You're the HAPPIEST bride I've ever seen" indicates that I radiated my happiness.

The next few days were difficult for me. I was in a mental turmoil. I began to search my library and the public libraries for books dealing with the matter of men dressing as women. I had heard about men who did this. In fact I had once seen a show with men in women's costume while in New York. I had always associated this practice with homosexuality. Yet I knew that I was not a homosexual and I found the idea repulsive.

I learned from my reading that my "problem" was called Transvestism with a smattering of Narcissism. As soon as I had identified my "problem" I began to read everything I could get my hands on regarding the subject and the patrons of the habit. Little was available on short notice but the coming years turned up considerable information.

Since that Womanless Wedding incident my guns, fish, and other hobbies have taken a back seat to my Transvestism "hobby". I spend at least one night a week in feminine attire, often going out in public so dressed. I even changed my address to another apartment to afford a more private entrance so that I might come and go as a woman without being seen. I sometimes park my car a few blocks

away, go to my apartment, dress as a woman, then return to my car and drive around to various public places such as carnivals, the beach, etc. and mill around in crowds. I have never been caught. I believe my make-up, figure, choice of clothes, and feminine mannerisms I have developed protect me.

m I never use public rest rooms when so dressed, and I try to avoid personal contact with anyone. Numerous times men have attempted to "pick me up", but I ignore them. I have been tempted to let one pick me up and then surprise him with my true sex. But, I fear the victim might not be good natured about it and might give me trouble. I cannot afford to be exposed. This would damage my professional and social position. I take every precaution to avoid it and to keep my addiction to transvestism a secret.

For example; A couple of days after the wedding show I took all my female costume to my office and turned it over to my secretary to dispose of in any manner she chose. This indicated to her and the other employees that I had no love of or use for the feminine things. It appeared that I had washed my hands of the whole thing. Little did they know of the pain it gave me to part with the lovely white high heeled sandals, gown, gloves, foundation, pink dress and all. I particularly hated to see the lovely long blonde wig go back to the rental shop.

My longing to dress in female clothing was so great that I lost no time in purchasing an extensive wardrobe, which included two expensive human hair wigs, dresses, shoes, hosiery, lingerie, girdles, play and sports items, cosmetics, jewelry, ladies wrist watch and ladies glasses, umbrella, sweaters, coats, swim suit and every other item of feminine apparel. Over a nine year period I have collected a large closet full of feminine things. I now have over 50 pairs of lovely shoes, most of them with 3" heels or higher.

Because I am a perfect size 16, wear size 8 women's shoes, size 10 hosiery, and other standard obtainable sizes

I have no difficulty finding all my requirements in the large city where I live. I supplement my local purchases with catalog orders from the large mail order houses featuring feminine apparel. As the styles in women's fashions change I weed out the obsolete items and purchase new, maintaining an up-to-date wardrobe at all times, for summer, spring, winter, or fall.

One of my favorite stunts at which I have been successful (and by "successful" I mean not getting caught) is to take a few travel cases filled with clothing and cosmetics and register in a Tourist Lodge that has a swimming pool. I go to my room, shave my entire body as smooth as silk, apply make-up, don a low cut abbreviated swim suit and leave my room for a swim in the pool. I wear a tight fitting swim cap. I have actually been in and out of the pool, dived from the board etc. for an hour at a time without any person indicating doubt as to my true sex.

With ample padding inside the swim suit, plus my otherwise good figure I give the appearance of a real "livin doll". Men have frequently tried to get familiar with me but I disappear when they get in earnest in their pursuit of my attentions.

Several years ago to keep my frequent escapades as a women secret I purchased a good second-hand car which I leave parked a few blocks away from my apartment. I use it for transportation ONLY when in feminine costume. The nearest to getting caught I have come was a result of my car being recognized by a close friend being driven by what he described as a rather large, buxom girl. I gave the excuse that I had loaned the car to a friend and the woman must have been his wife. My number would have been up if he had learned that the large buxom girl was ME.

Perhaps the most excitement I have experienced while dressed as a woman happened in the summer of 1956. I had attended a party and arrived home about 10:30. The next day being July 4th I could sleep late the following morn-

ing. I had an overcoming urge to dress up in a feminine outfit that night in spite of the late hour. I showered, shaved, put on my make-up. Wanting to appear sexy that night, I wore a tight strapless bra-topped foundation that came down to my hips. I put my special falsies in the bra cups which adhere to my chest flesh with a special cement. I cement them on wider apart than normal, so that when I pull them inward to fit into the tight bra top of my foundation garment it causes the flesh to roll toward the center of my chest and push flesh up above them, creating cleavage.

I wore no girdle, as my "lower figure" is well proportioned, but put on only some brief panties. I put on a knit tube-like strapless and armless blouse that fits like a second skin. I fastened the front center of it to the center of my brassiere top, exposing the cleavage. I put on a pair of abbreviated shorts....red in contrast to the white blouse I put on a pair of extremely high heeled wedgies also red. I wore a long black wig that hung down and nearly covered my shoulders. My lip and eye makeup was rather sensual in appearance and I looked like a sexy street walker.

I went out into the street and walked to a nearby public park which was abandoned at that late hour of midnight. I strolled around in the park until I came upon some playground equipment. I sat in one of the large swings and began to swing back and forth. It was a wonderful feeling. Suddenly I heard voices of several boys or men. I literally leaped from the swing as it was in a forward swing. I hit the ground off balance but running. I stumbled to the ground, breaking the ankle strap on one of my wedgies. I got to my feet and tried to run but with one shoe lost, the three boys, who appeared to be in their late teens, overtook me and grabbed me. One said "If you scream, we'll leave you in a puddle of blood" I saw he was pointing a long bladed knife at me. I was scared stiff. It was obvious that all three of them had been drinking heavily.

As I struggled with them I lost my other sandal. I was shoved and pushed and dragged into a dense area of the

park surrounded by greenery and trees. I was pulled to the ground. I was afraid to reveal that I was a man masquerading as a woman fearing that they might not appreciate the idea and do something to me. One grabbed hold of my knit tube blouse and, seeing it was elasticised, pulled it down over my hips and legs and off. They rolled me over in the grass onto my stomach and began to unzip the zipper on the back of my shorts. At that moment the beautiful sound of a siren filtered through the trees.

All three boys jumped up, left me, and ran from the park as fast as they could. I regained composure enough to duck into some bushes to hide in case the police entered the park. However, the siren was an ambulance not a police car. Thinking that the boys might have discovered this too I hurried from the park in the opposite direction from which they left it. I was barefooted now and had forgotten my knit blouse. I dared not return for it.

Lucky for me the tight fitting strapless foundation I was wearing looked like the top of a swim suit or play suit at least at night and from a little distance. I hurried back to my apartment taking every service alley and back route to avoid being seen in nothing but underwear and a pair of short shorts, and barefooted. I entered my apartment via a private entrance which opens on a service driveway. When I got to my bedroom and sat down to catch my breath I vowed never to dress up as a woman again. I removed the clothing, showered to remove the makeup and went to bed a nervous wreck.

However, my vow was broken within a week. I just could not resist the feel and thrill of wearing dainty feminine things. I guess I am addicted to the "hobby" for the rest of my life. I enjoy it just as much as I did the night of the wedding. I get a spine tingling thrill every time I step into high heels, lingerie and the rest. I have no desire to give it up. I have never remarried, but if I do it will only be to a very understanding girl.

It's amazing what a "womanless wedding" can do to a man.

SURVEY OF VARIOUS ASPECTS OF TRANSVESTISM
IN THE LIGHT OF OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE
N. LUKIANOWICZ, M.D.

(Continued)

The Psychoanalytical Theory:

All psychoanalytically-minded writers base their interpretations of transvestism on the teaching of Freud. Their point of view may be summarized thus: Transvestism is an attempt to overcome the fear of castration by creating an imaginary phallic woman, and subsequently identification with her. Fenichel, for example, gives this symbolic formula of transvestism: "Phallic women exist; I myself am one" (32) In another paper he elaborates this idea further: "The fantasy of a phallic girl is a substitute for a phallic exhibition which is inhibited by castration anxiety, and is composed of the two kinds of 'castration denial! I keep my penis by acting as though I were in fact a girl." "Girls are really no different from myself." All this is condensed into the symbolic equation: "I = my whole body = a girl = the little one = the penis" Sadger (89) reconstructs the train of thought of a male transvestite thus: "When I put on my mother's dress I feel as if I were she herself, and so could arouse sexual feelings in my father and possibly supplant her with him." Bohm (18) uses almost an identical picture: "In the clothes they put on, they represent the mother with the penis". (((Ed Note: It seems as though there is nothing else in life for analysts to think about than sex. It is a matter of amazement to me that the animal world has been able to exist for so many eons, to use sex instinctively for reproduction and to go about the rest of their lives without the assistance (?) of psychoanalysts to explain it all.)))

The inability of a transvestite to renounce the idea of a phallic woman was clearly demonstrated by a

classically "transvestic" dream of the 21 year old patient of Peabody (82), "in which he looked under a girl's skirt and saw male genitalia". The same man for a long time "had no clear idea of the difference between male and female anatomy and frequently fantasied going into a ladies' room dressed as a woman in order to see the difference." According to Peabody, "The late date at which he discovered the difference between the sexes, suggest the extreme difficulty he had in consciously accepting the lack of a penis in the female."

This fear of castration and its denial through creation of a phallic woman is often precipitated by an exhibitionistic behavior of the important female figure in the transvestite's early childhood, representing most often his mother or his sister. In the patient of Peabody: "Early memories revealed a mixed feeling of revulsion at the accidental (?) sight of his mother's genitalia when he was four or five," Bak (5) also emphasizes the disturbance of the mother-child relationship, resulting in an alternating identification with the phallic and penisless mother, with the corresponding split in the ego. Greenacre too stresses the splitting of the ego: "It is an extraordinarily strong castration problem of the phallic-oedipal period which...causes regression and splitting of the ego."

((Ed Note: All those understanding all this stuff get a small gold-plated penis as a reward and as a reminder of their castration anxiety!!!))

Gillespie (4) assumes "a specific modification of castration anxiety, determined in its form by earlier pregenital, and especially oral developments." He accepts the splitting of the ego, on lines defined by M. Klein (63) and adds, "What characterizes perversion and makes it different from neurosis or psychosis--is a special technique of exploiting the mechanism of splitting of the ego, by which the pervert avoids psychosis, since a part of his ego continues to accept reality and behave fairly normally in the non-sexual sphere".

The picture of a phallic woman, based usually on a "close visual contact" (44) with the mother, or with a sister, may sometimes turn into a caricature. Thus the patient of Greenacre, when a small boy, often "dressed in his mother's clothing and paraded in front of the mirror in order to make fun of her."

Multifactorial Theories:

Some writers show a multifactorial eclectic approach to the causation of transvestism. Thus Ellis, "On the psychic side" cautiously accepts the psychoanalytical "identification with woman"; on the "physical side" he blames the "imbalanced endocrine glands" perceiving in transvestism a condition allied to eunuchoidism. Tennenbaum sees the origin of female transvestism mainly in psychological conditioning, but male transvestism he interprets in almost analytical terms of "identification with a sweetheart or wife". East (28) also uses similar concepts in his etiological explanations. Benjamin believes that "A constitutional predisposition is essential; then comes adverse psychological conditioning followed by the respective syndromes". Petritz and Foster (83) also show a dualistic approach. "The psychodynamics of ...transvestism are to be sought ...in the indoctrination and identification with ... mother figure", but "It is reasonable to assume that bio-physiochemical factors based on chromosomal imbalance play a role in creating the transvestic picture..."

Some Non-Sexual Explanations:

"Janett Thompson" regards transvestism not as a sexual deviation, but as an unusual pattern of behavior, assumed by certain individuals for the sake of some non-sexual motives. "There are endless instances in history of men who have taken to female attire and women to men's clothing--for love, political gain, religious reasons etc., as well as for feelings of inadequacy or dissatisfaction in their own sex role."

Such view is not generally acceptable. Although there is no doubt that there are some pseudo-transvestites of this type, it would be a misnomer to apply to them the term "transvestite", by which a strictly defined sexual deviation is known and named.

((Ed. Note: How in the world he can say that transvestism is "strictly defined" when the preceding pages are full of the ideas of various authors as to what it is, what causes it etc. Seems to me the medical profession is as confused as many TVs themselves. Moreover, if he wants to be "strict" about it, the word really covers anybody that likes to cross dress for any reason, not just for the particular reasons that certain authors wish to base it on. Lastly, I'll give him an argument about using the term "sexual deviation" for it at all. There are too many TVs whose sexual orientation and life is strictly heterosexual and ordinary so far as object, position and method are concerned. The medical profession should learn to distinguish between sex (which can either refer to anatomy or to the act of intercourse) and gender which means "kind or sort" (Webster) and which should refer to the type of personality, i.e. masculine or feminine. A person of either sex could thus have qualities of either gender. As noted earlier "Janett Thompson" is the pen name of rather well known TV, and naturally too much attention should not be paid to the ideas of a person who has only lived with the problem for 25 years or more, what could she know about the problem? She probably knows more TVs than any author cited in this article with the exception of Hirschfeld and possibly Ellis, and she is in a position and able enough to make observations that are just as valid if not more so than some of the authors cited herein who have drawn their conclusions from cases who may be transvestites by definition of cross-dressing, but who in many instances are suffering under a variety of other complications which are unrelated to TVism and tend to obscure the nature of the latter. In view of all the discussion

previously about childhood origins, castration complexes in childhood etc. I wonder how the medical profession explains the development of TVism in persons aged 15 and up who have long left these childhood periods behind. There is one fascinating case presented elsewhere in this issue that should strain the theories of causation as presented in this article.)))

The Question of Female Transvestism:

The above quoted views are largely concerned with male transvestism, while female transvestism is rarely mentioned. This is due to the fact that transvestism is a typically male sexual deviation. If the psychoanalytic view (that transvestism represents a symbolic denial of castration fear through creation of a phallic woman) were accepted, there could be no place for female transvestism, which Fenichel regards as "a displacement of the envy of the penis to an envy of masculine appearance," and which to a transvestite woman "may give the illusion that spectators might believe in the existence of such a penis." Similarly Barahal sees in female transvestism only "a drive for masculinity". Thus "Janett Thompson" remains isolated in his view that "transvestism occurs in both the male and the female," and that "the causes and dynamics and problems faced are very similar".

((Ed Note: I just cant refrain from a few caustic comments---Psychoanalysts from Freud on up must be insecure in their own sexuality since they lay so much stress on masculine organs. It is nothing but PENIS-PENIS-PENIS, envy, castration, fear etc. Since when in the rest of the animal kingdom is the male so all-fired important? The female of all species is in principle more important than the male in the same sense that the garden and the soil are more important than the gardener who merely plants the seed. If women can "envy masculine appearance" and like to think of themselves as having a penis, why cant males be considered as able to envy feminine appearance, and more importantly to envy the female role in reproduction such that they enjoy and find symbolic

satisfaction in imitating feminine appearance and behaviour? The author says "if the psychoanalytical viewpoint were accepted....." maybe so, but lets look around for some other viewpoints that can explain a lot of the aspects of TVism that never get considered by most psychiatrists))).

SYMPTOMATOLOGY

The Clinical Picture of Transvestism:

This may be divided into two types, according to the intensity of symptoms.

The milder form of transvestism is usually confined to mere desire to wear the dress appropriate to the opposite sex, though the "feminine" tendencies of male transvestites may betray themselves by the choice of occupation or hobby, by feminine mannerisms, and by a general feminine atmosphere in their homes. However, in the majority of cases the abnormality of the behavior is usually confined to cross-dressing only.

Most transvestites belong to this form of transvestism. They are usually capable of controlling their behavior in such a manner as to avoid criticism and disapproval of their social group. In their daily life they may present no peculiarities in their behavior and dress, and their secret and unusual activities may remain often "unsuspected even by those nearest to them" (Ellis).

This compromise between the urge to cross-dress and the prohibitions imposed by society is achieved in one of two ways: 1, either by permanently wearing one particular part of a female garment, most often panties, under their usual male suit; or 2, by completely dressing as a woman, though only for a short period at a time, usually in the evening in the privacy of their homes. The latter solution is particularly often sought by narcissistic personalities, manifesting the "Mirror Complex" (Gutheil) i.e. the self admiration in front of a mirror, whilst in a female dress, often accompanied by auto-erotic practices.

Many transvestites, like many homosexuals, often possess a superior intelligence, and may show some artistic aspirations and abilities. These sometimes may provide some of them with a vicarious outlet for their transvestite cravings.

The More Active Form of Transvestism:

Here the longing for cross-dressing may amount to an irresistible urge, resembling an obsessive-compulsive neurosis. Then "It is a drive, or a need, easily as strong, as any organic drive, and must be yielded to, if the victim is to avoid unbearable tension (59)

The transvestites of this type are more active, and often "take up the fight against society" (Hamburger) Yet they would never ask for, nor agree to, the anatomical "change" of their actual sex. They want to play the part of a member of the opposite sex merely by assuming the dress, the manners and some ways of behavior, which they regard as characteristic of this sex. However, what such an individual creates is not a representation of a woman, but a poor imitation, or even a caricature, of her. To "be a woman" simply means for him "to wear beautiful dresses and high heeled shoes, to use make-up" and "to attract glances of admiration." Such patients often assume a female given name and want to be addressed as "she".

((ED.NOTE: It is a rather gratuitous assumption that transvestites of this "type" do not "create a representation" but rather a caricature. Either the author has not personally known many TVs or those he has known have been the pretty mixed-up types who usually become "patients" and who do not at all represent TVs as a class. I have known a number of TVs, myself included, who can and do do about everything a woman does and go wherever a woman can go and whose "representation" is by no means a caricature" since it is quite adequate to satisfy the eyes of salesgirls, policemen, dressing room clerks, maids, taxi drivers and what have you. It is ridiculous and unfair too in a survey of the subject, not

to give "credit where credit is due", it is quite misleading.)))

In some cases the exaggerated desire "to be a woman" may lead to such para-delusional phenomena as the claims of having "menstruation". The patient of Krafft-Ebing claimed to have "vicarious menstrual bleeding" from his gums, nose and rectum. One of Hirschfeld's patients wrote in his autobiography, "am called 'Ottillie', every month I have "my menstruation"...intestinal bleeding which lasts up to 8 days (53)...The wife of our patient "A" reported "a regular menstrual bleeding from his penis".

Some male transvestites go still further in their female identification, desiring to be able to bear children. As an example, our patient "A" admitted in his autobiography, "when the children were coming I envied my wife the fact that she could bear them. I would willingly have done so if possible". One of Hirschfeld's patients sighs, "I would gladly have borne children, nursed them myself and brought them up."

((((ED NOTE: I wonder if this feeling is really so abnormal" except statistically since most men would not feel so or would not admit it if they did. But I wonder what other satisfactions in this life can compare with that of a mother holding the product of her own body in her arms and nourishing it by food she herself makes and gives at the breast, while at the same time visualizing the child as it will be many years hence---strong, handsome and capable--- and saying to herself, "I made this creature, myself." Is it so surprizing that some more sensitive and understanding men should envy her this satisfaction?)))

Such morbid desires often lead not only to difficulties in social adjustment, but also to feelings of frustration, resentment and unhappiness. A patient of Glaus remarked, "My youth was wasted; shall all my life be a mere Golgotha?" Such complaints convinced Hamburger that a transvestite is subjected to "a continual mental stress that may lead ...to suicidal attempts". However,

there is in the whole literature only one case (mentioned by Hirschfeld), where a young man killed himself dressed in a bridal dress. In two other tragic cases (quoted below), the subjects took their lives being afraid of detection, not because they were prevented from playing a transvestic role.

((ED NOTE: This goes to show how unreliable medical "literature" can be in evaluating problems such as TV.... I have 11 cases of suicide while dressed in female attire in my files. The point is worth stressing again...that only a portion of the total phenomenon of Transvestism shows up in the doctor's office and this is the portion that is in need of medical help. Neither the secure relatively well adjusted, nor the dead who are at peace are in need of medical aid and so do not get into the doctor's case reports. As a result Psychiatry's views and conclusions are largely based on the insacure, maladjusted, neurotic individuals who generally manifest other forms of "abnormal" behaviour besides transvestism.)))

The most frequently cited models of male transvestites are the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, and the Abbe de Choisy. The celebrated pictures of female transvestites are Lady Hester Stanhope and "James Barry". ((ED NOTE: What of Jeanne d'Arc? She was burned at the stake not because she was a heretic but because she refused to obey the church's orders to stop wearing pants and taking a man's role.)))

It may be interesting to add one or two less known examples taken from the more recent literature.

A Male Transvestite Impersonating a Female:

A "Mrs. Alice Firth" (Horton and Clarke, 55) was brought up as a girl, pursued only female occupations, and in her twenties married a young man. She was very friendly with the wives of her husband's friends, who never suspected that she might not have been a woman. Five years after her marriage Mrs. F

and her husband were arrested on "liquor charges" (in time of prohibition in the USA). In jail there arose some doubts regarding the sex of Mrs. F. Consequently she was medically examined by both authors who found that she was an anatomically normal male.

((ED NOTE: In view of what was said earlier it is somewhat amazing that a "poor imitation" or a "caricature" of a woman could successfully be a wife for 5 years and be exposed to the critical appraisal of a lot of other young wives. Obviously the authors opinion is contradicted by his own example.))

Female Impersonators of Males.

1. A "Captain Tweed" from a transatlantic ship was admitted, acutely ill, into the Sailor's Home on Staten Island in 1904. During the night he cut his throat. On post-mortem he was found to be a normal female. 2. A head waiter in a principal restaurant in Czernowitz was suddenly taken ill one evening in 1909. He refused to see a doctor, and in the night poisoned himself. On post mortem he was found to be a female. 3. In the "Daily Express" (21) of October 1951, there is the "Story of a woman, who" (at the age of 53) "changed her sex and her name, and married a woman." After her death 22 years later the question of her sex was brought to High Court by "his" widow because of a trust. 4. The "Daily Mail" (22) of March 1958, reported the story of "Old Chris Williams, the British Legion stalwart, the war-time Home Guardsman, the week-end darts player in the local pub", who for 20 years lived in a small village in Berkshire, where everybody knew him, and who on post-mortem was found to be a woman. "The truth came out after 73 year old Chris died of a perforated ulcer in the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Reading, last week."

Such cases confirm Hirschfeld's view that, "many male and female transvestites...succeed in maintaining their adopted role unmolested throughout their whole lives. and their correct sex is only discovered after death, sometimes under very peculiar circumstances.

The Sexual Drive in Transvestism:

Sexual drive is usually weak. According to Gutheil, most transvestites "have little interest in sex. They start late with their sexual contacts and engage in them using paraphilic (transvestite) fantasies."

((ED NOTE: This may be true of the type of person who finds his way to the psychoanalysts couch, but what of the rest of us. I certainly know a number of TVs who are: (a) heterosexual, (b) sexually interested and active, and (c) well enough adjusted and oriented that they have no need for psychiatric help. This type of person proves once again that the medical profession bases its comments about TVism on an incomplete and misleading sample of the TV population.)))

With regard to the sexual aim, transvestites may be divided into the following types:
 The a-sexual type. Here the mere cross-dressing seems to be an end in itself. It completely replaces all other forms of sexual activity and of sexual desires. The dress of the opposite sex provides these individuals with an asexual general feeling of well-being, of relaxation and satisfaction. Benjamin regards their libido as "cerebral" and says that "it can be aroused and gratified by the fact of "being a woman." Hirschfeld calls them "a-sexual or sexless transvestites.

A classical example of this type of transvestism is the case reported by Flint (quoted after Ellis). This patient, a 21 year old white male, dressed as a maid-servant was employed by a Boston family. He slept with the servant girls and attended his mistress in her bath. He never experienced any sexual feelings for either sex, and never had erotic dreams, emissions or erections, although his genital organs were "generously developed".

The auto-mono-sexual type. In this group the cross-dressing with or without self-admiration in a mirror, seems always to lead to, and to culminate in, masturbation. Occasionally

the mere putting on of a female dress brings pleasurable sensations, often accompanied by erection and ejaculation, without any active masturbation. Wilson's transvestite (101, 102) stated, "I always masturbated in these clothes" (i.e. in the clothes of his sister and mother), and added "I had associated my desire to be feminine with masturbation. Such statements and observations led Karpman to the conclusion that transvestism was often a form of stimulation in heterosexually inadequate individuals, to obtain a fuller gratification during masturbation. A similar view was expressed by Dukor.....

The hetero-sexual type. The study of literature leaves the impression that most transvestites in the Western type of culture belong to this group. Benjamin also thinks that, "Transvestites...are in the majority heterosexual." Yet Hirschfeld, an authority on this subject, gives the following approximate distribution of the sexual expression among male transvestites: "about 35%..are homosexual and an equal percentage heterosexual, while about 15 are bisexual. The remaining 15% are mostly automonosexual and a small proportion of asexuals." Hamburger's figures are very similar (39% hetero-, 40% homo-, (19% latent and 21% overt) and 21% bi, auto-, and a-sexual.

((ED NOTE: Such statements I find very ridiculous and exasperating. If one wished to say that of ALL homo or hetero sexual individuals "x"% of them indulged in cross-dressing it would make sense since it would be like saying "63% of all women smoke"--meaning that 63% of a certain type of human being engaged in the special form of behavior called smoking. But to me Transvesism is an entity in itself (and we had better call it Eonism to get a specific name for it since transvestism is only a latin way of saying cross-dressing. I feel that Eonism should be a term defining a specific and single form of behaviour engaged in by otherwise normal people. Then there would be no such thing as a "homosexual Eonist" because the individual primarily differs from so-called "normals" by being homosexual. Such a homosexual person might indulge in cross-dressing but would not be an Eorist for doing so. Such a distinction would clarify things.)))

The Homosexual Group. Hirschfeld and Hamburger alike found that the homosexuals among male transvestites constitute about one-third of all cases. Although this figure seems to be high, it is extremely low in comparison with the percentage of homosexuality in female transvestites, who (according to Hamburger) are literally all homosexual (18% with latent and 82% with overt homosexual behavior).

There might be several explanations of this fact.

1. Perhaps female transvestites, being temperamentally less stable, are less inhibited in a free expression of their homosexual tendencies. 2. Perhaps female transvestism is in fact only a "screen for homosexuality" (Stekel's phrase) or, 3, possibly the fact that in most Western countries male homosexuality is punishable by law, whilst the female is not, acts as a deterrent for an overt expression of homosexual trends in many a male transvestite.

The Bi-Sexual type. According to Hirschfeld, this type contains about 15% of all transvestites, though the study of the literature may suggest that their number is much smaller than that. A typical example of a bisexual transvestite was the patient of G. Thompson, who at the age of seven engaged in homosexual activities with his elder brother; between 12 and 14 he cross dressed and played with dolls; he married at 31, had two children and continued with his homo- and hetero-sexual activities.

Transvestism and Other Sexual Deviations:

All sexual aberrations "usually overlap and merge to a more or less extent". Hence almost in every case of transvestism there are certain features characteristic of some other sexual anomaly. This fact indicates a close relationship among various sexual deviations, but by no means disproves their independent character.

It was Hirschfeld who first advocated, in 1910, a complete separation of transvestism from all other sexual aberrations, and sharply criticized all those authors

who failed to see in it an independent sexual anomaly. He did not spare even the most prominent of them: "Krafft-Ebing himself...remained ignorant of the true nature of the phenomenon" (i.e. of transvestism). "He saw in it, like most authors before him and after him, nothing but a variant of homosexuality, whereas today we are in a position to say...that...transvestism...is a condition that occurs independently and must be considered separately from any other sexual anomaly."

Hirschfeld's view has been generally accepted, and nowadays almost all writers regard transvestism as an independent sexual deviation. However the complexity of the clinical picture in transvestism immensely complicates its delimitation. For example, one of Hirschfeld's transvestites developed the following very elaborate, verbalized homosexual and sado-masochistic masturbatory fantasies: "You, sweet man, I want to belong to you. Kill me, but let me be your wife." Such cases as this forced some authors to see in transvestism a conglomeration of various sexual deviations. For instance, Gutheil regards it as a "result of six psychopathological factors. They are: 1, latent (or unmanifested) homosexuality with an unresolved castration complex; 2, the sado-masochistic component; 3, the narcissistic component; 4, the scopophilic; (liking to observe or watch..Ed.) 5, the exhibitionistic; and 6 the fetishistic component. In every case all tributaries are represented in varying degrees." Wiedeman (100) points out the presence of the "features of fetishism (overvaluation of female clothing); homosexuality (desire to be a woman), and masochism." Fonichel stresses 1, the masochistic, 2, the exhibitionistic, and 3 the fetishistic tendencies in transvestism. ((Ed. Note. The very fact that so many kinds of pattern are represented as in Gutheil's quotation above, could be taken to show that TVism is not such an abnormality as medical authors seem to think. All normal persons show all of these traits in some degree. As a matter of fact persons who are psychopathic or who can be classed according to some behavior pattern are usually so classed because their behavior is not so much new or

original as it is that they differ quantitatively from the normal in that they exhibit some behavior form found in normals but exhibit it either to a very exaggerated degree or in ways and circumstances that the normal would not show. For example, everybody has some appreciation of himself or herself as seen in the mirror, but when this love of oneself gets out control the person is termed a narcissist. The fact that all the different components occur in one type of "case" in itself puts transvestism in a rather unique position. When one strays from a highway into some particular byway he could reasonably be said to have "deviated" from the accepted path, but when he merely exhibits to a some what greater degree a half dozen traits which are to be seen in some degree in everybody, it is hard to see the logic of using the word "deviation" to cover this versatility.)))

Fetishistic Traits in Transvestism.

Abraham's patient, a 22 year old college student, well illustrates how closely interwoven are often various perversions, and how one single case may present a variety of different components. He was a fetishist and a transvestite, with masochistic and sadistic features, and with scopophilia. He wrote in his autobiography, "I have often wished I was a woman...I often long to wear women's clothes, stays and shoes." In fact, he not only longed, but often put on his mother's stays and laced himself tightly, deriving a sexual pleasure from this complex, transvestistic, fetishistic and masochistic behavior. He also showed some sadistic trends. "If I see women and girls tightly laced and picture to myself the pressure of their corsets on their breasts and body, I can get an erection:" Scopophilia was also present, "Looking out for elegant shoes or tightly laced waists became his most important sexual activity; This interest occupied the chief place in his vivid day-dreams. At night he had frequent erotic dreams about stays."

The Narcissistic and Exhibitionistic Traits in Transvestism.

Narcissism is best exemplified in the phenomenon of the "MirrorComplex". Some examples of this: "In this attire (female clothing) I felt divinely. I then stepped in front

of the mirror...my face blushed, shivers of joy rushed down my spine" (case 7 of Hirschfeld). "I spent my nights sitting in front of a mirror and put on my mother's dresses... (case 12 of Hirschfeld)". Our patient "D" may sit for hours in front of a mirror, dressed and made up as a woman. A most intense narcissism was demonstrated by the patient of Grotjahn, who for hours would admire himself, dressed as a woman, in a mirror, or watch a film he took of himself when dressed and made up as a woman. "He then loved himself with such narcissistic intensity that he almost felt satisfied".

((ED.NOTE: I have often wished I could talk to a psychiatrist who was himself a TV. Only one who would have the ability to appreciate the distinction between true narcissism or loving of yourself and the enjoyment of a male seeing "herself". This seems one more case where it seems so "obviously" the same thing that it appears stupid to question it. But the satisfaction a TV feels in seeing that he can make a presentably feminine appearance is deep and the only way he can appreciate the actuality of this accomplishment is by viewing the results in a mirror. It is not enough to be merely aware of the fact that you are dressed as a woman, you want to "know" it and your eyes are the means of knowing.))

The exhibitionistic tendencies in transvestites are manifested in their desire to appear in public places in female clothes and in their craving to be photographed in female garments, particularly when they are doing embroidery, or sewing, or performing some other "typically feminine" type of work. They also like to have their pictures taken in a female evening dress or wedding dress, or when they are dressed as servant girls.

((ED.NOTE: Again I question the correctness of equating a TV's desire to appear in public or to be photographed with other types of behavior generally grouped under the heading of "exhibitionism". I am aware that psychiatrists will feel that my comments here are just rationalizations, but I in turn am aware of the reality of a feminine personality in a well developed

TV, and the desire of this "personality" to "live" and to "prove" that she can and does is obviously best satisfied by doing what women do where women do it, which is out in the world. Genetic women are often said to be exhibitionistic because of their clothing and certain types of behavior. But if that which is normal to women is to be described by a word intended to describe the behavior of abnormal persons then the word either loses its force and meaning or a vast number of women are "abnormal". This therefore becomes a contraction of terms. In any case the behavior of women which may be termed "exhibitionistic" certainly is part of the to be expected behavior pattern of a male essaying to express a feminine personality and ".to do in Rome as the Romans do".)))

The Masochistic Traits in Transvestism.

The were clearly exhibited in Alexander's (3) patient. "A transvestite of 40 finds sexual satisfaction when, masquerading as a servant girl, he is able to serve a severe mistress. His mistress must forbid him to wash himself, until his hands become black with grime. The idea of grimy hands is of itself pleasurable to him and forms the kernel of his masochistic fantasies." He also manifested an unusual coprophilic interest (love of feces...Ed). "At seven or eight years of age he frequently smeared himself with feces and while in this state masturbated." His masturbatory fantasies were definitely masochistic. He fantasied that he was being buried by his mother "for punishment" in a dung heap. (According to Alexander, "It is an intra-uterine phantasy, which nevertheless means incestuous coitus. This coitus phantasy has a clear masochistic coloring (punishment) and at the same time an anal-erotic one (the dung-heap)." The patient showed also some homosexual features: "...in his masochistic relation to his mother are included the passive homosexual wishes for his father...A series of dreams showed us...that his passive homosexual wishes, which had a strong masochistic coloring, were transferred from man to woman, to his stern mistress--who is nothing more than a man disguised".

((ED.NOTE: It is cases like this that make me so disgusted with psychiatry as a science. Here is a "crazy mixed-up kid" if I ever heard of one. He is a homosexual-masochistic, coprophilic-incestuous-tangle, but because in addition to all of this he likes feminine attire he is classed as a transvestite and some psychiatrist has the nerve to classify him as a transvestite and discuss him as an example of a clinical case of transvestism. It was only at the beginning of this section that Hirschfeld is quoted as advocating "the complete separation of transvestism from all other sexual aberrations", and the statement made by the author that "nowadays almost all writers regard transvestism as an independent sexual deviation". Why then throw in all this hodgepodge. How can we transvestites look for any understanding, help or guidance from Psychiatry when its practitioners are so obviously confused themselves and so unscientific in their classifications))

Another example of masochistic tendencies in transvestism, illustrating Gutheil's "Martyr Complex", is Hirschfeld's case 12 who reported, "I imagine that I am forced by a woman to dress as a woman and expose myself to the teasing and derision by those who are watching me." Gutheil believes that an operation so intensely desired (castration) "also fulfills in part the tendency toward expiation of the sexual guilt". The same meaning is applied to tatocing, which "represents an attenuated form of the desired or performed castration, an act of aggression against the patient's own body..."

A rare type of masochistic auto-erotic transvestism is the Strangulation Masochism. "The masturbatory practices of such individuals consist of dressing and making up as women and then performing an act of self-strangulation leading the patient to the threshold of complete asphyxia. In many of these cases the act of hanging is imitated, the constriction of the neck being used as a sexual stimulant....unfortunate accidents often occur..."

To Be Continued

SUSANNA SAYS---
From New York

Just as your Editor says she didn't know what she was getting into when she started TRANSVESTIA, so I can truly say I never dreamed I was getting into super-colossal headaches with the CHEVALIER D'EON Resort. The funny part of it is that none of the problems have been the social-frown, legal tsk-tsk type one might expect with a venture primarily dedicated to "the unconventional" of society. On the contrary, everything has gone smoothly on that aspect of the operation. The biggest trouble, surprisingly enough, is to get TV's to come to the place.

I have spent hundreds of hours at the telephone and as many at the typewriter explaining and encouraging TV's and other unconventional to avail themselves of the opportunity to be themselves in friendly and understanding surroundings without fear of prying eyes and arched eyebrows. Somehow, when the time comes to make a definite commitment, most TV's have backed out. They tell me over the phone and in deliriously exciting letters how much they have dreamed of a place such as the CHEVALIER D'EON, how often they have wished to be able to share with others the thrilling world of turnabout, how they would have given anything to be able to spend at least TWO FULL DAYS as the woman that lurks inside their personalities....you never heard such enthusiasm, such eagerness. They could hardly wait for the Summer season to start so they could make the trip...over 200 of them...determined no matter what, to live a few hours or days at the CHEVALIER in their adored skirts. That was the picture, and naturally my plans were forged accordingly. Still while this is being written on the eve of July 4th not even 10 TV's have taken advantage of THEIR HAVEN.

So....the entire project has been diluted into almost nothingness, and to avoid a terrific financial loss, the CHEVALIER D'EON is now open again to "the conventional vacationists" who, fortunately enough, seem to be enjoying immensely our female impersonator show. The very few TV's

who occasionally come, no longer enjoy the 100% freedom we had dreamed for them. They must limit their movements to certain areas of our (luckily) large property, and if they wish to see the show at night they must do so in the attire approved by society. Sorry, but it had to be.

Perhaps, after Labor Day, when the season is over I might go back to my original idea of "week-ends only" for TVs. I have come to believe that those long phone conversations and fiery letters were just another way to live out a transvestic desire without any real wish to carry out the feeling into fact.

Interesting observation drawn from personal contact with TVs and other unconventional~~s~~-----the only ones who are not ashamed to admit their true feelings are the gay ones. TVs hem and haw and appear so terribly uncomfortable that they make any potential understanding from outsiders a very difficult thing. What is it about being a TV that causes such intense feelings of shame and self-approach? A man will feel much more at ease admitting he's a chiseler, a fraud, a hen-pecked husband, a liar, a bum or a Communist than to admit he likes to wear women's clothes. I guess the problem has extremely deep roots in the basic mores upon which our entire American society is founded and there isn't much we can do to accelerate the development of a different social attitude from the conventionals towards our group. (((ED NOTE: It is

ironical that it is supposedly the fear of being considered a sissy which, in adult minds is about equivalent to being gay, that restrains TVs from revealing their activities and yet those who are actually gay have much less inhibitions. This may be due to the fact that homosexuality is by nature a 2-person activity and therefore to accomplish it revelation to someone else is necessary whereas TVism is essentially a feeling within one's self that has been suppressed since childhood when sissiness was scorned but when it was also a 1-person pattern and not joint. It is sad that this juvenile holdover exists--it is constrictive.)))

The fascination of a female impersonator show—— I've memorized every gesture, every movement and look of the performers who form THE CHEVALIER REVIEW and I'm still entranced by those youngsters who make us TVs green with envy. Of course, they have one asset that all of us had once but have now lost: YOUTH. How easy it is to look like a girl when there is hardly any beard and wrinkles are non-existent. How much easier it is to exhibit rounded non-muscular arms and legs, smooth as a baby's, when you haven't hit 25 yet. It is indeed tragic that to be an active TV takes money. When we are in our teens (at a time when we could really live the part) we are usually frustrated by lack of funds and dependence on families. By the time we have achieved the necessary degree of financial and social independence to purchase a wardrobe and have a place of our own to dress in, our bodies have lost a good deal of the smooth feminine qualities we cherished. It's awfully hard to look and act the part of that young, vivacious and seductive young girl we like to think of our selves as being. (I guess I'm just in a depressed mood this time.....sorry.)

((ED. NOPE: Susanna, I hope you will forgive me for putting in my 2 cents worth right in the middle of your column, but you have said something that requires comment right here while it is fresh. You have, in fact, answered in the last paragraph the questions implied in the first. A true TV sets his sights on femininity as a child or young adolescent at which time the women around him and from whom he takes his patterns ARE young and pretty——mothers, sisters, playmates, etc. As a result he grows up chronologically but his fantasies do not. In later life he would still like to look as the girls looked at the time he was most interested in and probably most envious of them. Women have the problem of adjusting to advancing years and "growing old gracefully" and those of us who enjoy "joining" them must learn to do the same thing. We must learn to act as well as look and in short BE as women of our age act, look and are. One of the main sources of reluctance to show up in dresses

in the presence of others is this feeling that "I won't be as pretty as the rest of the "girls"". (This attitude completely overlooks the fact that the "rest of the girls" have exactly the same feelings and thus nothing happens.)

Maybe one won't look as pretty as the rest, but this problem is no different than that which faces every woman when she is invited to a party. As a group and as individuals we would be more mature, more integrated, and more comfortable within ourselves if we allowed our feminine fantasies to age along with our masculine selves. This reluctance to be seen by other TVs, because one doesn't look like one's dream girl, is evidenced in small parties as well as big undertakings such as the CHEVALIER. All women were not beautiful even as girls let alone in their 40's and 50's but they can be attractive, charming, interesting and feminine. I feel that TVs should learn to be happy to portray a well dressed, well mannered, (and, if necessary, well preserved) woman of the day in which we live, not 1910, not as little girls, but modern women of 1960 and of the same age as themselves (minus about 10 years, which advantage women have over men.) If more TVs did feel this way and accepted themselves for what they are and not what they dream about being, you would have had a much bigger turnout at the resort.)))

Members of the cast of the CHEVALIER REVUE:---

Burma Taylor; seductive brunette, long black hair, sinuous, lithe body. The star of the show. The stage is bathed in soft blue lights when Burma presents her famous "strip number" in 5-inch heels and a gorgeous blue gown. The lights get dimmer as the garments are discarded to reveal the glitter of a white tinsel bra and an enticing G-string...A most difficult number for a male performer.

Frankie Bennett: Our Mistress of Ceremonies---poised, sophisticated---a lady from Paris who changes from one fabulous gown to another and another as the show progresses. She knows how to control the "unruly wise-guys" in the aud-

ience and everybody loves her. Tremendous sense of humor and a true artist in the fullest sense of the word. The crowd brings the house down when Frankie sings her "South America Take it Away"....how those hips undulate!!

Rita Riva: The mysterious, exotique vampiress whose "Dance of the 7 veils" brings a silence of hypnotic suspense over the audience. Rita has modelled her artistic expression after her favorite actress, Rita Hayworth...and there is a tremendous similarity between the two. An inspiring number worthy of top billing on any Broadway marquee.

Rai Gordon: The male Jane Russell. Pretty as a picture. Teases and enthralls the audience with her, "Is There Anyone Here for Love" in black velvet and enormous, trailing green bows in each arm, or in her "finale" costume, the most daringly cut of the group—golden metallic cloth topped by three enormous white head-feathers. Her personality change from male to female is the most astonishing of all.

Tony Monroe: The stage name paints the picture...a carbon copy of the famous star who brings torrents of applause with her cha-cha-cha dance or her imitation of Marilyn in her "boopity boop" number. Tony is the pet of the group, more feminine than many women. Definitely should have been born a girl. It's hard to think of Tony as a female impersonator...all you see is a very pretty girl who dances beautifully on the fiery red of the CHEVALIER D'EGN stage.

There are also "production numbers" with several members of the cast as participants, but I won't give everything away here, hoping that some of you girls might decide to tug decisively at that girdle and come see yourselves.

I want to apologize in this space to all of the girls who are still waiting for my answer to their last letter. Believe me dears it's been absolutely impossible to keep up the flow of mail. I know it is a trite and corny excuse to say "I have been so busy I haven't had the time", but I swear it's the truth even tho a lady's not supposed to swear.

Large cities continue to be the safest field of operations for TV's who wish to "go out for a walk". I have already met 4 TV's who make a habit of going all over New York in their pretty things not just at night but in bright daylight. The girl's who are in the know (and perhaps somewhat catishly) wonder how they manage without being "read". None of them is so well constituted physically as to fool anyone in a close inspection...broad shoulders, muscular arms and especially muscular legs which, in short skirts are the most dangerous giveaway, and many other decidedly masculine characteristics, to say nothing of their voices...and still they go all over the city...buses, subways, restaurants, stores, theaters, and they pass untroubled. Which shows that people don't see details, just general shapes and colors. The biggest danger lies in the TV's own fears and nervousness.

Example 1: My TV friend is driving (all dressed up) from New York to the CHEVALIER D'EON, 130 miles from the city. On her way to the N.Y. State Thruway, her car breaks down right in the middle of the crowded highway in front of Yankee Stadium. The police arrive. May I see your license? The license is all too obviously a man's license. The law looks up and peers at my friend. "You must be an entertainer then?" he says. My friend smiles and says, "yes officer", and that was that. (Let me clarify one thing tho, this TV was not one of the all too obvious group I just mentioned. This one passes very nicely voice n'all).

Example 2: My wife, Marie, Dorothea from Chicago and I are all set for a visit to the 82 Club and its famous impersonator show. They have a new show and it's really a beautiful thing to see. What costumes, what colors, what girls! Suddenly a husband and wife couple call up...They wish to join us...Marie says yes. They come to meet us. The husband comes dressed. We are a bit afraid to go to the 82. That's one place where they are used to "reading" guys in skirts. Our friend looks good but we are still afraid he won't pass a professional close inspection. Marie says, "don't be afraid, nobody'll notice a thing!" And

sure enough--we go, we enter the club--we sit at a table almost ringside and after some 2½ hours we leave. The place is fairly crowded. The "waiter, a girl in boy's clothes, leans over us and talks to us several times... and doesn't read...people from nearby tables look...and nothing. Our friend leaves in a swish of skirts triumphantly. He's passed one of the toughest tests with flying colors. As I said before...people just don't look for details. So for a successful TV adventure you need only 2 ingredients; a large city and guts.

See you in TRANSVESTIA No.5 and dont forget
THE CHEVALIER D'EON

((ED.NOTE: Susanna, we can appreciate the spot the renigging left you in and the necessity to revert to "square" guests (instead of curves that is), but how about a suggestion! Why not set a particular weekend or ends sometime in advance and designate it as being for TV's only. This would give the girls a specific goal to aim for instead of just any time, would allow them to save up their mad money, and would channel all of them into one period instead of just a scattered few over the summer. Then even if things did not jel at the last minute the loss wouldn't be so great. I'm sure nobody wants to see the wonderful opportunity that you have been so good as to arrange go down the drain, but for many it would be like the first day at a nudist camp for ordinary people. May I also suggest requiring a small but non-returnable deposit payable several weeks in advance so you would know what to plan on and wouldn't be left entirely in the lurch if some chickened out. There is always the good psychology that if one pays a deposit on something he is liable to go thru with the rest of the deal just so he won't lose anything. Maybe some of the girls need a little prodding like this. Wish I lived in the east, I'd sure be there. I've done most everything else, but a whole weekend with nothing but TVs around and a professional impersonator show to boot....wow!!)))

***** VIRGIN VIEWS--by Virginia *****

I have two problems to discuss this time. One is the matter of Sex and Transvestism, and the other is a reply to a long distance discussion I have been carrying on with one of our readers on the subject of whether TVism is a "sexual deviation". These two subjects seem to me to be related and I will try to show how, but it requires making several apparently unrelated points first.

Part I. a) After hunger and self preservation the sexual instinct is the next strongest drive in animals and man. Put another way, the need for the female is the greatest need of the heterosexual male after the needs for food and self preservation. b) The most intense emotional feelings are attached to the most fundamental instinctive drives so that for the male anything related to the female is directly connected to a source of basic and primitive emotional energy. Whether this energy is released or not depends on circumstances, but the potential is there. c) In the male, nature has so arranged it that the automatic physiological response to the release of this emotional energy is erection. Were it not so the human and other species would have died out long ago. d) Circumstances which provide sufficiently intense emotional pleasure and satisfaction will provoke a sexual response since this is the instinctive and automatic response to a strong enough stimuli. Thus there are cases where the viewing or experiencing of some especially beautiful or poignant scene such as an extremely unusual sunset is accompanied by erection and in some cases orgasm. Extreme excitement can do the same thing--certain individuals experiencing such a response while watching a large fire etc. e) The conclusion of this section is that when emotional satisfaction is deep enough its intensity is of the same order as the male-female attraction and therefore keys in to the same reflex response, namely erection.

Part II. I took the position with my correspondent that it was not correct to refer to what I term True TVs, i.e.

those whose sexual orientation and activity is heterosexual and who enjoy TVism as an end in itself and not just a means to something else, as sexual deviants or variants, because the sexual orientation and performance do not deviate or vary from the accepted normal. He replied, "There can be not one reason why a man should want to wear female garments in our modern society. To do so is simply abnormal, surely we can't argue on this point. Now is this abnormality of a sexual significance? Yes, of course it is, it must be. TVism can only be explained as a sexual expression."

Now I wish to challenge this in the following way: by attempting to show that there IS one good reason why a man should want to wear female attire and while admitting that it is abnormal in a purely statistical sense, to give arguments that it is not primarily a sexual expression.

a) It is generally recognized that all members of both sexes have character and personality traits that are more generally assigned by society to the realm of the opposite sex.

b) Any person, male or female, will be happier, healthier and more at peace with the world the fewer frustrations he has to contend with and the more fully he can express all his abilities, interests, and personality characteristics.

c) That the development of a situation wherein a person can escape, even temporarily, from a series of inhibitions and frustrations of some deep and important desires will provide intense satisfaction. d) Society permits the female much greater freedom of expression than it does the male. Thus the female does not so frequently find herself turned back from expressing herself fully, from driving a truck in bluejeans and boots to being a dainty, fragile thing of beauty in a frilly, low-cut evening dress. In short she can invade the male realm almost as deeply as she pleases and still enjoy the advantages of her own realm.

e) The male is severely limited in the degree to which he can travel in a female-ward direction. As a result he has unfulfilled desires, unutilizable talents, and unexpressible interests--in short strong frustrations of deep personality needs which causes fear, guilt and unhappiness.

f) When these repressed drives find an outlet in assuming

the role of the woman by way of her clothes, mannerisms and perquisites, in short by "becoming" a woman and therefore being relieved of the limitations and repressions acting on him as a man, the satisfaction and pleasure is of such a magnitude as to trigger the "deep satisfaction reaction" referred to in Part I, i.e. erection. This is, of course, aided and abetted by the fact that the purely male part of the individual is in close psychological as well as physical contact with a portion of the female world which in itself tends to trigger the same reaction.

g) Once the sex reflex is aroused, the male is not comfortable until the tension is released, and this accounts for the contention that TVism is primarily and generally a sexual phenomenon. h) This development is not the same as fetishism as some would contend. There is a big difference between doing something for the purpose of arousing a sexual reaction that perhaps could not be roused without this aid, and having the sexual reaction aroused as a result of doing something. The former is fetishism pure and simple, the latter simply an overflow of deep emotional satisfaction into the channels in which intense feelings are usually expressed. This explanation tends to be substantiated by the degree to which sexual response falls off as the TV has more frequent, continuous or uninhibited access and opportunity for dressing in feminine attire. It should be stated again that this explanation applies to the True TV but not necessarily or necessarily completely to those in whom cross-dressing is incidental to some other kind of motivation or behaviour such as masochism, sadism, homosexuality, fetishism, infantilism, etc.

I hope that those who read this will see my points in these two apparently unrelated developments: (A) TVism is not a deviation of sexual expression, and (B) it is not even primarily a sexual expression at all, being more properly a drive of the personality towards a more feminine and therefore more ego-satisfying (and socially permissible) expression. In a completely equalitarian society where males and females were entirely equal and free to express all aspects of personality, TVism would disappear.

Sincerely, VIRGINIA

***** EDITORIAL EMANATIONS *****

PLEASE NOTE: The last lines at the bottom of the inside back cover will show you when your particular subscription ends according to our records. Many of you subscribe for one issue at a time and forget when the next one is ready whether you have subscribed or not. This notation, which will hereafter appear in each issue, will tell you how many you have coming if any. Further, you can help me to help you if you will subscribe to the next issue as soon as you receive the last one on your current subscription. Of course it would help even more to pay 2 or 3 in advance.

Several have commented again on the number of typographical errors in our pages. You will just have to forgive them. It takes a great deal of time just to organize and type the material in the magazine--so much so that my wife being deprived of my company evening after evening says she wishes I had never started the project. Its all a one man (girl?) job and I just havent got time to go back over every page to check and correct. Anyway I am sure you would rather have the time spent on material rather than on typographical perfection.

One of the complications in putting out TRANSVESTIA the way it has to be done (see pg. 66, No. 3) is guessing how many pages a letter or an article will take. Those of you who submit material could help greatly if you would type it within a space of $4 \frac{3}{4} \times 6 \frac{1}{2}$ which is the size of the page you are reading. Then I will be able to count and project where the article will end and it will be much easier to organize the issue.

Please do not forget to fill out, tear out, and mail out the Popularity Poll on pages 79 and 80 immediately following this section. I cant please everybody but I want to disappoint as few as possible. I need to have some measure of the type of material likes by the majority of the readers, so please take a few minutes to fill out the form.

Several have written in asking what cities have impersonator shows so they can take them in when on vacation. The author knows only of Finocchio's in San Francisco and Club 82 in N.Y. I'm sure there are many more. How about those of you living in cities that have them or even knowing about them sending them in--we'll publish the list.

We are also interested in clippings from newspapers in other areas of events having a TV interest. If you keep such yourself breakdown and spend another dime for the cause. We may be able to use it here and we are also assembling information to provide background for the Kinsey Institute when it is ready to publish a book on TV.

We wish to sincerely thank SEXOLOGY for being kind enough to make mention of TRANSVESTIA in their news section. This has brought us about a dozen new readers to date. Most of them persons whom we would otherwise have no means of contacting, some are from foreign countries. We are growing each week so I guess we are here to stay.

The usefulness of TRANSVESTIA is (I hope) not to be measured only in its entertainment value but also in terms of what it can DO for its readers. On the assumption that TVia should be of help to TVs in understanding of themselves and of assistance in their explanations and adjustments to and with others, we have printed such non-entertainment features as medical articles, case histories, and the Virgin Views column. It would give the Editor much satisfaction to know whether this was being accomplished. If any of you who feel that it has been helpful will write in the details we would appreciate it.

The Editor has access to several stories which are too long for TVia. I would like to know how many of you would be interested in buying such stories printed individually. Length around 100 pages, price around \$5. Please let us know, and maybe we'll go into this publishing too.

You had 2 pages of pics in No. 3, 4 pages in No. 4. As of now only 1 pic on hand for No. 5. ????????????

POPULARITY FOLL

This page is planned to be removed without damage to the rest of the magazine. Just cut along dotted line. Please off the entries below with the following grading system: A--excellent print more like it; B--Good print some items like this; C--passing interes, average D. Dont care for, dont print more; E--Definitely dislike or disapprove.

<u>Name of Item</u>	<u>In Issue No. ?</u>	<u>Grade</u>
Life With Aunt Cora	1,2, & 3	_____
Miss Draft Dodger	1,2, & 3	_____
Aunt Marian's Revenge	4	_____
Edith Goes to Wash.	3	_____
What to Wear	4	_____
Glasses and TVs	4	_____
Case History-Dr Becomes TV	4	_____
Med. Art. Homo-,TV, & Tsex.	2	_____
Med. Art. Survey of TV	3,4, & 5	_____
Susanna Says	1,2,3, & 4	_____
Virgin Views--Virginia	1,2,3, & 4	_____
Question Box	1	_____
Editorial Emanations	1,2,3, & 4	_____
Poems	1,2,3, & 4	_____
Pictures	3 & 4	_____

Name of Item	In Issue No. ?	Grade
Letters to Editor	1,2, & 3	_____
News and Notes	1,3, & 4	_____
Person to Person	1,2,3, & 4	_____
Goods and Services	1,2,3 & 4	_____
New Possibilities--indicate interest and comment		
Reviews of Med. articles which are not published in full in TVia		_____
Book and article reviews non-medical		_____
Make-up, Dress, Deportment helps for TVs		_____
More Case Histories		_____
Real Life Experiences		_____
Stories Involving Bondage		_____
Stories Involving Punishment, Humilia- tion and Force		_____
Stories Involving TVism <u>Without</u> Humil- iation and Punishment themes		_____
Remarks, Items and Ideas not mentioned		_____

Thank You

ADVERTISING SECTION

Person to Person

This section is for personal ads to contact new friends
 Rates: \$1 per issue for appros. a 5 line ad. Replies 50¢
 in stamps or coin. Send letters in open, stamped envelopes.

-
- ' 9. Would like to correspond with & perhaps meet TVs in '
 ' Colo. and Wyoming agea. Like to form or join Colo TV '
 ' club. I live within 50 miles of Denver. Wilma, Colo. '

- ' 10. Lonely TV disciple like to correspond with and poss- '
 ' ibly meet sympath. exper. TV in the New York City area '
 ' who can advise and help me in purchase of correct items '
 ' and show me how to be a successful TV. Rose, N.Y.C. '

Good and Services

X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X
 SECRET MAIL ADDRESS

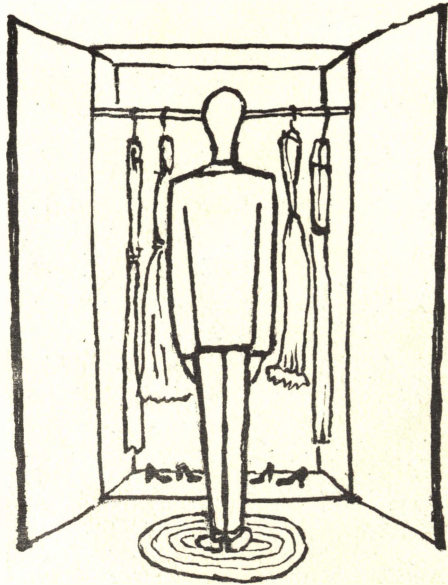
Confidential mail address assures privacy. Nobody knows.
 Letters remailed to you promptly in strong, plain envel-
 opes. \$3 a month. You furnish stamps. Your letters
 treated as sacred trust, handled with utmost care. Avoid
 snoopers, Write today for free details.

HEDGPETH--Mail Forwarding Agent.
 406 So. Second St. Alhambra 6, Calif.

X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X-O-X

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Rate \$4 per issue. Published approximately
 every 2 months. Please send remittances and material EARLY!
 Do not address to TRANSESTIA! Send all communications to
 CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, Calif.

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Box 36091
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