

Transvestia

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Volume IX

No. 52

Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

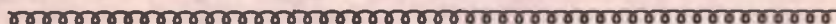
to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



THE COVER DESIGN

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

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

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



A "SAYING" OF JESUS

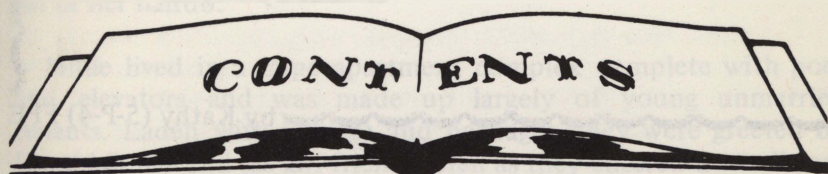
"When you make the two one...and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE...then shall you enter the kingdom".


From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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The Great Escape

Continued from # 51

by Kathy (5-P-4) FPE

One evening Dr. Jardin remarked, "It is time for our young lady to leave us and go out into the world, and I doubt if she will have too many problems."

"Lynn, your skin is clear and your makeup is artfully applied. Your new weight of 118 pounds and measurements of 36-23-35 should make recognition virtually impossible. Your short hair-style — and all your own hair — is most becoming and I am sure more comfortable than your wig and even your voice has become quite feminine. You no longer need a padded bra and there is nothing false about the cleavage of your breasts when wearing low necked dresses or blouses. You look like, sound like, smell like a woman and it seems to me, you even think as a woman now."

He continued, "I have designed a special garment for the one part of your anatomy that could give you away." Lynn was then given a fleshcolored plastic item which was made to fit over the male genitals and which appeared at a brief glance to be the feminine counterparts. "With this, you can even wear a bikini and pass. Millie has agreed to have you move in with her, and has told her neighbors that her cousin was coming from Montana to stay with her. Although unlikely that the police would look for you here, it is best that we take every precaution so you must pack and be ready to leave early tomorrow morning," he concluded.

The following morning, the two girls with Dr. Jardin's assistance, loaded the car and bid the Dr. goodbye. Lynn copied her friend's gestures as she swiveled into the passenger's side of the car, smoothing her dress as she did so. She was aware that she was dressed in as good taste as Millie. Both wore slim skirted suits with

box jackets and 2 button gloves. As she gave a glance into the mirror on the visor, she could see her attractive makeup and beautifully outlined lips. Weeks before she had become adept at inserting her pierced earrings and bits of color which dangled from her earlobes completed her costume. As she crossed her legs, still conscious of the feel of nylon against nylon, she lit a cigarette and leaned back to enjoy the short drive to Millie's apartment. From time to time, she glanced into the mirror and automatically put her hands to her hair arranging and rearranging the already perfect set of her hairdo.

Millie lived in a large apartment complex complete with pool and elevators and was made up largely of young unmarried tenants. Laden with luggage and packages, they were greeted by Harold Jones and his girl friend Helen as they entered the hallway. Millie made the introductions and Lynn was somewhat uncomfortable as Harold took her hand in acknowledging the introduction, squeezing it slightly. He insisted on carrying their luggage to their apartment and Lynn was not unaware of this unaccustomed courtesy and accepted his offer to assist most graciously.

As Harold and Helen were leaving after all the packages and luggage had been brought up, they asked Millie and Lynn to join them and some other tenants for a poolside barbecue later and would not take no for an answer.

The rest of the day was spent in unpacking and sorting the large amount of clothing into various closets and drawers of the two bedroom apartment. Millie designated a portion of the medicine cabinet to Lynn and allocated two drawers of the washroom pullman for her other personal items and cosmetics.

"Tomorrow, we will arrange for your social security number and driver's license," said Millie. "Dr. Jardin has given me the next two weeks off so that we may go places and do things that you have not yet been exposed to."

It was now time to get ready for the barbecue and Lynn selected a flowery shift and a pair of minimal heels for the occasion. More time than usual was given to application of her makeup to her eyes and mouth. How she enjoyed shaping it into the delightful bow that nature had endowed her with. Unusual

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attention was given to her hairdo to make certain it was perfect and in selection of beads of just the right length for her colorful outfit. Millie dressed similarly, but added two artificial flowers just above her ears.

"You look simply wonderful," complimented Millie, "and a more beautiful girl just does not exist. However, try not to talk too much this evening, but rather observe what the others do and say. O.K.?"

Soon the two girls were mingling with the other tenants at poolside, and Lynn's first evening out was underway. Millie noticed as she watched Lynn moving about, how graceful and feminine her friend appeared. Others were content to admire the shapeliness of her bare legs.

Many introductions were made and Lynn acknowledged them in a most pleasant manner. Millie knew everyone. During the meal, Lynn found herself engaged in feminine conversation and seemed to be avoiding the men present. After the meal was over, Lynn needed only a light touchup of her lipstick which she expertly applied, then drifted off to a lounge chair to relax and observe.

She could not help but notice the play between the sexes, the glances, touches, and conversation leading up to expanding of friendships. Neither could she help comparing herself with the other women present and did not find herself lacking by the comparison.

Millie was having a ball flirting with the men and joshing with the women — and for the first time, Lynn felt left out. Finally she excused herself and returned to her apartment to await Millie's return.

Sleep was difficult and Lynn curled up on the chaise and began reading, hoping that this would induce slumber. After some time reading she heard Millie's voice at the door whispering and the whispering response of the young man with her. Then there was a brief silence and the sound of the apartment door opening and closing.

Noticing the light in Lynn's room, Millie went in and Lynn noticed the glow on her face and the slightly disheveled

appearance of her hair.

“What a wonderful evening,” exclaimed the enthusiastic Millie. “Bill is sure a charmer and knows his way with women! Did you enjoy yourself too?”

“Yes and no,” replied Lynn. “To be honest, I felt left out of things and did not want to get myself too involved and possibly give myself away.”

“Don’t be silly, just be sure and be yourself the next time we are out. Still I can see why you might be uncomfortable,” Millie replied, “though no one could possibly suspect that you are not what you appear to be.”

“It’s easy enough for you to tell me to be myself, but remember that the me that existed till two months ago was all man. Business and sports would not be the conversation expected of me with the men, would it?” retorted Lynn. “I can get along well enough with the women alone. God knows I’ve probably read as much feminine material these past months as they have in the past ten years . . . and the conversations that you and I have had give me confidence with them, but not with the men.”

“Don’t worry your pretty little head about it now,” Millie said. “We will solve that problem also in time. Get some rest for we do have a busy schedule tomorrow.” And planting a kiss on Lynn’s forehead she left.

The following morning, Lynn awoke and sat up on the side of the bed. She could see her reflection in the mirror on the bedroom door and noted the slightly messed hair which Millie must teach her to preserve before retiring. After a moment, she grabbed for her robe and went into the bathroom where she removed her gown and the Dr. Jardin’s special garment that he had created for her. Brushing her short hair into an upsweep, she put on a frilly shower cap and began her morning shower. She could not help but feel a thrill as she soaped down her hairless arms and legs and lathered over and under her now full breasts which felt firm to the touch. The sight of the red enamel on her fingernails as they dashed through the lather was most pleasant. The shower completed, Lynn slipped into her bra, panties and robe, quickly and artfully applied her makeup and joined Millie for the breakfast which she

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had prepared.

Millie was fully dressed and soon they were chatting about the many small things that most women enjoy. When they were finished, Millie insisted on doing the dishes, so that Lynn could hurry and get dressed. "Wear the beige suit and that darling coral blouse you like so much," she commanded. "I don't want you to look too overbearing today since we will be out most of the day."

With now practiced hands, Lynn slipped on her garter belt and panties and attached her hose securely to the first item. Slipping into the half slip was second nature now. She changed bras since she was going to be wearing a low cut blouse and did not want the straps to show and by now, there was no clumsiness in securing it or in filling the cups most amply. Stepping into the slim skirt she was to wear, she zipped up the back zipper and attached the wide belt which accented the smallness of her waist. Lifting her skirt, she pulled the blouse down from the inside to make a more neat appearance, and then let it descend to its normal length. She noted with pleasure the ease with which her nylons made entry into her beige shoes. For the finishing touches, she screwed in the gold dangle earrings, which complimented this costume, and touched up her lips before joining her friend.

The morning was a whirlwind of activity. The driver's test was easy and even the fingerprints were no problem since there was no record of Allen's prints anywhere. Social Security was even easier. A form was completed and since she had never worked before (as Lynn) a number was assigned and a card given at once.

Millie insisted that Lynn drive to the restaurant since she had not driven a car for some time and felt that the activity would be good for her, especially since she had felt let down the evening before. As Lynn reached over to place the key in the ignition, she was aware of the brush of her breast against the wheel. High heeled shoes against the floor board was a new sensation, but secure in the knowledge of her temporary driver's license, the trip to the restaurant proceeded without incident.

The ladies were soon seated and Lynn was delighted with the assistance of the waiter in seating them. During their light meal, Millie told Lynn of her plans for them for the balance of the day.

"We are both going to enroll in the John Robert Powers Charm School where they will not only instruct you on makeup and clothes which you are coming along very well with now, but also in the art of conversation and development of your feminine personality. Most women who attend these courses are weak in this area also, and if we are to be in mixed groups again such as the barbecue, I want you to be at ease, and this should do it."

After the enrollment papers had been completed, both girls had their measurements taken by the instructor who complimented them on their lovely figures. Lynn was grateful for Dr. Jardin's foresight in preparing his special undergarment. They would attend class for 3 afternoons a week for six weeks beginning the next day.

When they were back in their apartment, Lynn quickly kicked off her shoes and remarked, "This is the first time that I have walked so much in high heels and I can understand now why we girls need flats for a change of pace."

Dinner that evening consisted of a small filet mignon and salad with the usual black coffee. Millie suggested that Lynn put on something dressy since they were going to go out dancing that evening.

"Dancing?" inquired Lynn. "You must be mad, darling. I am not going to dance with a man! I wouldn't know how to follow him or what to do with my hands or what to talk about!"

"That is exactly why we are going and all you will have to do with your hands is give one to your partner — but make sure it is the right one and place the other around his neck like this," and she demonstrated. "Don't worry, we are going to a dancing class on the other side of town, and you must learn this social form which I cannot teach you properly, since a woman who can't dance and who is as attractive as you, will draw attention to herself — which we want to avoid at all costs, don't we?"

Her fear of dancing soon dissipated as she convinced herself that she would never see her dancing partners again and seemed to know instinctively what to do. She was flattered when the instructor consistently used her to demonstrate the new dances. At home, on the evening when no classes were being held she

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would practice with Millie alternating the lead role.

The weeks passed quickly and Lynn was a star pupil for the charm school since she worked harder on learning more about makeup and dress than most women have to do, and since she innately sensed what type of conversation was most pleasing to men. Her already fine posture improved and a more refined gracefulness appeared.

Too soon, both courses were completed and Lynn no longer felt uncomfortable in mixed company. At the small get togethers in the apartment building, she was constantly in demand as a dance partner. Both men and women enjoyed being with her and talking with her and treated her like the attractive, intelligent woman she was.

Millie had returned to work after the first two weeks, and Lynn had used her free time in getting acquainted with the other tenants. She would often go shopping with them and to the beauty parlor. Although proficient in doing her own hair and nails, she truly enjoyed the luxury of the beauty salons.

One evening when the two girls were lolling around in shortie nightgowns with matching lace panties, Lynn said, "Millie, I am getting bored doing nothing all day while you are working, especially since we no longer have classes to attend. I am restless. What do you think of my looking for a job now?"

Millie surveyed the attractive face and curvacious body facing her and reviewed the events of the past few months. This Lynn was a charming, attractive, well adjusted woman now.

Finally, she gave her opinion. "There is no question but that you could move about in the business world without fear of detection and I know you will be competent. What kind of work could you do? All you really know are investments and there is a prejudice against women in that field as you should know."

"I learned typing and shorthand in school but never did use it except for taking notes in class and transcribing them. True, they don't use women as investment counselors, but they do have many women doing clerical work. My problem will be previous employment and experience because of my new social security



"We'll have to do this oftener than just once a week, George." "Yeah, Tom, it sure beats just watchin' the girls."



"We've Decided to Wear Girl Scout Uniforms on Our Hike Next Week and so You'll have to Get a Dress to Wear too."



"I told you to sacrifice a GG and not a TV Pele will accept no substitutes."

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card, and also the fact that I know so much about investments," Lynn answered.

"Why don't you give it a try. It might work and if you do not let them know too quickly how much you know, they will probably think you are bright and learned it on the job," Millie replied.

It was decided that Lynn would look for a job the next day, but despite her temptation, it would be best not to apply at her former business.

The next morning, Lynn took more than the normal time in grooming herself before leaving for the Westwood Investment Company. She was confident. Her suit was in good taste and her makeup was not overdone but attractive. A more subdued nail polish had been exactly applied the evening before. Her purse, shoes and accessories were becoming. Luck was with her since a clerk typist had just been fired and she was granted an interview immediately. Allen had been interviewed many times for jobs, but this time there were differences.

After her employment forms had been completed, Lynn became aware of Mr. Severs eyes reviewing her from head to toe, hesitating briefly at the bust and calves of her legs. His questions were a bit unusual since marital status and free time activity did not seem pertinent to the position.

Finally he stated, "You will do as far as I am concerned, but the final approval has to come from Mrs. Brown." Mrs. Brown then came into the room and Mr. Severs departed.

After several questions relative to experience, Mrs. Brown agreed to hire her, but with some slight misgiving, provided she could pass the typing test. Lynn turned out a perfect letter.

"All right, honey, you have the position," she concluded, "but you must remember to dress modestly at all times, and your dresses should not be worn too short. Do not become too friendly with the men, since most of them are married, but this will not stop them from flirting with an attractive young lady such as yourself. You can start tomorrow."

Lynn could not wait to tell her friend the good news and did so as soon as Millie came home.

“Good for you,” complimented Millie, “now let’s see if we have done everything possible to avoid detection. From this moment on we will not even discuss your deception, although it has been weeks since I have thought of you as Allen.”

Millie continued, “Let’s see if we have overlooked anything which would give you away. Clothes, makeup, posture and walk are excellent. You are most charming and a good conversationalist with both sexes. Feminine contours most impressive, good hip and bust line and with the privacy that women have in rest rooms, no chance of a giveaway there . . . especially with Dr. Jardin’s special contour for your one masculine area. Even if a medical emergency were to come up, we have Dr. Jardin available. Really, Lynn, there is no possible way that I can see where one might even suspect the truth . . . except for one slight exception.”

“What could that be?” inquired Lynn, somewhat surprised that anything could have been overlooked.

“Well, you have been very friendly with the women in the apartment building, even doing most of our shopping with them. You go to the beauty parlor with them, visit them daily in their apartments. The shopping is what is bothering me since there are items that all women buy on a regular monthly basis, which you do not and which might give you away. However, we can correct that by giving you a fictitious menstrual cycle and on these days of the month, you must purchase the items that you do not need. Since women are most observant there are certain outlines that should be discernable through your clothing.”

“Do you mean that you want me to buy a Sanitary Belt and Napkins and actually wear them. That isn’t really necessary, is it?” retorted Lynn.

“Yes, I do think it is necessary, since it is the small things that could give you away but you do have one advantage. We can give you a short period, and after the first day of your non-existent cycle, you can be modern and just get by with carrying tampons in your purse,” replied Millie.

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No other possible problems being apparent, Lynn went to her room, disrobed and slipped into her 3/4 length nightgown, and slid between the sheets, enjoying the smooth feel of the linen against her smooth legs. She was soon asleep getting some much needed rest for her first day on the job.

The weeks passed very quickly, and then the months. Despite their agreement never to mention Allen again, Lynn, because of her growing fondness for Millie, could not help but think about it. Although they had double dated many times these past months, Lynn was usually content to end the evening with a hug and a goodnight kiss and was disturbed by her friend's enjoyment of more in her relationship with men. It was dawning on Lynn that she was not only thinking of Millie as her best girl friend, but also as the girl friend of Allen, whom she had thought no longer existed.

It was difficult to keep this feeling secret and to Lynn's pleasant surprise she learned that Millie too felt more than a girlish friendship toward her.

"I was attracted to you when you first met me at Dr. Jardin's door," Millie informed Lynn when she was aware of her feelings, "but we were so busy planning and working to avoid your being picked up that I really thought of you as a girl friend. Lately, I too, have been thinking of what might have been if I could have been friends with Allen and even have wondered what it would be like to make love to a man who is as feminine as I am and who has such delicious curves himself. What an unconventional love affair that would be!"

That evening, one bedroom was shared by both girls for the first time. Both delighted in the scent of perfumes blended, and the brush of nylon against nylon. Tender hands caressed identical contours until eventually Allen made his appearance for a brief period and then Lynn returned and all was well with the world.

* * * *

Lynn was eventually able to get herself hired by Fred Lear and to find the needed information to clear Allen, and was able to do so without revealing her true identity. With the aid of an understanding attorney, they were able to collect Allen's share of

the business without Lynn having to make an appearance and in this way secured their financial independence. A quick marriage in Nevada made their new relationship legal.

The two girls are now living in their own home and their most frequent visitor is Dr. Jardin. To all outward appearances, they lead a completely normal life complete with much dating, though both are now content with just a goodnight kiss by their escorts. Lynn, is now a foremost investment counselor specializing in wealthy women and widows, and is sought after in this capacity as she can talk to them in language and terms they understand. Millie has retired, but still helps Dr. Jardin on occasion. The sheer delight that began with a needed deception still continues for Lynn who enjoys her feminine pursuits, friends, and life. Allen returns briefly, but always at night when the two are alone, and then disappears completely. Though the danger is long since past, the delights of Lynn continue unabated.

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STORY

The Last Time I Saw Paris

by Karen Rogers

The ship had dwindled now, its huge hull a tiny plumed shape at the horizon. I turned and left the dock. My wife would have watched from the ship, lovingly, until she could not see me any more, but now I should go, back to the car, into Le Harve and to the hotel room to pack my things. Then to Paris, to complete the appointments schedule I had made at the trade fair, while she sailed home with the heavy equipment that had been in our exhibit. In a week I would fly home to New York, and everything would be as it was before. My wife would meet me at the airport, we would drive home to Exurbia, while she told me about her boat trip and I told her that I had had some interesting followups on the leads developed at the fair. And so it would seem, unless I happened to mention that the week just past was one I had carefully planned to be the high point of my secret life so far.

What would you do if you had a week in Paris, with several hundred dollars carefully saved, to do exactly what you wanted, for 24 hours a day? And Paris is the most cosmopolitan of cities where anyone can find anything, and where "liberte" is a word taken literally — no one cares what you do as long as you don't hurt someone else.

So as soon as I got to the car, I opened the hidden compartment of my wallet, took out several of the \$100 bills that were waiting there, and the list, so carefully compiled, of the things to buy to make my week in Paris the realization of a dream. The dream had waited long enough. It could begin now. I drove to the center of town, to the bleakly modern shopping district that replaced the war-destroyed area a few blocks west of the station. First to the bank to exchange my small, powerful portraits of wise old Ben

Franklin, who would have understood, for pinned bundles of new ten franc notes. Then with list in hand, I headed for the area of the women's specialty shops.

Etam is a chain like Lerner's, except that everything is very French. I looked yearningly in the windows, and then went in to a store that has nothing for men.

"Could monsieur be helped?"

"I hope so," I said. "The shipping line has misplaced my wife's luggage, and we must leave immediately. She has nothing to wear and she is very unhappy. So perhaps . . .?"

"But yes, monsieur. She will need everything, no?"

My list has sizes, so it goes very quickly. "Bas-stockings?" "Three pair." "What color?" "This is about the shade she likes." "Soutien-gorge-bra?" "She likes lace — perhaps even more than that one — yes, that is more her style — it costs more? No matter, if she will be pleased." "Panties (the French word is "slip")? She prefers very frou-frou?" "I think one of these, and one of these, and do you have the garter belts with the ruched garters? Yes, those are just the thing. And she sometimes wears a very small sport girdle — I saw something in the window — it's quite tiny — it stretches. Yes, that's it." In a few minutes my purchases were wrapped and paid for.

"I hope she will be pleased, monsieur."

"I am certain she will, thank you."

Just down the street was the shoe shop of "She Shoemaker Who Knows How To Fit Shoes," another chain store. Here my approach had to be different. These shoes had to fit me, and reasonably comfortably. Leaving the Etam packages in the car, I entered the shoe store. One clerk near the back had no customer, and all the ladies in the store seemed too busy trying on all sorts of fascinating footwear to notice the presence of a stray male. "Excuse me, do you have shoes in my size?"

"But monsieur, we have only women's shoes."

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“Yes, I understand, but I have been invited to a small party where the women are to come as men and vice-versa.”

“Ah, je comprends. What style would you like?”

“Something classic, with a good fit. I must wear them all evening.” “Couleur-black?” “Yes.” “Talon (heel) high?” “Yes. That is about what I had in mind. Do you have a place where I could try them?” “Perhaps in the stockroom?”

“This way, monsieur. Now. They are comfortable, no? You will take them, yes?”

Yes, I would take them, and be nearly three inches closer to the clouds. Perhaps he guessed. As I left he said quietly, “I wish you an agreeable experience.”

Back to the hotel now, past other tempting windows. There would be others, and better in Paris. But the agreeable experience had to start now. I couldn't wait any longer. The list had many more items, but these were enough to get me to Paris.

Lock the hotel door, off with the dark grey Brooks Brothers respectability. Shave. Arms, legs, chest. Shaver getting hot. Shave backs of arms, wisps on feet. Shave. That's enough for now. Get the rest in Paris tonight.

Now! Open the packages. Tumble out the delicious, frilly, frothy, lovely, dreamy things. Did I measure right: Was that list of conversions from U.S. to French sizes that I clipped out of a newspaper two years ago correct? Yes, and Susanna was right about the little stretch sports girdle being the right underpinning for the underpinnings. I savored every marvelous sensation, as I had so often dreamed it. But now it was real. This was my very own, personal garter belt! It fit so sleekly with the hose pulled tight! A woman feels nothing from this, but to a TV it is nirvana. The panties completed the feminine look in that area. I just had to slip into the shoes — so much easier when wearing nylons — the posture so different — so feminine — the whole leg shape changed, became lovelier. And now the bra. Oh, those French! They could give a beanpole cleavage and roundness. This lacy thing manipulated the soft flesh on my chest and gave me contours that made me gasp with pleasure.

I tiptoed to the long mirror on the door, avoiding making noise with my heels — after all, my wife had left. One knee across the other, model-style. Not bad, if you don't look at the face. That's still an electronics sales executive — we'll fix him in Paris. The rest of the reflection: A bit thick in the waist and thin in the hips. But we can buy things to fix these details. A waist cincher is called a *serre-taille*, and it will be fun to scissor some pads out of thick sponge rubber and fit them under a pretty long-leg girdle.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door, inches away. "You are leaving today, monsieur?"

It was the maid. Checkout time was noon. "Yes, in a few minutes."

"Tres bien, monsieur."

My heart had skipped a beat, but I was glad I had thought to bolt the door when I came in. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror. Instinctively, I had put a protective arm across my bosom!

Odd how slitherily trousers go on over nylons. If you knew, you could see a suggestion of the bra through the back of the shirt, but I had to rejiggle the flesh in the front to get flatter contours that wouldn't show through the suit coat. Black socks, tie, suitcase, briefcase, tip to the chambermaid placed on the end table, recheck the room, look under the bed (feel that lovely tug of the garters on the nylons as I bend over!), so O.K., off goes the respectable grey suited sales executive to Paris.

Traffic was lighter than usual coming into town, so I got in earlier than I expected. And yes, this was the late-open night at *Galleries Lafayette*, the *Macy's* of Paris. A parking space opened up as I approached on the side street where I had sometimes found a place to park. Everything was going for me.

On the way to *Galleries Lafayette* I saw a nice small dress shop with suits and dresses with simple lines and tasteful accessories in the window. By now I was feeling that nobody would run screaming if I asked to buy something feminine for myself, so I stepped inside. The young clerk was only slightly flustered when I asked what she had in my size. "For a masquerade party. There will be a prize for the most realistic one."

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"Perhaps this one, monsieur?"

"No, something quiet. I must look nice. Not conspicuous."

"Perhaps this dusty pink tailleur — it has a jacket, or you can wear it as a short sleeve dress, quite fitted."

"It is very pretty. How much does it cost?"

"It is on sale, monsieur. 275 francs — about \$55. Yes, I think you would look very nice in it. It is very feminine. Permit me to try the waist." She held the waistline of the dress between her hands and held it against mine, while I held the top. "Perhaps it would be a little tight at the waist, but if you wore a *serre-taille* it would fit very well."

"Thank you," I said, "I'll take it."

The list. Gloves. "Her hands are almost my size." Bag. "Do you have a purse that will go with these gloves?" Cosmetics. Several items. No explanation. Obviously a husband, visiting the city, picking up a list of things his wife asked him to get. Waist-cincher — lingerie department (Let's not get carried away. We have a whole week in town!).

"We have not many styles, monsieur. The "*serre-taille*" is not the mode at the moment. But there are always some women who prefer the true feminine line, so we have this, and this, and this with the *soutein-gorge*."

Now the dress would fit. Slip. Easy. "Something pretty for my wife — a little present from town." I had bought only white things, feeling pure. But some of those black things! Yumm! My "wife" would be back another day. A nightie. Men buy most of the sexy ones anyway. The choice was dizzying.

The list was nearly all checked off. Oh yes, *falsies*. "Seins en caoutchouc-eponge?"

"What size, monsieur? Does madame prefer them covered with satin or au naturel?"

It was all so easy, and it was not yet 6:30. Only a wig was now

lacking to complete my lady. If I could find a wig tonight, I could start tonight. And I had thought it would take at least another day just to collect the first outfit. At the information center I looked up the classification "perruquiers" in Bottin, the directory that lists all the businesses in Paris. No wigmaker advertised "Open until 9:00" or other U.S. style late business hours. Oh, well. Good try. At least I'll have everything else ready. Maybe tomorrow I could fine one. Perhaps I could go to the Carrousel tonight and tip enough for a good table and tip the waiter to invite one of the performers to have champagne with me and tip the pretty creature to tell me where she got her wig.

I picked up my packages and started downstairs. At a counter just a few yards from the door was a sign "Special on Wigs. Fitted here." Obviously it was in the cards for me to be complete, and now. "Excuse me, madam," I said to the bored-looking middle aged lady at the counter, "do you have a wig for a large head?"

"Is it for yourself?" The directness of her question startled me.

"Yes, I . . ."

"Makes no difference," she smiled. "I get my commission whether I sell to a woman or a man. It's for a masquerade, isn't it? Here, I have one that is already styled. Slip into this booth and try it." She got her commission.

Carrousel, the famous Paris night club that features the most beautiful female impersonators in the world, is just a half a block from the intersection of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail. Many of the performers at Carrousel don't change to go home after work, but Parisians figure that this is their business and nobody else's, so the area around Carrousel is pretty blasé about men in feminine attire. A couple of years earlier when our usual Paris hotel had been full we had stayed at a small hotel without a name at 11B Rue Jules Chaplain. I had noticed that the front door remained unlocked at all hours. To enter most European hotels you ring a bell and the concierge presses a button that opens an electric latch. He or she then scans the doorway to see who is coming or going. This place either had less strict surveillance or they catered to a clientele that preferred unmonitored arrivals and departures. This suited my plans, so I checked in, paid a week's rent in advance, and went up to my

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good-sized old fashioned room with my treasures.

At about 10:15 by my little gold wrist watch everything was ready. I checked the contents of my purse, slipped my gloves over my hands with their suddenly longer fingernails, tugged gently at my short dangly earrings to make sure they were tight, and looked closely at my new image in the mirror. The long eyelashes were firmly attached – I had brushed the adhesive along the length of my own lashes as well as along the base line, so they were really stuck to me, my eyes looked deep and wide from the liner and mascara – not overdone, but a lady in Paris isn't dressed without them. The lips were right – drawn a little over my normally slightly thin lip line, but not a big scarlet smear. "Remember, the effect is lady, not courtesan, or you'll be read." Good Susanna. Those evenings with her in New York, that weekend in the Catskills, where she was such a fountain of marvellous advice on how to project "woman", all these bits and pieces were now falling into place.

Ready now? Oh, yes, just one more detail. Perfume. The pulse spots. Not too much. Not too musky. A little poke at the hairdo.

Now? Yes, now. Unlock the door, open it a little. More! Nobody there. Step outside. Now I've done it! Still time to slip back inside. Nobody will know. Now! This is the dream. Live it! Close the door, softly. Lock it. Walk to the stairs. Downstairs. Don't the heels feel fascinating going downstairs? Anybody looking? To the front door. Open it. Open it to the world. Here comes a quiet dream come true. The night air rushes around the legs. So cool. Odd. No. It's the way a girl feels when she opens the door. Step outside. Anybody staring? Still time to flee back in. No. Close the door, turn, start walking, start using those pretty shoes that were made for me. Hands above waist. Walk fluidly. Oh, how nicely those heels click! Oops, dragged one. Pick up feet. A few people on the street. A couple over there, strolling. They see nobody except each other. An old man coming toward me on the same sidewalk. I look through him. His eyes warm slightly. A compliment. He's gone. Up to the corner. There are some cobblestones in the pavement. Interesting in heels. Other people pass. I am seen but not studied. Suddenly, my reflection in a dark shopwindow! It's a woman! Skirt! Purse! Wonderful! Braver now. Nobody near. Try voice. Throw it to top of mouth. Just as good as it was when I practised it all the way in from Le Vavre. Contralto,

but feminine.

To the Notre Dame des Champs Metro station. Down the steps. To the ticket window. Do I dare? "Deux, premiere." The ticket lady hardly glances up. I have had the change ready so no delay. Down more steps. Delicious. The old harridan punching tickets doesn't even look up. A few people on the platform. Only two at the first class position. A distinguished elderly gentleman and a well-dressed lady. Sit to wait for train. "Sitting must be ladylike," said Susanna. Yummy feeling. Train comes in, I get aboard and sit again in carriage seat. Yummy feeling. Small boy stares at me. Am I being read? will he blurt out, "Mommy. That's a man!" He loses interest, contemplates old gentleman fixedly. It must be his way.

Change trains at Concorde. Medium crowd. First class carriage fairly full. Two empty seats. Man gestures me to seat. Me! Breathless with pleasure. Give him small flash of smile. Most delicious feeling yet! Heavens! Almost forget to get off at Georges V. Small smile to benefactor who will never know the pleasure he gave. Up the stairway and along the corridors, clicking deliciously, with a little sharp echo from the tiled walls of the corridor.

That guy that just passed me. He stared. Or did he? He's gone, I think. Did he read me? I don't know, but I'm committed. I'm here. I'm being a woman, and I want me to be exactly the way I am, so I don't care if he did read me. There's a cop! I ignore him, he ignores me. In New York it's life and death. In Paris, it's life. Live and let live.

I stop at the newsstand at the top of stairs, where the subway steps come up to the Avenue des Champs Elysees. "Times, s'il vous plait." A rolled paper under my arm, with "London Times" on the outside should discourage unwelcome approaches. An Englishman wouldn't, an American wouldn't want to, and a Frenchman would figure he couldn't talk to her. Newsdealer fumbles for change, places it in my gloved hand, saying "Merci, Mademoiselle." Mademoiselle! Oh lovely word! It means that I am really a she. I glow.

The cafe's are beginning to be a little less than full. My tiny watch shows 11:05. I take a second-row seat at a sidewalk table not too close to other people, and back to a tableful of young, argumentative intellectuals. Check voice pitch with small hum.

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Waiter comes, takes order for cafe' Creme.

Mademoiselle Karen Rogers watches the passing parade for half an hour in high contentment, then back to the Metro and those lovely clicking steps to the hotel.

Nobody is looking. Nobody knows that the dusty-pink dressed woman going into 11B Rue Jules Chaplain and up the stairs to unlock the door of Chambre 5 is just about the happiest man in the world.



ANN (10-M-2 FPE) who met me in Atlanta took this shot at the airport to prove that I'd been to Atlanta



My interview over KOA Denver with Bill Barker (left) a psychiatrist and a psychiatrist. An interesting evening for all four of us.



The Soldier

With Two Sexes

Contributed by Janice (33-L-1) FPE

The Official Records and Correspondence of the Way of the Rebellion has various references and notations in the index volume to a Captain Sue Mundy. Only in one place is there an indication that this notorious leader of a guerrilla band in Kentucky in the Civil War was even more than she seemed. By cross-reference to her, one Jerome Clark is mentioned. And Jerome Clark is actually who she was. This little-known story, as far as it can be determined, may make fascinating reading to the subscribers of this magazine.

In Kentucky in the year 1845, Marcus Jerome Clark was born and nothing further is known of his life until, under the name of Jerome Clark, he joined the Confederate Army at the age of sixteen. His first war experience was at the battle of Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. Afterwards, he joined General Morgan's Raiders and was wounded and cut off from the rest of the army at Cynthiana, Kentucky. Instead of trying to rejoin Morgan after his recovery, he took up Guerrilla warfare in Kentucky. In short order he made such a name for himself as a fighter that he was able to organize his own band. Following the usual custom of the time, he gave himself the rank of Captain.

By the age of nineteen, Clark was a battle-seasoned and highly respected warrior. Several guerrilla bands were operating in Kentucky at that time, including the most famous of all, William Clarke Quantrill, from Bleeding, Kansas. Other irregulars also fighting were bands under Frank and Jesse James, and Cole Younger and his brothers. These men, of course went on later to even greater notoriety. According to Collins' exhaustive history of

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Kentucky, Clark's band was "to be relied upon equally with the best of any guerrilla band, Quantrill's not excepted."

Guerrilla leaders usually acted independently of each other, but on occasion they cooperated for a few days on a larger venture. On one of these forays, Quantrill led a raid on a tollgate just west of Bradfordville, Kentucky. When the rear of his forces was heavily attacked by Federal Cavalry, Clark led a countercharge which drove off the troops. In the fight, however, his horse was downed and he was pinned beneath it. As Union soldiers rushed back for the kill, he was rescued by Frank James and Frank Younger. Jerome Clark was respected and accepted as an equal and able fighter by these men.

One major reason for his success as an irregular was that he left nothing to chance where possible. He did his own reconnaissance and espionage in order to learn the location of Federal troops, supplies, enemy plans, tempting targets, and those who were trying to capture him. He did this as Sue Mundy, a pretty young woman, and no one penetrated his deception. One of his men has left this account of him as Miss Mundy: ". . . a quiet, soft-spoken dandy, with his hair in love-knots six inches long, a hand like a school-girl, and a waist like a woman . . . As a spy he came and went as a wind that blew. So many were his shapes and disguises, so perfectly under control were his speech and bearing, that in some quarters his identity was denied . . . His smooth, open, rosy-cheeked face made almost any disguise easy of encompassment. His iron nerve carried him easily through many self-imposed difficulties that without it extrication could not have come through a regiment of cavalry."

Clark allowed his hair to grow to the respectable length for women of that day, as was also done by many others including Generals Custer and Pickett. One of his contemporaries has written, however, that "beneath an exterior as effeminate as a woman of fashion, he carried the muscles of an athlete. His long hair in battle blew about as the mane of a horse. The dandy in a melee became a Cossack; in desperate emergencies a giant." His success in the creation of Sue Mundy is the reason Northern Army dispatches customarily referred to him by his feminine name. Most of the time they did not know whom they were fighting, what the leader looked like, whether he was man or woman, or even if Clark and Mundy were the same person. For this reason the reports of

informers were usually discredited.

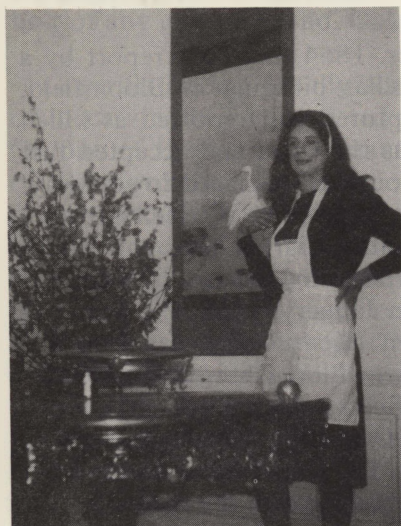
In Union dispatches of November, 1864 there is a report by a major who had surprised 15 guerrillas pillaging in Bloomfield, Kentucky. Three of them were captured and reported as killed while attempting to escape. This was the usual and accepted fate for such men. The leader, though wounded, managed to get away. The major, in his report, stated that "Sue's fine pipe fell a trophy to my men." For the next four months, Clark's band and Union forces were in almost continual contact. Federal troops were not always the defenders of property. In January, 1865, Clark and 60 guerrillas attacked 18 Home Guard (Kentuckians loyal to the Union) who were plundering stores in Bloomsburg and killed all but one. Almost every day Union officers reported skirmishes with the forces of Captain Sue Mundy. Once, Clark was attacked so suddenly by Union cavalry after he had captured a wagon train that he only escaped by fleeing barefoot through the snow.

Finally, on March 12, 1865, a force from the 30th Wisconsin surprised the guerrillas near Webster, Kentucky. Clark personally killed one Union soldier and wounded three others. He refused to surrender until the Northern commander promised that he would be considered a prisoner of war and not an outlaw. At Louisville, two days later, the Union courtmartial repudiated this promise and sentenced him to be hanged. On March 15 at four o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of twenty, Jerome Clark/Sue Mundy was hanged. Just before his sentence was executed, he asked for pen and paper in order to write a farewell note to his fiancée! This note is described as "a very touching letter."

There does not appear to be any doubt that Jerome Clark, who has been reported as "the soldier with two sexes," was a transvestite, although such things were unknown to his contemporaries. Who knows? With his abilities and associates he might have become even more famous than Belle Starr, had his life not been cut short. He certainly appears to be in the tradition of Chevalier D'Eon and worthy of an honorary membership in FPE.



"George, what do we call you when you come back to the office?"



LILLY MAIRE—Paris, France



JOYCE—Detroit



**Barbara Anne FM-S-1 FPE
Mexico
Get her with her Gittar!**



Norma — Ontario, Canada

Transvestism

by Bernt Bernhelm

“EXPRESSEN”
April 13, 1968

[Editor's Note: The following is a translation, kindly supplied by ERNA FD-J-1 FPE, of a long, two part article appearing in the large Swedish Newspaper "EXPRESSEN" on April 13th and 15th of this year. The interview was arranged and participated in by two of the leading girls of FPE-No. Europe. Since they used different names in the article I will not further identify them here, but they are two of our loyal members. They are to be congratulated on their courage and their efforts to spread knowledge of TVism in their country.]

* * * * *

BENGT, 40 YEARS OLD, HAPPILY MARRIED, FATHER OF 4 CHILDREN, DRESSES HIMSELF NOW AND THEN AS A WOMAN AND CALLS HIMSELF EVA. "I FEEL THAT I HAVE TO DO IT," HE SAYS.

Our prejudices are greatest in the sexual field. The less you know about sexual deviations the more you condemn them or try to ridicule and despise them. This article is an attempt to inform readers about TVism, a compulsion neurosis that forces some men to put on women's dresses. Last year I criticized in "Expressen" the French "transvestic ballet" which appeared at Strand's restaurant, as an unsavoury way to make capital out of the tragic deviation that is called transsexualism.

Later I got a letter from a Swedish transvestite: "The purpose of our work is in an objective way to give information to society, transvestites and official persons in order to make them understanding, perhaps also to accept our harmless minority so

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that it can exist under less difficult conditions.”

The letter was signed Eva Berg. On top of the letter was printed “Phi Pi Epsilon Sorority, Foundation for Full Personality Expression” i.e., an organization that gives its members the opportunity to express their personality. I was asked: “Are you willing to inform society about TVism in Sweden?”

I phoned to my friend Bruno Kaplan, who is chief physician at the Sodra Hospital in Stockholm and physician of the State Police especially on the subject of sexual deviations. He supported the idea and said he would be pleased to help me. Some days later he and I sat talking with Eva Berg and Susanna Sjo in the restaurant of “Dagens Nyheter.” They were dressed as women, wore jewels and wigs. Two well-dressed ladies. Nobody could think they were men. Eva is in her forties, with her own concern, has a wife and four children. “She” is the founder of the organization. Susanna is in “her” sixties, has a wife and grown up children, is a manufacturer and the chairman of the organization. We decided that their real identity should be a secret also to me. The fear of being exposed dominates the life of the TV. This is understandable as it would brand him and his family socially, so strong is the attitude of society against TVism. Not all have the courage to initiate their wives into their secret. “Eva’s,” i.e. Bengt’s wife knows it. “Susanna’s,” i.e. Gosta’s wife, does not. They have been married for 30 years. Some time after this meeting I met with Bengt and his wife, Inga, in their home town, where he is a well-known person, president and secretary in many clubs and associations. Now he was dressed as a man. After four hour’s conversation I knew a lot of their problem.

Misunderstanding.

I think it is important at the start to do away with one of the most common misunderstandings. Most TVs are not homosexual and they do not dress in feminine clothes in order to get a sexual partner. Eva and Susanna are heterosexual. They are sexually directed towards the opposite sex, towards females. They asked me to distinguish among four different groups of male cross-dressers: 1) Heterosexual TVs, who are sexually interested only in females and often are living in a happy marriage, having children, as Eva and Susanne; 2) Transexuals who have “the psyche of a woman in the body of a male” and at any price will change to

female sex through hormone injections and surgical treatment. They are directed towards their own sex. Type: those who appeared at Strand's restaurant last year; 3) Homosexuals who play the female role in a homosexual relation; 4) Asexual TVs, sexually more or less neutral individuals, who however, feel themselves more as belonging in the feminine rather than masculine role.

The common denominator of these four groups is a desire to dress themselves in feminine clothes. In group number 1) this desire is the only real deviation. It is this group that is written about here. The organization "Phi Pi Epsilon Sorority" takes care only of the interests of the heterosexually directed TVs.

Boy Scout Alibi.

Bengt tells how it began: I think I was about 5 or 6 years old when I was impressed by the way the girls behaved, played and expressed their feelings. A little later I began being interested in the clothes of my mother. I became fascinated by the fabric, the soft and comfortable materials. From the age of puberty I often wore ladies' underwear which I had locked up in a cupboard. I was immensely afraid of being exposed and I could not confide in anybody. I often pondered over the strange desire that I felt it was, and I tried to get knowledge through books, but I could not get any real information. In order to conceal my desire for the feminine world, I participated eagerly in gymnastics and became one of the best at school and I also became a boy scout, mostly in order to have an alibi. The same wish for camouflage also was behind the fact that Bengt chose a very masculine sport in which he became very outstanding.

Marriage

He has no memory that his deviation gave him real psychical suffering. "At the same time I knew that my sex desire was quite normal and directed towards the girls. But I was not only attracted by the girls. I identified with them and all that they represented. I disassociated myself from everything masculine."

When Bengt was 23 years old he met the girl who was to become his wife. Some time later he threw out a feeler and carried the conversation into the subject of feminine clothes. Once he

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dressed himself in one of her skirts and blouses. She found him improper and crazy. And he did not bring up the subject again. When they married, he threw away his feminine clothes and hoped that the desire to dress would disappear. Three months later it was back again: "Our sexual intercourse did not give outlet to my feminine side, to the girl within," he told me.

Together with Eva.

When I talk with TVs it is striking how often they talk about "the girl within." They see themselves as two – a masculine and a feminine person. Some of them speak about their "brother" and "sister." They say, "Tonight I am out with Eva" when they are going to dress in feminine clothes. As a matter of fact only a few dare go out among people dressed as a woman. Behind such behavior is at least one hour's work just as the makeup of an actress. To be "completely dressed" with coat and hat and able to pass as a woman in a restaurant, is a stage not reached by many. Most of them stay at home dressed in more simple clothes. For Bengt as for most other heterosexual TVs his deviation eventually became a hard problem of secrecy. He found it unthinkable to tell his wife. Each time they took a holiday a mysterious box was in the car – Bengt's feminine clothes – and as soon as he was alone he changed to his feminine clothes.

Exposed.

Once he was stopped by a traffic control and asked for his driver's license. "But it is not you," the police said. Bengt took out his medical certificate. The police read it, saluted and let him go without comments. The correct conduct of the Police in this case and in others is very satisfying to see, says Bengt. It shows an understanding which is not common everywhere in the society.

Bengt's secret was exposed to his wife a year ago. It was caused by an unforeseen situation. How did she react? "First I thought all my life was spoiled. To whom had I been married? A man? A woman? A homosexual? I did not know anything about TVism. But on the other hand we had always been wonderfully happy together. I also thought of that," she explained. Inga succeeded in overcoming the shock mainly because of three factors: the constant emotional relation to Bengt, a book about the TV and his wife written by the prominent leader of the American TVs,

Virginia Prince, and a Swedish psychiatrist who cleared up the matter for her. Today she has adjusted herself to the situation. "But naturally I am afraid. If this becomes known in town our lives will be ruined." One thing she and Bengt have made an agreement about: He must never go out dressed as a woman in his own home town.

* * * * *

Continued in "EXPRESSEN"

April 15, 1968

ABOUT 10,000 MEN IN SWEDEN SOMETIMES WANT TO DRESS AS WOMEN (TRANSVESTISM).

Chief physician Bruno Kaplan says, "We have to help these often unhappy people. The heterosexual tranvestite does not harm his fellow human beings. More knowledge of his problem can make his situation better and make it easier for him to live."

Chief physician Bruno Kaplan, Stockholm, has for many years taken interest in the problems of the sexual deviations. He is a teacher in this subject at the school for the State Police. He has given me valuable help regarding the situation of the heterosexual tranvestites. He emphasizes that more knowledge is a good thing, speaking about all sorts of sexual deviations. It is his opinion that knowledge in general and understanding regarding such phenomena have increased in the last ten years thanks to increased information. He is especially glad to hear about the correct and understanding attitude which the police take according to Eva Berg and Susanne Sjo, the two heterosexual TVs who have provided me with material.

Susanne Sjo is the chairman of the Swedish organization FPE (Box 4041, Norrkoping 4, Sweden), an independent off-shoot of the American FPE (which means Foundation for Personality Expression, an organization in which one can freely express his full personality). It has more than 30 members and is in letter contact with more than 100. These represent, according to Susanne Sjo, only a small part of the real number of heterosexual TVs which is estimated to be about 10,000 men in Sweden - from the less pronounced cases to the men who dress completely as women.

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Dr. Kaplan: "We do not know how often TVism occurs, but it is indeed more common than people think. Most men conceal their desire from those around them fearing exposure, a thing that increases their fear and makes their adjustment to a normal social life difficult."

Scared.

In the organization only the board knows the real names of the members, Susanne Sjo says. Each member has a code number and only a girl's name is used at their parties. Among other activities of the club they try to find shops for the members, ladies' hairdressers and other beauty specialists.

Many are afraid of entering the organization possibly because of the detailed questionnaire which has to be filled out before they can be admitted. These questionnaires are put to the applicants in order to exclude those types of cross-dressers which do not belong to the organization. Only heterosexual male TVs, i.e. men who are sexually directed towards women, can become members.

In the organization all classes of the community are represented, university men, business men, public servants and officials, and workers. Susanne Sjo points out that finding new members is a problem. In Sweden it is possible indirectly and by way of suggestion to advertise in certain newspapers and magazines, but in the rest of Scandinavia this is not possible.

"This is a pity because we are, after all, doing a mentalhygenic type of work. Contact with other people living under the same conditions is a great psychic relief to us. And nothing illegal or offensive is involved. Most of us are socially well adjusted. We discuss our problems and dine together precisely like other people do when meeting at a party. The only difference is, that we are men in feminine dresses, doing so from an inner urge, the causes of which we do not know much about," Susanne says.

Complicated.

How a psychiatrist looks upon this problem you can see in the medical certificate which many of the heterosexual TVs today carry. In Susanne Sjo's certificate you can read: "The possessor of this certificate — has a typical transvestic disposition which

involves a desire to now and then act as a woman. As it is known that strong psychodynamic forces are behind this desire and that the person in question must be regarded as socially well adjusted he is not to be forbidden this activity."

"For an average person the desire to dress in the clothes of the opposite sex and feel the female sex as the socially best one is a strange phenomenon," Dr. Kaplan comments. "It also has to be realized that the phenomenon is extremely complicated. In homosexual transvestism, the sexual direction is clearly homosexual and the aim is to make sexual contacts with persons of the same sex. But there is this big group of TVs who have no homosexual disposition, but see themselves as completely heterosexual persons, i.e. directed towards the opposite sex."

Homosexuality.

"Now it is true that a completely heterosexual human being does not exist. We all of us have a homosexual disposition which is unknown to most of us. Therefore, it cannot be excluded that a certain amount of homosexual interest comes into play in the heterosexual TVs. But typical of them is that their sexual behavior is that of the heterosexual man and that their desire to dress in feminine clothing does not involve catching a man or making a sexual partner interested. In contradistinction to the homosexual who is often a parody of feminine behavior, the heterosexual TV is quite properly feminine."

Why men like Eva Berg and Susanne Sjo feel the feminine role as socially better and more correct is difficult to prove in a scientific way. But experiences during early childhood are surely of great importance. However, the case is seldom so simple as a boy is forced to wear the clothes of a girl or that a boy is brought up as a girl. The causes surely lie deeply in the psyche, and outer facts only contribute to and canalize the behavior into this special form. It is also very characteristic that the desire of these men to dress in feminine clothes often is connected with a strong touch of fear. Some persons of this disposition do not have a strongly developed sex urge and some of them should be characterized as asexual. I remember a case — a divorced man — who did not show any interest in either women, including his wife — or men. But when he was alone he usually dressed himself in the clothes of his wife and used her cosmetics.

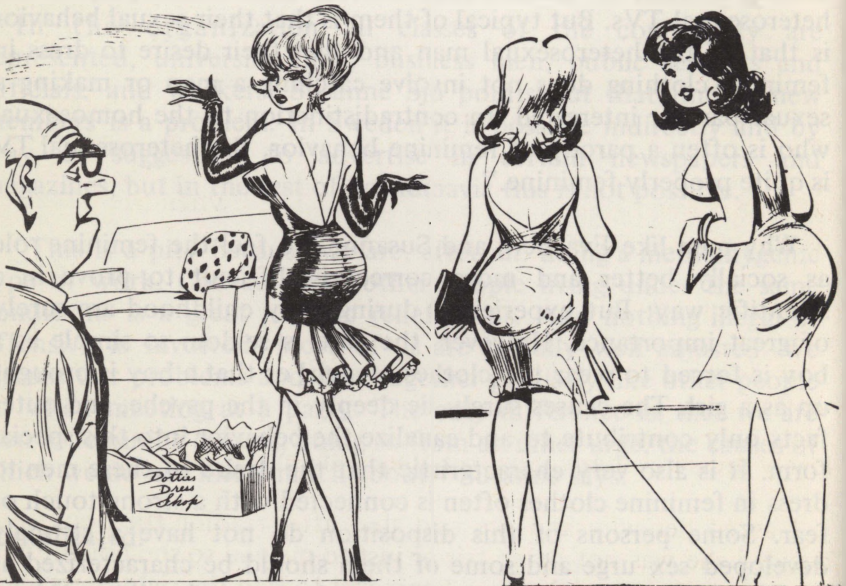
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No Cure.

Most research workers in this field find little success trying to treat the heterosexual TV. Today we have no effective means of "cure". Not many heterosexual TVs, however, want to be "cured".

The education of children today does not, as much as before, try to make distinctions between masculinity and femininity. This will surely have some preventative effects against the development of heterosexual TVism.

Dr. Kaplan sums up: "We are here facing a sexual deviation which is due to deep-lying psychic factors and we have few or no possibilities to give any treatment. Therefore, we must do what we can in order to help these people in trying to understand their problem and accepting and tolerating their behavior. It is my opinion that sexual deviations which do not do any harm to any fellow human being, psychically or physically should be one's own private affair."



"It looks great Junior. . .but when is this Charlies Aunt thing coming off. . .you've been practicing for two years!"

"Hurry up George, or we'll miss the lingerie sale." "O.K., O.K. Frank. I'm coming. I need some new slips as much as you do."

Letters to the Editor



"Dear
Editor"

Dear Virginia,

Last month I ordered and received a copy of "The Transvestite and His Wife." I read the book and asked my wife if she would read it with an open mind. This she agreed to do. While she read it in her spare time she bombarded me with questions about things in the book and about myself, I tried to answer them as best I could. She told me that the book described my feelings and actions to a "T." She also classed herself as a "D" wife, which was the category I placed her in after reading the book. Sunday she got up from a nap and asked me what size dress I wore. I asked her why and she referred me to the letter where the TV had trouble finding clothes to fit. When I first dressed in front of my wife she told me never to do it again and so I dressed when she was not around and felt guilty and ashamed of myself.

When I arrived home from work last night she told me there was a very important letter in the bedroom for me. When I opened the door I was dumbfounded, shocked, speechless and white (her description). On the bed was a pair of silk panties, silk slip with lace trim, a lace bra with stretch straps and back and the most lovely dress I ever saw. She had bought them for me.

I asked her why and she said that after reading the book she decided she was not being fair or just to me and so she bought me a new outfit. It took her two hours just to find the right dress and another hour to shop for the underthings. She told me to dress about 8:30 after our daughter was asleep and she would help me with the makeup when she returned from work at 9:30. When she

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came home she made up my face and we sat in the living room talking about the clothes and other topics.

She told me the dress made me look thinner than I am and that if I had been born a girl I would have been very pretty. She told me I made a very pretty girl and complimented me on my legs and figure. Virginia, I was in seventh heaven. She also told me she looked for a wig but they did not have one in her hair color (mine is the same) but when they come in she will buy one for both of us to use. I now have a "GG" that I can share my problems with.

The purpose of this letter is to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I hope the books help other people who have a problem like mine. Last night she enjoyed my company while I was dressed and believe it or not we talked more and about various things than we do (did?) when I am dressed in men's clothes. Thank you so much. I just had to tell you.

God bless you. Sincerely,

Beverly (5-F-8) FPE

Dear Virginia,

To Whom It May Concern:

My questions are directed to those TVs that write to signify that their families and friends have accepted them in their feminine role. They go on to give the impression that all is peaches and cream after they have revealed themselves.

I may be naive and stupid but this I can't believe. To me this is just wishful thinking on the part of all TVs, myself included. Although I'm not from Missouri, I still have to be shown.

This past spring was the first time I ever heard of TRANSVESTIA, I have read four copies so far and enjoyed them very much. As yet I am not a member of the FPE sorority but I hope to be in the near future. What I am trying to say is that I have never met or talked to a transvestite, all I know about this way of life is from my own experiences and some of what I read which isn't very much other than an explanation of what transvestism means.

My wife is of the old school so to speak, she believes that boys should be boys and girls do as they please. When I asked her to give her thoughts on these stories she stated that any wife that would allow, support and encourage a husband to dress as a girl in the family group would most likely rather be loved by a woman.

Now we can get to some of the questions that bother me.

How do you tell your children, family and friends about yourself? Do you just blurt it out and try to make them understand that it is your way of life, in other words force yourself on them or do you let them see you dressed as if by accident and then try to explain?

My neighbors are of the low brow class, they wouldn't understand no matter what I said. You must know some like that. How do you explain yourself to them when they poke fun at you or call you queer and then tell others so they can have a big laugh at your expense? What do you do when they refuse to let their children associate with yours because their Dad is a nut and should be locked up? Children outside the family can be more cruel than adults, how do you explain to them so they will understand?

If you dress up like you say and go out in public and someone reads you what do you say while they call a cop?

How does your wife feel when some of her very close friends don't talk to her anymore because of you?

What would you do if your son decided he wanted to dress as a girl? Maybe your daughter would like to dress as a boy, bind her breasts flat, talk, walk and have a butch hair cut? Would you encourage these patterns and do all in your power to help them in their new roles?

I would like to have complete freedom to dress as a female whenever I want and not have to run and hide whenever the children come around or there is a knock at the door. I live for the day I can be accepted for what I am and not be ashamed to face anyone or fear that my family will be shunned because of me. I know deep inside that if I live to be a hundred, I'll never see that day.

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To be accepted as a Dr. Jeckyl and Mrs. Hidde is my goal in life. Everyone needs some kind of goal in order to make life worth living so if there is anyone out there in TV land that can give me some formula to success in this I would appreciate it.

Betty Ann (49-H-3) FPE

Dear Virginia,

Several times in her column, your wonderful co-editor, Susanna, has voiced very strongly her opinion about TV's wearing pants. This certainly is her privilege and to me an indication of the strength of her feminine traits, which make her want to eliminate everything ever so slightly male from her TV-existence. But times change, and so do habits and customs, and, above all, fashions. During the last decades pants have become part of feminine nature just as much as lace, skirts and ruffles, and whatever frilly things a TV may think of. If I enjoy looking at a pretty girl in capris or any other kind of well fitting pants, why should my TV-self not enjoy wearing them too? Of course, everything at the right time and in the right style. Gina wouldn't dare wear Bermudas or Jamaicas or other kinds of shorts; and even capris may not be quite proper for anyone who isn't able to fill them well in the right places (with or without Phantom Phannies), but I have to admit that I do like my capri pants and, at times, enjoy immensely wearing them.

A few years ago, Gina's first venture out in the open happened while she was wearing her capri outfit. With my nice new wig I had convinced myself, and even Lisa (my wife) agreed, that nobody would recognize me or take me for anything else but a fair elderly lady. So, one day, we drove into our beautiful mountains with both of us dressed in our nice and sporty capri outfits. It was a wonderful morning in the middle of the week, and we, therefore, had all the beautiful places more or less for ourselves, stopping here and there for a short walk through the woods and picnic grounds. So far so good until, all of a sudden, we found ourselves in the middle of a wild road construction job, made to order for two elderly ladies like us to get hopelessly stuck. I could feel how Lisa tightened with tension and fear of what might happen to us, if we had to get out of the car and Gina would be found out by the rough roadmen. This was it. Nothing would help but Gina's brother's skill acquired in his years of military service. Quickly

shifting gears up and down, now slow on the gas, now down with the throttle, now steadily grinding through mud and mire, now with full throttle jumping and bumping over rocks and boulders, we managed to pull through under the shouts and whistling of the surprised road crew. Gina had been so happy all along in her sweet feminine role, and now this sudden switch to let brother John take over with all he had to give. What a change! It certainly took a little while afterwards till Gina could get her mind set straight again and she regained her composure as the lady she ought and wanted to be.

Some time later Gina decided one morning to go out shopping all by herself. "Well," said Lisa, "if you do, you may go and get me one of those nice front-hook bedtime bras we got from the G. Store the other day. You know my size is the same as yours, 38B."

So, off went Gina, quite early in the morning, dressed like any other little lady in her light blue capri pants and a matching, long sleeved, flowerprint overblouse. When she parked the car in front of the store, she found that the store did not open till 10:00 AM. This was only ten minutes away, so, she left the car, but instead of joining the waiting customers at the door, she clutched her purse and went along the street window shopping. Trying to walk gracefully with short steps, she enjoyed hearing the clicking of her heels all the while brazenly facing the few passers-by who looked her over like any other woman, not showing any particular sign of curiosity or suspicion. In the meantime, the store had opened, and Gina went in and went straight to the bra counter. Knowing exactly what she wanted, she quickly found the desired style, but where was size 38B? There appeared to be every other size but that one. To read the numbers Gina had to take off her sunglasses and get the reading glasses out of her purse. While she was fumbling with her things, a saleslady appeared with a friendly "May I help you?" Now, this wasn't exactly what Gina had been looking for, but trying to raise her voice to a higher pitch without being too conspicuous, she said, "This is the style I want, but I cannot find size 38B." Now we both went through the display again, but 38B seemed to be out. The good lady even searched the drawers under the counter all the while trying to talk Gina into some other style. Things became more and more embarrassing to Gina who, of course did not want to put up a lengthy conversation. Finally the saleslady picked up one more bra and,

thank heaven, this was a 38B.

The good woman seemed to be as relieved as Gina and, in her eagerness to appear helpful topped it off by asking, "Would you like to try it on? The fitting room is over there."

This drew another gasp from Gina who hardly managed to answer, "Thank you, no, I have one already at home," and claspng her purchase, off she went toward the checkout stand at the door.

There were some mirrors along the aisles. So, she stopped in order to put her sunglasses on again and to have a quick critical look at herself. Well, nothing but a fairly nice looking lady in capris and blouse looked back at her, and everything seemed to be O.K. That early in the morning there was not yet much business at the checkout desk, so, she put the bra down and started to open her purse for the necessary cash. While doing so she happened to glance at the nearby store entrance — and her heart almost stopped — for in came a very well known couple, friends and members of our parish. Well, the entrance way was far on the other side, so what. But, oh no — the good old lady apparently was determined to do it the hard way and steered straight through the exit toward and through the checkout counter. Here, instead of passing behind Gina, she had to squeeze herself right through forcing Gina to step aside and let her go by. Then she sailed into the store followed by her husband. Gina had tried to turn her back to her, and the lady passed her without recognizing her. But the little husband, as men do, could not help letting his eyes glance up and down, quickly appraising what he saw. That typical little action was all Gina needed to regain her composure as she was tickled to death at not being recognized at such close quarters, but taken for what she wanted to be: just another good looking woman. Her fingers trembled a little while she finished her business with the cashier. Then, turning to leave the store, she had a last glance at the couple nearby and, dear me, there they were with the little man receiving quite a tongue lashing for letting his eyes go astray. Such is life.

Sometimes, I feel quite fortunate being a TV past his prime. It has occurred to me that now, with my hair turned white and, therefore, all shades of a beard disappearing, it is much more easier for me to let my face pass as that of an elderly woman. They too

have a lot of wrinkles, and their make-up usually isn't what you would call very fancy. Often, when I pass such good old "has-beens" with their hair getting thin and often a little strappy or badly colored, their faces powdered and rouged like a circus horse, I feel with great satisfaction that, in comparison, I still do look much more attractive and even more realistic with my well groomed grayish wig and a decent make-up, and I enjoy to the fullest being still worth a quick appreciative look, now and then. Also, the voice problem isn't what it has been considering the rough, rasping sounds which you hear at times emanating from the rusty vocal cords of some good old lady. So, if you try to keep yourself in good shape and well groomed and dressed in good, decent taste, you may find yourself way ahead of many of your GG-sisters of your age group. And that's what counts. Getting older has its merits too.

Gina (44-S-1) FPE

Dear Virginia,

For too long I have been longing to write my story of TVism but waited for the right opportunity. I hope that it might be of some interest to your readers and provide hope for those who sometimes feel much despair, as I did, in the beginning.

My story started, I guess, much like many others. I started by wearing my mothers frills when I was young. And then, for some strange reason, my TV desires left me from the age of 17 until I married at the age of 23. Then one day my wife was shopping and I was going through her drawers looking for something. As fate might have it I came upon her lingerie and a strange feeling overcame me. The fragrance coming from her panties, girdles and slips, etc, brought back memories from my youth and I soon found myself trying on a pair of panties.

Still, I concealed my thoughts from her until one day when I casually (hah!) mentioned that my shorts were uncomfortable and irritating to my skin. She suggested that I wear a pair of her panties and you can imagine the excitement I felt. After that she would buy me several pairs but always because "men's shorts irritated me" (I would not discuss my TV desires with her) and for no other reasons. Our marriage dissolved a few months after that, and to this day I think her lack of understanding had much to do with

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it. We once talked about other TVs and their desires and her mind would not open for intelligent discussion. The only remarks I can recall were those pertaining to homo, queer, sick, etc.

After that I spent four years as a divorce and my TV desires heightened. I built quite a wardrobe, twice, and both times in a TV "purge" I burned all the clothes. This can become quite expensive, as you know, but I guess everyone goes through this at least once. During this time I met and dated many girls, and discussed TV at length (always with reference to someone else). In all cases they were most negative towards this subject. I began to wonder whether or not I would ever meet anyone who would understand, or would I have to go through life carefully guarding my secret.

And then it happened. I met a German girl, through my travels, and we fell in love. Before we got married I spoke a little of TVism and she didn't even flinch but spoke intelligently about the whole thing. Shortly after we were married I sat down one night and told her my story. Not only did she see nothing wrong but wanted to help me in every respect. Well, you can imagine the relief that all of a sudden was lifted from my shoulders. I was happy and more serene and of course have become devoted to her. Maybe it's because European women are more broadminded about these things. I don't know, but I wasn't about to quarrel with myself over why she was so quick to accept my TVism. She gave me the name of "Christine" and the first day after we had discussed the matter, she took me shopping. She bought me a padded girdle from Fredricks, (her feeling was that if I was to be a girl, she would see to it that I was a pretty one) a merry widow corselette, five pairs of panties, and a pretty night gown set. That night when we got home she drew my bath for me and when I got out she had all my things laid out on the bed. She is an expert in makeup and did a fantastic job on me. The rest of the night was heaven as we spent it as two girlfriends. And so it started.

We have had to make several compensations since I have a rather large chest. My legs are almost perfect and my face when made up looks like a pretty woman. She has taught me tricks about makeup and has taught little things a woman should know about smoking, sitting, walking, and, of course, how to dress properly. I have added many things to my wardrobe since our marriage and my wife is constantly seeking to improve me as a

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Bill has a few cocktails with other teachers but is usually anxious to get to his apartment and let Dorothy come forth every evening. It is perhaps Dorothy who is lonely wanting to meet other girls. Recently Dorothy has taken up sewing and voice practice and working on her nails and the proper gestures and mannerisms of a well brought up lady. She has also discovered that a small amount of eye shadow is helpful. All of these delightful pastimes help to take up Dorothy's feminine loneliness. Dorothy feels that there still is a great deal more that she can learn to be the best possible kind of lady, like some of the other girls she had read about in TVia, who sound so accomplished. A polaroid with self-timer is helpful but Dorothy has to learn natural poses – proper angles and how to avoid the double chin look. Really now, dieting is the answer – any girl knows that, but Dorothy likes to eat. She has ruffles for her apartment curtains to make them more feminine and is looking for an ironing board and an iron that will do those dainty feminine items and cut down on the laundry bill. She'd love Santa to bring her a sewing machine, too. How simply wonderful everything is, that is so feminine.

Dorothy is having trouble using Neet and Nair – getting skin irritations and rashes after using them on legs and arms. Do any of you girls know what to do about this kind of reaction? Don't like the thought of going back to shaving – can never quite get everything that way. Maybe it's the way Dorothy applies or removes these products. From what I've read electrolysis sounds terribly expensive for the budget of a college teacher, twice divorced with 5 children . . . not to speak of a healthy desire to own new dresses, lingerie, and, for that matter anything else that a lady must have.

Nevertheless, being able to be Dorothy almost some part of every day is a great comfort and I should be grateful for that alone. And there is the looking forward to being given the opportunity to meet other TVs . . . and most of all contribute somehow to forwarding understanding of non-homosexual TVs.

So long for now.

Dorothy (21-D-3) FPE

Dear Virginia,

Life has been hell for me since I've been in Viet Nam. I live in

fear of death constantly. I get very little rest (4 hours sleep per day) and work 12-13 hours a day or night as the case usually is. The VC have really been raining rockets into Saigon and "L—" (his femname) trembles with terror every time she hears them coming in. I am on the verge of a nervous breakdown and I just don't know if I'm going to make it. Imagine having to go 127 days without dressing and having absolutely no contact with femininity. And still I have "121" more days to endure this terrible traumatic experience. "L—" has never been more terror stricken and despondent in all her life. And she lives with the fear that if "S—" (his name) dies, she also dies. Please pray for me, Virginia. I need the prayers of all of my sisters of tranvestism. All I live for now is R & R so I can be free for one week and dress and find escape from this horrible war.

Two weeks ago, a rocket hit only 1/2 block away from me. I was so scared that I cringed on the ground and trembled as the rockets kept coming in for about 5 minutes but it seemed like an hour.

My wife writes such beautiful love letters. But it only makes me more homesick and depresses me that much more. I need her so bad I could cry.

Please forgive me for crying on your shoulder this way. I hadn't intended to do this, but here I find myself pouring my heart out to you.

Sincerely,

"S—"

Dear Virginia,

I am writing this to tell you how I became a Transvestite. The earliest I can remember about myself getting dressed in girl's clothes, was I guess around the age of 8. To start at the beginning, my mother was out of the house, at some meeting I believe. My brother was staying late after school playing baseball with some of his friends. My father was at work and was going to go to a meeting after work. So I knew that the house was empty. I rushed home after school, and went up to my room, put my schoolbooks away and took my jacket off. I decided to go into my parents room and to try on some of my mother's clothes. My transvestite

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interest started before I was 8 years old, but the following story is the earliest that I can remember of getting dressed up as a girl.

I pulled out my mother's dresser drawer, and saw all of her clothes laying there. I thought, here is my chance to try on some of her clothes, after all there was nobody around the house, and they wouldn't see me dressed up as a girl, or so I thought. So I stripped down to my shorts. I first put on one of my mother's brassieres, and stuffed my socks inside to make me look like I had a woman's bosom. Next I put on a girdle, which was very tight, nylon stockings, and a slip. I then tried on a pair of my mother's shoes, but my feet were too big. Finally I put on one of her dresses, it was a black satin short sleeve dress, with buttons down the front from the neck to the bottom. I put this dress on and it was a bit big for me, but that didn't stop me from doing up all the buttons on it. I then looked at myself in my mother's full length mirror. I was surprised to see staring back at me a woman from the neck down, for I didn't have any make-up on. I was just going to put on a pair of her earrings when I heard the downstairs door open. I quickly started to undo the buttons, but I couldn't undo them fast enough as my fingers seemed to be all thumbs. The footsteps started to come upstairs, and the buttons started to come undone and I finally got all the clothes off, and let them fall on the floor. I decided that I had better hide mother's clothes, so I quickly put them all into my parent's closet and I also hid in the closet. My dad was just coming into the room, and the first thing that he did was to open the closet door, and found me standing there in just my shorts with all of mother's clothes on the floor.

He said, "What are you doing in our room, and what are Mom's clothes doing on the floor?" I tried to think quickly of an excuse to tell him, but before I got a chance to explain, he asked me straight out. "Were you wearing her clothes?" I couldn't think of an excuse quick enough and finally told him the truth.

"Yes, I was."

"Why would you want to wear these clothes?" he asked me.

"I lied when I said, 'I have seen some comedians wearing girl's clothes, and I just wondered what it would feel like to wear women's clothes.'"

Dad then got very angry and said, "Well, if that is the case, then I take it that you would like to wear girl's clothes to school tomorrow."

"No, Dad, please don't make me do that," I pleaded. I didn't want all my friends at school to see me dressed up as a girl, I would be the laughing stock of the neighborhood. I also figured that Dad wouldn't do this to me, because for one thing it would hurt the whole family with all the ridicule, and second I think he just said that to scare me.

He gave in and said, "All right, I wouldn't let you go to school dressed up as a girl, but you must promise me never to let me catch you dressed up in girl's clothes again."

I promised, and kept my promise. Although later in my life I got dressed up again, and again, Dad never caught me again. I guess you can say that that was the beginning of my becoming a tranvestite. Ever since then whenever I was alone in the house I would get myself all dressed up like a woman.

When I first started to get dressed up, I wondered what kind of a "nut" I was, or was I becoming a homosexual. Whenever there was a movie or a television show which featured a man dressed up as a woman, I would go and watch it if it was at all possible. I also started to go to book stores to find books or magazines that could answer my question about whether I was a homosexual or what. I finally found an article in a book that cleared up my suspense about whether I was a homosexual, and I was relieved. I found out instead that I was a tranvestite. I did not know then that there were other people in this world that had the same feeling for girls clothes as I did. I wondered also if I should go and see a psychiatrist to find out what was wrong with me, but they were so expensive that I just forgot about it.

I continued to go to book stores to find any book that dealt with tranvestites, or men getting dressed up as women. I was going to these book stores about once a week. One day, I found an ad, advertising books that you could order by mail that dealt with the subject of women dominating men and forcing them to get dressed in girl's clothes. Books with such titles as, "Female Mimics", "Female By Choice", "Forced Femininity", "Guys In Gowns", etc. I ordered these books right away but that didn't last long for

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the company went out of business.

I really started to get the "transvestite bug" bad, when I started to go out and buy some girl's clothes, which I hid at the bottom of my dresser drawer. I also started to buy make-up, and even went to a costume store to rent a ladies' wig. By the way, if you are wondering if I bought a wig or not, the answer is no. Because for one thing I feel that they are too expensive, and also I do not know what color to buy, or what style to dress it.

After I had bought all of these clothes and make-up, the first night that I was all alone I decided to put on everything that I had bought. After I had all of my clothes on, panties, bra (strapless), garter belt, seamless nylon stockings, high heels, slip, and finally the dress, I went to work to put on my make-up, and finally the wig that I had rented. I then looked at myself in my mother's full length mirror and was surprised to see staring back at me, even if I do say so myself, a beautiful woman although my make-up was not that good. My legs left something to be desired, too. For one thing my legs were hairy, bowlegged, and had knobby knees. I didn't shave the hair off my legs because my parents would start to get suspicious, having always seen me with hairy legs.

One day when I was in a book store I was looking through some magazines, when I came across this article about a book called "Transvestia". So I felt very relieved to know that there were other people in this world with the same feeling for women's clothes. Well, I sent for my first copy of "Transvestia", and have been happy ever since. Well, that is just about the story of how I became a transvestite.

Barbara Vancouver, B. C.



Of Innocent Pleasures

Barbara (7-H-2) FPE

*The strain of the day
Simply passes away
In the warmth of my perfumed tub.
The texture of skin
Now as smooth as a pin
Glow pink from a rough towel rub.*

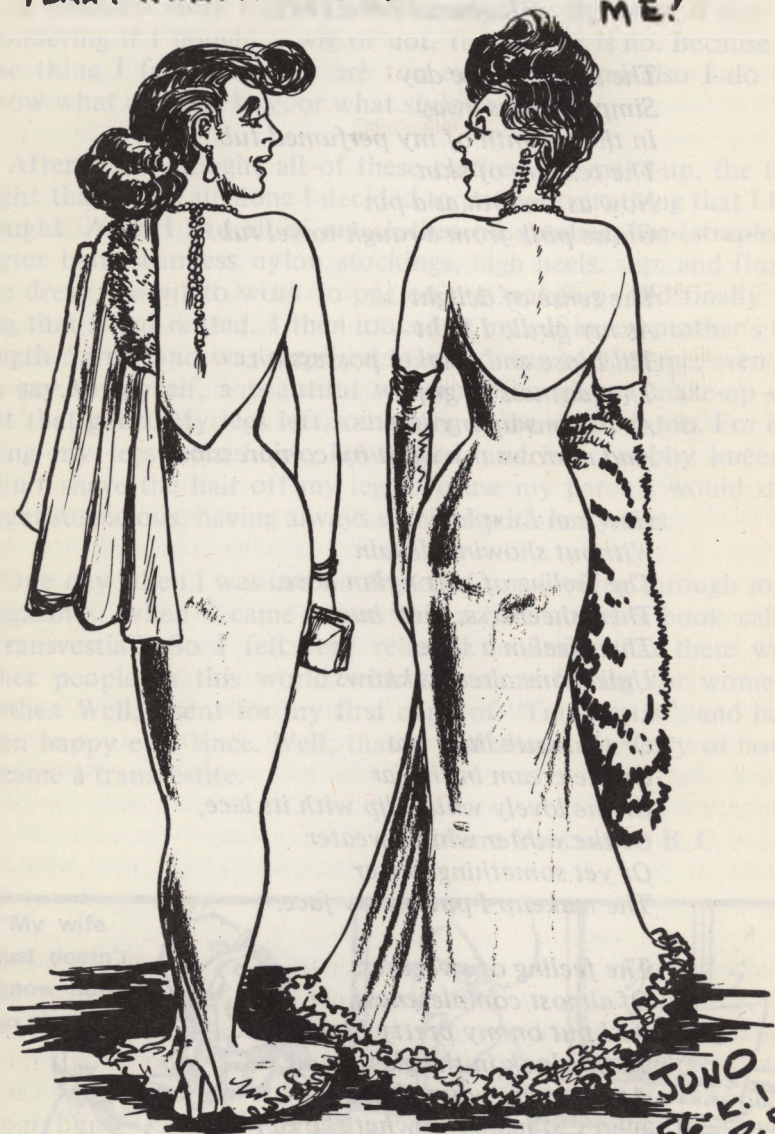
*The sense of delight
As my girdle I fight
Till I lose and it takes possession.
The tautness of grip
As it firms up my hip
And narrows my waist by compression.*


*How can I explain
Without showing disdain
The feeling of soft nylon hose.
Their sheerness, their hue,
Their feel in a shoe,
Unless one already knows.*

*Or that cute little bra
Or the cream in the jar
Or the lovely white slip with its lace,
Or the winter white sweater
Or yet something better
The makeup I put on my face.*

*The feeling of sweetness
Of almost completeness,
As I put on my pretty blond hair.
Then I look in the glass
At a comely young lass
Who's so happy in what she can wear.*

WHAT A NIGHT ED!
YEAH. WHAT A NIGHT, AND MY GIRDLES KILLING ME!





Book Review

Sheila Niles (30-B-2) FPE



SEX AND GENDER, by R. J. Stoller, M.D.; Science House, Inc., New York. 273pp +72 App. of case histories +25 Chapter refs. and biblio. +7 index. \$10.00 (1968).

This is the long-awaited treatise from the head of the UCLA group with whom Virginia has worked for several years on the study of transvestism and related phenomena. To some

extent it represents her thinking, as she and Dr. Stoller have come to agree on many points in the course of this cooperation. Nevertheless, it is written from the point of view of a Professor of Psychiatry, and not that of a TV.

One thing that should be made clear right away: when Dr. Stoller uses the word "transvestite", he does so in a special sense defined in a footnote at the end of page 177: "I shall be considering only those men who wish to pass . . ." This rules out 77% of the readers of TVia according to Virginia's survey, and 59% of the FPE members according to my own – drawing the line between those who go out "rarely" and those who go out more often. This is important, as much of what he says might cause resentment among those who miss the footnote – and more especially, their wives.

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Of course, the book is not primarily devoted to TV, but covers a much broader area. The first third is on patients with biological abnormalities, and the fact that many of them have no question of gender identity. This applies to those who are assigned a gender mistakenly at birth due to psuedo-hermaphroditism, as well as other intersex cases, and he cites many examples of the assigned gender role wiping out the effects of chromosomes and Barr bodies, plus cases where the socially applied conditioning failed to work and the girl (or boy) within revolted successfully and proved she really WAS a girl. In the last chapter of Part I, the good doctor does a lot of soul-searching on the question of a biological force which tends to direct the gender role regardless of anatomy and society. He has changed sides on this matter, and is now rather heavily committed to a psychodynamic explanation in spite of his earlier conviction that there WAS such a force. While he makes a great effort to be open-minded, he shows no evidence of having seriously considered the possibility that some people are born with an abnormality in the BRAIN which can be the cause of their gender role conflict. Instead, he has fallen in love with a very special theory, backed by a few cases, which is developed in Part II.

This concerns patients without biological abnormalities, mainly transsexuals plus some very active type TVs, for whom he finds the common factors of mothers who had bisexual tendencies and who maintained an abnormal amount of body-contact with their sons, plus fathers who were absent or withdrawn from the family circle. This point is proved well, for the four cases studied in detail plus a few others, but I do not find it entirely convincing . . . at least on the general level at which he feels it applicable. I do find it strongly persuasive that a person with an inborn TV tendency, when subject to such influences, would grow up a TS or what I have come to think of as a "quasi-TS", a TV so highly motivated that others think her a TS — wrongly. At any rate, the author is certainly entitled to his theory, and takes pains to point out frequently its weaknesses. Every specialist is prone to the same thing, and I find myself trying to explain EVERYTHING in terms of thermodynamics, whether that is applicable or not; I imagine psychodynamics is just as addictive!

The third part concerns treatment, and I note with pleasure his scorn for the behaviorist approach of "therapy by torture" called aversion treatment. The TS part need not concern us, and he

agrees that TVs are not responsive to therapy. The Appendix is exclusively TS.

One of the most interesting sections is in Part I, where he discusses the normal development of the sense of maleness or femaleness. Though an avowed Freudian, he does not hesitate to point out the limits of Freud's insights into female psychology — which were so serious he had wife-trouble of his own. This good, skeptical attitude is characteristic of most of the book, and I recommend it highly. BUT, I do hope you'll keep Chapter 18 away from your wife, and that he will soon meet some TV wives whose existence he doubts — that do NOT divorce the TV when he becomes successful "either as a TV or in the world."

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BUT FOR THE GRACE, by R. A. Allen, M.S.R.R., publ by W. H. Allen, London, 149 pp. (1954).

This old book has just become available in the U. S. through World Wide Book Service, 251 Third Avenue, New York 10010, at \$3.95 plus handling as their No. 425. Ann (30-D-1), the Pi Region Librarian, advises you to get their catalog No. 56 for order instructions, price 5 cents, as there is a mailing charge and a minimum.

The book is a perfect example of one of Dr. Stoller's exceptional cases, where a boy was raised as a girl due to a mistake at birth and delayed adolescence. He was only aware that he was a most un-girly girl, always at odds with his gender role and the world — but the reason was not even guessed at until he was 19 — and MARRIED! The husband, a decent soul, soon spotted the trouble but helped keep it from the "bride's" family to avoid shocking them, but it had to come out and did. Nevertheless, it was another 12 years before he got himself all straightened out; the legal difficulties were the least of it, as England accepts this sort of thing quite calmly. Social complications due to his being reluctant to discuss it with his parents led to his serving as a woman through World War II, and then the re-training took some time; but he never WANTED to stay a girl, and was living for the time he became a male in the eyes of the world. Despite all this, his first two years as a male were rough; he "thought too much like a woman," and had, in effect, a nervous breakdown that made him impossibly aggressive first and then withdrawn for two years, living as a recluse on his wife's earnings. But, at the end of his

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32nd year, he was recovered and able to take his rightful place in the world — and I'd hate to be the one who suggested he try putting on a dress again, as he is quite a fighter! The fact is, he feels that "But for the grace of God" he would still be a girl, and that would be just terrible . . . Readers are at liberty to disagree with his viewpoint; he was VERY intolerant of Christine Jorgensen, and apparently wrote the book partly to say just that. So, what price conditioning? Do you hear me, Dr. Pavlov?

Affluent readers will enjoy comparing Mr. Allen with Dr. Stoller's cases in Chapter 7, as he sounds almost identical to Case One, and a perfect counterpart to Case Five, a girl raised as a boy who differed only in that she skipped the nervous breakdown, and took to womanhood without a ripple.

+++++

When I say I am not going to argue, what I really mean is that I won't listen any more after I've said what I'm going to.
—*The National Future Farmer.*



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a true story
**TRUE
STORY**

Tall Girl Adventure

by Janine (56-O-2) FPE

Dear Sisters,

Want to hear about my last experience in a Tall Girls Dress Shop? Today is the 27th of October; in four days we'll be celebrating Halloween, a good opportunity to dress but also a good opportunity to get bold and buy a new dress for your own self. I thought of it all evening yesterday and was figuring about a story for my brother to buy himself a lady-costume. I had done some shopping before, but it was always "for my wife" or an "out of town aunt", etc. Today I decided I would buy for myself.

This morning I drove to a shopping center on the outskirts of the city where I had noticed that store before. After passing in front of it a couple of times, not having the nerve to stop, I finally made up my mind: it's today or never; so it had better be today and I walked in. Fortunately there were very few customers in the store; I noticed a cute young blonde salesgirl who was busy with an older woman. I stood by one of the counters waiting. After she was through with her customer the cute blonde asked me, "Are you waiting for your wife or is there anything I can do for you?" I told her, "I feel a little embarrassed because I would like to buy a complete woman's outfit for myself; next week is Halloween and I accepted a bet to attend a party as a lady."

"Don't tell me you are going to spend all that money for a single party," she said. I almost told her I would be using it more than once.

She called the manager and said, "This gentleman wants to be

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fitted with a woman's costume for Halloween; I'll need your help because I don't know anything about what a man would need."

He came over and also another saleslady who looked like the Head-lady and she said, "We'll fix you up."

"Have you any idea what size you would need?" the manager asked and then suggested a size 16. "Would you rather have a suit or a dress?"

"A dress, please," I replied.

"Would you like a "gogo-style?" the salesgirl asked.

"No, something that would be more becoming to my age, something that could shape the waist and a flared skirt that would emphasize the hips that I don't have," I said with a laugh.

Going through the racks she showed me some in size 16 and we finally made a choice of three: a green one, a red one and a blue one. Then she said, "You'll have to try them on," and she took me to a fitting cubicle and left me there. I tried them on over my pants and from the other side of the door she asked me how they fitted. I decided on the blue one. While we had been looking through the racks we had started a conversation; she told me that last year a boy she knows had dressed as a girl and he was so perfect that she had not recognized him and they had had a lot of fun and he made a beautiful girl; she asked me if I had a wig. I told her a girl friend of mine would let me have one, a blonde one. "I have to know the color of your wig to pick out the right color for the dress," she told me.

After we had made the choice of the dress, she asked me what else I would need?

"Everything!"

"You will need a bra, a girdle, hose and panties, and a slip." So she called the manager again. "What size would he take in a girdle?" "Probably a large size." So she took out a panty-girdle. The manager told her that a plain girdle would probably be more comfortable and he showed the crotch and said, "He is not a woman."

The girl started to laugh and said, "I forgot about that." So we decided on a plain girdle, size large with a high waist. I knew, from experience that it would be too large, but I could not let them know that I knew more about my size than they did. I had in my mind to change it later. Then the bra; the girl asked me, "Do you want a big front, a C or D cup?" I suggested a B cup long bra that would reach the girdle to prevent the bulge and the manager said it would be fine. Then she picked up nylons, size 11 with long legs for a tall girl; she suggested I take two pairs in case of a run and I agreed. Finally the panties. The girl remembered what the manager had said about the panty-girdle so she suggested over-size for comfort. I knew I would get lost in them but I could not say so and I took them. While we had been looking for a dress, the girl had suggested that I stop at the drug store next door and buy some false eye-lashes; she said they would look very feminine; she also made a few suggestions for make-up; she asked me if my wife would make my face; I told her I was not married - "Then your girl friend?" she asked.

Well, my shopping was over and I had spent about one hour in the store, everybody giving help to the girl who had been waiting on me, giving his or her suggestion, having a laugh once in a while but nothing sarcastic, on the contrary taking it as a good joke. Then I came home and was in a hurry to try on what I had just bought. As I knew, the girdle was too large and so were the panties; I thought the dress was too long, also. So I called the store, asked to talk to the girl who had been waiting on me; I asked her if it would be possible to exchange the clothes that did not fit. "Could you come over now?" she said.

"I'll be there in about half an hour," I told her. As soon as I came back to the store she came over to me and asked me what was wrong. As we were about to look for another dress, I told her the size was perfect - the shoulders, the bust, the waist; the only thing was that it was too long.

Then she suggested, "How about shortening it, we make alterations here."

"It's O.K. with me," I said.

"You will have to put it on again, so I can measure the him on you." So I went back into the fitting cubicle and put the dress on

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again over my pants . . . I looked cute. She asked me to come out of the cubicle and then with the girl down on her knees telling me to turn around while she was putting pins to the proper length and at the same time asking the Head-lady when the dress would be ready. I said I would need it only next Tuesday but I would like to have it for the weekend so I could practice a little with the dress on before going to the party. It was promised the next day at noon. There was no trouble finding a medium girdle. But then the fun started with the panties. She was trying to find a size large at the same price, so she would not have to make a refund slip; she could not find any; the other girls came to her help; four girls looking for a \$1.49 pantie, large size. Finally they couldn't find any and she had to give me a \$1.29 pair and write a refund slip for \$0.20. All the time I stood there by the counter, cool as a cucumber, relaxed as if I had been buying a shirt for my brother. Before I left the girl asked me if I had bought my make-up yet. I said no. She asked me if I would have a fur wrap; I said no again, and she suggested a wool wrap as they had some in different prices . . . I'll see tomorrow, when I come back to pick up the dress, I told her.

Now that it is all over I am still surprised at myself! Where did I get the nerve? Yet it was so easy: a good excuse, humor, relaxation, acting a little stupid about feminine clothes and everybody went out of his or her way to help me win the bet I took only with myself.

NEXT DAY: October 28: Well, here I am, back from the store with the new dress. After the same cute little blonde gave me the dress, she asked me if I was all fixed up now. I wanted to know her reactions about make-up, so I said I still had that to get. She suggested a United Variety Store, just around the corner; then she said, "Maybe you don't know exactly what to buy, do you want me to make you a list?" Then she wrote down: make-up, lipstick — even suggesting a brand and a color, eyeliner, eyebrow pencil and face powder; she even suggested an eyelash curler; then you would need earrings, necklace and bracelet and "why not a ring, you can get one for one dollar; how about perfume? I would use some in your place." She sure wanted me to be the most feminine. Finally she suggested, "Why don't you rent a fur wrap? It may be cold and it would be most convenient." She realized I was serious and she did not want me to look like a clown dressed in woman's garb, but a real, authentic lady.

Last night, after I went to bed in my blue nylon nightgown, I could not realize it was a reality; I still thought it was only a dream. A thousand thanks to my cute little salesgirl. I think next week I'll go and show her a picture in my new blue dress and ask her what she thinks of the transformation and ask her if I could pass as a lady, minus my low baritone voice . . .

For those who have not done it yet, try it, it's fun.

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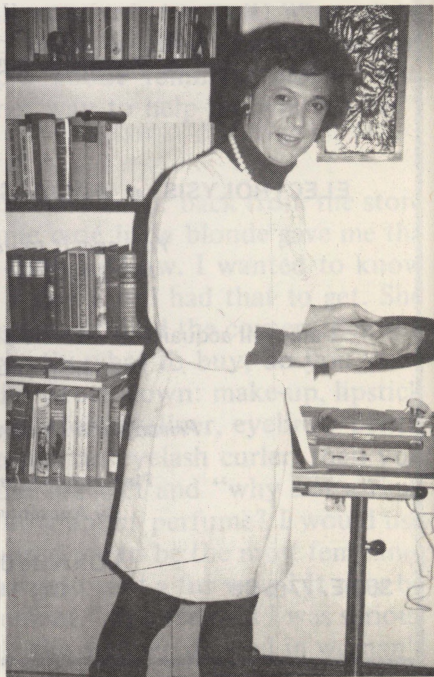
IRENE 13-W-4 FPE



Does this mean that our Julie (13-M-7) is depositing her paycheck or is this a place specializing in doing business with TV's?



RITA FB-B-1
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Psychological Test Results

Virginia

Many of you recently filled out a "Sexual Behavior Inventory" test which was prepared by Dr. Peter Bentler of the Psychology Department at UCLA and with whom I am collaborating on a book.

Since results of this test have now been put through the computer we are able to present a few of the conclusions found. First let me explain that one of the purposes of this test when given to "normal" people was to see whether there could be extracted from the bulk of the questions a relatively small series of questions that would form a hierarchy. By this is meant a series wherein everybody who had done say, item 18, for example, would have done all things 17 and below. This would provide a sort of stepwise scale of sexual behavior. When run on college students he found that the results did indeed provide such a hierarchy which turned out to have 21 steps. These 21 questions are given below followed by a table showing the % response of the student group and the TV group. It will be noted that for No. 1 only a small percentage replied yes, with No. 2 and upwards the percentage increases.

There are two interesting conclusions to be drawn from these results. By and large TVs rate very closely to the control group (We can't say "normal" since there is no way of defining normalcy, but the non-TV, student group served as controls). This finding tends to validate the test structure, since two very dissimilar groups turned out to be very much alike and the average age of the student group was in the early 20s while that of the TVs was probably around 40. This fact, accompanied by quite a

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different sexual climate today probably serves to explain why the TVs had a much larger percentage of responses to the, "I have had intercourse with a female" question than did the students. (Being older, I guess we've had more time to get around to it. Besides, about 70% of us are or have been married so this practically implies a "yes" answer.) This disparity throws their hierarchy and ours out of symmetry. The question about mutual hand manipulation of genitals to mutual orgasm is also quite a way out of symmetry with "yes" answers from students being appreciably higher. It would appear that in spite of accusations of immorality and sexual promiscuity made by the older generation against the younger, the students were much more inclined to perform acts which would come under the heading of "petting" than were their elders and not to have engaged in actual intercourse to anywhere near the 95-100% that their elders believe to be the case. Following are the results.

Questions

1. I have engaged in mutual mouth-genital manipulation with a female to the point of mutual orgasm.
2. A female has manipulated my genitals with her mouth to the point of my ejaculation.
3. I have engaged in heterosexual intercourse using rear entry to the vagina.
4. I have engaged in mutual mouth-genital manipulation with a female.
5. A female has manipulated my genitals with her tongue.
6. I have manipulated a females genitals with my tongue.
7. I have engaged in mutual hand manipulation of genitals to the point of mutual orgasm.
8. I have touched the genitals of a female with my lips.
9. A female has touched my genitals with her lips.
10. A female has manipulated my genitals with her hand to the point of my ejaculation.
11. I have manipulated the genitals of a female with my hand to the point of massive secretions by her.
12. A female has manipulated my genitals with her hand underneath my clothes.
13. I have engaged in sexual intercourse with a female.
14. A female has manipulated my genitals with her hand over my clothes.
15. I have engaged in mutual hand manipulation of genitals with a female.

16. I have manipulated the genitals of a female with my hand underneath her clothes.
17. I have kissed the nipples of the breasts of a female.
18. I have manipulated the genitals of a female with my hand over her clothes.
19. I have manipulated the breasts of a female with my hands over her clothes.
20. I have manipulated the breasts of a female with my hands underneath her clothes.
21. I have kissed the lips of a female for one minute.

Ratings

Students:		TVs:	
Hierarchic Order	% of Yes	% of Yes	Hierarchic Order
1	26	40	1
2	36	50	3
3	41	56	4
4	46	57	5
5	56	67	9
6	56	63	6
7	57	46	2
8	62	65	8
9	63	71	10
10	70	63	7
11	78	73	11
12	79	80	14
13	79	91	19
14	82	77	12
15	83	80	15
16	85	85	16
17	86	89	17
18	87	77	13
19	90	91	20
20	90	90	18
21	94	93	21

Some of the other miscellaneous responses are of interest too. While questions involving masturbation while imagining wearing various feminine clothing got generally high scores – 75–87% imagining themselves to be a female having sex with either another



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13-H-2**



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*My
Goal
Attained*

*Virgin
Views
by Virginia*



Snowballs, you know, have a way of going faster and growing faster as they roll downhill gathering snow as they go. Life is something like that too if you stop to think about it. We are born small and times goes very slowly. Each day seems to last and last and there are endless more days stretching away in front of us, an apparently limitless time in which to enjoy a limitless succession of

experiences. The gathering of those experiences is equivalent to the accumulation of the snow on the rolling snowball. The more the snow the bigger the ball so the faster it goes and the more it gathers, etc. As we grow older we accumulate experiences. The growth, perspective, wisdom, knowledge and point of view that we distill from these experiences gives us an increasing ability to perceive, to plan and to accomplish still other experiences. Time too seems to go faster and faster. To become 70 or 80 years of age (like your grandfather when you were a child) seems as distant as the moon and the likelihood of reaching it equally remote. But by the time you are 35 or 40 and suddenly realize that you have been out of college for 10 or 15 years and that you are already at the half way point on that improbable journey it suddenly jars you that as the saying goes, "Time's a wasting." It surely is and if you are planning to do some specific thing or reach some specific goal you had better "get with it" promptly.

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Now the above bit of philosophy just came to me as I sat down to write this piece since the events of my life during the past two years just seem to work out about like that snowball. First there was the divorce which freed me from responsibilities in that direction. Then I sold my business and retired to "do my own thing" as they say. This freed me from a lot of other obligations. Last year I went to Expo 67 and to a number of other places including the boat trip on the St. Lawrence seaway proving to myself that I could get on adequately as a woman at close quarters. Finally, last December I bought my own house and the results of that experience (which continued unabated up to the present) I recounted a couple of issues back. This time I want to relate two other experiences which coming fast on the heels of the others, is what made me think of the snowball analogy. Things can happen with greater frequency, with shorter intervals between them and of greater importance all based, of course, on the slow accumulation of background and experience over the proceeding several decades. I hope I can convey some of my feelings about these two events just so that you can share them with me vicariously. Again as several times in the past I feel it necessary to disclaim any intent either to brag of my activities or to seem to encourage others to "go and do likewise." Neither of these is the case. I simply want to keep you abreast of my own development and experiences to use the act of writing them as a means of crystallizing them in my own mind, so here goes.

The first of these you will hardly believe to be possible and sometimes I'm inclined to doubt that it really happened too but it did. Some of you may remember reading in *TIME* magazine last January or February about a psychologist who was holding nude psychotherapy sessions. Sensitivity training is all the thing in psychological thinking these days. Even big executives in big companies go to such courses to learn how to react emotionally and to be human beings and not business machines or top sergeants to their employees. But it was a breakthrough when a psychologist decided that to have such a session in the nude would really get down to basics (in more ways than one) and do it quicker. I have known this man for a number of years. He knows all about Virginia and he has in the past been to several of our Alpha-FPE meetings.

When I first heard about the nude sensitivity marathon it seemed to be a rather interesting approach but as I did not feel



**VIRGINIA and her
"Great Aunt" Dorothy
21-D-3 FPE
in Boston**



**Virginia on steps of
Lincoln Memorial in
Washington, D.C.
Picture from May trip**



"Aunt" Dorothy alone

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any great need for psychotherapy of any kind I gave it only passing thought. Then it was brought more forcefully to my attention when this psychologist gave a talk at a group I have been attending. With him he brought several people who had been at previous nude sessions and they told of their experiences. I became fascinated and the more I thought about it the more I felt that I had to do this as a last step in proving to myself that Virginia was real. This came about because I had long felt that I had cleared away all guilt about my TV in the course of giving the talks I had given to a lot of men's clubs. To stand before 50 or 100 men while dressed as a woman and at the proper time lower your voice and admit that you too were a male does not permit the maintenance of guilt very long. However, I became aware of the fact that people react much more to what they see than to what they know. Back in TVia No. 47 I related how the antagonistic psychiatrist on the KUP show automatically picked up my earring for me and in No. 51 I told about the police Lieutenant in Washington D.C. who claimed he could read me immediately, a few minutes later asking what my "husband" had thought about my TVism when he learned that I'd been married. Both of these men knew the truth but both reacted to what they saw in front of them, namely a woman.

These experiences and others like them proved to me that I may have gotten rid of what I came to call "gender-guilt" based upon my verbal admission of being a male when appearing as a woman. But what of my "sex-guilt" by which I mean how would I feel when my actual sexual anatomy was visible and I still stated and expressed my femininity? That was the \$64 question. So I decided that attendance at one of these nude marathons would prove the reality of Virginia once and for all.

So I made my reservation and awaited the fateful day. The sessions were to go on from about 5PM on a Saturday afternoon to about 4PM on Sunday afternoon. They took place in a private home with a swimming pool out on the desert near Palm Springs and there were 14 other people besides the Leader — seven other women besides myself and six men. We brought our sleeping bags for the overnight stay and food was provided in the fee. Three of the women and two of the men knew me from previous acquaintance, the others did not. That was the setup for the following experience, a real "happening" to use the vernacular of the day.

I arrived at the house about 5 o'clock as planned. I wore a thin yellow dress in keeping with the desert weather. It was cut low enough to reveal a little cleavage which was intentional. I wanted my womanliness to be impressed on all for the period prior to disrobing. My appearance was in no way unusual, however, as evidenced by the fact that I went to the best restaurant in the town for dinner prior to showing up at the meeting and attracted no undue attention.

The two day program can best be described as a series of "exercises" which is a not inappropriate word since we were participating in a sensitivity training workshop. When we had all arrived, gotten introduced and down to business all in our arriving clothes we sat around in a circle in the living room of the house. Paul Bindrim, the Leader, spoke to us and explained a bit about the history and purpose of such get togethers and attempted to allay the nervousness of some of the participants. Then he had us go around the circle one by one and introduce ourselves by name, telling the kind of work we did, and a few words about ourselves and our interests. I did not reveal myself at this point, just giving some general information.

The second exercise was that each of us in turn got up and stood in front of one person and without saying anything looked him or her in the eye steadily for about a minute; and then, following previous instruction, we "did what our bodies told us to do." The reactions varied greatly. Sometimes the two (regardless of sex) would just throw their arms around each other and hug a few moments. Several times two of the fellows wrestled a bit on the floor, one commenting, "I never had a brother I could wrestle with." One member of the group had been particularly up tight, critical and defensive to the point that people wanted to loosen him up and several of the others just took hold of him and shook him as hard as they could. In my turn I just gave him a quick shove and pushed him back in his chair and when he got up I repeated it, much to his surprise. One of the men who had known me before and who was rather surprised to see me there, was obviously a bit embarrassed and all he was able to say after the visual encounter was "Well, I guess you aren't so bad after all, Virginia." One of the girls who had never met me as Charles but whow knew I was a TV said something to me using the name Charles and various others, both men and women, gave me hugs and/or kisses.

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When it came my turn I didn't go around the circle 1-2-3 but jumped around as I happened to feel drawn to do. You must remember that I came to this group not only dressed like Virginia but feeling like a woman and with something of an inner assurance of being a woman (remember gender and not sex — I'm not a female) and I was determined to let myself go in that role to the very depths, no holds barred and no pretense permitted, this was to be IT. So the first man I chose to encounter with was a tall, handsome, tanned fellow who reminded me of Rex Harrison. I went to him and went through the routine of looking in his eyes and then I gently pushed him to sit down and I curled up in his lap and snuggled into his arms. He held me close and gave me a kiss.

I am well aware that in relating this and other events of the weekend that there will be those among my readers who will smugly, maliciously or ignorantly say to themselves, "You see, Virginia has a homosexual streak in her but she just won't admit it." This accusation will be untrue but that won't deter those who have a neurotic need to hold such attitudes. But it would be untrue and also destroy the whole point of relating this experience if, for fear of such thoughts on the part of readers, I were to omit, gloss over or otherwise fail to relate the experience as it occurred. I wish to relate the experience exactly as it happened so that those truly interested in it can live it with me. The smug, malicious and ignorant like the poor — "ye have always with you" as Jesus said, so I've learned to put up with them.

But to go on with the story . . . the girl who had called me Charlie got a good big masculine type hug and kiss when I came to her. One of the girls was a real little thing that made you want to take care of her. I bodily picked her up in my arms like a mother would have and carried her to the couch and told her that she was my daughter. Other males and females I spoke to, embraced, or reacted to in other ways.

With that exercise out of the way and everybody more or less having expressed themselves and gotten in tune with the feeling of sensitivity experiences Paul turned to the next one. He had each of us in turn discuss our feelings about the idea of public social nudity, our hopes for what we expected from the weekend, fears over appearing nude and so on. We went around the circle. Some of the men were fearful that they would have an erection (and others were fearful lest they wouldn't). Women were sensitive

about having too large tummies or that their breasts were not shapely enough, etc. When it came to me I told them that though I had never been nude in a group before I had no particular fears nor expectations from that fact alone, that I had seen enough of human bodies in fact and in picture to feel that sex was in its proper place with me and finally that I was expecting considerable from the weekend because I was in fact a male and a transvestite. Paul had told me to reveal the fact at this point in the proceedings and I did. He told me that I could have about 4 minutes to give a thumbnail sketch of what TV was for those who didn't know but not to go into it at length because there was too much else to do. So I made it brief but emphasized particularly that I was a heterosexually inclined male with a dual personality; that I had come to the workshop AS Virginia and I hoped that they would continue to think of me as such even though in a few minutes I would be nude. There was no time given for discussion of the facts and although those who didn't know already were surprised and somewhat baffled we went on to the next person without further ado.

When all had had their say it was about 11P.M. Paul announced that the next step would be to disrobe and go into the pool for the next two exercises. He pointed down the hall and said, "The room at the end is the women's room and the one on the left is for the men. These rooms are inviolate. Virginia, you can use the bathroom." One of the other girls spoke up and said, "Why should she do that, why can't she come in with us?" I replied that I would much prefer to do that since I didn't like to feel like an oddball or different but that neither Paul nor I wanted to embarrass or disconcert anyone. A second girl spoke up and said, "I don't see what difference it makes since we are going to see a bunch of nude males in a few minutes anyway." The others agreed and the upshot was that I went into the girls room with the rest of the girls and took off my clothes with them thus standing revealed in my somewhat hermaphroditic glory. Having taken hormones I have small but nevertheless distinct breasts and I still had my makeup and toe and nail polish on. I had to remove my wig but I combed my own hair down to straight bangs on the forehead and flat over the ears and out onto the cheeks a la the flapper style of the twenties, so with Charles down below and Virginia above I was not so much a sight for sore eyes as a sight to make the eyes sore. But it didn't make much difference to the others after a few surreptitious glances to ascertain whether what I had said was really true.

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There was a light on the patio but it still left things rather shadowy and we all went into the pool anyway. We did two exercises there which I'll pass over briefly as they were not of particular significance. First we each in turn floated on the water with the others on both sides holding us up. The idea was to learn to relax and depend on others (for the one floating) and for the rest to learn to support and feel responsibility for another since if they didn't the floater would go under. As the water was warm, the desert air likewise, the lights low, and some soft music playing this was something of a "return to the womb" experience which was warm, soft, comfortable, undemanding, safe and all problems solved by others.

The second exercise in the water involved one person standing in a circle of the rest and being handed around from one person to another several times while completely relaxing and going limp. This provided lots of bodily contact, support and responsibility for another and cooperation with each other.

At the conclusion of the pool activity we all climbed out, got our towels and dried off and walked back into the living room which had been gotten nice and warm with the furnace on. The lights were off except for some in the adjacent kitchen, the stereo was playing some Tijuana Brass and Paul had turned on a projector which projected a "light show" of multicolored shapes and designs. We danced in the beam of this projector, some together ballroom style, some in couples but at a short distance as they do nowadays and some alone, but we all gave vent to our feelings and sensitivity to the music. The effect of the vivid designs on the bodies was intriguingly pretty but served another more subtle purpose. It provided another transition between being together fully dressed and together nude. We had all gone directly from the disrobing rooms to the pool in subdued light and from the pool back into the living room and the "dance." With the bright and moving patterns on the nude figures you really couldn't see where a breast or a penis began or stopped anyway as it was all too surrealistic.

As the dancing dwindled away Paul turned the projector off and the lights up a little and we had a break for something to eat about midnight. This was buffet style and we all milled around and helped ourselves. It was surprising to me how quickly the novelty of nudity wore off. Sure the women had breasts and no penises

and the men had penises and no breasts and some were tall and some fat and that about covered it all. It was really quite easily accepted and adjusted to.

Then we all sat down on the floor in a circle and indulged in a little basic encounter. This is a currently popular psychotherapeutic technique in which each person reacts to the one who happens to be under examination in terms of how they FEEL right here and right now — not an intellectual investigation nor a historical recitation but an emotional reaction to each other. It is quite an experience and jars some people more than a little. I had been in a couple of these before as Charles but I found it novel to be there as Virginia under the circumstances. I remember that I was sitting right next to and close to a girl about my size, legs stretched out in front of us. Mine were crossed at the ankles so that my genitals were out of sight and I observed myself next to her — skin just as white, toe nails both red, breasts on both of us (though I was much less well endowed, naturally) and I was, believe it or not, feeling as much a girl as she was. I did not get personally involved at this time, mine was to come the next day.

This session went on till about 3 A.M. when we decided to turn in. In order to not let the emotional impact of the experience be dissipated in conversation we were instructed that there was to be no verbal communication with anyone for any reason from the time we left the circle that night until we were told the silent period was over in the morning. There were pencils and paper for those who had to make something known, but no talking. It was really rather weird walking around with 14 other people while getting ready for bed that night and then the following morning without a sound being made.

Anyway we pitched our sleeping bags on the patio by the pool or in the front room or anywhere handy and turned in. It didn't take much to knock it off that night. We were up and about at 8 the next morning so we didn't really get much sleep, but that was part of the routine. Some of us took a quick dip in the pool and then dried and assembled silently in a close circle in the front room. I had reapplied my makeup, combed my wet hair like the night before and pinned a big oleander flower behind my ear to enhance the feminine side a bit more. We all sat close enough together to put arms around waists and stayed there while Paul played some inspirational music and read some poetry. Only when

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that was done about 45 minutes later did we get permission to talk, to circulate and to have some breakfast. After breakfast we again sat down on the floor and talked a bit and then broke into a spontaneous songfest with the usual oldies like Dina, Desert Song, Daisy, etc.

When Paul thought we had exercised our lungs enough he called a halt to the singing and we began a basic encounter session again. Various things were said by and to various people and eventually I made some comment or other which switched the whole thing to me. Paul asked a few things and eventually hit something which, due to the subject matter or the situation I don't know, caused my voice to break when I talked and my eyes to fill up with tears. As is standard practice (SOP) in such circumstances the therapist sensing that an emotional outburst was near the surface delved more pointedly into the subject matter of the moment – rubbing salt in the wound as it were in order to make it hurt more so that you will let go of your inhibitions and spill your guts out for all to see or hear. This caused me to break down and cry openly. I really didn't mind doing so and in fact rather intentionally let go because I had told myself before I even went there that I was going to be Virginia all the way and at whatever cost. So girls being emotional girls cry and being a girl I went into the role completely and just let myself break down all the way. Paul said, "Lets rock her," so they stood in two rows and picked me up between the two rows and rocked me back and forth just as they had done the night before in the pool. All this time I was sobbing for real. I suddenly became aware of tears falling on my chest and looked up to find that Paul was crying with me and looking at the other faces I could see tears on all of them, too. The fact that Paul was crying too really shook me.

I must have looked something like an old-faced teenager because my legs were crossed, the genitals out of sight, the face made up, nails painted, flower in hair, and yet my very adolescent breasts evident. I don't remember much of what I said lying there except that I was sick to death of the requirements of being a man, the decision making and living up to images and all that. Paul said that I was a beautiful human being at that moment, more beautiful than either Charles or Virginia because I was one person, honest and open. I remember replying that it was terrible to want to be beautiful from the inside knowing all the while that you weren't beautiful on the outside. After about five minutes of

rocking they laid me out on the floor where I continued to spill out my insides and to cry.

I had a peculiar experience within an experience while lying there. Although I was still sobbing loudly I suddenly became aware that without any change in the sound of my sobs the emotion inside was no longer that of sadness, poignancy or hurt – the things that lead to tears. I said out loud, “I’m not crying any more, I’m laughing,” and I was. It suddenly seems so funny that I, who had come to the session secure in my knowledge of myself, at ease with my condition in life, and in general in control of the situation and yet of all the people present I had to be the one to break down and pour my heart out. It seemed so ironic that I had to laugh. I did so for maybe 30 or 40 seconds and then suddenly said, “I’m not laughing anymore, I’m crying,” and I was. Because by then the condition of myself and all TVs seemed so terribly pathetic to me – wanting to be gentle, feminine, dainty, graceful, pretty and so on, yet forced to face the world every day with a facade of strength, aggressiveness, power, dependability, decisiveness and all that. What a burden to live under! This thought broke me out in even deeper sobs and I remember saying that “I’m so tired of being a man and I want so much to be a girl – yet I don’t want any sex surgery!”

Well, I gradually ran down and Paul finally said he thought I’d had enough so I was allowed to sputter out like a dying fire while they shifted the conversation to someone else. I got up, got some breakfast, composed myself partially and eventually went over on the side, pulled two armless chairs together and curled up on them with my knees drawn up to my chest in a regular fetal position. Paul told the group that we were going into the pool again and that the women should form a circle facing out and the men a circle around them facing in. They began to get up to go out to the pool and Paul said, “Come on, Virginia, Let’s go.” I replied that I couldn’t as he had laid it out perfectly clear women in one circle and men in the other and that I couldn’t go because I wasn’t really either one. I was still all shook up and softly crying to myself. I continued saying, “All I want is for somebody to take care of me, I’m so sick of making decisions all the time.” Doesn’t sound very much like the Virginia all of you have read and some of you know, does it? But all the surface veneer is discarded and the real nitty gritty is revealed in an experience like that and I guess that is the real me down underneath when the protective

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covering and armor are stripped away.

Anyway, Paul said, "Why don't you let me make the decisions then," and I said O.K. and he told me to go on into the pool and that I could get in either circle I wanted. I replied that I sure as hell wasn't going to get in the men's circle. "So alright, then," he told me, "into the women's circle." So I reluctantly and somewhat embarrassedly went to the pool and got in the girl's circle. I wasn't embarrassed because of the nudity or the fact of my TVism but because of my just concluded gut-spilling and not being sure how the rest would take it.

The instructions were, without speaking look into your partner's eyes steadily for one minute, next hold hands for another minute, then place hands on shoulders and necks for a minute and finally, on signal, to "relax and react as you feel." This was something like the exercise of the night before but this time it was naked and in the water — skin to skin as it were. It so happened that I drew as my first confrontation the tall Rex Harrison type on whose lap I had sat the night before. Turned out he was a therapist himself but for that weekend he was just one of the group. Anyway we interacted and when the signal to react came he just gathered me in his arms, held and rocked me, tipped my face up and kissed me. Considering how I felt at that moment it was very appropriate, comforting and reassuring and gave me the strength to continue on around the circle. With the next man I let myself sink slightly when we had hands on shoulders until the water got right up to my nostrils. He got the message and lifted me up, just what I wanted at the time — to be dependent on someone else, let him make the decisions. So it went around the circle. Every one of the men treated me just exactly as they did every one of the other women without pretense or embarrassment. In fact the last man was the one referred to previously who had known me before and who had said the night before that he guessed I wasn't so bad. When he reacted, he too gathered me in his arms and kissed me. Anyway I cite this as the most complete acceptance and turnabout of feelings of anyone there. I think it was a significant example of how one can change in feelings about another person when one really knows them from the inside as it were. I had really shown my inner self in the preceding session and from that he had developed understanding and compassion and he showed it with the kiss.

After that, we went back into the house and resumed the basic encounter with another girl which was interesting to watch but I won't take space for it here. The last thing in the afternoon Paul had each of us in turn tell what we thought of the whole nude idea and experience. When I was "it" I told them how great I thought it had been for me. I broke down and bawled again when I said, "You have no idea how it feels to wait for 40 years – 40 years – to find a group of people who will love and accept you exactly as you want to be, not as you are." This thought was too much for me then and brings tears to my eyes now as I write this. It was all too overwhelming. As a generalization of the whole nude thing, however, I commented that when one takes off their clothes one peels the onion but you don't just take off clothing because with it comes a great part of the shell that each of us builds up around ourselves as the facade we want others to see. If you think about it a little you'll get a glimmering of what I mean. We all present a front that represents what we want others to see us as – the image that we want others to react to and with. With most people it is very largely artificial and untrue just as our clothes are not ourselves but portray fashion, expense, taste, position, status, etc. and help determine and influence how others shall think of us. Well, there is psychosocial clothing too that is not made of cloth. But when you remove the one you largely remove the other and stand there not only in your bare skin but in a very real way in your bare self, too. It is truly a remarkable experience and one that I would highly recommend to anyone. It's really tremendous and I rank this experience as one of the deepest and most important ones of my life. If any others are interested you may write to Paul Bindrim at 2000 Cantata Drive, Los Angeles 90046. He will send you information and has told me that any TV will be welcome as either himself or "en femme" as you wish.

But the main point of telling you all this was that it did just what I had hoped it would. For about 20 hours I was as naked as the day I was born but for those same 20 hours I was still Virginia both to myself and to all the rest. Although there could be no doubt as to my maleness (sex) nobody seemed inclined to doubt my femininity (gender) and I was treated in all respects as one of the girls by men and women alike. So from that time on I knew and know that I AM Virginia and Virginia is for real. This is the end of the road in the self acceptance battle – to be able to know and maintain ones gender orientation in spite of the visible evidence of maleness. This proved in a most dramatic way that **SEX AND GENDER ARE NOT THE SAME THING!**

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The second event of significance happened about ten days after I got back from my May trip. I had to become Charles for three days to take care of some legal matters and then reverted to Virginia again. Since I had no pressing need to be Charles again for some time I decided to visit a friend of mine who is a hair stylist and get a permanent wave, which I did. So, since about the tenth of June I have lived all the time as Virginia and have been wearing my own hair for all this time. Moreover I have been to another more convenient beauty shop four times for a shampoo and set. My friend knew the score but the beauty shop did not so I have gotten the same treatment as the rest of the women. It's been an interesting experience.

But the part that is really important is the effect of wearing one's own hair in place of a wig. When you pick up a wig from the stylist every little hair is in place. The wig looks great and when you put it on you look great. Then if a wind ruffles it a bit or a trailing branch snags a few hairs etc. you feel messed up too. Moreover, with the amount of hair in most wigs there is the question of whether it is a wig or natural hair. With your own hair there isn't so much of it and it is obvious that it is yours because they don't make such short and "thin" wigs. In the casual styles worn today if the wind ruffles your hair a quick pat and it's back in place. In addition you begin to notice that no other woman's hair is not just perfect either and that most of them are loose and casual too so what goes for them goes for you. The effect on one's sense of reality is fabulous. You feel that you can do anything and not be read because "anyone can see that that is a woman's real hair." I found myself the other morning carrying the trash out to the street for collection in my nightie, robe, slippers, no makeup and curlers in my hair. Not an attractive sight I agree but a "real and authentic one." A couple of months ago and I would not have dared to be seen in such extreme informality. But today I just feel that I am me and that I'm for real and can do anything any other woman can do (well, almost anything). Today I found that I could brush my hair and it would fall back into an acceptable style. It would be hard to explain to most people the extreme joy and satisfaction that this simple act gave me. Perhaps a TV may be able to understand. Later in the day I was out in the front yard. The wind was blowing my hair back and I didn't care. In fact I loved it. It made me feel like some of the young girls you see running in the wind in television programs. I felt free, young, happy, pretty and completely me. I could never have gotten that feeling without the

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two experiences I have reported here.

So these two experiences combined have brought me to what I consider the ultimate in FP expression. There is nowhere to go from here anymore than there is anywhere for a GG to go but to continue being a GG. This will rouse the disagreement of those who feel that there is always something further (usually meaning surgery) but I can't be bothered with them. I could get no more gender expression out of life after such surgery than I can right now. The only virtue of female genitals is that they permit the reception of a male organ and as I have no desire for such a relationship there is no point in such surgery. I am not a "female trapped in a male body" as the TSs say. Rather I am a woman (gender not sex) using a male body to get around in like one might use an automobile to go to different places and experience new things.

These two experiences – the nude weekend and the wearing of my own hair have combined to give me the final knowledge and assurance of who I am, where I'm at and where I'm going. I'm very fortunate as not many people (TV and non-TV alike) learn these things for certain about themselves. A friend asked me today if I would go back to Charles or let him die away. I told him that there would undoubtedly be business occasions when I would have to be Charles but for my own purposes why should I? I told him that masculinity had nothing new to offer me, I've been that route all the way. Femininity on the other hand is daily providing new experiences, feelings and insights, so why should I change back. There are really no inducements. There is practically nothing of importance that Charles can do that I cannot do as Virginia, so what good is he to me? I won't kill him off, I'll just hold him in reserve against the day when I may need the more aggressive, sharp and alert strengths of masculinity. Besides, it's his turn to be locked in a box and hidden away like he did to me for years. Let him find out what it's like to be the "Boy Within."

PROBLEMS OF AN AGING TV

*To give my hands that female class
I pluck the hairs most every day*

*But hairs, I find are like crabgrass
They never seem to go away. .*

Conny (32-V-2) FPE

Editorial Emanations

I. **HELP US TO HELP YOU:** Mary and I are neither libraries, computer memory banks, nor Hitchcock detectives but some of you expect us to be all three. We get a problem, we write a femmenote answer with the printed instructions to send it back if a reply is needed. But we don't get it back. Instead we get a letter with no return address or name, signed "Marybelle" or some such, no further identification. The letter takes off with her side of the problem as though we had just finished talking to her. But her problem is about 50 problems back. Who is she, what is it all about, where does she live, etc. etc. These are all left to us to figure out. We do some darn good detecting and remembering but we are stuck on some and just have to put them aside till you write again asking in exasperation, "I wrote you all about so-and-so about two months ago and haven't heard from you since." What could we do? How about bringing us up to date each time you have to ask something, complain about something or suggest something. Then we can act with greater speed, knowledge and usefulness.

II. **ORDER SLIPS AND THEIR USE:** Sometimes a mistake or a misunderstanding occurs and it becomes necessary to go back to find out what happened and to straighten it out. For this reason we provide order slips with each shipment hoping that you will use them on your next order. We file them away so that we can refer to them. They are much easier to keep and to sort through than are a miscellaneous assortment of papers and letters of various sizes. We like to hear from you but usually there is no need to keep letters after their contents are noted so they are thrown away. However, if you place your order somewhere in a letter we

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have to read the whole thing to find it and keep the whole thing for tracing. It would help if you would save and use the order slips or at least a small piece of paper separate from a letter. It would also help if you specified what issues of an item you would like instead of just "Transvestia - \$4. This leaves it up to us to guess and we could guess wrong.

III. TRACING "NON RECEIPTS": Mistakes on our part and losses on the part of the P.O. are bound to happen. We do all we can think of to double check ourselves but things do get fouled up sometimes or misfiled or something. When you have sent money in and haven't gotten your merchandise and write to inquire about it please tell us about when the order was sent. We maintain a log book in which are entered all incoming orders. Even if some booboo takes place after that, the entry should be in the log book because it is put there the minute the letter is opened. That is the place from which we start to trace so give us the date. The P.O. continues to do some funny things with mail that we can't control. All we can do is to be sure that we get an order to the P.O. To keep our skirts clean we make a list of names and numbers of finished parcels, sealed, stamped, addressed and ready to go. If a name is on that list for a given date it was mailed and out of our hands.

IV. NOTIFICATION OF RECEIPT: One of the points where difficulties can arise is on our receipt of the mail in the first place. Since, because of circumstances, I cannot and don't plan to get the magazine out exactly on the first of each month you may get nervous waiting for it. Since you won't know whether you haven't received it because it hasn't been printed yet or because some slip up occurred along the way it is our suggestion that you send a stamped self addressed postcard with your order. We can write "payment received" on it and mail it back. Then you will know that we have it and can just sit back and wait for it. Of course if four or five weeks after the nominal publication date go by without your getting it you should certainly write and inquire because it may have been shipped and lost by the P.O. but you won't have to bother yourself and us by writing a "where is it" letter about the 10th of the month.

V. CHEVALIER IS A CASH BUSINESS: Please do not write to ask to be notified when issue No.??? is out. I have no time for such notification. Send in your order, trust us and wait is all I can



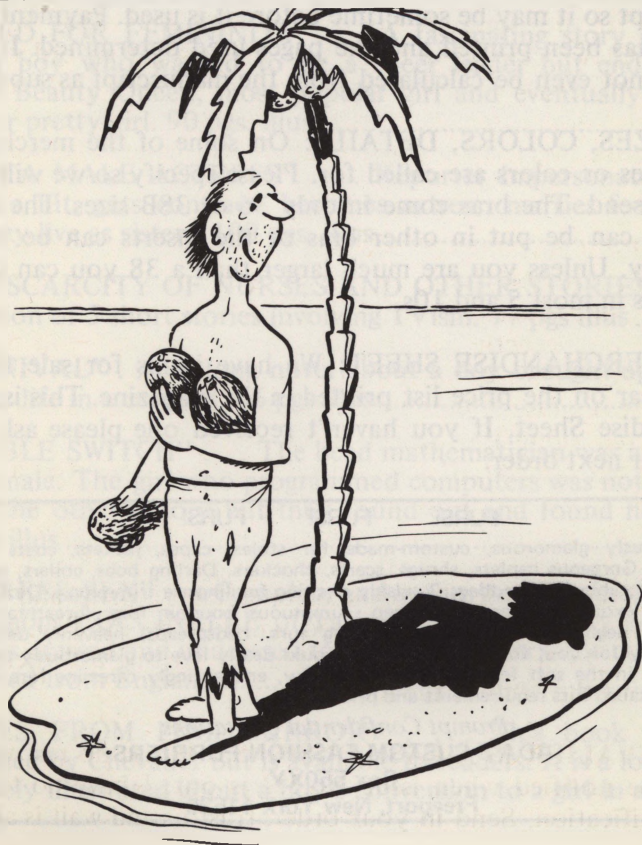
Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

(38-H-6) FPE Single TV, 19, would like to meet or correspond with other TVs in same age bracket. Also interested in tall TVs. All letters answered promptly. **KATHY**



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say. In addition please do not ask us to ship something "and I'll send you the money right away" or some such. It is all we can do to stay even with the details of this business and making up C.O.D. packages, or running charge accounts and trying to keep records of who owes what and collecting unpaid bills, bounced checks, etc. is just too much work. We can't do it, thus this is a cash-with-order business out of necessity — not from distrust.

VI. MANUSCRIPT PAYMENTS: I am this month finally getting around to starting to catch up on back payments so if something is coming to you be of good cheer. If you submit a manuscript please do not ask for or expect credit against present or future issues. I have no idea when your contributions will be used and again I cannot take time to keep records of moneys or merchandise owed, credited, etc. Submit the material and wait, pay for the subscription and wait. It's the only way I can do it. I sometimes do not have a chance to edit material for months after it's receipt so it may be sometime before it is used. Payment is due after it has been printed and the pages used determined. It is not due, cannot even be calculated from the manuscript as submitted.

VII. SIZES, COLORS, DETAILS: On some of the merchandise items sizes or colors are called for. Please specify so we will know what to send. The bras come in only 36 or 38B sizes. The inserts in them can be put in other bras or the inserts can be bought separately. Unless you are much larger than a 38 you can get bra extenders in most 5 and 10s.

VIII. MERCHANDISE SHEET: We have items for sale that do not appear on the price list printed in the magazine. This is a blue Merchandise Sheet. If you haven't received one please ask for it with your next order.

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Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for five or more issues. Acceptance is dependent upon approval of an application form and by a personal interview with the applicant's area councillor. Members of FPE need no further application for use of the Person to Person service and may do so by simply paying the regular fee.

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