

TRANSVESTIA

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No. 29, 1964

Purpose of Transvestia

The customs and attitudes of our society while recognizing and allowing great freedom to the female in the expression of the masculine side of her personality are largely blind to and repressive toward the male who discovers the feminine aspect of his total self. Feminine expression in the male does not imply sexual deviation. This magazine is dedicated to the needs of the sexually normal individual who has discovered the existence of his or her "other side" and seeks to express it.

TRANSVESTIA, therefore is published by, for, and about transvestites to provide them with:

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

by means of fiction, articles of opinion, true experiences etc. Its purpose is to help its readers to promote:

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

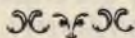
"When you make the two one...and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE...then shall you enter the kingdom" A "saying of Jesus" from the "Gospel According to Thomas".

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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VOL. IV NO.29

OCTOBER, 1964

COVER STORY



Since You Asked

Marie - 14-K-2

» Everything must have a beginning, so they say. I cannot exactly say when Marie came into my life. (See letter to editor page 55 in TVia #22, 1963). I am certain in my own mind that she made herself known and became a living part of my person in April of 1955 when I was 31 years old.

This particular day, I had finished my breakfast and then went into the bedroom to dress. I removed my robe, then seeing some of my wife's clothes laying over a chair thought just for a lark it would be fun to wear a pair of her panties instead of my usual shorts for the day. Why I had such an idea I do not know. All I know is that the thought occurred to me, so I opened the drawer of her dresser and removed a pair of lace trimmed pink panties and stepped into them. It was a delightful feeling as they were so light and smooth. It was such fun that I decided right then to go all the way and dress up completely as a woman. My wife and I are about the same size so there was no trouble in wearing her clothes except for my broader shoulders which I admit did strain the clothes some.

I remember very clearly how wonderfully smooth my legs felt as the nylons were drawn on and gartered. As each new piece of feminine clothing was put on the excitement and ecstasy in me increased and I felt almost overcome with joy. My heart was pounding and I knew that this feminine expressing was going to be a part of my life from then on. Isn't it strange how in just a few short minutes things happen to change one's entire outlook on life? I had dressed as a woman a few years before on Halloween and had enjoyed it, but this now was more exciting and more demanding. Something within myself that had been dormant before, was now being awakened. Reaching behind me I hooked the bra and stuffed the cups full with tissue from the vanity. Next came a white slip and it felt heavenly as it slid down over my body into place.

This thrill of dressing is now now no less thrilling or enchanting nine years later than it was on that day. A pair of my wife's shoes was the only item that gave me trouble as she wears a 6A and I wear a 7B. However, I did manage to put on a pair of her black patent pumps with 2-78" heels and even though too small they made my feminine feeling soar even higher and any discomfort rapidly disappeared. Finally I put on a dress. It was rust color with a small collar and black buttons to the waist. The skirt was full and ended about 5 inches below my knee. Just about the proper length for fashions of 1955. Next I sat down at my wife's dressing table and applied liquid make-up to my face, then powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, and mascara. All of this time my wife, Viv, was in the living room and had no idea of what I was doing. I finished by putting on a white single strand necklace, matching bracelet, and earrings. I didn't have a wig so combed my hair in the same manner that I always wore it. A look into the mirror did not show a beautiful girl looking back at me but it did show a much more feminine looking me. No great shock or thrill here but more of an agreement with myself that I didn't look ridiculous.

I opened the bedroom door and walked into the living room. My wife looked up from her book and after a couple of seconds she said "What's all this for?" I replied "Oh, no reason, I just wanted to see how I would look dressed up as a woman." Her only comment



MARIE IN 1955



MARIE TODAY



BETA'S SECRETARY
SENDING INVITATIONS



CATCHING UP ON TVia



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was "That dress is too small for you and you will be splitting it out at the seams." After assuring her that I would be careful not to rip or tear it, I sat down next to her and proceeded to tell her that I really enjoyed being dressed this way. She, of course, could see no reason for it. But after more discussion, agreed that I could put on some of her old things, once in a while if it was done without our son's knowledge. (He was then eight years old). This of course, I immediately agreed to and my dressing at home in evenings after our son had gone to bed and on weekends when we were alone became wonderful and happy times. The peace, contentment, joy, and relaxation that came with these dress-up times was a pleasure of much greater depth than I had ever known. Of course, there were times when I would feel guilty and all of the remorse that went with it, but with the help and understanding of a wonderful wife the guilt that I felt I had to show became less and grew weaker, while our marriage and love for each other grew stronger day by day.

Logic and reason told us that there must be other people somewhere that felt as I did. How I longed to find and talk to just one such person. My searching was in vain. Seven years more had gone by when I picked up the March, 1962 issue of Sexology and read the article by C. Prince, "166 Men In Dresses". A letter to the magazine produced the address of the author/. With hope in my heart I wrote C. Prince. Thank what ever God there be for this wonderful person. Now began a period in my life that is still making life more beautiful with each new sunrise.

Reading about the feelings and expression of others like myself, knowing of some of the problems they have had, and how in many instances they have worked out and overcome their problems, has been a great help to me. Being able to dress at home with my wife's approval gave me many wonderful feminine days. Doing dishes, dusting, cooking, and the hundred other tasks a woman does were and still are fun for me. Both my wife and I liked the name Marie so Marie was adopted as a part of our family.

Viv and I have always enjoyed shopping together so It was no problem to acquire a wardrobe of my own. My

dressess, skirts, blouses, coats, etc, hang in a large closet beside my wife's clothing and my lingerie fills two large drawers of our dresses. 'We share our hats and purses as this gives us both a larger selection to choose from for any occasion. I enjoy wearing my wig while Viv combs and puts it up on rollers, then I assist assist her with the house work while it is drying. She then works it into a becoming style while I watch Marie in the mirror become a lovelier woman.

In the development of Marie, it was my wife who helped with walking, mannerisms, cosmetics, and jewelry. At the beginning she pointed out the tendency to over-exaggerate feminine mannerisms, wear too much and too heavy a make-up which gives a false look, and the wearing of too much jewelry. These things are not done by well dressed women and call undue attention to oneself.

My eight hour a day job, remodeling the house, and the usual chores of maintaining a home leaves little time for feminine expression except on week-ends. This is further complicated because of the dropping in unexpectedly of relatives and friends.

I decided when my son was sixteen that because he had been brought up with a good background of sexual education that I would tell him that I was a TV. This would have been impossible for me to do without the information that I had received from TVia and other articles published by Virginia. One afternoon about a year and a half ago, I called him into the living room and told him there was something I wanted to discuss. I handed him the four page leaflet titled "A Brief Discussion of the Nature of Transvestism" that Virginia had sent me and asked him to read it which he did. Then I told him I was a TV and asked him for an honest opinion about the subject. His answer was, "Well, I don't appreciate it." I told him I didn't expect him to appreciate it but that it was a fact and a truth and I felt he should know. Further discussion followed and his acceptance of this dual personality of his father has been an education in itself. At no time did he or has he shown that the father image that had been built up over the years has been destroyed, damaged, or even touched, but



MARIE GETS HIGH
(UP ON A BAR STOOL)



WELL, COME ON IN, DON'T
JUST STAND THERE!



READY FOR AN
EVENING OUT?

rather he accepted the new personality as an addition to the one he knew so well. Last Christmas he gave me a beautiful stone he had cut, polished, and made into a lovely necklace. This is truly one of my most prized possessions. He discusses things with me now much more often than before--every subject under the sun. He has not shown the slightest inclination toward being a TV but has shown a good reaction in not prejudging people for any reason.

Soon after becoming a subscriber to TVia the Foundation for Feminine Expression was founded. The opportunity to join was extended to me and I lost no time in becoming a member. Through FPE I became a charter member of Beta chapter, and the wonderful friends I have met and come to know has made my life much richer. Being able to attend these meetings, discuss the various aspects, etc, of feminine expression, and of course to be dressed along with the other members is truly wonderful. To feel accepted as a woman and to return this feeling is the most natural thing in the world at these gatherings.

While I enjoy very much the feminine life of Marie, I enjoy no less the male side of my life. As a foreman in an industrial plant that deals in electronics, I am constantly required to make decisions and the technical problems are both stimulating and challenging. Remodeling of my house, taking care of minor repairs, and the usual maintenance of a home gives me plenty to do and brings much male satisfaction. My hobbies include photography, camping, and scuba diving. I also enjoy flying but because of the expense I have done little of it since obtaining my solo license. As husband and wife, my wife and I have a compatible and harmonious life together and as a family we are no different than the average.

Although I consider my FP activities are not something to be ashamed of, I am also very much aware of the social consequences that might result through indiscriminate divulgence of this to other people. Since an accident could befall any of us and my hobby be discovered, I felt it would be best to give some explanation before hand to save all possible embarrassment to my

family. For this reason I told my sister and brother-in-law that I am an FP. Again the four page leaflet was an indispensable aid. Both my sister and her husband agreed they could see nothing wrong with my hobby as long as it was accepted by my wife and son. As of this date they have never seen me dressed except in a photograph. Our two families enjoy the same activities together now as in the past.

Going out in public has added much to the development of Marie's personality and though done only occasionally, I feel as confident and as feminine as any woman. Viv and I go out together only when there is the remotest possibility of meeting someone that we might both know. We feel that the recognition of her by mutual acquaintances might cause me to be "read" due to a recognition by association.

The latest incident in my life happened just a few days ago. Viv had gone to the grocery and my son and I were home alone. I was wearing a beautiful green silk dress, my make-up was as perfect as I had ever worn, and my hair piece was arranged in a very becoming style. I was quite pleased with my appearance and feeling so wonderfully feminine. I had finished the dishes and started to make some fresh coffee when I heard a car in the driveway. Thinking it was Viv returning, I paid little attention and when the rear doorbell rang I peeked out through the curtain before opening the door. My wife always rings the door bell so that I can take some of the sacks of groceries on into the house while she returns to the car for the others. My sister-in-law's facial structure is very similar to my wife's and the quick look I had taken convinced me that it was my wife so I opened the door.

Yes, you guessed it. It was my sister-in-law along with her daughter, age 14, and her son, age 12. None of them recognized me but thought I was just some girl friend of Vivs. I quickly composed myself because I knew that now everything was up to me. In my normal male voice, I asked them to come in and not be shocked as I was practising for a part in a play, and that Viv should be back soon. As soon as I spoke, I was recognized (have to work on that voice). They said they would not



MARIE DOESN'T STAY IN THE CLOSET



Transvestia

have known me if I hadn't spoken. After they had entered and seated themselves in the living room, I asked my sister-in-law if she would like a cup of coffee. She said yes, so I finished brewing it and we two ladies had coffee, cookies, and a short chat together. I had decided that since I had been seen dressed as I was, I would not excuse myself and change. I was not ashamed of my appearance, but proud that they thought I looked so good as a woman.

In a short time Viv arrived back home and she also acted as though it was the most natural thing in the world for me to be dressed. We had discussed the possibility of my being "caught" this way many times before and had agreed that it would be passed off as "just practising" for a play. So it was that the next three hours passed much too quickly. Our guests for the day left for home knowing only that I was with a group of "impersonators" that enjoy putting on plays in which the women's parts are played by men. We know that all of our family will soon hear about this, but feel secure in the knowledge that we showed no ashameeness and may have opened the door to understanding just a little bit further. ♦

WHEN I WAS YOUNG
by PHYLLIS 22-A-1

When I was a youngster, I had long pretty curls
And I wore pretty dresses like all little girls.
With ruffles and ribbons and long dainty hose
A lovely young thing from my head to my toes.

So happy and thrilled were both Mother and I
And how quickly in shopping the time would pass by.
But there was a secret only she and I knew
You see, I was last in all in an all boy crew!

Views of a TV's Wife

by Viv

» I am not the most patient or understanding person in the world. I am one who does not make quick decisions and am reluctant to make changes. Thus when I learned of my husband's desire to dress as a woman I was somewhat baffled as to why as I had never heard of such a thing. (He did not become a TV until after we had been married for twelve years.) I even felt perhaps it was because of a lack of femininity on my part.

I was considered a tomboy when I was a child. I was the oldest of two girls and my father had wanted a boy. I played soft ball, pitched horseshoes, swam, and fished as I enjoyed my father's attention and company. This may be partly because of a baby sister I resented. Nevertheless, as a young girl I enjoyed being a girl and never felt I wasn't feminine.

I felt if dressing this way was what my husband wanted and it made him happy, I could make the adjustment as long as it was a "private affair" and didn't consume all his spare time. I objected to our son knowing as it might influence his life. I feel life has enough problems without adding to them. As he became older I realized he might discover by accident about his father and agreed it was best he learn of it in a frank discussion. We have raised our son to think for himself and not be a follower of the crowd. He also considers himself a non-conformist and at the age of 17 is sporting a beard and wearing Beatle Boots. We have never had a discipline or teenage problem with him as so many parents of today are having.

I don't feel our marriage has had any more problems than the average. In fact I feel we are more open in our feelings and discussions than most of our acquaintances. My husband, in the past, had occasionally had guilt feelings which I felt were unnecessary as he has always been free to dress at home. Our problem has never been his dressing but with my accepting him as Marie when he is in feminine dress. Fears of losing my own femininity by accepting his and that he might become a transsexual have been the reason for this. I know now both fears are groundless.

I have met several TVs and their wives and know they are people just like ourselves which eased my mind about my husband attending FPE meetings. The first meeting he attended he was so thrilled. I admit I was worried but kept it from him until he was back home.

We have reached a point in our relationship where I enjoy Marie's company and occasional help with dinner, dishes, and housework. My husband and I shop together for Marie and I buy her birthday and Christmas gifts. As for going out in public together as two girls, which we have done a few times, I am still apprehensive.

I feel any wife who loves her husband and puts his happiness before her own, will accept her husband as a TV if given the facts and enough time to adjust to the situation with patience on her husband's part. To what her acceptance of TVism may take time and understanding on her husband's part.

I also feel women would much rather know the truth than have things hidden from them. If they feel their husband is hiding something, imagination can run away with itself and cause more unhappiness than the truth could possible cause.

Most young girls are brought up with the idea her husband will be masculine in every aspect of the word. After years with this idea it cannot be changed over night. A husband should give his wife all the patience and understanding he is asking of her in accepting him as a TV.

Life can be beautiful for a transvestite and his wife!

TV HAZARDS OF:

THE INFLATABLE BRA

as experienced (?) by Tecla 38 M2.



PUBLIC CONVENIENCES
NOTWITHSTANDING, IT IS
ALWAYS BEST TO INFLATE
THE BRA IN THE
PRIVACY OF ONE'S
OWN APARTMENT.

NEVER, NEVER
EXPERIMENT WITH
LIGHTER-THAN-AIR
GASSES!



AND---
IN THE EVENT OF A
PUNCTURE, IT IS ADVISABLE
TO "AIM" IN THE DIRECTION
OF STATIONARY OBJECTS.



The Secrets of Dr. Caravelle

» Young Dr. Caravelle had two secrets. The first was this: ever since he could remember he had wanted to dress as a girl - and now at last he had rented a home of his own, and could do so, even if only in the privacy of his own house. He dressed in this way only when he was by himself, because he thought that no one else would understand his strange desire, and no one else could share it - except innumerable girls.

His second secret concerned a new and fundamental factor in the composition of matter, a factor which promised to give undreamed of power to the nation which understood it and could use it properly. This was a secret which might well tilt the balance of the cold war in favour of a warmer peace. It was a secret which a certain international gang would stop at nothing to possess.

Dr. Caravelle, the scientist, was not worried about that. He did not even know this gang existed, and if he had known he would have been unconcerned. He had told his secret to nobody except a few senior members of the Government and the University, so that arrangements could be made for the world's most sophisticated computers to test his theory for him. This was now being done, in complete secrecy.

Secrecy may guard a secret-but it will not always prevent the wrong people from knowing that there is a secret. Now the wrong people had sensed the excitement among young Caravelle's distinguished colleagues, and they were determined to discover what the brilliant physicist had achieved. They guessed it was a breakthrough in something - but what? Suave gentlemen met behind invisible and sound-proof doors; ordinary-looking, almost imperceptible people watched Dr. Caravelle whenever he went out. And some of these ordinary

looking people were his friends, and some were not.

But all these facts were unknown to young John Caravelle on a certain summer afternoon as he stepped quietly from his library, heaved the heavy door shut, locked it with a curious-shaped key, double-locked it with a special sound-lock, and sauntered homewards. He was looking forward to putting on a complete feminine outfit, to cooking a dainty feminine meal for himself in his bachelor-girl kitchen, and relaxing before the fire with a good book on astro-physics. So lost was he in these delightful thoughts that his slim form moved like a sleep-walker's, and his delicate face, slightly flushed but inscrutable, was like a sleeping child's.

Guided by habit, and quite unconscious of the path beneath his feet, he mounted the steps towards his front door. Just as he reached for the lock he stepped on some ball-bearings which someone had scattered all over the landing. His feet fled from the floor like startled pigeons; with the unreal tranquility of a dream he felt himself falling, saw himself clutch wildly at the handrail and, missing it, bump heavily on the floor.

Wide awake now, he jumped up quickly and glanced along the street to see if anyone had noticed his mishap. To his annoyance he discovered that the driver and co-driver of an ambulance, which had been parked across the street were running towards him carrying a stretcher. "Are you all right, sir?" one of them called anxiously.

"Perfectly all right, thank you."

However, they continued to approach. "Pretty nasty fall, that," said one. "If I was you, sir, I'd let the doctor here have a look at you - just to be on the safe side, like." He jerked his thumb towards a gentleman who, carrying a black bag, was already on his way up the steps, closely followed by the girl next door.

"Good afternoon," said the doctor kindly. "I happened to be passing just as you took that tumble. Per-

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haps you might let me look you over to make sure everything's as it should be- there will be no charge, of course. Shall we go inside?"

Dr. Caravelle was puzzled, but polite. Had they given him time to think about it he would have considered it a remarkable coincidence that both doctor and ambulance should have been present at the very moment when he had his fall. But the doctor seemed so concerned for him and was already moving towards the door, that the young man was in the act of inviting him in when the whole situation changed in a twinkling.

There was the sudden, sinister wail of police sirens. The ambulance men looked at one another sharply. The noise seemed to grow closer and closer. The doctor, changing his tone from warm solicitude to sporting defeat, remarked: "No? Oh well, just as you wish," and sauntered back to his car and drove off. Although he appeared unhurried, he moved with astonishing speed. The ambulance men also departed, and with equally startling quickness. In twenty seconds there was no trace of any of them. Dr. Caravelle, somewhat bewildered, was left with his bruises - and with the girl next door.

The girl next door was called Valerie Paul, and she was fumbling about in her handbag. Extracting a tiny transistor tape-recorder, she switched it off. Immediately, the noise of police sirens was cut off. Dr. Caravelle stared at the toy-sized machine. "Is that where the siren-sound came from?"

"Yes," said Valerie, rather breathlessly. "Clever isn't it? It's got me out of several tight corners - and this time it got you out of one!"

But John Caravelle was not listening. He was thinking what a sore trial the girl next door was to him. Everyone in the neighborhood knew that she was in love with him, or thought she was. This was pretty common knowledge at the University, too, where she was one of his mathematics students. She seemed to have a knack of turning up at the most unlikely moments, either to ask him some question about her work, or on any

Pretext at all. True, several other of the sweet girl undergraduates were also setting their caps at the lecturer, but it was generally conceded that Valerie was the front-runner; firstly, because she hardly ever left him out of her sight; secondly, because she was more brazen than the others; and thirdly because she actually was the girl next door - which gave her the best possible chance of meeting him. And now here she was again, just when he particularly wanted to be by himself. What a nuisance the girl was!

Right now she was fluttering about him like an anxious hen. "Oh, Dr. Caravelle, I'm so glad you're not hurt! My, what a bump you gave that door when you fell - look, you can see the mark on the lock!" She bent down and peered at it solemnly, then looked up at him. "Are you sure you're not hurt, Dr. Caravelle?"

"Oh quite, thank you." How he wished she'd go away!

"Not even the teeniest, weeniest bit hurt?"

"I'm perfectly all right, thank you," the scientist replied firmly. "Not the slightest damage!"

"In that case," said Valerie with a charming smile, "I wonder if you'd mind helping me with a couple of math problems?" From her capacious handbag she whipped out an exercise book and opened it quickly. "There's one here about the Binomial Theorem, and another to do with Differential Calculus - I think."

The lecturer was fairly caught, and he admitted it with a grin. Good naturedly he began to explain the problem to her, but she seemed uneasy, and her face became suddenly strained. All at once she clutched at the handrail for support, and said faintly: "I'm terribly sorry - but I'm afraid - I'm feeling - a little - I'm afraid I'll have to - to sit down."

The scientist was all compassion at once. "My dear girl - of course! How very thoughtless of me! Quickly because she was beginning to droop ominously

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he unlocked the door and half-led, half-carried her inside, where he placed her gently on a chair, and departed to the kitchen to fetch a glass of water.

The moment he was out of sight Valerie jumped up, sped noiselessly across the room, peered up the chimney of the ornamental fireplace, slipped back to her place as silently as she had left it, and was sitting up bravely when her host returned with the large glass of water.

"Oh thank you!" she breathed weakly, and sipped the drink as though it were nectar.

Caravelle watched her cautiously. Was she really feeling faint, or was this just another trick of hers to gain a few minutes alone with him? Silly kid! Yet she was rather pretty, in her brunette way.

In a few moments she seemed to have recovered somewhat, and gamely returned to the mathematics.

"Now, with regard to the Binomial Theorem one, Dr. Caravelle. I thought I'd do it this way. Let me show you."

Taking a ballpoint pen she began to murmur slowly various algebraic sequences, as if she was writing them down. But what she actually wrote was:

KEEP TALKING MATHEMATICS. WE ARE BEING LISTENED TO. THERE'S A MICROPHONE HANGING DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY, AND THERE MAY BE OTHER IN THE HOUSE. SOMEONE HAS TAKEN A WAX IMPRESSION OF THE LOCK ON YOUR FRONT DOOR, AND PROBABLY HAS A KEY BY NOW. I EXPECT YOUR PHONE HAS BEEN CUT; MAKE AN EXCUSE TO TRY IT."

John Caravelle stared, first at what she had written, and then at the girl herself. What the devil was all this about? He felt his face tingle and his flesh crawl. But Valerie was babblingsweetlyon.

"I'm terribly sorry to take so long, Dr. Caravelle but it does need an awful lot of writing, the way I do

it. Would you like to do something else while you're waiting for me to finish?" Her voice dripped gooey charm, but her finger pointed sharply at the telephone.

The young man took the hint - and his voice sounded strangely in his own ears.

"Well, I could ring the library and ask if some books have arrived yet. You keep on working, and I'll only be a moment."

He moved heavily to the telephone, lifted the receiver, listened. As the girl had predicted, the line was dead. Had the wires been cut? Why? By whom? He felt suddenly cold, as if he had plunged abruptly from a sunny day-dream into a grey and deadly nightmare. He gulped silently. The girl was smiling brilliantly at him, encouragingly. He achieved a casual tone.

"That's a nuisance. The line must be out of order. Never mind. I'll try again later." He returned to his charming scholar.

"KEEP ON TALKING MATHEMATICS," she had instructed him. Hardly knowing why, he obeyed.

"No, I'm afraid that method of yours would never solve the problem. Look, let me show you." She smiled warm approval, as he took the pen and wrote:

"WHAT GOES ON?" The words were a little shaky - but then, so was he. Already his prodigious imagination had found a hundred grim keys to this mystery, but they were only guess work. What were the facts?

Valerie handed him a little folded card. On one half of this was her photograph, and on the other half a photograph of a young man who could have been her twin brother. Across both photos was written the signature "Paul Valery, is an agent of the British Government. All persons are requested, and the British subject enjoined, to give him every assistance in the execution of his duty."

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While Valerie continued to coo and murmur about mathematics, her teacher goggled at this document, too dumbfounded to utter a word. So this very feminine miss was actually a boy! - and a secret agent! It was staggering. But was it true? What about the alleged microphone? And what about the wax impression of the front door lock? Surely that must be a hoax! Taking an electric torch, he padded silently across the carpet and peered up the chimney. Sure enough there was a microphone hanging down against the cold brick. He inspected the lock of the front door. There was a sliver of wax visible inside it. So Valerie, or Paul, was right. But what to do next?

Valerie was writing again: "WE MUST LEAVE HERE QUICKLY. GO AND GET ALL YOUR FEMININE GEAR AND ANYTHING PERSONAL OR CONFIDENTIAL. PUT IT UNDER YOUR BED, AND SIT ON IT." He looked at her with a sickly grin, but she was very much in earnest.

"QUICK!" she wrote again, "I'LL EXPLAIN LATER."

She motioned urgently towards his bedroom. To his own astonishment, he obeyed, flinging his personal and official papers into a suitcase, and all his research material, and packing on top of them his little collection of feminine clothing: his wig, his high-heeled shoes - everything. And all this time Valerie was following him around, helping dextrously, but gushing approval of every detail of every room, so that the unseen listeners, whoever and wherever they were, would think she was being shown around the house.

"My! What a lovely little picture! Did you paint it yourself?" She folded a nylon nightie and packed it for him.

"And that pair of fire-tongs - how quaint. Did you buy them in London?"

Prattling aimlessly, but peering keenly about with her swift, soft eyes, she discovered a microphone in every chimney, and was relieved, even though John Caravelle was staggered by the discovery. Obviously the enemy had not been inside the house yet, or they

would have concealed the microphones better. But the listeners would not be long: the wax in the lock was ominous. When they had cut the key - how long would they wait? Until she (Valerie) had departed?

When Caravelle had packed all his feminine gear into a trunk, to a fusillade of Valerie's girlish prattle she watched him crawl under the frilly bed-cover, like a large little boy. Lying prone, she signalled him to remain perfectly still and pushed the trunk in beside him. Then she took from her large handbag a tiny radio transmitter and dialed a certain combination of letters and figures. Without the slightest sound a section of the floor beneath the bed began to sink downwards, taking the startled scientist with it. Down, down, it glided, till it disappeared in the gloom of the secret shaft.

Valerie waited. As noiselessly as it had gone, the floor returned, to its exact position. But this time it was covered with policemen, silently crouching. Valerie gave no hint of acknowledgment to them but, still talking as if Dr. Caravelle were there, she tripped to the front door and, with a -

"Thank you so much, Dr. Caravelle! I'm so sorry to be so stupid today!" she waved her hand gaily, called:

"Goodbye!" and departed. The door, which was fitted with an automatic device, closed behind her. On the landing, careful not to tread on the remaining ball-bearings, she ostentatiously touched up her lipstick and left daintily for her home next door.

What of John Caravelle? Down he had sunk into the darkness, quite quietly. Then he felt his moving platform stop and roll sideways. Something hissed behind him, and there was the sound of a door closing. A light came on, and he found himself entirely surrounded by policemen.

A sergeant stepped forward.

"Good evening, sir." He produced a warrant.

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"May we have your permission to enter your house? I assure you, it's very important."

Young Dr. Caravelle scrambled to his feet and stepped off the platform, dragging his trunk with him.

"Why, yes - "Before he had time to complete the sentence the policemen boarded the platform. The light went out. The door into the shaft hissed open; the platform and its blue-clad load slid sideways into the shaft and began to rise. The door closed silently. The light came on.

The scientist looked around him. He was in a cellar which seemed to have no doors, being walled in what seemed like steel panels. He explored these panels, trying to find a way out - but without success. Again, he went around the room, testing, pushing at projections, hoping to discover the secret; after all, the policemen had got in; so there must be a way out. But where?

With a soft sigh a panel slid open behind him. and there was Valerie, smiling at him.

"Quick! she commanded briskly. "If we don't hurry we might miss the fun! Grasping one handle of his trunk she motioned to him to take the other. Together they moved into the doorway through which she had come and found themselves in a small elevator. She pressed a button, and they glided upwards into the silent house next door.

They were just in time. Outside John Caravelle's house a black car had pulled up. Outside the doctor whom he had already met that afternoon stepped out and approached John's house firmly, carrying his black bag. Beside him a nurse, in uniform, stepped purposefully, followed almost immediately by the two ambulance men, who had driven up in the doctor's wake. While they and the nurse screened him from view, the doctor knocked loudly on Caravelle's front door - and simultaneously opened it with a shining new key. Then they all went in, taking the stretcher with them. In the

house next door Valerie and John, watching this pantomime through a concealed periscope, smiled grimly. The would-be kidnappers had arrived just a little too late- too late to catch their quarry, and too late to forestall the police who, by using the underbed elevator, were now inside the house, silently waiting to catch the intruders red-handed. As John and Valerie watched, furniture vans arrived at both front and back entrances to the house next door.

There was a brief lull, then the sound of scuffling, and the "doctor" appeared suddenly, hurtling out past the front door, which he slammed in the face of a pursuing policeman. However, his feet, encountering the ball-bearings, flew grotesquely upwards; his elegant torso plunged downwards; and before he could recover he was pounced on by half a dozen of the constabulary who had tumbled from the furniture van. His case was now hopeless. Shrugging, he allowed himself to be handcuffed, and was soon joined by the bogus nurse and the ersatz ambulance-men, also safe in custody. When the quartet of would-be kidnappers had been driven off in the furniture-vans (which were really camouflaged police vans) Valerie turned to John:

"So far so good. But we're not nearly finished yet. We haven't caught the ringleader. We'll have to find a new bait."

Young Caravelle asked: "Then they'll still be after me?"

"I'm afraid so. But they won't find you, because you're going to disappear for a time. We'll use Jenny Louise instead."

"Jenny Louise? Is she another government agent?"

"She will be," said Valerie, with a slight smile. "At least, I hope so."

Dr. Caravelle said slowly: "Well I'll be glad to be out of it for a while; it's not much fun being the object of a kidnapping gang's affections. But these people are pretty dangerous, aren't they? Do you

think it's fair to use a girl to catch them? I mean - well, anything might happen to her - "

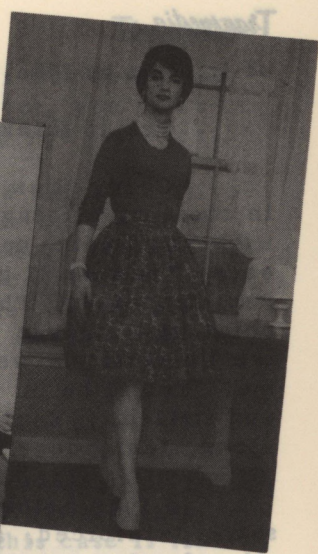
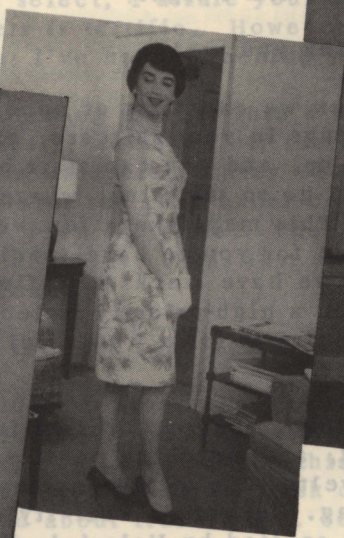
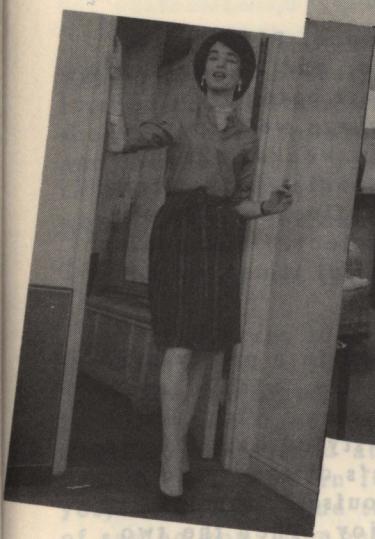
Valerie opened her eyes wide at him. "That is nice of you! But you see - you'll be Jenny Louise! And she went on to explain that, until the gang was rounded up completely, Dr. Caravelle would have to be hidden or disguised in some way: if he appeared in public, or if his whereabouts became known, he would be kidnapped in a matter of hours - unless he were in prison; and even prisons were not safe. So a new plan was needed, and the new plan needed a girl, and a very special girl - one who knew all about Dr. Caravelle, his friends, his ideas, everything. And there was only one person on earth who knew all that - John Caravelle himself.

"After all," Valerie concluded, "aren't you half a girl, to dress like one, to live like one?"

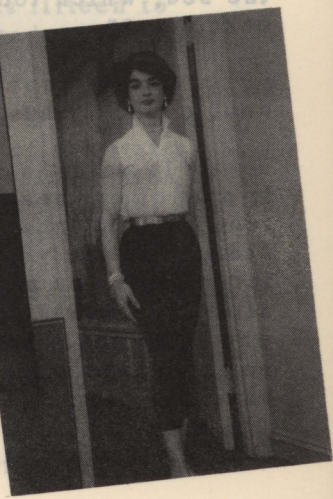
The scientist flushed with embarrassment, but Valerie's smile was gentle and understanding - and he remembered that she was also Paul Valery. He felt himself suffused with a curious joy and excitement.

"But how did you know about-about the way I feel? I thought I had kept my secret pretty well!"

"So you had," Valerie told him. "But you see, I've been very close to you for weeks now, looking after you, studying you, making sure no one kidnapped you. It's been quite a job, and I'd never have been able to do it if I hadn't been a girl, and one with a terrific crush on you: that role gave me a perfect excuse to hang around you. I've been everywhere with you-sometimes seen and sometimes not. I was at the next counter when you bought your pretty shoes, for example. Also, I recognize your TV mail, even in the envelope, because I receive the same sort of mail myself from Chevalier Publications. You see, you mustn't forget that I'm a TV too, and have a fellow-feeling. And that's how I know you'll be able to play the part of Jenny Louise. You won't be acting: you'll just be yourself. Of course you'll probably find it very demanding and rather exhausting at first, but you'll love every minute



JESSICA 32-T-4



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of it, just as I do. Am I right?"

"Yes, I think you are!"

"Good. Now we can start at once. Please dress in those nice things in your suitcase, and I'll help you with your make-up, and you can start being Jenny at once. Then we'll go to the Club, where we'll perfect your technique. This may take a few weeks, but my chief will arrange for you to have special leave from the University - we have stacks of influence, believe me! You'll be on a high-priority project." She paused and smiled. "You're in for a wonderful time! So come along, Jenny dear!"

So John bathed, shaved, dressed in a pretty bra, softly reinforced, and matching panties, with a lacey slip of nylon, svelte blue woolen costume with cherry shoes and handbag. He wore a well-styled hair-do, and his make-up was applied by Valerie's discreet and expert hand. Thus he became Jenny Louise Beaumont, whose soul sang with long-awaited joy. Then the two girls departed quickly by car in the gathering darkness, for the Chevalier Club.

As they drove, Jenny asked: "Wasn't it a very remarkable coincidence that I should have happened to rent the very house that had the invisible lift under the bed, which took me down into your headquarters next door?"

Valerie swung the car dextrously past a big red double-decker bus.

"It wasn't a coincidence, dear. That little house is part of our headquarters. We arranged for you to rent it. Remember that young real-estate man who came to to see you a month ago? That was me! Now let me tell you about the Chevalier Club. It's named after the Chevalier D'Eon, a very famous swordsman who lived for years as a woman; and we chose that name to harmonize with Chevalier Publications, which have done such a lot for our cause. It's for genuine TVs only, who are prepared to act like ladies whenever they are in feminine attire, and like gentlemen at

other times. Very select, I assure you. The screening of our new members is terrific. However, you're accepted in advance: I've been screening you for weeks!"

Suddenly she swung the car into a darkened driveway, stopped abruptly, switched off the engine and jumped out. With a whispered: "Stay where you are," she crept back towards the road under cover of a hedge, and looked up and down the street. Then she returned to the car. "It's all right. I was just making sure we weren't being followed."

Backing out into the road again, she drove on.

"There are three reasons why I'm taking you to the club, Jenny. Firstly, you're a very distinguished girl - or, at least, you will be when this case is finished. So we want your help in our task of helping the world to understand about true TVism. Secondly, you need us - TVs yearn for the company of other TVs. Oh yes, we all do. And thirdly, there's the small matter of saving you from being kidnapped - and perhaps worse."

She slowed the car, and swung into a short drive leading to a block of flats.

"Here we are. Doesn't look like a club, does it? Well, mostly it isn't. But we have flats fifteen to twenty-seven, and they're interconnected." She garaged the car, and they went in.

Half way up the stairs she pressed a button concealed under the bannister. At the top of the stairs she pressed with her slim heel on a certain portion of a certain floor-tile, while simultaneously ringing the doorbell. When the door opened the girls went in, but found themselves faced with another door. On a stand beside it was what appeared to be a standard telephone. Valerie dialled C-H-O-I-S-Y (the name of another famous Frenchman who preferred feminine clothing) and the door slid open. They went in. Obviously, thought Jenny, to enter Chevalier you had to belong!

For the next six weeks Jenny learned to live as a

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girl among girls, to act like one, dress and make up like one, even to think like a girl. She found it a delicious experience, even though she had to work hard. On different days she acted as housemaid, waitress, governess to two little girls (TV boys when they were not at the club) cook, needlewoman, beautician. She learned to walk, to run, to throw, to smile, even to feel, as a girl does. She learned manners and dancing from a girl's point of view. She learned a simple but quite effective shorthand, and she practised her typing.

The day came when Valerie told her: "I think you'll do, Jenny. Now comes the first big test: you're going to a Stenographers' School to brush up on your Office Routine, and such things. Now you won't have to act like a girl any more - "

Jenny's eyes widened, but Valerie explained: "You'll have to be a girl there, all the time. But you'll be all right.

After that you'll go on to the University Typing Pool, and so, if you come through all that with flying colours, you'll be assigned to the Special Group. They're the typists who do all the Secret and T op secret stuff. When you get established there we expect some-one - we don't know who - to try to pump you. It'll probably be pretty subtle, and if he suspects for a moment that you're not what you seem, we'll never find him. And until we do find him, Dr. Caravelle is not safe. O.K.?"

"Yes," said Jenny, rather breathlessly.

She need not have felt breathless. At the Stenographers' School the other girls were all new and rather looked up to her. In due course she graduated and went into the University Typing Pool, where she worked for a fortnight on routine typing - lecture notes for professors, synopses for students, timetables and official routine correspondence. Here again there was no problem, and she found her knowledge of the university from the academic point of view very useful; indeed, some of the other girls thought she was extremely clever, so that, when she was promoted into the Special

Section, nobody was jealous of her. Her new work was more interesting, and Jenny enjoyed it tremendously, not only because it dealt with defense research and similar matters but also because of the fact that it threw interesting light on some of the erstwhile colleagues of Dr. Caravelle.

Because she was mentally very feminine, Jenny had no difficulty in adjusting herself to a feminine life. At tea-breaks and lunchtimes she joined in the vivacious feminine conversation with perfect sincerity, and during working hours she worked quietly and efficiently. Before long she had chummed up with several of the other girls, and soon found herself invited to parties. Valerie, of course, was delighted with her protegee's progress, and helped her to choose and buy the prettiest party clothes - and when Jenny demurred at the cost, she smiled:

"Not to worry, dear! It's all part of the national defense expenditure! So, before long, Jenny was well equipped indeed; she even had several high-fashion wigs to wear over her normal one.

But this was not the only thrill: she now had several boyfriends; and one in particular who was untiringly attentive. Sam Farian was not a very young man, but he was rather distinguished looking, his manners were charming, he seemed to have plenty of money, and was quick to lavish it on Jenny. Being a true lady, she would not let him spend too much on her, but it was an intense thrill that he should want to.

One evening she found that he was making love to her. Gently she repulsed him, which seemed only to increase his admiration for her. However, he accepted her decision gracefully, and as if to change the subject, began to question her banteringly about her work at the office. He seemed perfectly sincere and not very interested, but Jenny knew that he might also be dangerous; his eyes were as admiring as his words - indeed, far more so - which was a heady tonic for a girl who had never before been admired as a girl. But Valerie had coached her on how to behave

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on such an occasion.

Sam was saying: "You must find it terribly dull in that office - a girl like you - just typing, typing, typing. It must be pretty uninteresting."

"Oh, it's not, really. You'd be surprised."

He smiled tolerantly. "I'm sure I would!"

"But you would, you know. Why, I often have really fascinating letters to type." Again he smiled, ironically. So, as if spurred on by his unbelief, she continued:

"Well, for example, there was one today about a new type of detergent, and one about the character of the Chinese Premier, and one to Dr. Caravelle - a funny letter that was - all in figures and algebra - and one about the incidence of albinism in the African pygmies- terribly interesting, it was."

Her escort smiled again. "I'm sure it was, dear. If you like that sort of thing. Can't say I do, although I would rather like to meet old John again."

"John?" She concealed a little thrill of something unpleasant. Was it - fear? - disappointment?

"John Caravelle," said Sam Farian casually. "He's an old friend of mine, but we got out of touch, somehow, and I seem to have lost his address. I don't suppose you happen to remember it?" His manner was rather nonchalant, not very interested at all. But- and here Jenny suppressed a little tremor - he had asked the question about John Caravelle's address. And he was not, and never had been, a friend of John Caravelle. Jenny was the only other person in the world who could be sure of that, and she was quite sure.

She heard herself answering with just the right shade of regret:

"No, I'm afraid I don't remember the address."
Was it disappointment that flickered on his face,

momentarily, in the flickering candle-light? She added brightly:

"But I could find out for you. We're not allowed to take calls at work, and I'm not on the phone at home. But if you gave me your number I could ring you tomorrow evening - "

Sam thought for a moment. What was he thinking? Then he answered lightly:

"Well, it's not terribly important. But if it's not too much trouble - "

"Oh, it wouldn't be any trouble at all. Mr. Farian - Sam. I'll phone you first thing after work."

From her handbag she produced a pencil and a little notebook. "What number shall I call? Or would you rather meet me somewhere?"

Again he hesitated briefly. Because she was also Dr. Caravelle, Jenny knew perfectly why he hesitated; if Counter Intelligence caught him receiving this sort of information from a typist in the Special Section - he would find it hard to explain. On the other hand, if they traced his telephone number they might find more than he wanted them to see. He gazed thoughtfully at this starry-eyed wench before him. Again she guessed his thoughts: Was it likely that Jenny would be playing a subtle game? Wasn't she a real featherhead, if ever there was one - always buying more clothes? He said decisively:

"PQR 1789" and Jenny wrote it down. They stood up gaily to dance.

Late that night Valerie gave Jenny an address which purported to be John Caravelle's; it was strange how easy it was to think of him as a third person.

"If your Sam Farian is in the clear," said Valerie "nothing will happen. But if he's the man we're looking for - there'll be another attempt to kidnap Dr. Caravelle at that address - and the police will be waiting.

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Now, if you'll give me that telephone number, we'll have it traced - and then we'll be in a position to pounce, if necessary.

The following evening, as she had promised, Jenny stopped at a phone box, rang her Sam Farian, and gave him the address. Unashamedly, she found herself hoping that nothing would happen there.

But on the next afternoon, just as Jenny was leaving the University office after work, Valerie turned up unexpectedly to drive her home. All the way, as they sped through the city streets, she chattered about inconsequential things, but once they were safely in the Club again - in Valerie's room - she said:

"Jenny, I went to meet you, because I thought I'd break the news to you on the way home. But I didn't have the heart, because the more I thought of it, the tougher it seemed, and I had to keep my eyes on the traffic. But this is the score." She seemed delighted and wistful, both at once, and more than a little sad.

"Go on," said Jenny steadily. She could see that bad news was coming, but she was not unused to bad news; disappointment is the usual lot of boys who yearn for femininity. Jenny had had long practice at hearing bad news; she could bear it.

But it didn't sound exactly like bad news at first, as Valerie told her:

"Thanks to you, we've made a complete haul. We looked up that phone number of your Mr. Sam Farian. It wasn't Sam's headquarters, of course, but everyone who came there - including Sam himself - was shadowed, and so we found the place where Sam lived. Then, at the address I gave you (John Caravelle's address, remember?) they tried to kidnap John. They even used the same stunt that had failed so miserably before - doctor, nurse, ambulance-men and all. It must be in some kidnappers' textbook. Of course we had someone in the house to play the part of Dr. Caravelle, and bless me if they didn't give him a whiff of some gas and put him to sleep! They actually had him on

a stretcher, and were half-way to the door, when the police stepped out of the cupboards and nabbed the lot. Then we raided Sam's place, caught Sam and the rest of his crew, collected all sorts of fancy espionage equipment from various secret hiding-places - and that was that."

"I'm glad it went off so well," said Jenny. But her eyes did not sparkle. She felt as if she had betrayed someone - even if that someone was a traitor, and a would-be kidnapper. And besides, had she dared to hope that Sam might be in love with her? Perhaps her girl-heart had almost been given away.

But Valerie was saying, with determined gaiety: "Now you can go back to being the famous John Caravelle again, and not a mere typist any more. John instead of Jenny."

There was a silence. Then "But you see, Valerie, I don't want to be John again. I want to be Jenny. I've always wanted to live as a girl, and I always will. Oh, I know it sounds ridiculous, and I would like to get my teeth into some research again, but couldn't I do it as Jenny? Isn't there any way? Why can't we TVs dress as we like all the time? We're not hurting anyone. There's nothing wrong in wearing girl's clothes, is there? After all, millions of girls do it every day. Why can't we be accepted as we are? Why do we have to live our lives out, pretending to be what we aren't?"

Valerie's soft, dark eyes were brimming with sympathy and understanding.

"I know," she said quietly. "It's hard. And it's wrong. In some societies you could live as a girl if you wanted to, and girls could live as boys if they wanted to. But not in our society, yet. We hope to change all that some day, which is why we want your help at the C lub. You're famous, and you'll be all the more famous when this story breaks, and what you do, and what you are, will mean a lot to many people. We're working to change society's ideas about us - but for you to do your best work in that cause, you've got to appear as Dr. Caravelle again, and join us publicly-

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not as a girl, but as a man who loves to express his femininity, a transvestite. Our movement is gradually becoming world-wide, and it's enormously important: it'll bring happiness to thousands of people who wouldn't have a hope otherwise. But boys who live their lives as girls don't help the fight at all; nobody knows they're TVs; and besides, they're living in another kind of deception. No, that's not the way."

Valerie paused, and looked at Jenny very kindly - almost like a big sister to a little one. Then she went on:

"You see, dear, a TV is just a complete person both masculine and feminine. We like our people to master all their problems, both the masculine ones and the feminine ones: we think that's what God has made us for, and that's how we can be happiest and most useful. In some ways it's the most rewarding. That's one reason why Virginia got Chevalier going in America, and that's why we're spreading the good work here. This is the complete way, the pure way, the honest way. We are as we are - not one half or the other, but both."

She patted Jenny softly on the shoulder. "The University deserves to have Dr. Caravelle back and the world needs him - and he needs himself. But Jenny is needed too: there will always be work for her to do too."

Leaning over quickly, she kissed the other girl in a swift, sisterly compassion, then added:

"Valerie's turn is over too, for the time being. I'll be Paul again tomorrow - for a while - and, believe it or not, I'm rather looking forward to it. Manhood has its compensations, you know."

She went out quietly. The click of her high heels faded into silence.

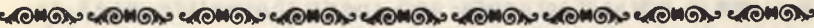
Dr. Caravelle's return to his University post was noted with joy by his scholars. They had discovered that he wasn't living in his house anymore, but had

gone to live at some club. He seems much happier than he used to be - and this pleases them, because of their affection for him. (Jenny Louise is pretty popular too, in her set.)

As for the lovelorn Miss Valerie Paul, rumour on the campus says that she was jilted by the lecturer - and served her right, the brazen hussy. Certainly, she hasn't been seen about the University lately. She is even said to have left the district.

The trial of the kidnapping gang is listed for hearing shortly. It is confidently expected to be sensational - especially when the kidnappers learn that the man they hunted was the girl who foiled them! ◆

Virginia Joy FE-M-1.



ON DISCOVERING TRANSVESTIA

By: Virginia Joy - FE-M-1

The hours of gay, wild hope; the stoic years;
Frustration and frustration and frustration;
The unacknowledged shame; the silent fears;
The long-accustomed, secret separation
Between my friends and me; the ache returning
Time and again; the grey, concealed distress;
The unaccountable and precious yearning
Which must be hidden, walled in loneliness;

Where are they now, the burdens borne so long
And never spoken-of? The hope remains,
But stronger, and the rest are like a song
Dropped from the hit-parade, as all the strains
Of those lost years sink into the lost past.
A gate stands wide; I glimpse my folk at last.

I Live It Up

by M. B. (9-B-2)

» I have just recently returned from a most interesting TV week. I was fortunate and spent the entire week as a woman away from home and enjoyed every minute of the week's experience. It has renewed my interest as it has been years since those two occasions long ago when I lived as a complete woman for a short time and to say I enjoyed it would indeed be an understatement.

Last winter I resolved to quit feeling guilty about dressing as a woman and initiated a complete modernization program in my wardrobe. I eliminated all items of old feminine clothing I had collected over the years. I sat down and completely re-analysed my position as a woman such as how I looked, the best thing to do with my face to pass as a woman, etc. I observed my figure and examined my wig. I listed the findings on a sheet of paper and commenced to correct and improve each of these items one by one as well as possible. At this time I was not aware I would be able to take a week for TV pleasures, however, I thought I would prepare myself in the event opportunity did present itself. I took my wig to a wig shop and had it completely re-styled and I did not hesitate to advise the wig dresser that I was planning on wearing the wig and wanted it styled to my features. I said that I did not desire any glamorous or exotic sort of a style, I just wanted it styled in a casual lady-like effect befitting a woman of my age of 45. The hair dresser suggested that the shoulder length hair be cut and the wig be styled for a woman who was greying a bit.

I was most pleased with the results. Next I analyzed my figure and realized I had gained some weight as the scale now read 173 lbs. Naturally I decided to lose a few pounds and just by eating less I finally reached 161 lbs. A man dressing as a woman has a much better opportunity to pass if the weight is kept under control and he maintains a slender figure.

At this same time I decided to pluck my eyebrows. Each weekend I plucked out a few here and there and after a period of two months they appeared very lady-like, however not severe enough to attract attention. They looked normal for any man who maintained neatly trimmed brows. No one commented and my wife never noticed the difference. I had read in a magazine of men who have plucked out their beards, Therefore, my beard being light I decided to pluck out the whiskers around the mouth. This area seems to be the most difficult to hide the hairs with cosmetics. Each week end I would permit my whiskers to grow and advise my wife I was tired of shaving on Saturdays. Each Saturday evening I would pull out a few whiskers. After a period of three months I plucked all the hairs around the upper and lower lips and no one noticed or commented. At the beginning it was a rough job, however after the initial removal of the hairs it was easy to remove the undergrowth.

I gradually purchased a new wardrobe. I decided to select basic color combinations as I could not have a large wardrobe and finally selected the light to Navy blues. I purchased several pairs of Navy blue shoes in high, medium and stacked heel pumps. I purchased several skirts and blouses along with a couple of dresses and always maintained a Navy blue color combination. This was completed by the purchase of two pair of gloves and several purses.

Summer was rapidly approaching and I desired to swim as a woman so it was necessary to purchase a nice swimming suit. I found and purchased a very lovely size 40 white bathing suit with a white platex girdle and water proof falsies. I completed my beach wardrobe with the purchase of beach shoes, jacket, bag and bathing cap. Developing a feminine wardrobe costs a good sum of money

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however, by a stroke of luck my sister received some unexpected money and she gave me \$100.00 for my birthday. This was a real break as now I knew there would be enough money to take a little trip. My wife was not yet aware of my plans for a trip and frankly I was petrified with the thought of advising her of my intentions. However, I finally grew bold and informed her of my plans which would include a week away from home living and moving about in public as a complete woman. I suggested that she accompany me and she was repulsed with the whole idea. She stated that if I were to carry out this plan I would travel and move about without her presence. She was concerned that the police might become suspicious and cause me some trouble, however, I kept reassuring her that everything would be OK, and that I would exercise discretion etc. I had been planning ahead where we would spend our forthcoming vacation. . . Because of very cheap rates during the summer, I figured that we should spend our vacation on the island of Jamaica. She did not wish to spend her vacation on this island, and instead it was her desire to see New Orleans. However, because of the heat and high costs I did not agree. Finally I did agree to accompany her to New Orleans if she would agree that I could spend a feminine week as planned prior to our vacation. She reluctantly agreed to this proposal.

I borrowed a few items of travel from my wife such as a hat box, blue traveling bag and several pieces of jewelry to complete my wardrobe. I also exchanged drivers license without her knowledge. Except for the height and the weight all the other physical statistics are the same. In event that I would be stopped in the periodic road blocks I could flash her license and sitting in an automobile the difference in weight and height would not be too apparent.

I departed on a Sunday evening and drove 20 miles to a small town and registered as a man at a very small isolated motel. I advised the clerk that I would be leaving early the next morning so I paid in advance. I shaved off all my body hair including the arms and legs. and finished plucking my eyebrows. I set the alarm and retired for the night. I arose the next morning at 5 AM and dressed completely as a woman, completed the

facial make-up, entered the auto and departed the motel as a woman. Several people were moving about the court yard as I walked to the car and no one noticed me even though I am rather tall (about six feet) when wearing high heels. I was certain before appearing in public that everything was absolutely perfect, because a man of my age must dress with great care. Although younger TVs can pass much easier. I was certain that my finger nails were well cared for, and that my facial make-up was applied with great skill. I applied enough pancake makeup to cover all evidence of whiskers. A woman of my age usually wears hose and although it was very warm I donned a pair. I did not include any slacks or capris in my wardrobe as I wished to appear strictly feminine. There was absolutely nothing in my bag that resembled male attire. The male clothes I wore while driving down to the motel I placed in a paper bag and locked in the automobile trunk.

I drove down the coast another 100 miles and stopped at a resort city and found a nice motel without a swimming pool. Pools attract children and I wanted a quiet place. I went in to register and was indeed petrified as my voice is very difficult to disguise. The clerk said to me, "yes man what can I do for you?" I almost looked over my shoulder to see who she was addressing. I advised her that I wished to spend a few days, however, I desired to pay in advance as I had a limited budget and I could then spend the remainder. I paid for a week's room rent and she showed me my large double room which faced the beach. I walked down a couple of blocks and purchased few small personal items. I returned to the room and donned my bathing suit, and at this point I was really frightened as I did not have the feminine apparel support of high heels, hose, purse etc, which people associate as they observe a woman walking along. People observe a woman more critically when she appears on a beach in only a bathing suit. I did not take a chance of damaging my wig in the water so I removed the wig and placed it in the hat box and set it on the closet shelf. I put a fancy bathing cap on my head, with sun glasses and large beach hat, and I strolled out on the beach. During the winter prior to this vacation experience, I had taken an old pair of my prescription glasses to an optometrist and advised him



M.B. 9-B-2

that my wife desired more modern frames and also asked for a pair of sun glasses. Therefore, this feminine pair of prescription glasses assisted me to appear as a woman. I felt that the feminine frames really helped to create the feminine facial illusion I was seeking. My activity on the beach was most wonderful. I joined a couple of women who were sunning themselves on the beach. They greeted me and I returned the greeting.

The entire experience at the motel was a huge success. It always arose early in the morning, shaved very carefully and observed a careful time schedule I would always walk a couple of blocks in the cool early morning hours and eat breakfast at a small restaurant. I would return to the motel and read the morning paper until about 10 AM. Then I would return to the beach and sun myself until noon. Returning to the room, I would shower, shave and completely redress in hose, heels and a simple dress. After lunch I would roll up my hair, retire for a short nap and again return to the beach until about 5 PM. Again I would shower, shave and dress for a more formal evening. On several evenings I sat in the motel patio area and knitted. My wife had taught me to knit and I really enjoyed the art of

knitting. This was a perfect scene in femininity as I sat there and knitted on a sweater. This completed the picture as no one would ever imagine a man sitting in perfect ease wearing a skirt and high heels and knitting away. Just about everyone in the motel had approached me and we would casually chat a few minutes at they asked what I was knitting and etc. A man as an individual would never approach a woman who is knitting and ask questions, however women enjoy asking questions about the knitting techniques, etc.

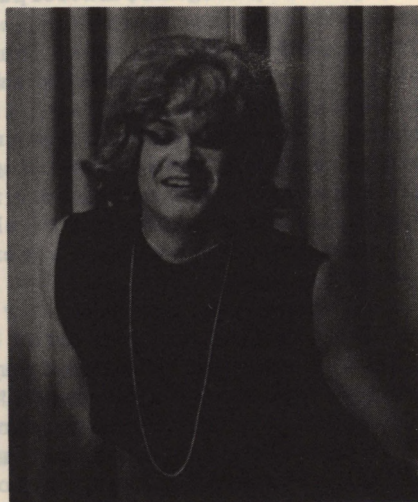
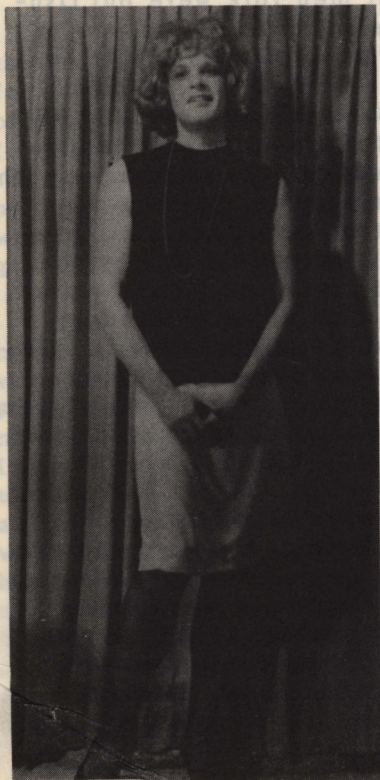
During my entire TV week I never received a suspicious look from a woman, however a couple of men appeared to be a little - well they were not quite sure. They appeared a little bewildered. Many of the women came over and with complete ease chatted with me. Several invited me to their rooms to enjoy a beer or a hard drink or to eat out as their men folk were out fishing or playing golf. I had a delightful, lovely and charming week out with the girls. It is impossible to describe how much I enjoyed it. The feeling of satisfaction or escape. I convinced myself I could pass and I was pleased with the fact. There were a couple of things that I had not anticipated. I normally shave with an electric razor however, I decided that during the TV week I would shave at least twice a day. So I employed a blade razor and shaved very close and by the third day my face was raw, and on fire. I had to purchase some medicated face cream which I applied at night to sooth the raw and burning feeling. But in spite of the cream application my facial skin became most painful on the later days of the week. I had to continue shaving, but the painful experience was something I had not expected.

On the last day I rose at 5 AM took the paper bag from the auto trunk donned my masculine attire and just simply departed for home. I'm sure no one at the motel suspected a thing. The experience I had just completed had been thrilling, glorious and just out of this world, and an absolute success. I hope I can repeat this experience again very soon and I'm sure now of saving my money for it. ◆

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KATHY--PENN.



PAULA 30-P-2

A Drivers License for Carol

TRUE STORY

by Carol Roberts 35-L-12 FPE

» Carol has been around for quite some time, doing the things that most girls do and enjoying every minute of it. She has been to movies, to nice restaurants and has shopped for her own clothes. The best times of all were when she was able to go to other cities and spend the week end. She has traveled on buses and trains quite often, but the day came when she decided that it would be much nicer to be able to drive her own car. Of course she realized that there would be a certain risk to this but she felt that if she were to get a driver's license this would keep the risk down to a minimum.

Taking first things first, she set about getting her temporary permit which was very simple to do. She simply got up one morning, dressed, taking pains to look her very best and in no time at all she was applying for her permit. The next step, and a very big one indeed was that of getting the operator's license.

Carol very carefully called the Highway Patrol and made the appointment stating at the time that it was her brother calling and that Carol was a mute but was ready to take her test. He also stated that he would bring the car out the night before and park it on the lot so it would be there for her the next day. Feeling that everything was now in good order, Carol arose the next day dressed with great care, to be sure to look her very best. She chose a light blue skirt and white blouse, topped off with a lovely little blue hat. Checking to be sure the seams in her hose were straight she slipped into her black pumps and throwing a white sweater around her shoulders, off she went to the Highway Patrol Office.

Transvestia

It was a big day indeed for Carol, one that would prove many things to her, the biggest being that she could be accepted. She arrived on schedule feeling very light hearted and gay but at the same time a certain fear gripped her heart as she entered the Office. A very pleasant looking Officer stepped up to her and asked if he might help her. She handed him a little note, stating her name and from the phone call the day before, he knew what she was there for and immediately ushered her into a room where she was to take the written test. After doing this, it was time for the driving test itself. Not only was she to be tested for her driving but she felt in her heart she was also being tested for the thing which meant the most to her, that of being accepted for the woman she appeared to be.

Would this Officer accept her for the female she felt she was? Getting into the car they started out. The Officer was very sympathetic to the fact that Carol could not speak and treated her as he would have treated any other girl he was giving a drivers test to.

After passing the test with flying colors, Carol returned home. She felt that she had accomplished a big thing in her life and indeed she had, that of getting her driver's license and most important of being accepted in the roll that she felt was most important in her life. When Carol dressed for bed that night in her prettiest nightie her heart was light and in her mind were the thoughts of what tomorrow held for her and of what new accomplishment lay ahead of her.



"Look at the way these young people dress today", snorted the judge at the horse show to another judge standing next to him. "See that thing with a poodle haircut, blue jeans, and shirt hanging out. I can't even tell whether it's a boy or a girl!"

The judge he was talking to coldly answered, "I can assure you it is a girl- she's my daughter."

"My apologies," mumbled the first judge, "I had no idea you were her father".

"I'm NOT," snapped the parent, "I'm her mother".

A Letter

From The Wife of Carol

» Yes, my husband is a TV, and my story begins about eleven years ago when I first found this fact out. At first I was shocked and really didn't know what to do. But I loved my husband and we had a baby son whom we both loved dearly. So I decided I would try to understand. It has been a long hard road since then. I have made many mistakes in my understanding and our lives at times, were almost unbearable. We were even divorced for four years out of that time. However, our love for each other and the fact that by that time we had two sons, kept us from getting too far away from each other. For this I am now thankful, particularly during the past year or so, because I think as people get a little older, so do they become a little wiser. In my search for knowledge and understanding of the TV, I have made it a point to read everything I could on the subject to say nothing of the fact that my husband and I have talked for hours at a time on the matter and with this I have at long last been able to except the fact that he is a TV. It is as much a part of his life as I am and if we are to grow old together and happily so, I am going to have to have great understanding, as so many other wives of TV's have had to do.

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There are a great many more things I need to overcome, but I think if one can accept her husband for what he is, half the battle is won. I will say that my husband even though he is a TV, is a wonderful husband and an even more wonderful Father. I feel that he loves me and I know he loves his sons dearly.

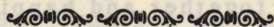
One advantage to his being a TV is the fact that he feels things very deeply and, I think, is more understanding of me, being a girl himself at times.

Of course we both kept this fact from our children and will always do so, to protect them, but there will come a day when, as all children do, they will be grown and will leave us. No matter how much this will break our hearts, it is to be, as it was with us. When this day comes I pray that I have even more understanding of my husband and then maybe we can even travel as girl friends once in a while. This I know would please him ever so much.

You see, because of the children I have not yet been able to accept this part, but let me say now to all wives: please try to understand your husbands and accept the fact that they are TV. Your lives together can be such fun if you do.

As I said before, I still need a lot of understanding but I am hoping that I will acquire more and more as time goes by. At least I am now willing to try. Our lives together in the past have by no means been perfect but I believe that trying to work out things together will be very rewarding.

I'll end this story now by saying; wives give your husbands the love and understanding they need, but you TV husbands don't forget that your wives also need your love and understanding to be able to accept you for what you are. Be as patient with them as you want them to be with you. ◆



Carol's Wife



JUNO
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TRADE MARK

Hi Sis

TRUE
STORY

A College Caper

by Daphne (FK-R-1)

➤ I first became interested in TV whilst attending the University of Scotland. It was on the occasion of the annual Charities Day, when a collection is made for various deserving charities by Students in fancy dress. There was always keen competition between the several Universities to see which could collect the most money, and many schemes were initiated for increasing the collections.

In Glasgow we had the best record of all, and each year we tried to improve on the year before. A slogan was adopted to set the theme of the day's festivities; one year our slogan was 'Add A Penny' and the next year we adopted "And A Penny".

I usually based my costume for the day on the kilt I wore when off duty, adding to it a red beard, or some other weird disguise to preserve anonymity, which is everyone's aim.

A friend of my mother's who was visiting us, offered to lend a costume for the dance to be held at the finish of the day's collection, telling me it was a Gypsy costume. What she did not say was that it was lady Gypsy. When I opened the suitcase she sent, I found a complete costume, with a wig and all accessories. Much to my surprise, when I tried it on, it fitted beautifully and when my face was made up and the wig in place, I could hardly recognise myself. The most convincing part of the outfit was the footwear, a pair of magnificent black patent cossack type boots, with heels four and a half inches high.

I have very small feet (size 7AA) and have always

taken an interest in shoes, and admired girls who wore high heels, but on seeing these boots, and being told I had to wear them, I was sure I would be unable to do so. My family gave me every encouragement to try, and I found that, with practice, I could manage quite well, and had a lot of fun at the dance, where I was mistaken even by my friends for a girl, and danced all the dances with male partners.

Next year we had a committee meeting to discuss plans for Charities Day some three months before the due date, and I suggested that, as there was great interest that year in the swim across the English Channel, we should go one better, and have someone swim the Atlantic Ocean. After a lot of talk we eventually agreed to this, and we started the hoax by calling in representatives of the local press, telling them our plans, and asking for their support, which they readily promised.

From then onwards, the newspapers started to mention reports of a magnificent attempt being made to swim the Atlantic by a young girl Miss Ann Dapenny, who was expected to arrive in Glasgow on Charities Day.

The idea caught on, and we had messages from all sorts of places, including Atlantic Liners which reported having seen the swimmer going well, and that she was keeping up her strength by a regular diet of, for instance, Johnny Walker Scotch Whiskey! For this advertising boost we asked for a donation to our Charities Day from the whiskey manufacturers, and got it! We then canvassed the makers of foods, drinks, etc. for contributions for similar advertising boosts in the daily reports of progress of the swimmer. By this time everyone was talking about the mythical swimmer and as the newspapers kept their reports on a serious vein, there was a large number of people who were not sure whether the reports were a hoax or not. We kept up interest by writing letters to the Editor about the unfair strain the swim imposed on a girl's heart, or protesting that she was cheating by using the Gulf Stream to help her on her way, and a hundred other such arguments.

On the approach of Charities Day, we stepped up the tempo of the press reports, and began to make arrangements for the arrival of the swimmer in Glasgow. We had

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a real swimmer to complete the last fifty yards to the reception base, starting out of sight of this base of course. The idea was to have this done by a male student wearing an outstanding red bathing costume, and to substitute a similarly dressed lady student at the time of coming ashore.

This scheme fell through however, as the girl student (from a separate college) had to withdraw, as her own college did not agree to helping us, in case it might interfere with their own plans. This put us in a fix, and we could not back out of the arrangements we were committed to, so we had an anxious time until someone suggested that, as I had gone to a dance last year dressed as a girl, and as the idea had been mine from the start, I should take on the part of Miss Anne Dapenny!

I may say that after my experience as a girl at the dance, I was not at all reluctant to take on the job, but I realised right from the start that being dressed as a girl for a fancy dress dance was a very different thing to carrying it off for a whole day, and in the company of V.I.P.s.

We got in touch with hairdressers, fashion shops, shoe stores, etc., and asked them to provide clothes in exchange for publicity. The hoax had by that time attained such magnitude that they were all eager to assist, especially when we promised them advertising in our news releases, and I spent a whole week before Charities Day in Beauty Salons, Fashion and shoe shops, being fitted for everything a well dressed girl requires. The first shop I went to I went in my own clothes, but when I had tried on the outfit I got there, I decided to do the rest of my shopping dressed in girl's clothing.

It was at this stage that I had a peculiar experience. I went to the leading shoe store in town, where I was trying shoes for fit, when the clerk suddenly remembered that they had in stock a full wardrobe of shoes which had been specially made for a customer who had since left the country. They were thus left with 12 pairs of specially made shoes with heels so high that no ordinary customer was interest in purchasing them. When I tried them for size, I found they fitted perfectly, but I was very

afraid that I would be unable to walk in them as the heels were all five inches high or more.

When I tried to walk in the shop I was just able to stagger around, but the sales clerk pointed out that I would have to get used to any high heel shoe, and I might just as well get used to these extra high ones and any others.

The switchover from the swimmer to me was carried out without mishap, and I met the Mayor with whom I was driven to the saluting dias in an open car where the parade was inspected, and photographs taken for the next day's newspapers. The hoax was a complete success and traffic brought to a standstill by the crowds of people anxious to see Miss Anne Dapenny, after her epic feat.

I spent the whole day making personal appearances at the shops where we had obtained the clothing, Fashion shows were organised at most of them, and I had to appear as the star attraction. The day finished with a Grand Ball at the City Hall, where I wore a truly wonderful gown, draped in jewelry and steeped in French perfume. At the close of the Ball, I returned home, tired but exhilarated, after the most wonderful day of my life. No one I had met had an inkling that I was other than what I seemed, and I felt I had succeeded in a way I would never have thought possible, and with it all I had thoroughly enjoyed the sensation.

During the next week I was asked to various functions to lecture on the adventures I encountered and perils I had overcome during my arduous swim across the Atlantic and had a lot fun, as I was able to wear more of the beautiful dresses I had been given by the stores. Naturally we collected for Charity at all these functions, to justify the effort.

When the Committee offered the clothes back to the stores they refused them, saying that as they were now soiled they could not be sold, and besides they thought that Miss Anne Dapenny should have them as a souvenir of a most successful publicity stunt! I had therefore, a wonderful wardrobe of outstanding clothing, three lovely blond wigs, and everything a girl could desire in the way

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of jewelry, perfume, cosmetics, etc.

I was staying at home at the time, and my parents were very proud of the way I had carried off the affair. My mother frequently asked me to dress up to go out with her in the evenings, which, I may say I was very pleased to do.

As I got used to going out, I often went to Cinemas by myself and made friends with girls who were not aware of my sex. During a holiday, whilst dressed in a cocktail frock, I was introduced to a girl, to whom I took an instant liking, and felt bound to tell her who I really was. She was highly delighted, and when I said I would change to masculine clothes in order to go out with her, she protested that she preferred me the way I was. I subsequently married this girl and we have enjoyed life together ever since. She took the view that as I had an extensive wardrobe of lovely clothes that I could wear with dignity, it would be silly not to wear them, especially as they had all been tailored for me, and would not fit anyone else so well.

She is, like me, very keen on wearing the highest possible heels, and we always tried to dress as alike as we could.

Shortly after our marriage, war broke out, and I joined my Regiment. I was posted to Middle East, where I stayed for five years, and had no opportunity or desire to be anything but a good soldier, and get back to civil life. During my period abroad, our house was destroyed by bombs, and we lost all our possessions. Luckily my wife was staying with her mother at the time and escaped unharmed.

On my return at the end of the War I wanted to get out of uniform as soon as possible, but had to wait for Ration cards before I could make any purchases. My wife insisted on renewing my feminine wardrobe without delay, but, of course, it was not possible to obtain good quality clothing in postwar Britain, and we had to put up with what we could get. Nevertheless, I had a start again and we had a wonderful holiday, going the rounds of theatres, hotels, and restaurants in comfortable feminine clothing, before I settled down again to civilian work. ◆

Daphne - FK-R-1

A New Start== Another Marilyn

by Marilyn (15-N-1 FPE)

» As some religious zealots say, I have been "born again" in the past few months. However, my "rebirth" has been of a different sort, although perhaps not too different at that.

All of my life, I have had two major motivations in life - religion and femininity. Until fairly recently, the two seemed incompatible. Now I am convinced they can live together under the common roof of masculinity.

The earliest known overt expression of my femmself came when I was 3 or 4 years old. I cannot remember it, but my mother tells of discovering me 1/4 of a mile from home, stumbling along in her high heeled shoes. Of course, they were too big for me.

I lived on a farm and was the oldest of three children. My parents didn't have much money during those depression years of the 1930s, but we always had enough to eat and were very healthy.

My brother, one year younger than I, was the vigorous, energetic sort who always wanted to help dad. Since my father probably didn't want two youngsters underfoot, I was assigned to help mother with household chores and gardening. Mother never made any attempt to feminize me, but she did brag to her friends that I was a good helper.

There was a period of several years when I was in grade school that my parents had frequent quarrels. I tried to remain neutral, but eventually I realized that Father was often being unfair, so I sided with Mother.

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I was the oldest grandchild on my mother's side of the family. So of course, I was the apple of my grandparent's eyes. Strict parental control developed me into a "nice boy", and made my grandparents proud.

I always stood at the head of my class in school and read avidly. I read everything - books, magazines, newspapers and mail order catalogs. Women's fashions always registered a special appeal.

Shirley Temple is just about my age, and she was in her heyday as a child movie star when I was young. My parents never took me to a movie, but I used to read about Shirley in the newspapers and admire her pictures. How I envied her! I used to have dreams at night about having long golden curls and silk dresses just like Shirley. Sometimes I even dreamed of being abducted and changed physically into a beautiful little girl.

During high school days I found that my mother's clothes fit me. I began to enjoy ecstatic moments locked in my room and trying on some of her lingerie and dresses. My best opportunities for this came on the rare occasions when I was home from school, and confined to bed with flu or a bad cold.

My sister and brother would be in school, my father outside working, and my mother busy with her household chores downstairs. Then I would sneak into my mother's room, pick out her best panties, slip, bra, and perhaps a dress and return to my room. No matter how ill I was the ecstasy of femmedressing made me forget all about physical discomforts for the moment.

At times the idea of a sex conversion operation has had great appeal for me. In the past I have rationalized this desire away by concluding that circumstances were not in my favor. I didn't want to saddle my parents and grandparents with shock and possible shame which would result. After I became married, I still had these thoughts of femmasculation occasionally. Then it became convenient to mentally blame love of my wife for holding me back.

I am not the type of person who would be satisfied

with the everyday routine of an ordinary housewife. My first goal, if femmasculated, would be to become a professional fashion model. Secondary choices would be office work or selling in a fashionable women's department store or style shop. Basically, I am not sorry that I wasn't born a woman. My real desire is to retain sufficient femininity so that I can pass for a real woman whenever I desire. I don't ever forget that there are many advantages to being a man!

It took me a long time to work up sufficient courage to go out in public as a woman. Now that I have mastered that feat, I consider my femmetimes not complete unless I do so. The most important element in femmepassing, I feel, is a ready smile. Next in importance is a good wig. I make a point of smiling at everyone who looks my way when I am in femmedress. This, I'm sure, helps any suspicions people may have. It's amazing what a feminine smile will do. Other women smile back, children smile and bashfully turn their heads, men tip their hats or run to open a door. At times like these I often feel that many real women don't realize how much fun it is to be truly feminine.

Naturally, any femmepasser is subject to attempted pick-ups by men "on the make". I have allowed myself to get picked up on two different occasions, just to see what would happen. Those two pick-ups have been among the highlights of my femmexperiences thus far. I found that I really enjoyed having men flatter me and buy me drinks.

In the first instance I was picked up by two men in a plush hotel bar. One of the men whispered a suggestion that we retire to my hotel room. I declined on the ground that "my husband was up in the room asleep". Inwardly, my femmeself was thrilled by his complete acceptance of me as a woman.

The second time I allowed myself to be picked up, only one other man was involved. He invited me to his hotel room. With mixed feelings of fear and anticipation I accepted. My "date" had a very lovely suite in one of San Francisco's most prominent hotels. He ordered drinks from room service, and we chatted pleasantly on

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his sofa. When I appeared indifferent to his advances, he became suspicious and asked if I was a man. After some attempts at coyness, I admitted that I really was a man and expected the worse to happen.


Luckily, he had a good sense of humor and thought it funny that I had fooled him for most of the evening. He complimented me on my appearance and suggested that I should be a professional female impersonator. We shook hands when we parted, and he teasingly said "Goodbye Miss _____".

The "new life" referred to at the beginning of this femmetreatise began when I discovered TRANSVESTIA magazine about two years ago. It's such a welcome change from the distorted femmebits I had acquired over the years from other sources.

One of the biggest guilt feelings I have had concerning femmepersonation was that it was nothing more than a form of homosexuality. Now I'm very happy to read Virginia's views pointing out the vast difference between FPs and homosexuals. Recently I had the chance to come to the Los Angeles area and personally meet Virginia and several other members of the Los Angeles group. I spent two wonderful weekends visiting in the home of Elizabeth, a saucy English TV.

Now I have begun to see femininity as something more than childish aberration. I've decided that it is a vital part of me which cannot be destroyed while I have life or normalcy.

My next goal is to quit trying to hide my femmeself from my wife. By asserting my masculine role in the marriage relationship. I hope to satisfy her female desires for domination. Then, as the dominant partner, I'll let her know that I intend to femmedress occasionally. There's a gamble involved, of course, which may backfire. The stakes are high, but so are the possible rewards.

Wish me luck! 

Marilyn

TRANSVESTISM AND HYPNOTISM

by

LEO WOLLMAN, M.D.

THE transvestite (TV) is a compulsive cross-dresser. It is because our society is unable to cope with this deviation from the accepted norm that transvestism appears to be rare. However, it is much more common than we suppose. Turtle⁽¹⁾ estimates that there are 3,000 to 15,000 transvestites in Great Britain. Statistics in other countries are not readily available because the TV does not normally expose himself to social ridicule by announcing his dress preference.

Rather, he indulges in cross-dressing in private or at special parties with other known TVs where problems of common interest such as make-up techniques or matching accessories, etc., are discussed. The availability of vestmental devices to educe a more realistic effect in gender recognition is a favourite topic of conversation. The parties are generally subdued, because a seriousness of purpose permeates the individuals in the group. The male TVs bring their wives to the parties and the genetic females often counsel the "apparent" females in matters of grace and dress.

Sometimes this condition is associated with homosexuality. Despite the reports from others in the field of sexology, it is the opinion of this writer that the incidence of homosexuality in transvestism is less than that in the general population. This opinion is supported by clinical material from private practice.

In some circles, the word Eonism

is used synonymously with transvestism. It is derived from the Chevalier d'Eon, a nobleman of Louis XV's court, who was France's envoy to foreign countries where he carried out diplomatic missions in the 17th century disguised as a female. François Timoléon de Choisy, who was later known as the Abbé de Choisy, lived for eighty years during the 17th century and 18th century dressed as a female, except for a brief period upon the death of his mother during his eighteenth year. The Abbé de Choisy had followed the example set by his close friend, Prince Philippe, Duke of Anjou, the younger brother of Louis XIV, King of France. The Prince's mother, Anne of Austria, Queen of France, often dressed her favourite son, Philippe, in girls' gowns, even at his official tenth birthday party in the Royal Palace in 1650.⁽²⁾ All the invited children, both boys and girls, were similarly dressed in fancy, frilly garments. However, it was de Choisy alone who chose to live the rest of his long life dressed as a female.

In the intervening centuries, cross-dressing has not disappeared. It has not been publicized nor written about extensively. Pictures of transvestites are available to prove that in every era, transvestism was known to exist. The modern-day Scottish and Irish kilts are considered national dress. The Greek peasant wears a short, full-skirted costume.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF MEDICAL HYPNOTISM

The ancient Greek wore a loose-fitting chiton, the ancient Roman a dignified toga, the ancient Egyptian and Babylonian wore tunics. In Byzantium, the dalmatica and the paludamentum (mantle) were customary dress. Both covered the body like a sheath. In the Middle Ages tunics were the common dress, either straight or belted. The Renaissance period introduced the doublet and hose.⁽³⁾ The doublet had a short, full skirt which covered the long, tight-fitting hose worn from waist to feet. This marked the beginning of trouser apparel for the male. The Oriental male costumes are derived from a robe-like dress. Many of the far eastern countries feature pantaloons worn by the female of the species. (A reversal of our accepted trend.) Within the frame of reference of the national costume, therefore, history seems to have vindicated the transvestite.

To illustrate the use of medical hypnotism in alleviating the emotional conflict in a case of transvestism, a case history is presented. The patient, a male twenty years old, had dressed in his mother's clothes since the age of eight. At first, it was done to amuse his parents, who responded by lauding his efforts at impersonating his mother. Frequently, during the following five years, he was called upon to entertain adult guests at social gatherings in the home. The parents were affluent and gratified their only child's every whim. The father was away on business trips for prolonged periods, and the son was aware of the many extra-marital affairs which

his mother pursued. He was frequently left in the care of a governess who permitted him to sleep with her, and observe her at her toilette. The boy was fondled and his genitals handled during these overnight episodes. The governess always wore a sheer, flimsy nightgown on these occasions. Sex-play was thus associated at an impressionable nubile age with feminine habiliments.

At masquerade parties in adolescence, feminine attire including dainty undergarments, was always worn, and the patient admitted having been sexually aroused at these times, frequently seeking relief from his mounting tension by masturbating while watching himself in a full-length mirror dressed in female underwear. Masturbation at these times, culminated in an orgasm more quickly than at other times. Even in his dreams, nocturnal emissions were associated with cross-dressing.

At the age of nineteen, he sought psychiatric help and was in therapy with a non-directive therapist for three months. At the end of this period he voluntarily ceased treatment because he was "unhappy with the slow progress" he was making. It seemed unlikely that he really wanted to be helped at that time.

A year later, he met and became emotionally attracted to a beautiful girl of twenty-one, a psychiatric social worker. The problems of transvestism and matrimony were openly discussed. It was thereupon decided by both of them that he should again "go for help." Hypnototherapy was requested because of

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the girl-friend's familiarity with this modality of treatment.

The patient easily and quickly responded to suggestive therapy. Hypnotic trance utilization of regression and abreaction released much of the patient's aggressive anxiety. He was made aware of the origins of his aberration and its close connection with the appearance of physical sexuality. By the use of training in auto-hypnosis he was given a feeling of pride in his own ability to help himself in altering habit patterns, e.g. the increased determination and the perseverance necessary to study longer and more intently on his university courses. Hypnotherapeutic sessions were continued to strengthen his ego and to maintain ego support.

After six months of semi-weekly sessions, he felt the need to dress

compulsively in female clothing was so diminished that he decided to marry upon college graduation, and temporarily terminate treatment.

An interesting postscript is the fact that he continues to seek hypnotherapeutic aid and support at occasional intervals while he is in medical school.

References

- (1) Turtle, Georgina: *Over the Sex Border*. Gollancz, London, 1963, p. 47.
- (2) Troncoso, Héctor Uribe: *De Choisy . . . Prince of Transvestites*, in *Transvestism*, edited by David O. Cauldwell. Sexology, New York, 1963, p. 41.
- (3) *World Book Encyclopedia*, Field Enterprises, Chicago, 1953, Vol. 4, p. 2,106.



"Doesn't trust himself anymore since he hired that TV as a Women's Nurse last week."



"But boss --- when you promoted from mail boy, you said you expected me to wear my best clothes!"

My Lady Friends and TV

» From the first day I bought my first pair of high heels, I knew that I was hooked but good. Needless to say, it was but a short time later that I bought the works. Actually I bought my first undies and slip by asking a friend of mine who works at the purse counter what size I should buy. I have known her a long time - she works in one of the leading department stores in San Francisco. She was quite surprised to learn that I was going in for femmpersonation.

Women are always rather surprised to learn "the secret". A girl with an early outdoor or very active background is usually better able to understand, I find.

Actually, quite a few of my lady friends know it by now and what's more refuse to be ashamed of it as I enjoy it so much. I really feel that we TVs are going to figure quite strongly in this Aquarian Age that we all are on the edge of and maybe into. I imagine that quite a few of you girls are astrology fans and know what I'm getting at.

To get back to the telling, I've mentioned this way of life to a number of my lady friends, and I've been accepted just as well and loved for it inwardly.

Imitating someone, you know, can be highly complimentary. There are a few dyed in the wool bluenosed

Transvestia

women around who think of femmepersonation as "queer" and homosexual. These people need educating, but give us all time and we will!

At church, I've gotten acceptance by going on stage and singing as a contralto, and though the people have been bulldozed and intimidated by a lot of outmoded and stupid social rules, they realize that we girls are pretty nice people after all.

I find talking about femmedressing to my lady friends quite easy as they understand my intense interest in it. It helps conversation when they realize that I've read up on fashions and what's showing in the windows of the leading department stores in San Fransisco.

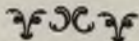
Femmepersonation also lets the GGs know that you have a wealth of understanding to offer and that you are not a common, ordinary, average male! The average man can have his "average existence" as far as I'm concerned.

When I go as myself, I'm always greeted warmly in the dress shops and lingerie counter where I go to purchase my finery - no embarassment or stuttering at all. It's all in thinking of femmepersonation as the most ancient and honorable of all the theatre arts.

Positive viewpoint and all that, you know. By telling your lady friends that you enjoy femmepersonation, it's actually telling them that you have the courage of your convictions. ♦

Lovingly Yours,

Barbara





CATHY--PENN



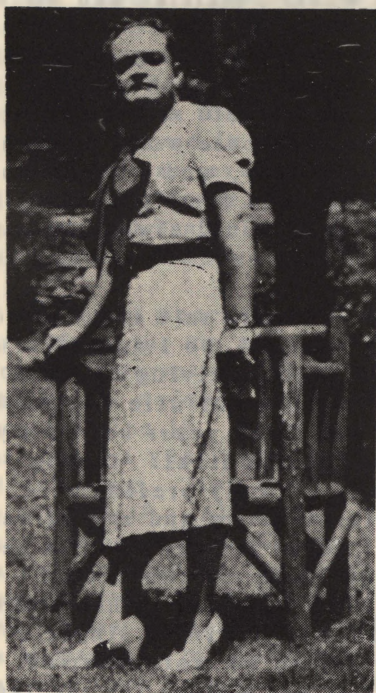
EDWINA 13-M-1 FPE
AT ONE OF HER PERFORMANCES



BARBARA 13-S-3 FPE



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Virginia:

In my last note to you, I promised to write you more data on my life as a girl so here goes -

After graduating from private school, I lived with my mother in an apartment on fashionable Park Avenue in New York City - we had three servants, including a butler. I was dressed as a girl at all times. I had some very pretty housedresses, luncheon dresses, afternoon dresses and two lovely gowns. One a royal blue satin and the other a black velvet. One of these I always wore to the Opera with mother every Monday night, or to the theater other nights. With some of mother's jewelry and one of her fur wraps. I passed easily as her daughter.

I had a wig but did not use it much as my own hair was long and naturally curly and wavy. Mother had a hair dresser come to the apartment to do her hair and he also did mine.

I was now in my twenties and as happy as could be but when I reached 28, mother passed away. I was dazed not knowing what to do. Finally after her estate was

Transvestia

settled, I had my hair cut a little shorter, dressed as a man and went off to your beloved Hollywood.

While there, I met a girl whom I married and we rented a house in North Hollywood, at this time it was known as Lankershim. I began dressing as a girl again much to her amusement. She loved to ride horseback which she did every morning. So I would stay home dressed as the housewife and do the house work. My next door neighbor, an attractive lady, and I became great friends and would visit back and forth each day. At night if we were entertaining, I would always wear pretty frocks.

But after four years of this my wife said she wanted a man for a husband and not a woman. So I agreed to a divorce, and came East again. Upon arriving back in New York, I began going with my present wife whom I had known before going West. It was three years before my first wife's California divorce became final. During those three years, I went steady with my present wife. I told her of my love for feminine attire and she agreed to let me wear it, providing I never let anyone else see me dressed that way. She even made me two cotton dresses which I would put on when with her in her apartment. I always wore, and still do, feminine lingerie under my male suits. A year before we were married, she went back to Ireland to visit her mother for the last time. While she was gone for three months, I took over her apartment at her request. For those three months I was a happy woman. Even going one flight up to the roof to enjoy all and sundries. I often met other women from the house doing the same thing I was doing. We would enjoy a cigarette or two. Later we would visit back and forth in each other's apartment and once a week would have a bridge game before their husbands returned from work. They knew I was a man but liked me in dresses and they all told me I had pretty legs.

Upon the return of my fiancée from Ireland, I returned to hotel life for six months awaiting our wedding day. This came the end of April. Under my conventional double breasted suit, white shirt and tie. I wore creamed colored panties trimmed with lace. A white satin girdle and sheer nylon stockings. I should say silk

stockings as nylons had not been introduced then. After undressing on our wedding night, I put on a perfectly lovely white satin bridal nightgown with a negligee to match. Satin slippers with two inch heels, and necklace and earrings, as my hair was fairly long, I tied a white ribbon in my hair. With my face lightly powdered, but my lips heavily rouged, my wife told me I looked more the bride than she did. The next morning we had breakfast served in our room. The waiter must have thought he was serving two ladies. We were both wearing adorable negligees, fresh make-up and I had put on a well padded bra. I was also wearing my girdle, stockings and panties. We were both extremely happy.

After 31 years of marriage, we are still very happy. My wife helps me all she can with buying new dresses, lingerie, corsets, nightgowns, etc. When we were first married, I weighed only 135 pounds and could wear her dresses, size 18. Then before I knew it, I gained very fast until a year ago I reached 185 pounds and wore size 22-1/2 dress. Now I am back to 144 and wear size 20, or a large 18. Although I am only 5'6" I have a large foot and wear a 10-C shoe. My wardrobe today would be appreciated by the average woman. I have several housedresses, a wool dress for cool weather, a silk dress and blouse, sweaters, and skirts. If my dress needs to be shortened, my wife does it for me. Only the other day she took in my corset and bra several inches.

For my recent 65th birthday, she gave me a divine black and white print cotton sheath dress, sleeveless and collarless, a white sheer blouse and a navy blue linen skirt. My favorite shoes are white nurses' shoes with two inch cuban heels. I can wear high heels but only when necessary.

During our 31 years of married life, my wife has had to leave me a few times to visit a sick sister who has now passed on. Once she was gone for 10 days. All that time I never once dressed as a man. I went to the store for groceries etc, to a dress shop to buy a new dress and took walks in the neighborhood. I even dined out a couple of times. Here in Florida, I do not get a chance to go out but when we go North in the summertime I do once in a while.

Transvestia

I find so many people misunderstanding us girls. Why is that? So many think we are homosexual which is far from the truth. We only want to be comfortably dressed and to be the woman we wished we were.

Well, this brings me right up to date. You may print this in TRANSVESTIA, and use my picture if possible. I think TRANSVESTIA is wonderful, keep up the good work. I read "Fated For Femininity" in one evening I certainly envy Linda.

Would love to correspond with some of the girls, but am afraid it cannot be done just at present. Maybe at some later date. I am so glad I am now one of them. Best regards to all -

Sincerely,
Rose - 9-S-2-



My Dear Virginia:

As I sit down to write this, I cannot help but wonder how much of your mail is composed in this way. I am away from home in a strange hotel room (locked, of course!) completely dressed and my only desire is to communicate with those who understand...so...this epistle (probably very lengthy).

All dressed up and no place to go! How often has it been said? How often will it be said again? I suppose this is the lonely lot of a TV. But, I do not complain! There is much to talk about.

After many years of the "fumbling" type of TV, I bravely decided to do something about shoes in the proper size. This has always been a problem with me (as I suppose it is with others who operate without a woman's help). I have several of the open type, where size does not have to be too exact, but for a long time, my feminine heart has been set on a pair of black leather pumps, undecorated. What to do?

What did I do? I would not dare to do in my home town for obvious reasons (I am somewhat known). But in a strange city...why not?

The result left me gasping in disbelief.

Please understand that the following facts are absolutely unvarnished.

Near closing time (business appointments kept me away) I strode into the large John Wannamaker Department Store determined that I would have my pumps before I left!

Signs lead me to the basement where a large After-Christmas Sale was in progress and before me stood counter after counter of shoes...old, new, samples, etc. This was grand - but what was my size? I did not know

I walked about --- up and down the aisles --- poking here --- feigning interest there until I spied a rather matronly sales clerk sitting alone totaling her sales for the day. She was the one! But, where was the courage

A drink of water.

Another turn around the counter.

Then, I put into play my old system for buying lingerie: Commit yourself! Start talking regardless - and hope that at least part of the rehearsed speech will come out!

I did.....and it worked.

"Excuse me, could you help me?"

She looked up. "Yes, of course"

"My company is staging a show for a sales meeting and I am playing the part of a woman in it. Could you possibly sell me a pair of shoes?"

This was the moment, I waited. Would she laugh? Call the manager? Police?

She stood up and with absolutely no change of expression said, "oh sure, we don't close for another half hour."

Transvestia

I was thunderstruck, I could have kissed her. I didn't!

I continued, "I'll have to be standing for quite a while, so I'd better get the right size".

"Oh yeah, they'll kill you if you don't", she said over her shoulder as we headed for the shelves. After discussing the type, she asked me what my normal shoe size was and showed me what she had in that range. Then came the biggest surprise of all! When I had made my selection of style I asked if there was a back room where I might slip one on---to be sure.

"Do it right here", she said. She noticed my rapid glance about the salesroom and for the first time smiled "Oh, they won't notice you. They're too busy saving money". Then she handed me the shoe box, sat down beside me and started thumbing through her salesbook and paid absolutely no attention as I went through the sheer ecstasy of trying on the shoes. I tried to be as casual as I could, but my hands were shaking as they held the shoe and my foot slipped comfortably in place. After I mumbled something about their feeling good, she said "better take a few steps to be sure", which, to my surprise I did without hesitation.

At the wrapping counter, where I waited for a receipt 'so I could get my money back from the company", she took me aside and explained that if I didn't mark the sales, I could probably return them for a full refund, "after the show".

Upon leaving the store, I was so elated, I bought myself several pairs of nylons--just to celebrate.

The point of this whole episode is I believe, that we TVs create many of our own problems in our own minds. I am sure that the scene I described--the experience I lived--has happened before to salespeople and will undoubtedly happen again. We are the ones who create the aura of an "Historical First" in our own minds when we live through them. If our fables are realistic enough in their creation and execution, we have little to fear-----under these circumstances.

Transvestia

As do many TVs, I find the experience most exhilarating--not for the deception involved--but for the idea that each time I do it, it becomes easier for me--and more common place in the scheme of things.

Is this over-rationalization? I wonder, perhaps it is.

At any rate, I feel the story is worth re-telling because it may assist others. Because it is not fiction, it displays what I feel is a remarkably casual attitude toward our situation and it may give others the courage to come a little further out into the open. But to someone obsessed with the drive of transvestism, the entrance into the world of femininity (brief and inconsequential though it may be) is a long-to-be-remembered thrill.

Tecla

38-M-2

Dear Virginia:

Following is a very brief history of my dressing experiences. Note the same pattern as others have had. Fortunately I have a sister about my age and every chance I had to stay home alone for an evening, I spent trying on her clothing. I don't remember trying on my mother's as she was a rather large woman. To try to analyze now why I did this, I can only figure that I wanted to see how I looked as a girl. During my college years I don't remember any experience in dressing, but if there were it no doubt continued along the same lines as my high school adventures

The war came (World War 2) and I went. A little over three years was cut out of my life which I spent in the Aleutian Islands. No chance for dressing, a lot of opportunity but no clothing available. I never thought of mail order but there were no cataloges available anyway. I wasn't pushing very hard either.

Transvestia

After spending this time in the Army and not being dressed and being away from the silk and satin, I felt the desire for dressing was no longer there. I was married and still am, to the greatest GG I have ever known. It wasn't very long after having the silk and satin near me, however, that an old spark burst into flame. I spent some effort trying to keep from dressing but--One summer when my wife and children were away from the city for a few weeks vacation, I remember wearing her well padded strapless bra and spending the day at the fair in Chicago, (1949). All went well and I had an enjoyable day. This was the first time I had ever been out wearing female clothing under mine.

It wasn't until two years later that I began to try to inform my wife of my desire. The details of how this was done, she may remember, I don't. But I didn't push it. I just introduced a thought, then sometime later discussed it. In about 1954 a short article appeared in the paper, written by some doctor, answering a question a woman had about her husband's desire for feminine clothing. This was my first contact with the term transvestite and I knew as well as my wife that this term fitted me.

Knowing that someone else had the same desire that I did, and as this doctor pointed out that it was nothing unusual, lead to more freedom. It wasn't too long after this that I got some of my own femme clothing, be it ever so little.

Now each one of us no doubt has, at one time or another, had problems with our wives, or to be honest could it be that we are the problem? This is not unusual, males who are not TVs have problems with wives too. One of the points my wife made during her indoctrination (if I may use the term) was, "how would you like it if I wore male clothing and tried to look as much like a man as I could". I had to admit just the thought of hiding all that beauty shook me. She had a point, well put.

After 15 years, since her first introduction to my desires, my wife now doesn't object to my dressing but encourages me. On occasion she has purchased some femme clothing in my size. I would like to comment

here that I think these who expect their wives to suddenly accept and agree with this strange phenomenon are just unreasonable.

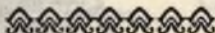
My plea for them is give the girl a chance - maybe about 15 years will do it. Slow and easy will win the race. Remember the hare and the tortoise.

There are problems that never seem to get any attention and I wonder if I alone have these. I don't consider it a problem but what about the children? Am I the only one with them? If others have children are they told of your TV desires, and at what age? Do you dress when they are around? In general how do others handle this situation? Here again time will take care of this, but I know I'm getting older also, wiser too. Here I would like to put in a plug for my wife, she helps get the children out of the area (to bed, or dates at parties, etc.) so that I am able to spend an evening now and then in full dress in the freedom of my home. From this you know I haven't told my children, and I don't plan to. The only three that know I'm a TV are you, Virginia, my wife and myself.

I know that I have to live with and among a group of highly prejudiced people who believe everyone should fit into the same mold except for height and weight. Those same people have their own idiosyncrasies but they make such a big noise about every one else's problems that they make it appear that they haven't any

Thank You For All,

Joyce (5-B-16)

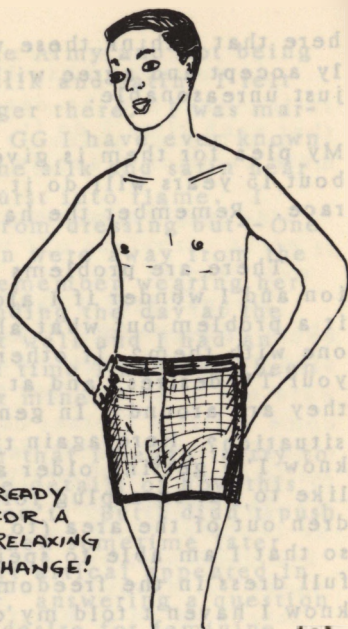


HOME
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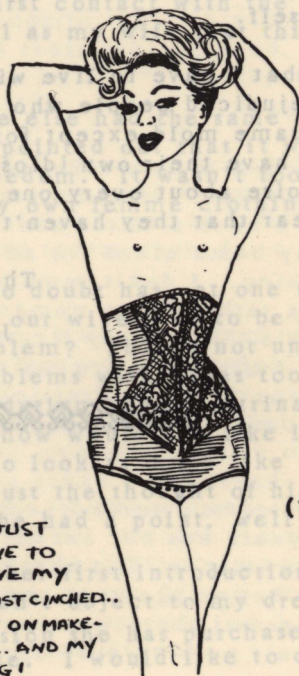


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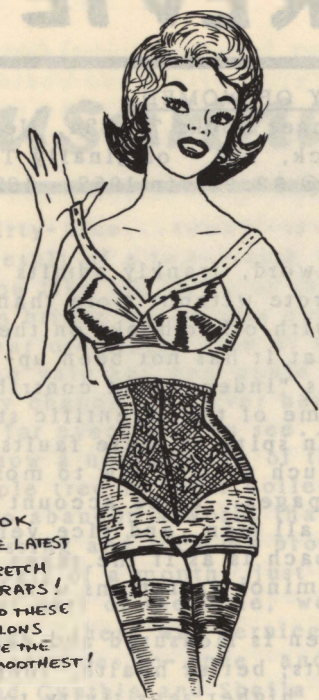


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I JUST
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WAIST CINCHED...
PUT ON MAKE-
UP... AND MY
WIG!



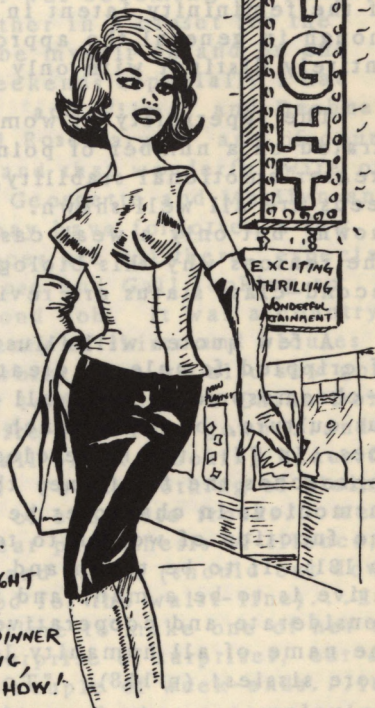
LOOK
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...AND THESE
NYLONS
ARE THE
SMOOTHEST!

(4)



A BLACK
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ABSOLUTELY
BEWITCHING!
...AND I MUST
TOUCH UP MY
MAKEUP!

(5)



NOW...
FOR A NIGHT
ON THE
TOWN. DINNER
SHOPPING,
AND A SHOW.
FORGET ABOUT
TOMORROW. LIVE
FOR TONIGHT !!!

(6)

BOOK REVIEW

THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN.

By: Ashley Montague - Lancer Books 74-824, New York New York - 1964 - Paperback, 75¢ - originally The MacMillan Co., Hardback @ \$3.95, in 1952. 182 pages + bib. and index.

The author, in his foreword, frankly admits to its chief weakness - that he wrote without more than the most casual acquaintance with other books on the subject. Coupled with fact that it has not been up-dated for the present edition, this "independent contribution" (his phrase) is robbed of some of the scientific stature it would otherwise have. In spite of these faults, TRANSESTIA readers will find much that is new to most and fascinating to all in these pages. Some account is taken of the femininity latent in all men, and vice versa, though in general the approach is as if the sexes were entirely distinct with only minor variations within each.

The superiority of women is measured and demonstrated on a number of points; better health, longer life, greater emotional stability, higher sensitivity to others' needs are all well shown. Equal intelligence is easily shown, but only a weak case for equal creativity is made. The reasons why this biologically superior group has second-class status are reviewed in detail.

A few quotes will illustrate; "The male (is a sort of crippled female, a creature who by having only one X-chromosome is less well equipped (p 66), ... a boy, in our culture, becomes much more frustrated than a girl does..(p 77), the more closely a man's sense of beauty approaches the feminine, the less violent and the more harmonious in character he is likely to be, (p 88), it is the function of women to teach men how to be human. (p 131), if to be tough and crude and crass and competitive is to be a man, and if to be gentle, tender, kind, considerate and cooperative is to be a sissy, then in the name of all humanity let us have fewer men and more sissies! (p 148). "To which I say "Amen!"

But before we take over, remember that men can run faster and most girls can't whistle!

Sheila - 30-B-2 - FPE

Susanna Says

» Thirty-nine...twenty-seven...thirty-nine....this is the result of a two-month vacation at "Casa Susanna". Hope you like the name of the new place. It shines at night in bright red letters nailed on the trunk of a hundred-year old maple tree at the entrance. You might think me vain and you would be right...that sign was the only chance I've ever had to have my name in big letters for everybody to see...A good many TV's have added now a new picture of themselves standing by that old maple tree to their collection. It was indeed heavenly to abandon a world that was becoming too harsh and pressing and lock my brother in a closet for the better part of a month...just be myself on and on and on...for part of the time, weekends especially I had company...there was Bernice, and Wilma, and Daphne, and other times Jo-Anne, and Rosemary ...and of course Jody and Cynthia and Sheila and that wonderful wife of hers.. other times there were Georgette and Marilyn and Joan and Gail (Conn...)...I may have forgotten a few names at this time but the faces are all there, especially Joan with her gorgeous new nose and Gail looking so terribly young in her long blond bob. It was a country house allright and we saw plenty of skirts and blouses and flats (that's about all I wore), but we also saw gorgeous evening clothes...Jody looking like a China Doll (as Marie puts it) in her empire-line long gown...and Cynthia in a Grecian tunic, all black, looking beautiful as ever thanks to John Aaron. To say nothing of Elaine with her fantastic collection of exquisite frocks... We even saw Janice, after a 2 year parenthesis of silence, still showing off her velvets and satins (should cut down on that beer honey...not good for the waist-line)...Even Marsha from Michigan found time to make one of her too infrequent escapes.....and surprise of surprises, our old friend Edith came to spend a couple of week-ends...It's her own hair this time, no wig, and what a complexion, rose and peaches!!!

With all that company the house was a-buzzing, not

just from electric razors, but from the incessant chatter of people who had let down all barriers and could be entirely themselves without restraint...what hen parties we had at night...real sorority style...everybody sitting around in nighties and gossiping like mad...And they were also driving thrills...sometimes to the drive-in movie only a mile away...other times to Lili's house, a very understanding lady who lives in the nearby village and simply adores TV's...or a visit to that charming cousin Mary and her husband a couple who have met more TV's in the past 6 years than most other couples in the USA can ever hope to meet...we played cards there sometimes...and of course there's the house on the hill, also friends who enjoy TV company...We also wandered aimlessly over the 150 acres that surround Casa Susanna, all part of the property. We found out that the deed included an additional 25 acres to the original count of 125...more land to roam about and feel like the girl in the Salem cigarette ads...And then there were the times when I spent many days all alone...bored? Not on your life! There was always laundry and ironing and mending to attend to...and experimenting with daytime make-up...what a job to look as if you have no make-up under the merciless, penetrating glare of the sun.

Here's a suggestion for a smoother complexion. It may or may not work with everybody, it all depends on the the skin quality of each. Before you put on anything on your face just cream the whole face, neck and shoulders with a good skin cream (the kind recommended for night and daytime application). Rub it in throughly, let it set for 15 or 20 minutes, then press tissue paper all over to remove excess and then proceed with your base and the rest. The final result looks smoother because many of the pores have been closed by the cream at the bottom. It's worth trying anyway...

This matter of being all alone is really marvellous when you have such enormous freedom of action indoors as well as outdoors...In company, many of us would hesitate for instance to run around in a bathing suit, not everybody looks like a movie star, but alone? It's lots of fun to sit on a sun-chair to get a beautiful tan surrounded by trees and bushes and grass and flowers...just close your eyes and daydream full steam ahead...no worries, no problems, no responsibilities, just lots of time

to loaf and feel pretty and young. I guess that's what we are all chasing with our dressing: youth and beauty.. and there's no doubt that we achieve the goal at least temporarily..and we feel young in our hearts and feel like dancing and floating on a cloud..And the mirror tells us that we look better this way..the make-up has erased so many imperfections, and the wig has added something fresh and sweet and airy that we never saw before...and we laugh and we smile so much more often than "the other self"..even a joke seems funnier to the girl-within. The very same jokes repeated later at the office somehow fall flat, they have lost the magic touch of the transvestite. Try it sometime and you'll see that I am right. It's a funny thing about TV's. We never get tired of discussing TVism. We've gone over and over the same subject, dozens of times, we've argued for and against dozens of theories and still, when we get together inevitably the philosophizing begins..and there are dozens of opinions and viewpoints and likes and dislikes and somehow we never agree, but we all finish our analysis with a feeling of satisfaction as if we had found the final answer, which we haven't. Most common subject discussed? Wives..and girlfriends...I am still waiting to hear about that A-plus wife who really ADORES TVism in her husband..No such things. Invariably the greatest source of TV unhappiness is the wife..and the most common argument she unfolds is her fear that he will be found out and publicly disgraced...Somehow you can't blame the darling things..But why does it have to be a source of great rejoicing for a TV the news that his wife is going to be away for a few days? At times one feels that between two feminine entities there can never be more than a friendly truce at best, camouflaging a basic resentment of each other. Could that be the reason why there is so much antagonism in so many TV homes? And by the way, I've heard unconfirmed reports (it could be a big lie) that there is a TV GG in Canada who loves to wear false moustache and sideburns at home. My source claims to have heard the story from a third party and does not know more details..I have urged her to try and find out more..I imagine that our TV GG must love to stroll over to the nearest bar and order a stiff drink to make sure she can pass and must practice deepening her voice at home for hours while insisting (if she is married) that her husband call her George..and the towels in their bathroom must read HIS and HIS.

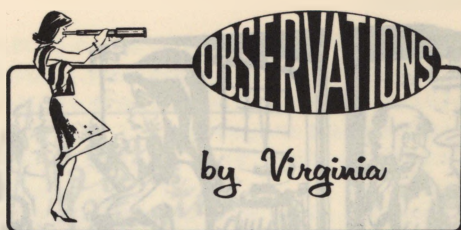
Transvestia

Watching Lynn, from Va. - who also spent a week-end at Casa Susanna - I noticed that it is a common trait among TV's to feel a bit awkward (like a masquerader) the first day of dressing in company..and that the real "girl within" begins to emerge only on the following morning in full bloom. After she emerges, the "take-over" becomes more and more pronounced and when we talk of days and weeks "en Femme" we understand why it is so terribly painful (like pulling several teeth without anesthesia) when we must "get back in uniform" and put her in the closet again. Personally I was desolate the last day of my vacation. I had already cheated the office by faking illness in order to add an extra week to my three official vacation weeks...and I still felt it wasn't enough..I wonder what my reaction would have been if someone had told me that I could stay as Susanna for as long as I wanted..Sometimes I think I would have torn up all my male clothes with extreme pleasure..But here I am now back at the job feeling reasonably contented as I re-adjust myself to the stream of life. The best news of all upon my return was that I am longer required to go back to that horrible World's Fair and I have been assigned to my old job with the old schedule which leaves me beautiful lazy mornings to putter around the house in a mu-mu and mules, wearing one of the new turban-wig combinations which I call "breakfast hair-pieces"...just something to slip over your head without much fuss or combing..it gives you "that" feeling without being actually a wig...What for the future? Quite a few more week-ends in the country until the weather gets too cold (probably until Hallowe'en) and then New York!! Thanksgiving parties..one birthday party to celebrate Joan's and Susanna's getting one year younger..and finally Christman and New Year..there ought to be plenty of opportunities to socialize in the proper manner and meet friends..and talk and laugh and gossip..and wish that all of our friends had the opportunities that fate has afforded some of us to live life to the hilt without regrets.

Hope to hear from some of my old friends now that the work pressure is off and I will have a bit more time to dedicate to the beautiful and fascinating world of transvestism.

Love from,

Susanna



» In TVia #28, I suggested that it would be interesting to evaluate Susanna's ideas that most TVs were conservative in persuasion. I asked that you send in a card with your registration and voting intentions. A very few did. There were eleven responses.

- 4 Registered Republicans will vote for Goldwater
- 2 Registered Democrats will vote for Goldwater
- 2 Registered Democrats will vote for Johnson
- 3 Registered Republicans will vote for Johnson

The best political conclusions that can be drawn from this is that there are a lot of people that would rather switch than fight, and that it will be close.

Actually I personally disagree with those who maintain that most TVs are conservative because they are non-conformist and therefore are in favor of individuality as against government interference, and will vote for Goldwater. I doubt very much that any relationship could be found which would connect TVism with either political persuasion. But we all like to feel that we are on a winning side and that "everybody" will vote and feel the way we do. I think that TVs will divide up between the two different philosophies pretty much the same as the rest of the population.

Another thing this attempted poll proves, however is that either most of you don't read all of TVia, or that you are not very interested in the various projects and activities to which I try to attract you. I wish more of you would play more of the role of participants in this whole enterprise and not just that of subscribers. Take part, contribute, criticize. I try to make TVia YOUR publication with what YOU want, so pitch in.



"He represents the Casablanca Chamber of Commerce."



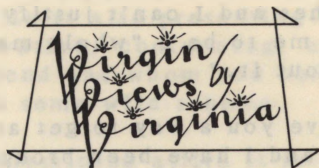
"Then it's decided, George, we'll both wear white gowns in our wedding!"



"I wrote home and told my parents that I married a local TV personality, but now that they are coming here we'll have to explain what the TV stands for."



"Look at it this way, how many other couples can say that they share EVERYTHING and really mean it?"



» Recently in the Reader's Digest there was a quotation from a new book by Edna Ferber titled, "A Kind Of Magic". I don't know any thing about the rest of the book, but this bit is so good that I read it in my lectures and I think it is worth the space to quote it to you here.

"Women are women and men are men and "Vive la difference"! But for me there is no greater bore than a 100-percent male or female. Confronted by a massive two-fisted, barrel chested he-man, or a fluttering itsy-bitsy, all tendril female, I run from their irksome company. The men and women I prize are a happy blend of masculine and feminine characteristics. A man who is masculine with a definite feminine streak of perception, intuition and tenderness is a whole man; he is an interesting man, a gay companion, a complete lover. A woman who possesses a sufficient strain of masculinity to make her thoughtful, decisive, worldly in the best meaning of the word; fair; self-reliant; companionable --this is a whole woman. The feminine in the man is the sugar in the whiskey. The masculine in the woman is the yeast in the bread. Without these ingredients, the result is flat, without tang or flavor."

Read that over again and think about it a bit! Here is a well known writer who has been watching and recording human beings for a long time saying not just that many men have feminine characteristics as the psychologists admit. No, she goes further, she says they ought to have these qualities and that those that do are better for it. Truly agreeing with her would be the first step in doing away with guilt. But then the nagging thought would appear, "well, that's all well and good

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but it's one thing to admit to feminine characteristics like intuition and tenderness, but here I like to wear feminine clothes and I can't justify this on the ground of its helping me to be a "whole man", so I'd better feel guilty about it."

Let me give you a way to get around this apparent dilemma. You and I have been brought up in a culture that has some pretty rigid ideas about what is masculine and what is feminine, so you have been made to conform to them pretty strictly. It has been drummed into you since you were a small child that little boys just don't exhibit certain traits and interests, wear certain clothes, feel certain emotions, or exhibit much softness, compassion, etc. As a result even though you, as an adult man, come to realize intellectually that much of the rigid conformity forced upon you during childhood years was illogical, unreasonable, even destructive to part of your inner self...emotionally you are chained by it and you cannot alter your reactions to it WHILE IN THE MASCULINE ROLE AND ENVIRONMENT, without feeling silly, stupid and unmanly.

Abandoning that role for a time, however, you find little difficulty in letting out of your inner consciousness and inner reserve self those emotions, traits and desires that you are unable to express in masculine attire no matter how much you'd like to, because the negative conditioning is too strong. I'll be willing to bet that 19 out of every 20 TVs would, if they tried it, find it easy and comfortable to dance by themselves, gracefully, smoothly and beautifully to some really lovely piece of music like Beautiful Ohio or the Blue Danube-- if they were in a long dress, heels, and the rest of the "uniform" that goes with grace and delicacy. But that not more than one of the twenty would do it as well in men's shoes, suit, etc. Why? Because clothing is a facade that we expose to the outside world. It is by way of an advertisement for what goes on inside since it is our way of saying, "see, this is what I'm really like inside and I want you to treat me accordingly." This goes for variations of clothing within a gender too. That is, the sloppily dressed, unshaven character with scuffed shoes is in effect saying that he's a man but that he feels lousy, that the world isn't worth the effort and the

hell with you anyway if you don't like it. The sharply dressed business man with polished shoes, grey flannel suit and a "sincere" tie is also presenting his inner self as a reliable, conservative, conforming, company man on whom you can depend and whom you can trust not to go off half cocked on some wild scheme.

So when we wear feminine attire it is simply a way of putting ourselves in a position where the expression of tenderness, gentility, gracefulness, etc, is part of the expected behaviour of that kind of person. These traits are appropriate to this particular facade and therefore we are able to express these and other traits that we cannot put forth the rest of the time. Recognition of this fact is the second step in destroying guilt because it sets forth an understandable explanation for the activity.

This leads to the explanation of another matter of considerable interest. Why is it that psychiatry is so notoriously unsuccessful in "curing" a TV? I don't know what the medicos would give as their reason, probably some bit of psychoanalytic gobbledygook, but I certainly have and believe my own answer.

It is based on the assertion that within the limits of heredity all children, both boys and girls, are born with equal potentialities for the expression of most all human emotions, traits, and patterns. I did not say equal abilities nor equal intensity, just equal potentiality. By this I mean that the makings of all these human reactions to environmental stimuli are there to begin with. But in the process of growing up boys and girls are both taught to be masculine or feminine. These patterns are 90% learned according to the rules of the culture, and are not biologically determined nor are they the same from one culture to another.

In learning TO be one kind of person of person the individual learns NOT to be the other kind. This means suppressing roughly half of his potentials. But being suppressed does not destroy them. They follow along behind the expressible traits like the 2nd team on Saturday afternoon watching the Varsity on the field and yearning to get into the game. Under ordinary situations this isn't possible, but when by some accident or cir-

Transvestia

cumstance a boy or man with a reasonably active team of suppressed characteristics finds himself dressed and made up as a woman he will suddenly know that, here is the role, the medium, the state of being, the field on which his second team can play. This awareness is going to be a tremendous revelation to him and is going to have a satisfaction attached that is relatively tremendous. Some of you who read this and who had your first TV experience in your adult years will remember, I'm sure, the electric thrill and inexplicable inner reaction that came over you the first time you saw "her" in the Mirror. (In fact I would like to receive some detailed letters outlining this experience if those who have experienced it would write about it).

Is it reasonable to suppose then that when the second team of suppressed personality traits and emotions has found a way to get into the game that it will calmly give up this new found freedom, retire to the subconscious and allow the individual to be "cured". I don't think so. The incurability isn't just because TV is "fun" like gambling and other bad "habits", but because curing involves trying to drive underground again a whole set of human expressions that have at last seen the light of day. The deprivation involved is just too great.

Transvesting is not a "sick behavior", neither is it a sex deviation, both of which might be curable by redirecting the energies involved. No, TVism may be statistically abnormal, but it is in fact a logical, to be expected solution to some of the cultural patterns and requirements that are imposed on men. The only true "cure" will occur in the day when people are allowed and encouraged to express ALL of themselves without fear, shame or hindrance. Here's to that day. ♦

Virginia

THE CHEVALIER BRA AND JELLY KIT

We get asked so many questions about this kit that it seems worth while to take some space and describe what is offered.

Regular sponge rubber falsies are inadequate to a TV's need for several reasons. They are hollow, intended as they are to be filled by an existing though small breast. They have no weight and therefore do not move with the bounce of the body while walking. They do not have the gentle but real resistance of a natural breast when pressed or pushed. The bra we offer overcomes all of these drawbacks.

The bra itself is not important, but the plastic inserts that come with it are. These are made of tough, welded polyvinyl material with a flat valve at the top. They are intended to be blown up with air, but used in this way they have all of the drawbacks of the foam type. BUT--we have developed two chemicals, one a white powder and the other a clear liquid which when properly mixed form a soft, mobile jelly. When this jelly is formed inside the insert, colored with some liquid foundation to the color of skin, placed inside a bra of your own choosing--not necessarily the one that comes with them--you will have a soft, moveable breast that will feel as natural as you could want.

If you choose to replace the regular bra straps with 5/8" elastic either partially or completely you will feel the thrill of movement of these breasts beneath your dress as you walk about. This adds much to the reality of your femmeself. Moreover, if you are so inclined and have a little flesh on your chest you can tape it together and achieve a more than satisfying cleavage between these soft, realistic mounds. This we guarantee you will enjoy. Complete instructions for mixing, coloring, making cleavage etc., included with each kit. Bra and inserts only \$5, Jelly kit only \$5. Order directly from CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS, BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES 36. CALIFORNIA.

Editorial Emanations

1. WE'RE SORRY BUT WE'RE HELPLESS: Of late we have had a rash of what we call "where the hell is it" letters. Folks send in money and then wait and wait and don't get what they ordered. Finally half in frustration and half in anger they write in to ask "wha' hoppen". Well, darn it, I wish I knew. It's absolutely amazing the number of things that get deposited in the post box at this end that don't get to the proper box at that end. We have worked out a triple check at this end to be sure that we are not the cause of the error. Records are kept of incoming money and orders in a log book. The order is transferred to the permanent record card. When the order is filled both the log book and the card are X'd off and a date stamped on both so that we can cross refer. On top of that we make a list of each day's shipments in a separate book and do so after they are all sealed, stamped and ready for mailing. What more we can do to assure that we do not goof I don't know. But if you think it odd that a package with a clear return address does not arrive either at your address or return to us consider this mystery.

On two separate occasions about a year apart, I have shipped 50 magazines to outlets in N.Y.C. In each instance part of the shipment arrived, but not the rest. As a result, through the insurance, Uncle Sam has bought 25 issues of one number and 30 of another. How could 50 separate copies of a book the size of TVia get separated from each other in post office or railway car such that 20 of them could be found and delivered and the other 30 disappear completely? You tell me. I'm beginning to think that if you scratch a postman you'll find a TV under that blue uniform. I'm thinking of running an add in the "Postman's Gazette" or whatever the Post Office's house organ is called. Ought to be a good source of new prospects. Seriously there isn't anything

we can do after the magazine leaves our hands but offer to replace the order at half price thus sharing the loss.

11. SPEAKING OF LOSSES: Just as first class packages can be lost completely, so first class envelopes can be lost or their contents carefully rifled and then all returned to proper channels. Recently we had a sister who said that she had sent us a large order containing several \$10 bills. This size of an order is large enough to cause me to note it with enthusiasm but unfortunately I never actually saw it. Since it was in cash it could not be traced or located. Had it been in a money order it could have been traced, stopped or a photostat obtained to show who had endorsed it. But when cash is sent and not received or even received and improperly recorded there is no tracing it. I hate to be put in the spot of having to tell a reader that we never got his order or that he forgot to put the money in the letter etc. It makes me feel that he will think that we appropriated it without giving him credit and I don't like this a bit, so please use checks or money orders. You don't have to fill out a thing on a money order, send it in blank if you want, so that identity is not involved.

111: SUPER SECURITY: During the war there was a facetious top security classification marked "TOP SECRET --DESTROY BEFORE READING". Well we have a reader with a similar interest in protecting his identity since he sent in \$10 without putting an identifying name or code number on either letter or envelope. I'm sure he is secure, but we are baffled.

IV. ORDER FORMS: The last two pages of each TVia comprise an order form. It is put there for you to use, please do so as it helps us to avoid overlooking orders that are in the body of letters, or as P.S s. etc. The magazine is bound in such a way that cutting out this page with the scissors is not going to loosen any other pages or in anyway do any permanent damage to your copy. These are printed there to help you to help us give you better service. It would be a help if you'd use them.

Virginia

Person To Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY

No ads were sent in for this issue so there is no Person to Person section... Communication with others is one of the ways of achieving greater personal acceptance of oneself and also provides someone to "talk" to. In the interest of security for all the use of this column is limited to those who have joined FPE or who have filled out the CONTACT information form. Application for either of these is, however, limited to those who have bought at least 5 issues of the magazine (past, not future). This is to assure as far as possible that the individual is truly a TV and sincerely and honestly interested in the field and Chevalier's approach to it. When you have purchased the 5 copies (from Chevalier so that you are in our records) and wish to join either activity just request that the proper forms be sent to you.

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- "FEMMEMIRROR"... A 16 page newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Published 15th of each month at \$1 per copy. Yearly subscriptions 12 for \$10.
- "CLIPSHEET"... News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50 per copy Yearly subscription \$5.
- "TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"... 16 page short stories with Transvestic themes. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50. Yearly subscription \$5.

SEPARATE BOOKS

- "THE TRANVESTITE AND HIS WIFE"... A Discussion from Both Points of View"... includes 26 pages of letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives and parents understand.....\$3.
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- "REVERSE SEX"... Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous Parisian personality COCCINELLE. 120 pages of story, 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Book imported from England.....\$3.
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SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSVESTIA from #3 to current issue are available at reduced rate of 6 for \$20. Select any issues needed to fill out your library.

Back issues of Mirror and Clipsheet (as available) are offered at 6 for \$3 and may be mixed as desired.

GROUP SUBSCRIPTION...6 issues TVia, 12 Mirrors, 4 Clipsheets and 4 TV-Tales \$40. Bought separately \$48.

MERCHANDISE

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Use of this bra and jelly kit makes possible a very realistic bust that has the proper size, weight, softness and movement of the natural bust. Instructions describe how to insert the jelly, to make possible the bounce, and to simulate cleavage. A real must for realism.

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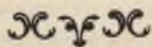
TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, case histories, poems, pictures--all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit the correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for a time and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates. Member of Phi Pi Epsilon need no further application and may use the service by paying the regular rates.

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