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# Transvestia



**Volume IX**

**No. 51**

# Purpose of Transvestia

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

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve--

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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



## THE COVER DESIGN

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

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

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



## A "SAYING" OF JESUS

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

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.



# TRANSVESTIA

VIRGINIA PRINCE ..... EDITOR  
SUSANNA VALENTI ..... CONTRIBUTION EDITOR  
SHEILA NILES ..... LITERARY EDITOR  
MARY NEILSON ..... ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR

Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.



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# Transvestia Comes Of Age

June is traditionally the month of graduations, Commencement and setting forth on a new life. It is therefore appropriate that this June 1968 issue our magazine graduates. Moreover, it seems that Number 51 is a good place to make a change too – it seems like at least a half century ago that I managed to squeeze out TVia #1 with all of 25 paid subscriptions.

As you will note this is the first issue of TVia produced by a new process that enables us to have even right hand margins and better and more variable and more readable type faces. This particular issue was already to go by the old process when a bid was made to have it done the new way. Consequently this issue is made up to exactly the same number of pages (92) of the same size as previously. This means that the type lines are a little further apart than they need be. Starting with #52 there will not be as many pages in the magazine but don't feel that you've been cheated because the amount of the material presented will be the same. It is simply that this method of printing saves a lot of space at the end of lines and need not use as much space between lines as with the typewriter so that the same amount of material can be placed in about 80% of the space formerly required. Thus, you will get as much for your money but it will be more compactly and attractively arranged. By cutting down on the number of pages I will be able to save a bit on the amount of paper and other details. Since the process itself is over and above the cost of typing and the final material is still printed by offset it represents a considerable extra cost to each issue. However, it gives the magazine so much more dignity that it will be worth it. I hope you will agree and will enjoy it more.



The magazine is late this time by virtue of my being away on the trip but I trust you will find the new layout worth waiting for. But greater dignity and a better appearance call for appropriate and interesting material to go in it, so those of you with a yen to write fiction, histories, poetry or articles on various aspects of our common interest please do so.

As pointed out in #50 it was necessary for newstand sales to leave the month off of the outside cover so that it would not be taken off of newstands at the end of the indicated month. The nominal month of issue will still appear on the Contents page so you can keep track of things. But it was also indicated in #50 that I could not aim precisely at the 1st of even months as previously. My travels, personal life, this new method of typography and other things make it extremely difficult to stick with a fixed publication date. So don't expect TVia to appear exactly when the month of publication indicates that it should. I'll do the best I can and you'll get it in due course.

You will also note the absence of a Leading Lady story. This is due to the fact that the preparations for the trip were so demanding that I had no time to scout one up, so this is a literary issue. If any of you wish to submit for the Leading Lady spot please do so. As this is the first thing turned to when people pick up the magazine, because it has the only large picture and the most small ones, it means that the Leading Lady must be a good representative of the group. I never like to turn anyone down but I hope you will be modest enough (but not too self-effacing) to check your appearance in the light of this limitation. I print all kinds of pics in the body of the magazine as I feel each of you needs to have her day in print but I do think that the Leading Lady pictures and story must be a bit better than average in order to create a good impression on the non-TV reader. I'm sure you will all agree. However, I still need some Leading Lady stories, so let's see who is next.

VIRGINIA

## FICTION



# The Great Escape

by Kathy (5-P-4) FPE

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Allen Horn, lower jaw drooping in disbelief, stared at the open safe in the rear of the accounting department of Horn & Lear Investment Company. When he and Fred Lear had left the office the previous day, there had been \$250,000 in negotiable securities plus a substantial amount of cash within the wall safe.

He scooped out neatly tied bundles of money in a fruitless search for the securities that had been so recently in the vault.

Almost without thinking, he reached for the phone and began dialing for the local police, but then stopped abruptly as the realization of his position as a result of the missing securities became clear.

Only he and Fred knew the combination of the safe. He was the junior member of the partnership and had invested his life savings in this venture, while Fred was a wealthy respected member of his profession.

It dawned on him that he would be the logical culprit and perpetrator of this crime. What chance would he have to disprove his guilt! Fred was independently wealthy and he was not.

If he were to bring in the police, they would not believe him and he undoubtedly would be jailed, tried, convicted, and



imprisoned! One the basis of the evidence as it appeared, that would be the end of a promising career which he had been planning all his life. His only chance, it seemed to him, was to get away quickly and hope that the police would discover the real thief before they found him. He might even be able to help them if he were free.

Quickly, he crammed the money from the safe into his briefcase, turned off the lights, and left the building via the rear exit, got in his car and drove off.

He drove not knowing where he was going, or what he should do. His fears increased with each passing minute and try as he would, he could find no solution. He had to talk this problem over with someone — but whom?

Then he remembered his mother's friend from his home town who was now living in Los Angeles and who had helped him through his adolescence when his mother had been alive.

Allen was soon headed in the direction of Dr. Jardin's office in a nearby beach city. Dr. Jardin, though a fairly young man, was in semi-retirement and working on a book on dermatology which had been his medical specialty. He maintained a full office in his home and had a very limited practice referred by other doctors only.

Finally Allen arrived and was knocking on the door of the somewhat secluded two story Spanish style dwelling. Millie Cartwright, the nurse-secretary opened the door and inquired, "May I help you? I didn't think that Dr. Jardin had any appointments today."

Trying to appear calm, he told her that he was a friend from the doctor's home town and that it was most important that he see

him at once. Sensing his urgency, Millie asked him to wait and went to inform the doctor of his visitor.

Once in the privacy of Dr. Jardin's study, Allen informed him of the events of this evening and explained the serious predicament that he was in. "You were always able to help me when I was a kid and I hope that you have an answer for me now," he concluded.

Dr. Jardin stared at the slightly built young man in his early twenties. Not imposing with his fair complexion and average height, and certainly not the type to contrive a burglary of the dimensions that he had just been told about.

"I must advise you to give yourself up and hope that the truth will become known", he finally answered. "But as your friend, I would advise you to 'get lost' until some solution is found or the real criminal captured. Many innocent people have been imprisoned for long periods of time before their innocence was proven."

"I have thought of that myself", Allen replied, "but the first time I step outside where I can be recognized, I will have had it. I can't go back to my apartment nor office, nor anywhere for that matter without being picked up. I know of no place to hide, nor anyone who would want to conceal me!"

"Let me think about it and maybe I can come up with some solution, but first, I will have Millie drive your car away from here and you can remain with us until something is decided upon", Dr. Jardin answered.

Expressing some concern over Millie being implicated, he was assured by the doctor that there would be no problem since she was not only his nurse, but also his confidant and might even be of



some help.

Several hours later, after Millie had informed them that she had left the car in a parking lot of a super market over 100 miles away, the three sat down to discuss the problem once more.

After talking around the subject for some time, Millie finally summarized the problem. "If you can disguise yourself in some way so that no one would suspect who you were, you might be able to remain in hiding until some solution is found. Is that right? It might also allow you to find out what really happened."

"True", said Allen, "but even if I dyed my hair, this in itself might give me away, and if I grew a beard, I might be picked up as a hippie and discovered. I can't make myself taller, and they will be looking for a man of my height and age. So that would it?"

"That's it!!" Millie burst out suddenly, "they will be looking for a man of your age and height, but NOT FOR A WOMAN, and that is what you are going to be!"

"Sure, sure, and a shorthaired, flatchested, bearded woman would not be noticeable. I would be picked up in ten minutes," Allen retorted somewhat bitterly.

"Hold on there," Dr. Jardin interjected. "It is not such a bad idea at that, and with my help and that of Millie, there is a good chance of putting it over."

"A good wig will take care of the hair," Millie said.

"And falsies would do for the bust, but I have a better idea for that portion of the anatomy," Dr. Jardin added.

"And your electrolysis equipment might take care of the

beard," concluded Allen making his contribution to this idea.

"I will be able to help him with his adjustment to the feminine role, if he will let me," Millie said, warming up to the idea.

"Then it is set" said Dr. Jardin, "Since we don't know how long this masquerade will continue, and since discovery would be disastrous for all of us, we will plan for the long pull and everything will have to be as foolproof as we can make it."

Considering that the doctor was putting his professional position on the line for him, Allen acknowledged that he would cooperate in any way they felt was necessary.

"We will not waste any more time, since time is needed to minimize any chance of discovery. Allen, go to the guest room upstairs and I will get some things ready in my office. Shower, and come down, but do not get dressed. There is a robe in the closet you can use." the doctor ordered.

As Allen departed to comply with the doctor's request, he could hear the doctor giving Millie a long list of things to do.

The shutters were drawn closed as Allen entered the well equipped office and noted the various items of medical equipment neatly arranged near the examining table. He was told to lie down on the table and a sheet was draped over his nude body half way up to his chest.

"This will not hurt, but it might be a bit uncomfortable for a short while" the doctor informed Allen. He then proceeded to inject a small amount of a silicone substance into each of Allen's breasts. When this was completed, he drew the sheet up to cover his body. Then an electric needle came into view and he proceeded to work on the light hairs of Allen's beard. After twenty minutes,



he informed Allen that this was enough for the first treatment.

"Let me tell you what to expect, if you don't know already" the doctor continued, "We are going to continue the silicone injections into your breasts until you have a bust like a movie starlet. We will also work on the hips to give them a more feminine contour. We will work on the removal of your beard at least twice a day and although your face will be very sore indeed, the soreness will gradually disappear."

He continued on, explaining that it would take about two months before Allen would be allowed outside of the house and before his beard would be a thing of the past. He instructed Allen that from this moment on he was not to cut his hair, nor his nails, and was to use a hair removal creme weekly under his arms and anywhere else on his body that there were hairs. Millie would pluck his eyebrows to a more feminine contour on her return, since the doctor did not excel in this. Allen would have to remain in his room during the day because of possible visitors, but could have the run of the house at night.

While they were talking, Millie returned and dropped her packages in Allen's room and began to prepare dinner for them.

As Allen arose from the table, he noted the redness of his face in the wall mirror, and as he glanced over his nude body, he saw an ever so slight swelling of his breasts. He put on his robe and went to his room to get dressed for dinner.

He was surprised to see Millie sitting on the edge of the bed which was loaded with packages. "Allen, I will help you get dressed in your new clothes. Your education must begin at once as we don't want the slightest chance of discovery of your identity" she stated matter of factly.

# Could Be!

Reprinted from  
"PUNCH" Dec. 1966



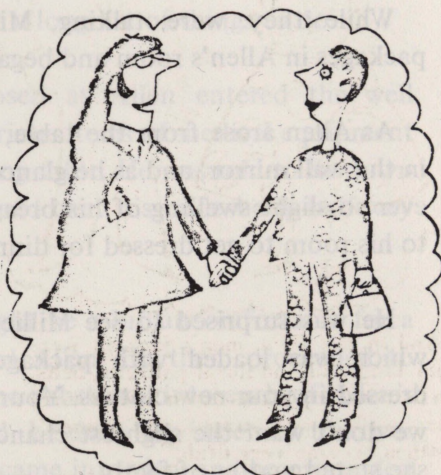
"Doris . . . do you remember the clothes  
we wore when *we* were young?"



Remember in the 1960's, the mod suits  
and mini-skirts . . .



when boys' hair was long and girls  
hair was short . . .



. . . and then trouser suits were all the  
rage and frock coats came in for men "





"Yes, and in the '70's when men's jackets grew longer and trousers became shorter and shorter . . .



... and shirts, ties and braces were worn by women to go with their trouser suits."



"And in the '80's, men's jackets were very long and had floral patterns, belts, no buttons or pockets (men had to carry their wallets with straps), and women's clothes became very drab."



"By the way, that Government Bill bringing men's wages level with women's—has it gone through yet?"

"Come help me unwrap these packages," she instructed him, and this they started to do. Millie seemed to know the exact sequence she wished the packages opened, and although Allen knew what to expect, he could not hide the slight blush and quickening of pulse as each package was opened and the contents revealed.

First, was a matching set of pink panties, slip and padded bra, followed by a waist cinch, also in pink.

"I'll help you with these," said Millie, "and don't be embarrassed since I was the doctor's nurse before I became his secretary. Take off your robe and I will cinch you in."

Allen's 30 inch waistline reduced itself to about 28 inches after some small effort on Millie's part and he quickly slipped into his panties to hide his nakedness and donned the half slip with the slight touch of lace at the hem. He was aware as Millie secured his bra in place that though padded, there was also some slight content of himself contained therein.

Next, Millie removed a pair of sheer nylons from their tissue confines and showed him how to roll them on and hook them to the garters of his cinch. She then told him to slip into a pair of low heeled house slippers and handed him a sleeveless shift with instructions to put it on over his head, which he did.

Allen was speechless as this transformation was taking place and was becoming aware of the feel of nylons encasing his legs and the feel of the cinch as it contained his waistline. The hem of his slip, brushing against his knees, was a delight he could not comprehend.

"Now, you sit down at this dressing table while I finish what I have to do," she ordered and he meekly acceded to her request.

She removed a tweezer from her purse and for a while plucked the hairs of his brows shaping them to a gentle curve. Then she applied a brown eyebrow pencil to them extending them which seemed to completely change the shape of his eyes. After applying a light touch of powder to his face to hide the redness, she applied a pink lipstick to his lips.

"This will have to do for now, since I did not have time to get everything you will need, but you don't look too unbelievable even with this slight makeup. One more thing, and then we can go downstairs and join Dr. Jardin for dinner."

One more package was opened and it contained a shoulder length wig, blonde to match the natural color of Allen's hair. This Millie proceeded to place on his head and to touch up with a comb.

"This is my personal, favorite wig and I hope that you will take good care of it so it won't be damaged," she said. "We were lucky that I had just had it set. It comes in handy when a girl goes swimming or gets caught in the rain!"

As he arose, Allen could feel the pressures of the unfamiliar garments he was wearing. "Before we go downstairs, could I see how I look?" he inquired.

Millie led him to the bathroom which had two full length mirrors on two sides as well as a full width mirror across the double sinks. "All right honey," she said, "you can now look at what Millie has wrought, and look well, for there will be many changes before too much time has passed."

The mirror reflected a somewhat awkward looking female, neither attractive, nor unattractive — but he liked what he saw. It was someone who could be assumed to be a girl unless one inspected very closely.



Until he had seen himself in the mirror, Allen had felt somewhat uncomfortable, as a man does who dresses in women's things, but as he continued to view himself, he could not help thinking that this was most pleasant, this experience of appearing as a woman, and without thinking, he began to pose before the mirror as he had often seen women do.

"Enough of that" Millie interrupted, "it's time to go down." and taking his hand she led him down the stairs to the rooms below.

"Very good!" complimented the doctor, "this may be easier than I had thought." And Allen was startled to feel himself blushing.

"Millie has suggested that we pick another name for you since calling you "Allen" the way you now look is incongruous." Dr. Jardin remarked.

"If you have no preference for a name" responded Millie, "I would suggest 'Lynn Allison' since it doesn't sound like your own name and would be less likely to be associated with your real name, since the police and missing persons bureaus know that most people who change their names use the same initials."

When no objection was forthcoming, Lynn Allison was agreed upon by the three conspirators.

"Millie, I am going to ask that you move in with us for the next two months or so, since we are going to need your help to complete this project, and every moment counts." said Dr. Jardin.

"From this moment on," he continued, "I want Lynn to be treated in every respect as a woman. Millie will arrange to discard the clothes you wore when you came here now and will purchase a small wardrobe for you to get you through the first few weeks.

There will be many changes in your appearance with the crash program I have in mind and there is no point in wasting money for clothes you will not be able to use later on."

After discussing the plan in greater detail, Dr. Jardin requested that Millie take Lynn to her room and help her prepare herself for retiring for the night as a woman. He then took his leave.

Once in the bedroom, Millie instructed Lynn to remove her wig and place it on the block. Then she showed her how to touch it up with comb and brush so that it could be worn at a moments notice. She then showed her how to remove her clothes and to hang the shift neatly in the closet and to place each of the unmentionables in their proper drawers. The cinch in one, hose in another, bra in another etc.

At first, Lynn hesitated in removing her panties with Millie present but did so when Millie said, "Don't be bashful, remember I am a nurse and you have no reason to feel ashamed."

Lynn did as she was told but most quickly slipped into the housecoat that Millie handed her and was ordered to wash up and be sure and remove all the makeup from her face before coming out.

When this was done, Millie handed her a floor length nylon nightgown consisting of two layers of contrasting pastel colors of green and pink, and told her to put it on. As the soft folds of the gown enveloped her, a feeling of intense pleasure was experienced which she found difficult to understand.

"I will see you again in the morning" Millie said, "get some rest now," and kissing Lynn lightly on the cheek she left.

Alone for the first time in many hours, Lynn got into bed. The evening being fairly warm, she covered herself with only the sheet

— very much aware of the sensation of the nylon against her body. As her eyes traveled toward the foot of the bed, she noted with some pleasureable interest the slight rise in the sheet created by the injections into her breasts, then she doused the lights and was soon asleep.

Lynn was awakened next morning by Dr. Jardin's voice telling her to come down to breakfast. "Please hurry as I want to give you some treatments before my first appointment. No need to get dressed, just slip on your robe."

After she had washed up, Lynn donned the robe and removed the wig from its block, adjusted it to her head and rushed downstairs. The breakfast that Dr. Jardin had prepared was not at all what Allen was used to but it was what Lynn was to become accustomed to. Black coffee, one slice of unbuttered toast, half a grapefruit, and one poached egg.

"I'm hungry" complained Lynn, "are you short on food or what?"

"Not at all" was the reply. "You are going to have to lose weight fast, if we are to be successful in preventing you from being picked up by the police, and now is the time to start! I expect you to lose 25 lbs. in the next two months which should bring your weight down to 118 lbs and that will make your overall appearance much more realistic."

After breakfast, the same treatment as the day before was given. More silicone injections into the breasts but this time, also in the hip area in an attempt to create a more feminine appearance here. Another electrolysis treatment on the beard followed.

"That is enough for now" the doctor said finally. "Go to your room and relax for a while until Millie gets here."



It was almost noon when Millie arrived in Lynn's room laden with packages of various sizes.

"How does your face feel this morning?" she inquired.

"Not too bad now, but it was a bit sore when Dr. Jardin finished with me this morning." Lynn replied. She had not bothered dressing and had only slipped into the nightgown when she had returned to her room. She had thrilled to the ever so slight weight of this garment on her body.

"Good!" commented Millie, "Because today we continue your education. You must learn how to apply your makeup yourself but today I have purchased the proper items for you to work with!"

"Now, you will tell me how you intend to get dressed" continued Millie, "I want to check you out thoroughly on each phase of your new life."

"Well, first I will put on the waise cinch since the panties must fit over it, then the bra and half slip." replied Lynn.

"That's right." answered Millie. "What next?"

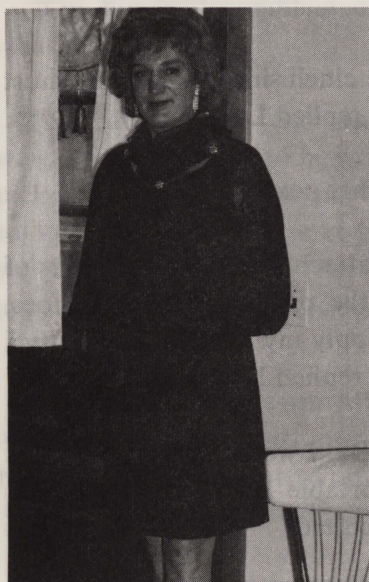
"Then I will put on my hose and attach them to the garters of the cinch which I will have under the panties, then my shoes. After that you will show me how to apply my makeup and lastly I will put on my dress and accessories." replied Lynn.

"Very good." commented Millie. "But I would suggest that you put on mules which are more comfortable than your shoes and don't forget the wig when all else is finished."

Millie watched as Lynn clumsily slipped out of her gown and quickly put on the cinch, panties and slip. After a brief struggle,



REGINA — PENN.



ELLEN — MASS.



the bra was secured in the back. The unaccustomed maneuvering was somewhat strange for Lynn.

Millie could not help but be amused as Lynn sat down at the dressing table, crossing rather shapely legs to more easily don her hose and attach them securely to the garters of the cinch. She then followed Millie into the bathroom where she had laid out a vast array of strange looking items of makeup.

"Before we begin on your face, I want you to shave the hairs under your arms since that would be a dead giveaway in a short sleeved dress. Then you will put on this slightly perfumed deodorant which I selected deliberately since a female is identified by smell as well as sight."

These instructions followed to the letter, Lynn was then instructed on how to apply a light shade of pancake makeup over the entire face including the lips. Next a light touch of rouge in liquid form to accent the cheeks, then eyebrow pencil was applied after Lynn had been instructed on how to extend the lines of the brows just beyond the corner of the eyes. Eyeliner and mascara applications followed, and then a light touch of pressed powder.

Most difficult for Lynn, was the outlining of her lips with the unaccustomed brush filled in by pink lipstick from her beginning arsenal of femininity.

"Tomorrow, I will get you some false eyelashes and show you how to wear them." commented Millie. "You must remember that there are to be no more haircuts for you since we want your own hair long enough to eliminate the need of a wig which might be a giveaway. Though your hair is light, I want you to use this depilatory on your legs and arms before taking your bath this evening. You must be careful not to show any body hairs if we are to be successful in our little deception."



Instead of the shift that he had worn the day before, Lynn put on a pleated skirt which ended above the knees and a contrasting long sleeved blouse of white nylon with a square neck line. Lynn then kicked off the mules and climbed into the high heeled shoes Millie handed her.

After the wig had been settled in place and touched up a bit, Millie showed Lynn how to apply cologne to the ear lobes, arms, between the breasts and the hem of her slip. The sweet scent was almost more than Lynn could stand.

Millie then stepped back to review the completed product and finally said. "Something is missing and I know just what it is. You need some costume jewelry to complete your picture."

She removed the pearl necklace she was wearing and put the choker around Lynn's neck, she did the same with her watch and placed it on the outside cuff of Lynn's blouse. "I can't give you my earrings since my ears are pierced, but will get you some later today or tomorrow." she commented.

"You're a darling for helping me," replied Lynn surprised at her use of this feminine expression, "I can't wait to see myself in this getup."

As she walked toward the mirrored bathroom, Lynn was very much aware of the caress of the hem of the skirt against her knees and of the stretch of the garters of the cinch as well as the delight of the high heeled shoes she was wearing. The softness of the long blonde hair resting lightly on her shoulders was an exquisite sensation.

The reflection from the mirror was more believable than the day before. The full skirt accented the waistline making it appear smaller than it actually was. The lightly padded bra created a most convincing illusion of reality. Not knowing why, Lynn twirled

around, her skirts rising to the challenge, experiencing sheer delight in this maneuver, and was brought back to reality by the sound of Millie's laughter and inability to conceal her delight in these gyrations.

"You are coming along much, much, faster than I thought you would," she exclaimed. "I am so glad that you were a small man to begin with. Now just a few things more and we will go down and join Dr. Jardin for lunch."

Lynn was then instructed in walking with short steps, keeping one foot directly in front of the other and how to swing her arms ever so slightly, and how to hold Millie's borrowed purse. She was then shown to seat herself gracefully and how to arise from a sitting position in the same manner.

When they joined Dr. Jardin, they could see that he was pleased with the rate of progress, not only in Lynn's appearance but also in the manner in which she seated herself at the dining room table.

Lunch was not much improved over breakfast and Lynn had to be satisfied with black coffee, rye crisp, low calorie salad and jello for dessert, but this time she did not complain.

The balance of the afternoon was spent in her room broken up by occasional instructional visits from Millie, who restricted her conversation to such things as feminine clothes, use of cosmetics, hair styles, use of perfume and colognes, cookery and housekeeping and other items only of interest to a woman.

During the times when Dr. Jardin had need of Millie's assistance, Lynn would practice walking, sitting and would read the women's magazines such as Charm, Fashion, etc., that Millie had provided her with. Time passed quickly and soon Dr. Jardin was ready to continue his next treatment.

Treatment was the same as before, but with one exception. Against Allen's protests, Lynn's ears were pierced and two gold clips were inserted. Instructions were given on what to do until the ears were healed.

"It will barely show," said Dr. Jardin, "and it makes a more realistic appearance. One would be less likely to suspect that you are not a woman by the mere fact of the pierced ears alone!"

The following weeks passed very much in the same manner. Millie expanded the area of instruction which now included walks in the fenced in garden, instructions in sewing, cooking, and housekeeping. Lynn learned to knit and seemed to have a facility for learning things feminine. Makeup sessions were expanded to instruct on shades of makeup for various costumes and times of the day. Most difficult was mastery of attaching her false lashes and selection of perfumes and colognes. The proper selection of clothing and accessories were the most enjoyable part of her expanded studies and giant strides were made quickly in this area.

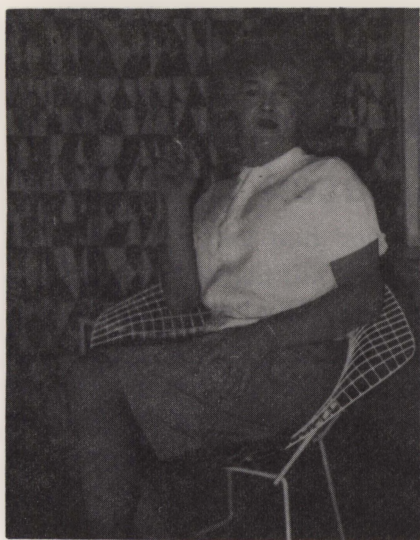
It was during this intensified project to achieve rapid femininity, that Dr. Jardin, not completely satisfied with the silicone treatments decided to supplement them with just the right quantity of hormone injections to enhance the roundness of the hips and to create a more natural appearance of the bust.

It was at this stage that Lynn ceased to think of Allen except during periods of instruction when she was most aware of how much she still had to learn.

Two months passed and Lynn no longer needed injections, nor facial hair treatment and was sufficiently skilled in dress and makeup for the next step in her transformation.

(Continued in Transvestia #52)





DOROTHY-21-D-3 FPE



EVELYN-13-D-5 FPE



JEANETTE-41-J-2



## Betty Ann Was Created Not Born

(By Betty Ann 49-H-3)

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By all outward appearances I look like any other male but deep inside I feel like a woman and she is in constant conflict with the male body for recognition. The only way I know how to keep her happy is to dress in soft frilly feminine clothes for a few hours a day.

I enjoy every minute I am dressed as a woman and I'm not hurting anyone by it. Every daily paper has some kind of story about drunkenness, disorderliness, rape, child molesting; all these activities and many more hurt someone other than the party involved.

A TV doesn't want to hurt anyone. Although some people don't like what we do they are not actually hurt by it. All we want is to be seen, loved and not ridiculed for something we have very little control over. We are no different than other people and certainly our characters don't change just because we put on a dress.

As we know, every human is born with both male and female hormones regardless of their sex. There are some of us with more hormones of the opposite sex than what is considered normal and we feel we have to express this in the only way we know how, by cross dressing. Everyone has a dual personality, but some are unfortunate that they cannot recognize it for what it is and

consequently they are in constant conflict with themselves. G.G.'s have a much easier time of expressing their masculine side. How many women do you know (maybe your own wife or sister) who wear their hair short and are seen in slacks, flat shoes, no makeup or jewelry. Some look more like men than some men do.

Now that I have told how I feel and what I think, I'll try to explain what brought this about.

I am the oldest of four boys; I don't have any sisters. My transition started in 1935 when I was eight years old and my first brother was born. I was too young to realize that the pattern of my future was being formed. As well as I can remember we never had to have a baby sitter as that was my job from the time he was two weeks old.

As I grew older I had to help our mother with the cleaning, washing, and cooking, as she had a catering business and she couldn't do everything herself. Even at that time I might just as well have been a girl except that she didn't make me wear dresses. Our father didn't have much to do with us; he would rather be out drinking than to have to spend any time with us. We got so that we hated to have him come home. Whenever he was around the house he never had a kind word to say to any of us. All he would do was to yell and scold for every little thing.

As a teenager I didn't have the freedom that my chums had. Wherever I went I usually had one of my brothers with me. Occasionally I would have to baby sit for one of the neighbors, they said I did a better job than most of the girls and wasn't it too bad that I wasn't born a girl.

In 1942 and 1943 my other two brothers were born. This was about the time I found that mother's underclothes gave me a thrill when I touched them. Whenever my parents went out and left me to babysit I would put on a slip and panties while I masturbated.



I used to get teased a lot by the boys because I would play house with the girls and my brothers were our children.

Sex was never mentioned around the house and unbelievable as it may seem I was sixteen years old before I knew boys and girls were different and it was a girl who told me. I have always been able to get along with women better than with men; I think it's because I can talk about the home, children, and cooking better than about sports and cars and things men usually talk about.

When I was eighteen I had an argument with my dad because of his drinking and I left home and joined the army. While in service, I never thought of wearing feminine clothes because I didn't have access to these things. As the saying goes, "Out of sight, out of mind." After nearly two years in service I was discharged because of a broken back I received in an accident. Five months later I was married to a girl I had met while home on leave.

I used to enjoy buying my wife's clothes for her and she did too. I didn't realize at the time that this was the same feeling I got with my mother's things except that I didn't have to wear them, just to buy them and touch them seemed to be enough. The things I bought for her were the same things I would have bought had they been for me. She used to say I had such good taste.

The training my mother had given me in domesticity helped a lot in our marriage. My wife didn't have this type of training and I had to teach her to cook and bake. At that time I didn't use her clothes to get a thrill, as I was just enjoying getting used to being married.

About a year after we were married I took a job with a variety store. In my job I had to help put stock on the counters. When I would touch the lingerie I would find myself getting very excited and nervous. It wasn't long before I bought my first pair of panties

for myself so I could wear them under my regular clothes when I was working.

I had some mixed emotions about what I was doing because I still didn't know that this was something that other men did. I felt I had discovered something new though I do remember that I had a very strong feeling of retaliation. If women could wear men's clothes why couldn't men wear women's things and this thought has stayed with me all these years. I feel even stronger about this now than before.

As time went on I left the dime store business to find a job that would keep me in one place, it seemed that after I got away from the store and the everyday contact with lingerie it didn't bother me any more and I stopped wearing the panties.

In 1951 our first son was born and in 1955 a second one came; it was about this time my wife took a night job and I was left to babysit just like I did for my brothers. After I had the boys in bed I would wash or iron clothes to help my wife because these were two jobs she hated to do. It was at this time that I went all out and I would dress myself completely in her clothes, always making sure it was something I had bought for her. I felt that as long as I was doing so called women's work I might just as well look like one. She thought I was being so helpful, but what she didn't know was that I was taking her place while she was gone and satisfying my own desire.

I was able to conceal this for about seven years. No one knew about it until one night she came home from work early and caught me. I don't think I have to tell some of you how I felt. I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do and she was so shocked she couldn't even talk.

At first she was awfully mad and wouldn't talk to me for a few days. After she got over the initial shock we sat down and had a

long talk and I found out that she had suspected something like this for quite a while but was afraid to say anything. She said she knew because her clothes wouldn't be in the same place she left them. She also thought that this had something to do with homosexuality as she was just as uninformed as I was and didn't understand it.

It was about this time that I found out about TVism and I tried to explain it to her as best I could and she became very understanding about it. She gave me her permission to continue as long as she didn't have to see it and I made sure that no one else found out.

Every so often we would have a talk about where all this was going and as I didn't have a simple answer or anything to fight back with, we would agree that I should stop, if for no other reason than that she was afraid that the children would see me. She was worried about what this might do to their future. I have stopped a few times and put all my feminine clothes away and out of sight but this would last for only a week or so. I found that I would get extremely nervous. During one of these times I had a mild breakdown and had to go to the hospital. Since then she has agreed to let me dress up when she was home and now I am completely relaxed. During these purge periods I wished I had had someone to talk to that had this interest so that it could have been explained more fully to both of us to help us both through these rough times. My wife still doesn't care for it but now that she understands it a little she will tolerate it as long as I keep it in the house as she knows how much it means to me.

She is in constant fear of someone finding out and what this would do to the children. I am sure that the boys have some kind of idea that something is going on from some of the remarks she has made in their presence. Also our home has only four rooms so how much can you hide in this small area. I am very careful that they don't see it but they do see the clothes around the house and



they don't see their mother wearing them. I am sure that some of you have had this or similar problems and I hope that some day I will be able to find out how to solve this from someone else's experiences.

I now find that the more I dress up in feminine clothes the more I want to look and act like a woman. When I go to bed and wake up in the morning I like to feel a soft nylon gown against my body. Also I find it easier to sleep in a gown than cotton PJs. Besides, being soft and comfortable, a gown slides on the sheets when you turn over where pajamas don't — they stick and bind.

When I'm at home I like to have Betty Anne express herself from head to foot. I have heard women complain that high heels hurt their feet after a few hours. But not Betty; she can wear three inch heels for as long as eight hours, even to wash clothes, without ill effects — they even feel better than flat shoes.

With school out now and the kids home all day, Betty has a much harder time than usual. In this small house I find it necessary to use the basement which has a lock on the door so Betty can spend as much time as she wants out of sight of the children.

I have been wearing a bra, panties, garter belt and nylons under my men's clothes for quite some time when I go out in public. This is another thing that bothers my wife. She asks what would happen if I had an accident with these clothes on? I have told her that if this should happen then I wouldn't have to worry about hiding any more because everyone would know what I did in a very short time as this is a small town and news travels fast.

There have been a few times that I have gone out of the house as Betty but it was always late at night and never where I could be seen. I try to respect my wife's wishes as much as possible as she is afraid of what I would do to the family if I were caught. Betty

doesn't have any feelings of guilt when she is dressed up, just fear of exposure and what it could do to the family.

I don't know about the laws in this or any other state concerning this — if anyone knows I wish they would tell me. I cannot see how there can be any laws telling us what type of clothes we should wear as long as we are not causing trouble.

If more cases like ours were brought to the attention of the general public so we could prove to them that we mean no harm and that we can still be useful citizens regardless of the type of clothes we wear, it might be possible to get them to accept it as just another way of life. Virginia seems to be doing a good job along this line with her wives book and occasionally on television but it's not enough. If more of us don't get out and fight for our rights we are never going to be anything but a condemned lot. If I were called on to express my views in public I would be more than happy to help support our cause.

At one time I dared to tell a lady friend of ours about myself and she was very understanding and sympathetic about it. She even took some pictures of me while I was dressed up and she helped me with my makeup and wig style.

For too many years a man dressing and acting like a woman was thought to be homosexual, only dressing that way when he wanted to attract another of his kind. Unfortunately in a minority of cases this may be true. People cannot accept the fact that we dress up only for ourselves and to satisfy an inner desire for the femme side of our nature and nothing else. When they are made to realize this, then and only then will we be accepted as a part of society.

My wife and I have been to a psychiatrist about this and he told us that they know very little about this and so they don't have a

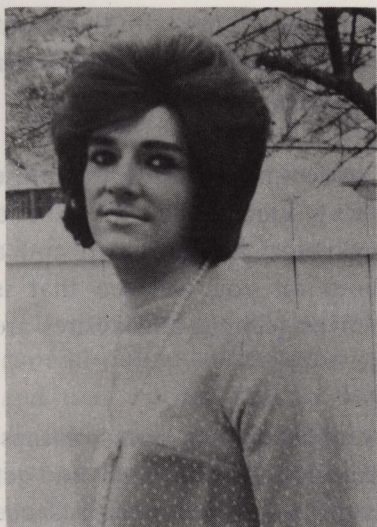
cure for it. After extensive testing he did assure my wife that I did not have homosexual tendencies and this seemed to relieve her mind as this had been the first thing she thought of.

I am not effeminate nor am I real masculine. I seem to be in the middle of things and can't go either way. I am 5 ft. 11 in. tall and weigh 145 lbs. I have a mildly deep voice, a light beard and a protruding adams apple, that is about all you can see that is masculine. Things you can't see, such as feelings and desires are feminine.

As I have said earlier, women are able to wear men's clothes, have men's type hair cuts, smoke pipes and cigars in public and get away with it. This is what burns me up, I think that what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Why don't we call them transvestites? Simply because they are in a majority! At some time or other, most of them do these things yet we love them just as much for it.

In closing I want to give thanks to my wife and the other friends for their understanding of this problem as they know how much it means to me to be able to express my feminine self. We have been married over eighteen years and have three sons now, the youngest being 4 years old. It is harder than ever to keep him from seeing me dressed up as he sleeps in our bedroom. I feel that if all the boys would have been able to see this from early childhood on, that it wouldn't be a problem now. They might have asked some questions but I think we could have given them a simple answer, they would have accepted it and the problem wouldn't have been as big as it is now.





**SANDY-5-S-16 FPE**



**JOANNE FI-R-1 FPE**



**NOLA-MICH.**

# A Discussion of Terms

by Sheila Elson - Mont.

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Transvestia is read by many new Transvestites who, while reading it, come to abbreviations such as TV, FP, Fetish, etc. Some are new to the world of Transvestite abbreviations so it seems in order to have an article on the abbreviations to help some who may not know what they mean.

To begin with these terms apply to almost everyone of us but specifically to those whose interests go no further than the term in each case indicates. Since this discussion could branch out into most of what Society tends to call "sexual deviations" (that sexual act that is apart from the socially-accepted standards):i.e. Transvestism, Fetishism, Voyeurism, etc. I will limit myself to the limits of this magazine — Transvestism. To start off I'll take Fetishism. Most TVs like me have an article of feminine clothing that they like more than the rest. A fetish doesn't have to be restricted to clothes but that is the most common case. This liking can progress through the various stages of transvestism, femmepersonation and possibly (the exceptional case) transsexualism. These terms will be discussed later on in this article.

There are, however, people who never progress any further than the occasional wearing of the article of their choice. The reasons are many though I feel that most don't go any further because they either don't want to or are afraid of the unknown.



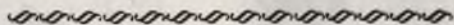
Transvestism is the largest group because it encompasses the advanced fetishist, the transvestite, the femmepersonator, and the trans-sexualist. A basic fetishist and the trans-sexualist (after a degree) aren't included because a basic fetishist is one who doesn't wear the article and the trans-sexual, after the operation, is dressing according to his new sex-female. Transvestism and femmepersonation are very close to each other and are sometimes confused because femmepersonation is much more advanced than transvestism. They are classed as two separate classes because the femmepersonator understands his femmeself and treats her as an individual where the majority of transvestites don't. To save some hot tempers I will say here that the dividing line is undefined and only the person concerned knows whether he or she is a femmepersonator or not. There is no way to set a line since humans vary so greatly. The average transvestite is one who dresses either for a fetish or for the feeling of the clothes.

In talking about the TV in the middle — he dresses up as completely as he desires but not to the degree of the FP. He usually is content to put on the clothes but doesn't pay too much attention to details since he very rarely goes out (if he did he would have to check out the details). I'm not belittling this class because we all have to go through it to progress to femmepersonation. This is the most advanced form of TV and is in a class by itself. This is the type who knows, recognizes, and understands that he has a feminine side that is almost a complete personality by itself. By this stage the FP has a femmename and acts as feminine as possible without exaggeration. When in dress he pays attention to minute details and strives for perfection in everything he does that is feminine. He may or may not go out but he still acts every bit a lady as much as possible. When he is normally dressed he is normally masculine but when he dresses up he allows his femmeself to take over and sometimes it is almost as if there were two physical bodies in one (psychologically there are). To get to this stage requires a lot of dressing time and a tremendous amount of psychological development. I feel safe in



saying that it takes several years for a TV to advance to the stage of FPation, and then only if he wants to become one. The main difference between a TV and a FP is the psychological development. There are many professional impersonators who are the tops in the field but aren't TVs in any sense. To them it is just a way to earn a living.

The final term is Trans-sexualism. This is the group of males who desire to be physically female. It's impossible for a woman to become a man sexually. This group is not comprised of homosexuals but by reason of a glandular imbalance or some very serious abnormality he is physically and mentally unfit for being a man. They feel that when they are dressed as women they are normally dressed. To them their male organs are growths that must be removed and the quicker the better. They are generally confused with TVs up to the time they have their male organs excised, tho on a deeper level a true TS is a different breed to begin with. Some TSs, however, don't realize what is entailed when they decide on getting an operation and that will not be taken up here. In the U.S. it is very hard to get the necessary operation while, by comparison, in Europe it is fairly easy though still difficult on the whole. It is just as well that it's so hard to get the operation because once it's done, it is final. I say this because there are many persons who think that they are TS's and ask for the necessary operation, but if they were to get it they would be misfits for the rest of their lives. The only safe way to determine the individual needs is to see a psychiatrist which will be necessary and required if the operation is granted anyway.



I heard that a girl from St. Paul, In a newspaper went to a ball.  
Her costume caught fire, And burned the entire  
Front page, sporting section and all.

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**DE UNA HERMANA MEXICANA**  
**or**  
**THE LIFE OF A MEXICAN SISTER**

by Ana Bertha

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My story begins like that of many other TV's. I was born in the north of my country, the second in a family of seven children: two girls and five boys. Although I did not go to kindergarten, I did learn to read when I was six. Many times I have looked back on my childhood, looking for the origin of my compulsion, but I do not comprehend why I liked the clothes of women. As a child I was never dressed as a girl.

My grandfather had a barbershop where I passed many pleasant hours reading the many magazines I found there. I clearly remember one early article I read, about actors in an English theater playing the parts of women. Did this influence my mind toward being a TV? I also remember a story about a man named John who was transformed into a woman named Jenny. I do remember always looking for stories such as these.

Nor did I have stern parents. My mother was sometimes impatient with me, but certainly no more so than most other mothers. Nor was I particularly concerned with the differences between boys and girls . . . it simply did not interest me as a child.

However, by the time I became eleven I had learned quite a few things about the differences. In elementary school I had always attained first place for my diligence, but when I entered high school I noted that I could not study. In fact, one of my teachers

complained to my father that although my qualifications were better than most of the other students, I was not studying properly. My father scolded me but didn't punish me, saying that I must study. This was the drop of water that spilled the glass! Had that teacher noticed some detail about me? I don't know.

I was always looking for privacy. Because of this, I preferred a particular room in a secluded part of the house. Here I had discovered a supply of no-longer-used clothing of my mother's. I spent hours and hours with these treasures. I don't remember when it was that I spotted the pair of high heel shoes, but I slid my feet into them and was delighted. I stepped happily across the room in them. And so I began to appreciate the happy pleasure of seeing my legs beneath skirts. Almost daily I walked secretly in that secluded room.

This extracurricular activity began to affect my education. Naturally I didn't have time to study, and I told my father I did not want to continue school. He tried to convince me that I should continue, since I was only 13 years old. But I did not hear him, and left school to work in a garage.

Here I worked long, hard hours. I was not so much interested in the hard work, long hours and low pay as I was in distracting my mind. I thought this would make a man of me.

One day I noticed a certain girl as I was going home. I was attracted to her very much. I began to notice her often, and wanted very much to be able to know her and to speak to her. At the shop all my buddies discussed their various girlfriends, but I never mentioned her since I had never even had the courage to talk to her. Many times I was on the verge of speaking to her, but each time I failed, and each time I became more discouraged.

One Sunday I pretended to have a headache so that I would not have to go with my family on their usual evening promenade

around the "zocalo" or public square. My sister had a cute pair of black patent heels, and my mother had a long hair switch that I arranged into a wig. I slipped into a green dress with scooped, low neckline, and put on a navy blue coat. It was also the first time I wore a bra. I sat at my mother's dressing table, painted my eyebrows and lips, and applied powder to my face. Then I put my sister's ornate silver comb in my hair which literally topped off my disguise. I stopped: "Why," the thought came to me, "do I like to dress as a girl?" Was I a homosexual? The thought had nagged at me daily. If I was shy around girls, maybe it was because I wasn't a man. The thought occurred to me more than once that it would be nicer to be a girl, since men speak to them and they only have to wait passively until they are spoken to. How very confused my young life was!

And so dressing began to give me the few happy moments I had as an adolescent. In my fantasy I saw in my mirror a happy young girl, pretty and attractive. When "she" was alone in the house, "she" would run through every room, dancing to the music from the radio, or would pose prettily in front of the mirror: always the blythe spirit! And above all, "she" liked me . . . because "she" talked to me! In reality, I grew more shy each day with real girls. In front of them I stuttered from discomfort to embarrassment or became voiceless. It was so ridiculous that the girls began to make fun of me. For these and other reasons I soon preferred to avoid talking to girls. I began to feel that the girls who did talk to me did so only out of pity.

Ahhhh, but my depression disappeared when I played the role of Ana Bertha! I saw in the mirror a real girl! But . . . a girl needs a boy. "Maybe," I thought, "I should be out on the street looking for a man. But what if I am discovered?" Carefully I opened the door to the street one evening. I stepped to the shelter of a nearby tree. The cool night air that caressed my legs delighted me. "Shall I go downtown? No," I thought, "I can't possibly do it!" I was still standing under the tree when a neighbor passed and said, "Ah,



you are waiting for your boyfriend?" without recognizing me! Seeing that I could pass as a girl boosted my courage, so I began to walk. I had gone several blocks when a young man tried to escort me. At first I thought that he was the man I was looking for. But when he tried to embrace me I dashed for home. It really frightened me! Safe at home I realized that I was thoroughly frightened, but at the same time I was pleased with my successful job of passing. I had known for some time that I like to dress, but now I began to like to go out dressed. However, I carefully avoided any further confrontations with men.

My desire to dress varied in intensity. I sometimes sneaked into the rooms of my sleeping sisters to seek their clothes. And when I was unable to dress I thought I would go crazy.

One day when I was 14 or so, two buddies at work wanted to go see the gay queens. I thought this would do me good and would help me break my habit and make a man of me. But it worked just the opposite: I only wanted more strongly to dress. Even worse, I wanted to look just like that queen I had seen, dressed as she was and with face made up as hers was!

At home the situation was more difficult each day. It got to the point where I was buying clothes, wearing them once, then burning them since I had no place to keep them. I finally decided to leave my home town and come to the city in which I now reside.

Before I came here, though, I had seen an article in "Sexology" that helped me very much, entitled "My Experience as a TV." Also, I read that a doctor advised men like me to consult a psychiatrist. This I did, and he attempted to find the cause of my compulsion through some event in my infancy. I did become calmer after several visits, and he did tell me that I was not a homosexual and that I should convince myself of this fact. Little by little I was recovering my health and my tranquility. I might

even have been cured had I continued with him, but several details in my life regarding my family, my sentimental situation, etc., weakened my willpower.

So, when I came to this city I looked for a new doctor. I learned, however, that not all doctors were as understanding and "simpatico" as the doctor in my home town! I learned that many charge high rates for no results! One doctor even prescribed a drug which eliminated my libido. I quickly stopped taking it . . . and seeing him!

I dressed every day, completely. I spent the days looking out of my window, where I could see the passersby and some (occasionally) could see me. This continued until my brother and his wife came to live with me. Then, I lived inside a suitcase and came out of it only during occasional visits to a lonely hotel room in another city. My suitcase often resided in the baggage department at the train station! I had no difficulty in passing as a guest at the various hotels I visited. Always I searched for others such as I was, but during many years I had no luck. I often felt intense loneliness, even though I was among thousands of people. I sometimes drove my car to a cemetery late at night, where I could run and play with freedom and carefree delight.

I decided to look for a wife.

I met my wife by correspondence. Gradually we grew to know each other, and then I visited her. While I tried to tell her of most of my weak points, I did not tell her of my TVism because I thought that being married would cause me to forget my bad habit of liking feminine clothes. Since I was sure this was the answer, I again burned all my feminine clothing.

Barely two months passed after our marriage when I felt the old compulsion returning to bother me. One day when my wife was out and expected back rather late, I took advantage of the

opportunity. At first I wanted to resist the temptation, but little by little I ceded. I slipped on one of her dresses — white with a pleasingly low neckline — and made up my face. I squeezed into her shoes even though I was too big for them.

Have you guessed what happened next? Yes, suddenly there was someone at the door. It was my wife. I frantically got out of the clothes and managed to clean off most of the lipstick with a piece of cotton which I discarded below the bed. She entered, annoyed that I had not opened the door sooner. Perhaps she noted something but she did not say anything.

I realized that it was impossible to give up my compulsion and made up my mind to tell the whole story to my wife that same night, and I did. She said that she had noticed something but that she did not know what it was. She said that she had suspected something unusual because she had found the piece of cotton below the bed. But she said, "Don't you worry. We all have defects. I ask only that you tell me whatever you plan to do, and that you will always be honest and sincere with me." Within that year our child was born, but unfortunately my wife has been in poor health since the birth.

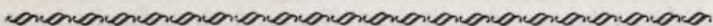
Three years ago I discovered "Luz," the Spanish-language edition of "Sexology," and from it I learned that in the United States there were others such as I. I discovered that they even had an organization. I figured that someone here in Mexico had seen their publication, and I wanted to communicate with my sisters here. Thus I decided to put a few of my thoughts on paper and send them to one of our weekly newspapers, "Alerta."

This time Lady Luck caused a girl named Ann Mailo to read my article in "Alerta," and she visited the editors and told them about FPE and its activities throughout the world. "Alerta" published her photo, letter and the address of FPE in Los Angeles, and thus I finally came to contact my fellow sisters.



I want each of you to know how difficult it is to be alone, even though this is better than having false friends. My thanks to all you sisters who read this, for finally I have found you. Some day, if God permits, I shall meet with you. Saludos desde su hermana mexicana,

ANA BERTHA



### From The Desk of The Typist\*

Apologies to all you readers  
For errors made by my hand.  
I know it's disconcerting  
To read "His word's as good as his band"

Or to envision "pink sil frounces  
Over nylon encased pegs  
Whirling around the dunce floor  
'Neath ringlets of gold and auburn wegs."

Ah, the typist indeed is sorry,  
(Or sorry indeed is she!)  
Her heart is in the right place,  
'Tho her fingers sometimes might not be.

\*With special apologies to Sheila for mashing her literary tidbits into illiterate bits on occasion.



KIEU - THU  
IN AN  
"AO - DAI"  
(Vietnamese Dress)



Its TINA in English and KIEU-THU in Vietnamese. Saigon evidently is not all blood and battle at least for this lucky girl.

# **IN MEMORIAM**

to

**J. F. K. — M. L. K. — R. F. K.**

At first glance a memorial editorial to these three men may seem somewhat out of place in a magazine devoted to TVs and their doings. But in a way which I shall develop for you I don't think it is. On top of this it seems to me that after nine years of publication, TVia might well begin to handle some matters of somewhat wider import and philosophy than just the kind of material used up till now. It should have some relation to TV of course but it need not be limited to flights of fictional fancy, letters, experiences, etc. This piece may break the ice in this new direction. I hope the readers will find this an interesting change of pace, and will contribute some new type material themselves.

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Jack Kennedy, Bobbie Kennedy and Martin Luther King were all leaders, all capable men which should be acknowledged by everyone whether you agreed with them or not. They were all cut down in cold blood by some mad, bigoted fool. There have been many others in recent years who were removed from the scene because they had the courage of their convictions. And it matters not whether they were black or white, Democrats or Republicans, Catholic, Protestant or Jew. They were men in the forefront of public life and they paid for their convictions with their lives.



This is not intended as a eulogy for these three or any of the other victims of an assassins bullet. It is intended as an indictment of our culture in one particular respect. VIOLENCE! The male citizen of our American culture, and to some extent but not to the same degree, the males of other western cultures, have elevated the cult of masculinity to the ultimate. Individually we have the assassin, internationally we have the hydrogen bomb. The three maniacs that pulled the triggers that snuffed out the lives of these three men terminated permanently their contributions to human progress. And for their victims the world ended. Those who could, and someday may, send the necessary message to arm and deliver a nuclear warhead will end the lives of millions. The situations are identical the only difference being in the number of victims. But for each of those victims the result is exactly the same whether he be the only one removed from the scene or just one of millions terminated at the same time.

Does it occur to you that each of the three men to whom this article is dedicated were Gentlemen? They were also gentle men. I trust you get the significance. All three were concerned about their fellow men and his plight each in his own way but they had this one characteristic in common. They showed love for other humans not hate, they taught peace not disregard for the problems of others. For these they were shot. Lincoln was another of the same type. And most of all Jesus was crucified showing the same traits.

So what has all this to do with the general area that we are all interested in? In a world that venerates, honors and rewards masculinity far above femininity and which at the same time equates, strength, courage, determination, aggressiveness, and force with masculinity, what can we expect. Men are so frightened, so ashamed, so fearful of their gentler instincts and feelings that they shove them aside and elevate the current

conceptions of masculinity to the dominate and determining place in their life philosophy. In order to deny femininity a man will exaggerate masculinity well beyond its proper proportion in human life. Of course strength, courage, determination, etc., are valuable qualities at the right time and place and to the right degree but throughout history they have been given priority and an importance that for most of human history they did not deserve.

To primitive man in his cave or mud hut life was very harsh, relatively short and continuously dangerous. In these conditions survival was dependent both for the individual and the race on just these qualities we call masculine. They served their purpose thousands of years ago but for the last 3-5,000 years they have been an increasing burden to the human race. This has been obvious to all great religious teachers, Jesus, Buddha, Mohammad, Confucious, and Lao-Tse to name just a few. The teachings of all such men when analyzed by current western standards were feminine. "The Golden Rule," "Love Thy Enemy," "Walk the Second Mile," "Turn the Other Cheek," "Be Thy Brother's Keeper," and many many more which we all know, do not square with a masculine-type society. I am sorry that I am not familiar enough with the literature of other religions to quote equally well from them but scholars know that the same philosophy runs through them all. It has to as it is obviously the only ultimate way that human beings can live in closer and closer proximity to each other on an ever more crowded earth.

But while mankind's great teachers were propounding great truths and man (males) gave them lip service in church and sometimes elsewhere the business of the world did not apply them very strongly. An eye for an eye was the rule of the Old Testament and the Lord of the Old Testament was a God of Wrath, and Vengeance . . . a real masculine type God if you will. The God of the New Testament became a God of love, of care and of concern. Mankind had made some progress in his theory and philosophy

but little in his practice for under the aegis of the Church many a war has been fought, many an inquisition carried out and many a heretic scourged. Violence, force and death were dondoned by the church because the church was a masculine institution too and denied in practice what it honored in the teachings of Christ.

Man (the male) today remains so afraid of his own gentleness, compassion, love, emotion, passivity, variability, tenderness, concern, in short of all attitudes that seem opposed to the current concept of masculinity that he denies them at every turn and the world is still full of assassins and other violent people. All TVs sometime in their lives, and some TVs all their lives are guilty of the denial of their emergent femininity to the extent of over-compensating on the masculine level. Why were so many of us athletes in college, why have so many chosen active aggressive occupations, why are so many of us competitive in our personal sports such as golf, bowling, swimming, etc.? Why are most of us terrified to allow others to find out that we have a feminine side to our natures. Because few of us have the guts to face the real essence of our own and other human lives — that of love, compassion, tenderness and concern lest we be thought of as effeminate. We crush out the finest part of ourselves because we don't have the guts to stand up for what in our inner selves we know is fine, good and admirable.

What is the result in the world? The continued domination of the masculine ethic of force and violence, of solving problems with wars, pistols or fists instead of with the head and the heart. TVs should take some pride in that regardless of what made them TVs they have had to face up to varying degrees of awareness that there is a feminine side to their character. It is too bad that we are forced to use words like masculine and feminine since they have overtones of male and female and subconsciously arouse sexual anxieties and insecurities but there seem to be no others. Perhaps we might characterize these sides as the ASD (Active - Strong -



Dominate) and the PRT (Passive - Receptive - Tender). Thus the TV has personally faced and acknowledged to some degree his PRT side. Unhappily this is seldom accomplished without a lot of guilt which is the culturally induced ASD side putting up a fight for complete control. To this extent, and obviously it varies widely between individuals, TVs are, I believe, that much further ahead of the crowd.

The deaths of the men memorialized here only goes to prove that ASD attitudes are wide spread in our culture. Television, programming, news coverage, international tensions, adult sports and even Little League show it in many ways. The Principle of Power is still honored in western civilization all out of proportion to the Principle of Love. This is one of the several hopeful signs shown by the teen-agers and young adults of this day from Flower Power, Opposition to Vietnamese War (and most others), slogans like "Make Love Not War," to long haired, necklace wearing young men. They are showing that they no longer have the great, almost holy, regard for maleness and masculinity that older generations had. Sex itself is no longer a somewhat dirty, undercover word and experience largely dominated by the male with little regard for the female. Today it is something becoming as openly enjoyable and natural as a good sirloin steak dinner. And with it an awareness that society need only be partitioned off into anatomically different males and females which cannot be helped, but it need no longer be arbitrarily divided into masculine and feminine. The feminine PRT character is slowly coming into its own. Lets hope that it gets into control of the human race before the die-hard ASD types permanently terminate everything in an ultimate masculine outburst of destructiveness.

I can't help feeling, though I'm having a hard time trying to say it here, that TVs DO have something to be a little proud of. Oh, not the fact that they wear dresses or high heels, after all, what significance would that have in a barefoot and breech-clout civilization, but that in the ACT of wearing the dress, heels,

makeup, hairdo and other things that characterize the PRT side of human nature they are acknowledging its existence within them. The more they let it have a say in determining their life attitudes and the more they encourage it in others the sooner the ASDs will be reduced to a secondary position where they belong. When this occurs in our society men like Jack, Bobbie and Martin will be not only allowed but encouraged to express their ideas and to work for that which all of us in our hearts long for, namely the unity of the human race. I struggled over that word "unity" because habit first led me to think of "brotherhood" which is obviously inappropriate because it is a man-oriented and prejudiced word. "Sisterhood" on the other hand sounds too much like trying to make everyone a woman or of being self-serving of TV interests. But "unity" in the sense that a family is united as a group tied together by love, compassion and understanding is a much finer word.

So to wind this up, let me encourage each of those who read this to accept the PRT side of himself. Not with the superior pride nor with complete disdain for the ASD side, since both are necessary to a well balanced human life, but with a quiet assurance that this is the way things should be. Someday the world will (I hope) honor and exalt the PRT in people over the ASD. In that day we will no longer have so many ASD-driven persons who seek to settle differences of opinion with fists, bullets, napalm or nuclear warheads. In my personal opinion the purpose of life is living and there is practically nothing worth dying for (except possibly to save your child or wife from their death). In turn living is not just existing and breathing; it is basically composed of mutual tenderness, compassion, understanding, and help for others. Today this is PRT-land, tomorrow let us hope it is the world. You have all made the first steps in recognition of this, see that you spread that philosophy as widely as you can. Then your life will have had some meaning.

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## Book Review



TRANSACTIONS OF THE N.Y. ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, Ser. II, Vol. 29, No. 4, pp 428-467.

No really a book, and you may have a bit of trouble buying it, but you can write the Academy at 2 East 63rd St., New York 10021 and try. Beg a little; it is worth it, being the full report on the meeting there on

Transsexualism of January 16, 1967 and not released until last Winter. The following summaries attempt to put the gist of each speaker's message in a few words:

H. BENJAMIN, "The Transsexual Phenomenon," p 428, is an introductory statement which opened the meeting. It is essentially a summary of his book, but quotes the latest work on the prenatal hormone influences as a likely cause for genderal disorientation.

R. J. STOLLER, "Etiological Factors in Male Transsexualism," p 431, is largely devoted to a few cases which he considers hardly typical, but indicative of the way in which over-mothering can lead to the boy becoming transsexual through identification with his mother. Oddly, each mother was a masculine type and each father tended to absent himself from the home. He expresses the hope that "early diagnosis and treatment" can perhaps be used to save such cases from the necessity of a conversion operation later on. In a footnote apparently added after the meeting he says that he cannot "exclude the possibility that some biological force plays a role." (Watch for his book to be reviewed in TVia #52!)

H. S. KUPPERMAN, "The Endocrine Status of the Transsexual Patient," p 434, covers the generalities of sex hormones in some detail, emphasizing that both androgens and progesterone co-exist in both male and female. He interprets the roles of these as being enhancers and suppressors of libido, in addition to their obvious effects on the secondary sexual anatomy. No relationship to transsexual tendency was found.

R. GREEN, "Physician Emotionalism in the Treatment of the Transsexual," is part of the report on a survey in which some TVia readers participated a few years ago. The report is limited to the response from 168 psychiatrists, 125 general practitioners and 100 urologists and gynecologists. The majority of these physicians showed themselves so unsympathetic as to refuse surgery to a TS even at the point of suicide, even though they admitted that such treatment would not be harmful to the patient. This very un-Hippocratic attitude is then discussed in terms of the apparent reasons behind it. The psychiatrists were typical of all groups; 84% were cautious about the possible professional or legal consequences, but 94% objected on MORAL AND/OR RELIGIOUS GROUNDS. Many questionnaires were not completed. Rather the potential respondent scrawled some scurrilous comment across the front page attacking the moral integrity of the authors . . . Letters of protest poured in . . . despite the fact that nowhere in the questionnaire was there an indication of the position of the authors." The result of this is, of course, poor treatment (ask any TS!) amounting to a sham. The cause seems to be the alien nature of the TS phenomenon, plus the probability that it "attacks" the physician as a MAN. It says that it may not be better to be the sex to which most physicians belong — male. It fans the long repressed ember within many men of their envy, at some point in time, of those of the opposite gender. It strikes at their visible symbol of masculine identity . . . the TS demanding that we do the 'unspeakable to his unmentionables.' Why does he keep pestering us?" Even though Dr. Green does not



make the point, it seems clear that many men reflect this attitude to TVs.

W. B. POMEROY, "A Report on the Sexual Histories of Twenty-Five Transsexuals," p 444. Among the first things obvious in this group was a high percentage who had early and intense religious training, and a large portion who were highly isolated from other children. About half the parents were separated by divorce or death during the TS's childhood. Libido was consistently low, with exceptionally low rates of masturbation, nocturnal emission and intercourse. Nearly half the group had been exclusively homosexual; only two had not had such experience and only one of those seemed to be more hetero- than homosexual in overall response. The general summary is they were "rather rigid, moralistic, isolated people with low rates of sex behavior but a very great fantasy life which was compulsive and irreversible. They were not fetishistic as were the TVs." Dressing gave them relief only through adoption of the total female role.

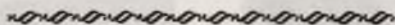
J. MONEY and R. EPSTEIN, "Verbal Aptitude in Eonism and Prepubertal Effeminacy — A Feminine Trait," p 448. Gives relative ratings on TVs and TSs, both male and female, as well as the effeminate boys. All rated normal intelligence (within statistical limits) and superior in Verbal Comprehension. If this means TVs talk a lot, I knew that!

R. B. DOORBAR, "Psychological Testing of Transsexuals," p 445. A less broad but much deeper study of the same sort as the previous paper. One interesting sidelight; the author was well aware of the "credibility gap" in the TS, and expressed herself as a little suspicious of the frequent descriptions of the mother's desire for a girl which led to permissive cross-dressing. She notes: "It is extremely difficult to determine, in the absence of the mother, just how much of this behavior was generated by the mother herself and how much was a response to the child's needs and wishes."

L. WOLLMAN, "Transsexualism: Gynecological Aspects," p463. A very brief discussion of surgical details of the conversion operation, including both original sexes.

H. GUZE, "The Transsexual Patient: A Problem in Self-Perception," p 464. He classes TSs as (1) effeminate in structure (2) effeminate in early training (3) those with severe problems of self-identification and (4) homosexuals, who overlap the other three categories. He also notes (as have few others) the periodic spontaneous come-and-go nature of the urge in both TVs and TSs, and the interesting fact that some TVs are less inclined to cross-dress in the presence of TSs. Startling is his note that "Careful interviewing of a sample of so-called normal people reveals the presence of some of the fantasies of the TV and TS." He feels that all these factors tend to be explained by "conflict between the perceived self and the experienced self," or, in my words, not being able to accept ourselves as we really are. There is no doubt that he is right — but, does this really explain what the TV or the TS is all about? It looks more like an effect than a cause from where I sit.

It seems especially note-worthy that the TV, wherever mentioned, is clearly distinguished from the TS. This is rapid progress.

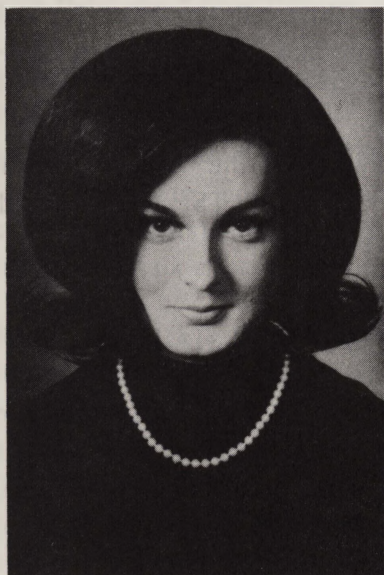


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# Susanna Says



Hello everybody:

How about mixing politics with TVism? Somehow I can't help daydreaming with regard to the position that the present presidential candidates, declared and un-declared, should take towards TVism. Considering their outlook, and political philosophy, each one should have a most definite plan towards this unique form of behaviour which, along with all the unusual things that are happening in our present world, demands recognition and action. So I am picturing vice-president Humphrey as he releases his official statement on TVism. "Americans — since I am the unity candidate, the only one who can unite all shades of opinion, all races, the poor and the rich, amalgamate you all into a society which I will call the Greatest Society, I am convinced that all TV's should give me their vote. I promise complete freedom to dress as you please and I will make sure that there will be at least one TV in my cabinet heading a new department in charge of Beauty, Posture and Walk. My past silence on this question is simply due to the fact that I was not making policy and LBJ just can't manage high heels with miniskirts."

Bobby Kennedy, on the other hand, is much more decisive in his statement. "TV's? Of course, they are on my side. I have been the only candidate who's dared to let his hair grow long with a graceful wave in front. I will guarantee all TV's a minimum yearly wardrobe. They can be sure that the government will restructure

Medicare so that any TV who so desires can be generously supplied with hormones, creams and pills. I believe however that no TV should ever be allowed to contemplate the operation. Somehow, I just can't sympathize with that position."

Senator McCarthy is rather reluctant to go into details. "Just let me point out that I was the first one to move away from the accepted norms. I had the courage to open a new path. People laughed at me and thought I was crazy to defy the established order of things. Therefore, I find that my position bears a striking similarity to that of all TV's. Once we get out of Vietnam, I'll see to it that each GI will be given a choice of civilian wardrobe — or better still, he will receive a pants-suit plus a skirt to match, just in case. If the South Vietnamese want to have a Communist government, why should I object if our new generation leans towards a peaceful mode of dress."

Turning my thoughts towards the Republican side of the fence I asked Richard Nixon what he thought about men in dresses. "My friend," he said, turning a frown into a sudden smile, "I am a great believer in private enterprise. How you dress is your own affair. And I must admit that it must take a lot of personal enterprise to make the kind of periodic transformation that you people seem to be so adept at. Yes, you can count on my patriotic support — as long as the prints that you wear do not convey the form of little hammers and sickles. And make sure that you don't use perfume made in France. I would personally recommend My New York Sin, or California Surrender."

My thoughts then took me to Albany. Every time I made an appointment with Governor Rockefeller, he would cancel it at the last moment. I then remembered that he owns property in Venezuela and handles well the Spanish language. I then phoned him and said I was Senorita Susanna from South America. That same night I got a date with him. He was very sympathetic when I told him about the many TV's who have wife trouble and he



thought that perhaps a massive governmental appropriation might just solve all our problems. However, he also pointed out that we needed the backing of giant private corporations so that we could eventually declare a national strike. He'd see to it that the authorities should grant all our demands, although he would not openly campaign for us.

In a most optimistic mood I then proceeded to contact Governor Reagan. He smiled when he saw me. "Your make-up could stand some fixing, he said, if you people insist on acting out the part of a girl, for Heaven's sake, be real: Acting is a serious business. As President of the United States I'll give strict orders that TV's should not be molested as long as nobody reads them. But, woe to those that can be read: Must have order, you know. I will also organize a TV Corps for Viet Nam and all of South East Asia — you will lure the enemy guerillas and then — wham! TVism can be a most effective weapon against Communist aggression."

Unfortunately one cannot daydream indefinitely and I shook myself into reality as the phone rang and a TV from out of town was asking me if he could come to my apartment to dress for a few hours. The guerrillas at home had ceased their attacks for one evening. And speaking of guerrillas, let me add a few notches to my anti-marriage campaign for TV's. Have met in the last 3 weeks three new TV's. Just coming out from the woodwork. The three of them have emerged reeling under the ceaseless bombardment of the psychological insecticide they have been receiving at home. Let's call them X, Y, and Z. In the case of X, the GG at home has known from before the marriage. Obviously she hoped to "cure" X — and just as obviously, X has not been cured. On the contrary, he is climbing the walls. The poor thing has been so restrained that he's scared to death to put on make-up fearing that a wee bit of a smudge might be left on his lips or cheeks. It is really pitiful to meet a human being so full of fear. H is the kind that won't stop trembling unless we put the chain on the door of my apartment.

And then, there's "Y." The wife also knows and used to be kind and tolerant. Not any more. "Y" was dressing too often — according to her. I say: is there anybody who can tell me the "right" dressing dosage for a TV? Once a year? Once a month? Once a week? Once a day? Once an hour? I say: dress whenever you feel like dressing. I assure all GG's it is less harmful (if any) than smoking whenever one feels like smoking. "Y" used to have a fairly nice wardrobe. Not any more. The wife made it vanish. So . . . "Y" is starting now from a scratch and is desperately looking for a place to leave his clothes. That GG is going to be surprised when any day now, her husband is going to vanish for good.

And finally, I met "Z." The wife does not know. Surprisingly however, she seems to have read several issues of TVia loaned to her — get this — by the wife of a TV! But her reaction to TVism has been totally negative. Her position is: "I am so happy that my husband is not one of those pitiful men!" So "Z" doesn't dare even hint at the truth and drags along a thoroughly masculine existence which he hates. I quote him: "I hate every minute of the hours which are supposed to be my time to relax. And I'm afraid some day I'll end up by hating the person who symbolizes my frustration." Nice outlook for this marriage!

Now I would like to invade Sheila's department. I'm sure she'll forgive me for trespassing into the literary world. I seldom read a book twice. But after reading "I want what I want", I had to re-read it. The subject is not exactly a TV. He is more of a transsexual and the ending — the classic ending of all such stories — is tragedy. Roy — the hero as Wendy (the heroine) commits suicide. But there are many passages through the book that hit home. His fantastic preoccupation with clothes — something which is not necessarily typical of transsexuals — puts him on our side of the fence. But above all, I enjoyed the forceful, vivid style of the author: Geoff Brown. Just as a sample I'd like to quote from a scene. Roy has purchased an entire wardrobe (mail order)

and is about to go out fully dressed for the first time in his life. He is at present living in a furnished room away from home.

"I drew the curtains and then got out of the clothes I was wearing at comically high speed. When they lay on the floor I despised them. They kept me male. I kicked them all under the bed and out of sight. I burst open the parcels and got the things I needed. New things were heaven. I was very careful not to catch the new stockings with my fingernails. I ran my hands over the stockings to feel the sheerness, and told myself that not every girl had such long legs as I had. I was ready to put on my high heeled shoes. They were tight. I wished that I had a shoe horn. But then my foot was in. It was firmly held. I put on the second shoe. The fronts of my feet looked just as I had wanted them to look. Mine were women's feet in high heeled shoes.

I stood up and walked. The tip-toe feelings made me light and feminine. The consciousness of my feet and legs delighted me. I moved with a step instead of a tread. It was a wonderful sensation."

A few paragraphs later, night-time comes. Here's Roy again: ". . . I would be able to pass for a girl. I had no doubt that I could do it. The difficulty would be in overcoming the nervousness. Setting out would be like walking on a narrow plank over an abyss. Yet other people had walked over the abyss on high-heeled shoes. I could do it . . . The nightdress produced a feeling that was stillness, its femininity was my femininity. I was real . . . It was beautiful to be gently alive and conscious of myself. The door was locked and I was safe. I had become the center, still and alone. The nightdress was the truth about me . . . The nightdress was correct . . . It was my nightdress. I had chosen it."

Well, the above is just a sample. It is hard to think that the author could be anything else but a TV. Somehow I doubt that a non-TV could possibly express that certain feeling that is basic to



all of us when in the presence of our wardrobe.

Well, girls, sorry to make this a somewhat shorter column than usual, but I have a six-way date with all presidential candidates which I must keep every day of the week . . . and honestly they are keeping me so busy that last weekend I even forgot to take along my lipstick to the office.

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# Travelogue



Well, the great trek is over . . . 9 cities, 11 radio or TV appearances, about 8,000 miles, 6 meetings with groups, several hundred letters of inquiry, rain, shine, hot, cold and last but not least exhaustion from the trip followed by depression from looking at the pile of mail and other problems when I returned. But c'est la vie and here is the story.

As usual just before I take off for a trip I get a cold due to working too late trying to get everything in order so I started out amply supplied with Kleenex, Aspirin and Dristan nose drops but I gradually won the fight. It didn't do my voice any good though.

Since I wanted to meet with the girls in the various cities I was to be in this meant going through all the files pulling out the names of persons in all these cities and then filling out a little form that I had had mimeographed telling them where I'd be and what program I was going to be on in their city. As there were about 110 of these names this became quite a task too. Then it was necessary to brief Mary on a number of matters that had to be taken care of during my absence. She kindly consented to stay at my house to look after cats, garden, house and to make it "lived in" so that no one would break in. I had to leave the house about 10 Sunday morning but we didn't get through all these details and start packing till about 10 PM on Saturday night. It was hectic.



I left L.A. on Sunday May 5 and flew to Washington, D. C. where I was met by Deanna 20-Q-1 FPE and her very nice, type-A wife and taken to the hotel and a late evening visit. Monday I "did" one of the Smithsonian museums and also the Passport Dept. of the State Dept. Here I accomplished something that has been bugging me for a long time, namely arranging for a passport so I can go to England and Scandinavia next year and visit the girls there. I just told the desk girl that I had an unusual problem and wanted to speak to one of the higher ups and not go through a lot of clerks. She said I'd have to tell her the nature of the problem so she would know who to refer me to. I leaned over the desk and quietly said, "I'm a male." She scarcely batted an eye but said, "I see; excuse me for a moment," and she went into an adjoining office. Returning in a few minutes she told me that she had told her boss who in turn had called a Mr. Rando of the Legal Dept. and I was sent up there. He turned out to be a very nice and knowledgeable man having been to Johns Hopkins to find out the score on the TSs that apply for passports. He told me that I could get a passport in my real male name with an "AKA" (meaning 'Also known as') Virginia Bruce and that I could have Virginia's picture on the passport. That together with visas from the local consulates should do it nicely, so start getting ready in Europe girls. I'll be there.

Monday nite we had an informal get together in my hotel room of the girls in the area and laid plans for the first meeting of the chapter which has since been held so the Washington - Baltimore - Maryland - Virginia group is launched and any FPE members in the area who want to become part of it can write to Linda Jean 20-B-1 FPE thru Contact and make arrangements. Looks like it will be a fine group with a number of real great wives as part of it.

Tuesday I devoted to sightseeing by taking one of the tours. I got acquainted with one of the other single ladies and we went to all the various buildings together, sat together, had lunch together,

"powdered our noses" together etc. I tell you this as prologue to what happened the next day which I still chuckle over. On Wednesday morning I taped the "Here's Barbara" show over WMAL and then, having a little time before another taping at 2:30 I took a taxi to the Police Dept. I had previously written from California to ask the law in the District and was informed that cross dressing was no violation of itself. So, as usual I wanted to see the minions of the law. I'd forgotten the letter with the answer and the name of the writer so I just asked to see the Officer in charge of the vice squad. I finally got in to see him and told him about writing the letter and that I wanted to give him some pamphlets, etc. After about 5 minutes of conversation I said, "I suppose you and the Sgt. realize that I am a transvestite myself."

"Oh yes," he replied quite smugly, "I read you the minute you stepped in the door." I allowed that under the circumstances he probably did but that I doubted that he would if he just met me on the street where there was no cause for suspicion.

He insisted that he would have read me anyway, because, "I'm a suspicious guy anyway, you have to be to be a cop." Well, I let it lay, not wanting to argue with him. But a few minutes later he leaned back in his chair and said, "Did you say you'd been married?"

"Yes," I told him, "I've been married twice!"

"Hmmm . . ." he mused to himself and then continued, "Well, what did your husbands think about this?"

I nearly fell over with amusement at the trap he had fallen into and reminded him, "I thought you said you read me when I walked into the room?" He was covered with confusion and I had myself a minor triumph. Having spent all the previous day with a woman under all kinds of circumstances I was sure that he hadn't

read me but like a lot of men he had to claim that he did to maintain his masculine "know it all-ness."

Wednesday afternoon I taped another show on WTOP, then was met by Linda and wife and taken for a lovely dinner after a tour of the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington monument. She then drove me out to Silver Springs Maryland to do a 11 PM radio interview show on WWDC. This went off fine and at 12 AM Fred Gale the interviewer was having such an interesting time that he asked me if I could go on to 12:30. I told him I could go on till 6 AM if necessary.

Thursday I was met at the hotel and driven to the airport by Marcia 51-W-2 FPE and took off for Cleveland. There I was met by one of our new readers whose femmename escapes me (35-A-3 FPE) and we drove to the hotel in a real tropical rainstorm. That night we had a group meeting in my room and somewhat revamped the Delta Chapter into a Cleveland based group to be joined by others in surrounding territory as they could. Again a late night.

Friday I went to see Sovereign News who are wholesale magazine distributors. I was picked up and delivered back to the hotel in the owners yellow cadillac no less, and I finally heard what stereo in a car is really like. I think I'll have to have it installed in my rebel. Anyway they gave me an order for 350 of both the TV and Wife, and Transvestia to be distributed 100 each to Cleveland, Detroit and Philadelphia and 50 to Toronto so this will give us considerable exposure and should pick up a lot of new people in those cities. If it does well he has several other cities that he will add. Friday nite was the Allen Douglas show on WKBF. This was a studio audience type of TV show like the Allen Burke show in New York. It went off very well and we had about 45 minutes. After it was over a number of people from the audience came down and asked more questions and were quite interested. Back at the hotel I had an amusing experience in that the night clerk,



reading "Virginia Bruce" on the register, mistook me for the old movie actress of that name and asked if I had any autographed pictures. I felt it necessary to disillusion him and the switchboard girl who was also behind the desk so I did and they became fascinated and asked so many questions that I didn't get any dinner till 11:30 PM. More late night.

Saturday Cynthia 35-S-4 FPE drove me to the airport and Carol 35-L-3 FPE met us out there so I got in some more visiting. Found that I had left a couple of items behind in the motel room so had to impose on Cynthia to go back for them and mail them to me in Boston. Thanks Cynthia.

I flew to Chicago and was met at O'Hare by Gus who is more widely known as Gisele 12-J-2 FPE and taken to her home which has practically become my home away from home when I'm in Chicago for which I'm very grateful. Fran, our FPE Exec. Secty. came down from Wisc. and the three of us spent the afternoon working over a number of FPE problems which we hope will make the organization more viable and interesting as well as making the problem of interviews much simpler. That evening we went to a party of the Beta Chapter for about 40 minutes and then Gus and I had to leave to go do the Marty Faye show on WCIU. This was a repeat from last fall but at that time Marty himself was on vacation so another man handled the show. This time it was Marty himself and again things went smoothly. We went back to the Beta party where the gang had watched the show on TV and continued the fun till about 2 AM and then home. But Fran, Gisele and I had to chew up some more fat so we didn't get to bed - I didn't, that is, till about 3 AM. Unfortunately, the KUP show which I had been scheduled to tape earlier in the day had been cancelled because of some timely event that had to be covered and it was too late to make arrangements for the other competitive show that also wanted me. This was a disappointment because the KUP show is a panel show where various things are discussed and TVism isn't



**BACKGROUND:**  
WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT



**EVER HEAR OF A HOTEL  
ROOM WITH TWO TV's?**

**FOREGROUND:**  
CALIFORNIA'S



**GOINGS ON AT CASA SUSANNA—1967**





the only subject taken up. Ah well. I've got a rain check on that one.

Sunday I flew to Buffalo and was met at the airport by Diana Joyce's brother 32-H-4 FPE and driven to her home south of the city. There I saw the home and business building that Diana has built with her (his) own hands and its some place, believe me. Diana wrote her own interesting story as cover girl on #42. I must say publicly that I found her a most fascinating and unusual person. I don't know anyone who has more completely integrated the masculine and feminine aspects of humanity into one person than he-she. One can see him in her and her in him and ease, self-acceptance and a certain genuineness in both. I also met and talked with son, daughter and wife all of whom are fully aware of Diana's existence and are learning to accept her as part of their total family life. I stayed overnight with them and on Monday Diana drove me to Rochester.

In the afternoon I did the TV show "Crossfire" over WROC. This was interesting because I sat between a man and a woman and they both fired questions at me. The program was very well named and we had a real open and frank discussion. That evening some of the local girls came down to the motel and we had a chance to get acquainted.

Tuesday I flew to Boston to attend the American Psychiatric convention at the Sheraton Boston. I was met and shepherded around town for the rest of the week by one of our newer members, Dorothy 21-D-3 FPE. I'd have been lost without her as the convention housing bureau had placed me way out in Cambridge quite some distance from the convention itself. Not only did she act as my chauffeur during my Boston stay but took me to dinner a couple of times, went to the radio station with me and even arranged a room for me at the Parker House the last couple of days which was much closer to the convention and managed to get it on a complimentary basis besides. The brother



Bill is a very nice guy but his sister Dorothy is one of those that just seems to fit her role perfectly. Quite a gal.

Tuesday evening was the seminar that I particularly came for featuring Dr. Benjamin of New York, Dr. Money of Johns Hopkins, Drs. Stoller and Green, my friends from UCLA, and Dr. Marks from England (the aversion therapy man). When they had all had their say and the question period was on I got up and had my say. I pointed out that because of Dr. Benjamin's pioneering work on transsexuals medical men all around were becoming more interested in helping such. But I pointed out that a great many persons ask for sex-change surgery who are really not TSs and who have talked and wished themselves into the idea and that just because someone asks for surgery does not make them a TS. I told them that I had grounds to know whereof I spoke because I was a transvestite myself. I went on to indicate that giving large doses of hormones to persons who really are not TSs but who have merely persuaded themselves into the surgery idea, was not a good idea because the hormones not only knock out the male potency but psychologically they greatly lessen the drive, the get up and go that is necessary for a man to have to carry out his masculine role in society. At this meeting I was able to meet Dr. Randall of London with whom I have had some correspondence and who is one of those who has reported on a fair number of TVs. I shall look forward to having more time to visit with him in London next year.

Wednesday was devoted to the convention and the only item of consequence was that while I was in one of the ladies rooms on the exhibit floor of the convention a woman looked at me considerably and as I emerged from the booth she asked me, "Haven't I seen you on television?" I was knocked out by the question and also by the location in which it was asked and so did not answer yes or no but hedged by asking her where. She said Philadelphia and I started to say that I'd never been there when I remembered that the Allen Burke show was syndicated there. So I

asked her if she ever watched Allen Burke. Her face lit up happily and she said, "Yes, that was it, I saw you on it and you were wonderful." That relieved me because she had approved and I could relax. Next day I took one of the leaflets around to her booth and as I said in one of my editorials, I "made some waves" with her.

Wednesday evening we had a meeting of a number of the Boston group in my hotel room in Cambridge and got acquainted with a number of new ones — new to me in person that is. Another late nite.

Thursday noon, between the morning and afternoon sessions I went to see the head of Boston's vice detail, a very kindly and nice man named Jordan. He asked me many questions and gradually a group of his sergeants came in and asked me many more. They wanted me to talk to the student cops in the Police Academy but that was, unfortunately, their last day of school and so it wasn't possible. I had to get back to the convention by 1:30 for an important talk and it was already that time, so I asked the Capt. if he could help me out with police car transportation to save the subway time. He said he could and asked one of the sergeants, "Can you take her back, Jones?" He replied that he could and added, "I'll take Smith along." I laughed and kidded him by saying, "Waht's the matter, are you chicken to go with me alone?" It was very interesting and they were all very friendly.

I got back to the convention and had the opportunity to hear Sir John Wolfenden of the famous Wolfenden report in England. After the session was over I went up to the platform and spoke with him. I revealed myself to him, showed him TVia and the Wives book and gave him a copy of the Lecture Leaflet. He was very kindly and interested and promised that he would let any others who might be concerned about the field in England know about our activities over here.

Thursday night I did the Steve Fredricks radio show for three hours from 11 PM to 2 AM. Steve was fascinated with the subject and commented that this was the most interesting show he had ever done. He invited me to appear again sometime and said we'd have to do it for even longer. The phone-in questions were generally pretty good except for the usual "Virginia, do you believe in God?" routine. I turned her off quickly but I suppose I should have gotten the jump on her and beat her to the gun with a reply like, "Yes I do and since HE made me this way you might as well accept it too!"

Friday afternoon after the concluding session of the convention I went out to the Mass. State Police Bureau of Criminal Information and spoke for about two hours with Lt. Gross. I left some leaflets with him as I had with the Boston City officers. For local residents you'll be pleased to know that there is no Boston or State law against a male being on the street in feminine attire. But of course there are the other limitations on one's behavior while so dressed. One of the sergeants had told me that he and his wife had spotted what appeared to them to be a male in feminine clothing at a restaurant they had eaten in, but they had no intention of doing anything about it. Glad to know that while other things may be, TVs are not "banned in Boston." Maybe if we were we'd achieve some of the fame and fortune that books and plays have enjoyed after being so labeled.

Friday night I was picked up by Karen 21-F-2 FPE and driven to the home of Eloise 21-F-3 FPE where they had arranged a party for me. Many of those who had been in my hotel room earlier in the week as their brothers were present this evening as their femmeselves and we had a very pleasant time as you can see from the picture accompanying this report. We also had 3 GGs present but they were not in the picture. Of course this, like all TV gatherings didn't get me back to the hotel till about 2:30. I didn't get to bed at a reasonable hour but once on the whole trip.



Saturday was mostly confined to the hotel recovering from the 3 AM show on Thursday, the meeting on Friday night, packing etc. I did find a little restaurant just down the street from the Parker House called, I believe, the "Coach Grill" where I had two of the nicest, most complete dinners I've ever had for the amazing price of \$3.50. They even served crackers and dip before you got your dinner. I never saw that in even the swankiest places. This is frankly a plug because I feel good places should be complimented as well as bad ones condemned. That evening I flew to New York. As I arrived earlier than the friend I was to stay with returned to town I got off of the airport bus at the Commodore to check my bags and kill a couple of hours. When the bellboy had unloaded my bags at the check room he turned to me and said, "Say didn't I see you on the Allen Burke show a couple of months ago?" Again I was caught dead to rights.

Sunday afternoon my friend Lola (see ad on page 68 of TVia 50) went down to the Manhattan hotel where I had reserved a room for meeting with the N.Y. people. No N.Y. subscribers showed up between 4 and 7 though 2 of our New Jersey girls did. It was a considerable disappointment (and also a waste since I'd paid \$25 for the room). So we adjourned to Susanna's for a visit with her which was very enjoyable.

Monday evening I did the Barry Farber show on WOR which turned out pretty well. Not as well as I would have liked because Barry used up a good deal of time on irrelevant matters and there is never enough time anyway. I did learn that his show is syndicated to about 15 other cities too so we got some extra coverage that way.

Tuesday noon I was to be taken to lunch by one of our FPE members at one of the special clubs in N.Y. and as I was early I was standing on the sidewalk in front of it awaiting his arrival. A couple of men walked by and looked a little more than usual at me as they passed, got about 10 feet beyond me and one spoke to

the other and then turned around and returned to me to ask, "Didn't I see you on the Allen Burke show a while back?" I had to allow that he had. He was very nice about it, but I began to get slightly paranoid about it feeling that everyone who looked at me was remembering me as the TV on the Burke show. Of course they weren't but it shook me up a bit anyway. Certainly proved that we got coverage though and that the message sank in to people's memory. I guess Mr. Burke is something of a community activity in N.Y.

I spent the rest of the week in a variety of activities buying a coat in Macy's, a dress in Ohrbachs and making a wave with the girl in a jewelry shop on 34th street who had been interested and complimentary about my outfit. As I left after purchasing a couple pairs of earrings she said, "Well, have fun with them, they look lovely on you." I had started to walk and decided that I'd go back and tell her how I had the fun. I did so and left her a leaflet in the process. She was fascinated, interested and very complimentary. This proved once again that many people will accept the TV as only he presents his case with sincerity, honesty and free of guilt. Later in the week I went to visit with Gertrude whose ad appeared in TVia #50 on page 87 but from which by some accident the city was omitted. But she is in New York and I met her at the dress shop of a friend of hers and had a nice visit with both of them and went out for a coke with them at a nearby cafe. They proved to be two very nice women, interested in the subject and not at all condemnatory. So any of you in New York who are interested in furs (new and used) or in having dresses made or altered, I recommend them to you. If you call the number given just tell Gertrude that I gave her a special plug in my travelogue.

I had the pleasure of having both lunch and dinner with Dr. Benjamin, the latter in the company of Sheila's brother and his wife and enjoyed both very much\* as I always do in Dr. B's company — a wonderful man and a dear friend. I also had another

evening with Dr. Wollman and his wife and talked over many things — cabbages and kings (also queens) as Alice said.

One afternoon I went down and had a visit with the Inspector and the Captain of the N.Y. Police Public Morals Div. They were very polite, interested and friendly. The law has recently been changed in N.Y. so that one male in feminine attire or two together so dressed is not a violation, but three together is; so if any of you like to go out in bunches (which isn't very smart anyway) at least keep considerable distance between you to avoid this pitfall. This seems like an odd law, but as it is one which is aimed not at TVs but at the drag queens and male prostitutes in drag I guess they figure that if three of them get together the possibility of a public disturbance or nuisance or of rolling some innocent male is increased. Anyway that's how it is. Naturally, I explained our position and left them 3 or 4 leaflets which they promised to pass on to other concerned officers. This is a considerable come down from the law that hooked one of our members and which we appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court (recounted in earlier issues). I also went to see Mr. Richard Levidow, the attorney who handled that case for us. We had corresponded several times but this was our first face to face meeting. He is still much interested in our type of pattern and I would recommend him to any of you faced with any legal problems which involve TV. Look under Lawyers in the N.Y. Yellow section.

Friday noon I did a program over WRVR the radio station of the Riverside Church. This was an extra connection which I did not know about until I got to N.Y. and talked with Mrs. Supples of the Erickson Foundation who had made the contact. This outlet only covers a range of perhaps 25-50 miles from N.Y. but it covers a different type of people being a church station though their programs are not religiously oriented. They have all manner of controversial programs but they do hit a different strata of society and that is all to the good for us.



Friday nite I took off for Atlanta and was met at the airport by Ann, our cover girl on TVia #34 and one of the other newer girls in the area. Ann gave me a tour of Atlanta on the way to the Motel and I must say it's a bustling and interesting place. The radio program that Ann had arranged in Atlanta had been cancelled for reasons too complicated to go into here but Ann had arranged to take me out to the station anyway because the girl who was going to do the interview wanted to meet me anyway. So this woman, and her producer (another girl) Ann's brother and Virginia had a great discussion for a couple of hours with the end result that the girls interviewed me anyway on a small tape recorder with the idea of using the interview some time in the future when the situation that had caused the complication had been cleared up. They became vary fascinated too, not only with me and the subject but by Ann's brother who while there in the male flesh showed them pictures of Ann which they couldn't believe. It was fun and I've sure created a lot of good will and waves whether they ever use the tape or not. Incidentally the Barry Farber show out of N.Y. is syndicated to that station so maybe I'll get aired over it that way if not directly.

Sunday I flew to Miami by way of Jacksonville where I changed planes so that I had a couple of hours visit with Billie 9-B-2 FPE. He drove me around the country side a bit while we visited and compared notes. It's nice to see face to face those whom you have had communication with over the years, so it was enjoyable. In Miami I was met at the airport by Ruth 9-C-2 FPE and her sister so we three girls had a nice meeting, a drive thru the city to the sister's home and later in the evening a chance to meet Dorothy 9-S-5 FPE and Dee Dorothy Stern 9-L-2 FPE and her wife at a little party, at the home of Ruth's sister. I stayed with her and had a most enjoyable visit in a lovely home. Monday morning I paid a visit to Mary Kay 9-K-1 FPE who is confined to a wheel chair and so couldn't come to the party. She asked me to extend her greetings to everyone and to say that she would be more than happy to see any FPEs who are traveling to Miami.

Tuesday evening Ruth's brother, a very fine and gentlemanly person incidently, escorted his sister and myself to cocktails and dinner in Ft. Lauderdale. We went to the best places and I wore my green print satin dress that I'm shown in in several of the accompanying pictures. This is modishly short and low cut in front as you can see so that I felt myself a real lady (in more ways than one) to go to such exclusive places as these . . . where the menu is all in French and the waiters wear white gloves and all that. I had a wonderful evening and am pleased to thank him in print as well as in person not only for that event but, with Ann of Atlanta, for making the Florida trip financially possible as it was not on my original agenda.

On Wednesday May 29, I flew to Denver from Miami by way of Dallas and as Braniff Internat. couldn't get their plane put together in time we had a 2 hour delay in Dallas which cut me out of a dinner with the Denver people. But I finally got there and met Maureen 6-J-1 FPE, Elaura Ann 6-H-3 FPE and Barbara 6-B-1 FPE — all as their brothers, of course. Later we went to station KOA to do the Bill Barker show. He had gotten a psychiatrist and a psychologist to help him in his "examination" of what he probably expected was some sort of a kook. It was really funny. Obviously neither of these two professional men knew any more about the subject than what they had read which, as most of you realize, was not much. I'm afraid that contact with a real, live, walking, talking TV who was able and more than willing to hold her own on the subject was something of a shock to them. I will say tho that the psychiatrist in summing up for the benefit of Mr. Barker did say that he had to agree with me regarding the fact that gender was a learned behavior and not something you are born with. The fact that I was able to cite chapter and verse on some psychiatric authorities obviously surprised and impressed him. So between the interview, the pamphlet and the Wives book I guess we did a pretty good job on the two of them . . . the public's reaction was apparently very good too as I've already had a number of letters from the area. One was from a professor at a

local college who wrote complimenting me on a clear and reasoned approach to the subject. It's kind of warming to receive such mail. I got several of the same type from professional people who saw the Allen Burke show in various areas. It's encouraging.

Thursday, Memorial Day Barbara's brother was kind enough to drive me all around Denver and up into some of the foothills of the rockies which was both pretty and interesting. My thanks for the excursion. That night the three men and 2 wives and Virginia had dinner in the hotel and later we three girls left the men and went up to my room so that I could visit with the wives alone. They are both swell people with their feet on the ground and understanding of the pattern. It is always such a pleasure to meet wives who realize that the happiness of their husband is more important than their conformation to some socially required form of conduct. They were in such contrast to another wife I met on the trip whose neurotic need for a masculine image is so great that she is making her husband's life completely miserable. It is so sad that there are so many un-understanding wives who find it necessary to literally dictate to their husbands what they shall do and be. If these wives came anywhere near conforming to the ideals that their husbands undoubtedly have for a truly loving and lovely feminine wife they might have a leg to stand on, but generally they are a long way from their husbands desires so who are they to complain . . . but they do. Enough philosophy!

Friday morning I paid a visit to a magazine distributor in Denver and obtained an order from him so that the magazine will now become available on Denver newstands. Then I called the Police Dept. from a pay station and got ahold of one of the Divisional Chiefs. I asked him the law in Denver and was told that it was illegal under all circumstances except going to or coming from a masquerade party. I told him that I was a TV, gave lectures, published etc. and that I would have liked to come down and give him some information on the subject if I got safe conduct. He told me it would be a waste of time and that he could



not give me permission to break the law and that he didn't care about any difference between us and the drag queens anyway but said I could send him the leaflet by mail if I wished. I asked him if he conformed to that humorous sign I've seen in some offices, "My mind is made up, don't confuse me with facts." and he said yes that that was about it. So much for the enlightened and intelligent attitude of the Denver Police Department. Local readers please note!

That afternoon I got one of the thrills of my life. Maureen's brother Bob had connections with an airplane rental agency so we went out to the field and boarded a 4 seater Cessna and took off for an aerial survey of Denver. After we were airborne I was given an opportunity to play Amelia Earhart by piloting the plane myself . . . something that has occupied many of my dreams but which I never got around to. Now I've decided that as time and money (what are either of those things??) become available that I will take some lessons. I got a great charge out of it. The instructor found that my interest in the various instruments and quick grasp of their method of operation was considerably greater than other women he'd had up there and made some comment in surprise about my knowledgeability. But I just passed it off by saying that I was insatiably curious about all manner of things and had been trained in science, etc. Better watch it there Virginia, Charles isn't too far below the surface you know!

Then on to Continental Airlines and home to L.A. arriving back here on May 31. As I said in the opening paragraph I did eleven appearances. Already before I got home Mary had sent out over a hundred replies to inquiries and a considerable pile remain to be processed. I am sure from the response that these appearances together with the earlier Allen Burke show have pulled a lot of our sisters out of the woodwork and that we can look forward to an influx of new readers and in due course to new members of FPE. While it was very tiring to me . . . I talked the subject almost

continuously for 3 weeks and my voice shows it . . . I think it was all very worthwhile and helped the cause considerably both to the public, the police officials I contacted and the groups that I helped to start up. At least that's the way I feel and I hope it's true.

### FINANCIAL REPORT

This trip would not have been possible had it not been for the response that many readers gave to my request for assistance in the matter. Below is a brief summary of the income and expenses of the trip. I have not wanted to waste space with a very detailed itemization and so have simply totaled the categories. I would like to mention and to thank collectively the various people along the trip who took me to meals, met me at airports, paid trips, arranged free accommodations, drove me to various engagements etc. Had they not been kind enough to do these things the total cost of the trip would have been much higher.

The donations made by readers to this cause have come quite remarkably to a total of \$653. I don't think the donors would want to be listed individually, nor their amounts. People contributed what they could from several who included an extra dollar with their orders thru the 5s, 10s, and 25s to several who gave \$50 each. There were 56 donators all told and I wish to thank each of them personally herewith. I hope they will all understand that with the volume of mail that I have to deal with all the time that it simply is not possible to thank them all with a personal note. But the fact that these 56 persons felt that the help they had gotten was worthy of being passed on to others is this way very gratifying. I'm sure that your donations were well spent and that they will bear fruit. Again my personal thanks and the

unexpressed thanks that I'm sure many who were found thru our joint efforts on this venture would offer to you.

#### Income

Donations	\$653.00
Foundation treasury	150.00
Allen Douglas Show	100.00
	<u>903.00</u>

#### Expenses

Airline tickets, coach fare	\$545.16
Hotel accommodations	179.34
Taxis, buses, subways, etc.	56.15
Tips at airports, hotels etc.	11.20
Registration fee APA meeting	10.00
Phone calls already billed	76.40
Phone calls made during trip	<u>3.00</u>
	\$881.25

Difference between income and expense is \$21.75. Against this are long distance phone calls which had to be made during the trip to arrange things and which have not yet been billed, books and pamphlets given away to police, radio and TV stations, Drs. etc. and obviously some miscellaneous items I forgot to put down. When these are taken off of the balance it will not be large and I guess the donators will not begrudge me that small difference. I have not included meals since I would have to eat anyway although it is much cheaper to eat at home than to eat out.

Again thanks to all who made it possible and welcome to those who have been discovered as a result of this trip.

Sincerely and exhaustedly,

VIRGINIA





# **BOSTON TEA PARTY**

**Top L — R**

**DONNA**

**21-S-2-FPE**

**DOROTHY**

**21-D-3 FPE**

**ELOISE**

**21-F-3 FPE**

**DEBBIE**

**32-R-9 FPE**

**BARBARA**

**7-H-2 FPE**

**Seated L — R**

**FRANCENE**

**21-D-4 FPE**

**VIRGINIA**

**5-P-1 FPE**

**LESLIE**

**32-R-7 FPE**

**LISA**

**21-D-2 FPE**



**PEACHES & CREAM**  
(The dessert I mean!)

## **MARIE of FIFTH AVENUE**

**COMPLETE WIG SERVICE — SALES AND STYLING**

**Friendly Understanding and Privacy for all TV's**

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# F. P. E. Notes

In Chicago on this past trip, Fran, Gisele and I did a lot of reorganizing of the FPE interviewing methods. In the past a Councilor over a Region was a long way from some of the prospects in her area and thus frequently was unable to meet with them. We are now going to try to arrange interviewers in the principle centers of population so that applicants can be checked out more easily and thus avoid delays. It will still be the applicants responsibility to contact the interviewer in her area after Fran tells her who it is and how to make contact.

A recent letter to the Editor in the National Insider registered the complaint of a former FPE member who had belonged for a year or so and "didn't get anything out of FPE." Partly this may have been because she was isolated from other members. But one must point out with JFK that it is what one can do for one's country (FPE) that is important not just expect a hand out of finished goods as it were. Remember that all the activities of FPE on the part of Fran, myself and the Councilors is voluntary and unpaid. FPE can become what the members make it. The officers cannot just tailor a program to your needs and hand it to you.

My recent tour will bring many new prospects into the open so we ought to have an influx of new members in the coming months. New chapters are organizing and old ones revitalizing so if you are not presently active in one check with Fran as to the status in your area. Help push the wagon and it will go.

Fran says there are still a good many back numbers of the Femme Forum on hand. The treasury would appreciate the support and Fran the space. Price 50c each. They are good reading.

VIRGINIA

# Editorial Emanations

I. NON-RECEIPT OF SHIPMENTS: In spite of all the efforts of Mary and myself there is a continual flow of letters saying in effect, "I sent you X dollars on Y date and I haven't gotten my order yet." We keep literally triple records from the time of receipt of money till the package is in the box sealed, stamped and ready for the post office so we usually can catch our own errors and we do make them, being only human. But we have no way of shipping merchandise on orders that we have never received nor can we be responsible for its delivery to you after it leaves our hands. The post office does some fabulous things such as sending back packages marked "not know at this address" and yet the package has been and sometimes still is opened. Complaints at this end don't do any good, unfortunately, and I can't involve you as subscribers without your permission. So please note the following. Please send checks or money orders. At least these can be traced and the endorsement noted. I am always very uncomfortable when someone has sent cash and we have to say we didn't receive it. How do they know that we didn't just pocket it and not make a note. I know we're honest but I have no way of proving it so please don't send cash. If our records show the order as being received and the post office shipping book has your name in it, we know it went out of here. If you still don't get it all we can do is split the cost of a reshipment with you.

Except for times when I am away, we manage to keep up with orders to the extent of shipping within a week. So allowing the time for mail to arrive, a week at this end and mail to return don't wait a couple of months to inquire about an order if it is for something regularly in stock, but help our red tape by sending the date on which the check was mailed so we have something to check from in the log book.



II. CONTACTING VIRGINIA: Although my phone number is listed in the phone book under "Charles V. Prince" some don't know it. The number is 213 876-6141. This is a day and night number tho I may very well be out.

III. TV-TALES AND ILLUSTRATORS NEEDED: A number of you have paid in advance for TV-Tales beyond #5 the last one printed. You have not gotten them because I haven't had any good material of the right length submitted. It has to be able to be between 13 and 20 pages for printing reasons and an interesting story. All you budding authors, how about it?

Secondly all separate stories whether as novelettes or Tales are better if they have a couple of illustrations, particularly a cover drawing. I need some readers who are able and willing to draw such for me. Many of those I used to have have gone down the drain one way or another so I'm in need of artists. If you can and will help out this way let me see a couple of sketches. Thanks.

IV. CLIPSHEETS: Clipsheet Nos. 26 and 27 are now available and have been sent to those having them on order. If you want them and didn't order before, now is the time. For newer readers the Clipsheet is a compilation of all sorts of articles dealing with cross-dressing and related subjects. It's like your own scrap book, being compounded of all the material people find in newspapers and magazines all over the world. So send in what you find and subscribe to see what others have found. Back issues of both Clipsheets and Mirrors are still available tho there are now a number of issues of each out of stock.

V. ANOTHER TRIP: This past trip was fun but it was hardly a vacation. I too am entitled to one of those and my schedule this year calls for going to Alaska. This will take place Sept 9-20. As I will pass thru the Pacific North West I hope the Portland, Seattle, Vancouver people will try to arrange some radio and/or TV spots for me in that area either before or after these dates. Call the

producer of the show, tell him about the subject, my other appearances etc. If he is interested, give me the name and phone and I'll call and set it up. Thanks.



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

32-R-10 Married TV, 26, like to meet other TVs in N.Y.C. area. I live in Queens. CHRISTINE

43-V-1 New in FPE. Married to understanding wife. Like to hear from TVs anywhere, particularly Tex., Okla., Kan. All letters ans. SHARON

32-V-2 FPE Do you enjoy writing & reading TV fiction? If so, join our FICTIONSTORYCIRCLE, formed to exch. amateur TV tales. We have large collection unpub. material, like to add yours. No fees or charges, just friendly exch. of pleasant reading in good taste. Write thru CONTACT if a member of it or of FPE. CONNY

### PRICE LIST

"TRANSVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year in even numbered months. Per issue \$4

"CLIPSHEET" . . . News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books. Published four times per year.

Single copies \$1.50, four for \$5

### SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE" . . . A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand. \$4

"FATED FOR FEMININITY" . . . Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be a cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. 90 pgs. illus \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS" . . . Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. 100 pgs illus \$5

"THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES" . . . A collection of five short stories involving transvestism.

77 pgs illus \$5

"CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. 96 pgs. illus \$5

"DOUBLE SWITCH" . . . The head mathematician was a man but not a male. The girl who programmed computers was not. Neither knew the other's story but they found out and found happiness. 42 pgs illus \$3

"REVERSE SEX" . . . Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous COCCINELLE of Paris. 120 pgs of story 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Imported from England. \$4

"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR" . . . This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school. \$4



### SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSVESTIA (except Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8) are available. Every issue is new until you've read it. Many wonderful stories, articles, pictures are in these issues. Reduced rate of 6 issues for \$20

Back issues of CLIPSHEET and of FEMMEMIRROR (Now discontinued but about 30 issues available. It was a 15 page monthly newsletter). Can be mixed, 6 for \$3

### MERCHANDISE

SPECIAL BRA . . . Has inflatable polyvinyl inserts. These are removable, can be worn in any other bra. \$5

JELLY KIT . . . Ingredients and instructions for making a special jelly to fill inserts. Gives natural flow, softness, weight and bounce of normal breasts. \$5

"PHANTOM PANTIES" . . . If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a must. Nylon, lace trimmed, pink ribbon threaded thru lace and bows. AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty and practical. Size, large, medium; color blk & wht. \$4

### WIGS! NEW REDUCED PRICES

Recent developments in wig manufacture have resulted in lowered prices. We do not stock wigs but can obtain top quality wigs at less than going prices. All human hair.

Machine made (Weft Type) Reg length . . . . . \$45

Machine made (Weft Type) Extra long . . . . . \$65

Full hand-tied wig . . . . . \$100

These prices are for unstyled wigs alone. For a styled wig on a plastic head in plastic case and including shipping charges add to the above \$15. Send color sample and picture or drawing of style.

### CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS

BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90036

# Publication Policy

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

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

## PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.  
Ask for rates.



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