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# Transvestia

**FEATURE:**

These Eventful Years

**FICTION:**

A Family Vacation

**ARTICLES:**

Measure Right to Look Your Best  
A Doctor Looks at TV

**EDITORIALS:**

Our Sorority  
Who is a TV?

**COLUMN**

Susanna Says

**BOOK REVIEWS**



Volume XI No. 61

# 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.

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## 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.

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## 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*

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Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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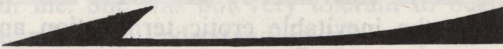
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*Leading Lady*

## *THESE EVENTFUL YEARS*

Virginia 5-P-1 FPE



As this is the first issue of our eleventh year of publication I feel entitled to do something a little unusual. Transvestias No. 1 thru 4 had no cover girl, just a drawing. Starting with No. 5 on which my good and loyal friend of many years — Annette 12-F-1 FPE appeared as our first cover girl, the magazine was graced with many a pretty face from No. 5 thru No. 48 (with the exception of No. 40). Starting with No. 49 we changed to a standard cover because of the inconvenience of trying to get cover girl stories and pictures on hand at the right time for the magazine. So the cover was standardized and the format changed to a *Leading Lady* story in which the heroine was honored by a large frontispiece picture of herself. We have had such *Leading Lady* stories in most of the issues but have missed several times for lack of any submitted stories and pictures.

Although requested to do so I did not make myself a cover girl except as part of a group back in issue No. 17 in which my own life story appeared. This was in October of 1962, and this issue has long been out of print. But it seems appropriate to award myself this honor this time for several reasons, 1) for my endurance — I never expected to last for 10 years, 2) because these years have been rather eventful and need to be summarized, and 3) because many people have asked for a decent picture of me rather than the little snaps taken on my various trips. So I present here the story of my life in very brief summary since I don't want to go back and reprint the original from No. 17. There are, however, a great many new readers since then and it may be of interest to them not only to know something of my life prior to TVia but also to be brought up to date on the important events of the last 10 years. Perhaps both will serve to put me in a better perspective for those of my readers that I have never met and

who are known to me and me to them solely by correspondence and thru the magazine. I hope the older readers will bear with this decision.

To begin with, my early life was much like many of the rest of you. My earliest recollection of any interest in anything feminine occurred when I was about 12 years old when I found myself fascinated by high heels. I made a scrap book of "pin up" shoe ads from the newspapers and magazines. Later I moved on to wearing my mother's clothes just like all the rest of you. I went thru the ordeal of dressing in secret when nobody was home, admiring my creation in the mirror with the inevitable erotic termination and the immediate welling up of disgust, rejection and determination to "quit." I was always successful in my quitting as I never did it again — not till next time, that is. I had my big purges and swearing offs too in which everything was given away or burned — and then rebought and kept in secret.

Somewhere around about 17 I began to get brave and go out at night to walk around the block and gradually got braver and went out in the daytime, then downtown, then to restaurants, movies, etc. over the next years — all the same activities, same thrills, and same experiences as so many of the rest of you. We all have pretty standard histories in many respects. My first inklings of the existence of what in later years I came to know as Susanna's "Girl Within" occurred one day when I was walking downtown past one of our bigger department stores and its rows of fascinating windows. This was usually a big thrill and very exciting, but on this day I suddenly realized that I had walked past all those beautiful windows with only the same amount of interest and involvement as the other women who were shopping. That is, there was no undue thrill or excitement involved, I was just interested in this dress and that hat, etc. Becoming aware of this I said to myself, "for heavens sake girl, turn on! This is supposed to be a big event, get excited, get interested, don't waste the opportunity." With that of course I did, but on thinking it over afterward I came to realize that Virginia (known as Muriel in those days) was somebody different than just Charles in a dress, that she had some purpose and existence of her own, and that she was beginning to develop as a separate personality.

My biggest purge came the day before my first marriage — I, like so many others, didn't tell my wife before marriage thinking that it would all go away now that I would have a real girl for my own. Needless to say, it didn't! About 3 months later it was back in full

bloom. There was one child by this marriage and it lasted 9 years before a divorce set in. I had eventually in desperation told her about myself and she had consulted a psychiatrist who told her I was a homosexual and that did it. Of course I wasn't and am not now but that event determined me to do what I could to educate the poor benighted psychiatrists. A year after the divorce, in a controversy over the child, I won the argument in court but lost it in the newspapers since she gave them the story and I was exposed.

I had already met the girl who was to be my second wife and she sat thru the whole trial with me. She was not very tolerant to begin with but eventually became not only understanding but cooperative and helpful. She did much to help me grow as a person since she afforded me the opportunity to dress as I pleased when I came home from work. Gradually I came to develop a sense of being me, Virginia, with only a minimum amount of femme clothing on. I did not have to be all gussied up from heels to hair to feel that I was ME. I had designed a little secret room behind my wardrobe in the new home we built and made it my boudoir. When I emerged from there, regardless of how much or how little of Virginia's things I had on, I WAS Virginia to myself and was accepted by her that way.

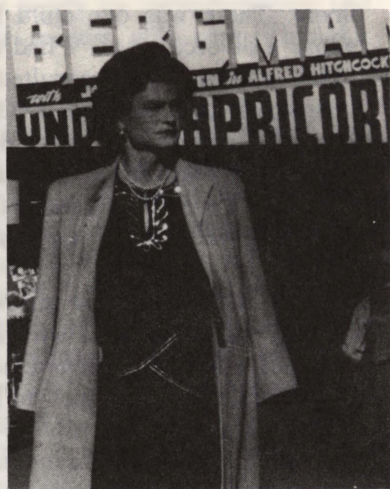
As a result of the newspaper exposure I felt that I had lost everything there was to lose. So, since there was nothing further to be lost, I could safely undertake to help others who still had much to lose. I therefore began to publish *Transvestia*, the first issue appearing with the date of January 1960. I had 25 subscriptions to that issue and thus began an eventful 10 years.

Those events have been chronicled as they occurred in the pages of this magazine. However, many of those issues have been out of print for years so that many readers know very little about some of them. I don't wish to take the time and space to recount them all in detail here, but I do think it may put the whole period into some perspective and may also give many of the readers a little further insight into me as a person to recount very briefly some of the things I have been through both good and bad during this time.

As indicated above I got married for the second time in 1954 so that I had been happily married for 6 years before I published the first issue of this magazine. My wife, of course, knew all about me and about the magazine and helped me in various ways in the publication thereof.



1930 Costume  
for a Party



1939 Street scene  
in San Francisco



1941 Bride in  
Mock Wedding



1951 First  
Long Formal



The first problems arose in December of 1960 when a postal inspector appeared at my door. This resulted in a long interview at the post office and a lot of explaining. Three things appeared; 1) that I had written to a person whom I had known for a long time and that person had gotten into a PO investigation. They had a letter from me to him which was innocuous but they wanted to know what I knew about him. That was no problem. 2) As a matter of protection of my family identity I had taken out my postbox in an assumed name and that was technically a violation so they made me reapply in my legal name. 3) I had written one letter and one letter only to a party in the east a whole year before. This party represented herself as a woman and divorcee and had corresponded with a friend of mine in some detail for quite a period. When he moved away he, having told me about her, suggested that I might want to write her which I did. I had been led to believe, however, that altho she had been married she was now a lesbian. I wrote to her about this in some detail being interested in learning something personal about this field. It turned out that "she" was in reality a "he," that he had been involved in some other doings with the post office and they had put a mail cover on him and had intercepted my letter and taken it from him.

They held this letter for a year before confronting me with it and making out that it was an obscene letter. I tried and thought I had succeeded in explaining all about the letter, the transvestism, the magazine, the box — the whole thing, and that the whole business was over and done with. Three months later much to my surprise and consternation, the inspector and a U.S. marshall appeared at my business, ransacked the office, handcuffed me and dragged me downtown under arrest to be arraigned. I got out on bail but was charged with sending obscene matter thru the mail. Because of my parents and their social and professional position I could not make a "not guilty" plea and fight it out in an open jury trial with publicity etc. so I pleaded guilty. There was a long pre-trial probation hearing in which every aspect of my life and history, relations with parents, wives, child, friends, etc. was questioned in detail. It was probably the most acutely embarrassing and degrading experience I ever went through. The probation officer was a pretty decent guy and was only doing his job but that made it no less an ordeal for me. I guess I came thru pretty much on the honest, sincere and normal side with him, however, as he gave me a pretty good report which I'm sure had a good effect on the judge.

Among other embarrassing aspects of the whole thing was the fact that I was required to get about a half dozen reference letters from various persons who had known me for many years. This required telling these people the whole story and asking them not only to write me a letter of recommendation but to keep the matter secret from my parents.

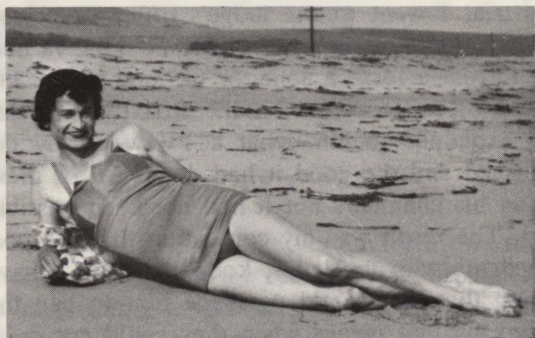
At the trial it became very evident that the letter which I had written was not really the reason I was brought to trial, rather it was just a mechanism to get me before a judge. The PO and the DA knew that I'd have to plead guilty to sending the letter both because I'd admitted sending it and because of my family. They also knew that I would therefore be put on probation and that the judge could impose almost any conditions he wanted to for the probation. So when the judge asked the DA about the case the latter went into a long harangue about the kind of thing that was being put in the mails and ended up asking that my box be ordered closed and that Transvestia be banned from the mails. The judge turned and asked me what I thought of this. I told him that I could see no reason why this should be done since there had never been anything obscene, indecent, pornographic or whatever in it and that it had saved a number of marriages and prevented several suicides. He turned back to the DA for his comment and the DA went thru the same routine again. The judge said, "if you feel that strongly about it why don't you take legal action on it?" The DA said "we can't." The judge then replied "Well, if you can't do it why are you trying to get me into the act?" The upshot was that since I had pleaded guilty to the letter he had no choice but to sentence me, which he did, to 3 years in the federal penitentiary, suspended, on 5 years probation.

That was a considerable shock to me as under the probation rules, you are not permitted to break ANY law even if unrelated to that for which you are on probation. At that time there was an ordinance in Los Angeles prohibiting "masquerading in the clothing of the opposite sex." Thus my days out in the world appeared to be over. Naturally I was quite depressed about this. My attorney rescued me by suggesting that I give lectures to service clubs and he fixed up the first with his own Kiwanis Club and I took it from there. I guess I've given nearly 100 such talks since that time. If he had not come up with that solution I often wonder what would have become of me. I was so used to being Virginia in public that I don't know whether I could have held together under such "house arrest."

Five months after the trial I went to the judge's office in person and managed to get a few minutes with him. I showed him various evidence including a letter from a former Solicitor General of the PO saying that it was unheard of to prosecute on the first (and in this case the only) offense. I explained to him what a TV was, why the magazine was being published and the good it had done. All of these things I could do myself in his chambers but it had not been possible to do them in open court. The result was my contention that the post office had in effect framed me with the letter, knowing that I'd have to plead guilty, and hoping that they could persuade him to ban the magazine and close the box by that means when they could not do it by direct action. He had no love for the PO anyway and consequently told me to have my attorney file a petition for termination of probation. He did so and when it came to court the judge ended the whole thing in 5 minutes.

Armed with that, when I was in the east a few months later I just decided to do a little educating of the boys down in Washington and made a special trip down there to talk to Mr. Montegue then the Chief Postal Inspector. He listened politely and turned me over to the head of the "Mailability" section. I gave him the full treatment for about 2 hours straight. I had a lot of letters from readers (minus identification naturally), plus the letters of good reference I'd gotten for the probation hearing from various important people who had known me for years, plus various pieces of professional material on the subject and laid it (and him) out. During previous months I had gotten quite a bit of feedback about the PO inspectors pouncing on various TVs in various places. But after this trip to Washington I got very few indications that the inspectors were continuing to give anyone a hard time. So apparently my visit changed the course of postal events.

In 1962 I made an arrangement with a person known to the old timers as Bob Stevens or Barbara Elin Stevens to work with me on a profit sharing basis. Back in 1958 or 59, Bob and I had written about going in to business together and publishing a magazine when he was in Nashville, Tenn. and had access to an offset press. He subsequently left there and thus plans to do anything collectively were forgotten. I started publishing TVia on my own and two years later Bob moved to California. He was well acquainted with advertising procedures and we made an agreement that he would promote the magazine and handle its mailing in exchange for a 25% share of the profits. Subsequently, as he took over a lot of the work involved and



1951 First Time  
at the Beach



1952 A Lady in  
Her Own Apt.



1955 Ferry Ride  
in San Diego



1954 Pensive Mood

began to edit the *Femme Mirror*, we increased it to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ %. This was not ownership but simply a one third split of the net profits of Chevalier. This worked fine for awhile. Bob got married to a wonderful and understanding girl named Joyce who began to work for Chevalier too. After a year or so the marriage unhappily began to fall apart and Bob walked out of Chevalier leaving Joyce and I to run it, which we did. She became editor of the old *Femme Mirror* for a while and a friend to many a lonely TV who wrote in to us.

Late in 1962 there was a big "convention" of TVs in upstate New York at the old "Casa Susanna" run by our beloved columnist (Susanna Says . . .) and her very understanding wife. We had something like 60 TVs from all over the country there, a dozen or so wives and a couple of psychologists. It was a most marvelous weekend and a historical one. The Foundation for Personality Expression was introduced to the group and its purposes and intentions spelled out to the crowd. Joyce was there as was my wife Doreen so that many of my readers got to meet these two particular understanding women as well as the other wives who were there. This was all reported in TVia No. 19 (which is still available incidentally).

Unhappily, in early 1963 things fell apart again. My associate Bob, who had dropped out of Chevalier also dropped out of AA and took up drinking again. He persuaded himself that Joyce and I had conspired to deprive him of his "interest" in Chevalier. He therefore brought suit against us both and tried to have a receiver appointed for the purpose of scaring me regarding the mailing list, knowing how concerned I was about it and security. The day of the hearing on the receivership I made arrangements to have a trusted personal friend "steal" the files and sequester them away in case Bob's efforts were successful. It never came to that and the blackmail nature of the whole trial became clear when his own attorney told the judge that he had decided that, "receivership was not the proper remedy under the situation." The judge said he was glad to hear that because he was going to deny the petition anyway. A couple of weeks later Bob was supposed to appear for a deposition and he didn't show up. The judge then *ordered* him to appear for another hearing and he didn't come to that either and my motion to dismiss the suit entirely was granted. Bob knew that he had no grounds for his contention that he was a part owner of Chevalier and knew it could not be substantiated in court but he wished to frighten me and put me to a lot of expense as well as embarrass his former wife Joyce. Of course he suc-

ceeded in all three. Lawyers and court actions cost a lot of money even when you win.

Out of this action grew a great deal of disharmony among TVs around the country as Bob persuaded various people of the correctness of his cause plus circulating false assertions about the amount of money Chevalier earned and of which he was being "cheated." Thus many came to look upon me as a thief and a profiteer and therefore dropped out of the group. The fact that I was vindicated by Bob's refusal to appear for a court ordered disposition never, of course caught up with the mischief that he did. It was the old story of the Big Lie — it can never be eradicated by the small voice of truth.

Another by-product of all this was the appearance of another magazine for Transvestites which was going to capitalize on the dissent and did so for awhile. Its prospectus indicated that it was going to be better, cheaper, more responsive, more open, more everything than TVia. It devoted itself to a number of articles and snide comments calculated to degrade and make fun of everything I stood for, organized, did or said. It seemed such a waste of talent to have two magazines for the same group fighting when all of us behind one could have made it bigger and better, faster. The fight was one sided however, since I didn't bother to fight back. There was no point in dignifying such efforts by a reply. They would have loved to have me get mad and print an "explanation" of some charge that would have given them new material to comment on and me to reply to and the pages of both magazines would have been devoted to this internecine struggle instead of to helping TVs. So I declined to enter this kind of contest.

This effort lasted for, I believe, 7 issues spread over a couple of years and then it fell of its own weight, owing a lot of people either issues or refunds which they never got. I have always said that there are only two reasons for anyone attempting to put out a small magazine — either for love or for money. Since the readership is never large by the nature of things, doing it for money is an illusion as this other effort discovered. This leaves only love as a motive. Love in the sense of concern and interest in the welfare of those for whom the magazine is intended. Thus Transvestia lives after 10 years and other attempts motivated by other purposes have fallen by the wayside and there have been several others besides the one referred to.

I provided other fuel for the fires of accusations of dictatorship,

etc. when I withdrew the opportunity for just anybody who wished to run ads in the Person to Person section of TVia. This was changed in 1963 because of two things. 1) The magazine began to appear on newsstands and thus I had no knowledge about many of the persons who bought it and might want to advertise or answer ads. This was brought home to me clearly when one of our girls living half way around the world in another country was called to account by her boss as a result of writing an entirely innocuous letter to an advertiser in TVia. The letter was simple, clear and straightforward, simply saying, in effect, "I am a TV too and I'd like to correspond with you." Naturally I passed it and forwarded it.

I had no way of knowing that the recipient in the east had been in correspondence with a 3rd person who was in trouble with the PO. When the inspectors swooped down on this 3rd party they also descended on my advertiser. Getting the right to intercept mail (which is the first thing they always ask for) they caught the letter from our home office, which notified the Colonial Office of the country, which notified the Prime Minister of that colony, who notified the head of the home office, which notified the Colonial Office of the country which notified the Prime Minister of that colony who notified the head of the Dept. for which our TV sister worked, who then called her on the carpet. Finding that this sort of thing could go on I instituted the present contact system requiring some information of those who plan to use the column (or the FPE application which serves the same purpose). For this act of protection I was roundly damned in some quarters as being a dictator and an exploiter since I put the \$5 fee on membership in Contact as an indication of sincerity (It is in effect only an advance payment since it is returned by using the service).

About this time rumors went around that I was exploiting everyone in FPE by using the money paid in as dues for my own purposes. I therefore requested Fran whom I had known from the convention 2 years before and who had been very active in FPE organizing, if she would accept the position of treasurer of FPE. Upon her agreement I sent the entire treasury back to her and all FPE monies ever since have gone to her in order to remove the excuse for these attacks on my honesty. That didn't keep the opposition entirely quiet however, as whenever a vote was conducted among councillors as to their feelings regarding the expenditure of money for some purpose such as my public relations efforts, I was accused of acquiring the money through a "yes or yes" vote. There is no way of proving



1955 Mrs. Van Whosis



1958 At Home



1962 With Susanna  
at "Convention"



1964 at UCLA  
Med. School



honesty and integrity to those who do not for their own reasons wish to see it. But results count and I stand on them. TVia is starting its 11th year and FPE is going strong in this country and has 3 active and a couple of incipient foreign affiliates. So I survived that hassle too.

In the fall of 1963 Joyce, who had dropped out of active participation with Chevalier but who still did some typing for me at home, passed from among us. I had the misfortune to be the one to discover her one day when I went for some of the material she was to have typed for me. She did not answer and I got the landlady to bring her key and open the apartment door as the circumstances just didn't seem right. We went in and found her lying in a pool of blood in the bathroom — with her head under the washstand. She had been ill, the doctor had prescribed some sedatives for her and she had evidently — as so many do when taking barbiturate sedatives — taken one — forgotten that she had done so and took another, perhaps still another. She had passed out, hit her head on the washbasin and probably been knocked out and never regained consciousness. She was a girl who had many problems in her personal life but one who understood, helped and was very compassionate toward TVs — in fact she had married two of them. Yet there were those who could not refrain from making untrue and unfair allegations about her personally and even about she and I together. It was a very sad discovery for me. I could not forget the sight of what I had seen for several years afterwards. Death was bad enough but being the one to find her was almost worse.

Well, after these travails things went pretty smoothly for several years. I continued to give talks to service clubs. I read a paper before the American Psychiatric Assoc. in Honolulu in 1966 and this led to my invitation to do an educational TV show in Honolulu which started me on that kick. As many of you have read I've probably done 100 radio and TV interviews by this time. Around 1965 or 66 the L.A. ordinance about cross dressing was declared unconstitutional so that I no longer had to use the lectures as my only excuse for going out in public. So I began to go into the Police Depts. of any cities or towns in which I lectured to give them the "Introduction of Transvestism" leaflet and to educate them a bit. During these years too my wife was very helpful to all the girls in the L.A. Chapter of FPE and used to operate Chevalier when I was sick, help me to mail out the orders, etc. The marriage was very happy for several years.

Then in May of 1965 I was stunned to be served with papers for divorce one copy each under every name I'd ever used legal and fictitious, every business style, even under names of the publications. My bank accounts and those of my father, my business partner and my business itself were closed down and a real nasty fight ensued. In the course of it Chevalier nearly expired because she was able to get an order passed instructing me to have all mail reaching my Chevalier box sent to a Receiver so that he could impound the money. I circumvented this by persuading the PO employees that the forwarding applied only to business mail i.e. Chevalier Pubs. and that anything addressed to me personally was to be left in the box. I then wrote to the subscribers and asked that orders be addressed to me personally. This resulted in perhaps  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the income from orders coming to me. The rest was sent to the Receiver and twice a week I had to go down there while his girl and I opened the mail. She kept the money and I got the letters and orders. It was, however, pretty difficult to continue printing and filling orders when the money which was to pay for the merchandise was impounded by the Receiver. Fortunately my printer at the time was my friend as well as a printer and he carried me up to a debt of about \$3300 before the whole mess was settled and the Receivership was closed. I then had to continue to pay him currently and to reduce this debt at the same time. But we made it as you see. If my wife had had her way she would have destroyed the magazine in order to destroy me. She was not against TVs and in fact was very concerned about their security. During all of this she had become pretty disturbed mentally and considered that I was the biggest crook around and had robbed her blind and she was going to "get" me if she could.

Once again, however, my records were clear and I was able to prove to the court appointed accountants that far from hiding out money from her, I had a well organized plan of saving and that my records were in good order, and they said so in their report. There were some other side lights to this long, unreasonable and unfair divorce action. I, of course, was grilled in court by her attorney about being a TV and asked, did I have a wig — yes I had three, I told him — and did I have women's shoes, and dresses, and perfume and cosmetics etc.? I agreed that I did and when he was done I volunteered — "Mr. Schwartz you forgot something — I also have about a dozen pairs of panties." This just to show *him* that I was not going to be cowed or browbeaten by his tactics and the *judge* that I was not ashamed. When the settlement finally came I was of course cleaned but good. She got 70% of the assets of the family and I got 100% of

the debts — this is considered a fair exchange in California. One of my friends facetiously asked me what I was so unhappy about — wasn't I 30% ahead?

Having been dragged thru the papers during my first divorce I was better able to stand it but was nevertheless staggered to open the paper one night and find a nice headline on page 2 — "He Gives Lectures As She!" — with my picture, my business occupation, the names of TVia and the other stories — the whole bit. But adversity builds character they say and I think I can safely say that I wouldn't be the girl I am today if I hadn't been tempered in these various ways. I surely wouldn't have chosen the events which have befallen me during these years, but since they did I tried to turn them to what advantage I could.

Late in 1966 I sold my corporation, of which I had been president and chief Chemist for 18 years, to my partner and retired. My more recent history has been recorded in various relatively recent issues of TVia so it need not be repeated here. But as most of you know starting with my return from an appearance trip east in April of 1968 I decided that no longer having either domestic or business responsibilities I might as well live my own life my own way. I therefore went to a former customer of mine (I had been in the beauty supply manufacturing business) and told him that it wasn't often that he got a chance to give one of his former salesmen a permanent but now was the time. I got my hair done and have been Virginia in fact and in life ever since. My experience of the complete day in day out gender role of a woman has brought it home to me even clearer than it was before that gender change and not sex change is what the TV really wants even tho he may be misguided into thinking that the latter will lead to the former.

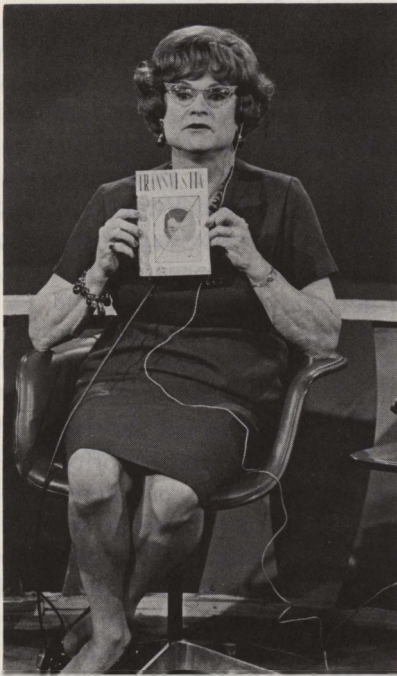
Interestingly enough, Mary, whom you all know as my assistant and friend in Chevalier, and who has about 4 months seniority as a woman over me, feels exactly the same way. This is of interest because at the time she assumed her feminine role permanently she was intent on the operation in due course but she wanted first to prove to herself that she could make it on a full time basis and that she could support herself as a woman. To her it was the only ultimate guarantee of her own reality. We had many discussions about it and while my comments and arguments undoubtedly gave her food for thought, her own observations, her own life experience and her own perception of other people and their problems, thru her work in Chevalier,



Service Club  
Talk



1965 Editor  
at Work



1st TV Appearance  
WBZ-TV Boston



1967 Commercial  
Portrait  
Last with Wig

gradually brought her around to agreement. Today I doubt she would bother with surgery even if it were free.

So this about concludes "This Is Your Life, Virginia." I have summarized, I hope not too lengthily, the major events of these last ten years. The details of various trips and specific experiences have been incorporated in previous Virgin Views columns to which I refer the new readers. But the purpose of presenting all this is so that you who are new can learn for the first time that everything has not been a bed of roses for me personally during these years while I have been engaged in trying to be of what service and help I could be to you out there. There were a lot of times when I'd like to have thrown in the sponge but I couldn't forget how it was for me before I found myself or found another TV friend. I don't wish that on anybody so I stick with the task. TVia and its ancillary activities of publishing, counselling, lecturing, appearing, corresponding, interviewing etc. take up large portions of my waking hours — and a good many when I should be sleeping. What you pay for TVia is not by any means allocated against just the cost of printing and mailing a 96 page publication. Since I can't eat if I don't earn and since I could not do all the things I'm called on to do in TV-land if I had a job, some of this income simply goes toward the expenses of being counsellor, interviewer, PR girl, secretary, lecturer, and general educator in the field of TVism. I hope those few who have screamed at the price increase from \$4 to \$5 will come to understand this. I am not *just* a publisher.

So where do we go from here? That is a big question. On a personal level it is not difficult to answer. Charles Prince has become the "boy within" quite literally — I'll do an editorial on that in the near future. Virginia is now as real a person as any other woman. I've learned that my identity no longer originates as it does for most people in their sense of maleness or femaleness — that is in their genitals. Mine now originates in my head. I know at last and finally who and what I am, I OWN myself. I don't in effect lease myself from society on condition that I conform to societies requirements. I'm not a rebel exactly, I'm just asserting my right to be ME first and a member of society second. I expect to go on in this vein until they throw sand in my face, or light the pilot in the crematory — "Fire it up, Joe, here comes another one — a real weirdo." I won't care then and better still I don't care now. I know who I am. If someone out "there" doesn't know, then his uncertainty is his problem. I don't have a problem anymore. Peace!

On the social level where we go from here is something else again. There is no doubt that society is getting much more permissive about everything. The social crises of our time — ecology as No. 1, racism, position of women, politics, religion and morals, marriage and population and many more I won't take space to enumerate — are such as to force people into a more understanding and closer relationship with each other. The "do your own thing" ethic introduced by the younger generation is timely — and vital to human survival in these times much as the older, squarer, and more conservative generation may detest it and try to hang on in desperation to the precepts, customs and traditions of a bygone era. Homosexuality — that phenomenon behind which transvestism was always hidden and thus unseen — is coming more to the fore not only in terms of acceptance but, in my view, numerically. This will be fostered by the development of greater freedom for women which will scare a lot of less mature men away — men whose ego is not strong enough to deal with a capable and equal woman — and into the arms of other men. The population problem will surely also encourage the same thing. As homosexuality therefore, comes to be looked on as just one of the ways in which human sexuality can be expressed, the social pressure against transgenderal expression will be greatly reduced or even forgotten. But simultaneously — and you can already see the truth of this going on today — those factors which have polarized the genders in our society in the past are and will continue to grow less and less too. Thus there will be less reason for the male chicken to "cross the road." The grass on the other side will be no better or greener than where he is. As a matter of fact the road itself will be gradually wiped out in which case there will be no "other side" to cross to. The so-called "Unisex" clothing (which should, of course, be called "Unigender") clothing is already with us and will increase as the older generation dies off and the new "thing" generation more and more moves into the seats of power, whether it be power of a political, social, religious, moral, economic, or cultural nature. When each sex is free to express its own particular feelings what limitations will exist and what will there be to emulate?

There is considerable likelihood that the future will see women becoming more and more "liberated," that is, more and more free to make their own choices, to be "people" not just females. Since they have been squeezed into the limited roles of wives and mothers for so many thousands of years, taking these limitations off is likely to provoke a backlash. This may well take the form of "proving" their "equality" by adopting more and more the clothing, mannerisms,

privileges, and customs of men. As a reaction — you can already see some of it in the clothing of the young men of today and in some of the presentations in the fashion centers of Europe — men are likely to find themselves in skirts of one kind or another, abandoning the pants to women. What will happen to TVism then? Among the older generation of TVs whose concepts of womanhood were formed before the change, the wearing of skirts will continue, but they will be feminine skirts and not the kind that the males may be wearing at that time. They will be anachronisms but they will do it. It will be exactly analogous to those whose TV patterns were set in the period of 1910 to 1930 (or earlier) who today still long for bloomers and wasp waist corsets when women are no longer wearing them.

If the genders stay polarized (even tho reversed) then you will find the younger TVs adopting pantsuits and other styles currently popular with females (perish forbid say I of the older generation). But it is not likely that genders will be so polarized. It is much more likely that clothing, jewelry, hairstyles, shoes, etc. will be colorful and varied and that persons of both sexes will wear what pleases them on a particular day and in a particular mood. In that day TVism as we know it will have become extinct. I for one feel that will be marvelous. Not for me personally, but because it will mean that the untold thousands upon thousands, probably millions, of males who, if society remained as it is, would have to go thru what we have all been thru will be spared that ordeal. Not only spared, but freed to express their total self at any time (as women will be too of course). No more of the girl within and the boy on the outside. Everyone will be both *Birl* and *Goy* (spelling intentional) and everyone will be much more human and able to contribute *all* of their human potentialities to society, and believe me society is going to need it. I think the human species is in for some very very hard times in the course of resolving the pressing problems of our time. So enjoy your femininity while you can and while there is such a thing. I'm sure it is later than most of us think!

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#### CORRECTION

In the very first line of the article "Change of Sex or Change of Gender" in TVia No. 60 a printers error was made which was brought to our attention by a reader ordering the issue referred to. It says, "In TVia No. 37 I did the Virgin Views editorial on female hormones." The error is in the fact that it was in No. 57 that this appears. Thus those of you wishing to order the issue with the hormones discussion in it will please ask for 57 not 37. Sorry!



July 1969 Meeting Annette  
Stockholm Airport



Sept. 1968 at Space  
Needle Seattle



Aug. 1969 Bathing Beauty (?)  
Galveston



Oct. 1969 Home Again





## A FAMILY VACATION

Anonymous

The family was planning a vacation. It was the first one we had taken since Dad had passed away nearly 17 months ago. Mom was finally going to take a rest from her work, and believe me, she deserved it. It wasn't that her work was so terribly hard, and of course, Dad's life insurance had left Mom more than well off until all of us kids were through school.

All of us kids, meant me and my three sisters. JoAnne was the oldest, she was nearly 20, and was employed at a small insurance agency. Susie went to college in the northern section of the state. She was 18, but could have passed for 21 easily. She had that womanly look about her. Then came me, Mark. I was on my way to becoming a senior in high school. This left Alicia, my little sister. She was going to be a junior in high school. Alicia was the most petite of my three sisters, but she also had that womanly look about her which often led people to believe that I was the youngest of the clan.

"Mark!"

"What are you yelling about, Jo?"

"Would you listen to Mother when she is speaking to you?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said, "I was thinking about school."

Mom laughed, "You're on vacation, Mark. As the man of the house, would you like to go anywhere special on vacation?"

I looked at her, she really was a pretty woman. I guess Mom, JoAnne,

Susie, and Alicia were all really good-looking females. I got up to get the milk. "You said you wanted to go to Florida some day. I suppose you know whether we can afford it or not."

Alicia came to life. "Mother, that would be so wonderful, and I could have so much to tell my friends in September."

"I don't know, dear, we could afford it, but I've never been to Florida, and you might not like it."

Susie, who appeared not to be listening, almost choked on her food. "Mother! Are you kidding? What person wouldn't like to lie in the sun for two or three weeks?"

I smiled. Already, I could see all sorts of visions dancing around in Susie's head. She had dreams of running around the beaches and flirting with all the guys. Of course, she would be wearing the scantiest of bikinis that Mom would allow. Little did I know who was really going to be wearing the bikinis.

JoAnne spoke up, "It's really a great idea, Mother. I'm sure we would all have fun. I know Mr. Harris would give me a vacation. He's been asking me about it. Susie and Mark have a two or three week break in the middle of the summer when the camp counselors switch around. How about it, Mother?"

"Please, Mother!"

"Oh, Mother!"

I laughed, "Mom, it looks to me as if you don't have much choice."

Mother got up from the table, and smiled, "No, Mark, I guess I don't have any choice at all. Well, we'll talk about it later. Susie and Alicia, you clean up the table. JoAnne, you wash. Mark, you dry. When you're all finished, you're free to go. Alicia, I want you in by eleven, and Mark, please don't be late."

"I'm going to the show with the gang. Marilyn's Dad has six free passes to the drive-in. I won't be too late." I said.

Alicia dropped a glass plate, and it broke into several pieces. This drew a laugh from Susie and I, and a stern glance from Mom. When

Mom left the room, Alicia stuck out her tongue at me. I smiled because once in a great while, little sisters can be worth having around. Even if it's just for laughs.

The next morning JoAnne woke me up. "Mark, would you come into the kitchen, Mother wants to ask you something."

I slowly climbed out of bed. As this was my first day of vacation, I had expected to sleep until noon. I kissed Mom. "Morning."

"Good morning, Mark. How was the show?"

"Oh, pretty good."

"Sit down. I've been talking to JoAnne and I have to talk to you next. I have something to ask of you. A favor."

"What's the matter?" I looked at JoAnne, but nothing showed on her face. I looked back at Mom, "Sure, go ahead."

"Well, I was thinking about the trip and we have to make a decision. We can go, but I'm afraid we don't have all the money I thought we did. As a matter of fact, if we go to Florida, there has to be a slight alteration in our plans."

I was quite surprised. "What slight alteration?"

Mom patted my hand and smiled. "If we go to Florida, you are going to have to pose as a girl."

My jaw dropped a mile. Then I started to laugh. In fact, I laughed until there were tears in my eyes. I looked at JoAnne and Mom, but they weren't laughing. "Hey! Are you serious?" I asked with sudden forebodings.

Mom frowned. "Yes, Mark, I'm afraid so. You see it's a lot cheaper for five girls to travel instead of four girls and a boy. It would mean so much to everybody if you would do this one favor for all of us."

I looked out the window, it was raining. "I'd like to, Mom, but how would I, uh, oh, you know." And with this, I started to laugh again and even JoAnne smiled.

JoAnne spoke up, "Well, you're not terribly masculine, you could pass for a girl. As a matter of fact, with a little help from us, you could probably look pretty cute."

I noticed an odd twinkle in JoAnne's eyes, and I guess that's when it hit me. Me as a girl! I must have blushed, because Mom started to laugh.

"Mark, stand up. You too, JoAnne. Stand back to back."

We did this, although I wasn't aware of why at first, but I soon realized I was just a fraction of an inch taller than JoAnne. Then one word came into my mind. NO! How could I pass myself off as a girl? But my family instinct, which has always been one of my weak spots, took over my mind. I thought of Mom's deserved rest, Alicia's friends, Susie's guys on the beaches, JoAnne's love for the water. What choice did I have? I looked at Mom, then JoAnne, then Mom again. I sighed and managed a sheepish grin. "What do you want me to do?"

They both came over and kissed me. JoAnne hugged me also, "Mark, do you know what size shoe Susie wears? 9C! and you wear an 8½D. It's a perfect fit!"

I gulped as I pictured myself in a pair of those flimsy high heels Susie always wore.

Mother sat down again, and got out a pencil and paper and began writing. "You can use Susie's blonde fall, and we'll get you a blonde fashion wig that can be re-styled. Oh, you'll be perfect!"

I just stared at her and weakly asked, "Mark's really going to dress up like a girl and pass himself off as a girl for three weeks?"

JoAnne looked at me, indignantly. "No, silly, Mark's a boy." She smiled, "The only person who is going to dress up, and act like a girl is Marcia."

"And I'm Marcia, I suppose!"

"That's right!"

"Mom, what do you say?" I asked with but faint hope.

“Hi, Marcia!”

And that's how Marcia was born.

I have plenty to tell about the vacation itself, so I won't waste words on the weeks of my training. Actually, by the time they bought me a fairly expensive wig, and other things, coupled along with the fact that I had to give up my counseling job, the money saved was not of a great amount. But by this time, everyone was so excited about my transformation that Marcia became the main project.

I had argued from the start that I wouldn't need to wear all that stuff girls wore. I could pass for a young teen-ager. But JoAnne quickly pointed out that with the proper padding and make-up techniques, I could pass for a college coed. I didn't argue much more after that. Everyone was determined that Marcia should be a real lady, and I was not so sure that I wanted to keep Marcia from her fate.

In the few weeks of training, I learned, and did, many things. All the hair was shaved off of my legs, chest, underarms, etc. I got a crew cut so the wig would fit better. I now had a hairpiece to go along with Susie's fall. I learned how to walk like a girl. Speaking was a bit of a problem, but I found that if I talked softly, a distinctly feminine accentuation came to my voice. Through JoAnne's artistry, I was introduced to perfume, face powder, mascara, lipstick, eye shadow, false eyelashes, everything. I wore lingerie from slips and panties to padded girdles and padded bras. Jewelry, nail polish, nylons, every article of clothing Susie and JoAnne had, I began to know quite well. I learned to walk sexy in a pair of high heels. Every night for three weeks, I would get dressed up with the help of JoAnne and Alicia. One night I would be wearing a tight skirt, ruffled blouse, and high heels. The next night it would be an evening gown with long white gloves and silver dangling earrings. But every night it was something exciting. I dressed completely as a girl and became Marcia for a few enjoyable hours. After I was dressed, Mom would have me pose, ask me questions, and discuss problems I might face as Marcia.

Marcia became a good-looking girl. I was amazed, and quite pleased. I was very feminine and pretty. I could act and think like a girl.

As I look back on those weeks before the vacation, I wonder whatever happened to Mark? Had he passed on to some other place? All I knew was that I was a girl. I was Marcia, and I loved every minute of it.

Our trip grew near, and everyone was excited. Susie returned from camp, and received quite a shock. She had known about Marcia before she left, but had dismissed it. However, when she and Mom returned from the railroad station, I really played up to the part.

I was really dolled up, fit to kill. It was JoAnne's idea to play a trick on Susie. I smiled sweetly, and in my most feminine voice, I said, "Hello, Susie."

Susie didn't seem surprised, but I quickly realized, with much pleasure, that she didn't recognize me. "Who's she?" she demanded of Mom.

"Why, Susie, take a close look."

Susie walked up to me, "Mark?" She asked rather hesitantly.

Alicia reprimanded Susie immediately. "Her name is Marcia!"

Susie just couldn't believe it. "Golly! He's, or I mean, she's really pretty. Hey! That's my best pair of gloves! And those pink high heels! Those are mine, too!" She sniffed at my neck, "At least, Marcia's not wearing my perfume." She looked at JoAnne, "Who did the make-up job? You?"

JoAnne nodded, "Not bad, if I do say so myself."

The rest of the day was concerned with packing. Here is where the five girl routine really helped. We had one suitcase for lingerie, another for accessories, a trunk for all our dresses, and right on down the line. I really had to hand it to Mom. My posing as a girl was really very practical.

We were a very close family, so any embarrassment of seeing each other partially dressed, soon disappeared.

We were scheduled to leave on the noon train to Florida, so I went to bed early knowing that tomorrow was the day. I won't deny that I had butterflies in my stomach, but I also had a certain feeling of pleasure mixed with anticipation that always comes at the beginning of an adventure.

My alarm went off at eight o'clock. I was refreshed, and quickly



Charlene 37-D-1 FPE



Shiela Ann

Utah - Wyoming - Idaho FPEs Get Acquainted

Gina - Helen - Marylynn  
44-S-1 - 44-C-2 - 50-M-1



Marcia - Marylynn  
12-P-1 - 50-M-1

jumped out of bed. Here it was! The day of the trip! An adventure was going to start for me, and I knew it would be one that I never would forget. I walked into the kitchen, everyone was up. "Hi, group!"

"Good morning, dear."

"Hi, Marcia."

"How's the old girl feel?"

"Mornin' Marsh!"

It was inevitable. Susie, with her flair for renaming everyone to suit her, had relabeled Marcia too. "What's for breakfast?" I asked.

Alicia poured my milk, "Ham, eggs, toast, cereal, orange juice. Anything you want!"

Susie got up, and kissed me on the cheek. "I'm going down to pick up the tickets. Alicia and I laid out your clothes on the bed. JoAnne will make you up and will help you with the wig, accessories and the finishing touches."

I noticed Mom was extremely quiet. "Something the matter," I asked her?

"Oh, nothing, I suppose, I just wonder if I'm really doing something wrong."

I didn't want to tell her that I really did like being dressed as a girl. In fact, it had become very important to me. I tried to sound casual, "Oh, don't worry about it. Everything will be fine and we'll have lots of fun. Right, Alicia?"

"You bet, Marcia!"

Mother spoke up again, "You know in some places, it is not legal to dress like a member of the opposite sex."

"But that's only if one can tell, and everyone has been telling me how pretty I looked, how perfect my disguise was." I replied. Mother didn't look satisfied, but the subject was closed. I was a little angry that she wanted me to stop when she had introduced me to feminine clothes, but I said no more, and went to take a bath.



After a very hot bath, I carefully shaved. I also made sure that my body was femininely free of hair. I applied the skin cream to my face that gave me a clear feminine complexion. I let it dry, and then asked Alicia to bring me a pair of panties. I quickly slipped into them, and walked into JoAnne's room where she was just finishing her make-up. She was completely dressed. She was a big girl, and very pretty. My clothes were laid out on the bed. I knew plenty about what to wear, but decided to let JoAnne guide me. After all, she had been doing things for nearly 20 years. "Where do I start?"

JoAnne looked up, "I have a surprise for you." She reached into her drawer and pulled out what looked like a g-string. "Put this on, I won't look." She smiled. "This will make you look like a girl, even in a bikini!"

I put it on, and it was a bit uncomfortable, but I eventually got used to it. I put the panties back on. "Okay, you can turn around."

JoAnne got up, and handed me a new Playtex girdle..I wriggled into it. It was a tight fit, but I made it. She picked up the bra which was heavily padded with foam rubber and a substance which made the breasts soft and bouncy. This was new, but I liked it. I fastened the bra in front, then slipped it around the back pulling the straps onto my bare shoulders. I whistled, "I'm really stacked! 37?"

JoAnne laughed. "38!" She surveyed me closely, "All over, you'll be about 38-27-37. Not bad at all. Pretty shapely."

She gave me a pair of sheer nylon stockings. I sat down on the bed, and put them on. JoAnne checked to see that they fit snugly and helped me fasten them to my garters on the inside of the girdle.

JoAnne dug into the closet, and brought out a pair of 3-inch white high heels with a bow on the instep. "Susie wore these to the prom last year, I think they will look good with your outfit."

She steadied me while I stepped into them. I walked around. The shoes really set off my nylon-clad legs. I really liked the clicking sound they made when I walked. I heard Alicia laugh, and turned to see her standing in the doorway.

"You don't have to sway your hips that much!"

"Who's trying? This girdle is so tight, and these shoes are . . ."

"That's enough complaining out of you, Marcia. Come and get dressed like a good girl," JoAnne said.

I obediently walked over to her. She held up a sheer sleeveless yellow blouse for me to get into. It had ruffles on the collar and down the front. JoAnne helped me fasten the buttons in back. Then she helped me into a pleated white skirt that ended about two inches above my knees. Alicia whistled.

"What was that for?"

She spoke in a deep voice. "Great legs, baby!"

JoAnne laughed, and I made a face at Alicia, "Mark, or Marcia, I can still take you," I said and added with a smile, "and I can probably steal your boyfriends now, too!"

Alicia knew she had been outsmarted and got serious again. "Do you really enjoy dressing like this?" she asked, as she sat down on the bed.

"I don't know. It's really not bad." I wasn't going to tell her what I really thought. I looked at JoAnne. She was shaking up the nail polish. I looked down at myself. I was really quite good in passing. It gave me great pleasure to have breasts that were soft and bouncy. I admired how nice they stuck out under the ruffles of the blouse. The idea of a flat-chested girl made me feel very sorry for her. I especially liked the way you could see the outline of my bra through the blouse. Yes, Alicia, I can't tell you, but I really enjoy dressing like this.

JoAnne asked me to sit down and she quickly applied some pink nail polish and nail gloss to my fingernails. Then she proceeded with the make-up.

First came a layer of face powder. Then some pale blue eye shadow, she lined my eyes, and penciled out my carefully plucked eyebrows. She carefully stuck on a pair of false eyelashes, and then applied two coats of mascara. The final touch was Coral Pink lipstick that shimmered with lip gloss. I looked in the mirror and WOW! JoAnne must have been a magician. I looked dazzling!

I put on perfume. She gave me a charm bracelet, and a girl's ring. She fastened a locket around my perfumed neck. A pair of white dangling earrings, and I was ready for the final touch. JoAnne brought out the blonde wig. It was quite long, thick, and lustrous. It was fashioned up, swirled around in a high fashion bubble type hairdo, and came down again in long waves. After JoAnne had made sure it was fastened to my head securely, she combed out the bangs until the right effect was reached. I stood up and looked into the full length mirror.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" What did I see? I saw a beautiful blonde girl. She was dressed very femininely, and her hair was fashioned quite stylishly. Her features seemed delicate, and her make-up was exquisite. She had a beautiful figure, although she was a little top-heavy, and she had a pair of stunning, beautifully shaped legs. Her long, manicured nails were pink, and matched the color of her shimmering pink lips. I didn't know of any guy I hung around with, that wouldn't have given this girl a third or a fourth look, and go on thinking about what he had seen for at least a week.

When I walked into the living room, Susie, who had returned with the tickets, and Mom, both gasped. They both complimented me. How pretty I looked! They were sure that I was the best looking of the five females. I had to disagree, but it was quite a compliment just the same. Everything was taken care of, and as I looked out the window, the taxi that was to take us to the train station, pulled up. I gulped. This was it! Mother handed me a white purse, and a pair of white gloves.

Alicia and Susie walked out the door. JoAnne and I followed. Mother came last, and locked the door. I noticed the cab driver looking at my legs, and a twinkle appeared in his eyes. I wasn't sure what was wrong, but JoAnne smiled, and nudged me. I laughed to myself. I had passed, and was being sized up as a girl.

Nothing happened, and we boarded the train without incident. It was great being out in public, everyone thinking that I was a female. I don't think I was as full of joy and life at any other time than at that moment. Being dressed as a girl made me come alive. I knew then that it was what I would always want.

Of course, I can't tell you everything that happened on the vacation, for I would be writing forever. But I had a ball, and got plenty of rest. Perhaps these next three incidents will tell you what Marcia faced.

Mom had reserved two lower berths and an upper berth for us on the train. Naturally, I was to sleep in the upper berth while Mom and Alicia, and JoAnne and Susie occupied the two lower berths. Everything was wonderful, and I just reveled in the fact that I looked like a girl.

The train trip from our home town in Illinois to Miami took about 36 hours. Naturally, during that time, I had to go to the washroom on a couple of occasions. We had just pulled out of Birmingham when I did something that could have ended the whole masquerade and revealed me.

I was waiting for the train to pull out of the station, so I could go to the ladies' room. I sat there tapping my fingers on the windowsill, while talking to Susie about college. The train started moving again, and I got up, politely excusing myself, and walked to the ladies room at the far end of the car. I opened the door and walked in, locking the door behind me.

I pulled up my skirt, and pulled down my girdle and panties, and was about to sit down when there was a knock on the door.

"Could you please hurry, sir? My stop is the next one, and I would like to shave."

I gasped, and looked around, What was going on? No one could have known about me. At least I hadn't thought they could have. Then I realized my mistake! From force of habit, I had entered the men's room, and here I was, dressed to the teeth, as a female. I was really scared. I didn't know what to do. I let out a muffled okay to calm him down, and I quickly replaced my clothes.

I smoothed my skirt down, and straightened my nylons. I took out my compact figuring that if I was going to be discovered dressed as a girl, I had better freshen up. I powdered my nose, and applied my lipstick once more. I combed down the loose strands of hair. I was ready to await my fate. I was about to open the door when I heard someone else's footsteps, and then I heard Susie speak.

"Sir? Could you help us? My sisters and I need a suitcase off of the rack, and we just can't seem to get it down, and you look plenty strong enough."

I could just see Susie batting her eyelashes at this stranger, but I had to admit it was perfect timing. As I heard the footsteps retreating, I unlocked the door and stepped out. No one had seen me, and sure enough, I had been in the men's room. When I was halfway down the car, walking as sexy as I knew how (I didn't want to appear fake at this time) the man came walking towards me. I gave him my biggest smile, and walked right by him.

As I sat down in my seat again, I gave Susie a smile of thanks. She looked quite relieved, and we decided not to tell anyone. I looked back up the aisle, and saw the man staring at me. I smiled sweetly, and sat down with a sigh of relief. He knew that that blonde at the end of the car had been in the men's room. He didn't know why, and I imagine he was quite perplexed. I received odd stares from him for the rest of the trip, but I never made a mistake like that again.

When we got to Miami, we all climbed aboard a bus for Miami Beach which is where our motel was, on the north end of the beach near Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale. I had a wonderful time. I loved being Marcia, and the next two incidents will show why.

Naturally, any girl of my age would be on the beach swimming or getting a tan. However, I was just too scared to go out in a bikini. JoAnne, Susie, and Alicia felt otherwise, adding to my discomfort. They had bought me a new pink polka-dotted bikini. Why didn't I use it? Why didn't I try to get a tan?

Actually, the problem was not passing below the waist. JoAnne's fancy little g-string could handle that problem alright. It was my chest. All girls left their breasts partially exposed in bikinis, and without my bra, I was just a flat-chested male again.

Then near the end of the first week, I really got mad and flew off the handle at JoAnne. "What do you want me to do? Push my chest together for cleavage?" And then I did something, as Marcia, that I could never have done as Mark. I burst into tears, the strain was beginning to tell. Had Mom and Alicia not been out shopping, Mom would have undoubtedly forced me to end Marcia's existence right then and there.

But, just as Alicia was nice to have around, so were JoAnne and Susie. They told me to start acting like a mature young woman. Susie pulled out the g-string and lower portion of the bikini. She told me to change out of my clothes, shave any unsightly hair off my body, and



Los Angeles Alpha FPE Christmas Party  
 Irene, Debbie Lee, Georgia, Laura, Cathy, Maxine,  
 Harriet, Charlene, Louise  
 Seated: Sheila, Debbie, Ann, Rena, Jeanette  
 June, Joyce



Presidents All  
 Irene — Past  
 Maxine — Layne & Harriet (not shown)  
 Current

put these two articles on. I did this, and within twenty minutes, I was standing in front of them again. JoAnne had me sit down. Susie took off my wig, and put the hairpiece and the fall on me. She worked on making sure that it stayed on snugly and looked nice.

Meanwhile, JoAnne had gotten some adhesive tape and the foam rubber and jelly-like substance that I come to love. She was putting them in the top half of the bikini, and I had to admit, they looked great.

“What are you going to do?” I asked.

JoAnne smiled, “You’ll see. Take the palms of your hands, and push your pectoral muscles in and up.”

This I did, and a desirable amount of breasts suddenly appeared from nowhere. I was surprised, but quickly saddened. I couldn’t go around with my hands in my bikini all day. However, before I knew what was happening, JoAnne had taped my chest. She told me to let go and presto: do-it-yourself cleavage! She helped me into the top half of the bikini, and Susie fastened the button straps and tied it tightly together.

I looked down. My big sister had done it again. Here I was, with big breasts that bounced, jiggled and were partially exposed to the eyes of the beholder. I was so happy, I couldn’t wait to get down to the beach.

“Hold it, tiger!” Susie laughed. “I don’t think you ought to go in the water with those makeshift breasts and the fall and hairpiece. I better help you freshen your make-up, and you’ll just have to be content with the sand.”

“Okay,” I said. “JoAnne, give me Mom’s sunglasses, the pointed sparkled edges look real cute. Susie, uh, would you mind putting some nail polish on my toenails? You know how it is.”

“Yeah, Marcia, I know.” Maybe she did, but I wasn’t too sure about JoAnne as she gave me a funny look.

Later, when Marcia was presented to Mom and Alicia, in her bikini, they were overwhelmed by my new appearance. Alicia was thrilled, but Mom looked worried. It was beginning to look as if she might end up with four daughters. Every little thing was beginning to tell on her

patience. However, I was not to be stopped, and in a few days, I had a deep tan, bare in those special places, and I had acquired plenty of male admirers down on the beach.

The next to the last day, Susie and I asked Mom if we could go down to the beach, instead of going fishing with them. She looked at us, and with a doubtful voice, gave us permission. Pretty soon they had gone. Susie helped me into my bikini, and in fifteen minutes, we were laying on the sand deepening our tan even more.

Susie was laying on her back with her eyes closed, and I was laying on my stomach looking at a shell that was practically the same shade of pink as my nail polish. We were sizing up the girls and guys on the beach. Since my first day out, padding had been added to my rear so I imagine Susie and I drew at least some attention from males. Anyway, I was still surprised when I looked up and saw two pairs of male legs.

They were both boys of around 22, blond, and Susie would have considered them well-built, and good-looking. I didn't care, I still liked girls, no matter how I dressed.

It was obvious, from the way they looked at us, the taller of the two was interested in me, and the other was interested in Susie. As a matter of fact, the tall one wasn't exactly looking at my face, if you know what I mean.

I nudged Susie, "Hey, wake up! We have visitors!"

She turned around and looked up. The look on her face gave everything away. She was interested, and she looked that way. "Hi, there!" she said in a low, sexy voice.

"Afternoon, ladies. My friend and I noticed you sitting here all by yourselves, and we thought you might appreciate a little company."

"You bet," Susie smiled. "My name is Susie McLain, and this is my sister, Marcia."

"I'm Bill Robinson, and this is Jack Fuller, we're very happy to make your acquaintance."

Jack said "Hi!" and immediately sat down next to me. He was interested in me, but I didn't want to let things get too far. I said hello quietly.



"We were wondering," Jack said, "if you girls would like to go to a dance this evening."

I quickly replied, "Well, I don't know . . ."

"Oh, please, Marcia! You know Mother will let us."

I looked at her with all the desperation I could summon up. It was no use. She was hooked, and I looked away disgustedly.

The rest of the afternoon was spent playing shuffleboard, and believe me, Jack made more passes than any one quarterback could have made in an entire season. I couldn't believe it, but I politely, and persistently, warded him off. When dinnertime came, I gave him a reassuring smile, but nothing else.

Mom gave us permission to go, although she wasn't very excited about the whole idea. She asked to meet the boys, and told them not to keep Susie and I out late. We left for the dance.

Susie and I were both dressed stylishly. I had on my wig again, gloves, a set of costume jewelry, a tight low-cut pink dress, and a pair of high heels. Everything was in pink. I was really playing Marcia McLain tonight. With my new cleavage, and deep tan, I had really out-done myself, and I grimly realized that keeping Jack the Masher away all evening was going to be quite a chore.

When we arrived at the dance, it seemed evident that many guys were staring at Susie and I, and for once, I resented it. I acted a little snobbish at first, but I eventually got to like Jack. He was amusing, and clever. While we talked and laughed, Susie and Bill kept going for repeated walks. After one of them, Susie said my nose needed a repair job. We excused ourselves, and retired to the ladies' room.

"Bill wants to go for a drive," she said.

"Are you kidding? You know what that means? Do you realize what Mom would say if she knew I went and, uh, you know, with Jack. What am I saying? What would I say? I'm a heterosexual male. I like girls, not guys!"

Susie stared at me, "Oh, come off it! You just love being Marcia. I hate to say it, but don't think JoAnne and I are ignorant of what's

been going on in your head. You may not be a homosexual, but you sure are a transvestite!"

"A what?"

"A person who just loves to dress and act as a member of the opposite sex. You look great. You would probably call yourself a 'fine-looking girl.' But I'm the one who let you wear my dresses, and I helped you with your hair, your make-up." Her voice softened, "Please, Mark, I know you're my brother, but couldn't you be my sister for a few hours. If you do this, I'll live with you, and we can share our clothes, and I can make you pretty permanently. I think I'm in love with Bill."

I sighed, I had lost another argument. "Well, would you help me with my make-up? I want to put all the right ideas in Jack's head. But I'm doing this for you and Bill, believe that!"

She kissed me on the cheek, "I love Mark, but I think Marcia's a much nicer person. At least she's prettier. I'm sorry about what I said."

"That's alright. As a matter of fact, you were right."

She smiled, "I thought so, you won't ever be sorry you did this for me. Well, come on, Marcia, let's make you the prettiest girl at this dance."

We returned to the table, and the boys got our wraps. We left and we were driving north towards Hollywood. Jack was driving, and he asked me to sit next to him. I did this, and he put his arm around me. I sighed. It was not a sigh of love, as Jack thought, but a sigh of frustration. But I remembered Susie's promise, and I laid my head on his shoulder.

It turned out all I had to put up with, were some kisses and hand-holding. Actually, I was quite disgusted, but I put my heart into it, and I'm sure Jack was happy. At the door, I was so happy to be home, I threw my arms around his neck, and really kissed him, just like Marcia was supposed to. It was hardly the right kind of behavior for someone who liked girls, but Jack had been, for the most part, a perfect gentleman, and this was my way of saying thanks.

It was a good thing Mom wasn't up when we came home. She would have noticed some things wrong right away. For instance, my lipstick

was almost all gone, and I smelled of men's after shave, as I'm sure, Jack smelled of my perfume. We caught our train the next morning, and in 36 hours, we were home. My adventure as Marcia had ended.

That was seven years ago. I graduated from high school, third in my class. I dressed often at home when I had the chance, and with Susie's help. Mother disapproved, but never said another word about it. After all, it had been her idea.

\* \* \* \*

I soon dressed as a girl regularly. Susie and I moved to Chicago. She had finished school, and was working with an advertising agency. I had gone to secretarial school, and learned how to be a pretty good secretary. Alicia is now in school. JoAnne is married, and for all practical purposes, I'm an aunt twice.

Susie has kept her word, and we share an extensive wardrobe, even though I'm almost two inches taller than she is. She is engaged to Bill Robinson, so I guess my sacrifice paid off.

What about me? I think I look better than ever, but I have learned not to be conceited about my appearance. But I do some modeling as a side job. The boys at the office keep joking with me, and I flirt back, but that's all. As a matter of fact, I met a girl who loves me for what I am, and I love her, and hope to marry her. Of course, we don't go out on dates much, because I seldom go out dressed as Mark. But I am willing to make this sacrifice for her, as long as she accepts me. After all, we wear practically the same sizes.

I have been transformed into a girl, but deep down, I still know that I'm male. I never think I am a female, but I like to pretend, and put on the masquerade, and it gets to be easier, after a while. Like I said, I have learned not to be conceited about my appearance, for there are many transvestites who can not look as feminine as I do. I accept the fact that I'm a fortunate transvestite, and I will never be able to thank Mother and my sisters for what they have done for Mark and Marcia. Being Marcia is being myself, and that's what I can do best.

\* \* \*

*Ed. Note: The author did not put her name on the manuscript of this story. If she will let us know, we will give her the credit.*



Patricia FM-0-1  
(Her own Hair)

Yolanda FM-C-1 FPE  
Anna Bertha FM-M-3 FPE  
Barbara Anne FM-S-1



Four of our Mexican Girls

Rosemary FHK-L-1 FPE  
Pauline - Australia

Thelma - England



Some of Our Foreign Sisters —



Annette FS-K-1 FPE  
Sweden



Lilli-Ann FN-T-1 FPE  
Norway



Gerda - West Germany



Pauline FSA-H-2  
So. Africa

— or TVs Around the World

*A DOCTOR'S VIEWS ON TRANSVESTISM*

An Interested M.D.

I am a physician in private practice. I am not a transvestite and have never discussed the problem with anyone who was. However, in recent years I have been consulted by the wives of two transvestites for advice as to how to cope with the problem and diminish its threat to their marriage. Since I knew almost nothing of the subject I consulted the medical literature and got some limited information. However I obtained the most practical information by reading *Transvestia*, having come across it by chance through a reference to the publication in a medical newspaper. Despite the fact that my knowledge of transvestism is almost entirely 'Book knowledge,' nevertheless good medical practice requires a vast understanding and experience with the workings of the human mind, so that I believe that I am qualified to present certain observations and opinions. These are based in great part on the facts presented in the case histories and upon the hopes and dreams of the TV as expressed in the fiction. The following therefore is written as objectively as I know how for whatever interest and value it may be to the reader.

The thing that impresses me most is the magnitude of the emotional force that drives the TV to follow a course that can lead to great personal humiliation and loss for himself and family and for which he also pays a considerable price in guilt feelings. To overcome this the TV is greatly desirous of acceptance by his wife or girl friend and by society as a whole. Such acceptance is obviously difficult to obtain. Society as a whole is geared to reject any suggestion of femininity in a man. But studying transvestism has made me aware of the ridiculous extremes to which some people can carry the distinction between what is masculine and what is strictly feminine. However, even the individual wife who really wants to understand has a difficult time because she is

thinking in female terms while the TV is a male trying to identify with femininity. As a male he shares a shortcoming common to all men, namely that he really doesn't understand women. (There are a few exceptions.) He is trying to identify with his man's concept of woman and is therefore trying to identify with a woman who really doesn't exist. The things which he craves most in his femininity are not that important to his wife so that as a woman she cannot comprehend how they could be so desirable as to justify the disrupting influence they have on their lives. The average woman likes nice clothes and wants to appear attractive, but to the good wife her role as a wife and as a mother are much more important. Yet nowhere in all the fiction which portrays the TV being able to assume the feminine role in appearance, in domestic chores or business occupation or even as the passive partner in the sexual role, nowhere is there any expression of a desire to assume a maternal role. The woman likes nice clothes for the appearance they create, but she gets no thrill or particular tactile pleasure, (and I have inquired of feminine, fashionable women), out of putting on or wearing feminine clothes. There is much written in *Transvestia* about the thrill of wearing frilly lingerie or nylon stockings. But such ecstasy is unknown to the woman and it is therefore hard for her to accept the idea that such pleasures exist for her husband to such a degree that they must threaten her relationship with the man she wants to love and respect and which even may endanger the emotional stability of her children. She can't understand why the girdle and high heels that she can't wait to take off are such a source of compulsive desire to her husband.

In her sex relations where the spiritual pleasure plays a greater part in her pleasure than it does in the man's pleasure it may be difficult for her to feel that she is submitting to her aggressive lover when she has a mental picture of him in feminine clothing, emulating a feminine figure and mannerisms. His activities interfere with her concept of his manliness and his feminine side does not coincide with her sense of orderliness and puts most of its emphasis on only one aspect of femininity. I suspect that were it possible for a man to be transformed into a beautiful female, to live a life as a woman leads it that many TV's would be tempted. However, I'm sure that most of them would be very disappointed, and would long to be men again. Society and nature put many restrictions on women that men would find it difficult to adjust to. When you say you honor women by wanting to be like them you must remember that you are selecting those aspects of femininity which appeal to you and discarding the rest. A woman cannot do this and may have difficulty accepting or understanding the concept of the woman that you are trying to portray.

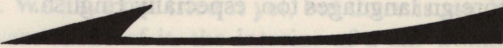
Much has been written speculating as to why a man becomes a transvestite. All I can do is speculate too. It seems logical that environmental factors are the most important. And since the personality is to a major extent formed in the first few years of life it is most likely that the parents, or those adults who act as parents for the child, are the prime influence in this development. I believe that the child evolves the idea that being a girl is a better deal, or at least in his particular situation he would be better off as a girl. Now many in their case histories state that their father was the dominant figure in their household and that the mother played a feminine passive role. But appearances can be deceiving and it is difficult for an adult to look back to his pre-school days and evaluate his thoughts or the emotional climate of his house at the time. A seemingly passive mother may still subtly dominate her masculine husband getting her own way, pushing him beyond his capacities, criticizing him in front of others, making him spoil her and withholding her physical love. She may at the same time 'seduce' her young son towards femininity by overprotection, being overdemanding of his love and acting as the martyr in any family dispute. She may use illness to get sympathy and get things done for her. The emotional climate of the house may be such then that the father seems to do all the work and the mother gently, femininely pulls the strings and gets the most attention, benefit and credit. It may be this way, or to the young boy, only seems this way. In any event he identifies with his mother and therefore with the feminine. As a child he is influenced by these events. As a completely dependent person he is acutely aware of the emotional climate of the house. He can't analyze it or his reactions to it and as an adult he can no longer recall the details. So he is influenced but he doesn't know how.

The above are thoughts that occurred to me as I read through the pages of Transvestia. They are not presented as facts but as ideas that seem logical to me. Their value and their validity is for the individual reader to decide. I do not view the plight of the TV without compassion. I sense the urgency and the magnitude of the emotional force which drives him. But I think this force is so strong as to tend to make him selfish. In seeking acceptance from his wife he may forget that her psyche, her social pressures and her prejudices may compel her to reject his transvestism with a fury equal to his need to pursue it. He may be required to have as much understanding as he hopes to receive.





## NEWS FROM SCANDINAVIA



In December 1964 I visited a shopkeeper specializing in tight corsets, high heels, frilly underwear, and wigs, in my hometown of Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. Being an understanding person he has many TVs as customers. After I had bought a wig and a made-to-measure corset, he asked me if I would like to get into contact with other TVs. Of course, I said, but I do not know any. But I do he answered, and he then gave me an address. I was very happy, perhaps a little afraid too — I had a key to TV-land.

Like most others I once thought I was the only male in the world interested in feminine attire. About 15 years ago I found Havelock Ellis's book on Eonism in a library and I got the most useful information in my life. From it I realized that I had many sisters, but how to find them? For several years I longed to meet another TV but by that day at the shopkeeper's I had already given up any hope.

A few days later on I saw Eva-Lisa, or at least her brother. As a matter of fact we had already met several times in a hobby-club dealing with technical historical things. So it is, some friends of yours may be a TV or FP and you do not know about it. We had lunch together and Eva-Lisa informed me what was going on in Sweden and the other countries of northern Europe.

Having a wife who knows about her feminine interests but is non-understanding she had found it hard to bear her feelings by herself. She decided to do something in order to form a TV sorority and thus the "Klubb Transvestia" was born at the end of 1963.

Through some ads in a suitable Swedish magazine the club got

some members. As we all know, it is difficult to reach TVs. Most of them are alone and afraid to leave their locked rooms. But after nearly three years work our club now has 50 members, most of them in Sweden but also a few from Denmark, Finland and Norway.

It is natural for us to work across Scandinavian borders. We feel a natural relationship and the Danish, Norwegian and Swedish languages being much alike, we understand each other with only slight difficulty. Our sisters in Finland speak two languages, both Swedish and Finnish. And, since we live in small countries, we have to learn foreign languages too, especially English.

The activities of the club are principally meetings, where we can come together dressed as we like. Often we invite other understanding people, both GGs and males and we have found that many non-TVs enjoy the special atmosphere at a TV meeting.

There are also a few (too few) understanding wives and their presence is of course very much appreciated. Mostly we meet in a home, talk, have some refreshments, show our dresses, jewelry and make up and talk again.

When they travel, our girls have an opportunity to visit each other and make new friends. A very important activity is to encourage correspondence between the girls and Eva-Lisa has worked hard to help us to come in contact with others who have the same main interests.

A year ago I started to publish a little bulletin for our members. It is called "Quinno-Spegeln" (yes, it means Femme Mirror). It is very simple but the girls seemed to like it and wanted more, so I continue to publish it. I have been able to publish some interesting case histories, a lot of gossip, information about literature and purchasing facilities, fiction and so on. In one number our Annette told us about her American journey. We were all happy to learn about the splendid reception she got from Virginia and other FPEs in the U.S.A.

Some of our sisters have written articles about TVism for general circulation magazines. In this area there is much to do. Our aim must be to have many articles published in the daily newspapers and magazines for the sake of better understanding.

We know very little of the authorities' attitude to a male being caught when dressed as a woman in public, but we have not heard of

anyone being sentenced. Some years ago one of our girls was trying on a dress in a shop, the police were called, she was brought to the station, the inspector told her not to do so any more and she was allowed to walk away.

I myself often go out when dressed and have dinner in first class restaurants and so far without mishap. I also drive my car and am not much afraid of police control. I will tell them that I am both male and a woman and then show my male license. If you behave properly when out in public, and that is of course a must, I find it difficult to think anything serious will happen. We have not tried it yet, but there is much to indicate that if an issue were made of it, the interior of a car would from a legal point of view, be considered as strictly private premises and that a FP driving or traveling in a car could not be considered to be causing public annoyance.

This is valid for Sweden and certainly for Denmark. In Finland it is different, a TV will most likely be sentenced if caught in public. The law against homosexuality is not yet abolished in that country and, as usual, the difference between it and TVism is not recognized.

In Stockholm there are some shops where we are accepted and respected, we can have a dress, a corset, a bra, made to measure, there are ladies hairdressers, beauty parlors where we can have treatment dressed, or as a man. We are trying to find more shops of this kind.

After reading several issues of TVia and Femme Mirror, it is striking how our interests and delights are exactly the same on both sides of the Atlantic. There must be many more FPs in Scandinavia, we hope that at least some of them will come into contact with our club so that we can help them to a better understanding of themselves.

Great is our thankfulness and gratitude to Eva-Lisa. She really did something while we others were merely longing.

Our thoughts go also to all our sisters in U.S.A. you have done an immense work for our cause.

*Ed. Note: This article has been in the files for some time but was, unfortunately, missed. It is therefore not a current report but it is interesting and a worthwhile contribution. Things are well organized over there now as can be seen from my "Expedition '69" report in TVia 59.*





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## MEASURE RIGHT TO LOOK YOUR BEST

by Ann Mailo 10-M-2

So many girls have asked me, in my job as an FPE Counsellor, how to measure and what sizes they should wear, that a review of "how to do it" seems in order.

The problem, of course, is to find the right size dress which will fit you best with little or no altering, and will thereby help you look prettier and more feminine. Nothing defeats the illusion more, I think, than an outfit which is too loose and baggy or too small and therefore too tight and pulling in the wrong places.

It would be wonderful if all of us had the skill and know-how of some of our sisters, such as Beatrice 33-B-2, who wrote the excellent series on fashion and color harmony which appeared in issues 28 and 30 through 34; and Heidi 16-K-2, who sews beautifully and does most of her own clothes including luscious suits! But most of us have to depend on ready-to-wear and it certainly saves time and money if you purchase the correct size.

To begin with, men are built differently from women. Lest someone holler quickly that this is the understatement of the century, let me qualify it! A man's shoulders are wider, in relation to his waist and hips, than a woman's. A man's waist is wider in relation to his hips than a woman's. His hips are generally the same measurement as his chest, while a woman's hips usually exceed her bustline measurement. I'm sure you are all aware of this, but it is of special concern when the proper clothing sizes must be determined.

Height, too, in relation to circumferential measurements, is important, for upon it largely depends whether you wear misses sizes, half sizes (wish we didn't have to!) or the cute junior sizes, or if you are really

lucky, the petite junior sizes! Some of us, of course, end up with tall or women's sizes which are usually harder to find and cost more when we do locate what we like. This chart shows the sizes and the heights for each size type:

PETITE JUNIOR	5'1½" or under
JUNIOR	5'2" — 5'6"
PETITE MISSES	5'2½" or under
MISSES	5'3" — 5'7"
HALF SIZE	5'3½" or under
WOMEN'S	5'4" — 5'6½"
TALL-BE-TWEEN (Lane Bryant)	5'6" — 5'10"
TALL or TALL MISSES	5'7" — 6'

(There is also a TALL WOMEN'S size range, but clothes in these sizes are almost impossible to find.)

Next, arm yourself with a tape measure that does not stretch and a recent Sears-Roebuck, Montgomery-Ward, J. C. Penney or similar catalog. At the center or back of the catalog in the miscellaneous pages you will usually find all of the various size charts.

Looking at the size charts, you will find only slight variations from firm to firm, since the sizes have been more or less standardized by the United States Bureau of Standards and the Department of Agriculture. The technique of measuring for your correct bra size is the major difference, and, frankly, I've found the Sears technique to be most accurate and to give the best results for our special requirements.

Since the shoulders are the most important part of any garment as far as fit is concerned, it is best to buy dresses, suits, blouses and sweaters which fit the shoulders properly (skirts should fit the hips), and do any alterations on other parts of the garment.

First measure your brother's height (A) without shoes; chest (B) (circumference around the chest up under the arms—higher up than the nipples); waist (C) at his natural waistline (without taking a deep breath or holding the tummy in artificially!); and the hips (D) around the maximum circumference. Congratulations—you have just done the most difficult part!

Measurement (A) will help you select the preliminary size you should wear from the basic size range charts. Obviously, if you are 5'5" tall you will not wear half size, tall, tall-be-tween, nor petite junior or petite misses sizes. You would be either misses or women's, depending on your other proportions.

Measurement (B) is your correct bra or longline foundation size, and could also be your slip size though many girls prefer a slip one size larger for a bit more freedom of movement. Thus, if you measure 38" around your chest up under your arms, then a 38B bra would fit best. Some slight variation might have to be allowed for whether you buy a bra which is mostly stretch material, or one which has very little elastic and is predominately unyielding cloth. Ah-ha, I hear someone saying, but what about cup size?

This is where we have some leeway that GG's don't have (though they often take advantage of "contouring" and padding, too) for we can literally select the cup size we would like to be. But here again, bear in mind that it is the proportions that count and the final result must look nice. No matter what some people might think, the junior petite GG of five feet tall who wears size 11 or 13, would look sort of top-heavy with a DD, E or F cup bra!! Moderation in all things, said the prophet. Bear in mind, also, that the cup size you select will determine the overall maximum bustline circumference (E), which will affect the size garment you wear. Taking our hypothetical example above who wears a size 38 bra, if she buys a 38 A bra, then with the proper amount of padding to fill the cups of this size bra, the maximum bustline circumference (E) would be approximately 38½ to 39½ inches. Our sister would qualify for a size 16 or 18 in misses sizes. However, if she chose a 38 B bra, then measurement (E) would be 39½ to 40½ inches, and she would probably feel more comfortable and look better in a size 18 dress and might have to buy size 20 in a less-expensive dress. (This business of sizes varying according to price was explained to me by a friend who owns a ladies' garment factory: the higher-priced clothes carry correspondingly smaller *size* labels. A \$50 dress which is exactly the same size as a \$20 dress bearing a size 16 label WILL OFTEN BE LABELLED SIZE 14!) Of

course, this is cheating, but the manufacturers actually and rampantly do this. I think the reason is that the gals who are so darned size-conscious are also the doddering old ones who have more money than brains, but this is a personal opinion.

Suffice it to say that garments are quite often mislabelled according to size, and should be bought with full return privileges and always from a reputable firm. Beware, also, when buying a two- or three-piece outfit, that the bottoms aren't a different size from the tops: I bought a lovely suit on sale once in my correct size and discovered to my dismay (sale goods are usually not returnable) that the skirt was *five* sizes smaller than the jacket! Someone probably swapped sizes at the store! This taught me a lesson: I always carry a tape measure with me when I buy (since I can't try on the things) and I carefully measure the waist, shoulders, etc.

But measurement (C), the waist, should help our sister determine more closely whether she is the 16 or 18 mentioned above. If she has a natural 29" waist, then the 16 would fit fine, and an 18 would be too loose. But if she is a bit tubby around the middle and has a 30" or 31" waist then she is almost certain to have to wear the size 18. The recommendation here is to have the bustline of the size which will result in a waist as close to your natural waist as possible. This does not contradict the statement above that the shoulders are the most important measurement, and where any outfit should fit first and foremost. For, in comparing the size ranges, dresses with the same bustline and waistline measurements would have wider shoulders in women's sizes than in misses sizes; while tall sizes would have the widest shoulders of the three size ranges. This is one reason the tall *thin* GG with narrow shoulders has a very difficult time finding ready-made clothes that fit.

Finally, measurement (D) determines how much padding (unless you're lucky and don't need any) you will have to add in order to bring the bottom in proportion to the top! Again, our hypothetical TV above with 38 A bra, wearing a size 18 dress, would need a hipline of about 41" for the best proportions. Chances are her brother with his 30" waist would have 37-38" hips and would thus have to add sufficient padding to achieve the 41" hipline.

To sum up the technique: measure your brother's normal measurements, decide on your bra cup size bearing in mind the waist measurement, and then determine the needed hipline padding. Relate all these to your height and the range of sizes for each type dress size classification.



There are some other points to consider too. First, the different size ranges are related to variations in age and body structure of GG's. To quote one manufacturer, junior sizes are "for figures with smaller, more defined waist, higher bustline, slightly shorter from shoulder to waist than Misses sizes." In other words, gals, these are the teenagers and the young swingers! Petite junior sizes are shorter by about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " from waist to shoulders and about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " shorter overall than junior sizes. Half sizes are described as "for the shorter-waisted (shorter from waist to shoulders), mature figure with medium to heavy frame. Garments are fuller in bust, waist and hips than Misses sizes with narrower shoulders." And women's sizes are "for the fuller, mature figure, longer from waist to shoulder and waist to hem than half sizes." Tall sizes are about "one inch longer from shoulder to waist and  $2\frac{1}{2}$ " longer in total length, with slightly broader shoulders than Misses sizes." Tall-be-tween, apparently an exclusive with Lane Bryant, is described as "the size range for the medium-tall girl under 5'10", with slightly longer sleeve, a hem that doesn't require letting-down, and a waist that doesn't hike up. Two inches short in total length than tall sizes." You figure this one out! It is sort of betwixt-and-between with some features of tall sizes and others of regular misses sizes.

Sizes for blouses generally follow dress sizes in misses range, but most stores don't carry a size larger than 18. What does a girl do who wears a size 20 dress when she is looking for a blouse? She looks for women's sizes and selects a 38, for in blouses the women's sizes begin where misses sizes stop. Girls shirts and other casual tops usually follow misses or junior dress sizes.

Sweaters, though, are a different animal! It seems that the sweater should fit slightly looser than a blouse, so sweaters are usually sold by bustline measure (E) *plus two inches*. Thus, if the bustline (E) of our hypothetical sister above who wears a 38 B bra is 40 inches, then she would wear a size 42 sweater. Bear in mind, too, that most sweaters only go as large as size 40 and you usually have to hunt in women's sizes to find 42 and above, and they are usually in the dreary button-up-the-front cardigan styles instead of the cuter styles available in the smaller sizes!

Slips, camisole tops, pajamas and night gowns are sold by bustline measurement(E). Our friend would wear size 40. Panties are sold by hip size (D), while girdles and panty girdles are sold by waist size (C).

We have discussed here only American sizes: British sizes are different, and continental European sizes are still different. For a time the French, German and Italian sizes were all different from each other, but thanks to the Common Market there has been agreement on a standard continental European size scheme. These all offer ranges similar to American sizes, although tall seems to be impossible to find anywhere outside the U.S.A. I guess the foreign GG who is 1,80 meters tall is just up a creek for finding ready-made clothes to wear and her TV counterpart will have the same problem. If any reader knows of any shops or stores anywhere outside the U.S.A. which sell tall sizes for the equivalent in another size scheme, please let me know.

If you are game for some fun and don't mind waiting six or eight weeks in eager anticipation after you've dropped your order in the mailbox, you might want to try buying *direct* from Europe! There are several mail order companies which will send catalogs and merchandise direct to the States. Further, you can pay in dollars and can also pay with a personal check! I've done this several times and they clear my bank with no problems. Mail Order House Quelle, Inc., 45 West 45 Street, New York 10036, the United States office of the largest West German mail order company, will, for \$1.00 send you a nice, thick (600 pages) catalog in *German* and if you order every so often you will continue to receive them with no further payment. Some of the styles are just darling and generally are available in larger sizes than American clothes. If you don't know any German you will have to wade through the language, but it isn't too difficult. Also, you will have to decipher the size charts in the back of the catalog, converting them from metric to American. But it is fun, the items are of good quality, and they are very favorably priced in relation to American prices: good-looking coats for \$25; gorgeous slips with real French lace for \$2 to \$4; and so forth. Better skip buying bras, however, as the Europeans are just now beginning to learn about cup sizes and for years all bras over there were sold in one standard cup size!

Another West German firm (which unfortunately does not have a New York office) is Medaillon, which has better quality goods than Quelle at slightly higher prices. They feature in their current catalog, for example, Mary Quant of London ultra-fashionable outfits in sizes up to 20 for \$18 to \$25!! They will send a catalog free. Write direct to: Medaillon Mode G.m.b.H., Postfach 2629, 6000 Frankfurt 1/Main, West Germany. You have to pay extra for shipping, of course, (though they pack the stuff well enough for an Apollo trip around the moon!'

and theoretically you are supposed to have to pay U.S. customs on arrival. However, I have never yet had to pay any customs duty: all the packages I've ever gotten are stamped "Passed Duty Free" so I guess the United States Customs folks have a warm spot in their hearts for TV's!

Obviously in a short article like this I cannot go into all the minor variations on the various sizes, and we could really get tangled up if we tried to analyze the Small-Medium-Large-Extra Large categories, because these often seem to me to have been based on somebody's grandmother's cousin's maid's best guess! Also, I have omitted shoes and hose because these follow fairly closely to boy sizes.

Remember, if you're going to be a girl, be a *lady*—and you'll look better and feel better wearing pretty clothes that fit properly!



### CALL ME MADAM!

by Janet Hamilton 5-H-21 FPE

Long ago and far away  
In another generation  
A man sat down to work one day  
To discover radiation.

But X-Rays weren't well understood  
So he worked within their range.  
The Rays came through the shield of wood  
And worked a subtle change.

The young man now was quite perplexed  
Though he felt no distress,  
For his system was upset and vexed  
Unless he wore a dress.

So into the lab he came quite free,  
In skirts and heels and hose;  
While his colleagues turned their heads to see,  
The young man powder his nose.

A lad in the rear was the first to stir,  
They say his name was Adam.  
Said the lad, "It's strange to call you Sir,"  
Said he, "Then call me Madam."

## "Dear Editor"



## LETTERS

Dear Virginia,

I enjoyed your article on TV versus TS and can appreciate the article a great deal more now since it completely confirms what I have had to find out for myself. Yes, I have for almost as many years as I have been a TV yearned for that magic wand that I could wave and be made not a girl but a female for I thought that would be the only solution. Later on I read about Christine Jorgenson and how I envied her and I, perhaps along with thousands of others tried to figure out how to get to Denmark. In more recent years I even solicited the aid of a Surgeon and a Psychiatrist on the possibilities of surgical alteration. Naturally I was turned down because I was married, had children, was from out of state, a bit too old and on and on. I went back home to nurse my wounds. In the meantime I started to follow the advice of a local psychiatrist who said bluntly to me that I was small enough to pass, I should get a good wig, use cosmetics to hide my beard and pass as the need arises. He also pointed out that I lived in a state and city that had no laws against men wearing woman's clothing and passing as one of them.

With a great deal of fear overcome by the ecstasy of being a woman out in public and leasurely shopping for lingerie I started to pass. Now after three years of passing, I do practically everything as a woman. My brother earns the money, has his friends and relatives, but I have the rest, even some of my brother's relatives. I have the apartment, furnished the way Myrtle Ann likes it, my own friends and practice all of life's little duties such as shopping, going out to dinner and shows, travel, seeing my doctor, dentist and lawyer and church. Yes I have even taken an individual charm course and am now attending sewing classes learning how to make my own clothes.

I even found out I could get a job as a woman. I applied for a bookkeeping-secretary job in a one girl office for a small retail store. Yes, after taking a typing test I landed it. After all that effort I turned it down — why? — the salary was only half what my brother earns doing a great portion of the same things. Sure, he has a glorified title of Accountant, but he still pushes figures around with a pencil and types his own letters.

Now I have been offered the opportunity of surgery if I want it, but am I jumping at the chance. No. I promptly turned it down. Surgery will not remove my facial and body hair. Surgery will not change the pitch of my voice. Surgery will not enlarge my hips or narrow my waist. Yes, surgery would enlarge my busts but thanks to foam rubber and a well fitting foundation garment, I have a 38-28-38 figure so why spend \$10,000 when I can do the same thing for \$25.00. Electrolysis can cure the hair problem for less than \$1,000 and voice instruction will help with acquiring a better modulated slow talking soft spoken voice. Pitch in a voice is not the all important thing. I used to think that were I made a female I would be able to say to the world, I am a female. I have a right to wear skirts. Now what are you going to do about it. Ah! but that is shallow thinking. If you are to be truly a woman you must earn the right by practicing, practicing practicing. You must learn how to use cosmetics wisely, how to walk and sit properly, how to swing your arms and hold your hands correctly and select the right clothes and color. You will need good voice modulation, yes, and even a different language of expression. Just about everything you do needs some modification if you are to show the public that you are a woman. Then who is there to question you. You need no proof. You radiate the proof as a result of practice and gaining of confidence that is needed. No, surgery will do none of these things for you. Remember a woman has been practicing being just that 24 hours a day for all the years of her life. Who are you to think that a knife can do it overnight.

No, surgery is not for me although I enjoy being a woman and am one almost all the time except when working. In closing I am a male and my brother enjoys an occasional date. It is still fun to wine, dine and entertain a woman. They are, you know, the most wonderful mysterious creatures put on God's great wide world, otherwise why would we want to also be one.

Myrtle Ann 36-M-1

Dear Virginia,

I hope you have still some room left for me. I had to give my "brother" two deep mental pinpricks to get him away from the typewriter and let me have a chance. That's the story of my life, always being dominated by him and quietly grinning and laughing at me with his funny sense of humor. He should have let me out 20 years ago when I had a beautiful peachy cream complexion and a figure nice enough to be on your cover. I am sure I could have passed easily, even with my 6 ft. 2 in. and large feet and hands. Fortunately his pianoplaying made my hands and fingers long and slender and when he stops breaking my nails they can still look attractive enough for a woman. Going out I will have to wear gloves though. But where to find size 12??

My brother and I have not been getting along for many years, mostly because he refused to take me seriously. However the last six months I have noticed a great improvement and a great deal of that peace of mind has been the result of reading *Transvestia*. I hope that our relationship will continue to improve. He has promised to let me "out" as soon as the children are off to college. That gives him some time to slowly improve himself and to prepare for the battle with his wife. In his mind he is already planning the best approach.

Until that time I will have to remain "one layer under" until he has established contact with some sisters of ours, so that he can dress somewhere else and have pictures taken.

While my brother still prefers to dress me in aprons and maids uniforms, which I hate, he has recently greatly improved my wardrobe. He bought some nice blouses (38) which fit nice, skirts (18) and also some attractive jumpers. He still thinks I am a youngster and he has the tendency to buy clothes that are too young for me. He sure needs help in that department. We are not often on a buying spree, because he still blushes everytime he goes into a ladies store. Silly goose. The stuff we order through the mail is only about 50% acceptable. It is all right for girdles, stockings and such. We really look forward to the time when contact has been established with some sisters in this area, and I hope some will write to me after reading this. No matter where from I will be sure to answer.

I forgot to tell you that "we" are on a diet. The goal is 28" versus 32" now. Do you think we can make it?

My brother is also somewhat of a frustrated writer, having once edited a small military newspaper. He has discovered that writing about TV is almost as much fun as dressing. I doubt whether the stories have much merit, but he is sure turning them out by the bushel. I think he spends much too much time on them. Secretly he thinks he can sublimate his TVation this way. But I know better. He will have to live with me the rest of his natural life. And angels already look like girls.

Well, I have to end now. Brother dear wants to go home.

I will be looking forward to the future with great anticipation and I hope to meet many of you. If we can be of any help whatsoever to any sister we would be very glad to do what we can. In the meantime Suzanna, if you need some help on a busy weekend at the resort, you know where you can find a correctly dressed waitress.

And if you ever see a somewhat voluptuous telephone pole, you will just know:

It's "Conny".

\* \* \*

Dear Virginia:

Well, things have certainly taken a turn for the better since you heard from me last. I don't really remember what all has occurred but I know Connie has made her debut.

My G.G. and Brother Paul went to a get-acquainted party recently and met other T.V.s and wives and had a wonderful time that stretched until 3 o'clock in the morning. Sally's brother and wife were host and hostess, of whom I can only say they are very charming people.

Later, Connie and her G.G. went together to a T.V. Party and had the most wonderful time. Connie was somewhat shy and Johnnie (my G.G.) was a little under the weather but it was truly the most rewarding adventure of Connie's life. And I am looking forward to many more.

I recently mailed you some pictures of Connie and if you still have them you can easily see the change in Connie and see why I am so full of emotion. All the more praise to Sally and Diana who have helped more than I can say or ever repay.

I am not going to fill your head with all this wonderful nonsense as I did in my last letter, but I want to say how much Transvestia and F.P.E. has lightened my existence. Many thanks for a chance at life and I cannot express my appreciation in full for the work you are doing.

I am sincerely trying to grope my way to a better understanding and to elevate my qualifications to a point where I can be of further service to the Organization. But I understand some of the reluctance and I am afraid to ask too much at once because I have so many questions and I don't want to overstep my position. But I am coming to be more at ease with myself and striving to be better.

Sincerely,  
Connie 43-A-1 FPE

\* \* \*

Dear Virginia,

A physical change has taken place in me since that night you were on the Allen Burke Show.

After being a chronic finger nail biter for as long as I can remember, I have not bitten them once since that night. I've not even had to consciously resist the desire to bite them. In years past I tried to quit biting them at the urging of my Mother and one of my ex-wives but always to no avail. Perhaps it is just knowing that there are others who share in my feelings that has rid me of this nervous habit. Or it may be a sign of self acceptance. Whatever the reason may be I'm proud of them and today for the first time since I was just a small fry I put polish on them.

After talking to you I removed the polish and put it on with long flowing strokes from cuticle to tip and they are just beautiful.

Tomorrow Gary is going to buy some gloves for Gail so we can leave them polished all week since we are on vacation, and I've pretty much taken over our life for the entire week.

Well, time for me to go soak in Calgon Bath Oil Beads, so will sign off for now.

Very Femininely Yours,  
Gail

\* \* \*



Dear Virginia,

Transvestia No. 60 has just arrived. I think that you have all of you done a very good job on this business of the operation and hormone treatments and the distinction between Biological sex and Psychological and Social Gender. This is obviously a very important topic about which we must all be completely honest intellectually.

I know that your policy in Transvestia is to continually reaffirm the need for the American Male to develop his feminine attributes. But does the run-of-the-mill member of FPE really support you in this? And do we all, in American and British (and other) societies recognize the urgency of the need to come to terms with our feminine selves before they destroy us in an orgy of violence? From what I have seen at close hand of American society in the last eight months, as well as what I knew formerly, I am getting more and more worried about its future development *in our lifetimes*. The contrasts between wealth and poverty, between the crowded cities and the open spaces, between ugliness and great beauty, together with the creeping development of pollution and exhaustion of natural resources are, sooner or later, going to break our intellectual controls on society and an uncontrolled emotional revolution will take place. Only the development of compassionate care and love for society and its members in the minds of its intellectual leaders can prevent the eventual material troubles from leading to emotional disaster. In telling the story of Transvestism you can surely plant the warning and the solution in the minds of anyone who happens to see or hear your television and radio programs.

Yours very Sincerely,  
Rosemary 38-M-7

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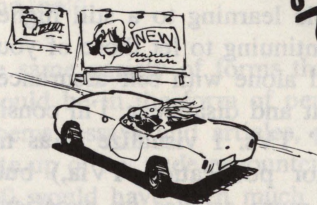
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Rita - Brazil



Signs  
of the  
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A SENIOR  
TRANSVESTIA?



As has been pointed out at various times in the past, TRANSVESTIA is like a college. People wanting and needing an education come in as Freshmen—empty, eager, capable and with undeveloped understanding and potential. They stay through their Sophomore, Junior and Senior years being filled, satisfied, developed and given some understanding and wisdom. After four years they graduate, they leave the college and only maintain future connections with it on Alumni Day. The total enrollment of the college doesn't effectively change because as new needful individuals come in at the bottom, the older, fulfilled ones go out at the top. Or to put it with another analogy, a busy restaurant has just so many tables. It is filled to capacity all the time. Hungry people come in, satisfied customers go out.

Thus with TVia. New readers, (they may be old hands at TV but in the lonely, isolated, guilt ridden sense) find the magazine, subscribe for a period of years, learn, grow, make friends, achieve understanding and cease subscribing. This is understandable but it keeps the subscription lists of TVia roughly the same size over a number of years.

It has for sometime seemed to me that one of the reasons that old subscribers drop away is that after "graduating" as "seniors" they find a lot of what is taught to freshmen boring. They've heard it before—they don't need it any more. The college has the obligation, however, to take in new people all the time and help them through the course. For this reason it keeps freshman and sophomore classes going all the time. So does this magazine and it has to to serve its primary purpose—to help people acquire the knowledge, understanding and self acceptance that will yield peace of mind.

But what to do about graduating seniors? A college solves this by establishing a graduate school where persons who have learned what the college offered them in their undergraduate days can go on to apply this basic learning to a still higher education and to research. Rather than continuing to let those of you who feel able to "graduate", that is to stand alone with self assurance in dealing with your femmeself, to drop out and disappear, I'm considering starting a graduate school for "senior" TVs. I visualize it as made up of submitted material (like its junior publication TVia,) but material of a more philosophical nature, more articles on experiences, insights, attitudes, etc. I would visualize (and request) articles that are so personal, so revealing, so down to earth, so inner thought kind of things that lots of them would come through anonymously.

I'm very much aware that in Senior TVia as in every other land there are certain unspoken rules, behaviors, expectations and taboos that one feels obliged to observe on pain of excommunication etc. This is all right because adherence to such expectations is what provides the glue of common interest in a common area and holds things together. But after a certain point in one's development one is in a position to do "research" into one's own insides, so to speak. It is difficult or impossible to do this during one's less mature years—both chronologically and in terms of TV-development. One has other problems to solve first. But when they are more or less under control, it is possible to be freed from the demands of time, emotion, conformity, fear of revelation etc. that they have made and able to apply some thought and energy to some inner insights.

This is the kind of thing I'd like to see in such a "Senior TVia." I think it would be enlightening to both the writer and the reader to really find out what goes on in our various heads. Improbable fiction is fun to write and to read—I love science fiction for example—but real exploration of the frontiers of one's own and other people's minds is even more fascinating—and educational. Expanding one's consciousness is much talked of nowadays, particularly in regard to the hallucinogenic drugs. Doubtless this is one way to do it—by simply so disturbing the biochemical balance of the brain that various sensory short circuits take place which may well be very unusual, interesting and sometimes even valuable. Some people are so uptight about their real selves that they can only be pried loose from their fixations, and protections by some sort of chemical disturbance. This is, of course, the basis for various psychiatric techniques such as insulin and electro shock therapy. These people would not be able to "reach themselves" and so would not likely contribute to this pro-

jected magazine. But on the other hand reading the observations of others might just allow a certain sudden identification with them and a realization that "that goes for me too!"

Such contributions could take the same variety of forms that make up little sister TVia. That is they could be in the form of perceptive, revealing and descriptive fiction, poems, essays and articles, personal experiences etc. For instance my write up of my nude-encounter experience which was published in No. 50 would have been much more in place in a publication such as I am describing. As it was it was too disturbing to various "undergraduates". It was on the other hand not only accepted and understood by some readers, but highly complimented by some of them. One said that it was the best thing ever to appear in TVia—a whole new insight she said. The acceptance of these few made me start thinking and that is what has brought this project into focus for presentation here.

I visualize the contents as going into how a person *really* feels on a gut level about such problems as homosexuality, transexual surgery, eroticism in general, the nature of his own guilt feelings and into anthropological, sociological or psychological commentaries on our society as it presently is. In short "telling it like it is"—INSIDE. I don't even visualize the field as being limited to the type of TVs that TVia is published for. As you all know TVia doesn't go in for the subjects of bondage, domination, fetishism, homosexuality, punishment, etc. *Its* field is precise because it has a particular job to do for a particular group of people. But the kind of journal I visualize here might well have articles by people interested in these other fields telling about the true nature of their inner feelings and desires. I'm sure it would prove educational even to psychiatrists.

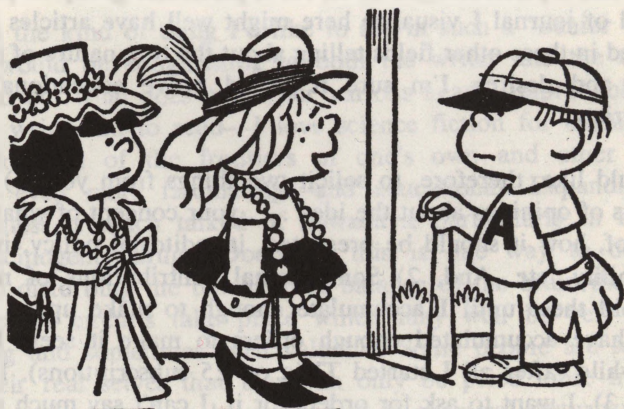
I would like, therefore, to solicit two things from you. 1) Some expressions of opinions about the idea . . . your concept of what it should consist of, how it should be presented, its editorial policy, its rules of acceptability, etc. And, 2) Some actual contributions of material. I shall hold these until I accumulate enough to make up an issue and until I have accumulated enough orders to make it seem financially worth while (after all I started TVia on 25 subscriptions). I will then print it. 3). I want to ask for orders for it. I can't say much about how big or how often it would appear. I should guess about 50-70 pages appearing quarterly) but I can set two facts at this point. Its cost will be \$5 per issue and it will be printed in rather small numbers (which accounts for the price), on a get it early or miss it basis. I do not want to

build up an inventory on it, especially in the beginning when I can't be sure of its acceptance.

So there you are—a new idea to kick around. And I want from you 1) Comments, 2) Contributions of material and 3) Subscriptions for it. Let's get it off the ground. After 10 years of this "college" there ought to be enough potential "graduate students" to make this a valuable psychological and sociological contribution. I should make it clear that subscription to it would not be limited to those who contribute or who consider themselves "graduate students". It will be available to all, but if it comes out I foresee its being rather strong medicine and not to be taken by those who have not yet made adequate peace with themselves. It could be quite upsetting to such a person just as lots of adult information can be very disturbing to a young person just entering adolescence—they are just not yet ready to handle it.

All right, I'll get off of the soap box and sit back and see what this bombshell brings forth. I shall also keep the door to the bombshelter open for a quick dive in in case the shrapnel gets too thick.

\* \* \*



"Sorry, Roger. You'll have to find another short-stop and center fielder today. We have to go to our FPE meeting."



Jeannie 20-R-4-FPE

Lynn 37-B 5- FPE



*OUR SORORITY —  
PHI PI EPSILON (FPE)*

New readers always wonder what the initials "FPE" mean after the names of some of our girls. Writing to all of them is too time consuming and since nothing much has been said in these pages about FPE for some time it may be worthwhile to discuss it a bit in this our anniversary issue.

It was in Issue No. 13 for February 1962 that the idea, name and purpose of Phi Pi Epsilon was first set forth — over 8 years ago. At that time we formed the first chapter in Los Angeles, the Alpha chapter. The following year I asked about a dozen other girls in various parts of the country, and with whom I had established some sort of personal relationship, to act as Councillors — to help, advise, and interview prospective members and to advise and assist me in putting the idea in working form, and in forming other chapters. Many of those that accepted then are still actively helping today.

Several years later during a period of complications when a former associate of mine made a lot of false claims (see my lead story in this issue), I was accused of using funds sent to FPE for my own use and of making a "good thing" out of it. I had never used FPE funds for any but FPE expenses then nor have I since. But, to be like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion," I asked my dear friend Fran in Wisconsin, who had actively formed a chapter in her area, to take on the obligation of FPE treasurer. She accepted and I sent all the funds off to her so that they would be out of my hands and beyond the attack of those persons who chose to malign me.

About a year or so after that when the organization had grown to such an extent that the handling of the detail work and correspondence



along with all the Chevalier activity was just too much I asked Fran if she would accept the job of Executive Secretary of FPE and to in fact run it. Happily for me, and most happily for all the members of FPE, she accepted. She has done a magnificent job ever since and every member of FPE owes her much appreciation as she has devoted many hours and much effort to organizing, detailing, corresponding and general handling of the sorority. In addition, as its members know, she undertook to publish the *Femme-Forum*, the official house organ of our sorority. She, in all practical senses, *IS* FPE. While as founder I retain the title of President she runs it and does a great job. Although mail intended for her is sent to the Chevalier address, this is done solely as a security measure for her. I simply forward it all on to her about once a week.

FPE has not from its inception been an organization which solicited membership. It was the idea from the beginning that FPE was to be a group that a girl *wanted* to get into when she thought she was ready and able to be a femmeperson in the presence of and in association with others of the same persuasion. So we have never urged anyone to join or conducted any membership campaigns. It is a group made up of those who seek membership on their own. It is also a group of persons who are heterosexual and who are not interested in the bondage, humiliation, punishment, masochistic scene — people whose only variation from so-called “normal” behavior lies in their urge to express their inner feminine personality.

Since there are those in these other categories who, misunderstanding the nature of the organization, might seek membership it was long ago decided to require prospective members to have read at least 5 issues of *TVia*. Since it is available on newstands there was no sure way of knowing whether they had so read these issues so it was made a requirement of membership that an applicant had to show on the rolls of Chevalier for at least 5 issues before an application could be requested and sent. These do not have to be in advance. Back issues serve the same purpose. There is the additional factor that anyone willing to spend \$20 on reading material must be seriously interested in the material he is buying. We have had, over the years, a lot of persons who would buy one issue and then no more based on some advertising that we did. My conclusion from this was that they were drag queens and imagined that *TVia* was for that type of person. When they found it was not they did not spend any more money. Thus the willingness to invest the \$20 became not only a criterion of interest but more or less guaranteed

that the person would know from those 5 issues exactly the kind of persons he was dealing with and could decide for herself if we were her kind of people.

The process of getting into FPE after getting AND READING the 5 issues is to ask for the application, fill it out and return it to me, Virginia. If I approve, it goes to Fran in Wisconsin by registered mail. If she approves it the individual is notified that it was acceptable and asked to pay a first year's fee of \$17. This consists of an initiation fee of \$5 payable only once, a year's dues at 50c per month or \$6 per year and \$6 for a year's subscription to the Femme Forum, the official publication of the sorority. When this has gotten to Fran by way of Virginia the applicant is told how to get in touch with the interviewer nearest to her if there is one. These interviewers are persons who are already members of FPE and known in some degree to Fran and the area councillor. Between the two of them arrangements are made to get together. This is usually done in a restaurant or some neutral territory tho it may be in the applicant's home if circumstances warrant it and the applicant wishes it that way. Unless it takes place in a home such interviews are between "brothers." That is the applicant is not expected to dress for the occasion. The purpose of the interview is just that somebody representing the sorority shall have a chance to have an eyeball contact with the applicant and judge from personal contact her suitability for membership. If she is approved Fran is notified of this and the applicant is eligible for membership in the local chapter if there is one. If not, she remains a national member until other new members near enough to get together with her are discovered.

The process of finding new members can often be hurried by the individual taking the initiative of trying to get TVia on newstands in her area where it can be found by others; or to place ads in local papers designed to catch the eye of other TV readers. Such ads bear Chevaliers address so that the inquiry can be handled in the usual way and application made in the proper way. This protects everyone's security.

Many people in sensitive jobs or in responsible positions ask if it is not possible to avoid in some way the signing of the application. The same answer is given to all — NO! Security is not divisible nor is my personal integrity adjustable. Everyone but everyone gets the same treatment without exception. There is no other way of protecting each against all and all against each. Once you are in FPE you will know that everyone else in it has signed the same pledge and put themselves on the same record thus they can feel as safe with you as you can with

them. For those that are concerned about the application itself, let it be made clear that only two persons see that application, Virginia and Fran, that it travels between us by registered mail and that when Fran has processed it, it is placed in a special FPE safe deposit box. It is not shown around nor its contents disclosed. This, together with Chevalier's policy of not giving anyone's name to anyone else even upon request (tho facilities are provided through Contact for one TV to contact another), serves to give assurance of confidentiality.

Over the years FPE has expanded so that there are chapters in about 20 U.S. cities, and affiliated groups in Sweden, Denmark and England. In addition we have members scattered in various countries all around the world. FPE is a sisterhood of male persons who know and recognize their feminine side and wish to give her a chance for a little life of her own among other people feeling the same way — an opportunity to dress in a semi public way in an environment of common interest and with a feeling of safety and security. It is unlike any other organization anywhere.

### “CONTACT”

For those who, for one reason or another do not wish to join FPE but who still wish to make written contact with other TVs the “CONTACT” service was set up. Again, for security, those who want to use the service are asked to fill out an application which will be sent on request after you have subscribed to and read five issues. When it is returned, accompanied by the \$5 fee, the service is open to the applicant. This \$5 is simply an advance payment against the regular charge of \$5 per letter forwarded and \$2 for ads appearing in the magazine. Members of FPE are free to use the service too and need no separate application. Since the \$17 paid by them goes to FPE and not to Chevalier, however, they are required to pay the regular \$1 and \$2 fees for use of the service.

CONTACT mail will only be forwarded between those who are members of CONTACT or of FPE. This is again a matter of security. There are several other operations in this country where letters can be forwarded in response to ads where there is no security of any kind offered. All types of persons advertise and all types of persons answer. You pay your money and you take your chance on the kind of persons you make contact with. I can assure you that a good part of these contacts will not be limited to clear cut, heterosexual persons who just like to dress. Homosexuals, TSs, drag queens, fetishists, bondage and

punishment addicts, swingers, bisexual types and others are involved. I do not put these people down and if they are the types you are looking for — be my guest and do your own (and their) “thing”. I simply wish to make it clear that to what extent I can “CONTACT” will be restricted to the same type of person as TVia is printed for.

Needless to say when a letter has been forwarded by us (and all must be sent thru in *unsealed* envelopes, stamped and accompanied by the necessary fee, unless included in the \$5 CONTACT fee) our responsibility is over. We cannot guarantee that the recipient will reply. However, we do urge that anyone receiving such a letter of friendship be considerate enough TO reply. After all, the sender solicits your friendship and has taken the trouble to write and the expense of the fee. The least that one can do is to acknowledge receipt even if only to say that you do not wish to continue the friendship. The Person to Person page in TVia and the CONTACT service were set up to facilitate communication between our readers, so use them both.

**SPECIAL NOTE TO NANCY JEAN OF MINNEAPOLIS** and others like her who have written me anonymously: If you can't receive mail at home, get a post box or make arrangements with a public steno to hold mail for you. Use any name you wish in writing to Chevalier, but we can't answer questions, help or encourage people who sign no name. Many of you are concerned about your security and rightly so. The earlier part of this article should reassure you. Altho you may have to buy TVia from a “dirty book” store (they are the only places that will carry it) it does not mean that you are giving your life and reputation into the hands of unscrupulous people. I can assure you that I generally take better care of the security of my readers than they take of it themselves. You who write anonymously need to make contacts but you have to place your trust in someone or stay locked in your little cell. So take what precautions you wish but make it possible for me to reply and for you to receive letters, subscriptions, etc. If you would rather talk first, my phone number is (213) 876-6141 in L.A. I'll try to explain and reassure you.

Just as you are interested in your own security so I am concerned about that of our Counsellors and Interviewers. Thus I can not give their names to you any more than you would want me to give them yours. It cuts both ways. That is why you must evidence your interest, confidence and good faith first. Remember, “nothing ventured, nothing gained.” Try me.

Sincerely, VIRGINIA



## BOOK REVIEWS

Sheila Niles 32-B-2 FPE

*Transvestism*, by Hugh Magnus, Award Books A519S, Universal Publ. & Dist. Corp., 235 E. 45th St., New York 10017, paperback, 155 pp., 75c (1969)

This little book has, as promised on the cover, many case histories. It also has a variety of interesting sidelights on the history of TV and problems the author considers to be related. His purpose seems to be emphasizing the wide variety of TV patterns, and he even echoes the rather negative view expressed by some of our members "surely that there are as many kinds of TV as there are of sexual beings." Despite this, he makes an interesting attempt to classify us along somewhat different lines than the usual ones.



Some readers may be offended by Magnus' use of the title to include types that we do not regard as "real TVs". However, his usage is in line with both the dictionary's and the derivation of the word from "cross-dressing". His categories make it evident, however, that he does distinguish sharply among the homo, trans and hetero-sexual types. Unfortunately this wide sweep leads to shallowness, so that our type of TV reader will identify with no more than a very few of the 42 cases reviewed. These are classified as certain "basic" types (fetishist, aesthetic, Oedipal, antisocial), enforced, drag queens, promiscuous, married, narcissist and transexual. Unfortunately he spends 21 pages on one male prostitute which could well have been better used. It is evident that he has not come into contact with many non-clinical cases, and the happy, well-adjusted TVs that I meet in my travels are represented by one one or two married examples. He is also remiss in draw-

ing the conclusion (page 67) that "most cases of compelled transvestism result in a taste for the wearing of female clothes" simply because he has not investigated any of the many boys so treated who did not become TVs.

Despite these shortcomings, the book offers some good insights. First, in order of appearance, is a very interesting retranslation of the story of "Adam's rib," which he shows to be more properly "Adam's womb." With this change, the Biblical story is entirely compatible with the scientific fact that most non-vertebrates are bi-sexual, with "male and female" as the special case. This theme is further developed in Magnus' comments on the long story of the male prostitute, where he dips into some questions on the concepts of hermaphroditism. His purpose is to establish a definition of the breaking point of the individual's moral strength in regard to sexuality. "There is no common denominator of sexual sanity," he emphasizes, despite the "simplicities of psychiatry." The hermaphrodite deity was not uncommon in ancient religions, and this concept seems to fit a human need for sexual integration. He suggests that the breaking point for sexual disorganization comes when a person realizes that by reason of sex he or she is an imperfect psychic being, and yet is unable to accept that imperfection. "Once man abandoned the comfort of an ideal hermaphroditism those men unable to accept the imperfection of their psychic being were compelled to resort to transvestism for the sake of their sanity in the ordinary world." (page 119) "The transvestite is thus a personality in whom breaking point and safety valve have become one", and if society would accept this need it might well contribute to the public health as well as the private health of TVs.

He ends with a very cogent chapter, in which the transvestite is described as expressing a wish to attain the kind of perfection described by Plato as "transcending the limitations of either maleness or femaleness." "He desires to match his masculine virtues with the virtues and trappings of femininity." "Put thus, the transvestite's aim and desire appear noble. In practice . . . it is all too possible to see how far below nobility the reality lies." The author concludes that society has much to learn from the transvestite, and in turn it is its duty to treat him with compassion. "The transvestite, his loins girded in those most improbable garments of warfare—garter belt and panties—is striking a blow for experimentation and discovery". The mature response of society should be acceptance.

Isn't that a lovely thought—but when do we start?

TRANSSEXUALISM AND SEX REASSIGNMENT, Richard Green, M.D. and John Money, PhD, Editors, The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore 21218, 473 pp, 13glos, 18 bibl., 6 index. \$15.00 (1969)

Drs. Green and Money have certainly provided complete coverage of their subject—as much as anyone can hope to do until quite a few follow-up reports come in. They and their thirty or so co-authors have given us the whole show, from pre-birth through operation, including probable causes, diagnosis, screening against quasi-TS's, hormone therapy, operation, post-operative care and legal status improvement. Oh yes, even facial hair! So far as possible, they give the word on how it goes afterward—but, after all, Christine's operation was just about 16 years old when most of this was written (Hopkins Press is further behind than Chevalier!)

Frankly, these composite books always leave me feeling like the man who tried to read the dictionary. He reported "it has lots of good ideas but it's not much for plot structure". In this case, it really *does* have structure as indicated above. The parts are in logical order: I—Social and Clinical, II—Psychological, III—Somatic, IV—Treatment, and V—Medicolegal Aspects, are each covered in turn. ("Somatic" means, in this case, the hormone balance, the brain-wave patterns, and physical measurements prior to treatment). However the writing *is* uneven, with some authors paring to a crisp 1½ pages, while others spread the same amount of information over 30 or more. Worst offenders—those trying to sell aversion therapy. It should happen to them!

On the whole, I think you may want to buy this one, even if only to clear up any doubts as to what you are not. I got mine free, courtesy of our dear friend, Dr. Harry Benjamin, whose Introduction is one of the highlights of the book.

\* \* \*

THE TRANSSEXUALS—MALE OR FEMALE?, by R. H. Berg in LOOK Magazine, January 27, 1970 pp 28-31.

You can't buy this of course, but your library should have it on file. It actually is related to the publication of the Hopkins book, but is far more than just a review of it. Berg apparently interviewed many of the authors and adds many interesting sidelights. He also got excellent pictures of "Viki," who is shaping up for the operation. The whole

thing is handled most sympathetically. Due cognizance of the psychological and congenital theories of causation is made, with the latter being accented.

This article led to a very lively telecast on the Dick Cavett show. Dr. Ihlenfeld, Dr. Benjamin's associate, shared the spotlight with Viki and both did their jobs superbly. An interesting sidelight was that Ann Landers was the third interview that evening (Louis Armstrong was first) and that she refused quite huffily to discuss Viki. Dorothy (21-D) felt there was something "psychological" about the way she refused, but she *had* been kept waiting all evening and then was given a scant five minutes to do *her* thing—and wasn't too pleased about it.

GOODBYE TO FRANCIE, by Robert Twohy, Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, February 1970, pp 131-145. A really well-done TV detective story; I can say no more without spilling the beans, but it's worth hunting up. You can pick it up in second hand magazine stores, 60c or less; or write EQMM, 229 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10003 a tearful letter.

\* \* \*

## **DRESSES \*\*\* SKIRTS \*\*\* BLOUSES**

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**FORMAL—COCKTAIL—STREET**

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I am an understanding woman who enjoys helping TVs to express their more feminine side. I have my own shop in my home, so convenience and privacy are assured.

If you live at a distance send for my measurement chart, order form and complete information about dealing by mail order.

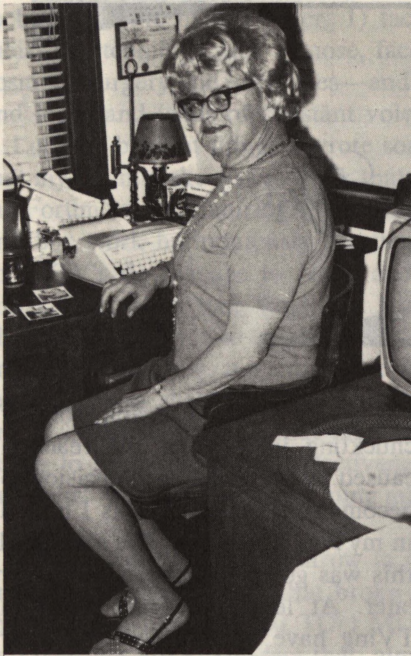
Mention Virginia or Transvestia when you visit or order.

### **UBAs FASHIONS**

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Virginia Sue 32-B-16 FPE



Janet 13-T-1 FPE

## *Susanna Says*



This is Susanna again, sort of chuckling in view of the reaction caused by my announced decision to become a full-time girl. As I hinted in my No. 59 column, I've suspected this was going to happen sooner or later. At least the years spent in TVing have been whispering their stern warning . . . so my inner explosion did not quite take me by surprise. What is comforting is to realize (thanks to my limitless conceit) that whatever I have ever wanted for myself in life I've managed to get if I apply myself to the goal in question with full determination.

I'm sure I'll get to the full-time stage, perhaps not in the next six months, or even a year, but I'll get there. I have made my plans and I'm working towards that goal. It seems that the most common question that has been asked by my TV sisters is "what about the job?"

It is rather odd that this should be their paramount consideration. It leads me to believe that perhaps in the back of many of my friends' minds there is the hidden conviction that if it weren't for the problems that "she" would meet to earn a living, there would be quite a few TV's who'd be rather tempted to try the full-time route. Actually it is not as difficult as it may seem, particularly when one's plans include, as in my case, the running of a hotel, motel or resort in an all-year-round basis. If one adds to this such literary activities which "she" is quite capable of conducting as well or better than "he", then the problem is minimized. Personally I've catalogued my three main stumbling blocks which will have

to be overcome in this order: 1) facial hair—solution? electrolysis. 2) facial shortcomings such as nose, face lines and skin texture—solution? cosmetic surgery and hormones—and 3) voice—solution? a good teacher and loads and loads of constant voice practice. Impossible? Not at all.

Looking back at things I wrote some years ago I cannot help but see that my big mistake was to think that—as Sheila puts it in the last “Femme Forum”—the maturing TV reaches a sort of partnership in which He and She work harmoniously together. Perhaps Sheila is right. Perhaps some TV’s do manage to reach and KEEP that balance. I reached it and kept it for a long time, but I did not foresee that “balance” and “harmony” imply two equal forces that must REMAIN equal. Once one of the two grows too strong, the other must per force give ground and the balance is shattered. I had managed through the years to be that “more effective person” that Sheila describes. But in recent months I began to notice that my “effectiveness” as “he” was deteriorating and that “she” was definitely becoming more effective than he.

At this point I’d like to throw in a bit of self analysis. I suspect that among the many factors that broke the balance I must blame the fact that Susanna has received TOO MUCH ACCEPTANCE from friends and relatives alike. The fact that, almost unanimously, everybody agrees that Susanna is much more likable than her brother—that she is definitely much more fun to be with—that she is a nicer person than he is—that they much prefer “her” company to “his”—this fact, I repeat—must have played a very strong part in destroying the balance. Looking at it as objectively as I can, it seems to me that no human being would be able to ignore this wide gap between her and him. Putting it in different words: the thought must have crossed my subconscious mind: “everybody seems to think that I am a better person as a woman than as a man—it must be so—and therefore—why continue to be a man when I could be a woman.” This discovery must have been extremely painful and destructive to the inner man—a discovery which “she” gladly exploited to her own ends. Of course I do not mean to imply that this was the only factor involved, but it must have helped to create the unfavorable balance for him.

It is then rather ironic to think that all my struggles towards full acceptance from others have resulted in a situation which would have been just a “silly thought” ten years ago. What has actually happened inside of me?—It is an extremely complex picture that confronts me when I try to search for its individual components. As you all know I have always tried to be a TV perfectionist. I’ve held—and still do—the theory that when one undertakes to do something—no matter what—one must try to do it *well*. This, I’ve felt, is particularly applicable to TV’s.

There's nothing more abhorrent to me than a be-skirted, made-up man who shows no femininity in his TV performance. I guess I'm old fashioned enough to still dream of feminine women and masculine men—to think that the outer-girl we create is the indispensable container from which our heart emits all the feelings that — as men — we have not been able, nor been permitted to express. In other words, the girl-within must also become the “girl-without” (and excuse the hidden pun). She must not only look as her GG sisters do, but act as they do as well. At this point, some of my TV friends, might rightly ask: why must this be so? Why should I shove into a corner my masculine habits and adopt new ones? Isn't it enough just to dress-up? I suppose some TV's feel this way . . . they most certainly act as if they felt this way . . . they are still Tom and Dick and Harry . . . the only difference is that they are wearing a dress. If that's what they want . . . fine. But what about stepping out of doors? What about going to the corner drugstore? Or what about meeting non-TV's at a social occasion? The going out business demands “passing” —demands acting exactly the way a GG would act in similar circumstances—the social meeting with non-TV's may not demand “passing” but it most certainly places upon the TV what I have called all along: “*esthetic responsibility*” . . . the TV has no right to inflict upon others: shock-digust-grotesqueness. So he ought to behave just as he would if he were having lunch at the Waldorf Astoria.

So far, so good. My theory seems to hold water. What to do? In order to act GG—to walk GG—to behave GG—one must practice. One must do it as often as possible, and even oftener, without let up. Only thus can we create a passable personality that will “pass” in the street and will be esthetically pleasant to our circle of non-TV friends. But—and here lurks a danger: What has been happening to the boy-within during this intensive learning and training carried out by the girl-within? Let us assume that he is such a perfectly developed masculine entity that no matter how wide he opens the gates of the feminine world no part of his masculine structure will be weakened. In this case “her” growth can be a gain for the “total ego” and Sheila is right! But . . . if he is not a perfectly developed masculine entity . . . if there are termites in the wood-work . . . then the feminine foundations, while being reinforced and strengthened, will eventually create ever-widening cracks in his foundations which will in turn provoke the collapse of the entire masculine structure. I am not saying that this *is* so . . . just that it “might” be so. So, if we start with some none-to-firm masculine machinery then there's the danger that “she” will not enrich the overall personality, but will instead create for herself something new—using of course such parts of

the machine as are in good working condition and can be adapted to her purposes.

If we add to this hypothesis the ingredient that I've already mentioned: "too much acceptance"—then the transformation becomes a snowball. And when I say "too much acceptance" I not only refer to acceptance from others, but from one's very own self. One becomes dissatisfied with one's masculine role in looks as well as in performance. Unlike the transsexual who has never been able to function as a man—who, and most of them admit it—have been failures as men—the TV who reaches the full-time stage may look back to his masculine performance: as husband, money earner, etc . . . and usually can say that—by accepted standards, he has not been a failure. He has done pretty well. He can even remember that there were many occasions when he was actually happy as a man. But now—there's something new in the horizon—a new challenge (this is basically a masculine concept)—can he forge ahead as a "she"?—can he create a good life as a woman? Personally I have enough self-confidence to believe that Susanna can be a very happy human being without "him". The concept of mutual cooperation between him and her has perhaps reached a super-ironic twist. He says—"I want to cooperate with you so much, that I am willing to divest myself of my reality and let you use it as you see fit, change it, mold it, reshape it, eliminate from it whatever traits you wish. Rearrange my psychological molecules to your taste. Use my talents and my experience to your ends. Turn me into a memory. I'll be you."—That's how strong Susanna is.

I feel that this stage would not have come into being if I had not been able to "pass." I would have been forced then to be a part-time girl. The house, my domain—life outdoors; *his*. Please—do not take this statement as boastfulness. As a matter of fact I *am* "read" once in a while. And this of course has been an additional challenge towards self improvement—to better and improve Susanna's image so that the day will come when she will never be read. If I had not received such enthusiastic acceptance from relatives and friends—if, instead, I had been made to feel "unwelcome" as Susanna, then Susanna would have probably remained within a rather restricted little world of her own. And here's an odd fact: "he" has never wanted to make friends . . . he practically has none . . . pleasant acquaintances, friendly co-workers, yes . . . but no *friends*. Perhaps Susanna has had a hand in this situation, too . . . her constant presence within has probably acted as a deterrent upon him, so he never has felt he can *give* of himself as much as a true friend should. Susanna is exactly the opposite. She radiates friendliness. . . she wants

to be friendly . . . and I guess this tremendous difference in attitudes makes an almost shocking impact upon those who know both personalities. And naturally, "she" wins the popularity contest hands down.

The full-time TV and the transsexual seem to have many things in common. The one obvious difference lies of course in their attitude towards "the operation" . . . the transsexual is obsessed by the thought of it, and I've known quite a few of them who actually do not even bother to dress as women before the change takes place. If it weren't for the insistence of Dr. Benjamin that they should try to live and dress as women BEFORE they attempt surgery, some of them would blithely ignore this vital factor. The full-time TV (and here I have very little data to draw conclusions from) I think is far more concerned with new horizons . . . he feels he has fully lived life in one role and now he wants to explore life following a different road, with a different attitude, different tools. He is not concerned with sex . . . as a matter of fact if the dormant "he" should be occasionally awakened by a female he might open a temporary parenthesis in "her" new life and indulge. The transsexual would be simply horrified at such thought. Sex, to the TS is unthinkable unless he can be the "female" in the sexual act. To the full-time TV the most important thing in life is "to live femininely" . . . the operation plays no part in his life-pattern. Of course I may be accused of making statements that I cannot prove. After all, I cannot generalize from the 10 to 12 TS's I've met in my life, and neither can I generalize about full-time TV's, having known only 3 or 4. These are just ideas based mostly on my own feelings, experiences and observations.

To conclude: I feel that a full-time TV has simply reversed his original situation: and now he lives as a woman with a "boy-within". The difference between the original "girl-within" and the present "boy-within" is that she was hungry for experience, for freedom, for a chance to be. The present boy-within has no such hunger. He has lived, and fully. He well knows the meaning of freedom and responsibility. Now he simply takes a back seat . . . and with a wise smile on his face, he lets her do the driving . . . and as a good backseat driver should, he keeps his mouth shut.

Love to all from a not-yet-full-time  
Susanna



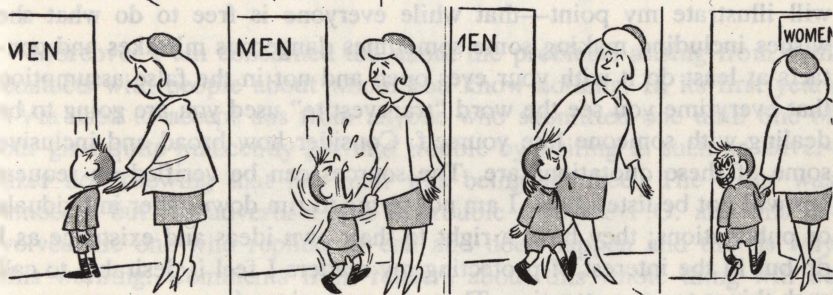
Letters to Editor:

Dear Susanna:

My dear, you make me feel like the last of the "Ten Little Indians" because, of the four of us on the title page as the editorial staff, I am the only one left not dressing full time or planning to! I don't intend to repeat all the things I said in No. 54 when Virginia made her similar announcement; I just want to reiterate that YOU are right, and SHE is right—and SO AM I! Each of us to her own, and what you are going to do is, I'm sure, a mature decision . . . for you. As for me, it would send me up the wall in about three days; I know because I've tried it that long (more than once). I love and need BOTH my lives.

Now, a word to the readers, and especially to their wives: the odds of a TV going full-time on dressing are NOT 3/1, or anything close to it. It just happens that of the four of us who felt motivated enough to really WORK on this job, I am the sole representative of what I see as the great, unsilent majority. Suzy will make the tenth full-timer out of about 300 I have met—THOSE are the odds, 1/30, that you face. Most of us do not have that much femininity in us, nor do we seem to develop it with age, or Myrtle and Marjorie would show some effect as they approach 90. They are both dressing LESS, and not because of lack of opportunity. To each of you out there, go ahead and do YOUR thing—and please, WHATEVER YOU ARE, BE A GOOD ONE!

Sheila Niles, 30-B-2 FPE





## OBSERVATIONS

### WHO IS A TRANSVESTITE?

by Virginia

Older readers will remember that I have been promoting the word Femmiphile as a better and more descriptive term than Transvestite for our particular pattern. Even recent readers will also recall my warning concerning contacts made through persons or organizations who are not particular about what sort of people use their advertising services. There are all kinds of people in this world and because their thing isn't my thing I don't put them down. But I have from the beginning striven to write for and about the true Femmiphile, i.e. the *heterosexual* cross dresser and to try to protect the integrity and security of the group and the individuals composing it.

There are a number of other persons and "organizations" who represent themselves as interested in "transvestites". Doubtless they are, especially if they can sell something to them, but their clarity of definition and inclusion under that label leave something to be desired. Below are some samples of advertisements and promotional copy which I hope will illustrate my point—that while everyone is free to do what she wishes including making some sometimes dangerous mistakes and contacts at least do it with your eyes open and not in the false assumption that everytime you see the word "transvestite" used you are going to be dealing with someone like yourself. Consider how broad and inclusive some of these quotations are. The sources can be verified on request but will not be listed here. I am not trying to run down other individuals or publications; they have a right to their own ideas and existance as I do but in the interest of protecting my readers I feel it desirable to call such things to your attention. These are verbatim ads:

- 1) "Transvestite male, slim figure, Greek, French culture, desires to meet other men with similar interests."



- 2) Passive male, 48, novice TV desires meet dominant couple, males, females interested restrictive leather, rubber wear. Enthusiastic about bondage, discipline, etc.
- 3) Male age 30, TV want meet others interested leather, boots, bondage.
- 4) Male, 35, like to hear from other TVs and those who enjoy the French arts . . .
- 5) Businessman like to meet or correspond with cute young mini-skirt type TV or queen.
- 6) Passive male transvestite wishes training by dominant female who will instruct in dress and discipline.
- 7) Male college grad, 6' like to meet gay TV or female impersonator especially one living as woman.
- 8) Male. Attractive young TV wishes to meet other TVs interested in bondage, leather or rubber.
- 9) Traveling man 34 wants meet TVs for fun and friendship, dates if possible. All TVs welcome.
- 10) Male, enjoys wearing pretty ladies things. Can be gay or not. Needs discipline. Can work as maid. Likes high drag.
- 11) Glamorous TV seeks meetings dominate types. Desires to be devoted wife, obedient servant, docile maid to demanding persons. Ideal for executive woman or masterful man.
- 12) "Want to meet transvestites, Drag Queens, Rubber Buffs etc? Members near you and nation wide."

This is a small selection but should be enough to illustrate that for many people and publications TVism is pretty well mixed up with everything else. If that is your own attitude well enough, but if you are what might be called a "true" TV then be aware and be selective. TVia may be behind the times in not having "something for everyone" but I just wouldn't be interested in that.

Moreover I am concerned too about the problems arising from mail contacts with people about whom you know nothing. In its first years TVia used to accept ads from anyone who submitted one until one of our girls quite innocently got into trouble by writing to such an advertiser not knowing that her mail was being watched. The letter was innocent but the advertiser was in trouble with the P.O. and this involved the one who replied. It can and does happen and that is why this warning. Comments from readers about this whole thing will be welcomed.





"You're wearing the WRONG HAIRPIECE AGAIN!"



## EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

by Virginia

I. **SOMETHING NEW:** You will note that we are starting our second decade with a sort of face lifting — principally on our new cover. There has been some complaint especially from those that buy from newstands about not being able to tell one issue from the other. From here on the color of the name, **TRANSVESTIA**, the volume and number as well as the contents will change from issue to issue. Naturally the issue number itself and the contents will change too which should make it easier to distinguish issues.

Many would like us to go back to Cover Girls. This was discontinued sometime back partially because of the headaches involved in finding satisfactory girls and stories to grace the cover, but principally because of uncertainties about having the stories and pics on hand at the right time to complete the issue. By using the concept of the standard cover and a leading lady story inside, the magazine can go to press with or without such a story. So there is a reason for everything.

II. **DATING ISSUES:** You will also note that no longer is a month of issue being given either on the outside cover, the spine, or on the contents page. They will simply be identified by number and printed as often as possible. The amount of unnecessary and time-demanding correspondence involved in having people write and ask for the "March" issue when it wasn't even out at the time has become too great. In order to continue TVia at all the operation has to be streamlined as much as I can. So once again (because some readers never seem to read) when ordering advance issues, send in your order and money and wait patiently. If you wish to be sure that we have received it send along an addressed postcard which we will acknowledge and return. You will then know that you will get yours when it is available. Please be

understanding and helpful in this regard. We do the best we can under a series of complicated situations and are really tired of the "where the hell is it" type of letter. Nobody will be cheated and issues will be printed as rapidly as conditions permit. That is a promise.

III. OTHER PUBLICATIONS: I have been delinquent on publishing further TV Tales and longer novellettes not only from lack of time to get it done but because of being let down by several people who promised to do illustrations for them. Additionally there has been a dearth of satisfactory stories in the 15-16 page length necessary. Therefore I have decided to wait no longer to solve these problems. I shall, as soon as this issue is put to bed, set about printing more extra material. However, they will have standard covers except for the title — using our Chevalier insignia (as shown on the outside back cover of each issue of TVia) as the front design. The stories will be announced in TVia as they are completed so that you will have time to order yours as soon as you read that announcement. They will be of various lengths and therefore of various prices so watch for future announcements. The first of these will be titled, "A Case of Accidental Murder" and will be an exception in that the author provided a cover drawing. This story is over twice the length of the regular TV Tales and will be priced at \$3. It will be marked as TV Tales Nos. 6 and 7 combined. It will be sent to all those presently paid for these two.

Following this item, will come others such as "From Martin to Marian" which is so long that rather than make one big book which would cost a lot to put together and would have to sell for at least \$6, it will be put out in Parts I and II at \$3 each which will be easier on your pocketbook. But all these items from now on are going to be done in 400 copies only on a first come, first served basis. I don't want to tie up more space and money in stock that lies around for years. So send in for them now if you are interested and we'll put you on the waiting list and mail them as soon as they are off the press which will be some time in June.

IV. CLIPSHEETS: It is interesting (tho somewhat disappointing) that there seems to be less interest in scrapbooks and clippings than there used to be 10-20 years ago. The Clipseet was introduced as a means of getting everybody's clippings to everybody else. But, possibly due to the greater understanding of ourselves, and the somewhat increased tolerance of society in many areas, the number of those subscribing to the Clipseet has decreased markedly. I have prepared 3

more issues to come out over the next several months (No. 32 will probably be available by the time you read this) but I am printing them in reduced numbers to avoid tying up capital and space. If the number of those subscribing does not increase by the time No. 34 is out I think I shall have to discontinue the Clipsheet as I had to do with the Femme Mirror.

IV. VIRGINIA'S PHONE NUMBER: Quite some time ago I printed my phone number in TVia. It results in quite a lot of long distance calls from persons who feel a need to talk with me about TVia, FPE or their own problems. While this often takes a lot of time I know how important it can be to know that there is someone there to talk with so I try to be as helpful as possible. So I print it here again for those who may need it. It is (213) 876-6141. If you need it and don't have it with you, you can always get it from Information, it is listed under Charles Virginia Prince. I euchered the phone company into using both names as a means of more specific identification and because there is another Charles Prince in L.A. The phone company gave me a hard time thinking I was trying to list two persons at once (I was in a sense they didn't understand) but I told them (in Charles' voice) that I couldn't help it if my mother had given me a girl's middle name, so they put it in.

VI. MERCHANDISE SHEET: In past issues reference has been made to a special sheet for merchandise since we only listed printed matter in the price list that went into the magazine. Starting with this issue, however, due to the increase in number of pages to 96, the merchandise sheet has been incorporated into the price list appearing on the last four pages of an issue. So you need not ask for a merchandise sheet any more.

VII. CORRESPONDENCE FACILITATION: Answering mail is one of Mary's and my biggest problems. We want to be helpful and answer important questions but this takes time and time is getting in short supply what with everything else. You can help us and help yourself to a much quicker answer if you will try to frame your question in such a way that a yes or no answer or some other brief notation will tell you what you want to know. Do it on a separate piece of paper so that all we have to do is to write in the essential information and mail it back to you. Sometimes, if it is not too personal, this could be done on a post card. It would save us a little more time and help our sometimes staggering postage bill (would you believe \$2700 per year in 1969?) if you would enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.



## Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

**Box 36091, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036**

55-C-2 FPE TV, 37, divorced and remarried with "A" wife, desires correspondents. Live eastern Ontario. Am European, multi-lingual and blue stocking. Meetings if convenient.

MARIE-THERESE

\* \* \*

5-S-22 FPE TV, 59, Married with understanding wife, 3 married sons. Like to correspond and meet if convenient. Am also advanced photographer. All letters answered.

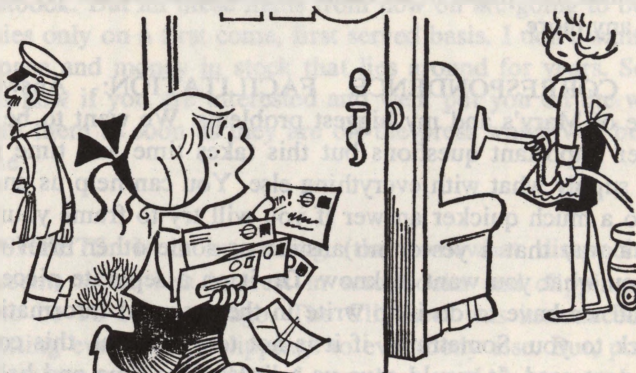
SHIRLEY ANN

\* \* \*

1-W-1 FPE Long time TV wants corres. poss. meet. with others in So. Alabama or NE Fla. Will condone no "far our" ones. Absolute confidence maintained in return for same. Man-self loves sports, girlself enjoys writing, etc.

HELEN

\* \* \*



Here's your FPE invitation Daddy.

## PRICE LIST

"TRANSVESTIA" . . . A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine." Published six times a year.

Per Copy, Issues 61 and after . . . . . \$5

Per Copy, Issues 60 and before . . . . . \$4

Annual Subscription . . . . . \$30

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

Single copies . . . . . \$1.50

Four copies for . . . . . \$5

"TV-TALES" Short stores 16—25 pages. . . . . Each . . . . . \$1.50  
(Nos. 2, 3, 5 available)

### 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. 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. Illus. \$5

"THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES" . . . A collection of five short stories involving transvestism. Illus. \$5

"CARNIVAL" . . . A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival. 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. 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. Illus. \$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. Illus. \$4

### SPECIAL REDUCED RATES ON BACK ISSUES

**TRANSVESTIA:** Back issues except 1-13, 17, 23-32, 36, 42, 45, 46 are available. Every issue is new and interesting until you have read it. Many wonderful stories, articles and pictures have appeared in earlier issues. Don't overlook them waiting for newer issues. Due to the change of price from \$4 to \$5 starting with No. 61, the back issue special price applies *ONLY TO ISSUES NO. 60 AND BEFORE*. Reduced rate, 6 issues for . . . . . \$20

**CLIPSHEET** Back Issues 6 for . . . . . \$3

**FEMMEMIRROR** — A 16 page monthly newsletter now discontinued but about 30 issues are still available 6 for . . . . . \$3  
(CLIPSHEET and MIRROR back issues can be mixed)

### MERCHANDISE

**Item 1. SPECIAL BRA WITH INSERTS:** Nice cotton bras with elastic straps having a special pocket in each cup which holds a polyvinyl insert. Although intended to be inflated with air, the inserts can be filled with a special jelly to provide softness and weight. Available in white only in sizes 36B and 38B only. For larger sizes, bras can be lengthened with special extenders available in most notions departments and 5 & 10 stores. Inserts can be removed and used in other bras.

**BRA and INSERTS**      \$6

**Item 2. JELLY KIT FOR SPECIAL BRA:** Consists of two chemicals—one liquid the other a powder. When the powder has been soaked in water overnight and injected into the inserts, followed by the liquid and enough water to fill them properly, a soft, non-flowing jelly results. This may be colored to skin tones with liquid makeup. The jelly filled inserts give the breasts a natural softness and weight. Worn in an elastic strap bra they bounce and flow as one walks just like a natural breast. Full instructions provided including suggestions for producing "cleavage". Jelly Kit — \$5



Item 3. **REGULAR INSERTS ALONE:** For those requiring special bra sizes or who wish to wear inserts in bras of their own the inserts can be obtained separately.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4

Item 4. **MASTECTOMY INSERTS:** For those desiring a larger bust it is possible to obtain the type of inserts intended for breast replacement after a mastectomy operation. These are larger than the regular type and have an extended part that fits under the arm where the lymph glands have been removed by surgery. This provides fullness in this area that no ordinary falsies of any type can give thus being more natural on a larger figure.

INSERTS PER PAIR \$4

Item 5. **"PRETTI PANTIES":** If you like wearing feminine things under pants these are a "must". Nylon, lace trimmed, and with ribbons threaded through lace and bows. AND they have a fly front opening. Comfortable, pretty and practical. Sizes large and medium. Colors: Sapphire Blue and Jade Green.

EACH \$5

Item 6. **"PHANTOM PHANNY"** Two, separate, shield-shaped plastic foam pads, beveled and made concave to fit and cover the buttocks cheeks. Worn under a girdle they will enhance one's derriere to more feminine proportions. They are washable, comfortable and undetectable. One size only.

PER PAIR \$5

Item 7. **HIP PADS:** Two rather oval shaped pads of foam plastic cut into approximately the right shape and with edges beveled. Since the exact shape and size desired will vary they are intentionally left in a rough finished condition to be further shaped, trimmed and smoothed to the desired contour by the wearer. Easily cut with scissors. When worn under a girdle they add about an inch of "hip" on each side. These are "wrap-around" pads, not just a narrow piece of foam worn over the hip. Under a girdle with the front pad (which they are designed to match with) they give an entirely feminine and smooth pelvic outline.

PER PAIR \$5

Item 8. **FRONT PAD WITH GROOVE:** A "T"-shaped foam pad pre-shaped and beveled and with a groove and pocket in front to hold the male organs. Rough finished to allow for further trimming to individually desired shape and smoothness. Use of this pad will give the "flat-front" look so much desired without

binding and discomfort. There is a "tail piece" that fits back between the legs and fills this area when worn under a pantie and girdle or a pantie girdle. If it is not wanted it can be cut off.

PAD, EACH \$4

Item 9: MAKEUP REMOVER: A soap and water scrub to remove makeup is doing it the hard way, especially on dry skins. This is a special preparation containing no mineral oil or solvents yet it gently removes powder and creme makeup of all kinds as well as eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner and mascara. Just apply, rub over face and wipe clean with tissue. It will remove part of all lipsticks depending on their composition and all of some lipsticks. A little soap and water on a washcloth will remove any remaining. In addition to being a remover, the oil is a beauty treatment for the skin, softening and lubricating it.

4 oz. BOTTLE \$3

Item 10: "LECTRO-CAINE": A skin anesthetic for use during electrolysis. Apply to skin and gently rub in for 10 minutes before an electrolysis treatment. Does not anesthetize the face nor prevent all pain, but makes the needle much more tolerable.

4 oz. BOTTLE \$2

#### Item 11. WIGS AT NEW REDUCED RATES:

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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