

TRANSVESTIA

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No. 36, 1965

Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

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



Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES
Literary Editor

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COVER STORY

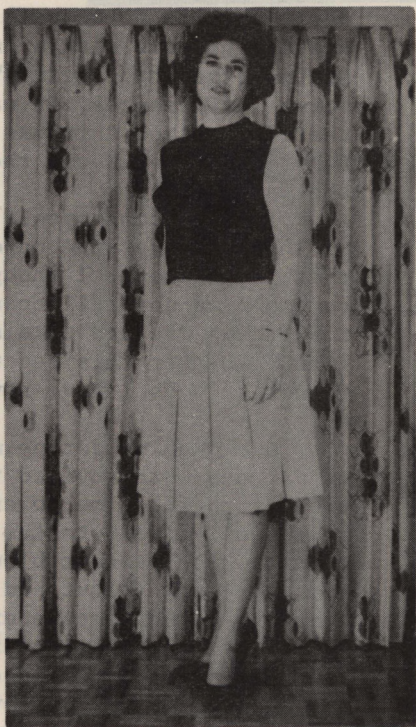
My Story

by Julie (43-P-2) FPE

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Having read and re-read all the fabulous stories of all the Cover Girls, little did I realize that one day my story might be among them. The first thought that enters my mind is that they all had such wonderful stories to tell that who would be interested in mine. In fact just a little over a year or so ago I had not knowingly met or corresponded with another TV or FP let alone dared the thought of telling anyone about myself. I guess I was one of the many thousands who were or are scared to reveal that they are TV's or FP's. A lot has happened during this period of time but I guess we should first go back to the beginning to start.

I first saw the light of day thirty-nine years ago as the oldest of three sons. Each time my parents had hoped for a girl but were not so blessed. They were so expecting a girl that my grandparents had sent a locket for a present when I was born. My parents didn't think it proper for a boy baby to have it so they returned it. Of course I



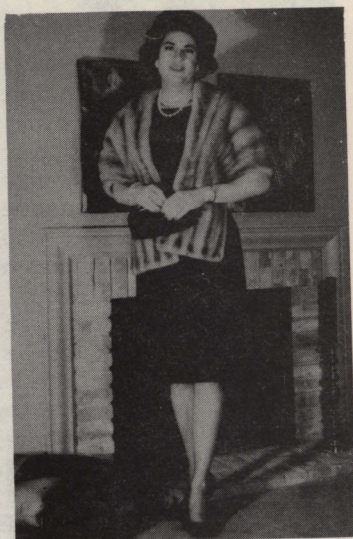
time I came into the possession of this

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do not remember the first years of my life but it always thrilled me to see several pictures of myself at about a year of age wearing a dress and with my hair long. After that I guess I dressed as any little boy did except that my mother would not buy me a pair of long pants until I entered high school. I entered high school at the tender age of twelve, having skipped two grades and graduated at fifteen. I had no trouble with my grades but being two years younger than my classmates left me less adept at physical activities than they. I don't know whether this helped influence the fact but for as long as I can remember I had wished that I had been born a girl. It seemed that girls got to do all the things that I wished I could do and was forbidden to do and the boys were always doing the rough things that I didn't want to do or wasn't physically able to do as well. During these early years my nightly prayers always ended with the phrase, "Please God make me into a girl." Not being fully aware of the sexual differences, it was not until I was quite old that I realized this was not possible. In those days I believed that I was the only person alive who felt the way I did.

I soon found myself dressing in my mother's clothes whenever the opportunity presented itself, that is, whenever I thought I wouldn't be caught. I remember on several occasions talking my brothers into getting dressed up also, "just to see what we looked like." Whether this led them to any TV tendencies, I do not know as I have never discussed myself or TV with them.

One evening during my first year of high school my parents were invited to a "turnabout Party". This thought thrilled me no end. My mother made a dress for my father to wear to the party. It had a red skirt with a white peasant blouse and after it was over I secretly took it out and kept it for several years wearing it and some underthings I managed to accumulate, whenever the occasion presented itself. As I had my own room with an outside door, the occasion for dressing soon came every night, and after every one was in bed would slip out and walk around. About this time I came into the possession of an old sewing



MORE JULIE



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machine which I kept in the storeroom off the garage, and was soon sewing my own costumes and making my own jewelery. Carman Miranda was quite popular at the time and I made a two piece outfit to resemble her's. I was wearing this costume one evening when my mother barged into my room and caught me. She wanted to see in more detail what I had on but I jumped in bed and pulled the covers over me. She tried to pull the covers off but I refused to let her and somehow she gave up and left. I really tried to be more careful after that but still had a lot of close calls.

I went to college while still living at home and on several occasions went to class with my lingerie on under my boy clothes. My, how I used to worry about somebody slapping me on my back and discovering I had a bra on, but it didn't happen. I served in the army during World War II, so had to get rid of all my things before I left. The only chance I got to dress during this time was when I was home on leaves and then just in my mother's clothes when she wasn't around. My father was in the service also so I did not have to worry about him being around. After the war I went away to college and soon found myself collecting a wardrobe again. I remember on one occasion my fraternity entered a comical float in a parade and wanted some of the members to take the part of girls on it. In the past I had always refused to take a girl's part, acting like I wouldn't be caught dead dressing up like a girl. But this time I just decided I would volunteer myself. At first they said that they had enough "girls" for the float but when I told them that a girlfriend had already gotten me the clothes they said okay. Of course the clothes were my own which I had kept well hidden, as I lived in the fraternity house. The float went right up the main street of town and was seen by many thousands of people and I enjoyed every minute of it.

While in college I became engaged to a lovely girl and after graduation we were married. Before the wedding I destroyed everything assuming that marriage would end my TV desires. But as we all now know I was mistaken, for my wife would go visit her folks fairly often, and during these periods I found myself dressing again. I rigged up my camera and took quite a few pic-



JULIE COMES IN ALL TYPES - IF NOT IN ALL SIZES

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tures of myself in various costumes. Some were bathing suit shots and I had them developed commercially and never was a question raised about the identity of the girl in them.

During the Korean War I was recalled to active duty with the Air Force. I therefore destroyed these pictures and other things I had accumulated in order that they would not be found. My wife accompanied me and with a new camera and developing outfit, we took many pictures of each other. Several times we decided to take some joke pictures of each other. I suggested we ought to take one of me made up as a girl which we did. I later suggested we do it again and she did not take to the idea so I did not bring it up again. But I did take some myself when she was not around, and one evening she discovered that my legs were shaved. I made the excuse I just wanted to see how it felt (as if I didn't know) and she made me promise not to do it again. I'm afraid I broke it, times too numerous to count. Also at this time the story came out about the now famous "Christine." Her story really fascinated me as I guess it did every other TV in the country. And what luck, she came to a local theater on a personal appearance tour with the film she made and my wife was game to to see her. So we sat on the front row and really did enjoy it. After that, quite a few articles appeared about TS's and I saved every one. Of course my wife did not know I did, and I later destroyed most of them when we moved into a new house.

One day in 1954, about a year after I got off active duty, I ran across an ad in Photography Magazine for a new book on "Femme Mimics" by E. Carlton Winford that was being published in Dallas, Texas. The ad described it as "A pictorial record of female impersonation" so I knew I had to have it. Well you might have known, when I got home one day my wife had already opened the package and really got on me for ordering it. Well I had to think fast and I said that I read an ad that offered an "unusual book" for sale and that I did not know what it would be. She thought I did away with the book but I still have it. I learned then that there was no reasoning with her and that I better not let anything come to the house again. On another occasion



REDUNDENCY - A TV WITH A TV

A SECRETARIAL TYPE

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while visiting in another town I noticed that the "Jewel Box Revue" was playing there. Like a fool I suggested going to see it and of course was rebuked. She said I appeared to have an interest in things like that and that I better get it out of my system. So I never brought it up again. However I continued to dress whenever she wasn't around or was out of town.

About two years ago I ran across another ad, this time for the book "She-Male" the true life story of Coccinelle, as it was advertised and I knew I had to have it. Not wanting to run the risk of what happened before I decided to have it sent to my business address and would use the same excuse that it was an offer for an "unusual book" if somehow the package should be opened before it got to me. Well lo and behold it came right through to me okay. I soon discovered that there were many other books dealing with TV of which I was not aware of. This led to my securing my own post office box in order that I could secure them without running the risk of some one opening my mail. I then made a determined effort to find Transvestia Magazine which I had seen on a newstand in California a couple of years before but was unable to buy at the time due to my family being with me. I finally located the address and sent off for my first copy. When I received it I knew this was just thwa I had been looking for for so long. It was about real people just like me. Well it didn't take me long to accumulate the back issues and before I knew it I was applying for membership in FPE. At the time I didn't know just what I was letting myself in for. It rather scares you to fill out the questionnaire to reveal things you have never told a living soul before but it is well worth doing and Virginia will keep it all confidential. So those of you who read this and have hesitated about joining get an application and join, you'll never regret it. Through F.P.E. I've met many wonderful persons and corresponded with many others. You feel that you really belong to something, especially with the new reorganization, and not just alone by yourself. You will find the girls are really there and not just somebody you read about and they are waiting to help you or you them.

But to get back to the story, things were going

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along fine but as it the case with many FP's I found myself demanding more and more of my "brother's" time until the inevitable happened. Yes, my wife discovered one day that I was wearing an anklet which I thought was well hidden by my socks. I explained that I had found it. This explanation only lasted for a day or so as she brought the matter up again, and as it had my femme name on it, she demanded to know who the girl was. Well with my guts finally up, I proceeded to tell her about myself and with hardly any discussion she immediately left and filed for a divorce. I was so broken up I went to see a psychiatrist for help. I told him the whole story and he immediately put me at ease telling me that he saw nothing wrong with my TVism except in his personal opinion it was a waste of time but that it seemed for me it had been a good thing in that it had given me an outlet to express myself. He found that the breakdown in our marriage had been due to other causes and that this incident just brought it all to a head. So now I'm trying to pick up the pieces and make a new life for myself which I hope I can do. What does the future have in store? I don't know, only time will tell but I can't help but feel that things will be brighter. As I said before, through F.P.E. I've made many new friends and it has given Julie a chance to really express herself among others. I even had the fortunate opportunity a short while ago to meet and visit with our fabulous columnist Susanna. What a thrilling experience that was. Maybe if we all work together there will be a better understanding throughout this world of ours.

Well this is my story and after looking back over it, I guess it's not too different from those you've read before. At least you know that here is another who has travelled down the same path.

Be sweet and may God be with all of you.

JULIE - 43-P-2-FPE

THE SISTERS

BUT, SISTER DEAR, SINCE I'M GOING
TV FULL TIME NOW, I SIMPLY
COULDN'T LET ALL THESE OLD
TIES GO TO WASTE!





Through The Wall

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

Steve Craig awoke on Saturday morning with very mixed feelings. One was that he felt wonderful, the other that he - and the world--felt WRONG! Not only felt, but smelled wrong, tasted wrong and sounded wrong, but wrong in a nice sort of way. So, reluctantly, he opened one eye, and then shut it very fast indeed. But not fast enough to avoid carrying with him a visual image of something even more disturbing: a long, slim hand with long red nails on the pillow near his face. He tried to rationalize this; while it was not his practice to sleep in nail polish, he had sometimes gone to bed without removing this last detail of make-up, but the fingers he had just glimpsed were never his thick, chemical-stained digits! Well, there HAD been real girls in his bed before; some had even stayed all night, but his memory of the previous evening was entirely inconsistent with any romantic adventure. Anyway, there was no room on that side of the bed for even a very thin girl! A severed hand? Not likely, the hand had looked LIVE.

Reluctantly, Steve conceded the need for experimentation. Again opening that eye, he moved his forefinger - and the hand obediently curled it's. In a split second, he was standing upright in the center of a

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totally strange room, staring into a full-length mirror at a figure he could not believe he saw. The height and age were about right, but this was all; the rest was a lovely, ash-blond girl in a transparent night gown, with the most beautiful body and the most horrified face in the world. Even his years as a transvestite had not prepared him for anything like this, and he was already feeling his sanity slipping when another force entered the problem as the rightful owner of this body awoke. First a silent scream WHAT ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU? GET OUT!!!! and then she hit him. She was a wave, she was a flame, a tornado; and he would have been overwhelmed in a second if she had not been inconsistently trying to expell him, encapsulate him and simultaneously tear him to pieces. While there are ways for fighting another person inside your mind, neither was the least skilled in them, and so the bitter, futile struggle would have gone on indefinitely had he not hit on a brute force solution. After a timeless interval, his left hand (over which he seemed to have the most control) was bending her right ring finger backwards until their vision was red with pain, and she slacked off her attack. A sort of armistice was arranged, and they began to take stock of their position. The long legs, not otherwise instructed, had folded up under them, dumping them in an untidy mess on the floor. Aside from the throbbing finger, a few bruises and scratches were all the real damage, but the state of her hair shook her up so much that things were nearly equal.

He agreed, as a first step in peaceful compromise, to explain what must have happened, and started to verbalize it. Then, impatient with this slow progress, he simply lowered his defenses enough to let her SEE what had happened. Although a chemist by training, he was dabbling in the strange-half-science of psionics-

in this case, psychokinesis, the art of moving things around by mental power. He had had indifferent success in controlling the roll of dice, and was inventing a mental "booster" to try to increase his power. This was no more than an electroencephalograph, the output of which was used to modulate the output of a powerful short-wave unit salvaged from an old diathermy machine. The energy was then focussed onto a little table, on which lay the dice. At this point he was aware of a stir of interest from the girl, whose icy facade had up to then been impenetrable. And then began the first of the strange, flickering interchanges that soon nearly replaced clumsy verbal conversation between them: "FM? No, AM, look, FM's easier, look!" In a split second, she had asked whether his unit used frequency modulation; he had replied that it did not, and produced a circuit diagram illustrating the amplitude modulation he had used; she had reached into his mind and modified the diagram to one she felt was easier!

At this point, a feeling of mutual respect began to dilute the blind fear and hate with which they had regarded each other. With mutual consent they rose from the floor, and jointly prepared a dish of ice cubes and water in which she immersed her afflicted hand. She took pains to sit so that the mirror did not reflect her tangled hair.

Before continuing his account, he started another interchange: "EH? junior, working, How? Exotic."

And so he learned that she was leading a very strange double life; a student of electrical engineering by day, an exotic dancer in a night club to pay the tuition. Turning back to the explanation, he had wired his scalp to the equipment, arranging that a sort of

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integrated signal would be amplified and transmitted into the beam, thus, he hoped, focussing his desire for a seven somehow into the reluctant dice.

She interrupted again; "Riverside Arms? Yes. SD. SE! SE! Oh? Beam? North to corner, into MY head!"

He was stunned to realize that this must be his next-door neighbor, who had been peacefully sleeping after her dance act while he rigged his ill-planned experiment just a few feet away on the other side of a paper-thin partition, totally disregarding the fact that it provided no shielding. But how could this have done anything worse than to impart an unreasonable wish on the part of this extraordinary young woman to roll over and come up sevens? And then he recalled he had finally leaned over to touch the dice, stir them up a little; then a blinding flash and oblivion.

"Why? Feedback! What!? You circulated, Then? HERE"!

Then he realized that as his head entered the beam, much more than just a desire for a seven had started to flow; each bit of thought leaving his head was picked up by the wires, amplified, shot back into his head where it shook loose more, until his whole personality was converted to electrical energy and shot into the head of the sleeping girl next door! At this point, she verbalized very slowly and distinctly.

"You are an idiot, and if it were not for the lucky fact that you are left-handed so you could fit into the idle part of my brain, we would now be as mixed up as a batch of concrete and twice as dead. As soon as this lousy finger stops hurting so I can use it, I shall locate your miserable carcass and pump you back into

it! And if it is not fit, I shall pump you into that can of pie filling over there on the shelf. "

Steve's immediate reaction of resentment was promptly stifled by the uselessness of further fighting and the painful realization that he was guilty as charged. Diplomatically, he changed the subject: "Food? Oh, that. Yes, please. Later, check first." And he found himself carried into the bathroom. She growled in their throat at the sight of what their struggle had done to 14 inches of silky hair, then swept the mess out of sight under a bath cap and proceeded to take a shower. He tactfully refrained from comment, but was utterly appalled at the rigorous physical examination that followed. He had considered himself an expert on female anatomy, more because of his experiments on simulating it than the feverish explorations he had made on a few willing bed-partners, but his education was most embarrassingly made complete that morning, as he learned dozens of details normally spared the male. Worst, though, was the cold-blooded manner in which this creature was examining her near perfection - no trace of feminine vanity, but rather the satisfaction of a master-mechanic checking over his tool kit and finding it all in good working order. Apparently his ideas of "enjoying being a girl" had been pretty naive. Done at last, she swept on a bath-robe and strode into the kitchen.

Here, suddenly, he detected a weakness in this steely character. She hated to cook, regarded the stove as a personal demon, and with good reason if the flash of memories she inadvertently showed him was typical. Five minutes later, nursing a couple of fresh burns added to the hundreds in her memory and surveying the muddle she had achieved, he gently offered to help. With his good left hand, trained in

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thousands of hours of chemical laboratory manipulations, replacing her sore right hand, order came rapidly out of the chaos, and presently she was enjoying the first decent breakfast she had had since leaving home. It was not, she pointed out with a flash picture of her hands assembling hundreds of tiny transisters into modules, any lack of dexterity; cooking was simply hateful to her. So it was in a relaxed mood that they retired to an armchair, to smoke a cigarette and look each other over mentally.

The contrast between his tangled, disorderly jumble of facts, fancie experiences and knowledge versus her tidy assembly of her life on; it seemed, neat display racks, was striking. Each defended his or her system briefly; he with the record of achieving several useful inventions by the random association of apparently unrelated data, and she with her obvious ability to call up instantly anything she had in stock. Then to personal history, her name, he finally learned, was Maria Stahl, but she danced as "Ivory Carter!". At this she laughed, thought "Ink" and glanced across the room to where a drawing board stood, starkly functional amid the rather frilly atmosphere of her apartment. The frills, he realized, represented what she thought she ought to like, but her real interest was shown by the fact that her pseudonym came right off the labels of the bottles of drafting ink! Her age was the same as his own, 25; both were the products of good middle-class homes. A million details passed back and forth in a relaxed sort of way, and then she transfixed him into quivering panic with one word, "Sex?"

It was as if he stood, an unarmed and helpless guard, before the darkest closet of his being. He also felt briefly like the picture of "September Morn", futilly trying to hide three secret spots with only two

hands, but she swept him aside imperiously and moved in on the hiding-places he himself had never dared explore. It was brutal, impersonal surgery that she performed, but when it was over, he felt cleaner than ever before in his life. Each girl friend was examined, inside and out, her flaws noted, and her forever deflated image put back in it's place. On his transvestic life, she was less efficient, and kept puzzling over "Why?" did a man, with a good career job and everything in his favor, want to be a lousy girl? His struggles to adapt his structure to a feminine shape she took in with more sympathy than he expected over the make-up work, as he smiled and conceded he had worked hard and with good results, but his expeditions on the street filled her with undisguised horror. With all his faults, so very obvious to her, to venture out in public seemed suicidally foolish. The fact that he had missed arrest she attributed entirely to public indifference and gave no credit at all to his protests that he had "passed". The parallel to her own dual life, she felt, was a false one; everything SHE did was strictly functional! And then she healed all his wounds with one magic phrase by saying, "well I guess you're a lot more feminine than I."

His tour of her sex life was a very different matter, The partner in each of her half-dozen affairs was mounted neatly, like a large butterfly, in a frame! Neatly labeled, dated and classified, they stood like the records of a series of experiments. And that was essentially what they were, she confided; one and only one of each kind. Some for pleasure, one for position, the rest to gratify curiosity. And there were a number of empty frames, obviously for future experimental animals! He was a little revolted, and she caught the thought. Her revenge was immediate and complete; one of the empty frames suddenly filled with a blue-chinned gargoyle in a fright wig, bright orange sweater,

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green skirt and oversized red shoes. The sweater was filled to a perilous overhang, and every possible point studded with dime-store rhinestones. But, as she felt the adrenalin in their blood-stream rising to explosive proportions, she again soothed him. The clashing colors in the picture faded, most of the junk jewelry disappeared, delicate changes were made in the make-up, and the padding shifted around so that the image became that of a stocky, but definitely attractive woman. No promise was made, but he was left with the impression that, after the mess was straightened out he might find himself with a valuable ally.

Tired from their explorations, both were ready to rest, but Steve suddenly realized that he was still hungry. And that was strange, with a good breakfast less than an hour ago; then he suddenly realized that he had another stomach around, on the other side of the partition, and that it was not receiving the attention to which it was accustomed! How he was getting the message was not clear, but some tie must still exist to the mindless body next door. With a little effort, he found, he could force it to see dimly, and even move it about. By much concentration, and by some dead reckoning navigation, he got it into the bathroom for a drink of water as a stop-gap, and abandoned it there while he entered into negotiations with his involuntary partner. She was, as always, coolly practical. While she had definite plans for most of the day, and no intention of letting a little intrusion like him stop them, she did concede the importance of preserving this zombie until she could re-insert Steve into it. This time she did not even glance at the can of pie-filling she had mentioned as his alternate destination, so he felt the climate was improving. She even helped him to maneuver the hulk into a safe position on the toilet.

Then, he realized with some delight, he would experience the thrill of being a REAL girl dressing! What a blow it was when he discovered that Marie's plans called, not for dressing up, but dressing DOWN. After a long battle with the blond hair, mixed with un-ladylike comments on the character who had messed it up, she rolled it all up into a most unattractive knot. Then, sweeping past the glamorous frocks with a contemptuous "Ivory's", she proceeded to encase her lovely lithe body in the plainest of underwear, a crumby skirt and smock, thick stockings and loafers, she announced herself ready for action. By way of explanation to his pained enquiry, she said. "Wolves, solder, and Ivory." So he understood that her planned visit to the University electronics laboratory required careful maintenance of her image to the other-wise all male class as a frigid frump; that solder spots on her good clothes were most unwelcome, and that she must also avoid damage to her public image as a dancer by any association with less earthy interests.

The costume was also well suited for their first stop, at the door of his apartment. He concentrated so hard on guiding the mindless body from bathroom to door and fumbling open the latch that he had given no thought to what would emerge; and it was his mind, not hers, that triggered a small shriek at the object that confronted them. No man is ever really prepared to meet himself face to face - but when this is compounded with lack-lustre eyes, wires dangling from the scalp, 24 hours worth of beard, and pants at half-mast, the effect is truly traumatic! So it was the girl who, with Steve as a paralyzed passenger, led the shambling zombie back to his "throne", tied him lightly there with gauze bandage, unwired him and poured milk into his mouth until it ran out the corners. Then she moved into the living room, and spent some time inspecting

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the makeshift apparatus there, with obvious contempt for the workmanship and design, but considerable respect for its unexpected effectiveness. She verified that Steve's collapse and the resulting tearing off of wires had not damaged it, and then, with exaggerated care to avoid changing any of the controls, cut off the power switch and replaced the blown fuses. Then she picked up her purse, which apparently had seen it's best days as the ball in some sand-lot league, put a pair of thick-rimmed but non-functional spectacles on her nose, and set forth with a peculiarly stoop-shouldered lope for the laboratory.

The success of her de-glamorizing costume was evident everywhere. She slipped among the general population like an invisible ghost, and was greeted by her classmates with an apathetic "Hi". They, all much younger than she, clearly regarded her as nothing but a slightly lumpy male who needed a haircut, and treated her as such. When her work required that she and another student practically climb into a panel chassis together, he showed no more emotion than it it had been Steve himself with whom he was rubbing hips. But, of course, had he thought of her as the lovely Ivory Carter, whose act he took in whenever he had accumulated enough money from skipping lunch, he would have been totally incapacitated as far as electronics was concerned!

Maria was clearly in love with her work, and the hours flew by for her. She was even able to forget completely the intruder in her mind. Steve, on the other hand, lost interest rather rapidly. Compared to his own lab, with it's shining glassware and babbling liquids, this was a dull one, where silent monomaniacs spent endless pains soldering up intricate networks for some obscure purpose no one ever explained. So he welcomed the chance to let his mind

wander, free from the attention of his unwilling hostess. He had learned more about women in the last few hours than in ten years of cross-dressing; he didn't like some of it, but still more of it he DID like. And so, under one of the junk-piles in his mind, he began to build a little secret scheme. Details were still vague, but one thing was crystal clear - if anyone wound up in that repulsive zombie body-or the pie-filling can, which would really be no worse - it would NOT be him. He gloried in the movements of the long, silky body under the shapeless clothes, and already thought of it as his. By the time the soreness of her finger drove Maria back to reality, his schemes were well concealed in an area where she had already seen, and dismissed as uninteresting, everything piled there.

And so home, for a late lunch which he was delightedly able to serve her, with her own hands, in his kitchen. Another dose of milk for the zombie, another ice bath for the finger, and she accounced "Nap." It appeared that they were to have a strenuous evening at the club, and he was wearv enough to welcome the idea of rest. Incredibly, their deadly battle of a few hours before began to seem like a bad dream, and they relaxed on her bed like a couple of old friends - "brother and sister" she thought, as they drifted off to sleep.

This time Steve awoke standing in front of the mirror. Maria was grinning impishly at him, as he struggled free from some of the most confused dreams a person had ever experienced. "My," she said, "you did stir me up! I actually dreamed I was a man, and that you were me for keeps! Well, have fun this evening because tomorrow it'll all be straight again." She had discarded her drab clothes, and now began to dress in a way much more satisfying to him. What stepped out

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onto the street an hour later was neither Maria nor Ivory, but an extremely well dressed young woman. A smart tailored suit, medium heels to go with her 5'10" height, and a hair-do that was attractive without being gaudy. In the bag she carried, however, were the costumes for the evening, any of which would have caused a riot on staid Riverside Avenue in a matter of seconds. She had been amused at his increasing excitement as she packed, and openly looked forward to the effect on him of becoming Ivory in full swing. A taxi to the club, a quick supper, and he was launched on his supposedly brief theatrical career. Cryptic conferences with the band leader, the M.C. and the manager left him little wiser, and they were in the dressing room before she gave him his briefing.

"Now, Steve," she muttered aloud for emphasis, "please keep quiet while I dance. I know you are going to have some ideas, but please keep them to yourself. The floor is slippery and hard, and my bones are too thin to take falls!" And she held a slim wrist before their eyes for emphasis. One of the other girls heard Ivory mumbling to herself, and slid over, all sympathy. On being reassured, she confided that SHE was worried about her mother-in-law. Steve braced himself for all the old cliches, but was startled at the nature of the problem; the old girl insisted on baby-sitting the children while her daughter-in-law was working, and the girl was worried about the old lady's health. So he learned very little about the show till he was in it.

The costumes were a revelation, though. By this time, he was used to Maria in the nude; even the same body, with Ivory's face made up much like Steve in his wildest moments, was no great shock. But Maria had a real feel for taste in women's clothes, and knew how to look at least twice as indecent when legally dressed as when bare! This layer was promptly covered with

several others of increasing density and dignity, but he went out for their first act supremely conscious of the sensational vision they would wind up being. It wasn't quite that good. Ivory was beautiful, graceful, and perfect in every way, but her cool dignity somehow left the audience less than satisfied. Steve knew what was wrong, and determined that by the fourth and final act, she would be up to her full potential. A previously unsuspected talent for nagging was put into play during the rest period, and poor Ivory was ready to take his advice by the second call. The results were overwhelmingly in his favor, and she received applause as never before. That did it. As they sipped the one drink she allowed between acts - having a good second-hand knowledge of what happened to drunken dancers in night clubs, and not wanting any - she finally shrugged and agreed that he could interpolate a bit the third time. Again the increased applause; and the rising excitement of Steve finally broke down her resistance. "You can do this one," she whispered, "and I'll just watch the cops. They always give us a sign if they think we're going too far." So, for five minutes Steve lived out a TV's dream; he knew what hit the men hardest, and he did his best, with her precision-trained muscles at his disposal, to not miss a trick. For the last sixty seconds, probably no man in the room drew a breath, including the cops and the band. And when he stood in the few scraps of cloth the law required, plus his four-inch heels all a glitter, and the applause went on, and on, and on, he knew that his days as a chemist were over! This was it, this was the life for him.

Ivory finally took over, and walked him off stage before it began to seem that he had frozen there for all time. She was a bit less pleased than he had expected, and was inclined to be jealous. But her "You WITCH,

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what kind of a man are you, no decent girl dances like that!!!" rolled off him, and he hardly noticed the beautiful stage make-up being sponged away and the costumes packed. In fact, he only regained full contact when they were seated at the entertainer's table with her customary long, thin drink. He was aware of Maria as a sort of sneer inside their head, but mostly of the manager, panting with excitement and praising his act in the most fulsome terms. "Ivory, you were so marvelous I'm raising you \$50 a week," he ended, and leaned way over, sealing the bargain with a great, big, wet, Sicilian kiss! Steve rose like a rocket to pursue and murder this monster, but the tailored skirt flipped him neatly back into the chair. When he recovered, Maria was back in control, so he settled for wiping his mouth until it was almost bleeding, and then calling for a double whiskey, straight. This was not only an ideal solvent for what ailed him, but provided an excellent excuse for taking Maria home somewhat less sober than usual. Wise to the laws of chemistry, he was counting on the obvious but seldom recognized fact that the amount of alcohol which is harmless in a 165 lb. body can be devastating in a lesser one - and Maria weighed 132! So he demanded, and got, his normal number of drinks, and eventually took home a rather confused young electrical engineer. They had agreed to duplicate the previous night in every possible detail, as neither had the faintest idea as to what the important variables might be, so that 1:35 AM became zero hour. They had plenty of time to arrange the zombie neatly in Maria's bed, lightly bandaged into her exact sleeping position, while the tubes in his hay-wire unit were warming. They even placed the proper key in his pocket, so that if necessary he could re-enter Steve's place. Shaving him seemed like a nice idea, but Maria's leg razor looked rather inadequate; and Steve assured her with hypocritical sincerity that it would be much easier after he was

back in the body. So, they left him there in all his ugliness and went to wire up. Steve felt no opposition from his partner as he carefully put the electrodes through her long hair and pricked them into the scalp. He just murmured "Left side, since I'm left-handed," and managed to ignore the fact that the lobes of the brain control the OPPOSITE side of the body. But Maria was oblivious; her murmur said "SSO!" over and over, so his chicanery went undetected. They sat in his chair for the longest ten minutes in history, busily thinking "Sevens" and glancing at the clock. Presently the dice seemed to vibrate; he forced himself to repeat, in a squeaky, trembling voice neither had ever heard. "Perhaps if I touch the table a little," and leaned forward right on time. And right on time came the unbearable flare, the wave of heat as 500 watts of microwave power burst into his skull, and oblivion. But he felt, even as he went, that the impact had been less; this time he had heard the fuses blow.

When he woke, he knew at once the deception had succeeded; he was lying on the blankets and quilt spread to spare her fragile bones! And he was alone in her mind! Or was there still a touch of her about? Before he could be sure, heavy steps sounded behind him, and he was lifted like a leaf. Strong arms went around him, and a grinning face with 36 hours worth of beard was thrust over his shoulder. "Pretty cute trick, Steve," she growled. And then his slim wrists were pinioned in one large hand, while Maria's heavy shoe crunched rhythmically on every tunable part of the unit. "Let's see you reverse it now!" Both knew without saying it that they would never dare trust any duplicate apparatus in fact, that their chances of surviving the repeat experiment had been perilously slight.

She released him, and stepped back. "It was tough

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slipping up on you, since we can still read each other's minds," she said, and Steve saw that she had not opened her lips. "And feek, too. Full out those darn wires, they make my scalp itch!" He obeyed, silently, and started to edge around her. How bulky and tough she seemed! Suddenly she grabbed him and said, "Not so fast, baby, I never knew I was so irresistible, but you are one girl I mean to kiss for sure!" and he was helpless. The results were beyond all expectations; he was a girl being kissed by a brute with a beard, and a man kissing a lovely girl, and a girl feeling both sets of sensations and so on into a whirling infinity of kisses. They heard a voice say "Feedback" and stopped just short of collapse. Unlike the microwave shock, this one was all pleasure. "Say," she shouted, "we can't stop there. Let's get married or something!"

"Let's get married or NOTHING!" he answered primly, "Neither of us could marry anyone else anyhow. Imagine me trying to sleep while--" He broke off with a blush. They agreed on a wedding first thing Monday, and parted carefully without even touching hands; after two hours of non-sleep, they rose at 5 AM and drove 200 miles in less than three hours to another State where Sunday marriages were practiced. It took two weeks to drive back.....

Sheila Niles

There once was a soldier named Joe
Who looked better working a hoe;
But when he femme-dressed
He was one of the best
And won three beauty prizes as "Flo".



DENISE--WISC.



MARYANN 35-J-2 FPE



TV DOESN'T DIE WITH
THE PASSING YEARS. MAJORIE
IS OUR OLDEST MEMBER



Evening In Shangri-La

by Madeline (55-B-2)

A few weeks ago I lived, perhaps the happiest evening of my life.

For the first time, I spent an entire evening, with a group of people, dressed as a girl. The most wonderful part was that although the members of the group knew I was a man, everyone accepted me quite naturally as a woman. There were no crude or snide remarks, no personal questions, nothing but a most delicious merging of my feminine self with my attire and the rest of the girls, like a desert chameleon. This acceptance was quite a revelation to me. One often dreams of this type of acceptance but when it comes, one is almost frightened to embrace it. This acceptance made me much more deeply aware of the power and wonder of being a transvestite. For the first time, I realized that simply changing one's clothing, from masculine to feminine, is in itself no more convincing than wrapping a sheepskin around a wold. But, couple the change of raiment with that other personality lying deep inside us and the effect is wonderous.

Perhaps it will encourage other TV's to spread their wings to recount the events of the evening in it's entirety. I must say that I am not, I believe an effeminate male. I stand 5'11", weigh 190 lbs. and am as hairy as the average male. I have to work hard to transform myself into the presentable woman I wish to be.

Shortly after Halloween, I was visiting a friend of mine, a lady named Catherine and the subject of disguises and costumes arose. I remarked that I had been

contemplating masquerading as a woman and playing a trick or treat call on her.

Catherine said, "why didn't you, it would have been fun."

I was quick to seize the promise of her remark, and I said, "I bet you would be surprised if you saw me dressed as a woman because, quite surprisingly, I look very presentable." Catherine laughed in a rather indulgent manner and replied, "I would like to see you."

"Right", I said, "on my next day off I will bring some clothes down and if you like the effect we will go trick or treating next Halloween."

"Okay", she said.

On my next day off, I must confess I had butterflies under my girdle, and I almost abandoned the whole idea. I called Catherine by phone.

"Hi, are you coming out?" Were her first words.

I thought, well at least she hasn't forgotten that bit. "Should I bring the clothes I mentioned?" I asked, thinking to give her opportunity to back out of our plan.

"Yes", said Catherine. "Bring the clothes with you, this I have to see."

When I arrived at Catherine's I found her busy with some domestic chores.

"You change in the bathroom," she said, "I am just making the bed."

"Ok, stand by for the great transformation," I replied, with a levity I did not feel.

I dressed carefully, Tightened my old fashioned corset an extra 1/2". I dressed in dark brown nylons, beige skirt, red candy stripped shirt, red high heels and handbag. A short red jacket and hat completed the dressing part. I used every trick of makeup I knew, eye liner, mascara,

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eye shadow etc. When I finished I felt marvellous, but still very nervous, wondering what Catherine's reaction would be. I looked at myself in the big mirror, Here I am I thought, standing 6'2" in high heels. Do I look a freak or what?

I left the bathroom, Catherine stood with her back to me straightening a throw rug. "Here is Madeline," I announced.

Catherine turned around and started quite visibly. "My God", she said, "I don't recognize you."

"How do I look," I asked, very serious now. "You look terrific, really beautiful." Catherine put her hand to her forehead in apparent bewilderment. "Are you sure you are not really a woman masquerading as a man?"

I was by this time floating on pink clouds, quite overwhelmed by the compliments. "Do you think I could pass for a woman," I asked?

"My dear boy", Catherine replied, "I wouldn't have recognized you myself if I had passed you in the street. What a marvellous job you have done with your make-up. Your lips are perfect." She snapped her fingers as an idea struck her. "Let's go visit Doreen". Doreen is a mutual friend who lives next door. I hesitated, the distance between the two houses was about 150 feet but it looked then about 150 miles. "Come on", Said Catherine, putting on her coat. "Her husband is working in the bush and there is no one else at home".

I took the plunge and stepped outside. How strange, I thought to feel the cool air around one's knees. I resisted a sudden impulse to run back into the house and tripped across to Doreen's.

"My God," said Catherine, following behind, "what a wiggle you have when you walk, just like a woman's."

I blushed but felt terribly pleased. We knocked and entered Doreen's house. Catherine introduced me as a friend of her's, from the south. I walked across the room towards Doreen who rose to greet me. Catherine suddenly

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started to laugh which made Doreen realize something unusual was afoot.

She hesitated, looked closely at me then said, "heavens, its Bob". Then to Catherine, "isn't it?" She asked, still not sure.

I said, "yes it is". Doreen sat down and gestured speechlessly with her hands.

"I just can't believe it, I just can't believe it."

Doreen and Catherine were quite obviously thrilled with my appearance. Not once did they ask why. Doreen has seen me dressed en femme, twice since my initial excursion and one of the nicest compliments she ever gave me was on the day she saw me dressed in green stretch pants, and brown calf length high heeled boots. The stretch pants showed off my corsetted figure to perfection.

Doreen said, "Bob, how in hell do you do it, one day I see you looking big and masculine, now here you are with a tiny waist I could almost put my two hands around. You have a figure any woman would be proud of but I can't figure out how the hell you do it." The language was a little unladylike but nevertheless music to my ears. "Its good living that does it", I quipped.

Return to my story. The two girls were plotting further mischief and eventually suggested that we all pay a surprise visit to Doreen's husband, who was at that time prospecting and staying at a small cabin deep in the bush. I was not too keen on this as men are not quite so easy to sell on transvestism as women. The girls however, brushed aside my objections and began discussing how I was to be presented. It was decided that I would be introduced as a former school friend of Doreen's. It spoke much for my appearance that both girls thought I could pass as a girl even though Dave, Doreen's husband knew me quite well as a man. Carried away by reassurance and flattery, I promised to go.

A few nights later, I picked up the two girls in my car and drove along the old logging roads to Dave's camp.

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Dave did not know we were coming. It was to be a complete surprise. We arrived late in the evening and, preceded by the two girls, I entered the cabin.

I was introduced, shook hands and said, "Hi". I sat down and the girls commenced giggling which of course put Dave on his guard.

I smiled at Dave and he suddenly exclaimed, "why its Bob." He threw back his head and laughed hugely, obviously feeling that the joke was on him. For several minutes all he did was to look at me and say "Wow". He asked me to stand up and he then walked around me. I was wearing a light brown skirt pleated from the hips down, diamond patterned nylons, high heeled brown leather boots, short red jacket, leather gloves and a white angora wool hat. "Well Bob", he said when he had completed his inspection, "you are better looking than lots of women I've seen". He continued to shake his head in amazement. "What a difference clothes make to a person," he said sitting down again.

The evening progressed like a dream. We sat talking around the hot stove, two oil lanterns imparting a snug intimate feeling whilst a few snow flakes swirled and danced past the windows. The talk was quite general and stimulated by a couple of bottles of good wine. Again I marvelled at this acceptance of myself as a woman, not just as a man dressed up for a joke. Dave's acceptance was so natural that I wondered uneasily, how would Dave react when he met me dressed as a man. Would the masquerade then hit him in a kind of delayed reaction?

We finished the evening with coffee and a small lunch, thoughtfully prepared by Doreen. Here again I noticed I was served first and generally treated like a guest of honor. Not one offcolor or hurtful remark was made all evening. As we prepared to leave Dave said, "well that's one of the nicest evenings we have had for a long time."

"You look really splendid, Bob, I mean Madeline", he corrected himself with a smile. "Say we must all go out to town one night, I will escort the three of you girls." Doreen and Catherine were quite thrilled at the idea. I

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demurred saying I didn't think I would have the nerve to carry the masquerade off successfully.

"Good grief!" said Dave, "no one would ever know you were a man." (Heavenly music).

So concluded a most memorable evening during which at times I could almost have cried from sheer happiness. That sounds awfully sloppy, but it is true.

Since that night I have thought much of the events and other incidents which have made me wonder is there some aura of femininity which surrounds transvestites. Something which makes them appear quite natural in feminine clothing? As I have said I am not an effeminate male. Some years ago a girl told me that some of my gestures were girlish. My wife tells me that to watch me pack for a prolonged canoe trip is just like watching a woman packing a suitcase preparatory to going on a holiday. It isn't what I pack but the way I pack apparently. My wife added that she used to find it quite irritating until she understood about transvestism. However, I can only re-iterate that I don't believe I am effeminate as I don't irritate other men.

In retrospect I recall several instances where women have shown me a new dress, or a hat, or shoes, just like women will show these things off to each other. Women do not normally show these things to men. In no one of these incidents have the women concerned known of my transvestism. Another woman insisted on showing me her make up kit. Just recently, whilst making a quick visit at the house of an acquaintance, I was asked to have a drink. They were drinking liquor and there was beer on the table. As I was driving I refused. The man of the house, Ray, said, "have some of this wine, it's a real lady's drink".

Ray's wife looked up sharply, "that's a hell of a thing to say to him", she said half laughing.

Ray stopped in the middle of offering the glass to me and looked a little taken aback, as though he had seen nothing amiss in offering me a "lady's drink." Ray spluttered and went quite red.

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I said, "thanks, Ray, that will do fine." And took the glass. I thought at the time, I wonder why he did not offer me a glass of beer instead. Was it because one does not normally offer a glass of beer to a woman? Another instance, which has occurred several times is that women will discuss with me problems such as children's career, or some woman on the P.T.A. whom they detest.

They suddenly say, "you know, I can never discuss with my husband half the things I tell you, isn't it strange?"

I pass it off by saying perhaps it is just because I am a good listener.

One final example- A group of men and women, about five of each happened to be gathered at the same house. The men had met to go on a hunting party, me included, and the women were going into town. We had had coffee and the men gradually slipped out one by one to tinker with the two trucks and get the gear loaded. I remained sitting in a circle of women, quite conspicuous in my blue jeans and red hunting shirt. The talk I remember revolved around make-up and various brands of nylons. I didn't speak a word during this time. After some fifteen minutes had elapsed one of the men came back in.

What's going on here?" he asked with mock severity seeing all the women and myself, seated in a circle.

"Just woman talk," retored one of the women.

"Well what is he doing there then", the man asked gesturing towards me? There was a sudden halt in the conversation. Everyone looked at me and I felt a little embarrassed.

"Oh we never noticed him sitting there." Said another of the girls. The conclave more or less broke up then but it gave me more fuel to add to my thoughts regarding my chameleon like personality which apparently blends itself so well with a feminine atmosphere.

Perhaps it is all wishful thinking but these incidents repeat themselves time after time and somehow I feel very happy about them.

Madeline.....

FASHION NOTES FROM HISTORY

Wilda (20-Q-1)

One sees almost daily in the press, magazines and other news media, indications of a departure from the norm in the trends of male and female attire and while most of us welcome what might be termed progress, it is perhaps not as swift as we would like it to be. It should also be of some satisfaction to know that throughout history this process of divergence has been going on, at least in varying degrees.

In our limited journey through a few periods of history on the subject of dress, let us first consider the word costume, taken from the Latin "costoma" which at first meant any fashion, but in modern use is applied to personal clothing and adornment. A bit of research into some of the historical trends in modes of attire is most interesting, when one considers for example that the ancient Roman "tunica", a full dress garment for special occasions, was worn by both men and women and ornate jewelry was worn by both sexes.

It is reported that when Caesar landed on the shores of Gaul, he found the inhabitants wearing striped or checkered frocks (kilts) so that their dress was similar to the Highland costume, which is still called the "garb of old Gaul". While we may credit these inhabitants of Kent with the innovation of the "short skirt" we find that here "trousers" worn in the wintertime make almost their first known appearance!

The dress of the old Anglo-Saxon Kings and leaders was a plain tunic, short cloak, fastened with a fibula (clasp) and long hose, drawn up over short trousers and cross-gartered. Better class women wore a long gown with loose sleeves, over which a super-tunic was worn. The ordinary dress was a linen shift and plain gown for women; tunic and belt for men.

There was practically no change in the prevailing

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habits or attire of the people under the rule of William the Conqueror. Under William 11 however, extremes of fashion set in, we are told men began wearing long cloaks, trailing gowns with long sleeves and fantastically pointed shoes, the women effected a tight-laced bodice but similarly wore long gowns with hanging sleeves. The "dalmatic" a wide-sleeved lengthy gown, became the regal costume under Henry 1 and remained so under several reigns. Under Edward 111 great changes in the mode of dress took place. Amongst the nobles the long robes and tunics gave place to the long hose and "dote-hardie", a close fitting garment reaching to the mid-thigh, and buttoned down the front, with half-sleeves, to display the long sleeves of an under-vest. This was worn by both sexes.

Parti-colored costumes were introduced as early as the reign of Edward 11, but under Richard 11 they became the prevailing fashion. It is interesting to note that with the ascension of Henry VII a much simpler style of costume became the vogue, yet in Elizabeth's time the characteristic feminine garments were the enormous starched tiers of ruff and frill, imitated by men in the adoption of the "ruff" collar. Elizabethan fashions were pretty constant under the Srewards. Puritan influence was directly small, but indirectly may have effected the fashionable taste, the ruff collar gave place to the "Vandyke" of lace, and it was this period that saw the plumed cavalier emerge.

In the reign of Charles 11 "petticoat breeches", worn for some time in France, were a common mode; they were wide, puffed, be-ribboned garments, tapering down to just above the calf of the leg; high-heeled shoes and hat with coronal of feathers are characteristic of the courtier of this period.

Men's somber, dark-colored clothes, which became usual in the nineteenth Century, have been ascribed to the continual mourning worn in Europe during the slaughters of the Napoleonic Wars. It might be appropriate to

comment at this point that this may be as good an explanation of the drabness of men's "uniforms", at least up to recent years, as any other.

Linen shirts were worn by both sexes from a time preceeding the Conquest, and the modern women's "blouse", believe it or not, was copied from the famous Garibaldi Red Shirt. And although the petticoat has largely been replaced by the modern slip and half-slip originally the petticoat was a man's garment, first an outside coat, and later an under-tunic. It is said that Henry V wore a "petticoat of red damask".

In the earlier years of the nineteenth Century we are told that the wig became rare and that the soldiers abandoned their pig-tails in 1808. But in 1965 we find the wig making a "comeback" especially among the women and a certain other special group of "girls".

SO- the next time you "dress-up" remember, there is some historical precedent on your side: the tunic, long hose, jewelry, blouse, slip, high heels, etc., but why go on just remember!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The explanation offered above for the drabness of men's clothing may be true, but other factors should also be considered. When they were beheading nobles in the French Revolution it became highly practical and of real survival value to not appear to be a noble. So the fancy frills, materials and colors gave way to dark, plain, heavy clothes such as were worn by the peasant classes. Later the Reformation of Luthor and Calvia accentuated this trend by its extremely conservative and severe attitudes about many aspects of life. As we still live in a society descended from the Puritans many of their attitudes persist today.



SYLVIA & MARGE 13-H-1 FPE



SYLVIA 38-B-8 FPE



JAN 5-H-14 FPE



JULIE 43-P-2 FPE
SALLY 43-S-5 FPE

MY CLOSET

See it there! My closet-----
The place of my birth
The one single place
On the face of the earth
That I can call home.

Here in my closet
Is where I reside
In the off-duty moments
When my other side
Like the man that he is
Goes into the world,
The wind and the weather
To bring home the means
To keep us together.

See it there! My closet-----
It's door is so small
But on the far side
Is a symphony hall!
And a place of adventure.

See it there! My closet-----
A home for my spirit
It's call so insistant
I cannot but hear it.
In it's drawers, on it's shelves
My closet holds treasures-----
In colors resplendent
That wealth of attire
On which I'm dependent.

My closet, the on ramp
To the freeway of bliss
With the wondrous conversion
Of Mister to Miss
So that I too may live.

The Lonely T.V.

by Sylvia (FE-B-3) FPE

Are you lonely? Let me confess that I am. I am a member of FPE because of my loneliness. But what causes loneliness and why should a TV be a victim of it? To what extent is membership of our sorority a cure for loneliness? I don't know the answer to these questions and I am much too new a member of FPE to set myself up as any sort of authority. Our thirst for information about ourselves leads us to read almost anything that even mentions us. We continue to do this even after we have found TRANSVESTIA. Although we soon discover the emptiness of most of what is offered. But occasionally something worth while turns up. Because the British quarterly magazine "Twentieth Century" is not easy to get in the states, I feel a duty to write something longer than just a review of the Summer issue for 1964. This magazine devotes each issue to a single topic and the topic for this issue was Loneliness.

There is an article on TVism, and naturally I read this first. However, it is not the only article of interest. I will bore you if I go through the whole magazine and upset Virginia who wants some variety in each issue. But an article by Edwin Packer - "More Than One Way Of Starving" - has some things to say which will bear repeating. He begins with the problem of the college graduate housewife. This subject has been aired enough and does not directly concern us. His second example is of a woman who had just moved house and tried to short-cut

the process of making friends by advertising in the local evening paper. "Lonely people interested in going on day trips and to the theatre are invited to contact Lady with car. Write Box X-100" She had 150 replies! Being a woman with a conscience, she engaged a private room at a restaurant and invited all 150. The result of this was the formation of a social club. Packer points out that the existence of a club does not automatically make it's members less lonely. At meetings, some members get into conversation easily, but "others, although they know that everyone in the room was seeking companionship, were prevented by some internal barrier from making contact with their neighbors". Lonely people are also slow to take responsibility. Out of a membership of over a hundred, only two or three volunteered to serve on the committee. "It may well be that loneliness endured over a long period makes one self-centred and reluctant to take on responsibility for anything which is not strictly personal".

The membership of the club is not stable. "Simply stated, the pattern is as follows - find a friend and leave the club". Apart from shyness, Packer offers one explanation. "Having been lonely for so long, an individual on forming a close friendship wishes to insure that the alliance is protected from harm.....Fear could be at the base of this pattern of behaviour; fear that the newly found friend will find someone he or she likes better; fear of the hurt which the dissolution of the new friendship will cause, fear that the loss of a friend means that one is unworthy in some way. Loneliness produces a feeling of inadequacy; friendship produces a feeling of worth".

Are there lessons in this for individual TVs and for FPE? I think that there are. Are we lonely because we are TVs? Or are we the kind of person who is likely to embrace loneliness - and, partly because of this, become TVs? Whichever comes first, one reinforces the other. Because we have to hide from society, we actually seek loneliness. As I write this, I am behind a locked door and would be dismayed if anyone knocked at the door. Breaking out is not easy because the door has been locked for years. Are there no exclusive friendships in TV land? Packer ends his article on the problem of those who did

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not respond to the advertisement - "too shy perhaps even to make an approach by letter, too afraid of the hurt which would result if no reply had been forthcoming". Do you reply to "Contact" advertisements? Or are you as guilty as I am?

The TV article follows one on homosexuality and the titles seem to have gotten mixed up. The homosexual article is called "One Day In My Double Life", and the TV article is "The Outcast State"! The TV article has double authorship. The beginning and the end are written by Margart Branch, a Psychiatric Social Worker. The filling in the sandwich is by a TV (anonymous of course) who has been living as a woman for six years. I don't think that any of us will agree with all that Mrs. Branch has to say, but it is a relief that she is writing about us. That she writes about an extreme case is probably a consequence of her profession, but it is a profound relief not to be lectured on latent homosexuality.

The beginning of the article will be strange to many Americans, "Sexual deviates are some of the loneliness people in the world. The publicity given to homosexuals since the Wolfenden Report has led to discussion of all kinds of levels and although the Report has not been implemented, at least the subject can now be discussed in public with greater knowledge and understanding and can be presented on stage and screen without too many cuts from the censor; yet transvestites, who merit at least as much compassion, are still too often treated with contempt and ridicule". (The Wolfenden Report is the report of a Royal Commission on Homosexuality).

Of course, the cases reported in the press are those of transsexuals. One point not mentioned in the article is that it is only too easy for the editor of a prurient newspaper to concentrate on the desires of the transsexual for sexual intercourse as a woman and to label that homosexuality.

One comment made me blink, "Suicidal thoughts are very common indeed among transvestites." If this is true, we should all have an urgent mission to find our hidden sisters before it is too late.

The next sections are not unfamiliar to readers of TRANSVESTIA.

I will refer you to back issues of TVia for comments on the following thesis:

"Young children often have difficulty in establishing their identity....Dressing up is a favorite game often carried on well into adult life. One becomes another person when one puts on a uniform...When thinking of his childhood, the transvestite will say that he dressed as a girl because he 'felt that way' - not as some little girls in the latency period will wear slacks so that they can move faster, or climb trees better, but because he felt more at ease in skirts....School is probably easier for the girl with these tendencies than for the boy. The girl can play games; the boy must, if he is not to be teased. He is not expected to show any interest in sewing although cooking is sometimes open to him". "The Mother is the central figure in most boy's lives, and he identified himself with her, in fact wishes to become her and so takes over whatever household duties he is allowed to".

Next comes adolescence which is where the problem really starts for most of us. "Adolescence is a stormy time for all, but for the transvestite the problems are even more acute".

I feel that Virginia will want to comment on her remarks about marriage - "Sometimes one may marry, and it proves disastrous for both. However much in love a girl may be, she finds it almost impossible to cope with a husband who feels the need to wear female clothing from time to time. If she can be helped to do this, real growth may occur in their relationship, but this demands an exceptional degree of understanding." As an unmarried TV, I feel that it is placing too big a burden on the GG. However, we have examples of successful marriages. Perhaps the problems are different but no more acute than those which many marriages survive when TVism is not involved. For those of us who are unmarried, our own loneliness may be the real barrier.

The case history comes now and I hope that Virginia

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can publish it in full. We each of us have to work out our own stories.

Mrs. Branch then comments on the problems of men who start to live their lives as women. The big disadvantage in this complicated civilization is the importance of the pieces of paper we collect. It is not always possible to change the name on these - particularly College degrees and professional diplomas. A change of job means a reduction in income. This problem is probably more severe in England, where changes in profession or type of job are much less common.

The description of the final state of those who make the change is fair - an unusual thing to see in print outside our own journal. "This does not mean that they in anyway resemble the male prostitutes in drag, with exaggeratedly high heels, low-cut dresses and mincing gait. Instead the girl behind the counter in the shop, the clerk in the office, or the girl serving tea in the factory canteen may all - or any - be transvestites".

Many of you have, in the past, asked what became of the questionnaire that was sent out. Perhaps some of you didn't get the message in #35 that the Survey paper I presented in Hawaii is the results of this questionnaire. They have been tabulated and written up for publication. Limited number of copies are available. While they last at \$2.00 each to cover the cost of tabulation and mimeographing. Income goes back to the Foundation which paid for it in the first place. There are not too many left so get with it if you want the results.

In moving I discovered another package of the original questionnaires. I am sending these out to the new subscribers as they appear but if any of you who have never filled one in, in the past would ask for one and return it, it would mean just that many more cases to document our story with. Everyone helps.

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS-Box 36091-Los Angeles 36, Calif.

Transvestal Virgin

by Verna (22-S-5)

The window-displays of women's shoestores and department stores had held a fascination for me since I was nine years old. A secret, and overwhelming desire to own a pair of high-heeled, black kid boots had been limited to cutting illustrations from femme magazines - pictures which had to be hidden and taken out at rare intervals, in solitude, to be avidly gazed at and admired. This was about to be suggested and given a new twist by an odd quirk of "fate".

I became interested in single-footed femmes when a young woman was sent to camp to recuperate from the amputation of her left foot. A clumsy ankle dis-articulation which would necessitate a later, higher re-amputation. Though she was at camp for three weeks I didn't see a great deal of her except at mealtime. She stayed pretty much to herself, brooding, I'm afraid.

There was something about the swinging manner of her locomotion that excited responses deep inside me as her brown oxford stepped along. I borrowed the camp crutches and had them in my little shack for my new experiment. What I needed now was a pair of women's shoes. I didn't dare borrow a pair of Mother's, which I had often worn at home when alone. So.....at thirteen I was about to become the proud owner of a pair of laced boots, or 'high-tops' as they were popularly known.

I was sent to the dry-goods store, in the small town

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where the camp was located, to pick up some items for the staff. While the clerk filled the order from the slip I had given her, I drifted to the rear of the store where shoes were displayed on a long counter. A sign proclaimed unheard-of bargains from 25¢ and up.....Among the two-bitters was a pair of cheap canvas, white, hi-top boots size seven. I picked them up.

The fellow in the shoe department, who knew me well, asked if I were going in for femme-footwear. I blushingly denied this, explaining we could use them in our 'theatricals' which we had every Friday night. Due to the fiendish delight women take in humiliating the male of the species, I was often dolled up in cottons, voiles, satin, etc. Tho I protested loudly, to assert my masculinity, I really looked forward to this masquerade. It seemed quite natural to me.

I now possessed my own shoes, but with them came a problem....where to hide them. To be caught with such an obviously feminine article in my possession would have meant ostracism from the human race (I felt). Being raised as the only male in a household of four females presents many problems. Among them, lack of privacy... which meant that I couldn't take my boots back to the city with me in the fall. I had enjoyed the thrill, excitement and risks of many late-nite walks on crutches along the deserted road behind the camp. To my knowledge, I was never seen....'the luck of the Irish'.

Alas!....As it does every year, fall came and we had to leave camp. I had to dispose of the shoes, which I did in a brown-paper bag and dropped them down a hole of one of the outdoor toilets. I was later bothered by their loss and, belatedly, thought of various ways I might have hidden them for future use the following summer. While I berated myself for my stupidity we returned to the city. A new chapter was soon to start in my life. One which would affect my entire life, my work, my residence and give me an extensive wardrobe....strictly transvestments.

It started on my way home from school one day. I almost bumped into a one-legged woman. She was standing on the corner waiting for a street car, a beautiful, hi-heeled, black kid boot graced her single foot. I was hyp-

notized as I watched her swing along on one leg as she walked up the street a short distance to window-shop 'till the car came along.

One, headed for the loop, came along and she pivoted on her foot and swung off the curb, ready to climb on board. I watched....spellbound. Snapping out of my trance, I hurried and got on behind her. Though my impulsive action bothered me I didn't quite know why. I felt guilty and uneasy as I found a side seat and tried to appear non-challant. Not easy to do when you have just experienced the most fascinating, disturbing phenomenon in your young life. The rhythmic one-legged grace of a woman on crutches. (I now know of four other people who are similiarly attracted).

As we neared 7th street she stood up, hung onto the seat-handle and slipped the crutch under her arms. When the car stopped she expertly swung down to the street, I followed.

Gliding gracefully along, like a royal Duchess, her beautifully shod foot oscillated like a hypnotizing pendulum. Clad as she was, in a black suit with white lapels, a chic, feathered beret she was, to me, the most exotic, desirable creature in the world!

I discreetly followed her down the block where she entered one of the large department stores. Expertly she flipped the door open, blocked it with a crutch and slipped in. I waited a minute and, taking courage, went in after her.....My uni-ped Duchess had disappeared! Vanished... pouff! I wandered around the main floor a while, then spotting a clock I scurried for home. Needless to say, I dreamed of 'My Duchess' both waking and sleeping.

CHAPTER TWO

The following morning I was determined to find out where she lived. It must be in the neighborhood, I reasoned. Then....a horrible thought occured. Suppose she was just visiting someone!!!! Probably I'd never see this enigmatic, disturbing vision again. I had never been bit so hard by anything in my adolescent life....nor later, as it turned out. Why I absolutely worshipped this unknown, one-legged woman I'll never know. But, there

it was....and is!

Though I inquired and scoured around I made no headway in my search. I hesitated to even tell my boyhood chum, fearing his ridicule. Anyway....this Duchess of crutches was my secret dream...not to be shared with anyone. Who could ever understand my rapture as I envisioned this rare spectacle which disturbed me so sensually?

About this time I had a scrap with my pal and hadn't seen him for a week. The truth of the matter is, I had given him a shellacking and never expected to see him again. So...I sat brooding and daydreaming on the front steps, about 'her'. First I was rescuing the Duchess from a band of gangsters, then a snarling, ravening pack of timber-wolves or, better still, saving her life as she was about to go over a cliff to be smashed on the rocks below. I'd sweep her up in my arms, carry her to safety and she would cover me with kisses and vow undying love. Oooooooooo, what an imagination I had! She was always smartly dressed as I had seen her that day when I followed her. Though my 'dream-girl' was probably about thirty-five it made no difference to me. Such is the power of 'love' to a teener. Like a school teacher crush.

My fantastic reverie was soon broken by the appearance of my pal Chuck. I was contrite over my actions and we made up. Chuck asked me if I wanted to help him do a little job for a new lady in the neighborhood. "She makes the best cookies in the world and pays me good too." So with this inducement I went with him. He explained she was a crippled lady and she had asked him to do a few chores for her after school. If I helped him we'd both have a good thing of it, he suggested.

We hiked about four blocks from my house and came into the back yard of a six room bungalow. Chuck rapped on the door, It was shortly opened and....there stood my 'Duchess', on crutches! In a soft, pleasing voice she invited us in. I think I was actually shaking with pent-up emotion. I suppose I showed it, too, When Chuck introduced me and she shook my hand I nearly fainted. I knew she spotted my confusion. She smiled and asked if I had ever seen anyone on crutches before? I stammered out how sorry I was that she had gotten hurt.

To put me at ease she passed it off by explaining it had been twelve years since she had lost her leg in a car-train accident; gotten a nice settlement and was quite used to crutching. She made an enigmatic statement which I couldn't make any sense of at the time. She stated that life had been good to her and, in some ways, better off now and wouldn't know what to do with two legs under her.

Looking down I noticed she wasn't wearing the black boot but a brown kid oxford, and used only one crutch. A specially re-inforced type called a 'solo', on which she was very adept. The Duchess made, to my mind, a very attractive picture in her red-checked, gingham dress and dark brown hair. All she needed was a tiara--my Duchess.

In the more than two years which I would be privileged to know Mrs. Grace S_____, she would more than once show a deep, intuitive understanding of me and my 'problem'. After a month's acquaintance she would give me a 'big-sister' kiss for 'my kindness' and 'thoughtfulness'. I know she sensed I was in awe of and infatuated with her....and her one, slender, shapely leg. Tho Grace sometimes had me go downtown with her to carry bulky packages she would quite capably carry a heavy shopping bag, move small furniture and wash dishes and laundry, including hanging up. Tho she possessed an expensive, full length artificial limb (named Zelda), which she never wore, she preferred the freedom of single-crutching. "Darn leg was too heavy and cumbersome", she explained. Her lace-up socket peg she sometimes used at home. I was to become more acquainted with this light-weight, all white prothesis.

After a couple months of helping Grace, Chuck got fed up with the novelty of the job and went to work for Palmer's Grocery. I had been going over to her house more often than he because of my strong attraction there. My folks at home never learned of my attachment to Grace and imagined I was 'off somewhere' with Chuck. I was very careful not to disillusion them!

CHAPTER THREE

Twig-green as I was at thirteen I realized that something wasn't quite right in my association with this under-

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standing, handicapped woman. Something I couldn't put my young finger on, knowing nothing of such subjects as sex psychology. Looking back now, in the light of acquired knowledge, written and experienced, I realize she was a poor, love-hungry soul who didn't recognize her own complex. She needed someone who really cared for her, as I, in my adolescent way adored her. I believe, now, that at first Grace thought it kind of 'cute', even amusing. So....a relationship was formed under her guidance for our mutual satisfaction. I her Cedipus... she my Jocasta.....A 'stepchild'.

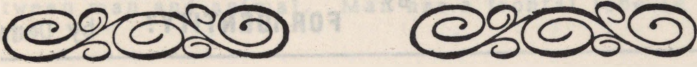
Her husband, Harry, a bookkeeper traveled all over the middle-west for an association set up with two partners to handle the books of small firms who didn't require the full time services of a bookkeeper. I doubt if Harry had ever truly loved Grace, but he liked her, and she did provide him with a home to return to every week or two after a tour of duty. They were childless because of severe internal injuries Grace suffered at the time she lost her leg. So....I now became her baby-chick, pin feathers and all. Grace was well taken care of and apparently....content.

Having just moved north from Indiana she knew no one in town, aside from an 'over-the-fence' acquaintance with Mrs. McG_____ next door. One morning as we sat drinking a cup of coffee Grace laughingly remarked; "You know, I believe Mrs. Mac thinks I'm downright indecent, even immoral to run around on one leg. She got real nosey about 'Zelda' and stated flatly that 'it would look more wholesome if I wore my artificial limb'. "Honestly! I ask you---a one-legged Lorelet? Oh!!! Some people! I nearly offered her the loan of 'Zelda' but thought better of it.

That was Grace, unaffected and, by most standards unhandicapped by what would drive most women to a rocking chair or wheel chair. This, of course, was one of the reasons I admired her. But the principle one was her pretty, chic clothes, statuesque body and her beautiful footwear. As she put it logically, "I received \$16,000 for fifteen pounds of leg and other injuries so I pamper my only foot with smart, comfortable shoes, I change shoes three times a day as the doctor advised, for better foot health". Grace had nineteen left shoes and laced

boots. In a trunk down the basement she had thirty-six right shoes. She facetiously referred to it as 'the coffin'. "Some day I may meet a gal with a right foot, size.... seven and a half."

Continued in TRANSVESTIA # 37



IT HAPPENED!



ARTICLE

Transvestism

AN EXISTENTIAL STRUGGLE

By

FOR IDENTITY?

by Donna

It has long been my opinion that a great deal of man's effort in life goes into establishing a firm, absolute and positive identity. This struggle for identity so exemplified by the Existentialist Philosophy, could be an important factor in determining why certain of us become transvestites.

When you give the universe and man in it a long objective look, incorporating as much available information into your observation as possible, you get a real jolt. Man ceases to exist....

To date we have been unable to find an end, much less a beginning, to the universe. Thanks to Einstein and his Theory Of Relativity we find that even a simple thing like time has no concrete value. We sit here on this speck of nothingness called Earth and have the idea that we mean something to the universe. This is worth a good chuckle or two in itself.

Further, thanks for the annihilation of man goes to the confirmation of Einstein's belief that mass and energy are the same thing in different states of being. With this, we have another rug of illusion pulled out from under us.

Nothing is solid. Time does not exist. Man is too small to be anything in the universe. Further, a given man has no real identity in relation to the rest of mankind. There are just too many of us. The population of our large cities numbers in the millions and the world population is exploding beyond the comprehension of our most learned scientists and sociologists. This, if I may drop into the vernacular of beatism, is a real hang up...

If we are truly objective in our observation of the

human condition we may note that man is not too far removed from the animal -- Many will question this observation; not many seem to want to think of having a relationship or resemblance to lower animals.

Yet, when man and animal are compared anatomically, the likenesses are impossible to deny. We have the same bone structure, same organs, including those for reproduction, the same basic physiology and the same basic physical needs. There is only one major difference between man and animal. Man has a frontal lobe in his brain.

With this frontal lobe he is able to do what we call thinking. It is with this frontal lobe that he conceives and creates things. Unfortunately, it is also the frontal lobe that gives him his self-awareness. This is where the trouble starts.

He knows -- through the use of his senses and the self-awareness they produce -- that he is relatively separate and apart from all other things. If he tries to walk through a tree he is stopped abruptly and he feels pain immediately; using his brain with its frontal lobe, he begins to get the idea that he is truly an individual.

Unfortunately, he does not use his brain to its full potential. He, for instance, fails to notice that the guy next to him is an exact copy in regard to build, interests and basic characteristics. He fails to notice that his neighbor is following the same basic cultural patterns. He fails to notice the many things that tend to destroy individuality.

He fails, because the brain per se is like a computer. The organs which contain the sensing equipment feed the information in. The brain files and stores it. The intellect takes what it wants and needs, leaving anything else untouched or as the psychiatrists say, "repressed". Freud showed us that we consciously remember only about 80% of what our brain receives. The other approximate 20% is there but it isn't "remembered". It is repressed in the subconscious.

It is my belief that the memories that destroy in-

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dividuality are expressed. As we keep building up the total volume of these individuality-destroying memories they tend to start pushing themselves into the conscious part of the brain. It is these repressions that produce neurosis.

Among these individuality-destroying memories I would rank the most crushing ones as those memories which point out our nothingness within the universe. I do not see how it is possible for the brain to fail in receiving this message. Any starry night would drive it home. And especially, when we consider our lack of individuality within our own species. This finally drives home the realization of our nothingness in the universe..

Where does this leave man in general and transvestites in particular? Not in a very good position. We are aware of our separateness from all things in an emotional sense, and yet intellectually, we are also aware of our nothingness in the universe. This last awareness of nothingness often remains safely repressed in our subconscious; but when it rises up sparks fly...

I think man handles this conflict between emotionally realizing his separateness while intellectually feeling he is nothing in the universe through the age-old religious dodge. He creates a God in his own ideal image and worships it. All Gods, past and present, always project the picture of the perfect man. All are just, merciful, forgiving, etc. All the things man wants to be but his left-over animalness won't allow him to be.

But his religion allows him the most important of all things -- it gives him a separate identity. Through that Godhead he becomes a separate part of the universe. He has been created right along with everything else by a supreme being. He is no longer a nothingness. Once this is established an identity is formed.

If it is a simple step to go from this point to the establishment of an individual self. We become a separate person from all other persons via our mother. She is a living Godhead in the sense of creativity. She has produced us, just as our Godhead has produced the universe and all that is in it. If man is an individual because of

his Godhead, then he is also, so goes the unconscious reasoning, an individual within society because of the creativity of his living Godhead.

So if this line of observation has validity we now have an idea of how an individual arrives at this state. It would be rather pointless to go into all the details of how man maintains this statue. I think Vance Packard covers this subject very well in his books -- we have two cars, a television set in our bathroom, a mink for the wife, etc., and etc.

Man has many ways of holding on to his individuality. But the most obvious way is also quite subtle: he uses the mirror process. He copies his neighbor. He emulates those above him in status. In other words, man wants a separate identity but only so long as he doesn't by going too "far out", release those repressed memories of nothingness. To release these memories, is to him, an act of mental suicide. He exposes himself to nothingness.

I believe that all neurotic persons might just have a stronger awareness of nothingness through the fact that their senses, which appear to be sharper, allow them to live closer to their feeling of nothingness than the so-called normal person.

If this is so, then it would follow that they would have to try to establish a stronger identity than the normal person. That the transvestite chooses to emulate the female may lie in the attempt to emulate the original Godhead, i.e., the mother, which becomes associated with all the qualities of idealism reflected in the religious awareness of a God and the mysterious process of creativity, which God and the mother represent.

The feminine image not only incorporates the idealism of man's Godhead concept; but in most civilized societies the woman has more freedom of expression. Certainly this is dramatically true in our own Western societies and increasingly so during the past several decades.

The wider the choice of expression one has, the better

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chance one has of establishing a stronger identity. The transvestite, therefore, attempts to establish a feminine identity; one so different, so separate from his threatened masculine identity, that he tends to transcend the feeling of nothingness.

It has been observed that some transvestites take a slower and less direct approach in establishing this feminine identity; that they begin by wearing those feminine items of apparel invisible to the outside observer; that they are slower in ever completely establishing a feminine personality; and that indeed, some never feel a need to dress "all the way". Such an approach might indicate a slower rise of one's individuality-destroying memories.

Whereas a more rapid rise of these memories might bring about the more direct approach to transvestism; as noticed in those transvestites who begin with, say high-heels and the clearly visible items of feminine apparel; and more quickly adopt a public feminine identity.

Regardless of the approach to transvestism it still seems to me that transvestism represents an existential attempt to cope with the subconscious knowledge of man's nothingness in the universe; a knowledge that we all seem to have in some degree. The extent to which we embrace transvestism would indicate the extent of our awareness of the purposelessness of the universe; where we feel that our individuality is so deplorably threatened.

THE END



"Oh, don't pay any attention to him, Bill; he never joins in any of our beach games!"



CHRISTMAS AT ALPHA FPE

IRENE - BOBBIE - GLORIA - INEZ - JEANETTE
NANCY - VIRGINIA - MARY - BARBARA - SHEILA ANN



FLORENCE - WASH.



FICTION

Jack & Jill

by Mary Ann (31-N-1)

I was 17 the month I told my girlfriend, Shirley, that I liked to dress as a girl. It broke us up but it turned out well for me. Shirley said she didn't want a boyfriend who wore dresses.

"I couldn't go out with a boy who wears skirts," Shirley said.

"Well," I replied, "I can't blame you. I guess it's just a problem I'll have to live with alone. I probably won't ever find a girl who would understand."

"John, I know someone who would understand your problem."

"Who's that, Shirley?"

"A friend of mine named Jill," she answered, "she should understand because she has the same problem you do."

"You mean she likes to wear dresses too?" I inquired facetiously.

"No silly, I mean she likes to wear clothing of the opposite sex. She is a transvestite too."

"She's a what?"

"A transvestite, and so are you," Shirley declared. "A transvestite is someone who likes to dress in the clothing of the opposite sex."

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"You mean that since we are both transvestites Jill would probably understand why I like to wear dresses," I said.

"Right. Jill lives next door to me so if you will drive out tomorrow afternoon I'll introduce you to her."

The next day I met Jill and if Shirley hadn't told me she was a girl I never would have known it. She was five feet ten, a good four inches taller than I, and she wore her brown hair in a very short boyish style. She wore sneakers, levis, and a boy's shirt and her figure was no more girlish than a football player's.

"So this is a fellow TV?" Jill said. "I'll bet you're real cute when you're dressed up. Come in and meet Mon."

Mrs. Howell seemed glad to meet me and she said so. "I think you'll be a good friend for Jack. He has needed some feminine companionship for some time and since he can't go out with girls you are the only one who can provide it."

"Who is Jack?" I asked. Then it dawned on me. "Oh, you mean Jill. That must be what you call her when she is dressed as a boy."

"That's right," Mrs. Howell replied. "And what do they call you when you are dressed up?"

I don't have a girl's name. You two and Shirley are the only ones who know that I like to wear girl's clothes."

"What are you doing in pants?" Jack broke in. "You should be in skirts. We wanted to see what kind of a girl you made."

"That's right," Mrs. Howell added. "You should be wearing a dress. You do like to wear dresses don't you?"

"Yes, but nobody has ever seen me dressed as a girl," I said. "People would laugh or think I'm a queer or something. I don't have anything to wear anyway. I usually wear my mother's clothes but she's home all day today."

"Nuts!" Jack exclaimed. We won't laugh and nobody

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has ever noticed me. Even the boys in the Cycle Club don't know I'm not really a boy."

Mrs. Howell said, "As for something to wear, Shirley is about your size and I'm sure she would lend you something to wear."

"I'll be glad to loan him a dress." Shirley said, "I would like to see what kind of a girl John would make. I think I can do something with that hair, too. I thought that duck-tail was little too long for a boy, but now I know why he wears it that way."

At Shirley's house she left me in her room with a girdle, bra and a pair of nylons. She told me to call her when I had them on. When I finally had everything on right it took a few moments to scrape up enough courage to call Shirley.

"Not bad," she said, "Not bad at all. That waist is a little too thick though. Have you ever worn a waist cincher?"

"No."

"Well, you are going to wear one now." She said, digging one out of a drawer and hooking it around my waist. "Hold still while I pull the laces right."

"How do I breathe in this thing!" I gasped.

"You'll get used to it." She returned, "now put these on."

She had picked out a blue sheath with short sleeves and a pair of high heel pumps for me. The pumps were a little long but except for that they fit perfectly. I liked the way they slimmed my ankles, curved my calves, and shortened my stride. The dress fit well and showed my figure to advantage. Shirley sat me down at the mirror and helped me with my lipstick, powder, and mascara. She plucked my eyebrows for me and showed me how to curl my eyelashes. She shaped and applied nail polish of the same shade as my lipstick to my somewhat long fingernails. The manicure definitely made my hands look

slimmer and more feminine. I sat still while Shirley went to work with an electric curling iron. I soon had a head of bouncy Black Curls arranged in a girl's hair-style. As a ginal touch Shirley put a pair of pearl earrings on my ears so that the pearls just showed below my curls. She told me to close my eyes until she had me standing in front of the full length mirror.

When I opened my eyes I couldn't believe what I saw. I had worn dresses before but I had never been so completely transformed into a girl. From the needle toe of my pumps to the topmost curl in my hair I was every inch a pretty girl. I noticed Shirley standing to one side looking at me with surprise. She made me turn around for her and then she said, "I didn't think a boy could make such an attractive girl. If I hadn't helped you I couldn't believe you weren't really a girl. Are you sure you are a boy?"

"Yes I'm sure, but looking into this mirror makes me rather sorry I'm not really a girl."

"Well," Shirley said, "if I were a boy that made as pretty a girl as you do maybe I would like to dress like a girl too. Let's go next door. Jill and her mother are probably getting impatient by now."

"Who's the cute brunette?" Jack asked as we came in. "It couldn't be John, could it?"

"We'll have to call him Jill now." Mrs. Howell said.

"Why Jill?" I inquired.

"You certainly don't look like anybody named John," Mrs. Howell replied, "and Jack doesn't use the name anymore."

"Then I guess I'll be Jill for an evening," I said.

I had a delightful evening. I learned how Jill became Jack. She had been raised as a boy since the age of five. Her father had died when she was born and her two sisters married soon after so that Mrs. Howell soon missed having a male around. She cut Jill's curls and raised her as her

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son. I told Jack I probably got my preference for feminine clothes because of my sister Cathy. I explained that when we played Cathy would curl my hair (which my mother made me wear long until I was nine) and made me wear dresses so that she could pretend I was her sister. Jack and I also discovered we had a mutual liking for motorcycles. Jack showed me his bike, a BSA Gold Star. He offered to let me ride it but of course I had to turn him down. A sheath and heels just aren't made for riding motorcycles. I told Jack I had a CB-72 Honda Hawk that I had been riding in the local enduros. It soon got dark and so I said I should leave and I asked Shirley to please get my clothes and help me remove my makeup.

Shirley laughed. "Don't be silly. Your mother hasn't seen you yet and besides those curls I gave you will last a week or more no matter how hard you brush them."

I was horrified. "But mother doesn't know I'm a transvestite and....."

"She does now." Mrs. Howell interrupted. I called and told her and she is very anxious to see you dressed as a girl."

After some argument I drove home wearing Shirley's dress and shoes which she said I could keep. Mother met me at the door and after a long look at me she took me in her arms.

"My little girl. She said. "You don't know how much I've missed having you around as my daughter since Cathy married and moved away."

"You don't object to my wearing dresses?" I asked.

"Object to it! Not when you look so nice as a girl. As a matter of fact I wish you would dress this way all the time."

"Be a girl all the time?"

"Or at least for the summer." Mother pleaded. "Would you mind being my daughter for the summer?"

"I think I'd like it," I replied.

The next day mother took me shopping. We bought several dresses, two skirts, and six blouses. I insisted on two pair of ski pants and a pair of Lady Wellington boots. Mother didn't want me to wear pants of any kind but I had to have something to ride the bike with. In the shoe department the only pair of flats she allowed me were the Lady Wellingtons. I was fitted with a pair of pink and a pair of white spike-heeled pumps to match two of my dresses. A pair of black pumps with 2-1/4 inch heels completed our business in the shoe department. Next I aquired some feminine underthings. Mother thought that two girdles, a half dozen pairs of panties, four bras, a couple of slips and a waist cincher would do for a start. A pair of nighties, one pink and one blue, gave me something to sleep in.

In the afternoon I kept my appointment at the beauty shop where Shirled worked. I was given a permanent, a shampoo, and a hairset. Shirley came over to give me a manicure as I sat under the hair drier.

"I see you've decided to remain a girl for a while," she said.

"Mother wants me to be her daughter this summer and I must admit that I like the idea."

"You would," Shirley said. "But you better be careful that you don't become so permanently feminine that you can't go back to being a boy."

"Oh, that couldn't happen, I denied.

"I wouldn't be so certain if I were you," she retorted.

When my hair was dry the curlers were unrolled and it was arranged in a smooth style that almost completely covered my ears. A curl came forward on each cheek and curled bangs nearly reached my eyebrows. My ears were pierced and gold keepers were placed in them until they healed. The beauty operator gave me some instructions on how to apply makeup and I was ready to go.

That summer mother insisted I learn to keep house

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and cook. I took over part of the household chores and before the summer was over I was doing most of the cooking. Mother taught me to sew and I made a few dresses and skirts for myself. She said I was more obedient as a girl than I had been as a boy.

Soon after I became Jill I had my first date with Jack. We went to a picnic sponsored by Jack's cycle club. I had a wonderful time and I took second place in the powder puff class in the short enduro the club held. We didn't get back until after dark because my Honda developed a flat tire. On the porch Jack put his arms around me and kissed. At first I tried to push away but then my arms seemed to go around his neck of their own accord and I kissed him back. Thus started my first wonderful summer as a girl.

At the end of the summer mother and I had a short conversation.

"I couldn't go back to school as a girl, mother, my friends would recognize me and wonder what kind of a nut I am."

"No one would recognize you," mother said. "And you must admit you liked being a girl this summer."

"I have enjoyed wearing dresses and curls but Shirley warned me that I better not remain a girl for long or I might not be able to go back to being a boy."

"You have already become too feminine to be a boy," mother replied. "It won't hurt you to finish school as a girl. Your sister, Cathy, would like to see you in the flesh and she isn't coming home until Christmas."

"I guess I'm stuck as a girl." I said cheerfully, "but I don't really mind. I like being a girl and even Shirley thinks I'm a better person as a girl than I was as a boy."

And so I went back to school as Jill. My grades improved and I was happier than I had ever been. I got the feminine lead in the Senior play and I became one of three cheerleaders. Boys kept asking for dates until they learned I was Jack's girl.

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Mother arranged hormone therapy for me. With the hormones and Debbie Drakes help I soon had a 36-22-36 figure. My sister was unable to come home for Christmas so mother wrote to Cathy describing me as I appeared shortly after Christmas vacation.

"You can't imagine how utterly feminine Jill has become since I started her on hormones." She wrote. "She's such a pretty little girl. As I write this Jill has just gotten ready for a date with Jack. Her nearly shoulder length hair is piled in a mass of curls on top of her head and she wears pearl studs in her ears. A pearl choker encircles her neck. Her dark brown eyes are well set off by her eye makeup and her long curling lashes. Her lips are a perfect red cupids bow. Jill's figure is very lovely in her tight bodiced, strapless dress with it's full lace and new skirt. She is wearing matching white evening pumps with 3-1/4" heels. Jack has just come for her and as I've run out of things to say, I'll close now."

By the time graduation came around I knew I couldn't go back to being a boy even if I wished to. Jack and I planned to become husband and wife after graduation and I would help put him through college. Although it was a case of an anatomical male and an anatomical female getting married, our gender and social roles were completely reversed. Jack was happy to be a man and my husband and to carry on his masculine responsibilities, while I had learned to love my womanly role in life and found great joy in being Jack's wife. Looking back on it since the time when I first told Shirley about being a TV I don't think I would have changed things at all, and I will always be thankful to her for her understanding and her introduction of Jack and Jill, or was it Jill and Jack? By this time it doesn't make any difference---we are just two people who love each other and who love the roles in life that we have both chosen.

THE END

MARY ANN

"SUSANNA

SAYS..."

Hi:

A quick note from Virginia drops like an alarm-clock bell at 5 AM when one's sleep is at it's deepest. Just a reminder that the column is due. Another summer came and went and with it a multiplication of experiences and dreams come true. New friends came to add their baggage of TV wealth to our common space capsule. Meet Shanghai Lili, the perfect Chinese doll, barely 5' 4" or thereabouts, the envy of her taller sisters. Our first meeting at Susanna's NY apartment entailed 3 solid hours of Polaroid color shots, the first time that Lili could have her picture taken by somebody else. Up to then it was all self-portraits. Then came Lili's first visit to our country place. I assumed she would arrive at my apartment Friday evening carrying the usual mountain of suitcases that almost every TV carries for one week-end of dressing up. To my surprise, a cab pulled up in front of our house, and this cute Chinese girl emerges carrying just a small suitcase and her hand-bag. She explains with a smile: it was easier to dress at home and come already dressed for the week-end. And there were other friends that I had heard about but never met until now.. there's Rita from the Bronz...a wonderful person and lots of fun to be with...and Ellen, a charming gal... the kind of person you like on first sight...Musn't forget Sally and Julie from Texas. Sally and Lorelei spent a week-end at Casa Susanna this Summer (their-honey-moon)....Lorelei (a gorgeous creature) got her baptism of fire spending an entire week-end surrounded

by TV's...her only complaint is that Sally just was won't learn to take care of her clothes (as a girl should)... Sally just smiles at Lorelei and states that Sally feels like a lady of leisure and besides, Lorelei does such a beautiful job of ironing that Sally would feel ashamed even to try her hand at the iron. Shortly after that week-end I had the opportunity to visit Texas (on business) but naturally managed to squeeze a marvellous TV evening at Sally's with the added joy of meeting Julie who drops a long stretch just for the occasion. The TV yakketty-yak went on (as you can well imagine) until the wee hours of the morning. That evening made the whole long trip to Texas really worth while.

There was an old dilapidated barn at Casa Susanna. It is now becoming (after being fully renovated) a potential entertainment hall. Incredible though it sounds for a TV hideaway, the first item of entertainment to make it's appearance at the barn was (excuse the expression) a pool table. Not a very lady-like vehicle for fun...but we must admit we've had many a pleasant afternoon shooting pool on high heels. Right Sally? We've also proven this summer that to take TV pictures it isn't always necessary to stand in front of the camera making believe we are some sort of Rita Hayworth or Elizabeth Taylor...we decided to register on film the healthy expression of fun and joy that pervades a TV gathering, and one afternoon five TV's gathered on the lawn in front of the country house to take funny pix...One of them shows 3 TV's dumping a fourth one into a garbage can...another portrays a jealousy scene in which one TV is stabbed with a pitchfork by her sister TV while the others look on with horror...or again there's a volley ball game in progress...plus shots candid camera style...unposed and unexpected...these show the TV as she really looks to others. An extremely profitable exercise to spot one's weak points...I promise to send some of these most unconventional shots as soon as a certain TV friend of mine sends me the copies she promised...I'm sure Virginia would not object to printing them as part of TV fun.

We've also discovered a little place some 5 miles away from the resort (bar-pizza combination) owned by

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a Hungarian lady and her husband. They are wonderful people and enjoy having a group of TV's coming into their place for pizza. We've been there three times altogether (all dressed of course) and it has been a fabulous experience for those TV's who had never, but never, been out in public. Right, Elaine? The reaction from the rest of the people at the place? Zero. I'm sure a good many of the bar customers read us as soon as we walked in, but the beauty of the whole scene was that it didn't make one whiff of difference either to them or to us. All they could see is that we were having a wonderful time. In a funny sort of way it is nice to be read so that you can show the on-lookers that we are having a ball in a discreet, non-scandalous, lady-like way. Quite different from the popular image of the screaming drag queen. It is indeed a pleasure to see TV's "loosening up". It is a form of magic to observe how the nervousness and tension slowly fade away as the realization makes itself felt: I am in a restaurant, I am sitting at this table..the waiter is serving me and he treats me as a human being, better still, as a girl...No guilt, no shame, no fear.....psychiatrists: **take note!** The beauty of the entire experience is that the lady who owns the place knows that we are TRANSVESTITES and she goes out of her way to make us feel at home. She and her husband, and later the bartender, come to our table and sit with us..the juke box is playing some Greek music and our hostess invites us to try that type of folk dancing...and we get up and hold hands, and form a circle and we dance...a couple of the customers at the bar are curious and approach our circle...five minutes later they, too, are part of the dance group....As when the clock strikes 3 AM..we depart....the place is closing....and we wish we could have stayed there for hours and hours...but there's always another time, another week-end...Did we make a good impression? We feel we did, otherwise our hostess would not have reiterated her warm invitation for us to return. She and her husband even walked with us to our car. The important thing here was that we behaved in accordance with the image we should always keep in mind when dressed in front of other people.

At this point I'd like to repeat something I've

been insisting upon for a long, long time the right movements, the right walk, and at least a teeny-weeny attempt to soften that booming chest reverberation, just enough not to be too noticeable if you should ever be in public. And this means a little effort, a little rehearsing, a little checking up on movements in front of a mirror or in front of a friend who can criticize and suggest improvement. For those TV's who insist in puffing away holding the cigarette as they always do in their male lives let me bring up a statement made to me by a TV wife: Lorelei. She told me that then she was in college and she began to smoke, she spent plenty of time in front of the mirror rehearsing the MOST FEMININE WAY to handle that cigarette...how to make the hand motions as pretty as possible...in a way, the cigarette is today what the fan used to be a century ago (or still is in some social circles in Spain for instance)....a tool to enhance attractiveness....movements that must be harmonious with the mood and the personality and the moment.....Now I ask: if a fabulously attractive GG (such as Lorelei) took the trouble to improvise her movements in front of a mirror, how much, much more vital it is for a TV to check and re-check. And I don't mean that this applies only to those who venture out in public. No indeed. Even in the company of a wife, or a relative, or another TV.....there's nothing nicer than to present as smooth an image as possible. In some areas there's nothing we can do about....height, skeletal frame, feet, hands, muscles, etc....but in those areas where something can be done, there's just no excuse if we don't at least make an effort. One of the nicest compliments a TV can get from a non-TV is not that she looks beautiful or pretty (the friend is probably lying) but that she looks real.

Jody has come up with a dream: she wants to ice-skate this Winter. We have a lake at the resort..it will probably freeze....and Jody is already picturing a group of TV's skating in full regalia (those tiny short skirts are simply adorable) sliding over the white surface of the pond. I admit I'd love to try on an outfit like that, but I'm afraid I would spend most of the time just sitting on the ice. Frankly I prefer the summer....Joan and Susanna are the only girls who have

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enjoyed swimming in that lake "a la femme". What to do about the wig? Just go behind some bushes, take off the wig and put on your bathing cap. Leave the wig inside your beach bag. Swimming does NOT mess up your make up as long as you do not attempt to dry your face with a towel....just let the sun do the drying...then add a bit of face powder and you are all set. It is also convenient to have for such occasions an extra set of falsies and an extra set of hip pads...when you come out of the water you won't be able to wear them until next day. Daphne from Canada was a bit more practical...she just let her brother do the swimming. One word of warning: a girl's bathing suit leaves a tell-tale marking on your chest and shoulders. As you tan, the skin under the straps stays white. It's quite a tattoo for at least a couple of months. (Solution to this is to cover yourself beforehand with a good sun screen like "Sea & Ski" or "Tartan". I did this in Hawaii with no marks at all. Virginia)

Susanna's dancing lessons are progressing. So far the teacher has been working mostly on posture and relaxation...he has promised me that my neck will be at least half an inch longer and THINNER as a result of the exercises I'm doing. Back of the neck and between the shoulder blades he has found a vicious area of tension...which must be dissolved....The hip joints and the shoulder joints were equally stiff and locked.... they must be loosened. He attributes part of this tension to my transvestism. He points out that the simple fact that when one is compelled to hide an important part of one's personality the result has to be tension. A couple of amusing incidents have taken place during these lessons. When my brother arrives at the studio, he only lets me wear a full skirted dress, long opera hose and dancing pumps. No wig, no makeup, since he has to dash to work right after the dance lessons. It is a huge studio which I have all to myself. One morning the teacher had me lying on the floor, flat on my back while he was kneeling astride of my legs bending over me and working with his hands straightening my spine. Suddenly a side door opened and a telephone repairman walked in on his way to the roof....you should have seen his face when he took in the scene on the floor.

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With a whispered "excuse me", he took off. Another morning, the teacher very seriously tells me he must warn me of an unforeseen result his lessons might bring about: it seems that he has a friend who is a psychiatrist and has mentioned to him the fact that he has a TV student. The psychiatrist feels that as we work to bring out the feminine we are also relaxing and developing the male personality....and he thinks that it could well happen that Susanna would end by disappearing entirely as her brother became stronger. In other words as you learn to dance in dresses you might just be killing the girl-within! I assured my teacher that I wasn't one bit worried over his friend's theory because ever since I've been taking these lessons both Susanna and her brother feel physically better.. true..but as usual it is Susanna who wants to do the dancing. HE is not interested. At any rate I must meet that psychiatrist. We ought to have a very nice and illuminating chat. But even with this threat of extinction Susanna feels marvellous....it is one of the most worthy investments I've ever made in my life...Of course it takes a teacher who is not only good but fully aware of the TV's mental and physical problems.

Cynthia warmly recommends the new pressed face powder "corn silk"....it looks terrific on her face, but again not everybody has a face like Cynthia's. And this brings me to the closing note for this issue: the gathering at Sheila's in early October. As usual it was fun...and as usual we devoured the goodies that only Clarissa knows how to fix. Joan and Susanna celebrated one more birthday trying to convince themselves that they are both one year younger...Joan looks younger but she is cheating - Betsy from Rhode Island and Pamela from England (this is Pamela #2, also a Limey) were ecstatically happy. It had been a long time of abstinence for both of them....Pamela even gathered enough courage to leave Sheila's house without changing back.. and Wilma's brother (who was kindly doing the driving) treated Pamela to an extra 40 miles of travelling by sneakingly taking the wrong road back to New York.

Wilma asks me to warn TV's against buying the new small size Polaroid. She says they do a very poor job.

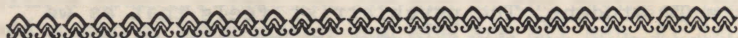
And thus ends another chapter in TVland.

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We'll be back with more gossip and rambling in the next issue of TRANSVESTIA.

Love,

SUSANNA



REMINDER

Sometimes readers get so used to TRANSVESTIA that they forget that Chevalier has many other things to offer also. While speaking of TRANSVESTIA, may I remind you that anything is new until you have read it. There is nothing dated about this subject of ours. So back issues of the magazine are just as good reading as the current issue and they are cheaper too. Personally I would like to clear out the back issues to make space and to realize some badly needed capital, so don't forget - 6 issues for \$20. (\$3.33 each)

Then there is the FEMMEMIRROR, a monthly newsletter made up of your own comments, ideas, etc. Support it with contributions and it can become a very interesting and chatty addition to your library. For those interested in clippings and what goes on elsewhere there is the CLIPSHEET. This too is made up from readers contributions, so please help us out here.

In addition we have printed a number of separate stories ranging from the short little TV TALES thru a collection of short stories like SCARCITY OF NURSES, to full length stories like FATED FOR FEMININITY, MALE ACTRESS, CARNIVAL and TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR.

Don't forget either that Chevalier offers special merchandise to you too, the REALISTIC FALSIES, PHANTOM FANNY, and PRETTY PANTIES. I can also supply WIGS at less than going rates.

Please get details from the price list on the last page and please use the snip out order form too. It will help in filling and tracing orders. Send for any of these items to:

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PATRICIA



SALLY



DEE DOROTHY 52-L-1 FPE



BRENDA - COLO.

BOOK

REVIEW

ROYAL SET, by Edna Nixon, Reynel & Co., New York, Hardcover, 245 pp. #3 bib. #12 index. \$5.75 (1965)

Publication of this volume should be the big event of 1965 in the TV world. Despite some defects in Mrs. Nixon's understanding of transvestism, she seems to have a good feel for it except when misled by various "medical experts." In addition (or perhaps primarily) she is a skilled and meticulous historian, and has obviously done a far better job than any of her predecessors. The Chevalier really comes to life under her pen, and so do his close associates - friendly and otherwise. One fault, though, is the excessive use of French phrases (plus a few Latin ones) where the English equivalent could hardly have failed to convey her meaning adequately.

Many delightful surprises await the reader who has seen only the usual two-page summary of D'Eon's career in some popular "medical text". That his long string of given names began "Charles Genevieve-----" was apparently not uncommon in that time and place but the addition of "Mary" at confirmation was apparently less so - and the boy was reported to have been particularly pleased by it! A quotation from his teenage journal also seems significant: "We should all like to live...an imaginary life, in order to approve of ourselves with more certainty, and to live in our imagination more calmly." This is an interesting step towards the double life we all know so well, and to which he gave his name.

On page 35, Mrs. Nixon asks (rhetorically) "why

should the Chevalier, who certainly was far from rich, have his portrait painted in such guise by an artist of renown who could certainly command a high price for his work?" To which I can only reply, on behalf of us all, "We can't afford our Polaroid Cameras and endless color prints, either - but we MUST have them, and this extravagance of D'Eon's is so characteristic of the TV world that it bridges the centuries like a handclasp."

Another link that will appeal to many of us is the notation of personality change on page 79 and again on page 122; the emergence of "Mlle. D'Eon" as a public figure brought a surge of ambition - and of arrogance! The observation that at times one "aspect" appeared to dominate, while at other times another took over, is as applicable to the modern Eonist - though there is still controversy over the nature and depth of the shift. Other factors in his life that will ring a bell with some, though not all, of us include what Mrs. Nixon calls "incessant writing, the safety-valve of an over-active mind," and the Chevalier's eagerness to fight for his rights, even when a strategic retreat or a compromise would have been much to his advantage. On these points, I could write a book myself - or compile one from my incoming mail!

The story of the Chevalier's loss of his male status has never, to my knowledge, been so well told. For reasons that will never be clearly known, but which seem to have been based both on his perverse sense of humor and on his fury at intolerable delays in settling his expense accounts, he twice declared himself to be a true woman to envoys from the French court at his residence in London. Furthermore, he "proved" it, perhaps by showing a womanly chest. He could scarcely have foreseen that the result would be his being forbidden to appear in France except as a woman, since this was (he insisted) MOST distasteful to him! Mrs. Nixon shows real insight in saying, "It was the freedom to assume the appearance corresponding with his intense, if transitory, feelings that was of supreme importance." And yet, to add the final touch of inconsistency, when the French Revolution and his retirement to England set him free from the "intolerable" restriction, he never again wore male clothing!

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In short, this is probably the ultimate in biographies of the Chevalier; even should one of our "sisterhood" arise who is equal to the authoress in technical ability, it would be most difficult for even an insider to produce a significantly better version.

SHEILA NILES - 30-B-2-FPE

DISAPPOINTING NEWS

Since the last issue went to press I have received a letter from the firm of attorneys that handled the appeal of our TV case to the Supreme Court. Unfortunately due to the press of other work the Court denied the petition to review the decision of the New York Court. This unfortunately is the end of the line as far as this particular case goes, there is nothing further that can be done here.

Yet this action was not entirely in vain. It provided a cause around which all who contributed to the Defense Fund rallied and offered proof that there is a united spirit here and that we are not just a bunch of isolated, self-centered odd balls each in her own cocoon. Rather we do have contacts, communications, and common interests strong enough to get behind an idea and push it. It will be easier next time. We got a firm of attorneys sufficiently briefed on this subject to be able to take a case like this thru several New York Courts and up to the Supreme Court of the United States with researched briefs and all. This organized information will be available for the next case that we support. We got the American Civil Liberties Union into the act and interested them sufficiently for them to file a brief of their own as a friend of the court. Moreover we found someone with courage enough to act as the guinea pig and to allow her case to be used in this way. We all owe a vote of thanks to Felicity for her part more than she owes us for financial support. Finally in carrying the case thru several lower New York Courts the subject was brought to the attention of other judges and lawyers so all is not lost. There are many points of progress here.

PHI PI EPSILON NEWS

The rejuvenation of FPE that Fran and Sheila are bringing about is marvelous. We have a couple of real organizers and doers here and I think I can speak for a large number of us in not only congratulating them on the job they are doing but thanking them for doing it. It is such a pleasure and satisfaction to me to see some of my ideas and plans taking shape which under the circumstances I was in before I could not bring about myself. This is not meant to mean that all ideas being put into effect are mine, far from it, these two gals have cooked up lots on their own. What I meant was that it was my dream from the beginning to organize PHI PI EPSILON and get chapters established as widely as possible so that more and more of our lonely and isolated sisters could come to have the experience not only of knowing others and being able to femmedress among friends, but to achieve some of the self assurances, self acceptance and growth that membership and activities in FPE make possible. The growth and development of some of our sisters is really wonderful and very satisfying to me. I don't care that some of you may resent it. I feel like a mother to the lot of you and I'm happy to see my daughters become real and not shadows.

Those who are members of FPE have received the first two issues of Femme Forum, the Sorority's new newsletter and progress report. For those who are not members I can report that we now have the principle areas of the world broken into Regions with a councilor and usually a deputy in each. Sheila and Fran have developed new sets of procedures for security, communification and membership and things are really on their way.

PHI PI EPSILON was conceived of one continues to be a combination Sorority and Service Club to which a Femmeself may belong, in which she may grow and mature and thru which she may help others as she was helped.

ESTABLISHING IDENTITY

POST OFFICE BOXES: For those who cannot conveniently receive mail at home the post office box is the answer. But there is something you must remember: It is illegal to take out a box in a fictitious name. It is not, however, illegal to receive mail in a fictitious name. Therefore, take the box in your own name and just tell the window clerk that Mr. or Mrs., or Miss so and so will also be receiving mail in the box. Then you can use any name you want - masculine or feminine.

"DOING BUSINESS AS...." For a small fee the publication in a daily newspaper and to pay the county registration one can register a fictitious business name like "Jones TV", or "Acme Products Co.", etc. Having such a fictitious name you can get a postbox for that firm. You can also get a checking account for it.

CHECKING ACCOUNTS: To get a checking account in a bank, you have to give considerable information about yourself, often including a bank reference---where you have banked previously. Since your femmeself has no credit standing this is difficult. There are two solutions: One is the fictitious name or "DBA" approach mentioned above in which your "sister" is the treasurer or some such and therefore will be the one to sign the checks. It is well to make your own true name or another a fictitious name one of the owners of the account too so that checks can then be signed by both. I established my fictitious names two at a time by registering myself as doing business as "Charles Prince, Editor Chevalier Publications." When this notice is printed you get several copies. You take one to the bank and they will then open the account. Thus I have a Chev. Pubs. account on which Charles Prince signs and a personal account which can be signed by either Charles Prince or Virginia Bruce.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CHECKS: These can be bought by your true self but for your sister, take the application form have her to sign, make them give you the checks in blank as your sister is ill at the moment, etc.

CREDIT CARDS: To get a credit card also requires background information that your femmeself cannot supply but a card can be issued for her if you, her brother, guarantees it. I have several gas company credit cards in Virginia's name as well as American Express and Diners Club cards. All were obtained by having Virginia fill them out but then I as my real self with my own real credit as the background, guaranteed the payment. This guarantee method can also be used to establish a bank account. The bank never has to see your sister, you just take the papers home for her to sign. After you have had an account this way for 6 months or a year your branch manager will probably be willing to give you a courtesy card for your sister which is next best to a driver's license as an identification.

SOCIAL SECURITY CARD: One of these can be gotten in your femmename by simply obtaining a form and filling it out. Although it is not supposed to be used for identification, it does no harm to have this in the card section of your wallet when you have to establish yourself.

POLICE AND LAWS: If you are brave enough, go into your local Police station and tell them that you are interested in knowing their attitude toward femmedressing by a non-homosexual person. If it is flatly illegal you are dead, but if it is a matter of interpretation it does no harm to be on the table with them. Take one or several of my pamphlets along to give them and discuss it with them. When you leave ask for the Officer's card so that you can remember whom you talked with. Having been straightforward with them and establishing a beachhead you will be better off should the time arise when you are picked up.

Using these pamphlets as an excuse for visiting

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the Vice Squad or just the Chief you can do a lot of educating for the cause and at the same time establish yourself in their minds as not being a menace to society.

LAWYERS: It would be advisable to seek out a competent and knowledgeable attorney, visit him, put the cards out with him and explain that you are a TV, that you go out and that you want to have somebody already briefed in case you ever get into trouble. Ask him to advise you about local ordinances and attitudes. He can write to the city or district attorney for an opinion--you could not do so yourself.

DRIVER LICENSES: I don't know how it is in other states, but in California, they will only issue one license to a body regardless of how many different professional or business names one may operate under. Moreover, when you make application there is generally the fine print at the bottom that says that the above information is true under penalty of perjury and then you sign it. This means that getting a feminine license is probably a felony. It is true that the chances of their finding this out are not great, but there are always cases of mistaken identity, accidents, etc., whereby your true sex is revealed together with a license that is improper. So there is not much advantage to having a female one. In cities or states where there is no direct law against masquerading you are about as well off to be forthright about it. If you are stopped, show the male license, tell the officer that this is a hobby of yours, let him check you out by radio with headquarters, accept the ticket for the traffic offense and be gone. If you are able to develop some sort of activity like my lectures or singing to records as an entertainment, etc., you can collect evidence of this thru letters and submit it to the Director of Motor Vehicles of the state and ask for a female license. You probably want get it, but you might get a letter acknowledging the fact that you do these things and have made such information available to the authorities. Copy this letter and carry it with you.

VIRGINIA.....

Virgin Views by Virginia

Something For The Boys



That title usually refers to something the girls give the boys and in a certain sense that is what I mean here, but not in the usual way.

We TVs start out as men with a very frustrated yearning inside to wear pretty things. In the early stages we rationalize this with the arguments that we like the color, softness, perfume, decoration, etc. and that the peacock is prettier

than the peahen so why shouldn't we be and so on. While this is all true, as we develop further and become what I have named femmepersonators we move out of the semi-fetishistic area into one in which we begin to talk of "the girl within" and of our femmeselves. The more we enter into this dual existence the more fascinating it becomes and the more it draws us to go further.

It is in this stage that some individuals who are really TV and FPs at heart began to go overboard with touches of what might be described as the "senior class complex." I'm sure we can all remember when we were seniors in either high school or college. We began to look forward to the next jump ahead and to yearn for graduation day when we would get our diplomas. At the same time we began to feel a little condescending toward those lower than ourselves on the academic ladder,

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the poor juniors, sophs, and frosh. We were, bigger, more experienced, more mature, more important, etc, and we were about to prove all this by going on to bigger things. Thus the lofty senior.

Those FPs who begin to suffer from this "Senior Class Complex" are those who begin to imagine themselves as graduating from this mixed up half and half land of a dual personality, of living a masculine role part of the time and a feminine one part of the time. They persuade themselves that they are more developed than the rest and that they should prove it by going on the rest of the way and have sex change surgery. To "graduate", that is, from the ranks of the ordinary run-of-the-mill FP. To get their diploma (though in this case "giving" their diploma of manhood would seem to be more appropriate) they go to Casablanca or elsewhere. While this route is the only one leading to sanity and happiness for a very few, this is not so for the big majority in my opinion. That so many of them become sexually promiscuous is a measure of their continuing restless and unsatisfied condition. So while I am not against sex change surgery in principle I believe that it is indicated only rarely among those who clamour for it.

So what to do about it? As an advocate of moderation in all things I think it is timely to say something for the other side, for masculinity. Our efforts and interests both personally and through publications like TRANSVESTIA and organizations like PHI PI EPSILON have been centered on helping TVs to recognize and to accept "the girl within". This of course is the big problem with all of us in the beginning, but as it begins to resolve itself and we do accept "her" and live her with more tranquility and enjoyment and less fear and shame we begin to need a little counter balancing. Some are able to provide this themselves others may not be able to, and still others may not even recognize the need to do so. Thus the title of this column, "something for the boys"---meaning a few well chosen words about the boy within us too.

I have personally had the experience, now that Virginia lives as much as she does and gets about everywhere, of having people who know me as Virginia

and see me as a relaxed and comfortable woman often say "why don't you live that way all the time". They are not thinking of surgery but just of living. People ask this among the questions at my lectures and in answering them I realize I am answering myself and it seems worth while to try to answer it for a lot of those who read these columns. I usually tell such questioners that if someone had offered me a magic pill five years ago that was guaranteed to rid me forever of my desire to femmedress that I would probably have impulsively taken two. But if this same panacea were offered to me today I would have nothing to do with it. Why? Because I have learned to accept and enjoy my femmelife and femme experiences BUT the years also brought me the wisdom to recognize that everything is relative.

Did you ever stop to think that there could not be an "up" if there were not a "down", a "dark" without a "light", "good" without "bad", etc? More directly there is no "feminine" without a "masculine" for comparison. When one is "100% masculine" (horrible thought) one is very lopsided and misses so much of life---likewise of course, for the "100% feminine". Thus as one begins to achieve some balance by letting the pendulum swing away from the 100% point one has a fuller, more interesting, more rewarding life. This comes from recognizing one's femmeself and giving her a little share in living. But there is an old saying about giving and inch and taking a mile. Sometimes I am afraid, the fascination of this new life gets out of hand and we lose the perspective necessary to enjoy it. When we go too far in the femmedirection we are rideing up the other side of the pendulum swing.

Having recognized that my appreciation for and enjoyment of Virginia existed in the first place because I was a male and therefore was attracted to females, I realized that surgery would be a form of suicide not only for my masculine self but for Virginia too since it would cut the ground (as well as other-things) out from under her. Then, when Virginia had developed enough to be a personality in her own right, I was no longer under so much pressure to give her life so I was better able to look at the whole of existence with perspective. When I did, I realized that

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there were many things in a man's life that were interesting, satisfying, challenging and that I would not want to give them up. At the same time I also realized that when you can have something that you look forward to it is enjoyed, but that when you must have it all the time by force of circumstances it looses a lot of it's enchantment. Thus being a woman some of the time is wonderful, having to be one all the time would not be half as great as it seems to be from a distance.

Thus when I say "something for the boys" I am suggesting that it would be well from time to time to sit back and look at your masculine life too. Be honest about it and observe the pleasures, satisfactions, challenges, accomplishments, etc. that it affords. Give the "guy" his due and don't forget him in the struggle to let "her" out of the closet. While I will be charged with speaking for myself, I know that I also speak for many another too, and hope that those I don't speak for yet will be moved to reconsider when I say that the best all around condition is that of the dual personality. This gives one the opportunity to squeeze the maximum out of existence by living some "him" and some "her" and getting the pleasure of both. So let's not forget that we are all built in a male way and have been brought up in a masculine framework which has it's costs but also it's compensations and let us say a word for and give a little credit to the "boy without" as both the source and the support of the "girl within".

VIRGINIA

Around the world, in ports of call,
I've seen the sights they hold.
But none there-in the thrills recall,
The eager heart and actions bold.
That make up, laces, perfumes bring
With peace of mind and soul serene.
I find my world and want to sing,
"From these, a life apart we glean."

Phyllis - 22-A-1-FPE

With best wishes for your happiness
in the New Year

*

FROM VIRGINIA

Due to lack of resources in time, energy and money the above will just have to do as my Christmas Card. I would have liked to get out a nice, pretty, feminine one and sent it to all of you, but such was impossible and I hope you will understand, forgive and know that Virginia wishes the best for all of you.

May I also take this space to thank all of you who have sent me letters of encouragement and especially those few who have sent in a little extra money with orders to spend it on myself. Having such friends gives me strength to deal with my enemies. I thank you.

1966 is just 900 years since the Battle of Hastings in 1066 when William the Conqueror cleaned up on the English. The history of modern England stems from that date. 1966 is just 190 years since 1776 when the history of America really began. So, I have resolved that 1966 is going to be the beginning of my modern history too. The law, the courts, the judges being what they are and partial to "the little woman" and non-understanding of the "little TV", I imagine that I will come out of the battle of January pretty beaten in a material sense, but I will be victorious in a moral sense no matter what. I have not done what I have been accused of nor harmed anyone and no amount of legal shenanigans can make a legal wrong out of a moral right, so I look forward to a new year, a free year, and a year of accomplishment. I hope the same goes for you all.

Sincerely,
Virginia

CHALLENGE AND REPLY

A couple of months ago I received this letter....

"I am writing you on the subject of the publication of my story "-----" which you have seen fit to print in a recent issue of TVia but have not thought it good enough to let me see it or be paid for it. I would like to have the issue it appears in and no other EVER AGAIN. I can't see any sense in contributing to a publication such as you seem to edit with no hope of ever being paid or thanked. I have let my subscription lapse some time ago mostly because I feel TURN-ABOUT has a lot more on the ball and doesn't try to ram a lot of "Virgin Views" down the reader's throats. After all, Virginia, your magazine is by and for TV's but if they find no satisfaction in contributing, they will follow me and turn to others who will! Answer this if you can, print it if you dare!

Signed, (Name withheld)

I accept your challenge! I've printed it and here is my answer. Yes, TVia IS by and for TV's. This means each should contribute for the enjoyment of all. The thanks you got was the opportunity to enjoy the work of others even as I hope they enjoyed yours. Had you said you wanted payment when you submitted the article it would have been returned to you. If you want that issue you can order it like everyone else does. I can't afford free copies to every contributor. There are too many glad to contribute. This is a cooperative effort, not a bought one. If TVia had not existed in the past what you have read and with whom would you now be friends??? Consider that carefully.

I can hardly feel that offering what thoughts I've had on the subject of TVism in "Virgin Views" is ramming them down your throat. You neither have to read nor agree, As to Turnabout, since when has it paid? If you feel that a 48 page magazine appearing 5 times in 2½ years offers more than 90 pages 6 times a year for 6 years, by all means, switch don't fight. I do my best but you are entitled to your opinion.

VIRGINIA

Editorial Emanations

I. QUESTIONNAIRE AGAIN: I thought I had sent out all the questionnaires that I had had printed a long time ago. It was the 390 of these that were returned that formed the basis of my Hawaiian paper. However, when I moved I found another whole package of them. So I am sending them out to new subscribers when they start. At the same time there are a number of you who have entered the fold since last I sent any out. Since it would be nice to ultimately have as many as possible I would like to ask any of you who have never filled one out to request one with your next order and I'll gladly send it. If one comes into the hands of anybody who filled it out previously, please do not do it again. I do not want to foul up the results by duplication.

II. ENDORSEMENTS ON CHECKS: Due to the complications that have beset me during the last several months and the number of persons who did not get what they ordered I'd like to request a favor. Would those of you who have ordered by check or money order during this period check the endorsements on them. If it says anything besides Chevalier Publications, Charles Prince or Chevalier Publications, by R.E. Allen, Receiver I would like to know about it, maybe the post office would too.

III. POST OFFICE BOXES: Speaking of the P.O. May I warn you again that it is illegal to take out a post box in any name other than your own. You can receive mail under any and as many names as you want once the box is established, but for heavens sake take it out as John Smith if that is your name. Avoid the troubles that can come from a postal inspector visiting you.

"30" FOREVER

It is with mingled regret and relief that I have to report that with issue #45 at the age of 4 years (which is relatively old as such things go), death comes as it must to all ventures, to the FEMME MIRROR. There will be no more. Issue #45 explains it all. Essentially it had to be put to death because I, Virginia am simply overworked and would be sacrificing more important matters trying to keep the Mirror going by myself. The new FEMME FORUM, house organ of PHI PI EPSILON under the excellent editorship of Fran FPE's Exec. Secty-Treas will fittingly fill it's shoes (high heeled, of course). Adjustment will be made for those paid in advance and back issues are available 6 for \$3.00



Person To Person FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to members of FPE and to those willing to fill out a personal information form which will be sent on request. Address all answers to adds appearing here to: "CONTACT" 4924 W. Pico Blvd. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

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"FEMMEMIRROR"... A 16 page newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Published 15th of each month at \$1 per copy. Yearly subscriptions 12 for \$10.

"CLIPSHEET"... News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50 per copy. Yearly subscription \$5.

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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