

# TRANSVESTIA

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No. 42, 1966

# Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

## *ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION*

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

## *UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND*

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

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

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

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



Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI  
Contributing Editor

SHEILA NILES  
Literary Editor

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OUR COVER GIRL

## *Diana Comes of Age*

EDITOR

SHEILA NILES

by Diana Joyce (32-H-4) FPE

I've been told and have read that many of us are created by some silly desire of our mothers, wanting us to be the little girl that she never had. I don't believe it but must admit that in my case, it may have some merit. My Mother owned a beauty shop when I was born and had one until I was about four years of age. Like most babies, I had blonde hair and blue eyes. This caused many comments from the ladies that came to her shop. By the age of three, my hair began turning a darker shade and this bothered my mother. One day, while bleaching a customer's hair, she had a little of the solution left and without too much thought, put some on my hair. Presto, I was once again a blonde. (She had the silly idea that blondes have more fun.) This period of my life is just heresay, I don't remember it at all, though I've tried. My hair was shoulder length, which was not unusual at that period. People would see me and say, "What a beautiful little girl." My stock



answer was, "Desaint no girl, I'm a boy!" (Gee, it really was a stupid kid.) The poor dear hadn't acted as if we used to visit each other but her dancing costumes did.

Because of my Mother's business, she had to hire a baby sitter for my older brother and myself. The sitter really went for me in a big way and spent a great deal of time playing with me and dressing me. I have seen a few pictures of myself at that age and I look like a girl, no doubt about it. Within six months, my mother realized that the baby sitter had to go. She would ignore my poor brother entirely and spend most of the day with me. I guess it was too good to last. I am told that I put up quite a howl for a few days. One does hate to lose such a devoted admirer, even at such a tender age. It was apparent that I was destined to be quite a ham then and in later life. Mother finally consented to let my hair be cut and bleaching was stopped. It should be stated that I showed absolutely no signs of being even a little bit feminine with long or short hair. I do not recall what day it was that I first entered the feminine world without any invitation. I do recall that it was in the summer and my boy friend and I were looking for something to do and went into our garage. We made a mess of the place and were scattering a box of rags all over the place. I pulled out a pair of old silk stockings and without any particular feeling, put them on. My, why was my heart beating so fast? I liked, but yet was repulsed by the feeling. My friend didn't seem too impressed either, so I wore them for only a few minutes. I didn't attempt to wear any other articles of feminine clothing for about four more years. I do recall that I would think about those stockings at various times and wonder why I thought about them. I continued to lead a normal boys' life for the next four years. I liked to be around girls, never was shy with them but I can't say that I really wanted to be like them or play with their dolls or had any desire for feminine pastimes.

I have a girl cousin, who is about two years older

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than I, and my femininity bloomed because of her. The poor dear hadn't actually anything to do with it but her dancing costumes did. We used to visit each other quite frequently and on one occasion, I saw her being fitted into a beautiful sequined, short skirted outfit. Have you ever sat in a ballpark on a dark night, waiting for the fireworks to go off? When they do finally light the sky, you have a wonderful feeling of awe. Well, that's how I felt when I saw that beautiful outfit. I knew that I had to try it on and I fulfilled my desire before the day was over. She had changed her clothing and left the costume on her bed. I was mesmerized by it. I stayed in the room with her for some time and she finally started out of the room and I said that I wanted to go to the bathroom and would be with her in a minute. Before she was halfway down the stairs I had clutched the treasure, was in the bathroom with the door shut and locked and my clothes halfway off. What a wonderful, heavenly feeling that was. I slipped it on, zipped it up and stared into the mirror. Of course at this tender age, I didn't have much of a problem looking feminine. I just couldn't understand why I should have such a wonderful feeling of fulfillment and utter ecstasy, but I did. I just shook from head to toe and thought my heart would beat so hard it would tear a hole in the costume.

My cousin had been in many dance recitals and consequently had a great many costumes. Over the next two years, I tried on every costume she had and I must admit, that I had to try on some of her street clothes too. I tried on some her lingerie too, since after all, I certainly had to wear something underneath. What a wonderful summer that was! I do think that my aunt worried about me though. I must have spent four hours a day in the bathroom. On a few occasions, I would have a little glitter on my neck and my cousin would give me a dirty look but she never came right out and told me to keep my dirty little paws off her things. After a session with the clothes, I would get terribly blue and vow I'd



never do such a horrible thing again. I actually kept my promise-----until the next opportunity! When the dreadful day finally caught up to me, I felt terrible, I had outgrown her things and I thought my world had collapsed, but I thought a bit, and detoured into my aunt's room. Her things were much too large for me but I suffered through it and wore them anyways.

I had, by this time, reached my twelfth year and I realized that what I was doing, wasn't meant for red blooded American boys, but I just couldn't stop. True, I would swear off and actually stay away from dressing for a few months but then suddenly I'd find myself back in a skirt. I already had the urge to appear in public and planned on just how this could be done. I took a blue print, jersey dress, a bra, girdle and a pair of stockings with only eight or nine runs in them, out of the Goodwill bag. I figured that Halloween would be a perfect night to try out my outfit. Oh, how I planned and looked forward to that night. At least a month before the big night I started talking it up to my friends. "Gee fellas, what are we going to do on Halloween?" I knew but they didn't! I suggested that it would be fun to get dressed up and just soap windows. This way, no one would recognize us. They went for the idea. I suggested that we surprise each other and not reveal what we would wear until we met Halloween night, they agreed. With a pounding heart and skipping feet, I floated home and dreamed of things to come.

The wonderful night finally came and I was really ready for it! I had borrowed my Mother's lipstick, put it in my pocket, and to all outward appearance, I looked my normal self. I gave assurance to my mother that I wouldn't cause any damage or get into trouble. I dashed out of the house and met my friends on the corner. They took one look at me and started to rage. You were the big mouth who talked everyone into wearing a costume and here you are the only one not dressed for the occasion. I assured them that I

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was dressed and if they would just wait a minute I would prove it. I trotted behind a hedge, took off my jacket, revealing the top of my dress, pulled the other part of my dress out of my pants and rolled them up. I applied the lipstick (what a mess), tied a bandana on my head and made my grand entrance. Did they laugh----at first. My best friend looked at me and said, "No kidding, you make a pretty good looking broad." Oh, how I enjoyed that evening! I did get pretty sick of stopping and rolling up my silly pants that kept falling down. I hated to go home but after about three memorable hours, we all went our separate ways. Before entering the house, I just reversed the process and went right up to the bathroom, cleaned off the lipstick and threw my dress, bra, girdle and stockings down the laundry chute. I went out to say goodnight to my parents and they asked me if I had a good time. Boy did I ever! I relived this wonderful night, many, many times.

I was getting to be a real gone girl by now. I wasn't content to wear just one piece of feminine apparel, I had to be completely dressed to derive my satisfaction. I now could wear my mother's clothes and really gave them a workout. If I knew that I would even have a half an hour alone in the house, I'd dress, love it, shake, rip nylons, split seams and stain dresses and blouses with makeup. My mother couldn't understand what was happening to her clothes. She would say that she was sure that she hadn't worn a particular blouse and how could it possibly be dirty. Not only was I a professional sneak by this time but also a very good liar too. Sometimes, if I really was lucky, I could squeeze in two whole hours dressed and I would be in heaven. Then as I would start undressing, I would feel so terribly disgusted with myself. Oh, the promises I would make, never, never, again would I do such a horrible thing! If the opportunity came up, say the next day, and I wouldn't get dressed, I'd be so proud of myself and think that it was all over and I had finally overcome my weakness. These feelings persist



until I finished high school.

In spite of my dressing up, I did manage to date every pretty girl in high school, major in three sports and be all-high in the 100 and 200 yard dashes. I received five scholarship offers and ran in the National AAU track meet in New York City. In one particular meet, I won three trophies and four medals. I have over fifteen trophies and forty medals, mostly for track but a few for swimming. I was a Life Guard for eight years and have 83 rescues to my credit. I'm not mentioning this to brag, but just to show that I was interested in and capable of my share of masculine activities. All through high school, my femininity would run hot and cold. One day I would think that it was all over and I could lick the world. The next day I would be trying on some of my mother's clothing. That horrible defeated feeling! There was no one to talk to because no one could possibly understand. I naturally thought that I was the only person in the world that had these urges. I loved high school, made a great many friends and had a wonderful time not only in sports but also in school plays, four different clubs, the biggest and best fraternity in the school; in fact, I was president of the fraternity three times and captain of the track team in my senior year.

All good things come to an end and I was drafted into the Navy. When I took my physical, the doctor asked me if I liked girls and I assured him that I did. I wanted to ask him about liking them so much that I wanted to be one, but I couldn't get the words out. I was sent to Great Lakes Center and actually found the training very easy. I was the sprint champion for the whole base, had the fastest time for the obstacle course, and was absolutely the worst shot with a rifle that ever went through Great Lakes. At the time, there were about 125,000 men on the base and about 200 girls working in the various canteens. One of these was mine. It was a time of my life that I like to look back on. I didn't particularly enjoy

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it but I'm not sorry that I spent two years in the service. Most of the time, I didn't miss my femininity a great deal. That was until I had about two months left to serve. I was aboard a destroyer in San Francisco Bay, when that feeling I couldn't run away from, hide from, or get out of my mind, returned. I really put up a struggle but naturally I lost out. I would walk down the street and sneak peeks at all the beautiful clothes in the shop windows. I finally made my body follow my mind into a department store to make my very first purchase of feminine under things. I was so nervous that I could hardly speak to the middle aged saleslady. I finally told her that I wanted a panty girdle and bra, also a pair of stockings. I honestly can't recall how I knew my size but everything fitted perfectly. As she handed me the package, she said, "have fun." I couldn't figure out if she knew they were for me or thought they were for my girl friend. I like to think she guessed the first. Now most TV's would have rented a room and indulged themselves for the length of their liberty. Not me, I took my things back aboard ship and wore them for the next two months! Some will say, what nerve, while others will say, what stupidity. I just say it was nervey stupidity. I was a quartermaster and my main job was to correct all the charts. I had the chart room all to myself and spent most of my time there. Another friend and myself would play cribbage until one or two in the morning. He would usually go to bed before me and I then took off my lingerie. When I had to wash them, I would take my girdle and put it in a skivvy, wash them both together in the sink, wrap the clean girdle in a towel and put it in my footlocker.

My sex education was improved a great deal by some of the old salts. I really knew what a girl was and what you were supposed to do with her. They sure tried to lead me astray, but I just couldn't break down and go along with the crowd. In fact, I even gave up using the words hell and damn. Can you imagine being in the Navy and going to that extreme!



I was fondly called the preacher by all, even the officers. But I wasn't reproached for my odd behavior and made many friends. This little episode will give you a glimpse into my acceptance by the regular navy men. Every third night, I had to stand watch on the bridge, for the whole night. So many quartermasters and signalmen were being discharged that there weren't enough qualified personnel aboard who could read the signal lamp. I had to sleep on the bridge, on a folding cot. If the base on shore wanted to send us a message, someone would wake me and I would read the light. I'm a very poor sleeper and this really bothered me. Sometimes there would be five or six people on the bridge at the same time. One night, I finally jumped off the cot and said, "If you want me, I'll be in the captain's sea cabin." Leaving my shipmates, with their mouths wide open, I entered the cabin and crawled inbetween nice, clean, white sheets. I will admit that I knew that the captain was ashore and wasn't expected aboard until the following day. When I got up the next morning and strolled out of the cabin, four seamen were standing at attention and gave me a smart salute. The leading seaman said, "Good morning sir, I hope you slept well." I said, "Very well, thank you Quartermaster. Carry on with your duties." My reputation reached a rather high plateau, when the story was repeated throughout the ship.

After my discharge, I went back to San Francisco and bought some of the worst clothes you can imagine. I was so excited to be out of the Navy and no one to answer to that I didn't even buy anything feminine. I wore my brand new checked pants, white shirt and cream sport coat out of the store, and walked to the bus depot and bought a ticket for home. Quite a few people looked at me, and at the time, I thought I really must look pretty sharp, now I realize that I was a little bit conspicuous. I had about two hours to wait for the departure of my bus, so I took a walk to see some more of the lovely city. I was going through a very pretty park and naturally looking at

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all the sights when I really saw one! Just ahead, on a bench, were two boys. I would guess their ages to be about sixteen. They looked rather odd from a distance of about twenty-five yards and as I kept coming closer, my heart started pounding faster and faster. They both were made up to the nth degree, lipstick, eye shadow, pancake, nail polish, the works. They both were smoking but oh, so ladylike, with the legs crossed so daintilly, all the mannerisms of two ladies on the prowl. I was repulsed, but yet, couldn't look away from them. "Oh God, is this what I look like to other people." I thought? Before I could form another thought, one of them said, "Hi, honey, got a minute?" With shaking knees, I hurried on without answering. I couldn't control myself, tears streamed down my cheeks and I thought my life had been projected before me. Is this what I was heading for? I knew they were homosexuals and realizing how much I loved to dress as a woman, I concluded that I must be one too. This haunted me all the way across the country and by the time I got home, I promised myself that my life would start anew and no more dressing. I knew that I really liked girls and couldn't bring myself to look at a man with any kind of desire. By the time I stepped off the bus, I felt much better and quite eager to face the life ahead.

What a wonderful feeling to be home once again! I spent the remainder of the summer, having a good time and dating my future wife. Femininity was very much submerged. True, every once in awhile, I would feel a slight desire arising but I would think back to those two creatures in San Francisco and the urge would pass. I did make a concerted effort to find out more about homosexuality. I came to the conclusion that I didn't fit the pattern but then just what was I? One thing for sure, I was unique, there was no one else like me (sound familiar?). About four months after arriving home, I picked up a "Girlie" magazine, and I was once again on the old familiar worn trail. Female impersonation - two beautiful



pages of pictures. After devouring every detail at least five times, I could hardly contain my desires to dress again. I actually felt sick. My mother was downstairs in the kitchen and I took the stairs, three at a time, went right into her room, gathered the necessary items, went into the bathroom and changed. No amount of words could possibly describe the utter bliss that I experienced. As the old saying goes, "you have to be one to know one." So there I was, back in the same old groove again.

I decided to go to a local college under the G.I. Bill, instead of taking a scholarship offer. I was playing freshman football, carrying sixteen hours of subjects, dating, studying, working at a soda fountain and dressing in between times. Living at home and having a little extra money to spend, I started to buy my own wardrobe, not too extensive but quite adequate. I had saved a considerable sum of money while in the Navy and purchased a car when I came home. I would go into my room and be studying and trying to concentrate on the subject at hand. Some little demon would start whispering about getting dressed and maybe that would help me to relax and I probably could study better. When I would give in to this urge, it still didn't help my school work. I never managed to get very good marks. I reached a point that dressing became my most consuming desire. My parents would say good night and I'd say I was going to study for awhile. I'd wait until they were asleep, get all dressed up, sneak out of the house, get into my car and drive around for an hour or two.

My mother and father always went to Florida for the month of March and how I planned for that month! I was so helpful. I carried their luggage to the car, promised them I would go to my father's office every other day and see that everything was running smoothly, and take care of my mother's ceramic business that she had at the time. As I waved goodbye from the curb, I was unbuttoning my shirt! What a month that was. I would run down to my father's accounting

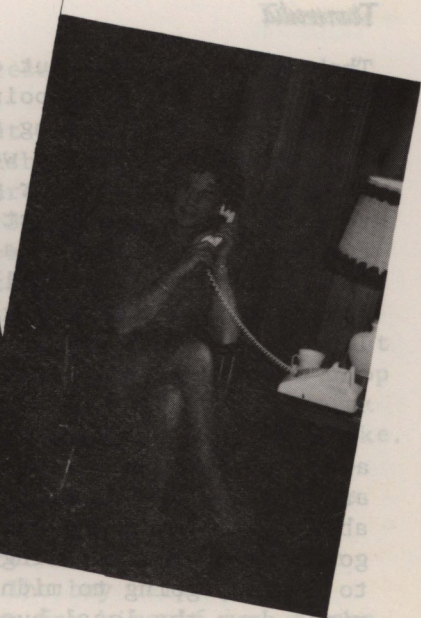
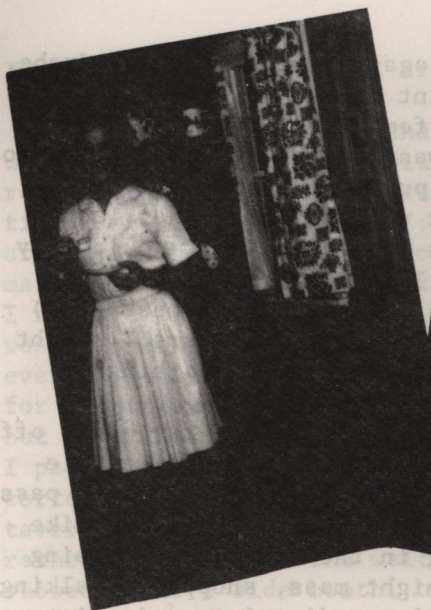
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office, pick up any ledgers that had to be delivered, pick up other customers ledgers, go to school, fire my mothers kiln, take care of the woman that came to the house to buy supplies, go to school, work, date, and dress. I even managed to study now and then. On the nights that I could manage it, I would dress and go out in my car. Some times I would park and just walk up one street and down another. It was nothing for me to walk five miles in an evening. I guess this is the main reason I am able to get around so well in heels. I was so busy for the whole month that I really didn't have time to feel guilty or blue.

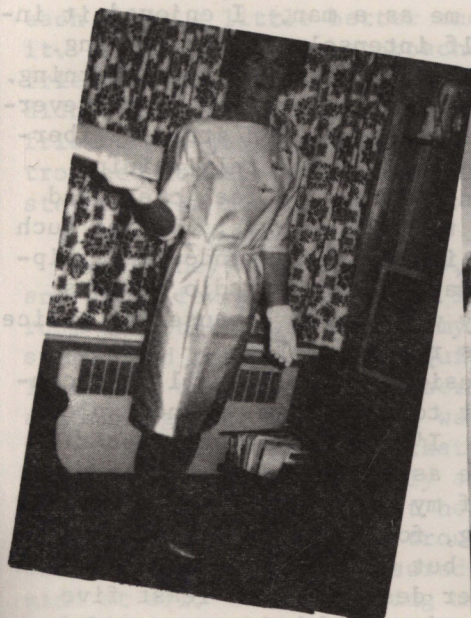
I really dreaded the thought of my parents return. They had written, informing me to expect them home on a Saturday. Friday, I went through the whole house removing any trace of Diana. Of course I was dressed at the time. Realizing that my freedom would be drastically curtailed, I decided to spend the evening at home and live it up. I was in the kitchen, when I heard a car pull into the yard. I thought it must be one of mother's customers and I peeked out and almost flipped my wig! Dad and Mother were heading for the locked door. I really don't think I touched one stair, heading for the bathroom. I had to detour and pick up a pair of pants and shirt. I ruined a brand new dress and also established a new record for changing. My mother couldn't understand why my face was so flushed. I couldn't very well tell her how hard I had to scrub, to remove all the makeup. I was so thankful that I hadn't been caught in the act that I promised to take to the straight and narrow path of respectability again. That night, I took all my feminine clothing and threw them in the garbage can. "I am free once more! No more of this silly business for me! I'm strong enough to lick a silly habit such as this."

Well, I was free for about two months. One day I was glancing through a magazine and saw an ad for a beautiful girdle. Within fifteen minutes, I had not only my mothers girdle on but everything else too.





DIANA



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The next day, I was out again buying a new wardrobe. (I might say at this point that I never was really embarrassed about buying feminine things. I always figured that it really wasn't the clerks business to question my motives for purchasing any item. True, sometimes they would act cool or some other lady customer would give me a funny look. It would only make me angry. After all, a great many women buy underwear and everything else for their husbands.) I would say that during the next two years I bought and destroyed at least \$500 worth of clothing.

I would smuggle my things into the car, take off and while driving, make a complete change, girdle and bra included. After making sure that I was passable, I would do any number of crazy things. Like going to a show, sitting in the ladies room, going to dinner, going to midnight mass, shopping, walking right down the local business district, going into shops and buying a bra or anything feminine, walking by my friends who knew me as a man. I enjoyed it intensely and hated myself intensely in the morning. In fact, some times it didn't take until the morning. Many times, I would be driving along and start reversing my attire. All of a sudden, I'd start deliberately ripping every item off, completely ruining every stitch of clothing. Then I'd feel clean and make my promise to God to mend my ways. On one such occasion, I threw each item out the window as I ripped it off. The next day, over the radio, it was reported that foul play was feared because the police had discovered all this ripped clothing. I felt rather guilty about causing the police all that concern but I wasn't about to call them up and explain the situation to them. I'm thankful that littering wasn't such a big crime as it is today. After a session of disposing of my clothing, I could usually stay away from dressing, for about a week or two. Then a fresh beginning but usually more intense than the last seizure. After destroying at least five complete outfits, I found myself being remorseful for the destruction, at shorter shorter intervals.



The last time I did it, I dressed the very next day.

The one and only time that I really had trouble was because I was very foolish. I assume that you realize that I was pretty sure of myself, by this time. One evening, about 7:30, I was out driving around in the outskirts of our city. I saw a young man, about my age, hitch hiking. Like a real dimwit, I stopped and picked him up. I asked him where he was going and he told me. We were just talking about everyday things when he asked if I would like to stop for a drink. I explained to him that I didn't drink but he convinced me to stop and at least have a coke. I parked the car and got out. He came over and escorted me across the street, opened the door of the tavern and we entered. It was a very popular and rather nice place. The waiter came to us and then showed us to a side booth. The boy helped me out of my coat and ordered a beer for himself and a coke for me. We spent about ten minutes getting to know each other a little better and I was really loving it. Three young men approached our table and my friend stood up. I was rather upset because I really didn't know what they could possibly want. They were friends and just came over to say hello and be introduced to me! They were very pleasant and only stayed a few minutes.

After they went their way, we talked some more, and had a few more drinks. I had to go to the ladies room and on the way passed my new admirers. They smiled and nodded to me. Quite a feeling, to be looked at and admired. After touching up my makeup and making sure everything was in place, I went back to my date, informed him that I really had to leave. I told him it was perfectly alright if he stayed with his friends. He said that he also had to go home and if it wasn't too much trouble to drop him off, he would be grateful. I assured him that I wouldn't mind at all. After helping me on with my coat, holding the door open for me, we again crossed the street and he opened the driver's side for me. He went

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around to the other side and got in. I was just about to start the car when I felt myself being pulled very roughly by the right arm, into his arms and finding my lips submerged by his. I really was so shocked that I didn't have a moment to put up any resistance. It took him about five seconds to start his exploring of me and I really stiffened and struggled free from his embrace. I never knew a boy could move his hands so fast and in so many directions at the same time. I told him that I hadn't picked him up for any reason other than to be nice. It took him about ten minutes to really convince himself that I wasn't going to be a bad girl. I told him to get out of the car and he said he would behave and get out about a mile from where we were parked. I was shaking quite badly and wanted to push him out on the sidewalk, without opening the door! We reached the designated stop, he opened the door, turned, looked at me and smiled. The character wanted to know when we could have another date! I smiled icily and informed him, when hell would freeze over. I almost ran over his toes. This was the last time I ripped up my clothes but I really felt terrible about the whole business. Never again would I ever put on a skirt. I kept that promise for a whole month.

Then it happened. I had returned home from a morning class, had a bite to eat and informed my mother that I was going to my room to study. I did go to my room but first went to hers and picked up a complete outfit. I shut my door and changed completely. By this time, I was a pro and could actually study without the feeling of silks and satins distracting me too much. I had studied for about an hour when I found that I needed one of my text books that was in the den, just across the hall from my bedroom. Opening the door quietly, I stepped out when no suspicious sounds were heard. I made an extremely pretty picture for my mother, just as she turned the corner. Her mouth opened wide and her eyes turned glassy. I wish I could say that we had



a lovely talk and she understood my poor tormented mind, but that was not the case. She did ask what was the meaning of the outfit, but I just looked at her and started to cry. Before I could close the door to my room, she was inside. Even now, after twenty years, it's very difficult for me to recall this memory without getting a lump in my throat. I never knew my mother knew such terrible words. She told me to get out and never come back, but take her things off first, which I was in the process of doing. When her slip came into view, she almost choked. As I took off each garment, my mother took it and ripped it up. I finally managed to get the makeup off between tears and blows and put on male attire. I just looked at her with all the hate I really felt and said good-bye.

She had changed her mind by this time, however, and didn't want me to leave, even though I wanted to. I guess I had obeyed her for so long that I didn't rebel and walk out. She called my father at work and told him the whole dirty story, and then called the family doctor. He promised to come right over and talk to me, which he did. We were very fortunate to have such a brilliant physician as he. He asked me very revealing questions, such as, do you like girls, etc. After giving my poor mother a sedative, he told her that I would grow out of this silly habit. I just hadn't passed out of the narcissistic stage of life yet. Marriage would surely remove any such silly notions. He suggested that I should go to a psychologist. My father was rather disappointed with me but actually gave me the only help and the courage to keep living. He reminded me that I had a very lovely girl who loved me and with proper help, I would be fine.

At the time, it sounded wonderful and I quickly sprang back to the living. I visited the psychologist and assumed that I would be getting helpful advice and my troubles would be behind me. Before my first visit was half over, I should have realized that

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he wasn't going to be of any help to me. He didn't even have a couch! Now you know that no one can possibly be cured by sitting in a chair. As I left my mind healer, after the fifth visit, I got the distinct impression that he must be having the same trouble in his own home and couldn't handle it any better there. I don't think the man looked at me ten times in the eight times that I went to him. He never once gave me any advice nor did he once even smile at me. I informed my parents that I was completely cured and there wasn't any need for them to lay out any more money for treatments. Now the doctor didn't get in touch with them and my parents didn't either. It was a lot easier to take things at face value than to question it too deeply. My mother just put the whole thing out of her mind, but when she would get very angry with me, she would make a few nasty digs about my queerness.

I must give my mother credit for one thing, however, she insisted that I tell my future wife about my problem. I finally managed to get the story out to her about two weeks before we were to be married. I didn't paint a very black picture of the whole mess because I was sure that my trouble was behind me. I also, believed that once we were married, I wouldn't give another thought to wearing anything but pants. In this period, I would get the urge to dress but I managed to resist. At the time, my wife to be was only twenty and really was even more naive than I. She was in love and thought that we could lick anything together. I promised that if I got the urge, I would tell her and we would work it out together.

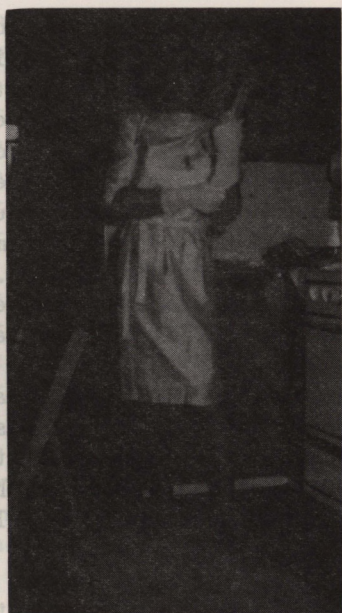
And so we were married. Things went along alright for a time, until one day I was really down and out and confided in her that I just couldn't control the urge any longer. Though she is a great deal smaller than I, a few of her things fit me and I spent about an hour in a dress. She felt very uncomfortable with me in a dress and I wasn't too happy with the look on



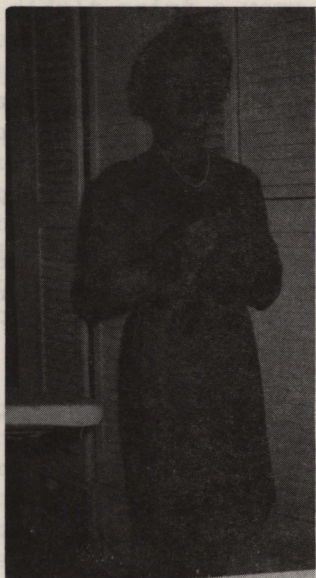
her face. From time to time she would ask me how I was doing in overcoming my problem. Naturally I assured her that everything was fine. It really was, I had found a very good hiding place for my feminine clothing and managed to dress at least once a month. We lived in our apartment for about two years and on the whole, got along quite well with my parents. Actually, they liked her more than me. Don't jump to any conclusions please. I was very happy that they saw so much of her, she's a very lovely person and earned the love they have given her.

We bought a very small house out in the country and started our life as country folk. The house actually was a summer cottage and we lived there for three years before we had running water, bathroom or central heat. We really know what it's like to rough it. Little by little I improved the house and was able to dress on those occasions when my wife would go to the city to visit. Although I tried to be careful about removing all trace of Diana, she several times found bits of evidence. She would never come out and talk directly about it but she probably didn't believe my denials of dressing.

I won't take up space with all the trials and tribulations of the last 15 years but will just summarize the situation by saying that almost single handedly I have built our original 600 sq. ft. little house into a 2300 sq. ft. structure mostly from stone that I quarried and laid myself. Some years ago, getting tired of the insurance business, my wife and I decided to open a hot dog stand which we did with materials begged, borrowed, and given. Although we are not on a main road the little stand prospered and I have enlarged it until it is now a building 150 feet long and 45 feet wide. The business is good enough so that in summer time we employ 10 people. Both my wife and I still work about 16 hours a day, 7 days a week operating the restaurant-gift shop combination. We do manage to break the routine now and then and since I love golf we joined the local



Diana Joyce at home





club and I have actually managed to play 6 times so far this year. Of course with my single minded intensity when I do play it, I really do it, seldom being satisfied with only 18 holes--its usually 36 and one time it was 48.

Strange how most of us will try to pretend that everything is just fine and actually delude ourselves into believing it. My wife did just that. With the children (we now have 2 girls and a boy) and all the work of building our business she never got around to finding out how I was making out with my femininity. I was still sneaking occasions when possible but they were few and far between. But I began to make friends and to better understand myself. The first of these was a girl named Lou who came to work for us. She was a very nice and attractive girl and we got well acquainted. One night, after we had worked late in the store and because we were rather out in the country I was driving her home, an opportunity arose to tell her about Diana. It took about 10 such trips to finish the job but when it had all been told she accepted it because she realized how important Diana was to me. When my birthday came, she gave me a package to be opened when by myself. I did so and found a nice slip with a note which said in part--"to a very nice person--girl and all." I burst into tears at this token of generosity and acceptance. Tho she no longer works for us she remains a good friend and I see her several times a year.

Next, I saw an ad for high heeled shoes in some publication. I wrote to the party and received a reply which ripened into a correspondence. The shoes themselves were all the exotic type and by this stage of my life I had grown enough mentally that I wasn't interested in being a chorus girl anymore. I had given away my satin dresses at least 4 years previously. So I didn't get the shoes but I did have the correspondence with an understanding friend. He let me know that there were others like myself and one day said that he was going to send me a publication

## *Transvestia*

of interest to persons like myself. I could hardly wait for it to arrive and the day the big brown envelope appeared in the mail box I could hardly wait to open it, but did not have the opportunity to do so for 5 hours. When I did, I could hardly believe my eyes. Yes, you guessed it, it was a copy of our magazine, TRANSVESTIA. That was one of the best days of my life and I have received a great deal of help, happiness and peace of mind from it.

During all this time I had to express my femininity in subtle and devious ways. I would sneak on a girdle and bra when I could. My wife would usually catch me we'd have words, I'd lay low for a bit and then back to the same thing. I wore polish on my toe nails for months and thought I was pretty cute putting it over on her till one night the covers pulled out of the bottom of the bed and my feet stuck out. So off came the polish. After that she would find an excuse every few days to get a look at my feet. I must admit that I never disappointed her though, she always found them neatly polished. This constant battle and the finding and destroying of my things finally began to diminish when it occurred to her that we were making entirely too big a contribution to the girdle and lingerie industry. So she began to leave my things alone. About 5 years ago I decided that I had had enough of men's underwear and would wear lingerie continuously. This I have done every day since. We had some bitter words in the beginning but she finally accepted it. One very hard part of the whole situation is that I can honestly understand how she feels. This is not pleasant for me. I know that I am hurting her but I also know that if I dont hurt her it will kill me and this is the dilemma. She is naturally worried that I will overdo it some way.

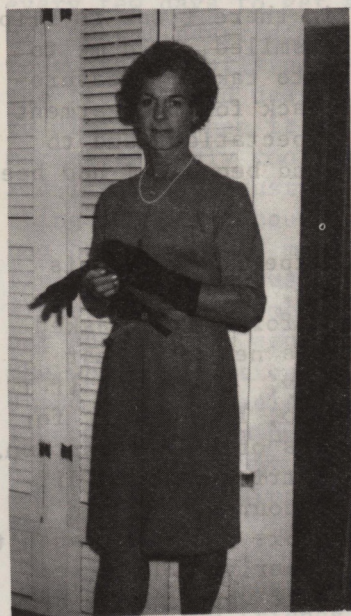
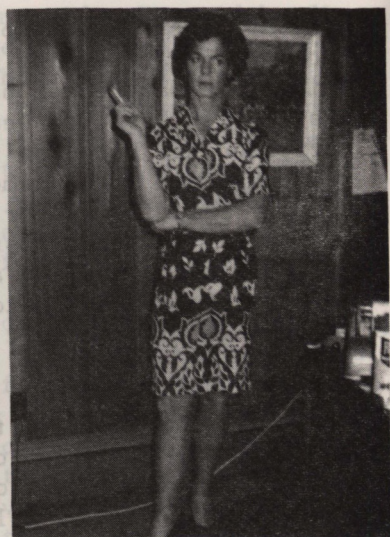
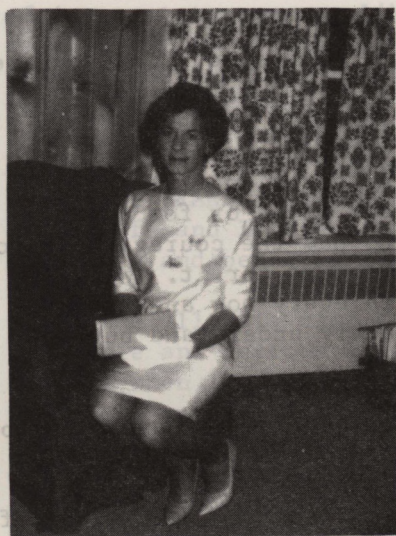
I have also learned to shop openly and have made some very nice friends doing so. The first was in a used clothing store where I went to just look around with nothing special in mind. When the lady came to



ask what she could help me with I just said I was looking for an evening gown. She said, "Oh, you are going to a masquerade party!" But I told her no, that I just loved to wear feminine clothes. This surprised her but didn't turn her against me. She said that men often came in to get some item but usually said it was for their wives or for a party and that I was the first who had the courage just to tell the truth and she admired me for it. We have become friends and I stop in every now and then for something. She doesn't exactly understand but she accepts.

Then I once decided that I'd like to have a custom made corset. I called on the phone and asked the lady if she would make one for me. She told me to come in and we could talk it over. To make it brief I went in, we talked, she told me to step into the dressing room and take off my outer things so she could measure. When she came in there I was in slip, bra, girdle and stockings. She smiled, told me to take off the slip and proceeded to take my measurements. Two weeks later I came back for the garment which was beautiful beyond my expectations and to find that I had also made a friend because I had been honest with her.

Perhaps my most interesting experience in this line came when I needed a new wig. I entered a particular shop and a woman came forward and asked to help me. I told her I wanted a new wig, what color and how much I wanted to pay. She asked if I was in show business and I said no, I wanted it for street wear. Again no dirty looks or cold reception. She took me into a back room and tried various different wigs on me, observing "Of course, you can't really tell too much about the looks now, they aren't styled and you aren't dressed properly." She asked me if I'd bring a picture of myself when I came back for the finished wig. She was very complimentary and as I was about to leave she stepped close and whispered that if I wanted the wig restyled in the



More of Diana and her famous trailer



in the future to call her at home and handed me a slip of paper. I said I had another one that needed resyling and asked if I could bring it to her as Diana. She said yes and we picked a night for it. That night seemed awfully slow in arriving but it did and I wore one of my better dresses for the occasion.

She answered the door and let me in. She was very delighted and complimentary and said that I could have fooled her under any condition. She took my coat, seated me on a stool and restyled my wig on my head. She put me under the dryer awhile and then combed it out with results that were very exciting to both of us. After this we just sat around having a coke and talking over the subject. Later we got off onto home furnishings and furniture and she asked me to look at a chair in the living room. We went in to find her husband stretched out watching television. He acknowledged the introduction and we looked over the chair and then we girls went back to the kitchen. When I got up to go she said she wanted to give me a can of a certain type of spray which was in another room and went to get it. She returned all smiles and told me that her husband had asked her where the heck that good looking blonde had come from. This kind of flattery I can use. I have been back to visit her on a number of occasions since.

Finally about 3 months after this wig incident I met a woman who really answered my quest for understanding and someone who could realize the constant torment I had been under for years. Her name is Jean. She came to work for us about 5 years ago. Her husband also did some part time work for us. Jean is the best employee we ever had. I can walk out of the business anytime and know that everything will be taken care of and handled properly. As I got acquainted with Jean over a period of time I began to see that she and I were alike in many ways. Because of this everyone thought that we would fight like a cat and dog, but instead we are the best of

## *Transmedia*

friends. Once when Jean and I were working late cleaning the shop I made a remark about something feminine. She commented that I had a lot of information on a lot of feminine subjects. I said it was a long story and someday I would tell her. Several months later an occasion arose when we were alone and she turned to me and asked me what the big secret was all about. Well, as one will on an occasion like that I manoeuvred about for sometime without getting right down to cases. I wanted to tell her because she was a friend and I wanted understanding but I was also afraid because it might hurt and disappoint her. But she persisted in questions so there was really nothing I could do but eventually tell her, which I did. She was quiet for a long time. Then she commented that she was surprised about this, that she didn't know such things existed but since she liked me and knew I wasn't a homosexual she could accept it. Since that day she has not only accepted me but likes me as a woman, helps me to be a better woman in every way possible. I had tried to explain myself to her but she has since explained a lot about myself to me. All of you know how hard it is to overcome the guilt and shame that are inherent in the life of a TV. Jean did so much to help me overcome this gruesome feeling. Because of her I can honestly say that I do accept myself, understand myself much better and have found much peace of mind. Many thanks to you Jean. Being accepted by a person whom you know not only likes but approves of you is about the biggest boost you can receive. She has taught me poise and everything necessary for a woman to know. She will explain how I, as a woman, should feel and react. Nothing has been overlooked. Now I can go out and handle almost any situation with confidence. I hope you will agree when you read about our Mexican trip which will continue this history in TVia #43. This has not all been one sided either since knowing me and my interest in things feminine has made her more conscious of her own femininity and she enjoys being a woman just that much more. She asks my advice on dresses, hair-



dos, and things and appreciates my comments. I in turn appreciate being needed in this capacity.

The next question you will ask is of course how my wife accepts this arrangement. Until quite recently, not very well. Not too many weeks ago, she and I had a very serious disagreement about Jean. I can well imagine how she would feel, but I knew that as a married couple for the past eighteen years, we have just not been able to settle the question of femininity between us. Both of us have tried, but I knew that my wife didn't really have any conception of just how much femininity is a part of me. Because of Jean, she has, of late, taken a very active role in Diana. I suspect that with a little more time, she may even like her. Last week, she, and Diana, went to a sorority meeting in Cleveland and had a wonderful time. For some time, she has really tried to be understanding by buying little gifts and calling me Diana at times but lately, I do believe that either resignation or true understanding is being conceived.

Now, let's examine me just a bit. Physically. I am 5'8" in height, weigh about 150 pounds, wear a size fourteen dress, have a normal 27" waist. Seven years ago, I wore a size eighteen dress and really felt terrible about it. I just made up my mind that I was going to lose weight and I did. This is not the easiest thing to do when you own a restaurant but I am more interested in looking feminine than I am in eating. I can and do wear many skirts that are twelve but doubt that my shoulders will ever get small enough to be able to wear a thirty two blouse. I do far too much heavy labor. I am cursed with body hair but keep it shaved off entirely. My thirteen year old daughter remarked about it one day and I told her that hair was for apes. Before I began shaving the hair off, I never felt really complete, now I couldn't possibly let it ever grow again. I have been removing my facial hair permanently for the past three years. I still have some but another

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year, and my face will be completely free of hair. One big problem is my nails. I have thin, split ones and I'm always trying new ways to have nice looking ones. I'm now taking geletin but as yet, haven't noticed any improvement.

I work very hard at being a woman and to me, it's probably half the fun. I live to improve myself and see the changes taking place. I believe in acting gracefully, but not overly feminine when I am Diana. The next time you take a drink of water, how do you go about it, like a woman or man? And table manners are so very noticable, as a man or a woman, do you pay any particular attention to them? You can also practice a great deal of voice control and no one will suspect a thing. Tone it down if you're too loud. And what about diction, do you chop off endings speak too fast? How do you sit, at least half way decently? Well, Diana does all these things, and many more. One last addition to this topic. Those of you, not versed in all the above, please, please, don't try and go out in public until you are. If you can't take this advice, then just drive right to the nearest police station and get it over with, because you'll surely end up there in the long run. Try and make this comparison. If TVism were golf, what kind of handicap would you have? If you are brand new at dressing - no experience to speak of - figure that you are shooting in the low hundreds and as you improve, your handicap gets lower. The low hundreds would give you about 30, middle 90's about 25 and so on. I figure that I'm about a 12. I think that I will be able to lower it to about an 8 or 9 before the end of the year. If you get the idea that I like golf, you're right. I hope to be able, by next year, to get the utmost enjoyment from it. I'm going to try it in a skirt. That should make a wonderful story!

I haven't had very much contact with other TV's but what I have had, has been a little bit of a shock to me. At least half of them are simply men, wearing



dresses. Now, please don't misconstrue this statement, "To each his own" and all that, but I just can't understand why they want feminine names, the complete woman's clothes down to a panty girdle, all appropriate makeup, wigs, etc, and then sit like a man, talk like a man, and act like a man. This is hard for me to digest. I could understand a man wanting to wear, say a dress, if that is what appeals to him, but how does he justify the complete treatment? I'm not trying to be superior to anyone but this is something that has bothered me and I had to make the observation. Strangely, most such TV's are dying to go out in public too, but usually say that something about their looks makes it impossible. True, sometimes that is the case, but more often, it's because they haven't worked very hard at lowering that handicap.

One big fat problem that many of us face is, children. Should we or shouldn't we tell them. No, I haven't told them directly, as yet, but still, maybe I have. I do as many feminine things as I can and let the children know. For instance, I wear women's slacks quite frequently and they know, I wear women's slippers, and they know. They know that I wear a panty girdle, though they were told it's because of my bad back (honest I do have one). They know about the nail polish, the woman's glasses that I wear when I'm doing book work, typing, or driving. This, I have done on purpose, over a long period of time. I'm conditioning them for the final phase. In fact, I may even let them read this story and take it from there. My wife will have to help make this decision.

Let's delve into this aspect just a little. Am I ashamed of my femininity? No. Am I now and have I been a good parent? I think I can say yes. Do I do everything possible to make their life happy and give them all the advantages I possibly can? Again, the answer is yes. Do I love them, show consideration let them know who is boss, be firm, but not a real

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stinker? The answer is yes to all. Now, if I do tell them, what's going to be the outcome? Will I warp their personalities for life? I don't think so, kids are not quite as brittle as many parents think. Will they hate me? Truthfully, I'm not worried about this possibility either. I feel that I have been a good parent in all respects and I'm still the same person after they have been told as before. If perchance, they did hate me, well, I really would think that they, not I, were the guilty ones and should feel the shame. Then why haven't I told them, you ask? It's really very simple, my wife is ashamed, not I. When she can reach the point of total acceptance, of me, as a person, not masculine nor feminine, then the children will be told. Why do I want them to know about me? I'm sick and tired of hiding in the bedroom, worrying that one of them will see me sneaking into the house, after I've finished work, or have gone some place. Hiding all my mail. Having my daughters wondering just who in the heck owns that pretty dress, slip, etc. in size 14. I think they will be better off to know the situation and accept it. When the day does come, I know that I will not appear as a comic to them but a rather pleasing looking woman.

Much has been written on why we act the way we do, is there or isn't there any cure, etc. If you are a confirmed cross dresser, have had the blues, abstinence, guilty feelings, plus three or four hundred other little problems that go along with it, does it really matter why we do it or how it started? At my stage, I couldn't care less. I'm this way and have been almost since my first thought entered my head. To me, it's hard enough, just keeping myself under control enough to please the outside world. I'm not going to add any extra burdens if I can help it. I am beginning to enjoy life very much and I intend to continue on the same basis for as long as this old body can stay together. Not very deep thinking on my part, I will admit but I never really cared to play the intellectual. If I try and figure out what



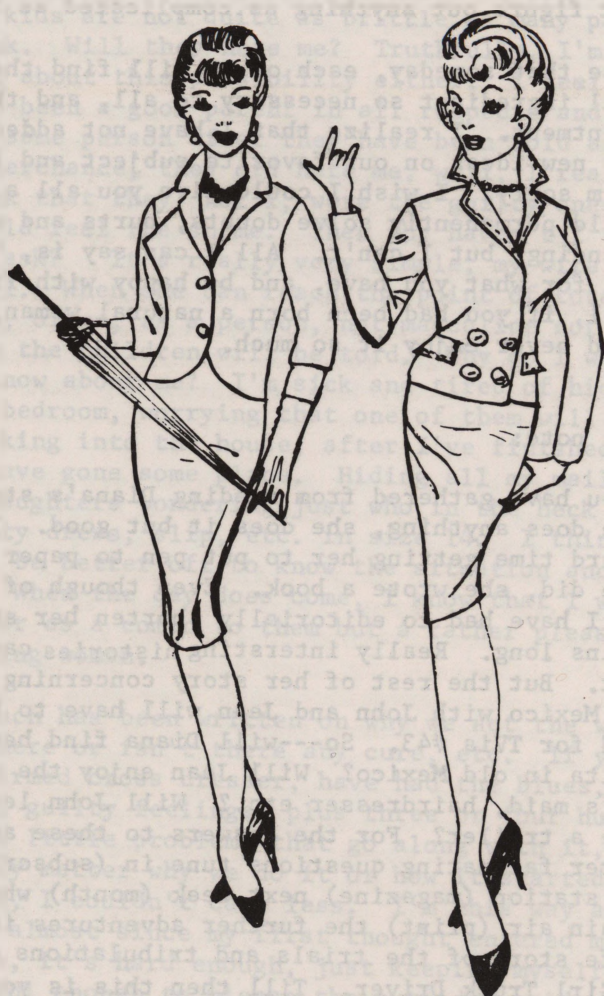
makes the radio work, I find myself confused. I can't even understand Einstein's theory, so I certainly can't figure out anything as complicated as TVism.

I hope that someday, each of us will find that wonderful ingredient so necessary to all, and that is contentment. I realize that I have not added any great or new ideas on our favorite subject and for that, I'm sorry. I wish I could give you all a pill that would permanently solve doubts, hurts and misunderstanding, but I can't. All I can say is, "Be thankful for what you have, and be happy with it." After all, if you had been born a natural woman, you would never enjoy it so much.

Editor's note:

As you have gathered from reading Diana's story, when she does anything, she does it but good. I had a hard time getting her to put pen to paper but when she did, she wrote a book. Even though of necessity, I have had to editorially shorten her story it remains long. Really interesting histories cannot be short. But the rest of her story concerning her trip to Mexico with John and Jean will have to be reserved for TVia #43. So---will Diana find herself a senorita in old Mexico? Will Jean enjoy the role of lady's maid, hairdresser etc.? Will John learn to drive a trailer? For the answers to these and many more fascinating questions tune in (subscribe) to this station (magazine) next week (month) when we will again air (print) the further adventures in the true life story of the trials and tribulations of Diana, Girl Truck Driver. Till then this is your announcer (Editor) and this is station TVIA.

cxo



"OH NO, WE ARE NOT SISTERS, THIS IS MY HUSBAND!"



*Parable*

by Jeri (49-K-1) FPE

There was a certain young man come one day to the town of Smedleyburg. It was early summer and the young man was in his Wanderjahre--his year of wandering. The set expression on his young face, the fire that burned from his large, wideset eyes testified to the strength of his character, the intensity of his inner vision and certain of the town elders who met him as he walked about their town averred that here indeed was quel homme. These seers testified as well to the purity of what-it-was-they-knew-not and certain women in the town began regarding him with considerable interest, varying according as they were the mothers or the daughters of the town. All concurred that here was a prize.

Within the space of only a few days, the young man had engendered such good feeling, that he was positively discomfitted by the profusion of goodwill scattered in his pathway, not to mention the invitations to supper, for walks in the moonlight, tours of the local industry and not a few quite reasonable job offers.

And after the young man had fortuitiously placed himself along the river one day at such a time and in such a way that he was able to rescue one-half of Miss Schaefer's vacation Bible School Class which was picnicing and boating that afternoon and unfortunately turning over the rowboat while the other half of the class stood along the bank and shrieked, the town positively went into hysteria. They were determined that here in the person of this young man lay embodied all the good and true things that small towns engender and make manifest against the glittering evils by which the Big Cities entice their young away from them.

Accordingly, with the singleness of mind that is

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the prime characteristic of small towns, the town banker made a telephone call at precisely 8:20 the following morning. By 9:15, the Adult Bible Classes, the Fireman's Auxilliary, and the Eastern Star were in action. At 11:00 a.m., Mr. Olson, the janitor, was setting up chairs in the high school auditorium, Shortly after noon, the Boy Scouts joined him. By two o'clock, despite the eighty-plus degree heat, every oven in town was lighted, putting delicious shades of brown atop hams, cakes, pies, cookies, while in certain other quarters, tender young chickens were receiving tender ministrations from skillful, flour-dabbed hands.

By three-thirty, Abel the jeweler had finished engraving the watch and at four o'clock, Hohenhadel the printer was distributing the type from the scroll which was drying while Mrs. H. prepared the leatherette cover (from stock leftover from graduation).

At five o'clock, every business in town closed and everyone rushed for home and bathtubs and starched white shirts while youngsters were threatened into an unnatural porch-quietness by promises of prohibition of fireworks on Fourth-of-July if so much as one kneecap was dirtied.

At six-thirty, the young man was led onto the grounds of the high school to the long white-covered tables behind the gym and his hand was alternately shaken gravely and filled with heaping plates of chicken and other goodies. The young man was properly shy and a little embarrassed, feeling somewhat of an intruder and still not comprehending the nature of the atmosphere of goodwill.

What a good place to be! he thought to himself. At seven-thirty, the school bell rang once and everyone mysteriously disappeared into the gymnasium while the young man was detained by the banker who was also ex-officio the President of the Town Council. After a moment or two, they entered the door to the



Gym to find the entire population of the town rising and applauding.

The young man was led onto the stage at the front of the gym and blushing profusely, he sat in silence while the banker, the minister and the President of the Eastern Star made speeches praising his virtues. When he was given the watch and the scroll, he managed a few sentences of thanks and sat back down while the entire audience turned a single ear to the banker as he rose again. At first, he didn't hear the words, but they began hammering at him in the loud, loud silence.

"...and therefore, not so much for one deed, but because of all you symbolize to us, we the people of Smedleyburg are determined that you should make your home among us. Within our modest abilities we will endeavor to make your fondest dreams come true--if ye will but tarry among us. You have but to speak.."

There was a sharp sound as the audience drew in a single breath--and held it, awaiting a sign from the young man. He sat there for a space, his head bowed, seeming to shrink in that collective gaze. He seemed to shake his head negatively. "Say.." rang from the audience. The young man looked up with terror in his eyes and horror in his soul. He felt dissected before these people--woefully naked. "No!" he whispered. "No..." The banker came toward him, and expectant look on his face and eased him back to the center of the stage--"Please..." came the low crooning murmur in his ear and "Please!" echoed the devotional from beyond.

"You can't--you musn't!" cried the young man, as he attempted to twist away. Suddenly, he stopped and faced the audience again, and although his shoulders sagged and his face was twisted into a mask, his voice rang true. "All right. All right. I'll tell you--but you have no right--nor right to demand this of me. I'll tell you--here and now, before everyone.

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I--I'm--I don't want to--God knows, but you force me--I'm a transvestite!" The fire fairly poured from his eyes and once the word had passed his lips, his entire attitude changed and he stood erect. "Yes. I'm a transvestite--and my dream of dreams is to live my life wearing the clothes and living the life of a girl. Only--only I'm a man, as you have so obligingly pointed out to me. And that's what I want to forget--and that is what I'm looking for." There was long, flat sound of an "Ahhhh." from the audience as the young man went on. "And since I've provided you with so much inspiration, I will leave now, having provided you with a good laugh." And he broke and ran from the stage, through the door and down the road to the highway, too quickly to catch the wave of applause, too quickly to hear the banker call out "Stop! Stop! It's alright!", and just quickly enough to be snatched up and away by a Denver-Chicago diesel just pulling out of Miller's Truckstop.

The following day was a day of gloom in Smedleyburg. The watch and scroll were placed in the bank vault, and life resumed its normal pattern with a bitter tang of disappointment. At the Town Meeting, the following evening, The President of the Town Council introduced a resolution of regret which was passed unanimously and entered into the Town Record. A small bronze plate was ordered to be placed beside the cenotaph in the Town Park, honoring the name of the young man.

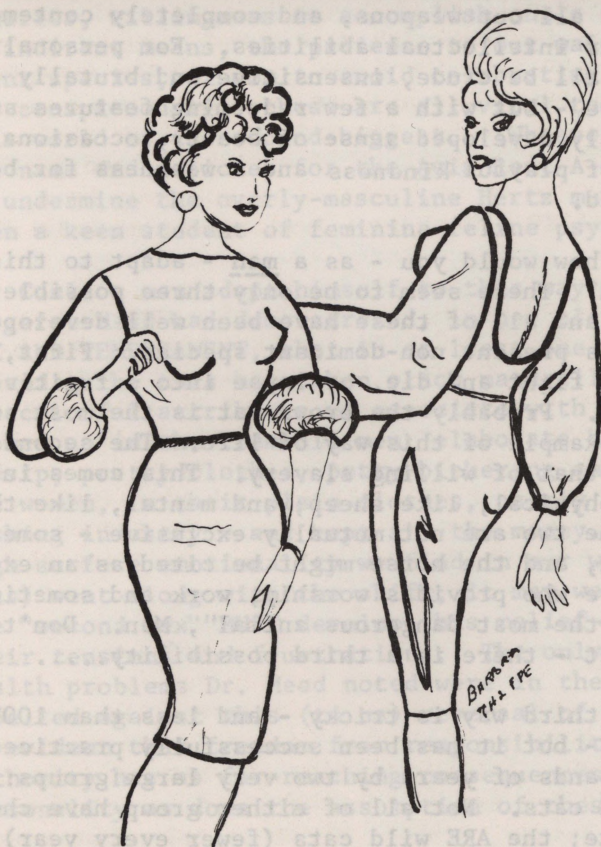
"I think, all in all," said the President, rising again, "It's the very least we can do--in the hopes he'll pass this way again. However, life goes on--the next item on the agenda is our Fourth of July Parade Queen. I think in view of what has happened, the best course for us to take is to select--and understand, I offer this only as a suggestion--that we elect as our queen the captain of our basketball team." With that, he sat down, smoothing his silken skirt modestly over his knees.



There were several loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" and the resolution passed unopposed by voice vote while the honored young man's father felt such a glow of pride and emotion that the moisture that gathered suddenly in the corners of his eyes quite ruined his mascara.

Moral: How many men have the wisdom to recognize their dream--and the courage to seize it?

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Hey SARGE! Decoy SQUAD ENDED LAST MONTH.  
QUIET, OUR WIVES MIGHT FIND OUT.

## ARTICLE

# *What is Femininity?*

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

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In order to throw some new light on this old and battered question, let us visualize a science-fiction situation: the Earth has been conquered by a super-race who number about the same as the surviving humans but are superior enough to crush any revolt instantly. Make them about nine feet tall, immensely strong, immune to all our weapons, and completely contemptuous of all our intellectual abilities. For personality, let them all be crude, insensitive and brutally aggressive - but with a few redeeming features such as a partly developed sense of beauty, occasional flashes of playful kindness and a weakness for being worshipped.

Now, how would you - as a man - adapt to this situation? There seem to be only three possible courses, and all of these have been well developed by Earth's present non-dominant species. First, you could fight and die, or lapse into a fugitive existence. Probably the brown rat is the most successful example of this way of life. The second route is that of willing slavery. This comes in two grades: physical, like sheep; and mental, like the dogs. The two are not mutually exclusive - some dogs work, and the horse might be cited as an example of a slave who provides worship, work and sometimes food to "the most dangerous animal", Man. Don't choose yet - there is a third possibility.....

This third way is tricky - and less than 100% reliable - but it has been successfully practiced for thousands of years by two very large groups: women and cats. Not all of either group have chosen this route; the ARE wild cats (fewer every year) and slavish women (also on the decrease). Wild-type women are in short supply, and slavish cats extremely rare. This delicate art of maintaining the self-



respect of a wild creature, along with the comfort of a domestic one, depend on the use of charm, beauty, a large (but no unlimited!) capacity for being petted, playfulness, neatness and carefully rationed bursts of usefulness. In women, this way of life is called femininity - and, sometimes, felineess!

A few other traits of character would help to make life endurable in an environment where you could be used as a punching-bag at any moment and for no good reason at all. The ability to forgive minor injuries, willingness to accomplish one's ends only by indirect means, the patience to out-wait the dominant species, wisdom to avoid celebrating victories too conspicuously - these are all vital tools in this world of the second-biggest. (Whoever chose the name and policies for the Avis Rent-A-Car System to undermine the overly-masculine Hertz must have been a keen student of feminine-feline psychology!)

Could a man adapt himself to this way of life? Margaret Mead had demonstrated, in her classic study SEX AND TEMPERAMENT, that in at least one Pacific Island tribe this has taken place naturally. All the colorful attributes we associate with women showed up in the Tcambuli men: elaborate hair-do, gossip, pretty clothes, petty bickering and frivolity. The women, in their plain clothes, calmly ran the fishing industry - and kept all the money. The high surface emotionality we find in our women (and cats) went along with the shift; it may well be that the "second sex" MUST develop this relief valve for their tensions and frustrations. The only mental health problems Dr. Mead noted were in the men who rebelled against this (to us) reversal of roles. It is evident that freedom from responsibility and authority has as far-reaching consequences to the personality as does the assumption of these "blessings."

The above discussion appears to have demonstrated that femininity is a way of life - a response that can be called forth in ANY group of adaptable creatures

## *Transmedia*

by the presence of a dominant group. Why, then, do we find so few feminine-male groups in human history? For one cause, remember that women are periodically incapacitated by their biological functions. This certainly puts them at a disadvantage, and probably led to their secondary position in primitive society. (Such a one-sided picture is rare in wild animals, but not unheard of; see black widow spiders). Whether girls' slighter build is inherent, or a genetic result of selection, is not important - their smaller size has certainly been a factor in their continued inferior position. An inherent biological drive towards "motherliness" and "nest-building" has probably made it easier for them to endure domination; but it may be safely said that all the other components of femininity can be plausibly explained as the results of male influence.

So much for the past - now, what about the future? The decline of masculinity started long ago, the day a pint-sized gunman reminded a bullying cowboy that "Mr. Colt made all men equal." What Colt began, Ford and Edison and their successors have about completed - in making all humans equal, and there is not much of the "weaker sex" about a 100 lb. girl at the wheel of a 200 horsepower chrome-trimmed bullet! About all big muscles are good for now is to guide some sort of ball into a highly-commercialized receptacle; the historic way of proving one's superiority by beating up girls has lost most of its charm since some unknown fractions of the little darlings study Karate or carry switch-blade knives in their pretty purses!

Perhaps the day is coming that will see an end to attempts to legislate masculinity and femininity according to sex lines. Will that be the end of both so that all humans fall into one epicene class of Mods - or better, wearing Greek togas? That seems most unlikely; as we should show, femininity in males goes far deeper than the clothes. It might even be that the feminine male will come to enjoy the freedom



that has come to the masculine female in the past 50 years, even to the point of being allowed to change back and forth to fit the costume to the mood.....though long and short hair on alternate days might create some problems for the personnel department, like TWO pictures on badges. Both masculinity and femininity have some positive advantages, besides being reactions to each other, and I know a lot of women who are NOT about to give up their rights to capriciousness, privacy to go about their "trivial" affairs, indulgence in frivolity and that deep calm that comes from knowing that not much is expected of them. Probably lots of men like full-time masculinity, but I'll bet we'll be surprised at how many TVs turn up as soon as it's safe.

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"I thought I'd warned you about putting too much air in them, and then going out into the hot sun."



C. B. - OKLAHOMA





## Circus Daze

by Carol Ruth (49-H-2)

It was bright, that morning in June, but I was very unhappy. I wanted to go to the circus, and Dad had issued one of his ultimatums about the yard work. Either it would be done completely, or I would go nowhere. It made no difference to him that I was 18, and graduated that year with the top twenty in my class. He was still angry with me for---But maybe I should go back a few years and explain the reason for his anger.

When I was born, Mother wanted a girl because she already had three boys. As a result, I was born into a world of pink ruffles and ribbon. Everything she had bought for the new baby was for a beautiful little girl, so rather than let it go to waste, she dressed me in all the pink dresses, satin booties, and lacy bonnetts. Dad resented this, and she resented Dad, and the resentment grew through the years as she continued to let my hair grow, and kept me as a baby girl. I wasn't put into real boy's clothing until I was ready to go to school. Then, after I came home from school, back into the baby bloomers and dresses so Mom could have her little girl. Of course the time soon came when she was forced to give up her fantasy, because the criticism from the neighbors was added to that of Dads. The transition went smoothly enough, or so everyone thought, until I was caught "borrowing" some of Mom's scanties. It was one evening when I thought no-one would be home, and just as I had finished getting all prettied up in a blue satin dress with white slip and pink bloomers under it, everyone walked in the front door. You never heard such shouting!! Naturally I was severely strapped by Dad, and tongue-lashed by Mom, but that only seemed to strengthen my desire to wear lovely silky things. I was caught several times in

the succeeding years, and that was the reason for Dad's feeling toward me, and his anger the day of the circus.

All I could do was to work as fast as I could, and by noon I was done with the yard. I bolted a lunch and ran for my bike to go to the county fair grounds where the circus was all ready to go. The bike was gone: Brother Bob had taken it because his was broken, and of course this was the last straw. I was fit to be tied. Off I went to the circus on foot, and arrived just in time to hear the band swing into the "Thunder and Blazes" entry march. The circus was wonderful, and I was most impressed with the beautiful gowns the girls wore as they rode around the rings on the floats. Then the performance began, and it seemed that each girl had a gown prettier than the last. When they removed the gowns to do their acts, the sequined and spangled tights were thrilling to see!! All I saw that afternoon was girls and more girls. I didn't seem to see the men in the acts at all. I reached a decision. I was going to join the circus!!! After much searching, I located the manager and asked him for a job. Any job at all. (Just so I could be near the beautiful girls in silks and spangles.) The upshot of it all was that I could work for him as an errand boy and general helper, at the magnificent salary of ten dollars a week and board, IF I could get my parents permission.

At home at the supper table, I broached the question. To my surprise it seemed to raise no furor at all. In fact, they seemed to relish the idea of getting rid of me for a summer. I guess I really was the black sheep of the Evans family. The next morning I was at the circus with my Dad, bright and early. He and Marcus, the BOSS, had a long talk, and after a rather stiff handshake goodbye, I was on my own! At first it was a glorious life. The glamor hadn't worn off, and I was still on top of the world after the first week. The work wasn't



hard. I imagine I was given all the small jobs because I was small. I was 5' 7" tall, but only weighed 120 at that time. In the second week of my life in the sawdust world the event happened that was to change my life.

The beautiful Carole, our "poser" fell from the platform she occupied above the center ring when a cable slipped. The doctors at the hospital told the BOSS she would not be able to work for several months, due to the injuries to her back and legs, and this was a severe blow to the show. She commanded the attention of the audience each time the rings were changed for a new act. Her continual swaying, twisting, and fluttering of her beautiful gowns and veils, while in the colorful glow of the spotlights brought oohs and aahs from everyone, and she would be sorely missed. That night as usual, I was in the pay-wagon with the BOSS as the discussion went on. There was no girl that could be spared from another act, and there wasn't time to hire one and teach her the routine. I don't know what made me do it, but all of a sudden everyone was looking at me in astonishment because of what I had said. Only then I realized that I had said, "I can do it!!" I hurried on then and explained that I had watched Carole closely, and knew her every move, and that she and I were both dark haired and about the same size, and that I wouldn't mind doing it, "For the good of the show." Of course, I was thinking of all those wonderful gowns and veils, and all the frilly things under them. All these could be mine if I could pull this off. Questions flew fast and furious for a while, and I must have given the correct answers, because soon we adjourned to the trailer previously occupied by Carole. Gowns, dainty undies, and high heels were taken from their resting places, and I was commanded to "Dress". Everything fit me as if it were mine except the shoes. Try as I might, I just couldn't squeeze into them. Then I was commanded to go through the act. I did all the poses I could remember, and the

BOSS said OK. I was sent to a near-by shopping center to buy heels to fit, and the next morning nearly all the crew and cast were in the tent to watch the new "Carole" go through her act. There were a few catcalls and some laughs as I swayed and twisted through the routine, but when I came down, some of the girls came and congratulated me. There were offers to help me with my makeup, and offers to help me with my feminine mannerisms while I was in costume. The biggest boost to my vanity was, however, when I overheard the BOSS say to the Ringmaster, "She does pretty good, don't you think?"

In the trailer, which was to be mine as long as I was doing the act, I was dressing for the afternoon performance. A beautiful Spandex and lace torsolette, with suitable padding, was the first to be put on. The black lace hose with sparkling sequins were then carefully rolled up my legs and snugly anchored with three garters on each side. Black satin panties were next, and they fit me like a second skin, feeling lovely as I walked to the closet to get my heels. The shoes were silver, with only 2½" heels to start with, because I was not yet clever enough to master higher ones. Then a floor length white filmy petticoat which had floating panels of sequined lace. A gown of nylon, satin, and lace was the topper. The bodice of satin fit snugly around my padded bosom, and the flowing white skirts of nylon and lace billowed beautifully as I walked about the trailer to get accustomed to the heels. I went to the next trailer for one of the girls to help me with my wig and makeup, and soon had four of them assisting me to get lipstick correctly applied, rouge in the right spot, powder patted here and there to cut the reflection of the spotlights, and my wig securely fastened so it would not fly off in the course of the act. When I walked through the entry of the main tent in the ready area, I actually heard a couple of real honest wolf-whistles. I still wasn't satisfied though, until the end of the show when, as I twisted and whirled my way through the finale, I



heard the ever rising applause that always was given to the real Carole. Then I knew I was a success. I had it made!! I hooked my arm through the lowering harness, and as I was brought down amid a crescendo of circus music and applause, I was the happiest "girl" in the world. I bowed to all sides of the great tent, and hurried out to the congratulations of my circus "family". Yes, I was circus now. I would be accepted into the inner circle of circus life, and could share the happiness as well as the sorrows of my large family. The BOSS came up and shook my hand, and told me the job was mine as long as Carole was ill, and that I was to get the same salary. He couldn't know of course, that I would have done it for half, as long as I could live as Carole.

Three months later Carole came "home". I thought sorrowfully of all the lovely clothes I would soon have to give up, and the wonderful feeling of being accepted as "one of the girls". I had been taken into their circle, and spent many evenings lolling on a couch in one or the other of their trailers, watching television, or just talking "girl talk". This would be over as soon as Carole had a few days of practice, or so I thought. Imagine my surprise when I was called to the BOSS and told that there would be a sister act now, billing us as "CAROLE & CAROL"!!! The platform was made larger, and we worked up a new act that brought ever-increasing plaudits and comments throughout the remainder of our tour. When at last the circus pulled into winter quarters, we had already signed contracts for the next five years, at a substantial increase in salary, and with the show picking up the tab for scads of new and even more lovely costumes. Oh by the way, I still occupied one end of the trailer, while Carole lived in the other, and very soon we will be occupying it all together. We got the license last week, and today at two o'clock, in the center ring, I will be wearing a man's suit for perhaps the last time in many years, as we exchange the vows, "To love,

honor, and obey. Till death do us part". Mom and Dad will be there, and while they still do not fully understand me and my desires, at least they have accepted it as the thing I seem to be cut out for. They are delighted with my bride-to-be, and I actually think Mom is a bit jealous of the lovely clothing she saw me in during the performance yesterday. We won't have time for a honeymoon because we are busy perfecting our routine for next season, beside putting on week-end performances for the winter tourists who hit Florida and want to see a circus. We don't care for a honeymoon anyway. I know I wouldn't feel right in a shirt and trousers, and my Carole likes me better in a dress. Besides, it took a long time to grow my beautiful hair, and I won't cut it now.

The next time you see a circus poster, examine it closely, and if you see the billing, "Carole & Carol", be sure and come. We're up on the platform above the center ring, and we'll entertain you each time the main lights dim to change the acts. You will be able to tell us apart only one way though. I'm the one with the biggest smile. Wave at me, won't you? I'll be sure to wave back.

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## *Penny Poems*

by Diane Jordan

Clean shaven from eyelids  
to toes he felt clean  
for the first time in  
either of his two lives.

The most daring thing he  
ever tried was stepping,  
heels and all, into the  
dark of a chest x-ray unit.



## Teenage TV

by Diane Grant (5-J-4) FPE

I was born on the west coast, in 1947. That's right, I am only 19. I have two older sisters and two sisters the exact same age. We are triplets.

In our family album I have seen photos of me at the ages of one to five in which I was wearing a dress. My parents were not rich and I assume that we were all dressed the same way for reasons of economy.

When I was between seven and ten it became regular practice to punish me by forcing me to wear a dress. I wore it over my own underthings.

I remember being forced to wear a dress for an entire week. During that week some of my friends came over to see if I wanted to play baseball. At that time I just couldn't find enough places to hide, but luckily I was successful enough to hide from them.

At the end of that week I felt funny about giving up the dress. In a way, I wanted to keep it, and yet I was afraid of the dress. For some unknown reason that was the last time I was punished in that way.

About this time I started to be envious of my sisters, mainly because I felt my parents were giving more attention to my sisters than to me. At first it was just slight but it seemed to grow. My parents were always helping my sisters. If they needed money, transportation or anything, my parents were always there to help. It was seldom or never that my

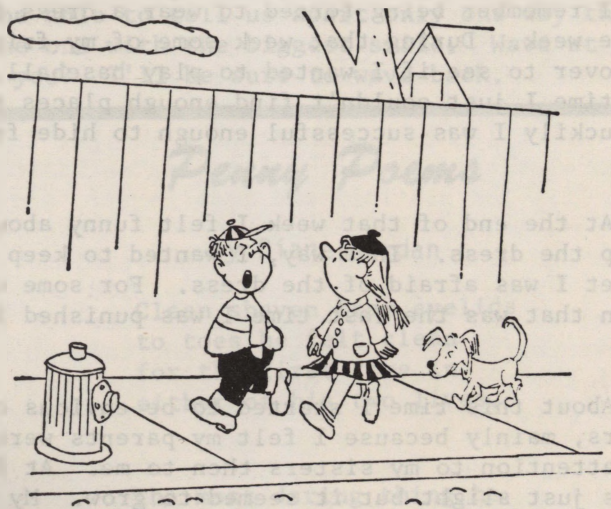
## Transvestia

parents would express such interest in anything that I did. When I would excel in sports, I would be told, "Fine. Keep it up." And this was the extent of their interest in anything I did.

It was about this time - between eleven and twelve years old - that I began to feel that if I were a girl, maybe I would receive more attention.

I began dressing little by little until I had a full outfit, panties, slip and shoes etc. It became a regular practice for me to come home from school and dash to my room. Here I would bring out a box of very feminine articles. It was a collection of what I could buy or borrow from my sisters and still keep it a secret. This provided me with my greatest happiness. I indulge in this pleasure at least twice a week now, in the privacy of my room.

Although I am a rather young TV, I hope as time goes on, I will grow to equal the success of some of my TV sisters.



"You're not only a member of the opposite sex,  
you're a girl."

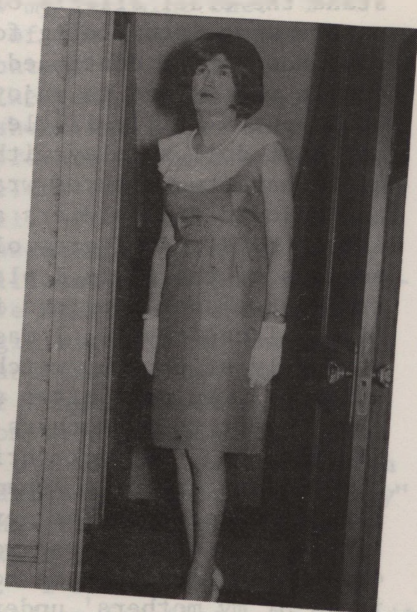




Audrey (30-C-1)



Rita (32-Z-2) FPE



Carol (35-L-3)

## *Letters to The Editor*

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Dear Virginia;

I want to thank you for bringing a whole new world to me via Transvestia. I had thought that for the last year, since I have been living alone, that I could ask for no more--that my cup runneth over, but you have increased my happiness immeasurably. I have only recently discovered TVia and can hardly wait for the next issue to come out.

I am what is charitably called a mature male (legally anyway). I became aware that I was different from the other little boys of my acquaintance when I was about four years of age and was told that my liking for dolls and tea things was unbecoming in a young man. I couldn't understand why anything so much fun was to be considered wrong but I did understand the cruel affects of ridicule and so my feminine nature went into hiding for the most part. On the sly, however, I continued to play house with a girl cousin who seemed to enjoy my company very much. She would put a frilly little apron on me and let me have her best doll to play with. Even then though, I seemed to have two natures wrapped up in the same skin and enjoyed toy soldiers and guns as well as other little boys. As I grew older I found myself being envious of the girls I played with--their cute little frocks awakened longings in me that I could not define. I can't yet. I was about twelve when I was strangely stirred by watching a girl apply her lipstick. I ran home after school and, finding the house empty, went to my mothers vanity and awkwardly put lipstick on. The act thrilled me but at the same time I was furiously ashamed of myself and washed my lips immediately. The next time I did it I was a little less ashamed and wore the lipstick a bit longer. Gradually I became more bold and began to put on items of my mothers' underclothing from time to time. When I was about fifteen I was almost exactly the same size as my mother and could wear all her things,

including shoes. I wonder how many mothers have unwittingly shared their clothing with their sons. I dressed many times during my youth but when I grew older and began to go out with girls my passion for feminine attire was somewhat allayed but by no means extinguished. I married and it was not long before my wife had discovered my secret. She was quite tolerant for many years--even bought me things from time to time. Eventually however, we began to drift apart for reasons having nothing to do with transvestism, and once again I found myself pierced with the barbs of ridicule--if we had words I was sure to lose the argument because of her taunts about my tastes. She was decent enough, though, not to mention my abnormality at the time of the divorce.

I long ago decided that I would never share my secret with another unless he or she were equally culpable in the eyes of society. It would be wonderful to find a female TV whose masculine nature would be the perfect complement to my feminine one. I would love to play the part of the wife and let her play hubby to her heart's content. "He" would have to perform the tasks I dislike such as washing the car and replacing faucet washers and I, in turn, would keep a spotless apartment, prepare the meals and do the shopping. I am an excellent cook and can do other household chores equally well. Of course I'd want a person who did not equate masculinity with vulgarity and who was reasonably intelligent, kind and considerate. I imagine many TVs have dreamed of such a relationship. I'd like to begin right after the marriage ceremony by going home and trading clothes. She would take the rings off her finger and slip them on mine and we would begin a complete reversal of the husband-wife relationship. I could go on and on with endless variations of this dream--for instance "hubby" would get the whole "pipe-and-slippers" bit if he wanted it and "he" would always remember to buy some frilly gift on special days. I'm sure there will be some such arrangement in paradise for those who want it.

You asked your readers, Virginia, to try to come



## *Transvestia*

up with some answers as to what really gives us our satisfaction in cross dressing. I wish I could help, but to me it is like trying to describe the fragrance of the rose, the fugitive caress of an April breeze or the dreamy quality of a like reflecting moonlight.

Surely there is no simple answer. The feel of silk, the yummy smell of perfume, the swirl of a skirt around the legs--all these things contribute to the glorious feeling of femininity, but by themselves do not account for it. As I sit here I am trying to analyze what it is that I feel around my chest. As I learned to do with the help of TVia I have simulated cleavage very well with tape, and the jelly-filled inserts in my brassiere look most realistic. I close my eyes and ask myself what it is that I feel. The physical feeling is similar to what I might feel if I were wearing a bandage over a wound on my chest. This doesn't excite me at all. Then I feel the flesh that swells out and up over my brassiere; it feels very pleasant but it is hard to say whether my hand feels good to my breast or my breast to my hand. Probably both but I cannot tell. Then I get up and look at myself in a mirror--I am wearing a negligee so that I can see my breasts. I adore what I see but will anyone in the world other than another TV ever understand why? I have been wearing lipstick all morning and feel nothing on my lips but I know that they are painted and this makes me feel good. I plan to bake a cake this afternoon and will enjoy every moment of the work partly because I like cake but mostly because it is usually a feminine activity and I love doing feminine things--part of the time. I think that our love for the feminine is increased by the fact that our activities are forbidden. I may be wrong of course since it is hard to visualise a society in which transvestism would be accepted. But if every truck driver could pull up to a filling station and powder his nose and repair his lipstick without exciting comment or if it were known that ball players were wearing lace panties underneath their uniforms, would these things have the same thrill

for the TV? Again, merely being forbidden doesn't make TVism attractive--there are a great many social taboos and we manage to get along without breaking them. I suppose the explanation lies somewhere in our glands or in our psyche but I have little patience with Neo-Freudian glibness. I suspect that there is about as much myth as science in Freudianism.

Anyway, I don't really care whether science finds out what makes us tick. I wouldn't accept a "cure" for this "disease" even if all the fabled wealth of the Indies were used to entice me. At this moment, dressed and talking of the subject that is dearest to my heart I am very happy and it is a happiness that could not be duplicated by having mere riches. Naturally enough I'd like to have a great deal of money and stay the way I am now--I'd cause a great boom in the fur and silk trade and then I could open up a clubhouse for TVs built on the lines of, say, the Taj Mahal, built on some isle far from the haunts of mere men.

Since I am not likely to fall heir to fabulous riches at this late date, I shall make out as best I can by looking forward to the time when I can communicate and meet other TVs of both sexes. Best wishes and continued success with TVia.

PATRICIA

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Dear Virginia,

After having become a member in our FPE Sorority, I decided to write my life story with the help of my 'brother' Harry, and the effect I've had upon him. The beginning of my life is very hard to pinpoint which is similar to other TVs. I would say that I was 'born' when Harry was about 4-5 years old. His mother allowed him to wear her shoes around the house. The training of walking around in heels early in life was to prove invaluable in my later life with Harry.

## *Transvestia*

This was as far as I grew until Harry was about 10-11 years old when I decided that if I was to grow and develop into a mature woman in time with Harry's development, I'd better exercise a little force. This force consisted of Harry, when his mother was away from the home, going into his mother's drawers and secreting an article (bra, girdle, etc) for further use. This went on until one night Harry took off his PJs, put on a black bra and fell asleep. The next morning his mother discovered this and said that instead of secreting the clothes, all he had to do was ask. This remark was to prove valuable later on.

Harry's development continued through time until he was dressing up completely excluding wig and make-up (an occasional lipstick here and there) but without his mother's knowledge. He very rarely asked for something of hers since he didn't know me then. Once I even went outside for a few minutes when his mother was gone. Unfortunately my hair was the same as Harry's - a flat top. One time his mother almost found out about me when she returned early and I was fully dressed. Fortunately Harry was able to stall long enough for me to disappear. This dressing up continued on the side until Harry joined the Marine Corps in 1961. While he was stationed in Memphis, Tenn., he learned of Transvestism and through reading all he could find on the subject, finally began to understand me, his sister Sheila. I didn't exert any force upon Harry until he was stationed at El Toro, in California. There he found a lot more on the subject. Gradually I started building a wardrobe through Harry and I must say that he came up with some good stories for his buying the articles. I had to give a little because he wanted to read all he could find on TV and he couldn't afford a great deal so I just bided my time. His mother also learned of me in my maturing state about this time when Harry started writing to her and reminding her of the time when she had said that all he had to do was ask. Her acceptance of me wasn't to be for some time but I worked at it whenever I had the chance in letters, etc. On



Harry's first leave home after having told her of his desires (he still didn't understand me though) which was about late 1962, I got dressed up, but without wig or make-up, since I didn't have any then. His mother shied away from me at first but gradually got used to me after a little while. With the help of a close friend, his mother got a basic understanding of TVism which has helped in her acceptance of me.

Then Harry went and loused me up for all time. He got some tattoos (the permanent kind), but when I realized that he was used to them and didn't mind them, I decided that since we had a lifetime ahead of us I might as well get used to them also. His mother also expressed disapproval but realized that nothing could be done about them now. For a year everything went okay. Then Harry made a mistake. He wrote to the police of a big city asking about the law and TVism. They wrote to his Commanding Officer and that curtailed any plans I'd made for some time.

Some time passed before I came out again. This was on Harry's next leave. He had asked his mother to help him with make-up and all since I thought that it was about time that I developed the art of its use. Harry had been buying me clothes and had gotten me a wig so I looked decent. His mother did a wonderful job on me. She realized that I was a part of Harry and non-acceptance would only complicate matters so she went along. I was, however, still her son dressed as a woman. With Harry's help and quite a few letters to her with my hand in them she is getting to know me better all the time. During Harry's ensuing leaves I was to get dressed up on many occasions if only to be around the house, which was the case all too many times, but it couldn't be helped. On one occasion I got dressed up in front of my stepfather. I still do it and he understands sufficiently for the time. My wardrobe has continued to grow until now I have a fair sized collection.

## *Transvestia*

During the Summer of 1964, when Harry went to Camp Pendleton, California, he came in contact with a publication called 'Transworld Classified'. Through this medium he started writing to several TVs and in these letters I can and do come out in full force since we both have similar interests. A while later Harry came into contact with TVia. The instant I saw it I knew that it was just what he and his mother needed to further their understanding of me. Since reading through several issues (several courtesy of a sister TV) I have gained much information and growth. I also learned of the varying degrees of TVism. I am more than happy to say that with both of us working together, our one body has risen to the highest level of TVism, that being the group calling themselves FPs. Though we as one, are about the equivalent of neophytes on this level, I know that Harry and I shall not remain this way for long. Since joining the FPE Sorority, I have been pestering Harry to go to a meeting of the local chapter but due to unforeseen things we have been unable to make it. However, in time, we'll go.

SHEILA (5-M-9)

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Dear Virginia,

I have just finished reading "A transvestite defends husbands in dresses," and have been invited to "Comment on the ideas expressed in this series", I accept, gratefully, and thank you.

First, I will offer a discription of myself as I have good reasons for it, as you will see.

I am a woman in my middle fifties, white, natural platinum-blond hair and blue eyes, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, heavy set but nicely proportioned. I wear size 28½ dresses, 44 c bras, size 10 hose, 8-8½ shoes. I am American-born, English and Irish descent. I love beautiful clothes, especially soft, fluffy, lacy lingerie ect. But can't afford them.

Now, what has all this got to do with transvestites and Femmiphilia? Just this: I agree. Please let me try to explain why. It's simple enough. If a man and a woman both love beautiful, feminine "dainties", and both are about the same size, it stands to reason that our closets will be bulging with beautiful things which we both can wear. Right? I have no objections to "husbands in dresses" as long as he does it in the privacy of our own home. In fact I would welcome it and love him the more for it. In dresses, he would be my dearest lady-friend, and in trousers he would be my dearest husband.

I further believe that a man who is interested in feminine things, would be more tender and gentle in his love-making, and this is of great importance to a woman. Another thing of importance is that he would always take care that he is clean-shaven and neat in his personal appearance and manners. He would also be a steady and reliable provider, and would want and have a beautiful home to "match" the beautiful clothes. I would consider myself very lucky indeed to be married to a Femmepersonator, and his secret would be our secret, alone.

I would be very proud to have our friends drop in and admire the lovely home we'd have and all the beautiful clothes that "my husband bought for me". Yes, he would get all the credit as they would think he did all this just for me. It is my wish and my desire too, that he love me above all other people.

Signed,

A very much interested woman

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LETTERS 



## *Transmedia*

Dear Virginia,

Sorry that I haven't written to you much sooner. I finally received the prints of our seminar and am sending two group pictures.

I can't really express in words how wonderful it was, meeting you and all the other lovely girls and being able to be a girl amongst other girls in such a nice way.

My GG, Jeanette and I, may have been pretty quiet people during the hen-sessions, but I guess maybe we're just good listeners.

Cindy enjoyed every moment, living the life she desires and you know Virginia, since then, Cindy is completely out in the daylight. After many talks with Corrine and Darlene, and also Marie, we went home Memorial Day, two very happy people, without any fears or anxious moments any more.

On arriving home Jeanette and I discussed "Cindy" with each of our kids, showed them pictures of Cindy and of others in TVia, and really explained how Cindy came about and lived all these years. They both think I am okay in every way. My son is 16 years old and daughter is 13. Of course, my son snooped occasionally in my belongings and tried figuring out the situation. My daughter discovered Cindy several times just before last Xmas, sleeping in the prettiest nighties with hair piece and all; that was while my GG was in the hospital.

Now Cindy is like a big sister to her, and she tells me things and asked questions, that she's afraid to ask her mother!

Fathers Day came last Sunday, and just imagine what Chuck received as gifts! A set of very pretty, bright yellow shorty pj's (lace and nylon) plus other dainty things like another pretty bra and stockings.

## *Transvestia*

So you can see Cindy has been accepted completely in this house. Even though Chuck is here most of the time, I'm always being asked when is Cindy going to get dressed. I usually do one or twice a week, just in the house. Of course I do wear my pretty nighties most of the time to bed.

Jeanette and I are both thanking you again for the opportunity of meeting you and learning so much about the Sorority and our group. Am keeping in mind about writing each of our views on FP's and about Cindy's acceptance.

Till next time, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

CINDY

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Dear Editor,

When I became aware of my tastes in clothing, I naturally sought explanations, and pursued several lines of inquiry before I discovered your organization. As the result of these, I have information from various groups, psycho-analytic, sociological, historical, etc...Freud had ideas which were useful and, of course your group added substantially to the store of information.

Transvestism is attributed to a long list of causes, but there is a transcending concept threaded through them all, and to me this suggests something which may be of value to everyone. It is suggested that a nearly universal sex psycho-neurosis exists and is manifest in regular pre-occupation with sex identification of the individual. Certainly it is important that sex identification be known for purposes of love making and reproduction, but its import-

## *Transvestia*

ance is certainly much less in all other activities, yet by tradition the individual is clothed, almost from birth, in such a way that the sex of the person can be determined almost as far as he can be seen. Why? Doesn't this indicate a functionally abnormal pre-occupation with sex?

It is certainly more important that doctors be distinguished from non-doctors, yet this is generally done with a piece of paper or an insignificant pin, or both. The same can be said of Ph Ds and others, yet the inability to tell at a glance is apparently of no concern: A pin or a diploma will do as well.

The ability to tell sex by clothing worn serves to attract men to women, but this includes undesirable men at times, and in a few instances has been of injurious or even fatal results to women.

What I am attempting to do is lay the foundation for a separation of sex identities by types of clothing worn. In other words, let each person wear whatever he pleases. If both sexes were free to wear high or low heels, sox or nylons, skirts, capris, blouses or shirts, etc., it would correct some of the difficulties and give greater freedom to everyone. It seems to me that the public would be more likely to accept such a thing than it would to accept outright imitation of females by males, as there is always a dislike for deceit, no matter how altruistic. I am afraid that the concept of the superiority of the male is so deeply ingrained on religious grounds that the dual personality concept you are attempting to attain tolerance for will be very slow in coming.

Though I have gone to occasional Halloween parties dressed as a girl (and won prizes at them), I would dislike having to do it all the time. The clothing is pretty, but it is hard to take care of, too hot during the summer, and it takes too long to put on and take off. Make-up presents the same situation: Although it is capable of striking changes



## Transvestia

in one's appearance, continual practice appears mandatory, and it is time consuming.

Left to my own inclinations, I favor variety. Once in awhile I would go to full costume at either extreme, but most of the time comfort, convenience, and my feelings of the moment would govern. Probably a composite costume would prevail. During warm weather, perhaps shirt, bermudas, nylons and heels for lounging around.....

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I KNOW YOU WORE HAND-ME-DOWNS  
AS A KID DAD, BUT YOU HAD AN OLDER  
BROTHER!



Rosemary (42-N-1) FPE



Barbara Le (13-D-4) FPE



Lynne (49-F-1) FPE



## Book Review

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

---

THE AMERICAN MALE, by Myron Brenton; Coward-McCann,  
New York; 233 pp + 12 biblio notes + 6 index; (1966)  
\$5.95

The subtitle "A penetrating look at the masculinity crisis" is quite descriptive of the contents. Brenton is not the first author to recognize the state of crisis now approaching full bloom, but his is certainly the clearest voice yet heard on the subject. Comparison with "The Feminine Mystique" and "The Second Sex" is inevitable - but probably useless, as the adjustment problem of the male is not only opposite to but different in scope from that of the woman. The girls are merely trying to rise into equality; the men have the more delicate and worrisome task of climbing down from an excessive eminence on which their fore-fathers' false pride placed them. (Anyone who has watched a kitten learning to climb trees will appreciate the relative difficulty of descent!)

This book might almost be a sequel to "The Dangerous Sex" recently reviewed here, as it starts from the basis of male dislike and fear of all things feminine. It then goes on to show the damage this patriarchal attitude has done to the men themselves. In fact, the quotation at the beginning of the last chapter (VII) would have done much to enhance the earlier book. It says, in essence, that men have always feared to enter into fair competition with women as they have felt (with reason) that the only way to break even with the biologically superior sex was with a stacked deck! Again, retreat from this position will be painful, but the loss of most of the excuses for muscle-based "superiority" makes it



inevitable.....and soon.

The author deserves great credit for emphasizing the weakness of Freudian theory, and the importance of the more modern concepts of femininity in men and vice versa. (His deflation of the Playboy image of masculinity is also a joy to behold, and should be reproduced on every Bunny's costume!) His thesis is that, in a reasonable society, no one need be dominated nor dominating on a full-time basis. The ideal family is pictured as an ever-shifting balance of authority, with each person willing and able to take the lead in his or her areas of competence. This flexibility reminds me of what I see in the happier TV households, where the wife not only tolerates her husband's periodic spells of femininity, but takes them in a matter-of-fact way. The situation he describes corresponds in depth with my advice to "Make friends with your wife--if possible." This, says the author, is the way to true manliness of a kind that does not require all the propping-up rituals needed to sustain the fragile concept of patriarchal masculinity.

I am tempted to read too much into page 213, where he says, "only when each individual of either sex learns, in a sense, to act out the other's roles, can the two sexes really and essentially communicate with each other." Could he be advocating cross-dressing as a sort of family psychotherapy? I fear not; he mentions transvestites only once, and then in no very flattering way. Still, I cannot help but feel that our way of life is basically in accord with his philosophy - and that the "hard man in a hard hat" will be all the better husband for being a "lady to the fingertips" a few hours a week. So take that \$5 you saved on "The Disappearing Sexes" and invest it here; you need this book far more than you do that new purse!

## *Hawaiian Holiday*

by Virginia

Although my vacation in Hawaii last year seemed almost too good to be true, my being there this year was no less so. After the turmoil, worries, expenses and what not of this past year it was a real blessing. There were times during the past year when I truly didn't know whether I was going to make it or not. I mean really. I was so hurt by what was being done to me, so exasperated at the injustices practiced on me and physically tired from trying to keep two businesses going while all the rest was going on that there were times when it all seemed just too much.

But today that all seems so far away not only in time and distance but as a human experience. I'm writing the first part of this report at the Hanalei Plantation on the isle of Kauai in Hawaii. Looking out over the quiet green hills and the peaceful bay and considering this gorgeous room makes all the past year very remote, even improbable, and that is what I have needed for a long time. But let's go back to the beginning.

I left L.A. via PanAm on Nov. 1st. about 11 A.M. and arrived in Honolulu about 2:30 their time after an uneventful flight except for a wonderful meal, champagne and all. I can't understand the ways of airlines but it seems that on this one flight only, you can go economy and get tourist service which includes a meal. I didn't get any last year, so this was great. If any of you plan to go to Hawaii remember this.

Last year I was a Malahini which is Hawaiian for a visitor, a first timer. This time, while not exactly

a resident I began to qualify as a Kamaaina. The ride in from the airport seemed very familiar from last year. I stayed in a different hotel this time-- the Reef Towers for any who have been in Honolulu - and had a beautiful big room. Going out onto Kalakau Avenue, which is the main drag of Waikiki, everything seemed like just the day before. It was like waking up on Monday morning and going back to where you left off on Friday. The shops were the same, the ever present racks of MuuMuus and Aloha shirts for the men were just as before. Everything was just as I left it last year. Even the "sale" signs were identical. I felt that I had really never been gone.

One of our number lives in Honolulu and asked me to call him when I arrived. I did so and he very graciously showed me around parts of the island that I had not seen last year. He is an accomplished surfer and as we came upon a little bay in which several surfers were practicing their pastime he told me a few things about surfing. His observations about it were very interesting and had such broad connotations that I am going to reserve them as the subject for a separate Virgin Views in a future issue to avoid making this column too long. Needless to say I was very appreciative of his kindness in showing me around and in taking me to and from the airport when I went to Kauai.

I made two new friends there too. In TVia #41 I mentioned meeting a wonderful minister and his wife in San Francisco. I had asked this man who in Hawaii was doing a similar piece of work and he gave me a name. (Any of our readers in Hawaii who would like to contact him may write to me for the name.) I called this man, told him I was a friend of his friend in San Francisco and that I would like to meet him. He arranged to come down and pick me up and take me up to his home where I met his wife. I played it straight as just a visiting woman friend of his friend for about a half an hour and the visit was quite friendly but somewhat ordinary. Then I got





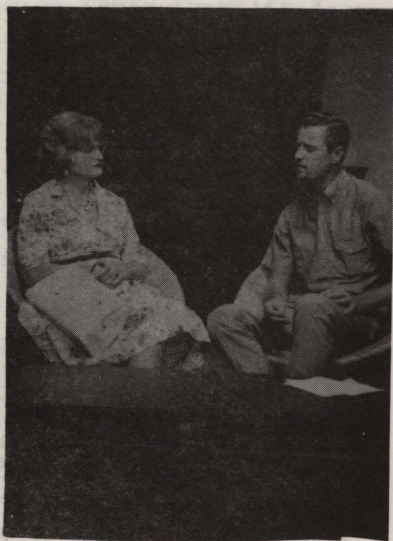
"South Sea Rose"



My Bicycling Costume



Honolulu Airport



TV on TV talking about IV  
Rev. Larry Jone's show  
"DIALOGUE"

around to talking about TV and my work and finally told them about myself. This almost floored them but the evening really got interesting after that and none of us felt like breaking it off in the wee hours but we did. On the way back to the hotel he asked me if I would be willing to tape a TV session for him and in addition to have luncheon with a group of his young and progressive fellow ministers on my return from Kauai. I agreed to both.

The next day I took off for Kauai--finally--. I have never seen such rain as came down that morning. My friend could hardly see the road to drive me to the airport and the plane was an hour late taking off. But we did make it and finally landed on Kauai. I was walking along toward the baggage area and past the men from the various touring services. One was calling out passenger names--Jones, White, "Bruce"! I turned to him and said I was Virginia Bruce. (For traveling, lectures, credit cards etc. I use the name Bruce instead of Prince) He had my name on the list for Coco Palms Hotel where I was to stay. Then he remembered me from last year much to my surprise. He handled my 4 motor trips between hotels and airport while I was there and gave me a financial break on each of them. Each time it was, "honey", "dear" or "darlin'" and he was very selicitous. You can all imagine that this kind of attention annoyed me--you can imagine that if you want to, but you'd be nuts. Naturally I loved it. Anyway he got me to Coco Palms.

I stayed there about 8 days and enjoyed it greatly. They have a nice library and I read the history of the islands, dipped briefly into the anthropology of the original Hawaiians, and other things. I took a Hula lesson by myself--just the teacher and I--and she said I did very well. It is an interesting challenge to learn to use the muscles, bones, and joints of your body in entirely new ways, not just the hula motions themselves, but in an attempt to loosen up, be more flexible and move with grace which



males do not do. Just one of the lost (to the male) arts. It rained considerably on Kauai too, so for something to do I put on my bathing suit and my shocking pink (like the suit) beach dress--a terry cloth affair to wear over a wet bathing suit, a rain bonnet covered by a wind scarf and topped with a big straw beach hat also pink. I took by parasol which each room is equipped with, and in this get up decided to go wading in the ocean in the rain. I had a wonderful time, picked up a few interesting pieces of driftwood and as a walking pink apparition frightened a few hardy fishermen and a few amazed drivers on the road that runs right along the beach. But it was great fun, typically feminine foolishness and why not, I came out there to let go and be Virginia so I did and I was.

Each night, because I was a long term guest, I was invited to the cocktail party given by the manager. At one of these I met a handsome blonde young man who was also alone. He was a writer and as I had mentioned something about coming there to write I was billed as a writer too in the introduction and had to back out of that a bit as I wasn't in a position to say what I was writing. Anyway we got on well and had dinner together 2 or 3 times--dutch-as it was no fun eating alone. We also assayed a 3 mile hike together up behind the hotel to the Opaikaa (O-pa-e-ka-a) Falls. He took the picture of me printed here. I also acquired on this hike a semi-permanent, non-wilting, pretty pink lei. Namely, a circle of sunburn above my dress line and below my hair. I got a good cooking in that area. Funny thing--it seems you can't get away from your neighbors no matter where you travel. This chap turned out to live up on the top of the same hill on which I live and drives up and down my street every day. Of course he didn't know what was what re: Virginia, but it was amusing that he should be so close. Someday I'm going to visit him as Charles and "blow his mind" as the hipsters say, by telling him.

As I indicated in the last issue one of my



reasons for going to Hawaii besides the fact that I love it there, was the fact that I wanted to start work on my book. I was a good girl and did work on it to the extent of about 50 pages typed. I'm doing it as an autobiography with philosophy and ideas anent TV thrown in as they developed with me. I have gotten as far as the Post Office problems of about 5 years ago which the older readers will recall. But I also proof read the first half of the revised Wives book and began compiling the statistics on about 50 more questionnaires, so you see I did some work as I promised. I regret that my absence delayed my mail handling but it couldn't be helped, I had to get away.

Well, to cut the story a little shorter, I wanted to see some other parts of the island so I went to Hanalei on the north shore for two days but it was too expensive, too lonely and too little to do so I transferred myself to the south shore to a little place called Peipu Beach. There I enjoyed swimming a couple of times and renting one of these Fiberglass surfboard-like things with a glass plate in it so that you can swim out and watch the fish on the bottom. Had a lot of fun doing that and gathered about 5 shades of tan in one hour. Immediately afterward I was just swimming in the bay in front of the hotel when another woman came in and I struck up a conversation with her. The upshot of it was that we decided to rent a couple of bicycles that afternoon and ride up the coast to a place called the spouting horn. The water runs in a tunnel in the lava and the end of it is open to the top so the water squirts up like Old Faithful accompanied by a low roar like a tuba. The fun of this ride was the fact that it was the first time I had ridden a girl's bike in a skirt. It was too hot and humid for capris. Of course, the skirt would ride up my legs as I peddled and as it was much too sticky to wear a slip I just had on some lacy panties. This evidently provided a somewhat provocative view to the male motorists driving toward us. This of course amused me no end. Men! Sometimes



AT  
COCO PALMS  
HOTEL

← ENTRANCE



PALM GROVE →



← LAGOON



I wonder how women have put up with them except for necessity for the last several thousand years. Anyway the bike ride was great fun but very perspiring in the heat.

The swimming incidentally needs a word of explanation. No bathing cap really keeps the water out and water will of course ruin the set of a wig. My solution was to take an old wig that didn't have much life left in it, put it on and pin it on well and then put the bathing cap on before leaving the room. With the ear flaps up there was considerable hair showing which was appropriate for on the beach wear. But when going in the water with the flaps down most of the hair is tucked in like you intended to but a few wisps are left out just for effect. Don't take the cap off when you come out, just turn the flaps up. Any decent cap fits too tight to be able to take it off without removing the wig too.

Finally came the beginning of the home trip which meant going back to Honolulu. That night I was picked up by my minister friend and his wife and we went to the TV studio. At this point we had a kind of first, a "TV on TV". Others may have talked about it in the masculine role, but I was there as Virginia and was interviewed for about 20 minutes before I was asked what personal interest I had in the field--it had all been professional before that--and I dropped to my masculine voice and confessed all. I learned later that the engineer who had been monitoring it in the control room nearly blew his mind when I revealed myself. We covered the subject rather completely starting with my Hawaiian paper for the psychiatrists last year and going thru the magazine, the philosophy, FPE, and my personal experiences and feelings after my own TVism had been revealed. The tape will be shown on both commercial and educational stations in Honolulu. It's a beginning and a good place to start, because it is somewhat disconcerting to have that mike around your neck (it obscured my nice cleavage-darn it) and having



2 or 3 big camers poking their noses at you. Just as well to have the experience where the audience is somewhat limited instead of on some show that might go over a network. I think I can handle the latter now and as a matter of fact I think the time is about ripe for it. Any way it came off well.

Then next day we had the luncheon. There were 14 of us--one GG. I talked for about an hour about Sex and Gender and finally got to the point by explaining that perhaps the best way to illustrate what I had just said was to point out that there were 14 in the room but while there were 13 males and 1 female there were only 12 men and two women. I let that sink in for awhile and then confessed all. They were all most interested, asked lots of questions and commented that they had learned much from the meeting. I hope I not only told them things specifically about TVism, but more than that I think I provided some insights for them into some aspects of human existence that they had not previously had occasion to give much thought to. It was a lot of fun. There are a lot of young, dedicated, socially aware young ministers about who feel the need to relate themselves more to society as it is than as it is hypocritically supposed to be by most of the older middle class, and complacent churchgoing types. These men can and should be reached. If you want to do something for the cause look up one in some Church (try the Unitarians) near you and talk to him. Use a fictitious name if you wish but try yourself out on him. If he is interested you can doubtless get him to get together with some of his peers in other churches and you will be on your way. Lots more of you should be out in the field working on this problem if we are ever going to get anywhere. Every other minority is, why aren't we doing it?

Well, the next day was Aloha day and I had to bid farewell to the islands, the friends, the relaxed time as Virginia and take off for home which I did. I had two more days after I got home before

Virginia had to let poor Charles out of the closet. So there had been a full three weeks as Virginia, staying in 5 hotels, on 4 planes, seeing the same people repeatedly and just being me. Peace, it's wonderful. Poor Charles, I really got even with him for all the years that he kept me cooped up. But when I let him out he was his old self with no left-overs of me. Regardless of what the detractors of the dual personality concept may say, it is true, and it does work. Their problem is simply the same as the ordinary person--they cannot grasp that which they have not experienced.

I would like to close with the comment that I relate my experiences like this because I think that many of you enjoy living them vicariously. I do not write of them for the purpose of bragging that "I did this or that". Neither do I do so in the sense of trying to set any of you an example to go and do likewise. Please do not say, "If she can do it so can I" unless you are really ready thru years of experience. I would feel terribly if my adventures should be taken as an example that might lead anyone else into trouble. But it was wonderful and I thought you'd like to live it through me. Bye for now,

#### VIRGINIA

I paid my  
respects at a  
real shrine  
of our Patroness  
in Honolulu



*Paris Fashion*

# WIGS

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## *Susanna Says . . . .*

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Hi Everybody!

Virginia's doubts regarding the spelling of our Buddhist Goddess were well founded. Further research -after becoming acquainted with this wonderful divinity, turned out the following facts: there are two names for the goddess: one is Mandarin Chinese and the other Cantonese. Her name in Mandarin is spelled Kwan Yin, and in Cantonese it turns ou to be Kwun Yum. The latter is the most commonly heard in New York since the majority of the Chinese population here speaks Cantonese. Actually these spellings are a very relative thing inasmuch as they are attempts to portray in our alphabet Chinese sounds that have no exact equivalent in English. From listening to Cantonese merchants in Chinatown one could very well spell her name: Kun Yum instead of Kwun Yum. Anyway I lean towards Kwun Yum instead of the Mandarin form for the simple reason that Lili introduced me to the Cantonese name before she told me about the Mandarin form.

So I'll refer to Kwun Yum from now on. Believe it or not, my last column about this Buddhist goddess has already started ripples of interest in some unsuspected quarters: 1) several TV's have written or phoned to tell me that they knew about Kwun Yum from some time ago. Ruby, from California, tells me that she never goes anywhere without a print of Kwun Yum given to her in one of her trips to Japan by a soothsayer who was aware Ruby was a TV. The soothsayer gave her the image stating that it would always protect her. And it seems to be working fine. Two other N.Y. TV's have already purchased statues of Kwun Yum and built little shrines for her at home.

Personally I was more than amazed to realize that I had been sleeping less than a yard away from Kwun Yum for the past ten years without being aware of this fact. How could that be? Simple. When Marie, Lili and I went to Chinatown to purchase a couple of statues of Kwun Yum, as soon as we saw the first one, Marie said, "But we do have her at home!" I thought she was kidding because I did not recollect ever seeing the goddess anywhere in our apartment. It turned out that a lamp that was purchased by Marie many years before she met me, is actually a statue of Kwun Yum. I had never noticed her face for the simple reason that it was partially covered by the lamp shade. The lamp is on a chest of drawers at arms length from my pillow. Lili's comment was incisive: "No wonder you are a successful TV. Kwun Yum has been protecting you all this time." After that, my respect for Kwun Yum has grown enormously. And I can't help but thank her every night just before I turn out the lights.

Another odd coincidence! At the recent Susanna's birthday party, marvellously organized by Clarissa and Sheila, Clarissa proceeded to show me a beautifully hand carved image of Kwun Yum. It seems that they have had her around the house for years! The temptation is awfully strong to start believeing, isn't it? Anyway, I'm sending Virginia a polaroid shot of Kwun Yum (taken by Lili of course) in case she has space to display her for our readers.

A few days ago I received a phone call from another reporter. It seems that he read about Kwun Yum in TVia #41 and his magazine wants him to write about Kwun Yum and Transvestism. So, here we go again. Let us hope that this interview will fare better than the previous one that was never published. Maybe the goddess will inspire the editor.

Now for a few thoughts inspired - not by our goddess - but by seeing TV's in action at the resort. I find myself getting into a great deal of argument

with TV's who - in their eagerness to wear whatever girls are wearing these days - end up by sporting themselves in slacks. Their viewpoint is theoretically logical. "Girls wear slacks - I want to look and feel as a girl - so I'll wear them too." Be it as it may, it turns out that every TV I've ever known miserably fails in his attempts to emulate a girl when encased in slacks, toreador pants, pedal-pushers or knee-length shorts. And what is the reason for this failure? There are two obvious ones. 1) that his male anatomy from the waist down keeps on looking male when draped in slacks. The TV just hasn't got the buttocks and thighs a GG has, which are so plainly in view when a GG wears pants. So, instead of camouflaging that part of his anatomy, all the TV does is to relinquish the opportunity to disguise it and simply underscores, to the eyes of the world, his masculinity in that area. Even hip and fanny padding fail in this case. The trouser leg, as it tapers down from the thigh inevitably shows the line where the padding ends and the skinnier area begins. Shorts are even worse. Since you can't wear stockings with them the plain horror of the knobby knees is left unmasked. Practically revolting, I say. 2) No matter how much my TV friends may believe that their walk is "just like a girl's", the truth of the matter is that very, very few capture the fluid female walk. This shortcoming is not too terribly obvious in skirts but the slacks-wearing TV ought to see himself strolling about in pants! The stupid garment just does not seem to impart even a tiny amount of femininity to his stride - and so he goes strolling along, as manfully as he does when going to the office in the morning! In other words, he is willfully handicapping himself. I say, why copy GG's in their attempts to imitate men...let's copy them at their best, not at their worst.

I was asked by a GG at my office a few weeks ago. what I thought of the new look, meaning suits with pants for GG's. I thought for a moment, searching for the most brutal answer I could give, and this is



what came out: "A girl who wears pants - is to me - a girl who couldn't make it as a woman and is now resorting subconsciously to a device which will only appeal to some latent homosexual whom trousers exert a magnetic attraction." Needless to say the GG I was talking to was not exactly pleased with my answer, but that's the way I feel. In other words, if a GG looks less feminine in pants, imagine what pants will do for a TV! I will never forget the spectacle of a TV who wore capri stretch pants while visiting some non-TV friends of ours! He looked so ludicrous that I was tempted to tell him to go to Casablanca first and then put on the capris! If a TV feels that he must wear such items I wish he'd do so in the privacy of his room, or in very limited TV company...but never...never...in public. And this applies of course to bathing suits. That little front spot must be somehow obliterated, otherwise FORGET IT! In a bathing suit he looks like the very devil, ridiculous, shocking, disgusting. And since I'm letting off steam...let me repeat for the umpteenth time "watch your legs and thighs when you are sitting!" - It takes one second of forgetfulness to make a spectacle of yourself...One would think that this bit of advice had penetrated through the years and 42 issues of Transvestia, but it continues to happen over and over again. I think I'm going to fine \$1.00 (one dollar-US currency) every TV I catch in a non-feminine sitting pose. I'll send these dollars to the FPE treasury and I assure you we'll have a fortune in less than a year. If the various chapters throughout the USA and abroad would institute this system of fines I think it might turn the trick. We'll either be rich or we'll have a bunch of TV's who do sit like ladies. And to start the ball rolling I hereby authorize any TV who catches Susanna sitting with her knees apart to collect from me \$10. - payable to the FPE treasury.

I've also decided to copy-cat Virginia. She complains that her statements and views have not evoked a concrete -written- response from the TV world. A

response which would make interesting reading in our magazine. How do you think I feel? I've blasted away at TV wives grading them from A-plus to F, just hoping I'd get some written reaction. Zero. I then teased and tweaked TV's on their weaknesses hoping to make them mad and fight back. Zero. I reached then deeper into a real touchy subject: children; and called them monsters, enemies and what-not. Again hardly a ripple of reaction, a few comments in conversation, but nothing in writing that we could use for printing. I have now prodded the "pants wearers" - will this too evoke no reaction? - The only thing left now is to take one particular TV - one individual - describe her by name and proceed to tear her apart pointing out all her defects and none of her accomplishments. Of course I'd be running the risk of losing friends one by one - or having Virginia blue-pencil the whole thing. So, that's out. Any suggestions? But just for once, let me pick on one TV....and do a bit of criticizing...lets see....hmmm....Sheila? Nope...she just held such a lovely birthday party for me and if she got mad she might not remember me next year...You know what I got? A beautiful pair of Hanes Jewelites hose, golden mesh...a dream! And besides that, there was a fabulous set of Arpege cologne and perfume! To say nothing of a most delicious cake which Clarissa discreetly topped with only 12 candles...and a punch from out-of-this-world...and other goodies...and even a kiss...so, Sheila as a subject for criticism is definitely out. See how objective and impartial I can be? I'd better pick on somebody else: Kathy! There's a good girl to work on...but, wait a minute... she bought me, not one but 4 birthday cards. The one I like best reads: "Happy birthday to a great personality. Hollywood ought to make the story of your life...that is if they could ever get it past the censors!" - And to top it all she also got me hose... and besides when I can't use my car to go to the resort she gives me a ride...so, she's out as a target. Now take Lili...being Chinese she might not quite understand a bit of nastiness from me and I just might

bring her down a few notches...but again she also remembered my birthday and bought me a "wirgin wool dwess", a beautiful thing which I wore to the party. Would I have the heart to point out her defects? (which are many?) Definitely not. Add besides she's a doll. You know what she did when someone stole Kathy's precious TV possessions from her car which she had parked on Broadway and 104th St.? (A big suitcase containing a complete wardrobe, plus a terrific camera, and all her pictures.) Lili, proceeded then to quietly donate to Kathy all the Kathy pix she had plus an album to start a new collection. This will give you an idea of the many defects our Lili has.

I could go on, and on, and on without finding a TV I could nail down. So that leaves only two TV's to pick on...one is Virginia...Trouble is she's been the target of critics so often that I would be accused of lacking originality and besides, I like seeing this column in the pages of Transvestia...so I'd better take a look at the last TV left: me. Let's see if I can criticize Susanna...rip her apart...Here she is poking cracks at everybody while she is safely hidden from other columnists who are yet to appear in the horizon...On the other hand she is not so "safely" hidden. I recall reading in another TV publication, delightful tidbits about Susanna's "standoffish attitude" with the inevitable implications that I am snobbish, vain, non-cooperative, etc. I admit to one tag: "vain". Yes, I certainly am. I adore flattery and I usually feel I deserve it and I feel utterly demolished when some catty TV will call attention to the fact that some veins are beginning to show in my right leg, or that my nose is too big, or that my voice is not as soft as I think it is. The rats! (And the horrible part of it all is that they are right, but I just won't admit it to anyone, not even myself.)

Now you know the secret. If you wish to avoid nasty remarks from yours truly just keep telling me



what a gorgeous doll I am...that, plus my daily prayers to Kwun Yum, ought to put me at the top of the list for another crack at being cover girl once more in a future issue of Transvestia. We'll entitle it "How to grow younger gracefully"....at least that is my wish for all of us in the year to come. May 1967 be a better year for femininity in our individual lives, and may we find a little more acceptance, tolerance and understanding in this society of ours.

Have a happy and girlish New Year!

SUSANNA



Susanna at her  
Resort

Our Patroness  
KUAN YIN



## Virgin Views

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Nearly two years ago in TVia #31 I asked Sheila to review a book called "The Feminine Mystique" by Betty Friden. In the Virgin Views editorial of that issue I discussed this book and the implications that it had for males in general and TVs in particular. In that editorial on page 83 I called for someone to write a book on "The Masculine Mystique". Somebody did and again I called on Sheila to review it which she has very nicely done and done very nicely. And again I wish to devote my column this time to a further discussion of this book, "The American Male" by Myron Brenton. Don't fail to read it!

The seven chapters of it bear revealing names, I'll list them as a kind of trick to get you to read it. They are; "The Male in Crisis"; "The Masculinity Trap"; "Notes on the 'Feminization' of Society"; "Back to the Good Old Days--The Patriarchal Myth"; "The Paradox of the Contemporary American Father"; "Potency and the Sexual Revolution"; and "New Ways to Manliness". There, do they fascinate you? They ought to, because all through this book written certainly by a person not promoting TV are many gems of insight into the very problems that we are concerned with. Having read my offerings many times, you, as readers of TVia, will understand why I became impressed with this book when I found it, saying in slightly different language and in different context many of the things that I've been hammering on for a long time. For instance; "Human beings have an enormous range of possibilities in terms of traits and in the ability to play roles of all kinds. These possibilities are severely foreshortened by the process of sex differentiation too rigidly applied and by masculinity and femininity too narrowly defined." or, "It's one thing to state that every person contains both masculine and feminine components. This is just a different way of asserting that every per-



son has the potential to express all the traits we now ascribe separately to each sex, with society stressing some characteristics at the expense of others. It's quite another thing to say in effect, "You're a sensitive, intuitive man? Brother, there must be a lot of woman in you. You're an artist, a writer, a minister, a psychologist? Brother, the female is showing!" The underlines are mine because this is exactly what I've been saying word for word to the audiences that I've lectured to. It's encouraging to hear the same thing. (For reference compare page 83 1st two paragraphs, of TVia No. 30 in Dec. of 1964).

He provides an interesting explanation of why TVs always say that dressing is "relaxing". He quotes a study of elementary grade children that found that the boys who were most masculine in their outlook and behaviour were also the ones who scored highest in anxiety. The author goes on to observe that if adhering to masculine patterns is stressful to a grammar school boy it is apparent that a considerable amount of anxiety is generated in the adult male who must constantly measure up, or conversely it is generated even more acutely by his failure to do so. No wonder escaping from this is a relief as I pointed out way back in #7.

As a measure of the degree of forward thinking by the author consider this quotation (pg.116); "The most important thing to keep in mind is that people are first of all human beings--not members of a particular sex--and the initial concern of a highly complex, advanced society ought to be the stimulation of the human diversity that makes for a richness of culture. This means stimulating each individual to develop ALL aspects of his personality AND affording him the opportunity of pursuing the tastes, attitudes, and occupational preferences most congenial to his particular person". Isn't this what we FPs have been demanding all along? Well the book is full of such insightful, stimulating, and I may say, satisfying to a TV, quotations.



In short Mr. Brenton looks the modern male right in the face and tells him off but good. Have you happened to reflect on the rash of commercials and advertisements that reflect male insecurity. "Try it if you are MAN enough", or a "Man's beer" (or cigarette or car or whatever) "man's country" and all that sort of thing. It is evident that the contemporary man is in a pretty bad way. True he doesn't know he's in a bad way (tho the statistics on heart disease, ulcer, colitis, lung cancer etc. should be pretty good indicators). But he is psychologically as well as physiologically in a bad way. He lives in constant fear that he is not masculine enough which he equates with being male. His security in his own image of himself teeters on the brink all the time. He must at all costs conform to the socially accepted stereotypes of masculinity. His deep fear of failure to do this breeds the anxiety referred to earlier and this in turn to the physiological conditions just mentioned. His actual failure is enough to destroy him, not physically but in his own sense of identity and worth.

It is on this note that I think TVs who have managed to survive and overcome their guilt have made a big step. True the orthodox, conservative, status-quo society does not understand or accept TV but I'm talking about the person himself. Since the greatest threat to masculine security from childhood on up is the accusation of sissyness or being like a woman (as though that was the worst thing in the world), it follows that it is the thing to be avoided at all costs. When, therefore, a TV finally admits to himself--and even more so when he admits to others--that he has a feminine side, enjoys NOT being masculine on occasion, takes a femmename and generally accepts himself, he has overcome the greatest threat to his internal security, his identity of himself as a total human being and his peace of mind. In this sense TV is a "good thing". Not just because it is satisfying it itself but because it has been the means of conquering one of the main problems of masculine life. Such an "adjusted" TV is able there-

after to go thru life not only in the enjoyment of TV and in the relaxation that it brings, but free of the nagging feeling of inadequate masculinity. He can be integrated, whole within himself and better able to deal with the world because to some extent he does not have to devote so much of his energies to conforming to the stereotype. He knows what he is and can be secure within himself, although he may still have to put up a front for the benefit of society, relatives etc. But security inside is vastly more important than security outside.

In conclusion I can only urge the readers of these pages to beg, borrow or buy this book. It wont make a particle of difference to your TVism, but I'm sure it will give you some valuable insight into the plight of the contemporary American male which includes you. With these insights you will be better able to handle yourself, understand yourself, your children, your wife and your place in society. After reading it you will, I suspect, begin to feel that as a TV you are some jumps ahead of the man in the street in that you have already broken away from the stereotype and made a degree of internal peace with yourself. TV is, after all, a means, not an end in this sense. It is a door which leads into an area of greater enlightenment and understanding as well as peace and pleasure. Society too will someday get to the same point (by a different route of course) and when it arrives the TVs will be there to welcome the vanguard. In this sense the quotation at the bottom of the inside cover of TVia is seen as being more than just an intriguing "saying", it embodies a social truth that society has as yet to discover and put into practice. The saying might be improved in only one way and that is to reverse it--"When you discover that the two-masculine and feminine--are both present in your single self, then shall you enter the kingdom".

VIRGINIA

## *Editorial Emanations*

I. APOLOGIES: I had better start off with an apology for the delays you have suffered in handling your orders over the past month as well as the slight delay in the appearance of this issue. But as you will see from the article on my Hawaiian trip I was away for three weeks. An old and trusted friend did what she could to keep up with things, but it being as much as I who am used to the system can do to stay even naturally an inexperienced person could not. On top of that various items ordered from manufacturers have not arrived and I cant send them to you till I get them so patience is the word. I'm sorry about these delays, but I just had to get away after the problems of the past year.

II. CORRECTION: In TVia #41 a new address for CONTACT was given in the Emanations section. There was a misprint which may cause some embarassment. Will you please make a note to correct it. The right number is 1407 So. Highland instead of the 5 that was printed. Please correct this now so when you look it up you wont forget to remember--1407. Thanks.

III. NEW FEATURE: I'd like to start a new feature in TVia called "TV moments in Advertising". Every now and then some company runs an ad which has a double entendre meaning for TVs.....like "He'll like it too" over an ad for and picture of a bra for example or "TV is for You" with a picture of a pretty girl standing by a tv set. Some of these can be quite amusing so keep an eye out and send them in for fillers.

IV. MASTECTOMY INSERTS: A lot of you have thought that I didn't get your order, had lost it, stolen the money or just didn't care after you ordered these.



Not so. The company that make them misread my order and sent the regular inserts. I've reordered and been after them for about 2 months but haven't gotten any yet. Will ship as soon as I can.

V. WIVES BOOK: I have many orders on hand for this when it is reprinted but as it is being revised and improved it is a considerable task on top of every thing else as it has to be assembled, typed rough, edited and changed, retyped and proofed and then printed. I think it will be a very worthwhile volume when it is printed. It will be announced in TVia.

VI. PURCHASE OF BACK ISSUES: I repeat my offer of an allowance of \$2 against any other items for the return of any old copies of Nos. 1, 2,4,6,7, or 8. I have newer subscribers that would like these old issues if you don't want them.

VI. MATERIAL AND PAYMENT FOR SAME: Again I would like to solicit the contribution of material in the form of stories, articles, comment, argument, letters to the Editor, poems, pics. etc. I have to have a good steady backlog of material on hand to keep on putting out the magazine. It doesn't always get either edited or printed right away for a variety of reasons, but if I'm to keep on getting the magazine out I have to have the raw material. The offer of payment carried on the inside back cover holds, though due to the financial beating I took last year I am way behind on that phase of things, but have begun--with the oldest contributors of course, to pay up, so the compensation will be paid in due course to new and old alike. And speaking of material, please don't be afraid to take up my challenge about expressing yourself on anything you want to take issue with. If you do it briefly and to the point I can make a regular readers comment page. Longer things have to wait their turn to be edited, typed and inserted. So let fly. It is often said that I don't print opinions that differ from mine. That isn't so. Fortunately we are a sufficiently

cohesive group that I don't get much of that kind of feed back but if it's pertinent I'll print it.

VIRGINIA

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NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANS-VESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT" 1407 So. Highland Ave. Los Angeles 19, Calif.

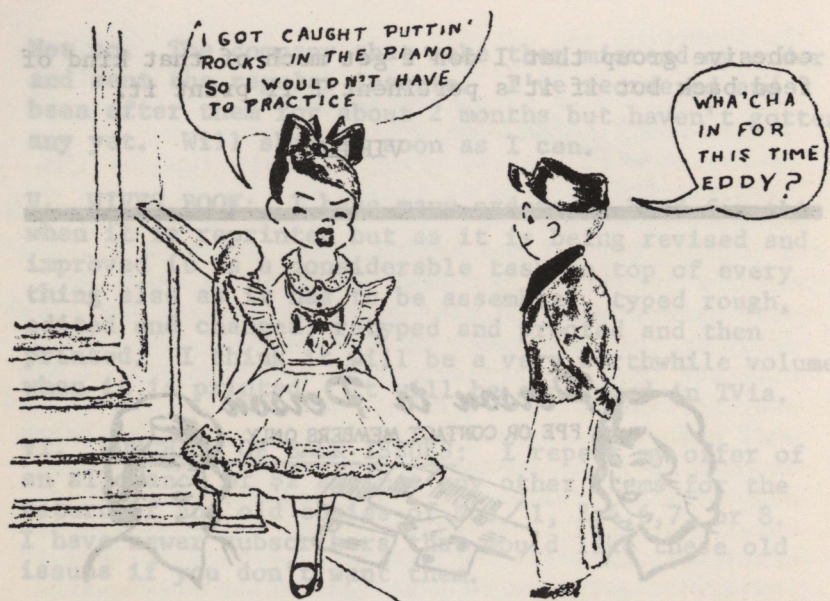
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47-B-3 Married TV, forties, like to get acquainted with others in Pacific northwest, meet if suitable and convenient. Answer all BRENDALYN

49-B-5 FPE. Anxious to make new friends. Will answer all letters & enclose photo.  
CHARLENE

21-F-3 FPE Like to correspond, meet other TVs, especially in New England area. LOUISE







# Publication Policy

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

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

## *PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES*

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit 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. Members of Phi Pi Epsilon need no further application and may use the service by paying the regular rates.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.

Ask for rates.



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