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# TRANSVESTIA



OUTLET AND OUTLOOK  
ON THE SUBJECT OF FASCINATING ATTIRE

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TRANSVESTIA

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A PRIVATELY PRINTED MAGAZINE

with

Three Objectives

To provide EXPRESSION for those interested in the subjects of exotic and unusual dress and fashion.

To provide INFORMATION to those who, through ignorance, condemn that which they do not understand.

To provide EDUCATION for those who see evil where none exists.

Vol. I -- No. 3

May 1960

Los Angeles, California

## \*\*\* PURPOSE \*\*\*

Since most all readers of TRANSVESTIA will start with No. 1 it seems pointless to burden each issue with the same statements of purpose and editorial policy. Therefore we will put forth these statements at some length periodically but in the meantime will only make a few comments to remind you.

TRANSVESTIA was conceived with the idea of service as well as entertainment. Service to its readers in bringing them contact with others of similar interests and service to those outside the field in helping them to understand it more fully. To this end your editor has brought and will bring to your attention items which it is felt will be of interest and will try to put the magazine together in such a way that it will be acceptable to the uninitiated so that it may be shown to them on occasion as a help toward understanding.

This cannot all be done by the editor however. You, the readers can help by contributing experiences and ideas that may be helpful as well as interesting to others. For example, the education of wives and parents is one of the principle problems faced by our group. If some of you have found means of achieving acceptance from previously antagonistic family members, write about it. It may help others. If you can put down your own introspective interpretations of what made you the way you are, put that into an article. None of us can have all the ideas, therefore ideas which occur to one of us may trigger a response in another of the group which may be helpful to him.

So please dont look on TRANSVESTIA as ONLY a medium of entertainment---Let's make it useful too.

Will you help?

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\*\*\* THE FUTURE OF TRANSVESTIA \*\*\*

The past two issues of TVia have set forth a proposal for its organisation in which departments have been outlined. I am afraid that this nice little set-up will have to be changed. The fault lies with you, dear readers! Most of you are so used to buying Bizarre, Fantasia, Exotique and similar magazines in which you pay your money and take what you get for better or worse, that the idea of having a magazine of your own to which you can make substantial contributions of opinions and experiences hasn't quite "taken". There are conspicuous exceptions and those of you who have made contributions know that I mean you. But you are in the minority. Useful contributions for several of the departments originally planned have just not been forthcoming and therefore the departments have had to be abandoned until something appropriate comes up.

For example, the "Question Box" in No. 1 stirred up nary a comment on the question proposed. Neither did it bring forth any ideas of other questions that readers would like discussed in future issues. Therefore, it is being deleted until such time as a good question does turn up. The article by Dr. J.J. asked some pointed questions and invited comment pro or con. Again, there was not a single mention of the article nor the question raised in any letter received.

This is really too bad because this magazine could be a force for helping its readers to better understand and deal with their own motivations and tensions by passing around from one reader to another bits of insight and explanation which from time to time strike a familiar chord and provide a starting point for an individual to understand himself. Some of the opinions expressed in the Virgin Views column of No. 2 did just that for one

of our number since they set him thinking and gave him a means of explaining things about himself which he had observed but could not account for.

The wives column is another good idea that has not generated the response that it should. A few letters appeared in No. 2 and one also in this issue, but this is not enough. The field of wifely understanding is a very important one. Many of our readers are married but live furtive lives TV-wise because of wives not knowing or not understanding. Those of you whose wives do know, understand or help should try to get them to commit their observations and feelings to paper so that they may be of help to others.

Again let me say that the future of TRANSVESTIA depends on its readers. As your editor, I undertook this project because I firmly believe that some means of communication and expression for those of us who need to express an opposite part of our natures is badly needed. It's a cinch that I'm not going to get rich out of this venture... if TVia even gets to the point where it can pay its way and net me \$1 per hour for labor it will be quite an accomplishment, but I'll carry on if you will. Many of you have said how much you enjoy the magazine and exhort me to "keep up the good work" and believe me it is work. If you like it that well, then get into the act and do your part. All kinds of contributions are welcome except those of an obviously erotic type.

TV's need to feel understood, and that they are not alone in their motivations...that guilt isnt necessary and that they will be happier and healthier if they can learn to accept themselves and particularly if others close to them will also accept them.

This is a condition not easily attained as I know from long and bitter experience, but it can be attained in whole or in part if you work at it. This doesnt

mean just enjoying your pretty things, but doing some pretty heavy introspective and honest thinking about yourself and what made you this way. This thinking can be aided and speeded by comparing notes with others, and that is where TVia comes in. But those others need you as well as you need them, so it is my sincere hope that by providing the medium of communication through this publication that many of you can come to enjoy your transvestic longings not lonesomely in the garage, a motel room, or the attic when everybody else is away; and not guiltily, fearfully and shamefully, but more openly and with a personal awareness that such longings are not signs of insanity, perversion or even sexual abnormality. This form of behavior may be socially unacceptable in this cultural period, but it is really a way of expressing feelings that reside in a great many males but of which they may be unaware.

This social unacceptability is gradually moderating towards a "live and let live" philosophy and we can help it along if we will. Many of you are aware of the existence of the magazines ONE and MATTACHINE REVIEW. Could these have been published and sent through the mails 20 years ago? These publications are giving expression and dignity and gradually greater acceptance to the homosexual in our society. Could be that if all TVs came to realize it, that TRANSVESTIA could do the same for us. How about it?

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A masculine fellow named Clyde  
 Revealing his feminine side,  
 Said, "On high heels and dress  
 My views I express  
 In TRANSVESTIA--its my "TV GUIDE"

Georgia

EDITH GOES TO WASHINGTON  
(A True Life Experience)

I went to Wash. D. C. this summer on the Pennsylvania Railroad and my trip was quite enjoyable, especially after a nice young man engaged me in conversation after the train left Philadelphia. He was going to school in Virginia and he asked me to come down there some time and he'd really show me a good time. I'll probably never go for I always act like a lady, but I have his address and I may write to him. He was cute. On the train I wore a pretty gray fitted suit, a lovely blue blouse with pink embroidered flowers at the neck. I had on dark nylons and my black suede high-heeled pumps. I carried a black purse and wore black nylon gloves and a blue hat with a little veil. Pearl earrings adorned my ears and I carried a thin blue cotton topper. My luggage consisted of a suit case and make-up case both in baby blue, my favorite color. I have two beautiful wigs on blonde and one jet black, but this time I was a blonde and blue was just my color. My nails were manicured a shiny red and my make-up was in good taste.

While in Washington I stayed at the YWCA. I always stay at the Y when I go away because the rooms are reasonable and clean and of course I am exclusively among women there....a sort of seventh heaven to me.

The first night at the Y I met Janet at dinner and she asked me if I'd like to go bowling with her and two of her girl friends. She was a pretty red head and dressed nicely and acted in a refined lady-like manner which I like in a girl. I said I'd love to go and so we all went bowling. Her two friends, Mary, a dumpy brunette and Sue a skinny kid with brown wind-blown hair, Janet and I were soon at the alleys all ready to bowl. Now I bowl regularly but this was the first time for me in skirts, bra and girdle and I found that I lacked a little freedom in my movements but all the time I just loved



the delicious confinement of my pretty clothes. I wore a red plaid skirt, pink blouse trimmed with delicate white lace, nylons and my black calf high heeled Italian pumps. We had a lovely time and went for ice cream afterwards.

Janet asked me if I'd like a date for the next night and I thought that was very sweet of her. It seemed her cousin lived in Wash. and he could get a friend for Janet. Of course, having no plans I accepted her offer. Later in my bed attired in my lovely, filmy, lace-trimmed gown I hardly slept a wink in the lovely room there at the Y. I just kept thinking about my big date with Janet's cousin. Janet had shown me a snapshot of Billy and I thought he was very cute. I'd really have to look my prettiest when he called for me tomorrow. I found it very difficult to decide what I should wear. It just had to be something frilly and utterly feminine something soft and cuddly.

Before I knew it the night was over and the rising sun was shining through the pretty curtains at my window and it was time to get up. Stretching lazily I arose and donned a blue housecoat negligee which rustled nicely as it slid over my gown. Then I stepped into a pair of red high heel mules and gathering my towel, washcloth comb, bobby pins and tooth brush I gayly minced down the hall to the bathroom which was located at the end of the corridor. (Edith has had her facial hair removed so shaving wasn't necessary. Ed.) I washed carefully and combed my hair and pinned it up in a becoming style. While brushing my teeth a pretty blonde girl came in and I said,

"Good morning, dear. Isn't it a lovely day?"

"Oh yes", she replied, "and I'm so glad because I want to do some shopping before I leave for home this afternoon." I told her I'd like to browse around the stores myself today.

"Oh fine", she rejoined. "I'd love to have you come with me if you'd like to. I'm Lucy Troy", she continued introducing herself.

"I'm Edith Eden", I replied, "and I think it would be great fun to shop together, dear. I hate to go out alone." "So do I" she agreed, and so it was decided that we would go on a shopping tour together. She was in room 23 right across the hall from me so I offered to call for her when I finished dressing.

Back in my room, I decided to wear my blue suit with a pretty pink blouse. I dressed humming a lilting tune as I donned panties, slip, blouse and skirt. I changed to my black pumps and then put on my face. I made a final check up in the full length mirror, patted a few curls into place and went across the hall and knocked on Lucy's door.

"Who is it" she asked, and when I said, "it's Edith dear" she opened the door and let me in.

"I'll be ready in a few minutes honey", she said. "Sit down and make yourself at home." She hastily donned her slip and a pretty red ruffled dress which I helped her zip up. After applying lipstick and a dash of powder she picked up her red purse and white gloves and we were off. We both looked very pretty when we primped in the hall mirror as we waited for the elevator.

We walked out of the Y into the bright sunlight arm in arm. We received the appraising smile of a couple of men at the corner as we hurried toward the shopping district. Our heels beat a steady tattoo on the pavement as we walked along. We glanced in every shop window. Shopping with Lucy was great fun. I bought two pairs of panties and some nylons so didn't come back empty handed. Lucy bought a darling beige dress which I would have loved to have myself. It had a fitted bosom, flared out at the hips and the skirt was slit at the hem to allow for walking and sitting.

We had a snack at the luncheonette in one of the stores and after visiting the powder room to repair

our makeup we returned to the YW as Lucy had to catch a train back to Virginia in about an hour. We exchanged addresses and I promised to show her around New York some day soon.

I decided to visit a beauty parlor and get fixed up for my big date that night. I had seen a cute little place about a block away and I went there after resting a few moments in my room. I had a manicure and a facial and then had my eyebrows trimmed. Finally I had makeup applied professionally and the girl in the shop did a beautiful job. I really glowed when she had finished. After waiting for my nails to dry I walked back to my room and took my time carefully dressing. I wanted to be certain I didnt smear the fine makeup job. For my date with Billy I wore a pretty blue cocktail dress with its built-in rustling petticoat, my black Italian pumps and flesh toned nylons. I dabbed perfume behind both ears and down my bosom. I wore a pair of sparkling blue pendant earrings, a matching blue necklace which looked lovely on my bare bosom showing white above my low cut dress. I pulled on a pair of blue nylon gloves that reached nearly to my elbows. I carried a blue evening bag which contained a pretty hankie, some tissues a compact, lipstick and a couple of dollars mad money. I took my blue shortie coat and went down to the lobby where I was to meet Janet.

Janet looked lovely in her green ballerina dress that went so well with her auburn hair and hazel eyes. Her pumps were green and she wore white gloves and carried a little white purse. A green necklace and dew drop earrings of the same color completed her outfit.

We didn't have long to wait for the boys and I recognized Billy right away from the picture Janet had shown me. He was even taller and more broad-shouldered than I had hoped and even with my heels he towered over me.

"Pleased to meet you, Edith", he murmured as Janet

introduced him to me. I smiled sweetly and welcomed him cordially. I must admit that this tall blonde fellow really sent wonderful thrills up and down my spine when he took my hand in his and I left on his arm. I was happy beyond words. I don't even remember Janet's date--Dick, so enraptured was I with Billy. The boys helped Janet and I into Dick's car and we were off. Billy and I sat in the back seat and he cautiously slipped his arm around my shoulders and leaned toward me.

"We thought we'd see a movie and then go dancing afterwards," Dick called back over his shoulder. "How's that with you girls". Janet and I agreed that that would be a wonderful evening.

In the movie we sat in the balcony and Billy put his arm around me again. I mustn't object, I really liked it. With his other hand he held my manicured hand and squeezed it now and then or gently caressed it all through the show. Once or twice he actually kissed me lightly on the cheek but I let on I didn't know he had done so. I loved every moment of it.

After the movie, Dick drove us to a little night club somewhere in the suburbs. Here we danced and had a delicious meal. Dancing with Billy was heavenly. He was really a fine dancer and I could follow his lead so very easily. I just floated around the dance floor as he led me through one dance after another. In the ladies room Janet informed me that she thought Dick was great fun and she was definitely going to see him again. I told her I was thrilled with Billy.

"make another date before you leave him", she urged. I said I would if he asked me for one.

On the ride back to town Billy grew bolder and kissed me on the lips. I just closed my eyes tightly and was transported into heavenly bliss. Before he helped

me out of the car in front of the YW and seeing me to the elevator he hissed me good night. A long soulful kiss. Then he asked if he could see me again. "I'd love to go on another double date with you and Janet and Dick" I replied, and he promised to call me the next afternoon about four.

"Good night, Edie" he called as he turned to leave.

"Good night, Billy" I fairly gushed.

Janet and I ascended in the elevator and neither of us spoke except to say good night dear when I left the car. The next thing I knew I was at my door and entering my room I threw my purse on the dresser and lay down on the bed without undressing. I just lay there reliving all the gorgeous moments of my date.

Edith Eden

#### OF THE GIRL IN THE SATIN GOWN

Oh that I, a man, might be  
 Privileged to dress as she.  
 Corset tightly laced in place,  
 Lovely make-up on my face.  
 And as I came into a room  
 I'd fill the air with sweet perfume.  
 Would I were the one who feels  
 Lofted high on slender heels.  
 And also be the one who knows  
 The feel of sheerest nylon hose.

Instead of this broad manly chest,  
 I would wear a woman's breast  
 And in my mirror I'd admire--  
 ME, full-clad in her attire.  
 The want grows in me 'till it hurts  
 To wear those swirling satin skirts  
 And shining blouse with pretty bow  
 Earrings tight and hanging low.  
 Oh, that I, a man, might be  
 Priveleged to dress as she!.

A.B---L.A.

NEW MEDICAL TEST IS KEY TO NATURE'S SEX PUZZLES  
By Victor Cohn--Minneapolis Tribune Staff Writer.

Buffalo, N.Y. A woman who was a man lives in this city--an attractive woman of 33 who turns men's heads by her beauty. She is recognized as a woman because of a new medical test. This test in the last few years has moved medicine past the "Christine Jorgenson" era when a man who wanted to live as a woman was almost automatically stamped as a pure psychological problem or an "oddball".

It has taught medicine that many persons, and many so-called homosexuals may really be men whose heredity intended them to be women, or women who should be men. Unfortunately in their mother's wombs something went wrong with their development--a mistake in embryology or in endocrinology, the action of the hormones. Genetic women developed outward sexual signs of men and vice versa. The individual often grew up desperately unhappy, yearning always for the life of the opposite sex.

The test that now identifies the true genetic sex is called the "sex chromatin" test, for a dark colored, gene-carrying patch that shows up inside far more female than male cells. The test was discovered by Dr. Murray Barr at the Univ. of Western Ontario. Much work in confirming it was done by Dr. Warren Nelson now in New York but then at the Univ. of Iowa. The test is being done now at many major centers, reports Dr. Irwin Kaise who has used it at the Univ. of Minnesota.

"Its main value," he says, "is in the very young--infants where we cannot be sure of the real sex."

Amazingly, in something like one in every 1000 births doctors may be faced with some uncertainty over true sex, because of some ambiguous sexual structure. Previously, they made a decision one way or another and sometimes it turned out to be wrong. But the child or young adult was already established on the wrong kind of life before the mistake was realized.

(Continued on page 60)

## MY LIFE WITH COUSIN CORA - - CONCLUSION)

With a good night's sleep behind me I started to get up without being called but Miss Cora came in and after my morning bath I was taken to breakfast in my lovely negligee. Miss Cora and Alice were quiet and so was I. I suppose they were thinking about the plans for the day. Well, I was also and I really did not know what was in store for me. After a good breakfast Miss Cora took me to my room. To my surprise, she handed me a pair of white taffeta knickers. I say my surprise because knickers of this sort were not worn anymore, or so I thought. You see, I was well up on all the lingerie and always had been! Miss Cora smiled as I pulled or drew the knickers or bloomers on and I for some reason felt more ashamed in them than in the very lacy panties I had worn! These knickers came to just above my knees and at the leg elastic there was a small ruffle. The waist elastic was tight and today I had on a garter belt instead of my corselette. I was given a very lovely blouse with many frills and dainty ruffles of fine lace. The collar was what Miss Cora called "severe" in that it came up and went about my neck and a small black velvet band was put about the neck part that tied into a small bow in front.

A white taffets hair ribbon was put into my hair, after it was arranged. The bow was huge and Miss Cora said, "You look like one of those goody-goody girls in the fashion magazines of an old time era, Elsie". The sleeves of the blouse were to my wrists and had a big lace ruffle at the end of the sleeve that was puffed out. The blouse was a very pale pink satin. When I saw my shoes, I gasped; when I put them on, I gasped again; the heels were simply terrific, they were terribly high, real stilt heels. The shoes were very pointed and while a perfect fit, I had to mince to the extreme in them! She shoes were shiny and black, my hose were the sheerest of nylon and a gorgeous mahogany in color.

I was made up to perfection this morning, more care than ever was taken by Miss Cora for this and Alice now entered the scene and she placed a "beauty-patch" on my cheek! I asked Alice what that was for and she said: "Come over here and look at yourself in the full length mirror and see for yourself". I minced over and looked at myself and as I did no, Miss Cora pulled long, shoulder length, tight kid gloves on my hands and arms; the gloves were white and what a glorious feeling they gave me. Miss Cora was indeed prepared and had obtained a lot of items for "her daughter".

I was all mixed up with terrible confusion, shame, thrills and wonder! I was so darn pretty, I mean it, I was what the girls would call a dream, a long legged, life-size doll, that was it, a doll! I stammered out to Alice that; "Er, well, ah - er - well, I sort of look like a big doll!" I choked on the words and Alice and Miss Cora smiled and Alice spoke; "Yes, you are right and also you are a dead ringer for one of the feminine pages of the old time French Court!"

Next a lovely slip was put on me. It was one of those expensive garments with deep insertions of lace. It was white and so sheer, so chic! They removed my blouse of course for this operation. The blouse had only been a "prop" so to speak to show them the "page boy" effect! After the slip came a dress - one of those creations made by Tanner, garden-printed with a low back and a tucked front. It was lovely! It fitted me tight over my pointed-cup bra and the skirt part was semi-full; it was the correct length and came to just the right place on my calves. I spoke to Miss Cora; "Miss Cora, it seems out of style to wear bloomers or "knickers" under this sort of frock, it seems to me that I should have on a panty-girdle or some briefs or band leg panties to go with this." Miss Cora took me in her arms and hugged me and she kissed me and almost wept! She said:

"Oh just listen to him, Alice. Oh, perfect - perfect;



Elsie knows what is what. Oh, you darling, I love you and from now on we shall refer to you at all times as 'her' and 'she'. This is the sort of thing I like to hear, my dear!" I was kissed now by my sweetheart Alice and we all felt like weeping! Miss Cora became serious and said; "My dear, it is true that you are wearing rather old fashioned knickers and I regret this. I find it necessary for reasons of discipline that you will learn about today, you poor dear. I feel deeply sorry for you but today should see the end of repentance for things past for you". Now I was worried!

Alice whispered to me that I should not worry too much. She said she had secret news that soon we would leave this part of the country and would soon be MARRIED. She said that our new home was now being built far away from here and she told me to make the best of things as soon this present situation would be all finished. This gave me some comfort but how on earth was marriage to be relative to Alice and myself; heavens; Alice and Elsie - how, how and HOW?

I started to shake all over when Miss Cora said that the wash lady and her daughter would soon be here. I was handed a typed page and told to learn what was written on it and get it right. I knew that Miss Cora meant business and with wet eyes I read it over and over. It was in preparation for the apologies I was to make! We were soon down in the den, Alice and myself and I heard Miss Cora admit the wash lady and her daughter. Well, I wish to get this over with as soon as possible, even after all these years! I was taken in and had to walk before them. I had to kneel on a silk pillow and tell them how sorry I was for my past deeds and that awful daughter fairly gloated over my being in dresses! I wept when Miss Cora told them that she had warmed my panties and the woman and her daughter were <sup>sorry</sup> that Miss Cora would not take a strap to me before them!

Right then and there I loved Miss Cora more than ever for sparing me this terrible shame! The two rough women left with remarks about how they would like to make me into a helper at their home laundry and Miss Cora smiled at them and said; "It would be good discipline for my daughter perhaps!" I shuddered! I thanked Miss Cora for not punishing me before them and she said: "Elsie, I was easy with you dear because you know as well as I do that you deserved a good whipping for the way you have treated this woman and her daughter!" Miss Cora was right - any young man who acted as I had, especially with this girl, deserved a good thrashing!! Miss Cora informed me that when the "report book" of my faults built up to the point, if it did, when I did merit punishment of a severe nature, what I deserved with regards to these people would be remembered! You see Miss Cora and Alice treated me with love and affection and discipline was administered as a needed correction and not in the spirit of meanness or revenge. This made me feel VERY MUCH A GIRL, some way and still does, only now I feel and am in spirit a woman.

I will also get through the facing of the girl's gym class and my teacher as fast as I can! I know now and I knew soon after this ordeal that Miss Cora would have never put me through this hell of humiliation had we been going to remain in this part of the country! I was taken out to the so called wood shed and my dress and slip removed, the blouse before mentioned was put on me and all the time in the big backyard that was fenced in with a high wood fence gathered the teacher and the class! When it dawned upon me what I was to face, I begged, I screamed, I pleaded, I wanted to die, so I said! Miss Cora pointed to the wood shed wall where hung a raw hide switch, a black strap and a riding crop; also there was a paddle and she told me I would get the strap or the rawhide right now and besides have to face them. I sobbed and she dried my tears and with my speech memorized

I was taken out! Oh, the terrible waves of laughter and the jeers of those girls as I minced out before them in those frilled knickers. It was summer vacation but all the girls and the two teachers were there. I got to my knees on the little pillow that was placed for me: "Girls and dear teacher, I want to apologize to my teacher and your gym teacher for my actions of the past; you can see I am being punished for all my faults and (to the girls' gym teacher) will you please give me girl's gym!" Of course the whole thing was punctuated with weeping and soft sobs much to their delight - all of them! Miss Cora told the group how I had been a "secret dresser" but that now I was to be her daughter, Elsie, and that Alice and I would soon be married. Oh, what a time and now came the most terrible ordeal of all. I had to stand with hands on hips and at the athletic gym teacher's counting, I had to prance, jump, bend and twist, kick and dance for them to the shameful counting; "one, two, three, kick higher Elsie, show us those special gym bloomers, one, two three", etc., etc. (!) I was sobbing when it was over! Alice proposed me as a member of "The Girls' Athletic Union" and she had me bend over and gave me 10 mild stokes with a paddle. Now I was a member! One odd thing I did note with regards to this session; I was aware of the soft swish of my taffeta knickers and this thrilled me all over! As I did my shameful exercises before them all, I wept in utter shame. I also felt these thrills, as if a strong subconscious power was overpowering my shame. I guess it was Elsie, the inner Elsie helping me along!

That evening I decided to put my escape plan into operation. I got a small overnight bag and the money I had put aside and when Miss Cora and Alice were asleep I dressed in some easy to travel in clothes; sensible shoes with low heels, a cotton dress, plain slip and band leg panties. I wore my wrist length gloves and combed my hair well, made myself up and went down stairs and out into the big, dark world!

My plan was to catch the 1:40 A.M. Transcontinental Bus going West. After all, the way things were now, I almost had to leave the Village. I had been shamed before all the girls that day and the whole Village knew that now I was a girl! Women and girls loved the whole idea, some would scorn me and some would love me but the male population would of course avoid me like death if and when Miss Cora and Alice took me down Main Street! As the gym teacher had said: "Men and boys will be terribly ashamed when they see Elsie as they will associate his category with themselves and to see another male in petticoats will shame them, it will most likely do a lot of good for the Village. Of course when they see Elsie coming, when they see 'her' they will cross to the other side of the street. So, away I went to go West!

Alas, I was a block from the bus station when out of the dark as I was half blinded by a street lamp, came that wash woman and her daughter! I was grabbed and at once they knew by my bag that I was leaving! They took my arms and marched me home. Miss Cora and Alice were surprised to say the least when they came to answer the loud pounding, plus the ringing of the bell! I had offered to pay, or anything to get away from these people and I was honestly ready to sneak back to my room and forget the whole thing.

Inside, I confessed everything and they understood how I had this compulsion to get away and they believed me when I told them I would never do such a thing again. How I sobbed as Miss Cora helped me undress. I was crying my heart out and Miss Cora said: "Well, dear, I know how it was, but Elsie, to impress you that I mean business, you will be thrashed in the wood shed tomorrow. You will have to admit that you deserve this!" I did have to admit this and I sort of felt that I would even the balance and pay Miss Cora for my silly attempt if I was taken in disgrace to the wood shed.

The next morning at breakfast Alice and Miss Cora were

sad; they were honestly sad at what was in store for me. This is a lot different than many cases when boys are put into dresses and under the supervision of women. I know of cases that are entirely different in that the women or woman "over" the male, be he child, boy or grown man, WANT him to disobey so they can punish and humiliate him and hear him cry and whimper and beg! Alice and Miss Cora were genuinely sorry about the whole matter!

After breakfast I was bathed by mother. She was silent, oh it was an awful silence! In my room a pair of those awful, long black, cotton stockings were put on me and they were held up by tight rubber bands as garters. Low heeled work shoes were worn. An old soiled cheap bra and panties and an old sack of a dress that hung on me like the sack it was! The dress just came to my hose tops and at each step my white, bare legs showed a bit! Oh how terrible I felt in this outfit; here was a punishment itself; I mean that I loved nice things, soft things, lovely things, things with color, things that "swished", garments that were completely feminine and now here I was dressed exactly like a girl to be punished in an English Boarding School! I had read of this sort of costume and what shame it caused!

Well, I was taken to the shed but before that I was allowed to sit down in the drawing room for a while. Alice kissed me and told me that it was all for the best and that I would become a better girl for it! Miss Cora told me to stand in the corner with hands at sides and face to the wall and how silly I felt! How terribly nervous I felt as Miss Cora would come and go, in the room and out and I never knew which time was to be the one that she would come and take me to the dreaded wood shed! At last I was taken by the arm and as I wept and Alice cried a little and as Miss Cora looked sad and grim, it was a sorry picture indeed.

Oh, that trip to the wood shed was a long one, silent and long. Miss Cora stood and looked over the things that hung there and I knew it would be the strap or the rawhide whip. She brought the rawhide switch and believe me, I received a thrashing I shall never, never forget in my life and my wife is no amateur either! It was an epic whipping and in shoes, bra, panties and the long black stockings I was held tight over Miss Cora's lap at first, next I was on the floor twisting and screaming; I was taken by the arm and I danced and what a sight I was! At last I found myself screaming and sobbing in a corner of the shed trying to climb the wall to get away from the whip!

I was put to bed and I was put on bread and water for three days. How I longed for my nice things and the good graces of Miss Cora and Alice again, how I longed for my feminine nightie. Now I wore as a punishment a coarse sack-like gown, short and ill fitting. I was kept in bed, no one spoke to me, my bread and water was placed by my bed. I was glad when again I was dressed as a good girl and Miss Cora and Alice forgave me and we all had a wonderful cry!

Later that week the Sunday School teacher who was in charge of the "rummage" sale came over and I gave her the shoes that I had taken that fateful day! It was not too bad; she had of course heard all about me and that was over and done with and now my book was clean!

Miss Cora and Alice had made a special trip to the County Seat where a woman minister was preaching. This woman was making quite an impression all across the land and she was an ordained minister. This lady was a guest at the house. Miss Cora drove her over from the County Seat. The whole situation was explained to her, much detail was discussed as to the reason and all. Alice's and my marriage was discussed and at last this lady consented to marry us. She was moving on West and we were to meet her later on in San Francisco. I was all thrilled and also was some worried about the idea!

We drove West, the three of us. We stopped at motels and hotels and had a grand time all the way! No one that saw me at any time thought I was a male! I FELT and acted like a girl, I WAS Elsie and that was that. I was happy and so was Miss Cora and Alice. Miss Cora had sold her place and we had left her Village for all time. We arrived in San Francisco one morning in late June. What a lovely city, indeed a city with a personality! I was taken to one of the many wonderful shops. I was fitted out with the most gorgeous wedding outfit that ever was. My wedding day arrived and we met with this lady minister at a home she had leased on the edge of the city. Alice was to arrive later on. I was taken to a room and here Miss Cora prepared me for my wedding. I was bathed and scented. All the time since my becoming Elsie my skin had been treated by Miss Cora. I was smooth and lovely, I thrilled at my own body! The most lovely hand made hose were put on me; oh, they were a dream of film-like material, there was just a whisper of blue in these stockings. They were pulled up taut by my corselette supporters and this darling corselette was covered with white satin and the supporters were covered with gathered white satin and the clasps were embellished with dainty rosettes of fine Irish Lace! My bra was a dream of white satin. Due to treatments that Miss Cora had given me and that my new wife would continue, there was some evidence that my breasts were filling out and I was not at all unhappy about it!

My panties! Oh, my wedding panties were the most lovely panties I had even dreamed of! Soft as doe skin, a froth of lace, white and chaste with white ribbons and insertions in the leg at the lowest gorgeous frill. The panties of course had elastic at the waist but the legs had none but they fit perfectly and they just came down past my hose tops where the lovely supporters held so firm and true! My slippers were high heeled satin and like my hose had just a trace of blue.

I had a petticoat that fitted tightly in the bodice and was bouffant below, one of those things that seem to me are many petticoats in one! I never saw so much lace, so much flouncing, be-ribboned, a symphony of white glory! My dress was of satin with that whisper of blue and over this was a mere "effect" of a rayon material, a crepe that sort of seemed to float in space and made me float in space too!

Tiny diamond-seed earrings were put into my ears (Now my ears are pierced). My hair was done up as well as possible; it was of course growing out well but it still was not the crowning glory it is today! I wore long kid shoulder length gloves with a faint pink tint in them. Many may think that the gloves should also have had the mere whisper of blue but I don't. I loved the whole effect and so did the others! I was made up to perfection, I was very lovely, attractive and pure class, so help me!

The living room was all fixed up and I carried a lovely bouquet of flowers. Alice arrived dressed in tweeds! She wore a suit, a rather form fitting formal which showed her off well! She was business like and happy and I felt more feminine than ever with Alice dressed like this! The woman minister was happy and I learned that Miss Cora had contributed rather well to a new church that the lady had established in another California city. There was a recording played, the wedding march and I came down the stairs and Miss Cora "gave me away". We were married and Alice took me, she the aggressor, in her arms and kissed me long and hard!

I changed to a lovely travelling suit that Miss Cora had sent for from Bonwit Teller in New York. It was a new, completely exciting garment with the minaret sleeve. It was designed by Harvey Berin and as per his styling in New York it was cropped short for effect and I might add, smashing effect in the words of the New Yorker Magazine! It was "smart" and the color was listed as



'gendarme' blue' - what a fit! I changed hose and panties of course and off Miss Cora, Alice and Elsie went toward our new home that I had not seen yet. It was on "the Peninsula" and Miss Cora had bought it for us.

Oh, it was, and is, lovely! Private, with a rock-wall fence, nice trees, flowers and a private garden; it is near the sea and just a dream house and place to live in. Well we drove into the drive-way after Miss Cora unlocked the gates, and into the garage Miss Cora and Alice took me all around outside the house showing me and themselves the place. All was efficient and perfect. It had been decided to have no maid as yet at least and I was glad.

Once, before we were married, Alice had told me to sit on her lap! I had done so and she had held me and lifted me and smiled in a most pleased fashion, bless her! Alice had also been doing exercises of late and seemed to be getting ready for a tennis match or something! She always had been athletic in a feminine way and she still is. Well, I had forgotten this 'sitting on the lap' incident until we arrived at the lovely new home.

When we went onto the porch Miss Cora gave Alice the keys to the house. Alice unlocked the door and opened it and she smiled at me and so help me, she took me into her arms and CARRIED ME ACROSS THE THRESHOLD AS A BRIDE SHOULD BE TREATED! Now I knew why she had tested her strength by having me sit on her lap and why she was sort of in training! I blushed as only a bride can blush! I cried a bit and Miss Cora fixed tea. The house was stocked with food and all things that anyone could want and the whole place was 100% electric! All one had to do was press buttons! I was sort of trembling after dinner that evening and Alice and Miss Cora told me to relax: "Elsie dear, there is nothing to fear!" What a

unique situation. Can you picture it and my feelings? Well, that is the way it was! I might add that it is still a bit this way! . . . . .

We listened to a wonderful symphony program from San Francisco - what a city of good taste is this place by the Golden Gate! It seemed late but it was only nine when Miss Cora said: "Well, it has been a wonderful day but we are all ready to go to bed I guess!" Alice said "yes" and I blushed! Miss Cora came to me and raised me to my feet and gave me a kiss and a motherly pat on the seat and said: "Well, you go on up, Elsie, and get into your gown that I have laid out for you." Alice came to me and kissed me in a most terrific way and said: "Go on up dearest. I will follow soon". I went! I undressed all trembling and got into the lovely night gown, so soft, so pink, so feminine! I was amazed at our bedroom. It had two of the largest beds I had ever seen! I got in the one to the West as I had been told and soon I heard the steps of Alice as I turned out the light. She came in and in the bright moonlight that filtered through the curtains I could see her outline as she got ready for bed and I could hear her garments and her breathing and she came to the bed and it was all so beautiful, so wonderful, so clean and lovely that I do not wish to share it with others! Please forgive me.

I wept from sheer joy and perhaps there was a touch of humiliation! Alice shushed me - she was gentle, but she was the aggressor and the night was filled with love and beauty!

Now I skip to the present. I am happy that Miss Cora lives with us and so is Alice. Miss Cora helps to keep me in line as to my tasks that I perform. We all do our part in keeping house, mending, sewing and our FEMININE lives are happy ones! True, there is some shame at times, some punishment and correction but I admit that I need it! In general, my life, our lives are filled with pleasure.

My life most of the time is one of ecstasy and bliss-- clothes, trips and experiences. We are good people and we are kind. Due to the circumstances we have no children but I can tell you that there is a little boy and a little girl who are poor but who will have a full college education due to our secret arrangements for them.

So now ends this part of my life and you at least have the main facts. Alice says I must prepare for bed now so I'll stop. She governs my bedtime as she does my clothing, food, and life in general and I LIKE IT.

\*\*\*\*\* The End \*\*\*\*\*

oxoxoxoxo TRANSFORMATION oxoxoxoxo

Little dabs of powder, mascara, rouge and paint  
Eyebrow pencil, lipstick, make us what we "ain't"!

Nylon hose and panties, bra and slip with lace  
And a girdle or a corset, keeping everything in place.

High heels are a must, of course, and then I must confess  
I'll slip into a gorgeous, satin, low-cut evening dress.

Earrings and a necklace--What else? Now let me think  
A coat or better yet a stole (if we can afford it)--mink.

We glance into our mirror as we give our skirt a whirl  
And we love this transformation from a man into A GIRL.

Georgia

## IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO US STORIES--No. 1

He eyed the woman hungrily. "How good it would be", he thought, "to be permitted to wear things like she was wearing". Those huge, dramatic earrings. That lovely flowing tie-silk dress in those vivid colors. Dramatic make-up so that brows could sweep upward and lipstick to make a mouth so deliciously kissable. And false eyelashes heavily mascarred too.

He noticed her watching him and was intrigued by her level, perceptive gaze. "Oh if only such a woman would accept me as her slave," he thought.

Her voice was rich and authoritative as she said, "You will call a cab for me". Startled, he hailed the cab and held the door open for her. "Get in", she ordered. He obeyed.

"I'd love it if she would bind my wrists together and blindfold and kidnap me," he thought.

Removing a sash from around her waist, she said, "Turn your back and cross your wrists behind you". Expertly she lashed the wrists together and tied them to the back of his belt. Then she drew a scarf from her purse and blindfolded him. Soon the cab came to a stop and she prodded him out of the cab and up some stairs.

He felt her unbuttoning his clothes, removing his tie, taking off his shoes and socks. Then she removed the blindfold and untied his wrists. He saw that she was wearing a flowing housecoat of cerise satin and all the clothing that she had been wearing was laid out on a bed.

"Put those things on", she commanded

"But, I--"

"Go on. You know you want to wear them."

Bewildered, he obeyed her orders and donned all of the clothes even to her high heeled slippers. Then she seated him before a vanity and proceeded to apply makeup just as he had envisioned it, even to the false eyelashes.

"Oh, I'd love to be this woman's servant, her

slave", he thought.

She ordered him to clean up the apartment, to launder her garments, to cook and serve her, feed her and clean up behind her. He was in ecstasy.

"I love the beautiful satin of her housecoat, I'd love to stroke and caress it", he thought.

"Massage my entire body through this housecoat," she commanded. "That's an order". He quivered with pleasure as he obeyed the command.

"I'm hers---hers to do with whatever she wishes" he said to himself.

"My dear, you will be my servant as long as I wish and you should know for whom you work.

"I am Madame Charlotte, Mind Reader."

A.B.-L.A.

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WISH TO CHANGE SEX NOT CRUELTY  
DIVORCE PLEA FAILS

The question whether it was "cruelty" for a husband to persist in a desire to become a woman was raised in the Court of Appeal yesterday. The court's ruling was that the husband's actions were not cruel.

Mrs. Constance Dolling of Trafalgar St., Walworth, appealed against an order of Mr. Justice Davies dismissing her divorce petition alleging cruelty by her husband Mr. Vicotor George Dolling. The husband did not defend the suit or contest the appeal.

Mr. Mark Smith, for the wife, said Mr Dolling, now dressed as a woman was employed as a woman in a clerical capacity. He received implantations of hormones which caused some development of female characteristics.

"These matters must give rise to the belief that they may affect the wife's health and so amount to cruelty". One of the matters to be considered was whether the behaviour of Mr. Dolling was prima facie cruel.

Lord Justice Ormerod said: "Large numbers of women these days seem to wear men's clothing, it is by no means a one way street." No cruelty-case dismissed, he ruled.

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SURVEY OF VARIOUS ASPECTS OF TRANSVESTISM  
IN THE LIGHT OF OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE

BY

N. LUKIANOWICZ, M.E., D.P.M.

((EDITOR'S NOTE: As part of our attempt to provide education not only to TVs but to others interested in the subject we will reprint such medical articles as come to our attention that bear on this subject. Many of our number have no access to medical literature and have no way of knowing what the state of medical opinion on the subject of TV is. The article reprinted here appeared in the Jan. 1959 issue of the Jour. of Nervous and Mental Diseases and is about as complete a review of the subject as exists. As Editor I have taken the liberty of interspersing comments where I feel them warranted. This is a long article and cannot all be included in this issue. Comments on the article are not only solicited but requested as discussion is the only way we can grow. They will be printed in Letters to Ed. in No. 4.)))

Introduction---Preliminary Remarks

The aim of this paper is to give a brief survey of various aspects of transvestism in the light of our present knowledge of this phenomenon, with a particular consideration of its etiology and symptomatology, and its cultural, social and legal implications. Very little may yet be said about therapeutic possibilities.

Transvestism is known, under various names, in almost all cultures and in all parts of the world. Its ubiquity led Ellis (29) to the conclusion that it "may possibly represent not...a corrupt or overrefined manifestation of late cultures, but the survival of an ancient and natural tendency of more primitive man". If so, such cross-dressing might have had in the earlier cultures some magical, ritualistic or symbolic meaning, now entirely forgotten.

The phenomenon was already known in antiquity. It was described by Herodotus as the mysterious "Skythian illness" on the northern shores of the Black Sea. There, hitherto

apparently normal men would put on female clothes, do women's work, and generally show feminine character and behavior (64). Its existence in classical Greece is suggested by the picture of Hercules dressed in female clothes and serving his mistress Omphale (30). Transvestism was also known in ancient Rome, particularly at the time of her decline, and some of the Roman Emperors (Caligula, Heliogabalus) occasionally dressed in female garments (27,96). At the beginning of modern times the most notorious transvestites were the three Frenchmen: the brother of King Henri III; the Abbe de Choisy; and the proverbial Chevalier d'Eon (24).

In our own epoch and culture the ever growing number of papers on transvestism suggests either an increase in frequency of occurrence of this sexual aberration, or a greater interest in it on the part of writers. Thus, Masson (70) in her excellent survey of transvestism (in history, literature and ethnography, covering almost a century (1838-1935), found 69 cases of transvestism described by 29 authors; in two decades (1935-1955) following her study, 76 new observations were reported by 40 writers. (Our data have been based only on British, American, French, German, Danish and Swiss literature)

((ED. Note: This only goes to show how few TVs come to the attention of M.D.s--We have nearly that many contacts with TVia. Moreover the cases reported in the literature are almost uniformly persons who have some more serious behaviour problem than TV alone and should not therefore be classed as TVs but as other types with TV interests)))

### Terminology

The nomenclature of transvestism has undergone a real evolution. In 1876 Westphal (99) called this phenomenon "contrary sexual feeling;" Drafft-Ebing named it "metamorphosis sexualis paranoica" (64); Carpenter coined the term "cross-dressing"; Ellis used in 1913 the clumsy name "sexo-esthetic inversion," which he changed to more euphonic "Eonism" in 1920; Bloch (15) called transvestism "psychical hermaphroditism;" Tennenbaum (93) used the term "sexual inversion".

In 1910 Hirschfeld (52) introduced the term "Transvestism", being fully aware "that this name indicates only the most obvious aspect of this phenomenon." His term became generally accepted, although it is still being used without the necessary discrimination between the two akin conditions, the real transvestism and transsexualism.

((EE. Note: These terms all show the confusion existing in med. circles about TV. All these names emphasize the sexual connotation and make no allowance for TVism which does not involve sex activity or orientation. Drs. dont get to see relatively well adapted, secure, and adjusted TVs, they only see the person who is so mixed up. so maladjusted and unhappy that he cant live comfortably with himself or who gets mixed up with the law--therefore conclusions drawn about TV are colored by the patients who are seen and who are presumed to be representative.)))

#### Definition

There is no generally accepted definition of transvestism as yet. For example: Pettow (84) defined it as a psychological compulsion", Ellis "as really a modification of normal heterosexuality", Stekel (92) as "A mask for homosexuality", Mayer-Gross, Slater and Roth (71) as a "form of fetishism in the homosexually inclined". In "Janett Thompson's (96) view transvestism "falls into the category of a behavior problem rather than into that of a sexual problem as it has usually been classified"

((EE Note. The reason this last definition is so much more sensible is that "Janett Thompson" is a pen name for a well known TV who is fully aware of the non-sexual aspects of the matter)))

Podolsky (86) defines it as "a form of compulsion neurosis", but a bit further says that "transvestism is a mental ailment". ((So are sex and hunger--Ed))

Kinsey (61) sees in a transvestite "an individual who prefers to wear the clothes of the opposite sex, and who desires to be accepted in the social organization as an individual of the opposite sex." Hamburger (49,50) offers an almost identical definition. Benjamin (10,11) regards transvestism as "a disharmony of the total sexual sense, a sexual indecision or a dissociation of the



physical and mental duality".

We use the term "transvestism" for a sexual deviation characterized by: (a) a desire to wear the dress of the opposite sex, and (b) (less often) a wish to be looked upon, and to be socially accepted, as a member of this sex. The name "transsexualism" is applied to those rare cases of transvestism, where, apart from both just mentioned tendencies, there exists; (c) a persistent morbid urge to undergo a "conversion-operation," i.e. to have an anatomical "change" of the inborn sex.

((ED. Note: There are certainly individuals who are homosexual, exhibitionists, fetishists etc. whose sexual orientation and/or behavior can properly be said to be "deviated" and who at the same time may like to wear clothes of the opposite sex; but to class TVism per se as a sex deviation is to simply overlook the proper use of English words. A definition should cover all manifestations of the subject defined and since there are lots of TVs who are totally heterosexual in interest and sexual activity it is ridiculous to describe their interest in feminine attire as a "SEX" deviation when the sexual side of their life is perfectly "normal". Misconceptions and misuse of language like this is what causes so much heartache suffering and fear not only to the TV himself but to family and friends who are forced to think of him as something he probably is not.

### Classification

Hirschfeld uses several different criteria in his classification of transvestites. Hence, although apparently elaborate and comprehensive, his division is complex and is not homogeneous: 1, "complete" transvestite, desiring to have his sex "changed" (corresponding to our transsexualist); 2, "partial" transvestite, with the tendency to cross-dress only (identical with our transvestite); 3. constant, 4, periodical transvestite; 5 transvestite in name (adopting a given name belonging to the opposite sex; 6 narcissistic, 7, homosexual, 8 bisexual, 9, "metatropic" transvestite, with an inverted love object (i.e., a male transvestite seeking the love of a mannish woman), and 10. "automonosexual" (autoerotic) transvestite.

Some authors base their classification on accidental and irrelevant factors. Thus Pettow divides transvestites into three groups, according to their sex and age: 1, men adopting women's garb; 2 women adopting men's garb; and 3 adults adopting the garb of children. Kinsey takes as a criterion for his classification the factor of time only, thus recognizing; 1, "permanent transvestites", who "try to identify with the opposite sex...at all times," and 2. "partial transvestites, who adopt their changed roles only on occasion, as at home in the evening."

Other writers take as a principle of their classification the direction of the sexual drive. Thus Moll (74,75) divides transvestism into; 1, hetero-, 2 homo-sexual, 3, non-psycho-sexual, obsessive type, and 4, a type in which the cross-dressing is due to some ulterior motive ("pseudo-transvestites"). Dukor (27) recognizes three groups of transvestites; 1, hetero-, 2, auto-, and 3 homo-sexual. Battig (8) classifies transvestites into homo-bi-,hetero-, and auto-sexual, according to their sexual expression. (((ED. Note: I'm sure we could classify Drs. into homo, bi, hetero, and auto-sexual too, but would this help us to distinguish an M.D. from a lawyer? Why give a name to a thing to distinguish it from something else and then break it up into divisions which may have nothing to do with the subject? If a person is homosexually oriented and also likes feminine clothes he is much more properly described as a transvestic homosexual than as a homosexual transvestite, because the most important fact is always the noun, and the lesser attribute the adjective, thus, baptist minister or corporation lawyer if we are discussing ministers or lawyers. Likewise if we are discussing kinds of homosexuals we would distinguish the transvestic ones from other kinds.)))

Ellis divides transvestism into two basic groups: "One...in which the inversion is mainly confined to the sphere of clothing, and another...in which...the sub-

ject feels really to "belong to" the opposite sex, although he has no delusion regarding his anatomical conformation." Battig also recognizes two types of transvestism: 1, an apparent type, "psychoreactive in origin," and 2, genuine transvestism, comparatively rare, based on "a constitutional abnormality of an unequal foundation of physique, drives and psyche." always connected with a strong desire for the "change" of the inform sex. Similarly Hamburger makes a distinction between: 1, transvestism as a symptom, that may accompany some other sexual deviation, and 2, "genuine transvestism, or psychic hermaphroditism," denoting "persons with the fundamental feeling... of the female personality in a male body.

((ED.Note: More stupid language--this second type does not have the feeling of female personality as a result of being a transvestite. Rather the natural result of feeling ones self to be a feminine personality would be to want to dress to conform to the feeling. Such persons are transvestites not "genuinely" but incidental to being transsexuals.)))

Benjamin classifies transvestism into three types. The first class is called the "Prinipally psychogenic transvestites," in whom "the female component...is sufficient to allow an early psychological conditioning to form the transvestitic pattern in later life." This type of transvestite does not want to have his sex "changed". He wants the society to change its attitude and its restrictive laws towards him. The second, "The intermediate type" more active than the first, "inclines at times towards homosexuality," The third type is "The somatopsychic transsexual," where 'the conviction of these endocrine males that they are really females with faulty sex organs is profound and passionate."

This paper accepts Benjamin's basic classification; the further differentiation of transvestism into certain clinical sub-groups will follow in the section on symptomacl

Etiology: Theories of Organic Origin

Traumatic Theory: Hippocrates assumed that transvestism among the Skyths was caused by a repeated mechanical trauma to

their reproductive organs, incurred by their excessive horse riding. This concept of traumatic origin of transvestism was revived at the beginning of the last century, when the impotence and effeminacy found among some Tartars was attributed to the same factor.

Belief in the "demasculinizing" effect of horse riding found a practical application in a different part of the world: The Pueblo Indians forced some chosen men to excessive riding and exuberant masturbation, which supposedly led to atrophy of their testicles and penes, and thus to a general femininization; in this way these Indians procured their "mumerados", a type of effeminate male transvestites, dressed in female garments, and used for ritual homosexual orgies during their religious spring festivities (Hammond, 51)

#### Genetic and Endocrine Theory

This theory is based on the assumption that the chromosomal, or "genetic," sex (which is contained in the nuclear structure of all body cells, and has been detected and demonstrated in the epidermal nuclei of the skin), does not always correspond to the respective gonadal, or "endocrine" sex. It means that an "endocrine" male may be a "genetic" female (and vice versa), with the consequent inverted psychosexual make-up. Lang (65) believed that the male homosexuals were in fact "genetic females", whose body has undergone a complete "sex reversal" in the directions of maleness.

((ED.Note: This might cover male inverts, but what about all the gay males who are not effeminate, not passive, and not interested in female attire?)))

The writers belonging to this school of thought regard transvestism as a kind of "intersexuality", mainly basing their views on Goldschmidt's findings in the gypsy moth and by analogy postulating the existence of human males "undergoing change". Similarly Dukor assumes in transvestism a "constitutional intersexuality," which may be due either to the basic poor differentiation of the sexual drive, or due to the "lack of equalization of the chromosome content of the hormonal balance." Benjamin also regards transvestism

as a kind of "intersexuality." "There may be more or less pronounced irregularity in genetic and endocrine development with resultant "intersexes" of varying character, degree and intensity." Accordingly the male transvestite is expected to possess the female double X sex-chromosome-complex in his body cells, thus presenting an individual with a male physique, but with female genetic and psycho-sexual constitution. Similarly Rosanoff (88) hypothesizes that "factors for psycho-sexual make-up, though they may be more or less linked to the factors for physical sexuality, must be to some extent independently transmitted." (If this were so, it might well account for various forms of discrepancy between the actual anatomical sex and the psychosexual drive.)

All these interesting biological considerations have recently received a serious setback by the findings of Moore and Barr (76), Moore, Graham and Barr (77) and Barr and Hobbs (7) that "male transvestites bear the male XY sex-chromosome complex," and also that "all male pseudohermaphrodites have typical male-type epidermal nuclei.

.....

#### Theory of Psychological Conditioning

This theory blames an adverse psychological conditioning in childhood for the development of transvestism. Here is a brief survey of some of these traumatizing factors:

Parental Rejection of a child because of his "unwanted" sex leads to feelings of inferiority and insecurity, to an unhealthy precocious preoccupation with problems of masculinity and femininity, to a confusion regarding his own sexual identity, and finally to transvestism. For example: 1. Gutheil's 34 year old female transvestite, rejected by her mother, was well aware of the reason for her rejection: "Had I been a boy, everything would have been different." She lived with a 64 year old woman (a substitute for her real mother), whom she called "mother". 2. The female transvestite of Barahal (6) was rejected by her mother because of her sex. Her cross-dressing was a symbolic appeal to her mother: "Love me. I am a boy, just as you always wanted me to be." 3. Our patient "A" (68) also endeavored to buy his father's

acceptance and love by pretending to be "a little girl," i.e. cross-dressing.

Further being rejected by their parents for their sex (i.e. their "unwanted" genitals), some patients develop a hostile, sadomasochistic attitude towards their own genitalia. They direct their resentment and their hatred to this visible "cause" of their rejection and unhappiness, and want to have them; 1, either hidden under the dress of the sex to which their parents wanted them to belong, and which they try by their cross-dressing to represent (transvestites); or 2, completely removed and possibly supplanted by means of a "conversion-operation" (transsexualists). In this way both types endeavor to acquire the acceptance and love of their parents.

Dressing of children in the garb of the opposite sex is the next frequent etiological factor. Almost every transvestite alleges that he was dressed in Girl's Dresses till he was 3 or 4, or more years old. This may perplex him and prevent his identification with members of his inborn sex.

Cross-dressing for punishment is another possible precipitator of transvestite tendencies by way of traumatic fixation. This only applies to male subjects, as only the female dress for men has a humiliating connotation in our culture. There follow some illustrations: London's (67) patient was punished by his mother by being forced to wear girl's clothes at the age of 6. At first he felt "so shy and humiliated that when visitors came he would hide under the table." However soon he developed an unhealthy interest in the garments of his mother, and would put them on whenever he had the opportunity of doing so. Our patient "B" was punished in exactly the same way. Subsequently he developed a desire to wear girl's clothes permanently.

The favored status of a little girl in the family group played a causative role in many transvestite cases. The symbolism of transvestism here is self-explanatory: through assuming the dress of the preferred sex (and thus pretending to belong to it) the respective children want to participate in the preferential treatment of this sex.

Examples: 1. The older sister of our patient "A" was favored by both parents, and recommended as an example to her brother, who soon started to imitate her in her clothes and her manners. 2. The preferential treatment of girls in the orphanage was a precipitating factor in the feminine identification and transvestism of our patient "B". 3. Frank, a 6 year old boy, "began to dress in female garb, disliked boys and played only with girls. He complained that his mother liked his sister more than himself," and "said he would rather be a Girl."

Close visual contact with a female (usually the mother or a sister) may lead to "a state of primary identification" with her. An exhibitionistic exposure of this female figure is frequent, though rarely even suspected. As illustrations: 1. There are strong indications that the mothers of three little boys studied by Friend and his colleagues (39), exposed themselves in front of their sons. This led, on the one hand, to transvestite tendencies in these boys, on the other hand to caricaturizing the phallic female in their play activities. 2. Billy, a six year old boy "expressed a desire to have breasts like his mother and to urinate like her. He wanted to be a girl and have his penis taken off". Without assuming some exhibitionistic activity on the part of his mother it would be impossible to account for this knowledge of anatomy of female sexual organs. 3. Maternal exhibitionistic behavior was also evident in some other boys studies by Bender and Paster. For instance, Aberdeen boasted that "while sleeping in his foster-parents bedroom he often explored his mother's breasts and genitalia". Soon he developed transvestite trends and homosexual trends; he showed a preference to dress as a girl, played only with girls and dolls, imitated actresses, his gestures and voice were deliberately effeminate and he wanted to be a girl. He became fond of a boy and called him "my husband". 4. Stanly, aged 10 openly "admitted that his mother stimulated him sexually." Often a similar exhibitionistic role may be played by "a sister, relatively close in age" as it occurred in

our patient "A", and in the patients of Fenichel, of Berman (12) and of Karpman.

A reversal of parental roles (i.e. an aggressive mother and a submissive father) may sometimes lead to the identification with the wrong parent. This occurred to Frank (9), whose father, a weakling and alcoholic, was mostly absent, and whose mother was energetic and "masculine in appearance and dress". A similar family situation existed in the patient of Deutsch (25) "His mother was a dominant person; his father a lenient type. Mother made all the decisions and liked him best when he was submissive". Thus this man could keep his mother's love only by "feminine qualities", which eventually led to his female identification and transvestism.

To Be Continued.

((ED. Note: This is a long article and will have to be given in 3 sections since it is not desirable to use up too much of any single issue on one piece of material. The reference numbers have been given in case any reader is particularly interested, but since the bibliography itself is long and tedious to type it will not be given. If anyone is interested in a particular reference the source will be given just ask.

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#### MAN (?) ABOUT TOWN

A business tycoon of renown  
 Was very well known about town  
     But it never was guessed  
     That evenings he dressed  
 In lingerie, high heels and a gown

Georgia



## From New York--"SUSANNA SAYS"

I have found that there are an awful lot of TV's who go in for bondage. From what I've seen and read it seems that a good 3/4 of us show some interest in this form of erotica. Personally I had never given much thought to this "hobby" until one of my TV friends talked me into trying it. I did and I was very much surprised at the pleasant feeling I experienced. Perhaps it has to do with the image of helplessness which we usually identify with things feminine. It wouldbbe interesting to study the relationship between Eonism and bondage. ((Ed. note: Wonder if it isnt rather a special case of the authoritarian displacement of responsibility as was discussed in the Virgin Views column of No. 2. Being bound one is helpless and therefore not responsible for the fact that he is wearing feminine things. The fact that he gets dressed voluntarily before being trussed up doesnt make any difference to this theory because the whole routine doesnt start till the binding begins. In effect the recognition of the Eonistic aspect of the experience is deferred until the setting is complete and then the subject is helpless and therefore not responsible.

A TV friend from Wisc. takes me to task in no uncertain terms for having uttered a plea for tolerance towards the gay people. She says those people are insane, dangerous and will not stop at blackmail and murder to achieve their nefarious purposes. Says that if she knew there would be one single gay person at the Chevalier d'Eon resort she would not even get near the place. I was sorry to disappoint her since I happen to have several non-TV friends who are gay. One of them is a physician, another a professor. Both cultured, intelligent and kind, and above all very sympathetic towards TVs. I wonder when people will start judging others as individuals!!! ((Ed. Note: May I join Susanna

in her feelings. It is a curious thing that many of the "insane and dangerous" people have no more understanding of how we can be TVs than some of us do of how they can be gay. "People who live in glass houses ~~-----~~ should keep their walls polished" so that they can see out better and learn more about the world. "It takes all kinds...." Let him who is without sin... "Judge not lest ye be judged".... Methinketh thou protesteth too much".....all of these are applicable.)))

Another asks me how do we protect TV's from exposure at the resort. Very simple. The resort itself is secluded, way off the highway. The guests are never introduced to each other by their real names. Each gives a first name (a girl's name of course) and that's all. Discretion is a "must" at the Chevalier. But to make things really fool proof, the management of the Resort maintains most cordial and friendly relations with the town's chief of Police. He protects us!! Besides, we never allow the guests to leave the grounds while wearing their finery. We supply them everything they need. There's no need to drive off into town.

I like Peggy's open attitude about her cross-dressing. Every time she meets a real girl and asks her for a date, the first thing Peggy does is tell her about being a TV. Take it or leave it. If the gal does not object, fine, the friendship continues. If she does---goodbye. There are too many TVs who make the mistake of keeping their desires secret before they marry. Somehow they hope the wife will understand and go along with it. Unfortunately this is seldom the case. A great majority of women are repelled by the thought of seeing their husbands masquerading as females. Many go as far as accepting TV for a while, years perhaps, and then, inexplicably they turn against it. Is it that they get sick and tired of it? Or do they realize they have strong female competition right at home? ((Ed.Note:---or does the husband take too much advantage of the wife's tolerance and become selfish, demanding, and inconsiderate. Wives have needs too and as long as the husband sees to it that

they are fulfilled she will probably retain her tolerance, but when she feels neglected she rebels.)))  
 Sometimes the situation seems perfect until the children begin to grow up, then the father has to deprive himself of his "hobby", or simply "go underground". I know of only one case in which the children have been told that there's nothing wrong with daddy playing the part of mommy. The kids are 9 and 12 and apparently take the whole thing in their stride, especially since the neighbors know all about it and they come to play card every weekend. The husband is always the "hostess" and competes with his wife in stunning gowns. Everybody seems to have a lot of fun out of the situation and they don't seem to think there's anything "morally wrong" with TV. It's refreshing to find such instances of tolerance and understanding even if you have to go to Hawaii ( in this case)to find them. (((ED Note: Susanna, couldnt you get this couple to write up their situation and how it was accomplished? It might prove a life saver to some of our number faced with similar problems.)))

Speaking of things refreshing, a friend writes me from Rio. Says he never saw so many TVs together in his whole life as he did at the Rio Carnival. Seems as if every other man dresses up in women's clothes during the three days of "fiesta". Of course many do not admit being TVs and explain their costume by saying that it is the coolest thing to wear when you have to do a lot of dancing.

The hardest thing for many TVs is to keep arms, hands and legs shaven all the time. There is always the fear that "someone is going to notice". I must admit that it took me years before I gathered enough courage and plunged into eyebrow plucking and limb shaving. However, once I did it I was surprised to find that very very few people noticed the difference and the couple who actually came out and asked me if I shaved my arms were satisfied with a simple answer such as; "yes..I cant stand hair on my body ...I've a phobia. I feel much better this way." As to the eyebrows, a little at a time is the right procedure. After a few months you have them nicely clean and shaped

and everybody is used to seeing you that way. Most people are terribly unobservant. It's our "guilt complex" that creates huge monsters after ua all the time.

((ED. Note: As a further aid in this hair problem, make a point of observing others for a few days.

You will be surprised at the amount of hair some women have on arms and legs making no attempt to remove it.

Conversely you will note quite a number of men whose hair is quite sparse without having shaved it.))

One bit of reading I recommend to all our girl friends: It's VENUS CASTINA, published by A.J.Cronin. It contains fascinating material on cross-dressing, going as far back as Greek Mythology. One thing I didn't know (among many others) we TV's have a goddess of our own. It is Venus Castina, who, according to ancient mythology was the goddess who "responded with sympathy to the yearnings of feminine souls locked up in masculine bodies." Which shows there is nothing new or unusual about TV. Its been done ever since Adam borrowed Eve's fig leaf one day when he misplaced his own. Be sure that I'm going to build a little shrine to Venus Castina at the resort. The book has a whole chapter on the Roman Emperors who enjoyed masquerading as gals...another on the boy actresses of Shakesperean days etc. Its being sold around N.Y. for about \$3. No fiction, just history.

Recently met the "Coquettes", a fascinating case of a husband and wife team who are earning their living as two sisters. They are both excellent violinists and have perfected extremely nice routines for night club work. The odd part of the act is that he does not reveal himself as an impersonator. The public goes home thinking they saw two very attractive girl entertainers. They came to the Che. d'Eon Club. The husband (Diane) was utterly flabbergasted upon seeing our pix collection. He never realized we were so many. As a matter of fact he didnt have any TV contacts. As an impersonator he is fabulous. He goes about in girl's clothes most of the time (that's the way he came to visit us) and he made

me green with envy when I heard him talk. What a beautiful feminine voice...natural...no falsetto. His wife is a delightful blonde. Says she sees in him two distinct and different personalities, the husband and Diane. When TVia starts having pix I'm sure "The Coquettes" would not mind having their pix in our mag. They'll be guest artists some week-ends this summer at the Resort. ((ED.

Note: You see the pics this time, Susanna, better start getting them together but see opening paragraph of Editorial Emanations this issue. How about getting them to do an article on their act, their meeting, their life...)

Just to show how strong TVism can be as a guiding force in a man's life...I'm very well acquainted with a chap from So. Amer. who came to the USA some 20 yrs. ago for the only reason that "here he hoped to find more opportunities for cross-dressing than in his own country". Which by the way is true. Latin Americans (despite the Carnival antics) at least on the surface are even worse than the US citizen when it comes to condemning any feminine train in a man. They go so far along this line that even a harmless Varsity show is something "just not done" in Latin American Universities. Not one student would dare to appear in public in skirts. At least in the US my friend found Varsity shows, halloween and masquerade balls where he could indulge. Moreover, the large US cities are the ideal place for TVs, considering that you can live for years without ever trading one word with your neighbor next door. (This is of course not true in small towns where everybody minds everybody else's business). My friend found so many opportunities for cross-dressing that he decided not to return to his home country and stayed here for good despite the fact that all of his family are still living in So. Amer. I know he'll never go back. He is too happy here in his silks and satins.

This is all from New York for this time....See you in TRANSVESTIA No. 4...and I hope in person at the Chevalier d'Eon Resort this summer.

Love to all from.....Susanna.

## LADIE'S DAY---LETTER FROM A TV WIFE

"You TVs are to blame for your own problems. You do nothing but cry and complain about society, how much it misunderstands you, and yet YOU DO NOTHING to enlighten society about the true nature of TVism. How do you expect people to understand TV's and accept them if they don't know the truth about this form of unconventional behavior? Most people will automatically link TV with homosexuality because they don't know what TV is. And who are the ones who should teach and talk and enlighten? YOU TV's!! You are the first ones to act guilty as hell. You are so terribly ashamed of your desires that you would rather die than to be seen or exposed. And if YOU act so terribly ashamed about it, how do you expect to make a good impression on others? By your own attitude you present TVism as something shameful that must be kept hidden from the eyes of "nice people". Of course, "nice people" are thus forced to think that a TV is something akin to a criminal, a pervert or a degenerate.

You TV's don't have enough guts and that's the truth. You are sweet and lovable (I ought to know since I'm married to one of you) and yet you keep acting as if your soul were a black pit of sin. Let me give you a bit of practical advice. Be proud of your TVism and you'll be surprised at the number of people who'll accept your "hobby" without thinking about it. You might start by carelessly stating at some gathering with friends that one of your hobbies is female impersonation. Questions of course will be asked, and then you can explain it as a difficult and artistic pass-time which results in a delightful avenue of relaxation. You might even challenge some of your friends by saying: "You guys ought to try it sometime. It isn't easy to do a good job of it". Keep the whole subject away from sexual connotations, bring out the fact that many women get a wonderful kick out of having their boyfriend mimicking a female. You might even remark (getting ahead of them) how ignorant people are not to know the difference between impersonation as an art and "drag". Be nonchalant, not ashamed, ACT don't complain!

Sincerely,

Mrs. Sarah T. New York

A flash of joy swept over me for one brief instant and was replaced with a twinge of conscience at the casual dismissal of my real sex. Feeling it the thing to do, I began to work up protests against this summary method of assuming that I was putty in the hands of any woman, even my own wife and the assumption that I would willingly consent to refute my sex made me resentful. My lips formed the words that would put these ideas into the open when Constance leaned over and, with her right hand, caressed my cheek.

"You're such a lovely girl, darling". Her gloved fingers brushed softly against my half open lips. "Honestly, I did not recognize you when I ran into that room. You've changed so much! You're so - so - girlish." And, of course now that you can never be a man again, it is just as well that you DO make such a pretty girl."

"NEVER BE A MAN AGAIN?" I shouted. "Constance! What are you talking about?"

"Why, you must realize that you have definitely cast the die. I know you are not so stupid as to not know that when you didn't report to your draft board, your name was immediately sent to the F.B.I. Why, since then, I've had four visits from them and they were seeking information as to your whereabouts. You're listed as a deserter and the punishment for desertion during war-time can be death. And, don't think they will stop looking for you in a short while, or even when the war is over! No, darling, you're in for it now! They'll never stop hunting for you. Oh, I suppose you COULD go back to being a man and try hiding, but where will you go? What will you do? How will you live? If you try to get a job, you'll be asked to show your draft card. No, no, my dear boy, you could never manage it. And, as long as I am stuck with you, you'll have to stay dressed as a girl and live as a girl. I am certain to be watched by the F.B.I. but you'll be safe as long as you stay a girl. So you are

going to have to make up your mind in a hurry".

My mouth agape, I realized that she was telling the absolute truth. Oh, I had dimly realized this, in a way, all along, but I had refused to put it into words. Yes, I could resume my status as a man, but it was as Constance had said: I would have to get a job of some sort in order to live and then I would always be plagued by the request for my draft status. And, I was faced with the prospect of always being hunted by the police of all cities, towns, and the government. Reduced to this, I would be no better than a criminal, a fugitive from justice, as indeed I was already. On the other hand, if I stayed a girl, I would at any rate still have Connie's protection as long as she was of a mind to bestow it upon me. I had begun to like being a girl and wearing girl's clothes but it had been because I had thought it was a temporary thing to be endured only until things cleared up. Now I knew that this could never be cleared up except if I were to surrender myself to the authorities and the dread of awful and direful punishment made this an impossibility. So, faced with the choice of the only two solutions; leave Connie and go out into the world as a man, chased by the police, haunted by fears of arrest, trying to work - or continuing to live as a girl, with my wife, not worrying about food or clothing and safe, up to a point, from arrest, as long as I remained undetected, the second of the two was by far the most appealing. But to face the reality of losing my identity as a man, of being a girl and woman for the rest of my life - was a shock that was difficult to assimilate. I quaked in my innermost recesses at this appalling thought.'

Well, what about it, Orville?" Constance asked.

I shook my head to clear the dullness that was seeping into my mind. I could tell from her tone that she would insist on an answer right now and would



stand for no equivocation. Timidly, I ventured:

"But Connie dear, why - why does it have to be for the rest of my life? Couldn't I do it for just a little while and then we - -"

"If there is any possible way to get you back into a man's role later on, we can do so, but it has to be a fool proof way in which there is no element of risk or repercussions. I cannot possibly see how this will ever occur and that is why I say that if you decide to stay with me as a girl, it will have to be for all time. We just have to figure on the way things look now."

"Oh - I - I " I heaved a deep, painful sigh. "All right, I just have to do it. It seems the only way".

"All right", she said calmly. "But don't forget what I am risking for you, for one single instant. Now, the only way I can explain you away without too many questions being asked is as my maid. You can't be a daughter, niece, cousin or sister as this would involve a definite risk. A woman can't just pop up with a new relative nobody knows the existence of but she can hire a new maid easily. Mother has told me that you have had training as a maid so you can fit in. Clothes won't be a problem. Your hair is long enough now to discard a wig and I'll dress it for you as soon as we get home. I'll pay you a salary and we'll get you a social security card, just to play safe. Also, you can get a driver's license and help drive the car. Then, with a social security card, a driver's license and a few other identification cards, all made out to a female, you will have enough identification to get along. There will be no intimacy between us when any others are present. Now, relax until we get home.

Reaching the house, Constance put me to work immediately. I don't know if it was a desire to humiliate me on her part, but she ordered me to gather up every article of

masculine clothing in the house and - burn it! As she looked on coldly, implacably, I crammed shoes, socks, underwear and suits into the furnace and watched them go up in flames. As the flames accelerated with each article added to the fire, it seemed as though I were watching a part of myself go up with them. It was my past that was being burned and, as a searing flare of heat gushed out of the furnace and drove me back from it's intensity, I caught a glimpse of the fluttering of my skimpy skirt as I jumped back. Glancing down at the silkiness of my legs, the frothy swirling of my skirts and the height of my dainty shoes, I thought - "There - in the furnace, goes my past and here - (plucking my skirt) - is my future". A flood of self-pity swept over me. ....

.....  
 I was a maid! My duties were manifold and varied. Beginning with the ringing of the alarm clock at 6:00 A.M., I had to follow a set of inexorable rules. At the sound of the alarm, I would jump out of bed and slip a dressing gown on over my nightie, step into a pair of mules and run into the kitchen and put the coffee pot on. As the coffee was brewing, I would take a quick bath or shower; back into the kitchen, and, making breakfast and putting it on a tray, I would remove my nightie and don my "maid's" costume, complete with black dress, dark nylons, black high-heeled shoes, lace apron and bonnet and, carrying the tray up to my "mistress'" room, I would set it down, draw the blinds and, as she awoke, put the tray in a position for her to have her breakfast in bed. While she was eating, I would draw her bath and when she was in the tub, help her bathe, help her dress afterward. After she had gone to the office, I would be busy tidying up the house, dusting, cleaning, making the beds and preparing the meals. I would order meats and groceries over the phone and pay the delivery boy for them when he delivered them. In the evening, Constance would return home to a meal I had prepared. Thus, the days passed by and I came to take my position in a

matter of fact way, with utter naturalness. Working harder than I had ever done in my life, with Constance acting the part of an exacting mistress, I almost forgot that she was my legally married wife and I came to regard myself as a servant girl.

In all this time, I had not gone out of the house, beyond the front door when receiving the groceries. Then, about two weeks after we had returned home, Constance dropped a bombshell in my lap. I was clearing off the dinner table and had my arms full of dishes when she said:

"Lilly dear, tomorrow you will pack my things for a trip. Pack enough for three weeks and pack some clothes for yourself too. We're going to Washington to see about some contracts and I want you along."

"Oh, Constance, no! Why do I have to go?"

"Because I say so. I'm not going on such a trip without a maid along. Now, I'll not listen to another word about it. You will wear a street dress for traveling and you can pack your maid's things in your bag".

Woe is me, I thought. After the ease I had felt in my role as a girl while with Barbara, I had developed a feeling of uncertainty after being cooped up in the house since then.

After packing the bags the next day, it was with considerable trepidation that I awaited the coming of the cab that was to take us to the station. I was wearing a dark blue suit of soft wool, a white sheer blouse that had a lace, baby collar, medium dark silk stockings, black high-heeled pumps and a cute black hat which had a profusion of veiling on it. Also, long black cloth gloves, a huge purse. My face was artistically made up with pancake, scented powder, lipstick, rouge, mascara, eyebrow pencil and further ornamented with earrings. I also wore necklace, bracelets and rings.

My hair, which was now long enough to serve its purpose without a wig, was softly curled with waves over my ears, on my forehead and at the back of my neck. When the cab pulled up to the house and the driver rang the bell, I answered it with my heart beating wildly and it seemed that there was a big lump in my throat. I told the driver to come in and pick up the bags, with a voice that sounded hoarse and cracked. In a short while, we were in the cab and not much later, at the station.

Constance had ordered a compartment, so the difficulty of privacy was solved but, it was still necessary for us to go to the diner and the first time I felt like a fool as the steward ushered us to a table and then held the seat for us while we sat down. His studied politeness and his "Good afternoon, ladies", as well as the similar politeness of the waiter, brought the blushes to my cheeks. Seated right across from us were two men who had all the earmarks of traveling salesmen. Almost immediately they began to ogle us!! As though she had a streak of perverseness, Constance seemed to encourage them and when the meal was finished, they came over to our table and stood smiling at us. I hurriedly excused myself, not trusting myself in such a situation and ran back to our compartment.

About ten minutes later Constance returned and smiled at me mysteriously but did not say a word. In a few minutes there was a knock on the door and Constance quickly went to it and admitted the two from the diner. They each had a package under their arm and setting them down, one of them remarked.

"We picked up a little something to drink. I'm sure you girls won't mind a little bracer". He looked at Constance and then at me, smiling.

"Oh," Constance said, as though recalled to something. "Boys, this is Lily. Lily, I want you to meet Joe Sanders and Art Lyons".

Art Lyons was a tall, fairly young man and he seemed to take an instant liking to me. He sat down beside me and as though he attached no significance to the fact that I said not a word, chattered merrily on all subjects. Joe opened the package they had brought and revealed a quart of whisky and several bottles of ginger ale. He mixed four drinks and handed one of them to me, which I refused. Constance gave me an ugly look and interpreting it as meaning that she was angry with me, I took the paper cup with the drink in it and sipped on it. One drink more was rapidly served but I lingered on my first one so didn't have to accept another. Soon Constance and the men were feeling rather exhilarated and abruptly, Joe put his arms around Constance and pulling her close, kissed her with a fervent, alcoholic kiss. Tentatively Art slipped his arms around my shoulders and I wiggled away uncomfortably. He shrugged his shoulders and took another drink. Fifteen minutes later he slid his arms around my shoulders again and again. I wriggled away. By this time Joe and Constance were locked tightly in each other's arms, lips pressed against lips and his hands were beginning to roam over her. Once, when they came up for air, she glanced at me and smiled mockingly, tauntingly. I writhed in impotence. What was she trying to do to me?

Arriving in Washington, we booked two rooms at the best hotel. I was still uncertain in my role, especially now that I was out among many other people and I always had the felling that I was being stared at and that people knew all about me. This feeling passed later on, after I had become so used to being a girl that it was not second, but first nature to me. Constance had me go everywhere with her, to carry her brief case with all her notes in it and it was then that I got to know what a remarkable business woman she was. She introduced me as her secretary wherever we went on business but in the confines of the hotel I was still her maid. It seemed as though Constance, having already known of my distaste for work, was making me

work harder than if I had gone out and gotten a real job. Strangely, though, I was beginning to like it and often, while busy with some task, I would catch myself singing while I worked.

On the third day, Constance dropped another bombshell at me. "Fix yourself up real pretty tonight. We're going out to dinner and dancing with Joe and Art. They are here in Washington and they just now called me and asked for a date tonight. Wear that pink chiffon evening gown and those silver satin slippers".

"Connie! What the - what are you trying to do to me? Making me go out with a man! Have you forgotten that I am your husband? That I am a man?"

"Completely forgotten it, darling", she said blandly. "Just as you forgot that I was a woman when you married me for my money and when you refused to go to work. And, when you acted in such a craven manner about being drafted, you lost any resemblance to a man as far as I am concerned. Oh, yes, you're still my husband and I won't divorce you but when I sent you to mother's with instructions to dress you as a girl, I wanted to find out something, and - I did. If you were a real man, you never would have allowed my mother and sister to dress you in girl's clothes. You would have put up a fight. Then, I could see that you were beginning to like being a girl. You like it more than ever right now and I think that if you had the chance to revert back to being a man again, you would not have the will to do it. No, darling, you're no longer a man, to me. Now, I'll have no more arguments from you. Don't forget that with only a few words I can have you in a Federal prison. I don't want to do that because I'll get in trouble too but nowhere as much trouble as you. So, from this moment on, I will hear no more references to the fact that you are a man or that you are my husband. Do you understand me? You are Lily, a girl, and my maid and my slave."

I sat silently during her tirade, knowing that she meant every word she said and leaving the choice to me, by inference; I could rebel, walk out and probably not have to worry about her informing on me, or I could stay, be a girl and, as she termed it - her maid, her slave. So - - that night, I was dressed in the lovely pink chiffon evening gown and the silver satin slippers. My hair was cleverly arranged and set in curls and waves and adorned with a tiny ribbon. I had a beaded evening bag in my hand and the sheer evening wrap I was to wear was draped on the table. Constance and I were waiting for our men escorts to take us dancing and dining!

Day followed day and with each one, it found us going on successive dates with Joe and Art. They took us dancing, to night clubs, to dinner and to the theatre. By this time I was sure that Joe and Connie were having an affair with each other. At the end of each date we went on, Joe would take Connie and me to the door of our hotel, say goodnight to me and then he and Connie would disappear along the corridor. It was usually two or three hours later that Connie would get back to our room and by the evidence of her still disordered hair, the flush in her cheeks and the brightness of her eyes, it was obvious that she had been at least in a struggle of some kind. Joe was a big, powerful man and probably the type that would like a big woman like Connie. I did not dare to protest, but my ego was hurt and I usually sulked when she would return from one of these excursions.

Art was a perfect gentleman with me and although he tried to kiss me every time he had the chance, he seemed to be usually discouraged easily. Between the late nights, my work as a maid and my additional work as Connie's secretary, I began to feel tired and listless. My wife noticed this and the following night I was agreeably surprised when she told me that we were not going out and would go to bed early. She let me sleep late the next morning too.

After three weeks, with frequent dates and an occasional rest day we finally went back home. The first day at home, Constance had me go to a beauty parlor to have my hair done. Then she took me on a shopping trip that will live with me for the rest of my life. I was fitted for dresses, tried on high heeled slippers, bought panties and bras and finally went to a private corsetiere to be fitted for several whale-bone corsets. The corsetiere was an old lady and to this day I don't know for sure whether she suspected my true sex. If she did, she paid no attention to it, confining herself strictly to her business, which was taking measurements of my waist, hips and bosom for some specially made brassiers which she was to make for me. Upon Constance's recommendations, she made the waist of the corsets almost six inches smaller than my own natural waist line and the first time I put one of them on, I thought I would suffocate but I soon became used to the tight constriction about my waist and could wear the corset with no ill effects. Then a week later, Joe and Art came to our house and from the way Constance greeted them, I could see it was no surprise to her.

Again, we began the seemingly endless trek of night-clubs and dances and again Connie took up where she had left off with Joe. One day as we were returning home from a dance I lost my temper and did something in the heat of the moment that surprised me. Art and I were sitting on the two folding seats and Connie and Joe in the regular seats. I turned around to address a remark to Connie when I saw that she was locked in the amorous embrace of Joe, who was taking liberties with her that were not exactly innocent. Her head thrown back, Connie grinned at me in a mocking sort of way. Angry, I turned my head toward the front of the cab with violence. Impetuously stirred by this anger, I turned to Art and leaned my head against his shoulder. Surprised, he put his arms around me and I raised my face to him, pursing my lips. He brought his head down and pressed his lips against mine with a fervor and



passion I had not thought he possessed. Frightened at what I had got myself into, I struggled to free myself but, evidently taking it for coyness on my part, he tightened his grasp with his arms and kissed me hard and thoroughly. His hands began to roam along my waist, up toward my breasts and it was then I was glad that I had a perfect pair of falsies on for he did not seem to detect the fact they WERE falsies. When his hand began to creep under my dress, I became panicky and with a violent effort broke loose from his grasp. He sighed and straightening up, relaxed. I repaired the damage done to my hair-do and then heard a mocking chuckle from the back of us that could only have come from Constance.

From that point on, Constance's attitude towards me changed considerably. Formerly she had been aloof, formal and rather cool, but now - after the incident with Art - she became jocular and teasing. She began to kiss me, but not in the way a wife kisses her husband but rather like one woman kissing another, tauntingly. She would reach over to me and cup one of my false breasts in her hand and jog it up and down, or, if I were passing her, she would "goose" me or slap me across my bottom. Sometimes when I would be bending over to pick up something, she would creep up behind me, fling my skirt up over my hips and yell, "WHOOOPS, MY DEAR!", derisively. She constantly brought the blushes to my cheeks with remarks such as:

"I'll bet Art likes to do this!" as she would fondle my bottom, or "When is he going to ask you to marry him, dear?". She made it so hard and miserable for me that I was on the point of running out on her when, one day we were surprised by a visit from Dora and Barbara.

Barbara had not changed one whit from what she was the last time I had seen her. Her first remark upon seeing me was:

"Well, Lily-Orville, the half-man, half-woman! Prettier than ever, too".

"Barbara", her mother reproved. Barbara began to laugh loudly and when she was asked what the joke was, she giggled.

"I just read in the papers where they are thinking of the possibilities of drafting women into the Wacs and Waves. .Wouldn't it be something if, having become a girl to stay out of the service, Lily-Orville should be drafted into the Wacs, as a women?" Her laughter rang out and she was joined by Constance and Dora, but I was assailed by a sudden fear. WAS it possible?

In the next two days, Barbara took over teasing me and tormenting me about my girlish existence. But, where Connie's teasing was of the mocking kind, Barbara's was malicious.. Her acid tongue and venomous nature found an outlet in tormenting me. She had absolutely no fear of me, I thought, based on the incident of her spanking me, but one day, angered and aggravated beyond endurance, I raised my hand, and with terrific force, slapped her cheek. To my astonishment, she blinked, raised her hand to her smarting cheek and - began to cry, silently!! This was worse than if she had raged and stormed at me and I shifted uncomfortably on my high heels as I watched the tears flow down her cheeks. Clumsily, I put my hand out with a tentative gesture at comforting her and at last a sob broke out from her throat and she threw herself into my arms, sobbing as though her heart would break. I patted her shoulders consolingly, amazed at this revelation of her character. Brokenly, she murmured.

"Oh, Lily, I'm sorry for the way I've acted toward you, darling girl. I only did it because - because - Oh, I must say it! - I love you! - No! Wait - don't leave! I love you and I've always loved you! Oh, I've been so ashamed of myself! I've fought it because I know it's

wrong, it's shameful, it - it's terrible - but I can't help myself. Oh, I tried to fight it. I insulted you, I tormented you and I sneered at and jeered at you, all with the thought of driving you out of my mind with contempt, but it was no use. Oh, am I so terrible, darling, to love you the way I do?"

I was now shocked and then successive denouements left me dazed. I mumbled something, then -

"Uh - there's nothing to be ashamed of, Barbara. Other girls have loved married men before. It's just that I - -".

"MEN? Oh, Lily, dear girl, you don't seem to understand! I don't love you that way! I love you as one girl loves another! You're no man to me!" she said scornfully; as I writhed. "You're an utterly captivating, adorable, sweet girl and I love you because you ARE a girl. As a man, you would disgust me. What is it they call us? Lesbians? Well, that's the way I love you!"

My eyes were as wide as saucers; I dropped my arms from her shoulders and then the realization that she was holding me tightly, possessively, as a man holds a girl, came to me. The sound of something falling just outside the door startled Barbara and, like a streak of lightning, she darted out of the room.

Walking to the door, I looked out and saw Constance picking up an ashtray. She was looking at me.

"You - you heard?" She nodded. Then - -

"Well, why not? Why not go with her? That's about all you're good for now. Why don't you give yourself to her?"

I stared at her, caught a slight tremble in her

upper lip that was like a ray of illumination to me. Taking her by the hand, I led her up the stairs, into my bedroom. Not a word from her, not the slightest resistance. This was truly a day of remarkable events!!! Locking the door with the key, I turned to her and, at the look in my eyes, she held up her hand as though to ward off something.

"Orville"!

I was determined to be stern and, seizing her hand, pulled her to me - - - - - . An hour later, I put the finishing touches to my make-up, gave my skirt a tug and patted a few stray curls back into place. I locked the door. Glancing at the bed, I saw Connie gazing up at the ceiling, languidly, a strange smile on her face.

I went downstairs, picked up a feather duster and began to dust the woodwork, humming a little tune. In a short time Donstance was down and watched me for a while. Finally, she snatched the duster from my hands and threw it on the floor.

"No more of that for you! You're fired from your job as a maid. Tomorrow you go to work with me. You're my new secretary. My private secretary. I want you where I can keep an eye on you all of the time. After what just happened, I'm taking no chances of losing you to anyone, MAN OR WOMAN! Oh, darling, how much time we've wasted"!

Our lips united in a bruising kiss that smeared our lipsticks#####

THE END

The Census Bureau reports that for every man who lives to be 85, there are 7 women. But by that time its too late.

(Even for TVs ?)

## Medical Test--Continued

Only in unusual cases, even now, will a doctor advise a grown patient to "change sex," to change from one way of life to another. But in some cases where this is truly necessary, the effects may be dramatic. Take the case of the Buffalo, N. Y. woman, whom we will call "Betty"

"Betty" was "Bob". Bob was one of 6 boys, in casual sexual appearance. But from childhood Bob preferred to play with girls and girl's toys and hated boy's roughhousing. Other children called him a 'sissy' when he wore nail polish. Bob tried hard to grow up as a man. He grew to normal height but his arms and legs remained slim and womanly. His breasts developed only slightly beyond a man's spareness, but otherwise his general shape was more female than male--wide hips, for example, narrow shoulders. His voice never became deep. People would sometimes pass him and ask, "Is that a boy or a girl?"

Bob took a business course and found men's jobs, but feminine and nervous, lost one after another. Trying further to be manly, he even got married. The marriage was a failure in every way except one. Bob married an over-weight, unattractive girl, and remade her--much like Pygmalion, the ancient Greek who made Galatea (and inspired Shaw's "Pygmalion" which has become "My Fair Lady".) Bob made his Galatea into the slim, well dressed, becomingly made up female he desired to be.

The more he tried to be manly, the sicker and more depressed he became. Physically and emotionally ill, discouraged and bewildered, he twice tried suicide. He went to several doctors. At the most, they gave him male sex hormones to try to increase his masculinity. At the most these made the previously beardless Bob sprout fuzz.

Some months ago, however, he was referred to the new Buffalo institution the Jewish Community Service Psychiatric Clinic. Dr. Samuel Yochelson of this non-denominational center says, "I was impressed by Bob's femininity

He felt it must go deeper than psychological desire alone, so he referred Bob for a sex-chromatin test.

Each cell of the body has a nucleus. In a genetic female there are dark spots, the so-called sex-chromatin, to be seen attached to the nuclear membrane of almost every cell. In the genetic male, these are seen in very few cells. These dark spots were found in Bob's case and the diagnosis confirmed by blood samples. Bob was beyond any question a woman. "Follow your natural inclination and live like a woman", Dr Yochelson counseled him.

So now she has become "Betty", is wearing make-up, earrings and dresses and expects to take a beauty course and find a job as a woman. She is a good looking woman whose womanly looks no one questions--though as a man she was always under scrutiny as she always looked "wrong". She is not a perfect woman. She must have surgery to remove the incomplete male organs nature mistakenly gave her. She can never be a sexually functioning woman, with a natural married life and children. "But she is calm, comfortable and at ease in her new role", says the Dr. Her sexual drive is very weak. She enjoys being with men but only because it makes her feel more feminine.

Dr. Yochelson is seeing four other such patients now. He says, "I am sure quite a few people like Betty are uncritically--and cruelly and coarsely--called homosexuals." "I am sure individuals of this type have a sexual apathy. They are not the very active aggressive homosexuals. But only in the company of homosexuals can they find an understanding and be permitted to play the role that seems natural to them".

xxx000xxx

A forest ranger in Arizona frequently saw an Indian Chief riding his horse up the canyon trail, his wife trudging along behind him. "Why is it, the ranger asked that you ride and your wife walks?" "Because," was the solemn reply, "she no gottum horse."

## EDITORIAL EMANATIONS

Well, I dont doubt that most of you are happy to see a few picture in TVia. It's this way...as discussed before the sub list is just not big enough to permit making seperate picture plates each issue. But some of our girls wanted pics badly enough to subsidize them financially and here we are. It improves the mag all right. So till we get to the point where we can do it unaided (which means about doubling the present membership) we'll do it this way everybody who wants pics printed is asked to send along \$1 to help these extra costs. When we have enough for a plate we'll print 'em. If you want a whole page send in \$2. This subsidy will about pay the plate charges, the mag will cover the extra printing costs. There you have it...a few pics this time for those who initiated the process, more in No. 4 if you want them. Naturally the Editor reserves the right to decide whats to be printed and unused pics and money will be returned.

Some of you send in mail without return addresses. This isn't particulaly smart. If not delivered such mail goes to the dead letter office and is opened. If your return is on the inside it will be returned to you...but if the contents are a little "unusual" it could be embarrassing.

It would help your Editor a great deal in planning the following issue if he knew how many copies were going to be needed. So if you like this one and plan to get No 4 please send in your subscription NOW, TODAY, if you havent already. True you will have to wait a couple months for it to pay off but you'll be doing your part to help...thanks.

TRANSVESTIA is not a commercial venture. It is done by your Editor alone and it is a lot of darn hard work. I want this effort to serve the most important interests of the largest number of TVs but what these interests are I can only estimate from my own personal experience...If I dont guess right let me know. I look upon TVia like a bimonthly bulletin of a national Sorority...it belongs to all of us and you've all got to have that feeling and help



EDITH--New york





NANCY--N. H.



BRENDA--Phila.

it along in any ways possible. Maybe there is some sort of a column or information digest, magazine or book review that one of you can do for each issue. Maybe in cities where there is a concentration of our members, one of you can put forth a regular column like "Susanna Says" from New York. Chicago is a pretty big place, isnt there someone there who can report on midwestern doings?

Speaking of Susanna and New York...This gal and her wonderful wife are doing on a social and physical scale what TVia is trying to do on an intellectual and psychological plane. By that I mean helping the TV world to express itself more openly and happily. You remember the announcement of the Chev. d'Eon Resort in TVia No. 1? A lot of our girls didnt believe that such a place could or did exist....thought it was just another fiction piece put in to tease the fancy. But it does exist. Some of the girls have already been to "heaven" and back. Now Susanna and Marie are not only providing a place where you can wear your pretty dresses and high heels "right out in front of God and everybody" in wonderful surroundings and amongst understanding people, but they are putting on an impersonator floor show weekends...with professional acts too. How about a western branch in the Hollywood Hills, Susanna, I'll be your first customer? Those of you who live in the east are offered a rare and most unique opportunity to spend a few wonderful and probably most improbable days at the Resort. If you want to know more about it call or write.... UN 6-2382

Susanna Valenti 875 West End Ave. #8E N.Y.C.

Lots of you are lonely and overjoyed to hear of TVia. You write letters to me and hope that I will answer you. It makes me sad that I can't, but actually there is a great deal of essential correspondence in connection with publishing and what with that and the actual preparation of the mag I've got more than I can do already. My contact with you is right here in the mag. and I'll try to make it as personal and useful as I can, but please dont think me snooty if I dont write personally, I do have to make a living and have other responsibilities too.

Incidentally, please overlook any typographical errors you find. I simply have all I can do to get TVia out and haven't time to proof read and correct finished pages. Most errors get caught and corrected at the time they are made, but some are bound to slip through, so grin and bear it--I do.

I owe an apology to a few of you for some confusions that arose as to whether I had sent out No.2 to you or not. I am very sorry for any complications that occurred with anybody, but after trying a whole year (literally) to get a house built it was finally completed and my wife and I have been up to our ears first in the actual move and then in the away phase, and finally in the landscaping and all the little jobs of picture hanging, coat hangers etc. etc. Taking care of TVia in the middle of all this has been quite a problem, records got put away incorrectly and various other little problems arose. This has also accounted for the delay in getting this issue to you around the first of the month. I couldn't start it as soon as usual because there were too many other things to do. I can't keep this to a set date of publication but will do my best to keep 'em coming about 2 months apart.

I think it might answer a lot of questions and suggestions about the set up of TVia if I said a word about how it gets done. Our sub list is not big enough to handle things in an orthodox way, so all of the contents of TVia is typed on paper offset plates. Since I cannot tell how many pages will be required for material supplied in longhand or on bigger paper, etc., I just have to start at the beginning and go through the thing one item after another. The plates which are double size are folded in the middle and typed as 2 pages--2 different plates making up the 2 sides of one final piece of paper as it appears in the mag. Thus pages 1 and 4 are one plate and 2 and 3 are another. Several of you have suggested various things that just are not possible or feasible under these conditions. Furthermore I know that things look better and read more clearly when lots of space is used, but I just feel that I should give you as much as I can for your money.

Sincerely

Your Editor

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor: Just received No. 2 this morning, and I did not lay it down until I had read it thru. It is wonderful, even better than the first. It shows much improvement. I am enclosing my subscription for the next 3 issues. Please, please, as long as you print do not leave me out. I do so want to be included. If I thought I could write I would attempt it for you.

L.B. No. Car.

((Ed. Note: Please dont think you have to have an ability to "write" to contribute to TVia. If you can write a letter you can do well enough. We are all interested in each other's experience and ideas, just jot 'em down.)))

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Dear Ed: TRANSVESTIA to me, is an answer to my prayers over the years. It has now given me encouragement to carry on after 20 years of periods of transposing my attic from masculine to feminine. My old "guilt complex" has faded into the past and now I feel and act more feminine than ever. Knowing that there are other girls like myself who have had inhibitions makes me feel that I'm not alone or "guilty". Words cannot express the complete satisfaction of seeing onleself dressed up in soft and frilly clothes. The letters from your readers are so frank and thrilling. Let's hope that more of us will write in our views, which will bring us all much closer to each other. After all, the more we help the magazine the more interesting and enjoyable it will be. Thank you again, dear Editor, for having the initiative and know how to get our magazine going. Let's all work together and send in our stories, articles, opinions and ideas.

Sincerely,  
Kathleen, R.I.

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Dear Ed: Many thanks for the current issue of TVia which I feel you are putting on the right track. The current issue is a terrific improvement, appearing to have grown

as all things must. The frontispiece is highly attractive and I cannot but believe that you are going to have a good deal of success with it.....You are doing missionary work and attacking the bulwark of prejudice and misconception from the logical and scientific angle. There should be at least a million TVs (out of a pop. of 180 million who are sincere.....It is a difficult effort you are making; to please the variety of present and potential readers. A Herculean task to be sure, but so entirely worthwhile. I sincerely hope you have the success you deserve.

Sincerely

Edythe Long Beach, Cal.

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Dear Sir: Through this letter I should like to say how pleased and interested I was to receive your letter regarding TVia. Without a doubt there is a definite need for a magazine such as you mention...May I say that I intend to support this magazine whether its life may be long or short. Having just been introduced to the subject I indeed can appreciate the opportunity this magazine can afford. Not only in the sharing of opinions and experiences of others like myself, but the opportunity it will afford to perhaps contact and meet others. I for one feel that I have moved in dark conformity too long and need much guidance and help. As I mentioned, being a young man and newly introduced to the subject I have at the moment little to offer except sincere support, but as I progress further I am sure I shall be able to offer more.

Sincerely,

R.F. Canada.

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Dear Sir: I have received the first two copies of TVia and think that it is wonderful that someone has taken the bull by the horns and started producing a publication devoted to TVism. I think you are to be congratulated on your wonderful job.

P.W. Wisc.

Dear Editor: .....Was very much impressed by your medical article in No. 2. As you concluded, very few will fit into neat compartments, but it does explain, to my own satisfaction, mayheretofore conflicting emotions. I hope we shall have an opportunity to discuss this some day...It is far to involved for letter writing. Credit the mag with one more point. It has given me a name. I have toyed with the idea for many years, but couldn't find one that suited. I though of both Alice and Lois, but "Cousin Cora" decided for me. From now on I am Elsie (and oh how I envy that incredibly naive original).

I recently bought a hat and had a very nice surprise-- I had always thought hats were beyond my ken, but I find my taste is quite alright--and how I love them!! Already I know I must restrain myself from buying every pretty one I see. What a wonderful, wonderful world "they" live in.

Sincerely,

Elsie, Long Beach

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Dear Ed: TVia No. 2 surprised me as I did not see the 1st one. It is better than I expected and the organization is good. The stories are obviously fictional but as you progress, you should have some real experiences to relate. It is well laid out and it is to be hoped the mag. will always continue to champion the cause of Freedom while deploring irresponsibility. I am not a TV but I know some of their problems. A publication such as TVia fills an important psychological need for an important few. Every citizen should seek--even clamor--for the rights that are guaranteed him in The Constitution. This mag. can become the spokesman for that forgotten group, the TV's and perhaps bring some measure of understanding to those who do not know, refuse to know or are definitely against anything they do not understand. It is unfortunate but the most bigoted are in the policy-making groups of this nation. Fictional stories are fine for the gratification of the TV reader, but are of no value to the "outsider". More is needed to awaken him to the realization that here is a group who want recognition. No freedom is ever gained without a fight, and I salute a brave effort. May it serve the good of all--those whom it represents and those who need enlightenment.

Sincerely

K.M.- N.Y.

## \*\*\* VIRGIN VIEWS \*\*\*

by  
VIRGINIA

In my column last issue I discussed the various ways in which the femininity in a man could be expressed and referred to having been seen as Virginia by persons with whom I had done business as a man without their being aware.

Now this phenomenon I have experienced many times. It involves 2 persons, the TV and the "outsider" and the attitudes and reactions of each are worth discussing. I will consider the TV this time and talk about the "outsider" next time, as there is considerable to say about each.

Assuming that face, figure and voice are not impossibly masculine, the feminine attire and accessories definitely place the person as being of the feminine gender in the eyes of other people unless he "gives it away" by some inconsistency. The common inconsistencies of dress, walk, beard shadow, mannerisms etc. are too obvious to take time discussing, but there is one thing that is often not thought about and which helps in the giveaway, and that is GUILT. Guilt and fear rob one of self assurance.

There are probably many girls and even women who lack self-assurance, but this is a facet of their character that is very unlikely to be evident to the men who meet her. Women seldom give the impression of being lacking in self-assurance or of being unequal to the situation (even though they may feel very unsure of themselves inside). Now when a TV in public has such an awareness of his own masquerade that he feels guilty of being a man in female attire it will show as indecision, being ill at ease, and lacking in self assurance. This is so out of place in most situations in which a woman might find herself that it will immediately draw attention to the individual showing it.

What is the solution to this problem? It lies in the individual's inner attitude. Not all TVs can or do go out in public (though all of us would like to) as our feminine selves, but what I have to say may be a help to those who do from the point of view of their effect on others. It can also be a help to those who do not go out in assisting them to attain a more tolerant view of themselves.

Let me start off with a little personal history since my experiences proved helpful to me and they may vicariously prove helpful to some of you who read these lines. I have been a TV since I was about 15 and for many years in complete secrecy. At the time I became engaged to my first wife I decided that I'd better get psychiatric help to get rid of this problem. I went to a regular psychiatrist that I knew of and found that he knew next to nothing about TVism. He sent me to a psychoanalyst.

This doctor did not get me involved in the full course of analysis but he listened to my story and came up with the conclusion that I was suffering from a strong Oedipus Complex. This implied that I had a strong attachment for my mother and resented my father and was trying subconsciously to be like my mother. Now, this interpretation was entirely unacceptable to my mind because my mother has many masculine qualities while my father has a number of feminine characteristics and if anything I admired him more than I did my mother. (Curiously, it occurred to me some years later that perhaps my admiration for my father subconsciously led me as a child to put myself in my mother's place, but this idea was never expressed by any of the 5 psychiatrists I saw.) Seeing that I was getting nowhere with this analyst I dropped further visits.

Later after I'd been married a couple of years during which I had kept my TV under control but had not killed it (whoever does), I felt the need of help again so I went to another psychiatrist. He came up with the brilliant conclusion that because I was fond of high heels that they were a phallic symbol and an implication of



homosexuality. (The idea of the phallic woman is the foundation of the psychoanalytical interpretation of transvestism as will be seen in the 2nd installment of the medical article beginning in this issue of TVia) Since I had never had at that time any interest in homosexuality (and have never had since) this was another unsatisfactory explanation. Although I loved high heels, I loved them because they were a characteristic part of the whole feminine picture and were interesting to me just as were lingerie, makeup, jewelry etc. So again I had to discard psychiatry as being of no help. A later visit to a lady psychiatrist whom I felt might have some broader understanding (no pun intended) proved equally fruitless.

Finally, since I was living in San Francisco at the time I went to see Dr. Karl Bowman, then Director of the Langley Porter Clinic and past president of the Amer. Psychiatric Assn. I had been able to attend several of the psychiatric conferences held at the clinic where 2 TVs had been presented with their histories for discussion and study. Because the clinic was taking such an interest in the subject I felt that Dr. Bowman could help me, and he did, but not in the way I had expected. Thinking that he would give me some pat explanation as to how TVism comes about, its mechanism, and therefore a means of "curing" it, I was all set to finally be free of this impulse. But the good doctor made it clear to me that TVism may arise in many ways, that it was a deep drive and not likely to be erased unless the patient really and sincerely wanted it erased (and who does, really? I don't think any organism, human or otherwise ever wants to give up a pleasure giving experience unless the cost of that pleasure is much greater than the satisfaction of it. In this case the pleasurable and satisfying experience would doubtless be given up voluntarily and there would be no need for a psychiatrist.

In view of this he said that the best counsel he could give me was to ACCEPT myself as I was, be happy and stop fighting. This is very similar to Confucious'

counsel...."when rape is inevitable--relax and enjoy it." To cut the story short I began to do just that and it has worked wonders in my inner understanding, peace of mind and acceptance by others.

I came to see that the presence of a feminine side to my personality was not necessarily in conflict with my own picture of masculinity. I can and do hold my own in masculine behaviour with any of them within the limits of my physical ability. (I won letters in track in high school and cross-country in college and this last is no sport for a "girl").

At the same time here is Virginia, a feminine self with her own life. She goes out, she buys her own clothes trying them on in the stores, she has her own boudoir closet, and apart from the pleasure of being invited on dates (although this did happen once and was a wonderful experience) does about everything a woman does. Now, very little of one "self" encroaches visibly into the life of the other. We both use the same body and there are therefore limits to our activities, but other than this we go our own ways. This is possible because Virginia has become a parallel personality to my masculine self and provides the necessary feminine outlet so that there is no need for it in my masculine life and therefore there is to all practical purposes **NO GUILT IN THE MASCULINE LIFE**. This does not mean that my masculine self goes about telling all and sundry about Virginia, but it does mean that Virginia can be forgotten when it isn't her time to be present. Conversely, and this is the point of the discussion when Virginia is out it is a **FEMININE** person who is out, not a male in female attire shaking in his heels fearing discovery and therefore making it all the more likely. When there is no guilt assurance and self-confidence can exist when one is with others, but most important, the banishment of guilt means inner peace and relaxation. I have followed Dr. Bowman's advice and bless him for giving it to me. Life has given me a hard time on occasion in the form of legal battles

with an ex-wife but through it all and probably because of it all I have grown and learned about myself and others.

The purpose of this recitation of personal history is to try to plant the seed of self acceptance in the hearts of some of my sisters.. I didn't use quotes around the word sisters here because they aren't necessary. It is to the girl in your hearts that I am talking, not to a boy wearing dresses in either imagination or reality. My counsel and advice to you girls is to accept yourselves as girls....take over all the feminine whims, fancies, and expressions from your "brothers". Become a person in yourselves and stop pestering your "brother" with your presence. Make him give you your day, but then leave him alone when its his day. Two people cannot be in the same place at the same time, and when two personalities try it in the same mind at the same time conflict, fear, guilt, shame and hurt are the inevitable consequences. Since you both have a RIGHT to exist (and this is important to believe) it is a matter only of each having use of the body and mind at the proper time but only one at a time.

Arriving at this state of affairs is not easy nor will it be accomplished in a few days or even months. How long it takes will depend on your own ability at self-analysis and training. I think that if in addition to Dr. Bowman's advice to "accept yourself and live with it" he had told me to divide and seperate the two personalities as I am passing on to you I might have gotten to my present state long before I did. But it can be done and I heartily and sincerely offer the above counsel to all of you who have not yet found peace of mind regarding TVism. Remember the biblical injunction...."it is done unto you as you believe"? Well believing that you can isolate your two personalities from each other is a considerable help in doing so. Make up your mind that guilt, shame and fear need no longer be your constant mental companions. What male TVs do may seem wrong to society and to the courts because of ignorance and bigotry but the same thing done by women (for in general the same reasons, namely a dramatization of their masculine drives and temporary displace-

ment of their normal feminine selves) is not socially condemned.

To a large degree we all make our own troubles. Thus when we feel ashamed we project a certain awareness of this into others. Their subconscious perception of this leads them to act towards us in a condescending or condemnatory manner which we pick up and react to with more shame and guilt. Stop the chain at the beginning by realizing that neither a masculine nor a feminine life is the whole story of existence and neither is a bed of roses. But the desire to express some of those attitudes of feeling and behavior which are usually attributed to the opposite sex is really nothing to be ashamed of. I think that such tendencies exist to some degree in all of us--of both sexes, but let's look at it positively, some of us have the guts to admit that we have these drives and wish to give them expression, the rest have them but try to deny and bury them. They always fortify their own self assurance by making fun of those who do so express. But we are not only more fortunate than they but more courageous, so why be ashamed, guilty, fearful etc. and provide them with an opportunity to raise their own self confidence by stepping on us.

Despite wishful thinking and numerous stories to the contrary, woman's life is not all luxury and beauty by any means. But the aspiration to pick up and express some of the aspects of the other sex is in a sense as natural as to desire intercourse with the other sex as a means of blending with it and sharing some of what it represents. This is not something to be ashamed of....if anything a true TV has a considerable headstart over his fellow males in achieving a certain wholeness of personality. The world needs not only males and females anatomically, but male-females and female-males socially and psychologically to promote understanding, cooperation, love and development among all people. So let your feminine personality develop honestly and straightforwardly ....let "her" take over the feminine from him and both of you "live happily ever after".

Sincerely,

Virginia

## \*\*\* NEWS AND NOTES \*\*\*

There is a play in London called "Aunt Edwina", it involves a complicated plot in which a tough fox-hunting colonel and his wife go to America and on their return the colonel is found to have changed sex and is now "Aunt Edwina". A visiting American Senator falls in love with Auntie and the plot thickens. Finally the mother changes into a man, just to keep things even I guess.

The play was written by William Douglas Home, a noted playwright. It stirred up a storm of criticism, was to be closed till Home took the matter to court and won. He then carried the costs personally for some weeks. Don't know what the outcome was, but it's interesting that this theme should be used by a famous playwright.

-x-x-x-

Speaking of England, TVs will probably enjoy the picture on page 27 of the June issue of TIME showing Princess Margaret's new husband in a multiple picture of himself as husband, wife and little boy. What with this and the famous picture of the Prince of Wales "en femme" one wonders if TVism may not have some royal sanction as it were!

-x-x-x-

The April issue of GLANCE had an article about an Australian sex-change that was rather interesting. June SEXOLOGY has an article about a Male Call Girl and also an interesting one about Chromosomal Sex vs. Anatomical Sex.

-x-x-x-

Watch the papers and the movie mags. for pics of no less than Bing Crosby all frilled and flounced up. They are making a picture to be called "High Time" at Fresno State College and La Belle Crosby gets into a college dance in wig, skirts and the works. Why should it happen to him??

-x-x-x-

In this connection it is interesting to note that "Some Like It Hot" is among the all time high money pictures. Now maybe we are biased, but it rather seems that with that much interest in a movie based on cross-dressing that there is much more potential interest in the subject than is commonly believed. We'll admit the movie was a darn good comedy, but there have been a raft of other comedies

that were pretty funny but didn't come within miles of the financial success of this one. Evidently the fact wasn't lost on Crosby and probably wont be on others. Maybe we'll have a run of them.

-X-X-X-

Denver Courts are having a time with the case of a young man arrested in one of the parks with his mother. He is 22 and was wearing jeans, red sweater and his hair in a pony tail with red ribbons. Its giving the law a lot of thought on the subject of what its legal to wear.

-X-X-X-

The "Story of Bessie", originally published by Haldeman-Julius is again in print. Write to Little Blue Books Box 31 Girard, Kans. Ask for #1856. This was written about early life of author of "Life With Aunt Cora".

-X-X-X-

We understand that Lynne Carter, famous Impersonator has a record out--Fiesta label, called "She's" a He--12in.

-X-X-X-

Police in both Camden J.J. and Columbus, Ohio have resorted to cross-dressing policemen to catch mashers. Several were arrested till one got a bright lawyer who claimed cops were using "agents Provocateur and got it stopped. Why can cops do it legally (?) when we cant?

-X-X-X-

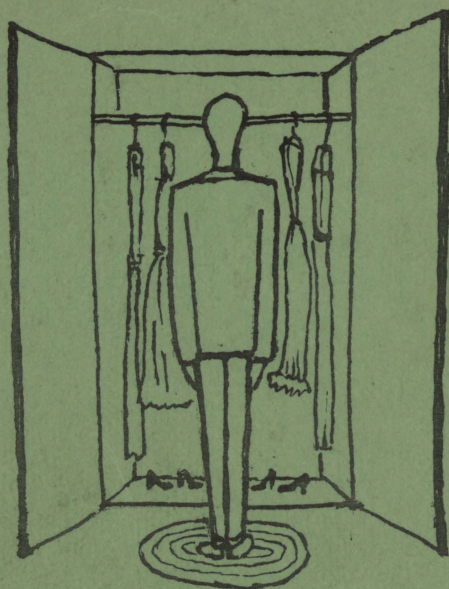
Faces were red in Minneapolis when a routine check by the super. of the women's workhouse revealed that shapey Laverne Jones who was serving a 10 day term for drunkenness, was actually a man. Jones had completed a 15 day sentence in the men's workhouse same day he was sentenced to the women's detention home. Dressed in women's clothes Jones, a model prisoner (I should say so--Ed.) escaped physical exam. by feigning illness. Same Judge sentenced him both times. ((Proably just got bored with the same surroundings and wanted a change of scenery. Remember the statue of "Justice" being blind? ))

-X-X-X-

From JET: Bernard Wilson, who commands as much as \$150 a week as personal maid to show business celebs, won the trophy for being the vears best female impersonator. He wears his employer's clothes at all the big events.

-X-X-X-





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