

SC, STO
HQ77
T73

TRANSVESTIA



No. 28, 1964

Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

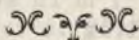
Loneliness, fear and self condemnation have too long been the lot of the transvestite. It is hoped that TRANSVESTIA can, through knowledge and sharing with others, bring self acceptance and happiness.

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

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.
EDITOR

SUSANNA VALENTI
Contributing Editor

KAY IS FOR KATHRYN-- Cover Story	2
YOU TOO CAN HAVE A RICH LIFE-- Article	11
MY LIEE SO FAR-- History	15
ESCAPE AND IT'S SEQUEL-- Fiction	30
"SHE" WAS THERE -- History	40
WHAT TO WEAR-- Article	48
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	55
SUSANNA SAYS-- Column	77
VIRGIN VIEWS-- Column	83
EDITORIAL EMANATIONS	87
PERSON TO PERSON	90



© COPYRIGHT 1964 BY CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA

All rights reserved. No Part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.

Kay

by Kay (22-K-1 FPE)

for

Kathryn

» In my best feminine handwriting, I wrote on the registration card "Miss Kathryn F. Spencer", and handed it back to the desk clerk.

Just to write those words evokes a flood of memories of a trip I took as a woman, and the absolute ecstasy of being a woman in a woman's world. I realize that it is not given to all of us openly to join the minds and hearts of our sisters, but there are few who read these words who, at least in private, have not experienced the wonderful sublimation that permeates our very being when we slip into a favorite frock. We may never know the why of it but as for me, I don't care. I've read Virginia's erudite discourses and Susanna's speculations but all I know for sure is that it's a delicious disease that I have no desire whatever to be "Cured" of, and that when I give my hair that last little push in front of the mirror before I go out the door, I'm in Seventh Heaven and perfectly willing to tear up my return ticket.

So, to the privileged few who enjoy this rare malady, I extend, not consolations, but congratulations! Unorthodox you may be,

but secure in the knowledge that the feminine world you love is good and true and that you are a part of it, as it is a part of you - a good and beautiful part of which you need not be ashamed in your heart. Sometimes I think to myself how absurd it is for the world to look askance at the man who wants to be a woman- in mind and heart if not in body. Is there something illegal about being a woman? Or is it just that the world is largely populated with hypocrites - who, propose to admire and revere women while really regarding them as some sort of inferior second-class being which no red-blooded male should stoop to emulate? Oh yes, it's fine for women to want to be men- that implies a big promotion in human status. But we the reverse? Heaven forbid!

Well girls, we have news for the men, haven't we? they're looking through the wrong end of the telescope and missing the Big picture!

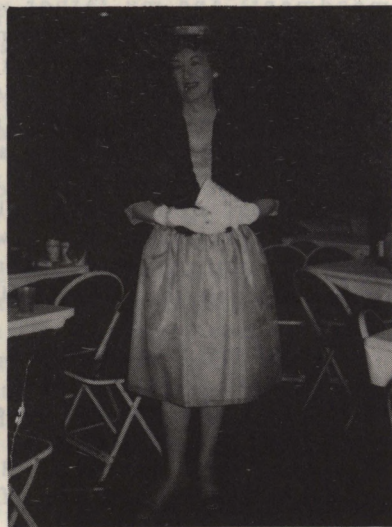
Since I can't give you the why, perhaps I can convey the what, how, when and where about Kathryn Spencer.

I was born in what was then a small mid-western manufacturing center (shortly before the Income Tax Amendment) and my father was a Superintendent in one of the plants, on what I remember as a lower middle class salary. I was the first of three children, followed by a brother and a sister. Money was never plentiful, but we were never in want and when I was in high school I remember Dad buying me a used (and I mean "used") Model "T" Ford touring car from which I learned about the "innards" of the internal combustion engine and planetary transmissions. I was proud as punch when I got it to running again, painted it a violent yellow and green and took the other kids for a ride.

One of my friends was a radio ham and constantly tinkered with "crystal" sets. He was a couple of years older than I and one day when we had tired of the vague noises from the crystal set, he wound up the Victrola and played some records. His parents were away - both of them worked - and one of the records he played was a dance tune. He suggested that I be the girl (he was taller and bigger) and we could dance, which we did. Actually I remember enjoying the dancing (to this day



MISS KATHRYN SPENCER



GETS AROUND A LOT AS YOU SEE



KAY



IN RELAXED
MOODS



Transvestia

I still love to dance) but I became vaguely uneasy about it and said I had to go home.

During grade school my marks were above average, and I "skipped" two half grades, which made me less well developed physically than my classmates. Nevertheless, although I was of slender build, I was not considered frail, tiny or scrawny. My father's build was much the same and today I'm an inch taller than he was.

In high school I was too light and slender for most sports but did go out for track and swimming and did fairly well in the latter. In Junior College, I became Captain of the swimming team.

It was in Junior College that I put on my first dress. The class was divided into groups and each was to develop a skit for "stunt night". I don't remember where the idea came from (possibly, it was mine. I don't know) but our group came up with the idea of a shadow-panel skit (in which a bright light behind the players throws their silhouettes on a white sheet between them and the audience) and I was to be the "heroine". I told my mother about it and asked her for suggestions. She was considerably larger around than I, and suggested I ask the girl I'd been dating to lend me one of her dresses. I practically turned purple at the thought, but there was no alternative and I did it.

The dress was velvet - black velvet - and I'll never forget it. The velvet was soft in my hands and the night of the performance, I slipped off my shirt and trousers and struggled into the dress. It was a little more than "snug", and I stuffed some old stockings into the bosom and put on a halloween wig from the dime store.

That did it - in more ways than one. The hero of our little skit took one look at me and whistled. Then he came over, put his arms around my waist and was about to kiss me when the faculty advisor - a man - appeared. Scratch one skit - it never went on. But it did not scratch the memory of that dress, or the soft feel of velvet.

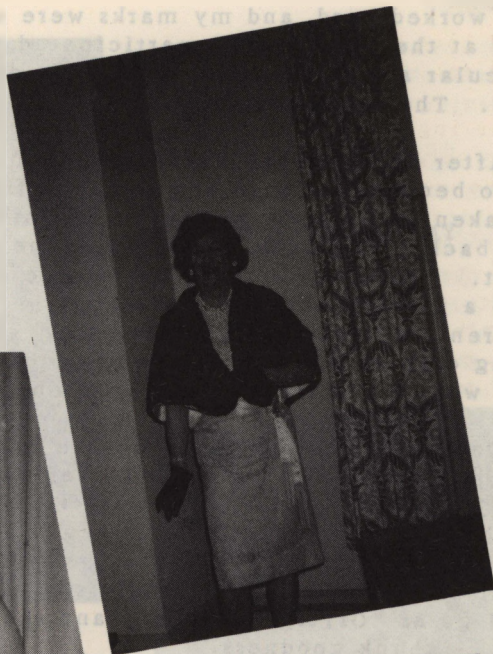
College was not easy for me, except for a few subjects.

READY FOR AN
EVENING OUT



ENTERTAINER

MORE OF KAY



HOSTESS

Transvestia

but I worked hard and my marks were well above average, while at the same time I participated in various extra-curricular activities, such as being editor of the college paper. The velvet dress was apparently forgotten.

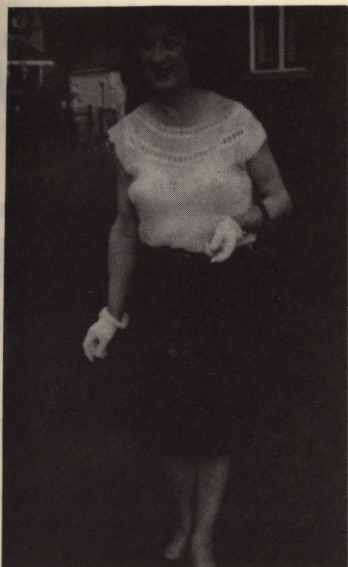
After going to the University, I met the girl who was to become my wife and romance filled every moment not taken up with my studies. We both graduated and went back to my home town. Now the problem was how to eat. There was a thing called the depression, but I found a job and about a year later the first of our six children (boys and girls, what else?) arrived. What with buying diapers and life insurance and making a living, there wasn't a spare moment - except one.

One halloween, another couple invited us to a costume party at their home, and I remembered the velvet dress. Only this time there wasn't any velvet dress. It was the day of the knitted suit (even as now) with skirts half way between the knee and the ankle, and Greta Garbo was at her zenith. I laughingly suggested to my wife that I go as "Gritty Garbage", and she thought it very funny - thank goodness.

So I wore her knitted suit. The skirt was red and above it a beige knitted shell. The jacket was red, it might have been "Chanel" except for being too long. This time I wore a long Blond Wig - cornsilk, I guess and had a wonderful time. We took another couple home from the party and I'll always remember the husband saying: "Gosh it sure doesn't seem like George was with us tonight. Gritty Garbage really took over".

I don't think my wife relished the remark and nothing more was said.

Time moved along and we were busy with our family. But, in the early forties things rared up a little and I began to think again of the velvet dress and Gritty Garbage. Occasionally my wife would "mislay" some article of apparel and it would find a resting place in a carton hidden in the basement. I bought some slabs of sponge rubber (no foam rubber yet) and in the evening, while she was out playing bridge, I'd be in the basement making breast pads. However; when spring came and she announced



MISS (CELLANEOUS) KAY



LEFT: THATS NOT A HAT...
THE FIXTURE JUST MAKES
HER LOOK LIGHT HEADED.

Transvestia

that she was going to clean out the basement, the carton went out above the garage where it was quite inaccessible. The project died.

Things went along in this fashion, on and off, but nothing very serious until the middle fifties, when the bomb hit! Our club brought to town a play in which all of the women's parts were taken by men. When I saw it all of the old longings came flooding back in me and I knew that something had to be done about it. Fortunately a couple of years before I had bought the building in which my business is located, and I decided that a "store-room" was necessary. In it are the locked storage cabinets in which Kay maintains her residence. The door opens upon a public corridor and from it Kay goes out upon her sorties.

Over the years a substantial wardrobe has accumulated in the cabinets until now it has become necessary to keep some of the out-of-season things in a rather large foot locker.

Kay keeps telling her brother that he should tell his wife, but her temperment is such that he is afraid to. As it is, his business permits him to hide in the storage room while Kay goes on an occasional foray. With the advent of TRANSVESTIA and FPE, the old loneliness has eased somewhat and so now he says to Kay: "Count your blessings, dear. You could be a lot worse off than you are".

Kay - 22-K-1 - F.P.E.

WHEN I WAS YOUNG by Phyllis (22-A-1FPE)

When I was a youngster, I had long pretty curls
And I wore pretty dresses like all little girls.
With ruffles and ribbons and long dainty hose
A lovely young thing from my head to my toes.

So happy and thrilled were both Mother and I
And how quickly in shopping the time would
pass by.
But there was a secret only she and I knew
You see, I was last in an all boy crew!

You Too . . . CAN HAVE A RICH LIFE

By: Ankie - 22-V-1-FPE

➤ In the past year, my correspondence with Virginia has been quite detailed as far as my questions were concerned, and one significant matter seems to have come to light in many instances. . . . Many TVs are very deeply "closeted" and somehow cannot raise the courage to just take a little peak into the outside world with the help of someone else.

I don't mean to suggest that every TV must go out in public and flaunt her skirts and petticoats all over the place. On the contrary. . . . this privilege is reserved for just a very few, but I do want to impress upon those who feel that they are a freak, a nut or something similar, that complete secrecy is far from the answer for you as an individual. . . .

Perhaps it may be best to relate my own experiences so that you individually can evaluate them and possibly this can help you in some way. . . .

My TVism started when I was a little boy when I used to sneak upstairs into my mother's closet and for a few fleeting moments would prance around in her high heeled shoes, as the situation permitted. The whys and wherefores are something I will never know and in all honesty I am not concerned about it at all as there is nothing that I can do about it anyway. I grew up in a normal manner, graduated from the various grades etc. I finally arrived in the USA in 1949 at the tender age of 17, having escaped the Nazi tyranny in Holland due to the fact I had been born in the USA and therefore, was an American citizen by birth. I was penniless and all alone in New York City and the first job I had was that of a dishwasher because I had to eat and needed some cash to pay for a room.

As things went along, I did my duty and went to the

Transvestia

Pacific with the Army and in 1946 I was discharged to return to Chicago to the home of the girl I had married in 1943 and a two year old son whom I had never seen.

I only relate this to show that I really had very little chance for TV, even though I have always had a deep desire and thirst for TVism. It will come as no supprise to anyone then, that I finally became a shoe salesman and eventually wound up as store manager and fashion shoe buyer. I was quite successful in this and of course, many hours were spent in the evenings in the privacy of the store in which I managed to try on the many different styles etc. I was in the height of my glory whenever I had the chance to spend an hour or so simply wearing heels etc.

About twice each year, my wife would go home to visit with her mother for a few days and then I would have the house to myself and of course, then I would dress in her clothes most of them entirely too little for me, but at least it did give me a certain amount of contentment and satisfaction.

Not until some 16 months ago did I discover TVia, FPE and the Mirror. Then suddenly an entirely new world opened up for me in many ways. Of course, I had read many magazines and pamphlets dealing with transvestism, homosexuality etc., but not one of them gave me the answer, satisfaction and peace of mind I found in FPE.

After I had joined FPE, I still remained deeply in-bedded in the "closet" we so often read about and I too was afraid of what might happen if someone were to discover the "awful truth". However, finally I gathered enough courage to drop a note to another TV in the Michigan area and lo and behold she answered my letter. After a few more notes, I finally met my first "sister".

This was a milestone in my life. For the first time in my whole life here was a real "sister" and when we finally became acquainted and she helped me dress in some of her things and assisted me in a quick make-up job, I felt as if I had been born all over again. The

years of frustration and deep, almost painful emotional turmoil that I had experienced at times seemed to be worth it in so many ways. Ankie had finally arrived as a real and true person, with a right to live and to be real.

Each month of course, I would look forward to my Femmemirror and every other month TVia would give me new hope and a new lease on life. At first I felt that some of the personal stories that I read in TVia were mostly fiction and that it was put on "pretty thick", but as I read issue after issue, and I began to realize that while for many of us it will never be possible to be a Virginia, Suzanna, Jean or Gloria for many reasons, I also realized that even though there are a certain amount of limitations for all of us, we can be very contented and happy and we can also have a Rich Life.

One important and significant thing is this, you cannot be completely happy or satisfied by yourself, even if you could live from day to day in your own femeworld without fear or anxiety. It is still very frustrating to say the least and in due time you will be as unhappy as you were when you did not even have Virginia, FPE, the Mirror or Transvestia. Staying in that closet I referred to above, is the worst thing one can do, mainly because it is absolutely unnecessary in so many ways.

True, it may not be possible for you to have a sister in your own home town, particularly if you live in a smaller community rather than a city, but you can have a lively correspondence with so many of the girls and strangely enough you will discover in short order that those of us who do have the opportunity to travel, will make a very sincere effort to meet you personally and spend some time with you.

ONCE YOU HAVE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY, to sit down with a sister TV and have a real heart to heart girl talk an entirely new world will open itself to you and you will feel so completely different and find the peace of mind you have sought for so many years. You will finally realize that you are a reality, you are a living being, and you will discover that you will be more successful in your everyday male life also.

Transvestia

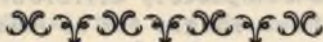
Many of us will never be able to appear in public but this is no absolute necessity by any means. But we can have meetings, we can have friendship and we can have the opportunity to be ourselves in every respect without reservations, without the fears, the frustrations, that we have all experienced so much in our past lives.

By having a close relationship with each other, we can first of all help each other and secondly we are able to give each other the deep understanding emotionally that we all so sorely need.

These things cannot be accomplished by yourself, FPE offers Freedom For Personal Expressions, and that is exactly what we can have by joining FPE first of all. And secondly by taking an active part individually and jointly.

Here in Michigan we are forming a Chapter and in a short while we will have a regular meeting date set. True, there are only three of us at the present, but that doesn't worry us at all. We're so happy that we are able to meet and spend just a little while together being our femmeselves, that we feel deep in our hearts in due time more will come to our chapter and join in the fun, the peace and the beauty of being alive.

It is a slow process organizing a chapter. A tedious job in itself as we have to respect each other's individual situation, time available etc, but it can be done. The deep natural understanding of each others problems is one of the things that knits a close relationship between us girls. We all have common troubles and we can help each other in the solution of our individual difficulties. But again I say, no one can do it alone. By yourself you'll surely lead yourself down the path of ultimate and complete unhappiness, but with the help, understanding and co-operation of your sister TVs, you too can have a rich and happy life.



by G. H. (England)

My Life

So Far

» It will save explanations later if I begin by describing my present situation. I am twenty-seven years old, single, and undoubtedly heterosexual. For the last eighteen months I have been engaged to be married to a very charming girl. We were sexually intimate quite soon after we met, and after a few months began to share a flat, so to all intents and purposes we might as well be married. However, we have decided to postpone the wedding until we save a reasonable sum of money to set up a home.

My fiancée knows nothing of my interest in TV, and despite the advice tendered in your booklet, I do not think she could possibly understand. On the few occasions when I have tried to open a conversation leading to the subject (usually commenting on some instance of impersonation in a newspaper), her attitude of disinterest and repugnance has prevented me from saying anything of my own feelings on the matter. Unfortunately, she is also extremely possessive, not so much jealous of other women as jealous of any time spent apart from her. From the time I come home in the evening until I leave for work in the morning I am never out of her sight, for even if I wish to stay

Transvestia

up late to read or to do some paperwork for my firm, she will not go to bed alone, but will insist on staying with me until I accompany her. Consequently, I have virtually no privacy or opportunity to do anything without her, even if I take a short drive to buy cigaretts, she will insist on coming.

Thus it is only about once every two months when she spends a weekend with her family in Sheffield that I can even write a letter (as now) without her knowledge.

Added to this any letters I receive she must read, and because of her sheckel counting in saving for a home, I can hardly spend a penny without her knowing.

This has, of course, led to many problems and some deep thinking on my part. Although I am very fond of her, and thought that I loved her, I am beginning to doubt that I can stand a lifetime with her. Anytime she does not get her way, even on the slightest request from me for privacy, scenes and tears quickly follow, "all I do for you, clean the flat, cook your meals, and this is all the thanks I get. You don't love me anymore." Sob, sob, sniffle, etc. Usually I have given in, just to get some peace. I believe that her possessiveness is beginning to border on neurosis, for it seems to get progressively worse. Therefore, TV not entering the decision, it is probable that I shall not be able to stand the smothering and the tears any more and call off our arrangement. Perhaps you don't really know a person until you have lived with her (this might be argument in favor of trial marriages).

I hope you are not too bored with this long resume but because of the situation as it exists, I do not discuss TV, receive any mail which she might see, or even risk leaving anything on the subject in the flat where she may find it. For this reason I have arranged for a friend to hold any private correspondence.

So much for the background. On my previous attempts to write you, I thought you wanted a biography and began to attempt a detailed explanation of my interest in TV. However, for the reasons previously given, along with the unexpected arrival of friends on the few occasions

when my fiancée was away, I have never been able to write more than a page or two without interruptions, being forced to quickly hide what I had written. On returning to the typewriter I lost continuity of thought, and with paragraphs written weeks apart they soon lost all relation to each other, and with my fear of any writing being discovered I ultimately burned them.

On closer thought, I realized that my background is not particularly interesting. Although I considered it unusual to say the least, thinking I was of a very few boys ever to have been dressed as a girl, I daresay you must know of hundreds or perhaps thousands of men who have had similar experiences in childhood. Therefore, I shall make this as brief as I can. I had a relatively normal childhood until I was ten years old, except for being evacuated to the country during the blitz when I was about six. My father (or stepfather I should say) for I discovered in my teens that I am illegitimate, my mother gave birth to me before marrying the man I knew as my father. He was in the army and stayed on after the war with the occupation forces in Germany. In 1946 my mother managed to get a civil service job attached to the occupation forces so that she could join him, arranging for me to be cared for by her cousin who lived in a village in Staffordshire. This woman (Aunt Joyce) to me was widowed when her husband went down with the HMS Repulse off Malaya. She had two daughters, then aged 15 and 19. I don't really know why I was put in girl's clothes, but I think it was primarily for economic reasons rather than a deliberate desire to sissify me. I remember when I arrived that Aunt Joyce expressed great concern over the fact that I had few clothes I had not outgrown, and my mother had not provided any money to clothe me. Also in the days of postwar austerity clothing was rationed with coupons necessary for any purchase. Anyway, the second day I was there, I was told they had lots of clothing outgrown by the girls, and that I would have to wear dresses. I cannot describe the feelings I had about this, mostly of horror, indignation and shame, but I was given no choice in the matter. However, as the weeks went by my initial shock wore off and I did not mind wearing girl's clothes. I was presented to neighbors as a girl and called by a girl's name, Susan. Being cautioned by my Aunt on the matter. I was intelligent and smart

Transvestia

enough to know that I had better keep up the pretence rather than undergo the scorn and teasing from the local children if they should find out that I was a boy wearing dresses. My haircut raised no suspicion because many genuine girls in Britain have their hair clipped as short as boys, added to which most English boys have rather shaggy "Pudding Basin" haircuts. (more about this later)

Anyway, school term came and I was entered in the village school as a girl. I don't know how Aunt Joyce managed this with the documentation from my London school, perhaps she told the headmistress of the situation, but I was never questioned about it, nor given any reason to think anyone knew I was not a girl.

I continued in this life for over three years, until I was thirteen and a half years old, and generally speaking it was for me a very happy time. Except for having been put in girl's clothes, which I soon ceased to resent I was very well treated and quite content to live with Aunt Joyce and her daughters.

The following lines about my hair are probably trivial, but because of shaping my present feelings on TV, I think I should mention this. My hair was never cut during this time, and as it grew longer it became a source of great fascination to me. After my first few months in dresses when I had become accustomed to the idea that I had to be a "girl", I began to look forward to having long hair. One reason for this anticipation was that I was utterly fascinated by the long hair of Aunt Joyce's younger daughter. Rosemary was then about fifteen and had never had her hair cut, so that it was long enough for her to sit on. She usually wore it in plaits, and when she combed and braided it I frequently looked on, finding myself intensely curious, wondering what it would be like to have such lovely long hair. She (and the others) probably sensed my curiosity, for she often suggested that I comb or brush my hair, I was delighted at this and frequently did so. Anyway, although I pretended not to be interested, the girl's began to tease me saying that I should have hair as long in a few years. This of course could never happen, but at that time I thought it possible and was almost praying for my hair to grow faster.

Anyway, nature took it's slow course and about six months after donning dresses my hair had achieved about two or three inches growth and was put in curls for the first time. Unlike my first feelings about dresses, I was almost enraptured by my new curls. I now had an unmistakable girl's hairdo, and it seemed to confirm my "girl-hood". However, I still envied Rosemary's long plaits and considered my curly bob an interim step until I could have really long hair. My liking for long hair, however, was not shared by Rosemary, for she considered her plaits childish and hopelessly out of style for a girl of almost sixteen. Only Aunt Joyce's insistence kept her from cutting her hair to a more stylish length. In my second year as a "girl" my own hair had grown enough to be put in short pigtails much to my delight, but shortly after that Aunt Joyce finally gave in to Rosemary's pleas for an adult hairstyling and her lovely long hair was clipped shoulder length, to her joy but to my intense sorrow. When my 3-1/2 year "girl-hood" ended my hair measured 21 inches at it's longest from the crown of my head.

The reason for this sidetrack on long hair is that it probably explains some of my present feelings (which I will get to later).

To continue, my stay with Aunt Joyce came to an end in 1949 when my parents returned from Germany. Mother had known about my dressing as a girl for some time, for she visited me on two of her leaves. Although I was frightened on the expectation of her first visit, wondering how she would react to seeing me in girl's clothes and curls, her reaction was one of amusement rather than concern and she seemed quite content to let Aunt Joyce continue putting me in dresses. My "father" never visited us during this time, whether or not he knew or cared about my girlish treatment at this time, I do not know.

I was extremely unhappy when the time came for I had no wish to return to wearing boy's clothes, and more important to me I dreaded the thought of my treasured hair being clipped, for it was now somewhat longer than shoulder length, and I still fondly imagined that someday I would have hair that fell below my waist.

Transvestia

When the day came, I was almost in tears but tried to contain my emotion as Aunt Joyce put me on the train. Because I could not suddenly appear as a boy in the village, it had been arranged that I remain a "girl" until I reached London. When I arrived at Paddington station mother met me at the platform. She kept saying amusedly "what will your father say when he sees you". Apparently she had told him of my attire, but whether only recently or whether he had known earlier I can not say. I was in agonies of dread on the way to my new home, wondering what he might say or do. For the trip I was put in my Sunday best, my prettiest dress and coat, with my hair in pigtails tied with ribbons.

It was dark when we arrived, and mother hurried me inside lest any neighbors see me. Father's reaction was a sort of gruff heartiness, summarized thus, "well you've had a bad time, lad. We'll have to get you straightened out and make a proper boy of you".

Because I had no boy's clothes, I had to spend two days indoors until my parents could purchase a new wardrobe for me. I was extremely upset, for they were almost strangers to me, particularly my father whom I had not seen for three years. In his own way I suppose he thought he was helping me for he spoke as though I had undergone a terrible ordeal and that he would get me back to normal. When they had bought my boy's clothes, father cut my hair short. I was in tears of misery at this and cried myself to sleep for days afterward. It was months before I stopped feeling miserable about my hair and I don't believe I have ever really stopped regretting it.

When my hair was cut, and I was back in trousers, father did his best to make a 'normal' boy, insisting that I play cricket and rugby. My three years 'girlhood' was never mentioned or discussed in my hearing. I remember one time when mother was annoyed with me over something, and she said that I should have stayed in dresses. Father was very angry when he heard this, telling her to leave me alone. The subject was never again raised.

perhaps this was a good thing, for I soon fell into

the life of an ordinary boy, none of my schoolmates or neighbors thinking otherwise.

Nothing much happened from then until I was about seventeen, when I began to undergo great anxieties. Around this time, schoolboy conversation frequently turned to the subject of sex, as is usual with boys developing into men. Up to now I knew almost nothing about sex, either normal or abnormal, and did not associate my years in dresses with anything sexual. My feelings were merely that through peculiar circumstances I had been dressed as a girl for three years, but now I was the same as any ordinary boy. The only result of these years was that I liked seeing pretty girl's clothes, and admired pretty long hair on girls. Sometimes I imagined how I would look wearing long hair and dresses, but I was deeply ashamed of these thoughts, and of course never mentioned them to anyone.

Then in furtive conversations the subject of "queers" began to arise. Sometimes boys were approached by homosexuals and this became a topic of conversation. I was astonished when I heard of these people, and aghast when I learned that there were depraved individuals who dressed as women to solicit men. Also, around this time 1953, a so-called sex-change case was well publicized in the newspapers, and there was much written on the subject in the daily press and in magazines. When I read these articles I was thrown into great confusion and dread, associating my own secret visions of myself in female dress with the subjects of these articles.

Knowing nothing of the subject of transvestism as a separate category, and with inaccurate information gathered from many sources, I arrived at the following suppositions. These were that all homosexuals were effeminate (and that effeminate men were all homosexual), that men who dress as women, and that all these categories wanted to change their sex. I found later that this is not the case, but at that time it all seemed quite logical. I became terribly worried, thinking that I would automatically become like these people. Sometimes while in London's west end with other boys we would see some obvious "queers" with made up faces mincing along the streets, the boys snickering scornfully at these ridi-

Transvestia

culous persons. Seeing these people, I could not associate my own feelings with them, for they seemed to me like rather grotesque caricatures. And yet I dreaded that might have some terrible compulsion to be like them, and the thought almost sickened me.

I began to hound the psychology shelves of the libraries for more information, but here too there was little accurate information. In the only books on abnormal behaviour I saw then, if the subject of men in female clothing was mentioned at all, it was generally given only a few lines within a chapter on homosexuality. In a few such books where there were sections discussing the cause of perversions, it was mentioned that dressing a boy as a girl was often a cause. This, of course, made me more worried than ever. In no book that I found was TV mentioned as a separate subject, so I thought that because I had this inner desire to wear dresses and especially to have long hair, therefore by definition I must also be developing into a homosexual. Although terribly worried about this, I was extremely preplexed, for on trying to analyse my feelings I realized that I was not even slightly attracted sexually to men. In fact even the thought of it repelled me. But on the other hand I had a very definite attraction for girls. And so I was able to convince myself that I was still relatively normal.

About this time I had my first sexual experience, having now finished grammar school and taking graphic arts at polytechnic. There was (and is) considerable promiscuity among London college students, so that it was not long before I was intimate with several girls. I won't go into details, but fortunately my initiation was delightfully enjoyable. I am still glad of this, for if things had gone wrong because of my nervousness and inexperience, perhaps my development could have been altered to a different course.

In my anxiety to convince myself that I was normal I pursued girls avidly. After several affairs I was finally reasonably assured that I could not be homosexual, which eased my anxiety a great deal. However, I still could not displace these strange inner longings to wear feminine attire.

Then there were several circumstances which led to an experience with TV. While attending polytechnic I became more and more estranged from my parents, mother and I had never been particularly close, and father seemed to disapprove of almost everything I did. Also they seemed to fight quite a lot, and father was spending a lot of time in the pub. Finally, one night a terrific row broke out, during which I discovered that he was not my real father. From then on I did not seem to get along with them, and did not care what they thought of me.

There occurred about this time (1954) several things which perhaps shaped my later attitudes. In one of the national daily papers "The Daily Sketch", there appeared a human interest story with photographs of a little boy dressed as a girl. The boy was about five years old and the son of a minor official of the Iranian Embassy. There was an interview with his mother, who said she had wanted a daughter and intended to keep the boy in long hair and dresses until he was at least seven years old. The story gave their address (in the Earl's Court of Kennington, West London), and mentioned that he went to primary school where he was treated as a little girl. For some reason this thrilled me tremendously. I can not account for this feeling, only that perhaps I must have somehow envied the child. Anyway I frequently made excuses to go to Earl's Court, walking past the house hoping to catch a sight of the boy on his way to or from school. I never did see him, perhaps the family moved as the result of the publicity, for the story raised a lot of comment in the newspaper where it appeared.

The letters to the Editor column of most British papers is usually full of assorted trivia, ie. a letter appears that someone has a cat which has lived seventeen years and for months after people write in with their cat's claim to greater longevity. In the same way this story gave rise to letters on the subject for months after. I was enthralled by these letters, anxiously buying the paper each day to read the letters. There were letters from mothers who approved, saying that they also put their sons in dresses because they thought dresses much prettier than trousers, mothers who had kept their sons in long curls until they were quite old, mothers who made

Transvestia

their sons wear kilts, dresses, or pinafores when the boys misbehaved. There were also letters from men who had been subjected to one or more of these conditions when they were children, some claiming that he liked the experience, some claiming that they were humiliated. Conversely there were letters pointing out the harmful effects of dressing boys in girl's clothes.

I don't know why I was so excited over this controversy, but I was very disappointed when the subject was finally dropped from the "Letters" column. I think perhaps I was relieved to find that my own childhood was not so rare, and that there were quite a few others who as little boys had been dressed as girls. I would have liked to have contacted some of these people, but names and addresses were not printed by the paper. It is also possible on later consideration that some of the letters were fictitious, sent in by people who wanted to keep the discussion going.

Another developement about this time was that a sort of "beatnik" influence was beginning to prevade some of the London colleges. It was not now uncommon for college boys to affect long shaggy hair, frequently accompanied by scruffy beards. This opened a potential aid to my own inner desires, for I saw a chance to have long hair again without being considered a "queer".

Digressing from the story again, I will try to explain some of my feelings. I think I must have a sort of fetish inclination, rather than pure TVism as I understand it, for long hair is much more desirable to me than feminine costume by itself. I believe from reading the psychology books that there are hair fetishists who have a compulsion to cut girl's hair and snatch pigtails. This thought is repugnant to me. For I could not dream of cutting a girl's long tresses. It seems somehow like destroying a beautiful painting or smashing a sculpture. I like to see girls with long hair, and as a generality the longer the hair, the more attractive they are to me. I do not mean that this is the only consideration that I can not be attracted to a girl merely because she has beautiful hair, but given two equally attractive and desirable girls, one with a short crop and one with flowing tresses, I should prefer the latter. I think most short

styles are basically ugly the most beautiful to me is full length hair, waist length or longer, which can be worn in many styles of braids or chignons. I suppose this results from my fascination for Rosemary's long hair. However this only applies with thick healthy hair. Long hair if it is thin or frizzy looks ugly to me. Since very few girls these days (at least in England) keep their hair full length, my next preference is a full shoulder length style, curled under at the ends. Perhaps I can not fully explain my feelings for long hair as related to my TV inclinations, but to me it gives more satisfaction than only feminine clothing. Probably it goes back to my "girlhood" with Aunt Joyce, for even though I wore dresses from the start I merely thought of myself as a boy in girl's clothes, and that only the clothes made me different from other boys. However, when my hair had grown long enough to cover my ears and was put in curls for the first time, it seemed to somehow confirm me as a girl and make my "girlhood" permanent. Even if I were to put on trousers the curls were my unmistakable badge of femininity still implacably identifying me to the world as a "girl".

Now I could not seem to resist the chance to let my hair grow to a girlish length, since I could accomplish this without being accused of effeminacy. As I have mentioned, it was not not at all uncommon to see people at the arts school who had hair as long as many girls. In fact there were some who affected hair to their shoulders. I don't know if any of these had TV leanings, mostly it was just a symptom of rebellion against parents and authority. The more the newspapers deplored this beatnik attitude, the more the students adopted it along with left wing politics, pacifism, Man-the-bomb movements and anything else which would shock their elders and draw attention to themselves. Anyway the common uniform soon became dirty jeans, sloppy sweaters and long shaggy usually unkept hair.

Therefore I too began to adopt the "uniform" with scruffy clothes and uncut hair. This, of course, led to even more disapproval from my parents, and the atmosphere around home became more and more strained.

Then came a relation which was to affect my life

Transvestia

considerably. I had quite a few affairs with girl students at the college, but most did not last very long. I now became involved with a girl whom I shall call Betty, and was soon on an intimate basis with her. She was about a year older than I, very attractive, and had lovely hair which fell below her shoulders (one of the reasons why I had first made her acquaintance). She came from a family not short of money, and not the least of her assets, owned a sports car and had a flat of her own. She was the type of girl who wanted excitement or "kicks" and was to say the least promiscuous, although on a selective basis. We seemed to "click" or at least to complement each other, and if not actually in love we were more than usually attracted, and it was a far deeper affair than any I had been involved in so far. Here is the sequence as near as I can recall, which led to my experiments with TV.

Because of my "beatnik" attitudes, life with my parents was getting more and more difficult, especially over my growing hair. Perhaps because of his general impatience with me, among other things, father began to accuse me of going "queer", and that no son of his was going to be a disgrace to him. When I mentioned that I was not his son, it led to more hostility. Along with this, I seemed to have nothing in common with my parents, probably more through youthful egotism than fact, I considered myself to be of far superior intelligence to both of them, and especially considered my father to be coarse and stupid.

Finally, after a few more rows with my parents, came an ultimatum to mend my ways or leave home. Sort of a "Never darken our doors again" scene. When I told Betty of this, she immediately suggested that I move into her flat. I cheerfully did so, leaving my parents, without much regrets on either side.

Now that I had moved in with Betty my leanings to TVism became more worrying to me. Seeing all her things around presented me with a great temptation, but I did not dare chance experimenting with them. I was still very ashamed of these desires, and certainly did not want her to know of them. Meanwhile I could get by with at least having longish hair, which offered me

some satisfaction at least. Several months had passed since I had ceased having it cut, and at this stage it was what I would call "convertable". At the back it grew over my collar, and the hair on the sides of my head had grown to about four inches, long enough to cover my ears when combed down. However when combed back and looking somewhat unkept and shaggy it did not look feminine, or at least no more feminine than any of the other "beat" students, many of whom had hair longer than mine. The difference, though was that many had beards, while I had hardly any trace of beard at this time. I was then aged nineteen and did not really have a problem with my beard until I was nearly twenty-three.

Betty and I got on famously, but I was now experiencing a terrific inner tension, becoming very worried and anxious. Part of the cause was that examinations were only a few months away, but a great part of the stress I felt was in having feminine clothing all around me and not being able to mention my inner desires. Frequently when Betty was out I would brush my shaggy mop until it was sleek, combing it down to achieve a feminine style. Looking at myself in the mirror I knew I could pass as a girl. While not beautiful, I was of at least reasonably good features and would have been more than passably attractive. I would have loved to be able to have my hair fluffed out in curls, but this of course was impossible in the circumstances. Before Betty's return I would rumple my hair up to it's usual messy state.

Then I suppose I could contain myself no longer, and in a conversation with Betty about our families and our childhood experiences, I told her of my three years as a girl with Aunt Joyce. I had never before told this to anyone, so that except for my parents, and of course Aunt Joyce and her daughters, no one knew of my experience. I did not know how Betty would react to this, or even if she would be interested, but I brought it up seeing where the conversation might lead. I had half expected her to tease me, or to treat the matter as a rather funny joke on me, but to my relief she displayed great sympathy and interest.

The subject came up quite frequently in conversation from then on, for I believe Betty sensed that I wanted to

Transvestia

talk about it. However, i was still to ashamed at my feelings to suggest that I would still like to put on dresses. I probably hoped this when I had first mentioned the matter of my childhood, for the suggestion that I try on her clothes was made by her. I was tremendously excited when she first made this suggestion, but yet I was so frightened that I would look foolish, and that she would despise me for it, that I told her I would not be caught dead in women's clothes. Despite my indignant protests, I believe she must have sensed that this was not my true feelings, for she frequently suggested that I dress up, and moreover jokingly suggested that my hair was long enough to pass as a girl's style (which of course I already knew).

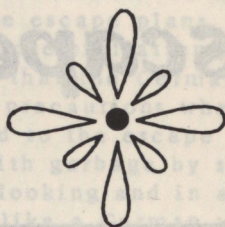
I was now in a terrible mental dilemna. I wanted more than anything in the world to give in, but all my old fears of homosexuality and perversion tormented me. Since I still believed that only "queers" had this desire to dress as women, I raised this matter to Betty when she again mentioned the idea. Her reaction to this was quite sensible, summarized roughly, "you can't be queer otherwise you wouldn't want to make love to girls. If you were queer you couldn't make love to me as well as you do. The clothes you wear don't suddenly make you a different person, and since I don't feel lesbian tendencies when I put on slacks or a man's shirt, I don't see how putting on a skirt is going to change you into a queer. You'll worry about this the rest of your life if you don't find out the truth, and besides it would be fun to see how you look as a girl."

I was swayed by this, but still could not bring myself to dress up. What clinched it finally was one night when we were making love. Betty was stroking my head, when suddenly she ran her fingers through my hair, pulling it down to fall over my ears. As she did this she said, "there you look like a girl now. Do you feel any different about making love to me? I certainly don't feel any different about you." At hearing this I felt a thrill which I had never experienced before. Perhaps because of this, we experienced simultaneous orgasm. In any case it was the most enjoyable love-making of my life to that time.

(Continued on page 65)



BETTY 22-G-2FPE
Above & Below



SUSAN 30-S-1

Escape & Sequel

by Fern

» It was on the tenth day of my captivity and the tenth day of June 1942, that we arrived at the prison camp. It looked quite different from what I had expected, for instead of a row of barracks surrounded by barbed wire, it was instead an old heavily walled castle. The west wing of the castle was used by the Germans as their headquarters. We, all 200 of us, were captured navy officers, the first batch to arrive at this new prison. Once we were finished being photographed, assigned numbers and barracks, etc, we set out exploring the small compound which would be our home for the duration or until we could escape. I suspect that all of us had escape in our minds, and for several days we scoured the premises, examining escape possibilities.

The Germans had chosen well, tunnels, the most obvious escape mechanism were impossible because of the rocky land upon which the castle stood. A rope descent down the walls might have been possible, but before any real plan for this could be drawn up, some prisoner tried it, and were

immediately caught. The Germans increased their floodlights around the walls, added dog patrols, and made it difficult for anyone to come near the walls without being spotted. To prevent a reoccurrence of such individual attempts, and also to prevent the discovery of one escape plan from leading to the discovery of another, we designated an escape officer to coordinate escape plans. It was not until August that our first successful attempt took place. A British Officer noted that the Germans had grown careless in their security precautions when collecting the garbage. He proposed to the escape captain that he have himself covered with garbage by several fellow prisoners. When no one was looking and in an altered uniform which made him look like a German workman, he slipped into the back of the truck, was quickly covered, and soon was hauled through the gates. The Germans did not even bother to search the truck. His escape was discovered at the evening roll call, an ordeal which we had to go through twice a day, and word was immediately flashed around the countryside. The Germans forced us to stand for several hours while they lectured us on escapes, and threatened any would-be escaper with 30 days solitary confinement. At the next evening roll call, a sheepish looking British Officer was brought back under guard, and the Germans smilingly told us that garbage trucks in the future would be thoroughly examined. The captured prisoner was given his 30 days in solitary confinement, and when he returned from confinement, we all pumped him about his escape. He said that the chief obstacle to a successful escape was the fact that there were several villages in the countryside, and they were intensely suspicious of anyone that they did not know. He said he had been stopped several times by Germans who asked him why he was not in the army, or where he was from, and while he had shown them his identity card (forged by our escape committee) as an itinerant worker, they had still remained suspicious. Apparently someone turned him in, for he was soon taken into custody by the police, taken to the nearby police station and questioned. Even though his papers passed inspection, the Germans were concerned about why such a worker would be in the neighborhood. While he was being questioned the alarm arrived that a prisoner was missing and the game was up. His conclusion was that it would be exceedingly difficult to get any place in

Transvestia

the countryside. The only real hope for an escape was to reach Bremen or Hamburg or some other large city, the nearest of which was 100 miles away.

This escape failure discouraged attempts for a while and the onset of cold weather tended to stop much of the outdoor activity. To pass the time we decided to do amateur theatricals and on the request of our Commanding Officer, the Germans turned over a fourth floor room of the west wing to the castle. The room assigned to us had apparently been used for theatricals before because in one end of the room was a raised platform which could be used as a stage. Access to the room had apparently been possible through both our section of the castle and the German section, but someone had plastered over the old doorway leading to the west wing. I was assigned the job of restoring the stage along with George, a short stocky lieutenant from the British fleet air army. While the Germans watched, I opened a small cupboard door under the stage, found a lot of old scenery stored there, and began working my way through it. Handing or pushing much of the stuff back to George. As I was working I thought I heard music and women's voices, and after pushing some material out of the way I crawled back to the wall and found a small hole in the wood paneling which formed the end of the closet and looking through I saw what had once obviously been a library, but now there was a phonograph playing and several Germans were dancing with women of assorted ages. Most of the older women sat around talking to some soldiers who were not dancing. Without saying anything I crawled back and told George that I had enough for the day, and I spent the next several hours looking at the entrance to the German wing of the castle from the third floor of the prisoner's wing. About 9 p.m., I saw several smartly dressed young women step out of the entrance to the German section, walk to a nearby bus and board it. Several older German women were walking somewhat behind and when they boarded the bus, the driver started it and left. After several weeks of observation I came to the conclusion that it was only on Saturday that these women came and as luck would have it, there were two different buses. One of which usually left a half hour before the other. I also scouted out the space under the stage, and found

that the bare stage itself was built on top of a closet underneath a closet in which several of the women put their coats while they were visiting the camp. Apparently the women came down Saturday morning to visit and talk with the soldiers, many of them from different camps in the area, and then left Saturday evening. Some of the girls were regular repeaters but every group included some women or groups of women whom I had not seen before.

After thinking over things, I went to the escape Officer and outlined my plans for escape. I told him what I had seen, that it was possible to break through the ceiling into the closet underneath, and that this was a risky escape but one that would be repeated several times if we were successful. When I finished telling him, he appeared somewhat blank, and when I saw his look, I said "the point is Sir, that all we have to do to escape is to disguise ourselves as women". Each Saturday two or three of us can join the busload of women, and leave the place. The Germans would never think of examining women to find an escaped prisoner, especially if they took care with their disguise. In effect all we had to do to get a nearly foolproof escape scheme was to learn to be girls. The escape Officer said it seemed a rather impossible task, but to go to it. First I cut a hole through into the closet below, carefully concealing the results of my work, and then I began the most difficult part, that of passing myself off as a girl.

I discussed my plans with George. We also let the director of our local amateur theatricals into our plot and he cooperated by casting each of us in female parts in the upcoming play. The first problem was to get a costume. The hair part was not too difficult. My hair was already quite long, as was that of most of the other prisoners; George and I proceeded to let it grow out further, developing a sort of page boy style which had been popular with the girls before we were captured. The costume people set about making costumes for each of us. The play was designed to include a part in which a contemporary costume would be suitable for each of us. Luckily one of our fellow prisoners had been a designer before the war, and he designed a rather smart suit for each of us to wear out of surplus uniforms. The Ger-

Transvestia

mans cooperated by providing us with some cast off women's clothing, including some high heels, which were remodeled to fit us. We also managed to get slips, panties, and corsets this way. Hand stitched bras were made from some cotton broadcloth which was available. Part of an old corset was cut up to make some waist cinchers and when George and I applied these and pulled them in, we began to approach something of an hour-glass figure. We had no stockings and it seemed we would not be able to have any until we found out that the Germans often gave presents of silk stockings, and even silk panties to the girls who visited them. When we found this out we managed to trade some surplus tobacco from our Red Cross packages to a German guard and we soon had silk stockings and more intimate apparel as well. We also got quite a bit of German money in this way. The credentials department began working on our passes and so while we now had enough clothing and our hair was becoming suitably feminine, the problem was, now to begin acting as women.

Before our costumes were completely finished, we put on girdles and high heels and using a wrap around skirt, we began practicing walking. Our first efforts were hilarious, at least all the onlookers laughed themselves nearly sick, but after several days, we began to demonstrate some success. To keep our steps within the feminine norm. George got the idea of hooking a piece of string to his garters, and this acted as sort of a hobble. I tried the same procedure and I must admit that within a week we had a fairly lady like walk. Wearing high heels, except at roll call, we gradually became accustomed to them.

Another major problem was the question of our beards. Luckily my beard was not very heavy. In fact it was jokingly said that I shaved every day but only put the blade in the razor every other day. I began a conscientious system of plucking out my hair but even after this procedure I still had to shave at least every three days. I just hoped that I would be able to shave by that time. George was a different problem. While his beard was not very dark it was heavy and in civilian life he had shaved at least twice a day. He could not go much more than twelve hours without looking like he needed a shave.

He tried a wax treatment of his beard, but no matter what he did, his beard remained the same. George, however, was ingenious and he practiced cold shaving with a straight razor and found that he could shave his would be mustache and chin beard with a straight razor without any lather. It was painful but George wanted desperately to go. We also decided that George should go as an older woman with a hat and a light veil. He did not dare make it too heavy, for fear someone would become suspicious. Despite his beard difficulties however, George had some other distinct advantages. Both George and I had also been trying to trim our waists by diet, which really wasn't necessary on the food the Germans fed us, but also by applying our waist cinchers tighter and tighter. Without even putting a bra on but with the waist cincher drawn tight George had almost a "B" cup. As a result with a tight corset on, George needed little padding at all. I was rather slim myself, and stood 5'8" in my stocking feet. While the waist cincher did give me the beginning of an hour glass figure I had to pad both my busts and hips.

As we became more and more proficient in our recently assumed feminine role, I found that what had begun as an escape lark began to turn into something more serious. I found that I was throwing myself into the female role almost unconsciously, and perhaps even more surprising, I was beginning to enjoy it. I shaved my body all over and delighted in the feeling of putting on my silk underclothes and even began to enjoy my tight corset. I practiced putting on makeup hour after hour until I became as proficient as women who had done it all their lives. Somehow or other I confided my new secret delights to George, who was now beginning to be called Georgia as I was called Barbara, by the fellows in the barracks. Georgia confessed that she too enjoyed it, but then shocked me somewhat by saying that even in civilian life he had often dressed in his wife's clothes and that actually he had had considerable experience. Georgia was somewhat shorter than I, I would say about 5'7" but weighed a good 50 pounds more. I must admit that he, despite the maternal look he affected, was a nice looking woman. He said that I was gorgeous and I must admit as I looked at myself in the mirror with my

Transvestia

long page boy, all made up and dressed, I could hardly believe it was me.

The escape was actually easy. We simply waited until it was about time to load the first bus, and then carrying an overnight bag which we had made out of some duffle bags, we were carefully lowered to the floor of the closet, adjusted our clothes, and walked out to join the group of women boarding the bus. Nobody gave us a second glance and as we passed the guards they smiled and waved to us. Now our problem was to pass as a woman among women, and this would be no easy task although both Georgia and I spoke good German. Each of us had separated as we entered the bus, on the assumption that one out of place person might not attract attention but two would. We really didn't know how good our disguise was, and how effectively we had thrown ourselves into our part. My seat companion was a girl about the same age as I was, and after looking me over briefly commented that she had not seen me here before. I told her the story that George and I had concocted before. My aunt, and I indicated Georgia, had recently had her home bombed in Bavaria (since both of us had a slight Bavarian accent in our speech), and having lost everything had decided to start over in the north of Germany where my brother had been stationed. In fact he had recently been transferred to a camp near the prison camp and we had just visited him before he was shipped off to the front. We were now going to Hamburg to try to start over again. I also told my seat companion that all we had left was the clothes on our back, the money we carried, and our determination to succeed. She listened sympathetically and again looking me over carefully said that I should not have too much difficulty in finding an apartment since Hamburg too had been bombed but that we were welcome to stay at the boarding house where she lived. She also indicated that she worked in a small grocery store in Hamburg and that the store next door, a women's clothing store, needed a clerk.

When we arrived in Hamburg she (Hilda) took us to a rooming house for women only and Georgia and I took a room together. Most of the girls in the house were rather young, and the landlady asked Georgia after only

one day's stay, and after we had repeated our story, if she would not help her manage the house. Georgia agreed and consented to become her assistant. She could sneak off and shave periodically and yet continue to live as a woman. This suited Georgia very well because Georgia and the landlady became like two lost girlfriends and Georgia fell more and more into her role. She liked housework, enjoyed mothering the girls, and within a few short weeks was acting like she had done this sort of thing all her life. I too found myself extremely happy. I found myself acquiring a carefully selected wardrobe and becoming almost forgetful of trying to Escape to Sweden. I even dated a couple of soldiers and found dancing with them quite enjoyable. I especially enjoyed flirting with them. I was actually beginning to think female.

But escape suddenly came to mind when the dress shop in which I was working needed a new shipment of supplies from Sweden. It depended in part for imports from Sweden to supply itself and the manager had usually gone to pick out the items several times a year. For some reason he was unable to go and requested that I do so. I asked him if it would be all right if I made it a sort of holiday and with his consent Georgia and Hilda came with me. We simply boarded the regular mail ship which commuted between Hamburg and Sweden. We arrived in Sweden hours later. After looking over the fabrics, putting in our orders, the three of us did the town. After a whole day of touring, we requested Hilda to return with the merchandise we had purchased, and then we slipped away from her. The next morning we presented ourselves at the British Embassy with two suitcases of clothes and indicated that we were British prisoners, recently escaped from Germany. The clerk at the Embassy showed us into the Ambassador's office and we repeated our story to him. After hearing us say we were escaped prisoners, the Ambassador looked closely at us and said he was sorry, but that it was contrary to British policy to allow women to serve in danger areas and that it was impossible for us to be escaped prisoners. We were so used to acting as women that the remark struck us funny and we laughed uproariously. Then we both blurted out that we were not women but men, and had escaped from the prison camp in this garb several

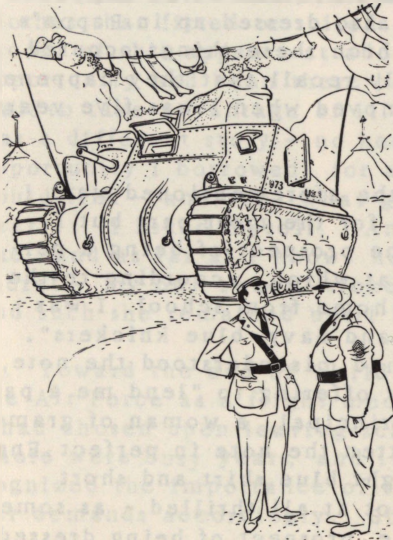
Transvestia

months before. The Ambassador was incredulous but after demonstrable proof he too laughed. He then ordered new clothes to be brought for us, but first insisted on photographing us as we were. In our new uniforms, after a haircut and shave, we again began to feel masculine again, although I must admit we were rather wasp-waisted ones. I was very sorry to have my hair cut and had the barber save the hair. I took it to a local wig maker in Stockholm and had it made into a wig for me while we were waiting to be repatriated to England. I also carefully packed away my escape clothes and also took them back to England with me.

It was great to be back in England, and here I rejoined my girlfriend, Jean, and after a few short weeks we were married. She was intensely interested in my escape, and after I showed her the pictures which had been taken in Stockholm, she insisted that I dress up for her. This I did with great care, shaving my body all over, adjusting my wig, and carefully applying make-up. She said that I made a rather lovely looking woman and confessed that she liked me dressed as a girl very much. To make a long story short, after I was discharged from the Army, I entered the clothing business, and I now run a string of women's clothing stores. Perhaps the most interesting thing is that I run these stores not as a man, but as a woman. It turned out that my wife was unable to have children. We both decided to concentrate our interests in business, and since I was now very interested in women's clothes, it was a natural. She encouraged me in my desire to wear women's clothes and since when we first started we couldn't afford to hire any saleswomen, I acted as one to relieve my wife. It just seemed natural to keep my clothes on when I got home from work. I soon underwent an electrolysis treatment for removal of my beard and as our business expanded I just remained as I was since I had been identified with the business. I occasionally venture out in male clothes and regularly until last year, my wife and I toured the continent every summer as man and wife. When I dress as a man however, I have to wear special makeup to stop from being questioned. On our last trip to the continent however, we adopted two orphan girls, and once the adoption was complete, I resumed my female personality again. I still maintain a post office box for my

male self, but this is about all the contact I have with the male world. My wife and I both wear the same clothes since she was also rather tall and our shoes are both 9-AAA. Her hips are somewhat more feminine than mine but with padding we both wear the same size girdle although our bras are different. She is a 36 but I am a 40 no matter what I do. There is only one other person or rather two others, who know my true identity, Georgia manager of our corset department, is the husband of one of our store managers. While they are husband and wife, Georgia looks more like the proper matron than a husband. Thanks to electrolysis, Georgia does have to worry about her beard and her well corseted figure is a nice advertisement for what a corset can do.

Surprising we hear very little from the former prisoners in our prison camp. I was informed that some 40 other men escaped dressed as women, but after returning to civilian life have more or less dropped out of sight. I suspect that there are a great many more of us around than meets the eye but so far none of us has been willing to reveal himself, or rather herself.



COLONEL: Have you asked Sargent Donnelly about all that stuff on the line?

CAPTAIN: Yes Sir! He says it's a special kind of TV aerial.

She Was There

Cynthia (30-H-2)

» When I look back over my earlier years, in order to chart the course of transvestism through my life, I can find no beginning. It seems as though "she" was there all the time.

Far back - chapter four (I was four years old) - I began a personal war against vast armies of germs, bacteria, etc., which was to last some three years - on and off. During this period I was wont to spend considerable time at home, usually indoors, and frequently in bed. Toys became a drag (oops!) and, as an alternative, I dressed up in any of Mamma's clothes which happened to be laying around. But, I also dressed up in Pappa's clothes. The exact age at which these things occurred is easily proved as I distinctly recall that they happened in the house from which we moved when I was five years old.

During brief respites in the aforementioned war, I attended school. Uneventful for the most part but I once trembled violently at the prospect of being a performer at a musical festival at which, according to the small slip of paper I carried home from school, I was to wear "a light blue blouse and navy-blue knickers". An aunt, recognizing that I had misunderstood the note, fanned the fury of my fear by offering to "lend me a pair of her's". To explain; the principal, a woman of grammatical excellence, had written the note in perfect English, of course it meant "light blue shirt and short navy blue trousers". I was not at all thrilled - as some of us apparently were - at the prospect of being dressed as a girl.

I wanted to play with girls - and to play girl's games. I frequently played with my Teddy Bear (I kept "him" until I was nine or ten - possible as a substitute brother as I am the sole offspring) and we had some very enjoyable tea parties using a fine toy china tea set which my Mother had kept from time to time. I would not, however, actually play with girls - unless totally unavoidable - and I once vigorously protested when one of my numerous female cousins, pointing toward my toy garage, gleefully exclaimed, "Ooooh! Let's play with your doll's house".

In chapter nine - I was nine years old - we find a shopping incident. Mamma and I are visiting department stores, buying Christman gifts for my fourteen cousins. I, an authority on toys, am consulted regarding the suitability of each purchase. Laden with miscellaneous and sundry play things, Mamma leads the way to the girl's clothing department, there to buy two sets of underwear for my two oldest cousins. That's all there is to the incident except for one significant point; I recall vividly, the items of underwear, but I cannot remember any of the toys we bought that day.

...And so it went, Never dressed as a girl - in clothes that fitted or suited my age at least. The first record of this appears at about the age of thirteen - the opportunity had been there before but I was much too afraid to take advantage of it. From thirteen onward it was a different story - no hesitation. At each and every opportunity I borrowed, for a few moments, anything I could find - and, oh! what guilt... To be discovered... Fear... I asked myself, "Am I mad"? I confided in no one, and as far as I know, no one knew. "She" was my secret - my own sweet, sickening, terrifying secret - and such she remained until I was twenty-six.

Toward the end of World War II I was drafted into the Air Force as a flight mechanic - a profession which I had chosen upon leaving school at the age of fifteen. Those were busy years, and it seems as though she recognized the importance of the task at hand, controlling her demands accordingly. She appeared only during leisure hours, weekends passes and so forth.

Transvestia

By the time I was released from service (honorably of course) I had a wardrobe which consisted of a slip and a pair of stockings - well, not really a pair, one was an 8 while the other was an 11 or so! With more time on my hands and hence more frequent excursions into TV, the whole thing began to disturb me more and more until I resolved to get busy again, to complete my education, To "become someone", and to drive this damned silly business out of my head! This I did - for a month or so! I suppose I didn't really want to or I might have been successful. I became more disturbed as my wardrobe grew and my grades declined. Then, in the midst of this mental upheaval, who trips daintily down the ramp of a plane but Christine.....

What confusion! There was I, in my bachelor apartment where I frequently enjoyed conjugal relationships with several girls - one at a time of course - utterly despondent because of this alien desire to actually be the object of my own desire. But, I lived through it - so did Cynthia - to climb to the top in the field of electronics marketing.

Marriage did not cure my TV, as I mistakenly thought it would - I suppose we all know this by now. After about a year of marriage, I decided to tell my wife. At first she was, justifiably, angered and disturbed. Angered because I had concealed it from her from the beginning and disturbed by her interpretation of the implications of TV. But now, nine years later, her attitude has changed. She has learned more by reading the few good books on the subject and by discussing it with doctors. She has also learned that we are not all cooky characters through meeting well over 100 others for which possibility we are grateful to Virginia and this magazine which we discovered about three years ago.

Where do we go from here? Who knows? Cynthia has been brought out of the dark recesses. She has emerged as a fairly stable (by comparison) personality - some will disagree! She has been recognized, baptized and released - of course I cannot give her full rein. A year ago we introduced her to her Mother and I kicked myself for not having done this many years ago - Mother likes her. Most of the time Cynthia's demands for attention are rea-

sonable, tempered it seems by the activities of two small children. During periods of great demand, I try to retain objectivity, knowing that the phase will pass. But I know that it will come and go again, and again, and again ...



CYNTHIA
30-H-2



What Shall I Wear?

Beatrice (33-B-2 FPE)

EDITOR'S NOTE: For some time past various readers have asked for some authoritative information about Fashion, about design and what to wear when. One of our good and long time readers is qualified to help in this department and this is her first article on the subject. Others will follow in subsequent issues. Beatrice and I both hope that they of you will find it of value.

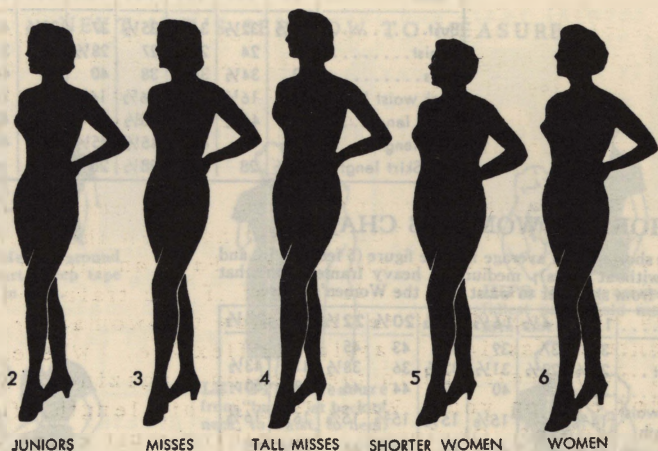
» Clothes are made to be lived in, not to walk around on models blessed with perfect figures, in the pictures in High Fashion Magazines. Some people seem to be born with a sense of fashion, others cultivate a fashion sense and still others live their entire lives without ever learning much about fashion.

Fashion Is Fashion, when it is the right combination of hue, value and line. You can't find it in the dictionary. There are no permanent rules. Fashion breaks rules! But I assure you, gentle reader, that if you train your eyes, you will soon learn to recognize the woman or TV with a sense of fashion. Fashion is flexible. Where, for instance, do jackets end in the fashion magazines? Where should they end on you? Waist length, hip length, fingertip length, tunic? Obviously, something must enter your choice of clothes. You can be sure that what you wear will influence your life, even if you are in a locked room, and what others think about you, if you are not.

Perhaps you've already asked the question - who am I to write about Fashion? First of all, I'm a TV, quite secondly, I'm an artist. Sometimes I am a host, sometimes, and preferably a hostess. Sometimes I'm a guest. But I LOVE clothes. I have had bonafide instructions in dress design and color and I know that fashion is not a bit different from a painting. Always, where ever I go I ask myself, what shall I wear, when, why and does it fit? For instance, I love crinolines, but do I really love crinolines in a crowded elevator in the middle of a busy day? Or do I, a spinsterish 50 year old, very thin person, love crinolines for street wear? Of course not.

A young GG can afford to be just a little bit careless, hem uneven, hair blown, too little or too much make-up, but a 50 year old matron cannot be that careless, and even less CAN a TV. We must be doubly extra careful in everything we wear to avoid too close a scrutiny.

To come to a common understanding of what to wear, when, you must select suitable clothing. **WITHIN YOUR SIZE RANGE.** So first, let's talk about sizes.



16 IS A SIZE NOT AN AGE

Perhaps Sears Roebuck is as big a merchandiser of clothes as there are in America today. And they offer the following size charts which fit a majority, but not all of the people.

MISSES' CHART

For the youthful and well proportioned figure of average height (5 feet 2½ inches to 5 feet 6½ inches without shoes); medium frame.

SIZE.....	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20
Bust.....	30	31	32½	34	35½	37	39	41
Waist.....	22½	23½	24½	25½	27	28½	30½	32½
Hips.....	31½	32½	34	36	38	40	42	44
Back waist length	15	15½	15¾	15½	15¾	15½	16	16½
Dress length....	—	41½	42	42½	43	43½	44	44½
Coat length.....	41	41½	42	42½	43	43½	44	44½
Suit Skirt length*	25½	25½	26	26	26½	26½	27	27

TALL MISSES' CHART

For the taller than average figure. Youthfully proportioned, of slender to medium frame with waist lengths 1 inch longer than average, to fit heights 5 feet 7 inches to 6 feet (without shoes).

SIZE.....	8T	10T	12T	14T	16T	18T	20T
Bust.....	31½	32½	34	35½	37	38½	40
Waist.....	23	24	25½	27	28½	30	31½
Hips.....	33	34½	36	38	40	42	44
Back waist length	16	16½	16¾	16½	16¾	16¾	17½
Dress length....	—	44½	45	45½	46	46½	47
Coat length.....	—	—	45	45½	45½	46	46
Suit Skirt length*	27½	28	28	28½	28½	29	—

SHORTER WOMEN'S CHART

For the shorter than average mature figure (5 feet 3½ in. and under without shoes); medium to heavy frame; somewhat shorter from shoulder to waist than the Women's figure.

SIZE.....	12½	14½	16½	18½	20½	22½	24½	26½
Bust.....	35	37	39	41	43	45	47	49
Waist....	27½	29½	31½	33½	36	38½	41	43½
Hips.....	36	38	40	42	44	46	48	50
Back waist length..	14½	14½	15½	15½	15½	15½	16½	16½
Dress lgth.	41½	42	42½	43	43½	44	44½	45
Coat lgth.	—	42	42	42½	42½	43	43	—
Suit Skirt length*	—	26	26	26½	26½	27	27	—

WOMEN'S CHART

For mature, well-proportioned figure (5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 6½ inches without shoes), medium to heavy frame; fuller through bust, waist, and hips than Misses' figure.

SIZE	36	38	40	42	44
Bust.....	39	41	43	45	47
Waist.....	31	33½	36	38½	41
Hips.....	40	42	44	46	48
Back waist length....	16	16¼	16¾	16¾	16¾
Dress length.....	44½	45	45½	46	46½
Coat length.....	—	—	45½	46	—

TALL WOMEN'S CHART

For the taller than average, mature figure. Medium frame with waist lengths 1½ inch longer than average, to fit heights 5 feet 7 inches to 6 feet (without shoes).

SIZE.....	36T	38T	40T	42T	44T
Bust.....	39	41	43	45	47
Waist.....	31	33	35	37½	40
Hips.....	40	42	44	46	48
Back waist length.....	17¼	17½	17¾	18	18¼
Dress length.....	47	47½	48	48½	49

NEXT LET'S SEE HOW TO MEASURE:



BUST: Measure around fullest part. Keep tape straight in back.



LENGTH: Measure from "bump" at back of neck, to waist, to hem.



HIPS: Measure around fullest part. Hold tape firm; not tight.



WAIST: Measure around waistline (remove belt).



Back Waist Length: Measure from "bump" at back of neck to waist.

Mind you, all of the above are dress sizes. Undergarments have different size charts, also sweaters and coats are sized differently. Surely a large number of our readers will be able to find something in the above charts, with, say a bit of padding here and a lot there to get a proper fit, but one basic measurement must fit. For those of you who do not find your size and proportion here, don't be discouraged. There are many other designers in America and you can be pretty sure that somewhere there exist the exact clothes you need. And you don't have to go to the garment center of New York City to find it. America's name designers are represented in every big department store and mail order house and most village shops too. Your job is to find it.

LEARN YOUR FIGURE TYPE

Now that we have seen some of the basic size charts, the problem next is to find our "just what figure type I am?" In analyzing the figure, be as realistic as possible. For instance, in the torso, remember that the measurements around bust and chest do not give a complete picture. A size 34 may have a full bust but a narrow back or a flat chest and a wide fulback. From our point of view, we must decide on how full the bust should be, to be proportional to waist and hips. While it is true for the past several years and this year, there is a great emphasis on "bosom", yet this does not make the full picture and it may change next season. Are you long waisted? The average waist length, measured from the nape of the neck to the natural waist is from 15-1/2 to 16-1/2" anything over 16-1/2" would be long and under 15-1/2" would be short waisted.

The diaphragm may be fleshy or, bony broad or narrow. A prominent rib cage will create some problems of fit. A tapered waist is desirable in both male and female figures. Check for unneeded spots of fat around the diaphragm and shoulders.

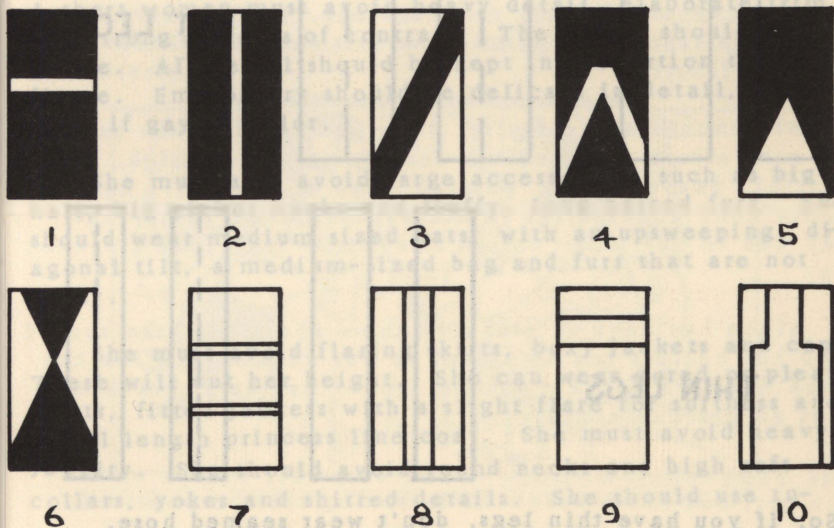
For an idealized figure, there is no greater figure asset than small trim waistlines. Without it, you will find many styles and silhouettes, the princess line and the gathered skirt, for example -- eliminated from your

selections. Carefully observe thickness and width at the waistline. Most authorities agree that for a good figure, the waist should be about 8 - 10" smaller than bust or hips. Some women and most men are almost straight from waist to hips. The waist should taper gently without rolls or "stomachs". The man with a bulging middle will need expert tailoring to hide and proportion this fault. And what will he do in a pair of trunks? This will come under the heading of "that which we can control". In analyzing the hips, let's face it, we're practically all too straight. Padding must be resorted to in order to create a new proportion.

The ideal PROPORTION revolves around these figures: BUST: 34 - WAIST: 25 - HIPS: 36, but this does not mean that we should pad bust and/or hips to create the perfect figure. Accept yourself at your present size and then add with moderation.

Now that you are aware that you are tall or short, fat or thin, long waisted or short waisted, heavy frame or medium frame, let's see what lines are most suitable for each figure type.

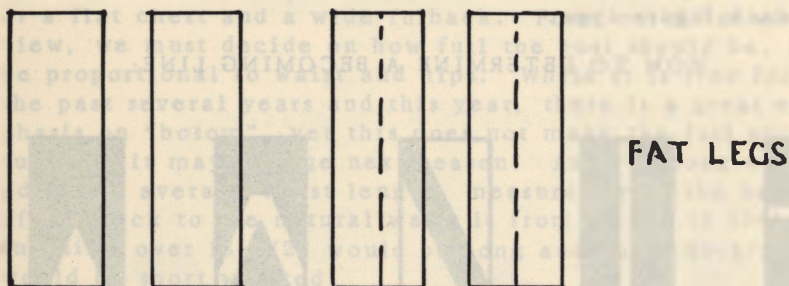
HOW TO DETERMINE A BECOMING LINE:



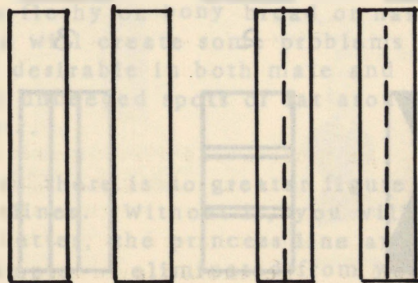
Transvestia

All dresses are based on rectangles and in these illustrations, each oblong is the same size, but appears different. Number 1 is cut horizontally by a light colored band. This had the effect of widening the oblong. In number 2, the break is perpendicular and as a result the area appears narrower and longer. In number 3 and 4, the area is cut diagonally and the results are more pleasing than number 1 and 2. Numbers 5 and 6 show other methods of cutting the space by diagonal lines. Adding the dark tone to the outer panels in Number 5 makes the oblong appear narrower. Adding the emphasis in the center, as in number 6, makes the inner panel appear narrow, but the light areas at the edges add width to the rectangle as a whole. Breaking a panel monotonously in even proportions as in number 7 and 8 is very dull. Breaking them unevenly, as in number 9 and 10 is more interesting.

This matter of line becomes all important in the selection of the right garment. To digress from dresses to hose, see what line does for legs.



THIN LEGS



So, if you have thin legs, don't wear seamed hose.

Let us analyze the types of figures. Naturally there are many variations, but for simplification, we shall group them under five classifications; the short, the tall the stout and thin, those with large hips, those with broad shoulders. If you are a combination of any two figure types, combine your knowledge of the two. Suppose you have a large bosom and narrow hips. You should combine the line for a stout with line for broad shoulders and narrow hips.

If you are a Junoesque type, tall and inclined to be heavy, combine the most suitable line for a tall slim person with that for a stout person. It can be done. First learn the rules, then prepare for exceptions.

THE SHORT WOMAN: Since the general effect of a short woman's figure is horizontal, the line of the costume must be perpendicular to counteract her shortness. The lines must not be obvious. They should be curved, broken or diagonal, rather than straight up and down.

A short woman should never wear a blouse or jacket of one color with a skirt or slacks of another color. She will appear taller if her entire costume is of one color. If trim of another color is desired, it should be in the form of long tuxedo collars, scarves or panels, never in the form of broad belts, large pockets or bunched bows. A short woman must avoid heavy detail, elaborate trim and strong splashes of contrast. The effect should be subtle. All detail should be kept in proportion to the figure. Embroidery should be delicate in detail, especially if gay in color.

She must also avoid large accessories, such as big hats, big picket books and fluffy, long haired furs. She should wear medium sized hats, with an upsweeping, diagonal tilt, a medium-sized bag and furs that are not bulky.

She must avoid flaring skirts, boxy jackets and capes. These will cut her height. She can wear gored or pleated skirts, fitted jackets with a slight flare for softness and a full length princess line coat. She must avoid heavy jewelry. She should avoid round necks and high soft collars, yokes and shirred details. She should use in-

Transvestia

stead, V-necks, long narrow collars, firm shoulder lines with either raglan or set-in sleeves and tailored pleated detail.

THE STOUT WOMAN: The stout woman has much the same problem as the short woman. Her's is also one of counteracting horizontal lines, for she has too much width and wishes to look taller and slimmer.

She must never draw fabric tight over protruding surfaces. This attracts attention to them and reveals rather than conceals them. She should camouflage them by using drapery, inserted pleats or long panels. V-neck-lines, softly draped bodices or surplice lines are excellent for minimizing a heavy bosom. Long lines that cut the width by the introduction of seamings, contrasting fabrics or inserted panels are excellent.

She should use materials with a dull surface rather than very shiny ones. She should use soft or grayed colors instead of light or bright ones. She should avoid large-patterned prints of definite design and instead choose a pattern with an all over effect. She should avoid wide belts of contrasting fabrics, a broken belt line or a soft girdle of the same material as the dress, will tend to minimize her width.

She can use drapery to advantage, particularly if it hangs in a line. She should use soft rather than stiff or starched fabrics.

She should avoid fluffy, long haired furs such as fox and use instead the medium-long furs such as mink, sable, squirrel, beaver, seal, persian lamb or caracul. She should keep accessories in scale, neither so large that they add to her size, nor so small that they look ridiculous.

Since her neck is probably short and stout, she should keep her collars low so as not to cut what height she has. Since her face is likely to be round, her hats should cut it at an oblique angle.

THE VERY TALL WOMAN: The very tall woman or the thin girl has the problem of lessening this perpendicular

effect by use of horizontal lines. It is simple enough to work with horizontal lines, but it must be done with discretion or the result will appear to be too heavy and fussy.

The tremendous success of dirndl skirts and peasant blouses is due to the fact that they are so becoming to the young, slim figure. The full gathered skirt and the full gathered blouse, with its draw string neckline are soft and flattering

Bouffant dance frocks cut the perpendicular line too. Some of the most attractive debut dresses are made up of tiers of extremely full starched ruffles.

Round or drop shoulder yokes add a horizontal line, as also do skirt yokes around the hips. Patch pockets, box jackets, full capes and widely pleated skirts are good. Circular or bias skirts or full peplums over slim skirts are excellent.

The tall woman can wear suits of contrasting fabrics with one fabric for the jacket and another for the skirt. She looks well in bulky furs or accessories. She can wear broad brimmed hats. She should dress her hair softly not skin tight to the head. She can wear vivid or light colors. She can wear bold prints of large design, but she should avoid the small all over pattern. She can wear shiny or stiff fabrics, but should avoid clinging chiffon or tightly knit dresses.



"AND YOU ACTUALLY THINK THAT YOU COULD DRESS UP AS A WOMAN AND PASS? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!"

POET'S CORNER

A SILENT FRIEND

I am so lonely, as is true
of others such as me
I have no friends-save one who stands-
and listens patiently.
She does not answer when I speak
but looks at me and smiles.
I pour out all my thoughts to her,
my pleasures and my trails.
At times it seems that she may speak,
I try so hard to hear her,
Her lips, they part no sound comes forth
No answer from my mirror.

"Louise 5-L-7"

FROM THE NEXT DIMENSION

Break every link with Space and Time -
Fetishes of the weak -
The unsupported steps we climb
Would terrify the meek.
Unlike our brothers Earth has caught
We spring from another race
And ride the wind on wings of thought
Or hide in a lipstick case.
We girls who cast no shadow ride,
And pay no airplane fare;
And smile at mankind's ugly pride
From our world-with-out-a-care
Reality can't touch us, as in TV-land we roam
Where every girl's an island; island fortress,
island home.

Sheila (30-B-2FPE)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Virginia:

I would never be able to say definitely what caused me to become a Femme-Personator.

I can remember one occasion when I was about 12 years old. My mother had left a silk night gown in the laundry room after completing some ironing, and I took it to my room and put it on when I was ready to go to bed. I loved the feel of it against my flesh and slept in it all night. It was a delightful experience for me.

I suppose in some way it gave me ideas, for when, a few days later, I had the house to myself, I decided to dress up in my mother's clothes. The clothes did not fit too well, but I had a wonderful time putting on each article as best I knew how, and finishing up with a dress and high heels. What a thrill that was. I had to be very careful to put everything away just as I had found it.

I imagine the seed was planted then, for I have never got over the desire to dress whenever I had the chance. Opportunities though, were few and far between until I left home.

I might mention that I was devoted to my mother, more so than is usual I would say. I loved her devoutly. This is not to say that I was a sissy by any means. I played soccer as a boy (and for many years after). Anyone witnessing a professional soccer game will realize that it is a real man's game. I also boxed a little, and swam and was interested in sports in general. I was very

Transvestia

keen about music and at one time had a small dance orchestra. So I can say there was nothing unusual about my life and activities in general. Incidentally I was always very fond of the opposite sex and admired them very much.

I had one sister, 4 years my junior. In later years, I have considered the possibility of my mother having been disappointed in not having a girl for her first born. Could that circumstance have had some bearing on my desire to dress?

When I was living alone I dressed quite frequently and always derived the most delightful satisfaction from each experience. There were periods when the opportunities for dressing were denied me and I missed it very much. However; I have dressed for many years now and never fail to get the same thrill from it as I did when I first became a FemmePersonator

I am most fortunate in being married to a loving and understanding wife. When we were first married, I brought up the subject and she thought it would be fun for me to dress up and she was very pleased, the first time. When she saw that it was going to be a regular part of our life together, she demurred a little and said she hoped that it was not going to become an "Obsession" with me. However; we had a heart to heart talk and the upshot of it was that I could dress so long as I did not do it to often. She became so used to the idea that now she takes it for granted that I will dress whenever the opportunity presents itself. That means just about every weekend. On the very rare occasions when I have not dressed she has asked me why I haven't. So I have a very satisfactory set-up. My wife helps me with my hair and makes various suggestions regarding make-up and such things. She tells me about anything I might do to improve my appearance. It gives me a terrific feeling of contentment and satisfaction after I am dressed to sit and discuss fashions and various other things in which we are mutually interested, and then have dinner together. After that we watch T.V. for a while and then turn it off and put some records on our stereo and dance for a little while. The whole thing is so natural and has become a regular part of our lives. I am extremely happy on these

occasions and look forward to them with anticipation. At the same time it is not the whole thing in my life. I earn a living and carry on a regular and well ordered life. But I can say that all this has brought about a most affectionate and sympathetic understanding between my wife and myself. I value and appreciate this state of affairs most highly. My FemmePersonation expresses my love for the aesthetic and artistic things in life.

I have never had the good fortune to go out in public while dressed in feminine attire. I would love to feel the terrific thrill that such a venture would undoubtedly give me. It must be wonderful to be dressed and enter a store and purchase some article of attire. I feel slightly envious of the girls who have been clever enough to do this sort of thing. Up to this time I have had to confine myself to occasional trips to a drive-in movie, with my wife driving the car. Even these trips give me a great thrill. Then we have attended a fancy dress party at the house of one of our relatives. This was most enjoyable, of course. My wife has given them the impression that this was a special occasion, just for the party; They are unaware that this dressing is a regular and important part of my life. I would like my wife to let the folks in on the secret, but she prefers not to and I have not pressed the point, or insisted on it. She has told me most emphatically that she would rather not divulge the secret. And so I am letting matters stay as they are. After all I think that my present situation is most fortunate for me and I do not wish to take any chance of introducing any disharmony into a most delightful set-up.

I have fair hair and it does not grow very thickly on the unexposed parts of my body. I used to be pretty nervous about shaving any part of my body, except my face. But I took the plunge a long time ago and shaved under my arms, and then all over my arms and legs, and I keep them shaved. When I have had to strip for my doctor, on occasion, I have anticipated that he might make some comment, but he has never done so, I have an answer for him if he should ever make a comment. I would simply tell him that I dislike hair on my body and feel a lot cleaner without it. This happens to be the truth, though that was not the original reason for the shaving.

Transvestia

I can recall years ago when I thought I was the only person ever having the desire to cross dress. How naive I was at that time! I have read a good deal about the subject since then. I never had any feeling of guilt about cross dressing and have always derived the greatest enjoyment from it, so I never felt any necessity for consulting a psychiatrist.

It was a very special event for me when I first received a copy of TRANSVESTIA. I look forward most keenly to receiving each issue of the magazine. I would hate to have to get along without it. I consider it a great achievement on the part of Virginia to have produced such a fine magazine, and especially considering the obstacles she had to overcome, regarding Post Office regulations etc. I feel she is a real genius. I have a fair idea as to the tremendous amount of hard work it must take to get out a magazine like this, and single handed at that!

Best regards,

Phyllis (5-W-2)



My Dear Editor:

For the first time in my life, I have the certainty that I am not alone, thanks to your magazine. A wonderful old girl here in Montreal, a TV, has lent me one of your magazines dated May 1960 - Erica has encouraged me to write to you, she has always thought of me as a boy and I do feel that I am a member of our great international fraternity. Now you may use my letter in your magazine and my name if you wish. I have nothing to be ashamed of and this letter may help other persons in my condition towards a better understanding of themselves, and a happier life, without shame or guilt,

I am a woman, 38 years old and my daughter is 12 years old. I was only married for a period of 13 months when my husband got killed, but had he lived, our marriage would not have turned out well anyway because he never understood my masculine tendencies. However, I wanted very much a daughter and although she is only 12,

she understands me perfectly well, she says "I'm so happy I have two persone in you, a mother and a father also"- there is no problem between us and we are the best of friends. I have been employed in a medical field for years and am highly efficient and respected in my work as a woman so I do not consider myself a queer, a degenerate and all the other vulgar terms used in describing people of my nature. After my day at the office, I am happy to come home to my old dungarees, mocassins and a nice cigar. For a hobby, I love wood carving and oil painting, but to really satisfy the masculine side of my nature, I have bought a large piece of land 190 feet frontage by 570 feet deep and I am about half way through chopping down trees and clearing spaces for summer camps that I will build myself. When I go there, with my lumberjack's boats and a few good axes, I'm in heaven! I really feel like myself and it exercises those extra muscles not usually found in the so-called normal female - now I certainly don't feel there is anything wrong with this behaviour and I do not run to the psychiatrists for treatment because I don't feel there is anything to be treated. I have simply learned to accept myself the way I am and although I am lonely, I have the satisfaction of being honest with myself, and with my fellow men. We are definitely misunderstood but let us not fall into self pity, this is absolutely useless. We must face the situation and also find the partner that is equally honest.

My case is certainly quite clear to me, I am a masculine type of woman. I cannot stand frilly and fancy things on myself but I love those things on a man. I am a very sincere type of person and would be an ideal mate for a male TV. If it least once in a while a man would get dolled up for me with all the fancy underthings, perfume, negligee, etc, I'd be in seventh heaven honestly! Some day I will find that person, I feel confident that somewhere, perhaps in my own city, that doll of my dreams exists. In my heart, I know that I would be the aggressor, I would be possessive towards that "woman" maybe domineering, maybe I would expect my partner to dust knick-knacks on a shelf and little delicate jobs like that but so what? There is no such a creature as a 100% man or woman - I feel that if two persons can adjust to happiness together, can work to-

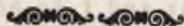
Transvestia

wards the realization of their ambition, are thoughtful and considerate towards each other, aren't these things more important than the useless struggle of trying to analyse which is more male than female? If a person, through medical research found a cure for cancer, wouldn't we grab that cure with eager hands and forget about that person's sex? There is a great task to be done towards our brothers and sisters, great things to be accomplished, there is more knowledge to be searched, more education to be acquired. Let us get down to business and first of all understand ourselves in order to be able to help others become better human beings!

Best of luck with your wonderful magazine.

Sincerely, Gisele

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is our first letter from a female TV. We are especially glad to welcome Gisele-Tobi to our world. There are many more like her - anyone have any ideas as to how to find them?



Dear Virginia:

How does one start a history like this? I've read dozens of case histories on TVs, but I find it very difficult to start this one.

I've been a, more or less, practicing transvestite since I was 12 years old. I'm now 34 and very happily married for the last 10 years, to an understanding wife.

No doubt a psychiatrist would have no trouble pinning down the reasons for my particular case. I am the product of a broken home. I never knew my father and was raised pariatlly by my grandparents and partially in various foster homes in the Alberta City of. . . I'm not trying to elicit sympathy for my upbringing, because as I look back on it I was never mistreated nor did I ever feel at least consciously that I had been "cast off by a cruel world".

I was always small and thin for my age and must admit not a particularly masculine type chile I don't believe I was effeminate, but I preferred the companion-

ship of one good friend rather than a gang. I never went in for sports at all, but I wasn't particularly shunned by the other kids. More or less normal, I'd say, except I liked wearing women's clothes! I can't remember precisely when it started, nor any particular "thing" that happened. I do recall that at various homes I lived in I always managed to spend some time trying on the lady of the house's dresses. It is funny that although I can't remember a lot of the people's names, I can remember the dresses.

Owing to my being a ward of the City, I didn't have the usual teenage life, but was out working on my own shortly after my 14th birthday. For a person with my taste and preferences in clothing, I have lived a very masculine life. My first job was as a guide in a National Park in the Rockies. I took parties on horseback rides (I chuckled to myself when I read in TVia #19, Susanna's comments about cowboys, I almost fitted it!) From the Park I went to Vancouver, B.C. and joined the Canadian Merchant Marines. This was in late 1944. I spent most of the next few years travelling around the world on various freighters.

In 1948, I decided I'd had enough of the sea and took a job as a short-order cook in a Vancouver drive-in.

By this time, I'd had plenty of experience buying clothes and knew all of my own sizes. I've noticed that many TVia readers express embarrassment when buying feminine (isn't that a beautiful word?) things for themselves. I'm not a pushy person at all, but I decided right from the start that I was buying and they were selling and it was none of their darn business what I bought as long as I paid for it.

It works! I go in and ask for and select a pair of size 10 spikes and no ones made any comment yet, of course what they're thinking is something else again, but they're entitled to their opinions.

I met my wife while working at the drive-in and my life started to reach a completeness. My wife was raised on a farm and had only the vaguest ideas of homosexuality and had never hears of transvestism, so she did not

Transvestia

have a lot of prejudices and misinformation to overcome.

We went together for about 3 months before we were married and I kept my promise to myself to tell her about myself before we were married.

She didn't quite understand or, I think, realize what a complete hold TVism had on me, but she accepted it and allowed me to dress whenever I liked.

Only one thing, no shaving legs!

I had been in public dressed a number of times and had had no trouble, but my wife, June, didn't like the idea very much so I stopped that.

Shortly after our first child, a girl, was born we moved into a duplex and then began another very important phase of our lives. The other half of our duplex was occupied by a homosexual. A very masculine type who was in the Canadian Air Force. He became and still is our very best friend. Through Vern, we became introduced to Gay Society in town, and the next two or three years were very interesting ones for us. My wife is an extremely outgoing and vivacious person and was accepted completely by the crowd. As for myself, I tend to be very quiet and don't make friends too easily, but it was the perfect outlet for me. Oh! the parties.

The particular group that we were friendly with were not the obvious ones and I found out that they had no use for most of what they called the "Drag Queens" and that's what I considered myself to be! Our friends explained and I soon found out that the "Queens" for the most part, were vain and shallow creatures and didn't do much but give homosexuals a bad name. As soon as it was known that I was "straight" and supported my wife and child, why I was accepted too.

About two years ago we moved up to this small resort town on Vancouver Island where we are now.

Our little girl is now 7 and our son is 5.

Fortunately, the clothes problem, financially at

least, is partly solved by the fact that my wife and myself both wear the same size dress. She is 5'6" in heels and I'm 5'10" in heels, but her dresses fit me quite well. Of course, we argue about style. June prefers straight, slim skirts while I'm mad about pleats and full, full skirts. The odd time she buys me a dress, it always seems to look nicer on her! I must confess that for her birthday, I bought her a red wool dress with a full pleated skirt and for some reason, she seemed to think I was being a bit unfair. We do have fun though.

I had been seeing the ad for TVia in a Canadian weekly for about a year until I got up the courage to send for a subscription. Why of why did I wait so long?

TVia has succeeded in bringing June and I even closer together in that it has enabled June to see things that I in my inarticulate way, tried, but did not succeed in explaining to her.

What I really want to do is in some way, from way up here in Canada, join in the activities that I find so magically revealed to me, by at least writing to you.

I know I should re-read, edit, and otherwise clean up this letter, but I'm sending it as is before I lose my nerve and crawl back into the hole of self-pity and incompleteness which you have helped to pull me out of.

Yours,

Paula (54-M-2)



Women aren't embarassed when they buy men's pajamas, but a guy purchasing a nightgown acts as though he was making a deal with a dope peddler.



DIANE, PENN. (no code)



DIANE and WIFE

MY LIFE SO FAR (continued)

In the conversation ensuing, all my barriers were down, and Betty exacted from me a promise to dress up on the following day. I awoke next morning very excited, but still frightened. However, Betty held me to my promise, and as she got dressed, she laid out the clothes I was to wear, from lingerie to dress and high heels. I put on the clothes, then she applied eye makeup and lipstick and combed my hair into a girlish style. Although I was still ill at ease the feeling was marvellous, and I soon ceased to feel selfconscious as Betty reassured me. She asked me if I suddenly felt homosexual now that I was in female clothing. Of course I did not feel anything of this nature. Not long after breakfast we again made love. Both fully clothed and both enjoying the act, which ended forever any fears that I may have homosexual leanings.

When I mentioned that I should take off the feminine clothing now that the point had been proved, Betty would not hear of it. Insisting that I stay in skirts for the rest of the day. I was delighted at this, and happily agreed. For a long time we experimented with dressing me in various of her costumes and in trying to style me hair in different ways. We agreed it was a pity that we could not set it in rollers, for the curl would stay in and make it, to say, the least, embarrassing when it had to pass as a male style.

Fortunately nearly all of her clothes fitted me reasonably well, even the shoes, for I am rather small, and take only size 7 in footwear. When the day was over, I hoped that there would be more like it, but I did not wish to suggest it and hoped that the idea would come from Betty. To my delight, she did suggest that I dress up many times afterward, and I was only too happy to do so. However, the fear of discovery by outsiders took away a lot of the pleasure. Betty had promised never to tell anyone of my dressing up, but the possibility of someone accidentally seeing me in women's clothes worried me more than a little. Friends frequently called unexpectedly, and the necessity to hurriedly change to male clothing before admitting them made things rather awkward. One occasion when someone left the street door of the building unlocked our visitors were at the door of our flat without us having any warning, and we had to think of

Transvestia

an excuse to keep them waiting outside for about five minutes so that I could change.

After this, I was reluctant to use makeup because of the time needed to remove it. Perhaps this fear of discovery led to a certain amount of tension along with my anxiety over examinations, and what I should do after college. Along with this, for months before Betty helped me to experiment with female clothing I was undergoing a lot of stress with my inner torment. In any case, for some time now I was having a lot of digestive trouble which, when I finally saw a doctor, was attributed to nervous tension and also to an inflamed appendix. I was given an examination in the hospital (courtesy of the free National Health Service), and the specialist agreed that I should have the appendix removed as soon as possible after the end of the college term.

This left me in a greater dilemma than ever, for at the end of term my London Country Council education grant would cease, and I would no longer have any spending money. The operation and hospital care was free, but I found that appendix cases were kept in the hospital for only a week after the operation unless there were complications. I would still need about three or four weeks rest after this before I could seek employment, and I would have no where to stay unless my parents would have me back, and this was the last thing I wanted. Betty had taken her flat only for the college term, and her tenancy expired the week after the end of the term.

However, Betty again came to the rescue with the invitation to spend the summer with her family. I felt I would be "sponging" and was most reluctant to accept, but the alternative of going back to my parents was worse.

Here, because it has considerable bearing on later events, I had better mention something about her family. Actually she was an orphan which might account for her promiscuity and living for kicks. Her father had been a prosperous farmer in Northamptonshire, and had been killed in a car accident about four years before this. Betty's mother had died in childbirth some years previously, along with the child. After this her sister (Betty's

aunt) who was widowed in the war, came to help Betty's father look after the children, and after he was killed stayed on to run the farm. Therefore, the family consisted of three, Betty, a sister three years older named Nicola, and their aunt, Iris. They lived in the well furnished farmhouse, but leased the farmlands to adjoining farmers. They were not short of money, having been left quite well off with the father's estate and insurance. Although the aunt, Iris, generally kept the purse strings both girls came into inheritances at the age of 21, Nicola already had hers, but Betty had about 8 months to go. Besides the small sports car which Betty generally drove, they also had a Rover Sedan, and a light purpose lorry (I believe Americans call them pickup trucks). The lorry was used for farm business mostly by Nicola. Although she did not need to work for money, she had a job in a stationary store in the town about 12 miles away, and along with this raised a considerable number of chickens and turkeys.

Since I had first met Betty, I had accompanied her to her home on several weekends, being only about 60 miles from London. I liked her sister and aunt, and they were both very kind to me. However, I still hesitated to impose on them despite Betty's invitation. Nevertheless, I did consent to drive up with her one weekend shortly before end of term. When we arrived, I found that Betty had already told them of my operation, and her offer to take me in. Far from being annoyed they virtually insisted that I stay at the farm, and seemed genuinely glad to offer their hospitality.

In quick sequence then, the examinations came and to my great relief I passed and thus graduated from college. The next week I was admitted to the hospital, had the appendix removed, and was out 5 days later. Betty met me with the car and drove me to Northamptonshire and the farm.

I had taken it for granted now that my experiments with girl's attire were over for good, and now I would have to cut my shaggy mop and get a job as soon as I had recovered from the operation. The thought saddened me, but I was reconciled to it, and thought that at least I was no longer worried about being "queer", so that

Transvestia

Betty's help had achieved one worthwhile result.

I was however, in for a shock. Betty had promised to tell no one of my trying on dresses. I knew she had kept her word around London and that none of the students knew about me. I never dreamed that she would say anything about me to her sister and aunt and was not even slightly prepared for what was to happen.

I suppose they must have known prior to my arrival, but waited until I felt "at home" several days later before saying anything. Then when we were all chatting around the dinner table, Aunt Iris asked, "is it true what Betty told me, that you were dressed as a girl when you were a child?"

On hearing this, I think I flushed beet red with embarrassment, and was furious with Betty for having disclosed this. Also I was even more upset at the thought that she might have told them about my wearing her clothes at the flat in London.

Seeing my embarrassment, Aunt Iris immediately apologized at hurting my feelings, and Nicola remarked that she did not see why I should be upset, for they could see no harm in it. Anyway, my anger subsided and since the cat was out of the bag so to speak, I answered their questions about my childhood. They were very interested, wanting to know my feelings about having to put on dresses and how I adapted to a boy's life again. The subject cropped up again on subsequent days as they thought of other questions on what sort of clothes I wore. How my hair was dressed, etc. I soon began to answer them without embarrassment, rather than teasing.

When I got Betty alone and asked her why she had told them about me, I also asked if they knew of any of my experiments while in her flat. She assured me that she had told them nothing of this. As to the first question she replied that I now had an opportunity to dress completely as a woman while at the farm without fear of unwanted guests, and that the suggestion would come from the women if she used the proper strategy. I was astonished at this, for though I must admit the idea thrilled me, I was yet terrified that the women would think me

a "nut" and begin to treat me with scorn. Despite my arguments Betty insisted that she was going to try no matter what I thought.

I did not have long to wait. The next day Betty brought up the fact that I had hardly any decent clothes. This was true, for living only on an education grant since I had left my parents, I could not afford to buy new clothes, and what I had was getting shabby. She said that I would need to keep some clothes decent to look for a job when the time came, and there was no reason to get my clothes more worn by wearing them around the farm.

This led up to her suggestion that both she and Nicola had lots of clothes around the house which they seldom wore, or were out of style. Therefore, I should wear these garments, and keep my few clothes in good condition.

Iris and Nicola agreed to this, first in a joking manner, but then getting quite serious about it. I protested and was genuinely terrified, with Betty leading the way the women answered all my arguments. No one outside could see me, for the nearest house was over half a mile away, anyway, no one knew me and if I were seen I would be taken for a girl, since my hair was long enough to pass as a girl. They promised not to tease me and that no one outside the family would ever know.

Finally I allowed myself to be persuaded, and Betty quickly produced the clothes. Since, as far as Iris and Nicola were concerned, I was wearing women's clothes for purely practical and utilitarian reasons, it would be incongruous to begin with dainty or frilly items. Therefore, the first items were slacks and a blouse along with flat shoes and sandals.

Although most of the clothes fitted rather well, all of the slacks were too tight at the waist. Therefore, Betty produced a "waspie" waist cincher. Oddly enough, this was of great value in other ways. The appendix wound had not yet fully healed and was quite painful when I stood erect. Thus I was walking somewhat bent forward to keep the strain off my abdomen. Wearing the

Transvestia

waspie seemed to support the abdomen and eased the pain considerably. Not long after, the next step was achieved. When I mentioned that the slacks were too tight in the groin, the women immediately suggested that I might as well wear skirts. I felt I should protest a little, but they said that they could see no difference in degree between one item of women's wear and another. If I could wear girl's slacks without embarrassment I could also dress in skirts.

On then went the skirts. From then on it was a short stage to lingerie and feminine nighties, and meanwhile they encouraged me to comb my hair down in a girlish manner (for the benefit of any farmhand who might be working the family's fields and catch sight of me in the garden). I put on trousers and brushed back my hair again a few weeks later when Betty drove me to London for my post-operation examination by the surgeon. I was pronounced fit and discharged from the NHS, and Betty drove me back to the farm. It was the last time I was to wear trousers for quite a while.

With my scar now healed, I realized that I must now return to London, find accomodations and seek employment. However, the women would not hear of it. Betty had told them that my digestive upsets were due to nerves, and (which was quite true) that the doctor had advised me to have a holiday and a long rest if it was at all possible. They insisted that I stay with them for a while longer, reassuring me that I was not imposing on them. The help I could give would pay for my keep. Also Nicola said that she was finding it difficult to work at her job in town and to give proper attention to her turkeys. Along with this she wished to go to Spain for a holiday later in the summer. She also made a proposition that I raise a flock of turkeys for the Christmas market, from which I could make a profit of about \$150.00 which could be used to buy some decent clothes and keep me while I found a good job.

I was won over by the soundness of these arguments, and of course by the prospect of wearing feminine clothes for a while longer, and so readily agreed. When I suggested cautiously that perhaps I should stop wearing skirts since I would now be spending several months with them,

they quickly vetoed the idea, to my great relief. They said that nearby farmworkers had already seen me from a distance, and that they had told the villagers that their guest was a girl friend of Betty's. Therefore, I could not suddenly turn into a man without arousing unwelcome attention in the village. Having agreed to remain a girl my feminization was soon completed. One evening when they were washing and setting each other's hair, they insisted that I should have my hair put in curlers. When I saw the results I was overjoyed, for I now had my utterly feminine hairstyle and I knew that I could now easily pass as a girl if I were seen at close range. Not long after, on a very hot summer day the women put on light cotton dresses and were keen that I should also wear a dress instead of my usual blouse and skirt.

Also it was suggested that my flat chest might cause comment from outsiders, so as a matter of course I began to wear a bra and falsies. Added to this, since I sometimes now wore high heels and nylons, my legs were shaved of their fuzz. Fortunately my beard was still virtually nonexistent and presented no problem.

I thus remained a "girl" for about a year and a half. I was nervous at first about going to the village or the town, but after a few trips I felt assured enough not to fear discovery of my secret.

I will skip this time, since little happened of any importance. Betty and I frequently made love when we were alone, but if her sister and Aunt knew of this or cared I still do not know. However, Betty went back to school again that autumn to complete her course, only returning about every third or fourth weekend.

It was this which ultimately brought things to an end, for while still the best of friends, Betty and I were drifting apart romantically, and I began to feel worried about imposing on her family, particularly in my vulnerable situation. Betty and I both knew we were not really in love, and we certainly did not intend to marry each other, but we were sexually compatible, and greatly enjoyed intimacy with each other.

I knew she could not help being promiscuous, and that when she was in London she was almost certainly

Transvestia

sleeping with other men, and I began to worry about that despite the fact that she had made possible my episode in female attire, she would begin to scorn me for it, particularly when comparing me to normal men. On her weekends home she gave me indications of this, still making love to me whenever the opportunity presented.

Other than this I had every cause to be content. I again had long hair, and unlike in my childhood when it was nearly a year before I had hair of a decent length, this time I had begun with a feminine hairdo almost from the start. By the following summer it was shoulder length, worn in the style I liked most, parted in the center and turned under at the ends. Sometimes I wore it with an "Alice" band, and once in a while I tried it put up in a french pleat or roll. I also liked this style, but it was generally troublesome to do properly, and only worn when Nicola or Iris did it for me.

Anyway, despite my enjoyment generally, I realized that it would have to end sometime if I was to make anything of my life. My digestive troubles had disappeared, so that I ceased to have a good excuse to stay on. Along with with drifting apart from Betty, I was getting restless with living on the farm. Also Nicola was now going seriously with a boyfriend who came visiting quite often. Although I was sure she would not tell him, I was still nervous lest he accidentally discover my true sex. Then when she was talking about getting married there arose the possibility of selling the farm.

The time had come, I thought to get out. Again I was heartbroken at the idea of sheering my hair, and I considered every way of keeping it long. I thought of the possibility of continuing to live as a woman in London but realized that because of my school record and HHS card I could not possibly find employment without disclosing my true sex.

Finally I made the break and with the goodbyes all around, I gathered my courage and cut my hair short. This was the most difficult thing I have ever done in my life and even at the age of twenty-one I nearly cried. My hair was an average length of about fourteen inches, and I knew that it was highly improbable that I should

have long hair ever again.

I had a reasonable sum of money from my proceeds for the turkey business, and so was able to find furnished accomodations and soon got a job in the art department of a greeting card firm.

I was more than a little nervous at living again as a man in case I should display some feminine mannerisms unconsciously. However, although I had worn female clothing, I had not really affected any female mannerisms, so nothing gave me away. The strangest thing for a few weeks was hearing myself called by my correct name.

During my stay at the farm, it had been agreed to call me by a girl's name (which was decided to be Susan) as I had been called this in my childhood), and to refer to me as "she" and "her" at all times, lest they accidentally forgot and use the masculine pronoun while in public. Consequently it was several weeks before I got entirely used to my own name again.

I thought about acquiring a feminine outfit for private use, but decided if at all possible to make a clean break besides the clothes were not so terribly important to me, except to justify the wearing of a feminine hairstyle. This not being possible I did not wish to torment myself by half measures, wearing dresses with a cropped head. I could imagine little satisfaction in using a wig for I felt this would be a poor substitute for the pleasure I experienced in combing, dressing and sometimes plaiting my own hair.

This then was six years ago, and except for one short lapse which would be superfluous to describe, I have not since tried on a single item of feminine attire.

I will not deny that I would like to, but the complications are too great. Also in the last three or four years my beard has sprouted and the hair at my temples is receding in the male baldness pattern. Thus, even if somehow I were to adopt women's attire again, I fear that I should not like the appearance I would make.

Transvestia

The chief worry I have now, is that having more or less sublimated my own TV leanings, the subject is causing me worry in another direction. Perhaps an explanation would be that I am trying to relive my own experience through causing it to others.

For the past five years, after getting bored with working in an office, I have been working for the credit department of a large mail order firm. In this capacity I visit several households in the London area daily, to check the credit worthiness of applicants for deferred payments. Since a great many of these applicants are women it also occurs that I frequently encounter widows, divorcees, and occasionally unmarried mothers. A certain number of these have small sons, and no close male relatives.

Not long after I started the job I encountered a woman with a boy aged then about six years old and in general conversation she mentioned that she would have preferred a daughter. I jumped on this remark, almost unable to control my feelings, for I was thrilled at the idea of somehow getting her to put the boy in dresses.

For the time being, however, it will suffice to say that I have been responsible over three years for having about fifteen boys put into girl's clothes for one reason or another.

With some it was only a matter of on and off to take a 'cute' photograph. With a few however, I have managed to sway the mothers to keep the boys in dresses for longer periods, and to my knowledge there are three who are still in dresses and their hair allowed to grow. Some of this was achieved by the offer to hard-up mothers of free girl's clothes, and I have spent a considerable amount of money in providing wardrobes of girl's attire, telling the mothers that they are samples and shopsoiled stock.

Anyway, this gave me an unaccountable satisfaction, until I began to realize what harm I might be causing the children.

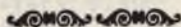
About this time import restrictions were lifted on American magazines, and I first came across a booklet

called "Sexology", which gave me the first authoritative information on the subject of TVism.

It was also in Sexology that I saw a review of your booklet entitled the "TV and his Wife". Anyway, with the first copies of Sexology to come into my hands I began to realize that TVism was not as rare as I thought, and that there were many others who shared my feelings. It came as a surprise to learn that there was a magazine printed on the subject, but until the review of "The TV And His Wife", there was no address given to contact your magazine.

I stopped this campaign of inducing mothers to dress their young boys in girl's clothes, and only hope that I have not caused too much damage to the children and their sexual development.

Shortly after this, I met my present fiancée, described at the beginning of this letter, which takes my life up to date.



CANDLELIGHT

A good many years ago Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote:

I burn my candle at both ends -
It will not last the night.
But Oh, my foes and Ah, my friends
It makes a lovely light.

To which Dorothy Parker replied:

Iv'e burned MY candle at both ends,
And now have neither foes nor friends.
For all the lovely light begotten,
I'm paying now in feeling rotten.

Perhaps a TV girl can get in the last word:

Millay and Parker make me laugh
At their gentle GG plight -
I cut my candle right in half
And burn four ends all night.

Sheila (30-B-2) FPE



DORIS 23-V-1 FPE



CRYSTAL, CALIF (no code)

BEVERLY, CALIF (no code)

"SUSANNA SAYS..."

HI Everybody:

» Sorry to have missed TVia #27. I felt I was denying myself the priceless opportunity of holding this little get-together with all of our friends...and it hurt. But it was one added hurt to a colossal accumulation of hurts which has been with me for some months. I promised to myself that I would not turn these pages into a crying jag with a detailed description of frustration and petty events, after all most of my friends have come to think of me as a fairly optimistic person who'd rather laugh than cry. However, the temptation to go into one's own troubles is overpowering, especially when there are a few blank pages ahead of you...and it's so nice to talk about oneself!! Vain creatures that we are. So I'll try to strike a happy medium and just blast off against my main source of frustration: the New York World's Fair. Oh, how I hate it.

It just happens that I am one of the 30 thousand souls who WORK at the Fair...In my case the work involves walking miles every day...Now if I could do all that walking in comfortable 5 inch heels, I would not complain. But to do it in these horrible (pardon the expression) "men's" shoes...ugh! So I walk and walk and walk. Then back to the office to put the results of my walking together...and then, out again for some more walking...and then comes the infernal invention called the subway!! The Iron Maiden on wheels...one hour to get from home to the fair...and another to get back...this makes a solid 10 hours of punishment every day, five days a week. So...Susanna languishes in the closet...her wigs look like withered flowers on their stands...and the skirts and blouses and frocks hang totally devitalized from

Transvestia

their hangers...

I used to think that I would never be too tired to get dressed...but that was before the World's Fair came along. Some of you must be thinking that Susanna is exaggerating after all, what about week-ends? Just a minute my dears. You've heard of our new country house which we hoped to have ready for Memorial Day? Yes? Weeeeeee!!!... we did not include the carpenter's snail-like motions in our calculations...Memorial Day came and went and the place was still not ready...and as I sit this minute typing these lines...the place is still not finished...close to completion, yes...but not quite...maybe in another 2 weeks. Result? That every week-end has been a mad house...a place of hammering and sawing and painting...a nest of sawdust, paint smells (which I hate) and pieces of wood, nails, and furniture piled together in corners and hallways...and I'm sure every TV will feel with me the fact that atmosphere is an important factor...a messy, dusty, environment does not seem appropriate to bring forth the girl-within...she likes perfume and beauty...and music...and pleasure...So I kept her inside and I am paying for it with moodiness, frustration and disgust...

At this point I'd like to take issue with some of my friends who swear that dressing becomes less important once you have achieved total acceptance of your true self. I must confess that I cannot take long periods of frock-abstinence...I must dress to feel happy and contented. Dressing was, is and will continue to be a basic factor of my life. And that's enough of this chapter on intimate confessions.

Let's talk about clothes instead...There's a wonderful subject....If TV wives just knew what their husbands are forced to do to the lovely garments they purchase for their secret dressing sessions, I'm sure they would be broken-hearted and immediately accept their husbands TV inclinations with open arms. What woman could possibly conceive of a satin evening gown being squashed and crumpled inside a suitcase like one would shove an old rag under the sink...or beautiful lace lingerie mercilessly pushed into a paperbag which in turn is shoved behind the spare tire in the trunk compartment of an automobile...If she could just think of all those beautiful, and often expensive

things, treated like rags and kept without washing for weeks and weeks!!!! Horrors! But that is the sad reality. However, TV husbands have the opportunity to wash that lingerie or send those dresses to the cleaners. If he washes pretty things in the bathroom....where is he to hang them until they are dry? If he sends them to the cleaner's he is toying with disaster, especially if he lives in a small town where everybody knows everybody....So, the poor soul, wears his lovely clothes in secret some lucky evening when the wife and the kids have gone out. and when the time of their return draws close...off come the clothes and back they go to their suffocating prison inside a suitcase. Next time they are pulled out they already look ugly and wrinkled....he may attempt a quick bit of ironing but that's all....Believe me, it is a criminal offense those non-understanding wives are committing by being the cause of all that wardrobe mess. Picture furthermore, the poor TV, crawling into a dusty attic some Saturday afternoon when he is alone in the house...Way back there in the innermost recesses of that smelly attic, behind some discarded junk, there lies a mysterious box....He drags the box outside....by this time his lungs are full of dust....He shakes the cobwebs out of his hair, wipes off the slimy mould that covers the bottom of the box and with trembling hands he opens his treasure box....Back in the bedroom now he holds that beautiful princess frock he purchased from a mail order house at the risk of his life....he quickly slips into it only to discover that the front and back are full of moth holes....In desperation he rips it off and boldly opens his wife's closet and struggles into her best dress. It's too small, so he rips it in the process. What horrible fate is about to descend upon this poor TV? Divorce...loss of his job...suicide....just a few blue flowers secretly dropped over his tomb by some daring TV friend who had to break into the cemetery in the middle of the night to carry out this last noble gesture of TV friendship....If this does not change the mind of at least one TV wife.....I quit.

But there is more to be said about clothes....How many TV's have you seen that look good in a shift? If you have, let me know....GG's know that a shift is wonderful to hide a not-too-slender waist, so that on first thought it would seem the ideal style for most TV's,

Transvestia

except those of us who are lucky to have a 24" waist.. well, not exactly 24"...more like 25"...or perhaps a 28"...(I'll settle right there and refuse to be budged one more inch). So we go out and buy a shift....and then we take a look in the mirror and we remove it faster than it took us to put it on....shifts indeed! Broad shoulders to begin with, and then a straight line down to the knees.....not even a hint of a waistline...and the TV looks more mammoth than he deserves to look, not even a baby mammoth...The answer is in the good old waist cincher...You can't breathe, you say? Who cares? You look better and that's what counts...tighter tighter...that's it. And another thing, you've probably noticed those fashion articles that are forecasting shorter and shorter skirts. That's tough for a lot of us (except for those of us of course who just happen to have a pretty good pair of gams). Don't pay attention to the words in parenthesis...I'm just taking advantage of this column...if nobody praises my gams...I'd be an idiot if I didn't sneak a bit of self-praise. When you print something somehow it seems more impressive and feels more like a true fact...As for the elevated hems we are in trouble. Not even GGs can boast of perfect knees, with notable exceptions of course...so in order to hide the knees we have to stay with last year's lower hems...up to now it's not so bad, but if the forecasts prove to be right and the hem ends above the knee...we are going to look positively dowdy! What's got me baffled though is the new topless bathing suits...if that is followed by topless dresses and gowns, I'm afraid we'll have witnessed the collapse of transvestism. Unless of course you TV chemists come up with that absolutely undetectable breast that looks and feels like the real thing. We've got to do something about this insidious fashion threat...I suggest we send a plea to those fashion designers...what would become of our falsies and balloons with jelly and other TV secrets? On the other hand, I think the GGs themselves will be our best allies....A good many of them have the very best reasons in the world to reject such outrageous fashion, or would they? Topless bathing suits indeed! Why, that's what we've been wearing most of our lives!!! Can any one of us say that they are pretty?....

And to close....bits of gossip that have come my way from various sources...one of our best TV friends came

to see Marie the other day and he ordered (believe it or not) a man's toupee! He was not insane, no, he does have a beautiful blonde wig....Another friend, not a TV but a TS, has achieved the impossible: has told everybody at her place of work, including THE TOP BRASS about his really being a girl in a man's body, and how she intends to go to Casablanca to correct this mistake of nature...the amazing thing is that not only she has not been fired but actually the boss agreed to give her a pink desk! The secret of this total acceptance lies in the fact that our friend is doing a very good job and the office knows they'll have a hard time finding an equally good replacement. She's about ready now to start dressing all the time. The question is, will the office acceptance go that far? Or will she change jobs? We'll see. She is a very determined girl....

And finally let me thank those TV friends who have been impatiently waiting for the go ahead signal for week-ends at the country house....after July 4th everybody will be welcome and we hope to stay open until early November....so long for now....

Love SUSANNA



YOU TVs AND YOUR REFLEXES!



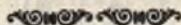
SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE!

Left Couple: "Caroline, what's wrong with boys that want to wear dresses like that, it's disgraceful don't you think?"

"Yes, Betty, why don't they stick to the clothes boys ought to wear."

Right Couple: "Harry, can you feature taking one of those girls on a date?"

"Heck no, Bill, there's nothing femininely appealing in them".



"It was a wonderful Christmas, Bob, I hope you like your new nightie as much as I like the pajamas you gave me. Do you still like playing wife?"



Virgin Views by Virginia

From time to time in the past certain readers have objected to my using the term "Sorority" and the expressions "Femmenote" on my note paper and the prefix "femme" this and that in writing. Those who object to this claim that we are trying to out femininize the born women, that we emphasize such matters far more than they do and that this is undesirable.

I can see what they are trying to say and from their limited point of view they are right, but I am equally sure that they do not see these matters from my point of view and I feel that what I am trying to do is both right and desirable. So let's examine it.

What is the biggest burden a TV carries? Guilt about his feminine interest. If one is to help him get rid of this load there are only two possible ways of doing it. Make him forget his feminine interest and thereby the necessity for feeling guilty, or help him to accept the reality and the reason for these feelings and thus remove the root of the guilt. That is, destroy the cause or modify the effect. Since all medical opinion agrees that destroying the TV desire is very unlikely, it leaves us only the alternative method. How should we set about this?

Well obviously one way would be education of the TV to see that he is not alone and that many others have the same feelings and that such feelings do not brand him as a homosexual. But this does not do the whole job because he is still left feeling that although he is not alone he is still in some vague way a misfit and outcast but that there are a lot of other outcasts to keep him

company. This is not a satisfactory solution. We must go further and give him some rational reason for his feelings and beyond that we must make him face them in such a way that they become commonplace to him and not something to try to hide even from himself. If, in effect, he meets his femininity at every turn he is going to have to learn to accept it and deal with it.

Women don't have to do anything like this. They start as baby girls and grow to adult women whether they like it or not. They don't have to learn to accept their femininity (tho they may have to learn to accept their masculinity). Thus there is no sense in comparing this "femme" business to the lives of women. In speaking of a "sorority" or "femmedressing" etc. we are creating an atmosphere or enviroment in which the acceptance of the feminine side of oneself not only becomes desireable and possible but almost necessary since we are being reminded of it at every turn.

In addition to this reason, we have among cross dressers many individuals who cross dress for erotic, fetishistic, masochistic, or other reasons even less obvious, and who do not subscribe to nor feel the reality of the double personality concept. It is to be expected that they would have no appreciation for the feminine enviroment that I am referring to. For them the whole bit stops with the dressing--the clothes. They are and will remain males in female's garb. They don't feel, act, or want to be feminine. To such persons the frequent emphasis of the feminine idea will not only be boring but will appear to be ridiculous--thus their complaints. But it is not for these persons that this concept has been developed.

For those TVs of the FP type the doing of feminine things, using feminine words, expressing feminine ideas and feminine forms of speech can help to gradually wear down the load of guilt and shame which he bears by the simple attrition of repetition. Gradually, after using these words and ideas so much he finds himself recognizing his own femmeself and accepting her. When this occurs we have won the battle for a guilt free soul. This is after all the task that TRANSVESTIA started out to

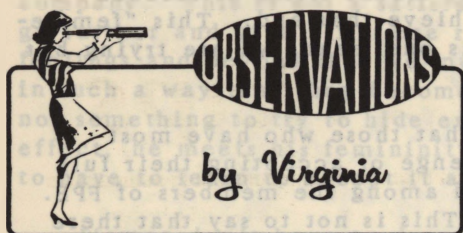
perform and to me it really makes little difference what means are used to achieve that end. This "femme-emphasis" if you please, is one means we are trying but there are others.'

It is not by accident that those who have most successfully met the challenge of accepting their full personality are to be found among the members of FPE. It was planned that way. This is not to say that there are not individuals who are self accepting and who are not members of FPE, but it does mean that those who have decided to join have been those who have either already made great progress in the direction of accepting their whole self or who have become aware of the desire to arrive at that state.

It takes a little doing to get to the stage of development where one feels that he wants to take this step. Many have written and said that they would like to join FPE but felt that they "were not quite ready for it yet". Then some months or a year later they have felt that they had progressed far enough and that they were "ready" and have joined.

So the burden of this editorial is that generally speaking those who have poked fun at the idea of FPE and of femmetermins etc. have been those who didn't see what the purpose was--that of creating a proper feminine atmosphere in which the individual was encouraged to feel that his feminine side was wanted, accepted and encouraged by others, and in which he could feel "at home", or they were individuals of more limited outlook to begin with and thus unable to understand and accept either the basic premise or the routes to its achievement.

As others have pointed out there are two general kinds of males interested in cross dressing. Those who have a feeling for the feminine gender role, and those who are fixated on the fetishistic, erotic level where the clothes simply serve to stimulate and satisfy the masculine personality and do nothing to unlock, release or aid in the development of a feminine personality. This is too bad since there is a feminine side to all of us even if it is unrecognized or denied.



THERE IS...

MUCH TO...

BE DONE...

TRANSVESTIA can be either just an information and entertainment type magazine like LIFE or it can be a participation type and spokesman for our group. I don't mean so much that the magazine itself will be spokesman, as I do that it can be the means of gathering information about our field of interest for further dissemination by any appropriate means.

There is much information to be gathered. The questionnaire sent out to nearly everybody is a case in point. If you haven't returned one please do as I want to have 500 of these to hit the medical profession with. Maybe that will be a big enough noise.

But apart from the various historical and developmental aspects of TVism as covered in the questionnaire there is another very important field. The head shrinkers have their own ideas as to WHY we do this and many of their ideas are contradicted by the results of the questionnaire. However, destroying their ideas is only half the story, we have to find out for ourselves what the motivations and satisfactions are. This should help us in understanding ourselves, but it will also go hand in hand with the information of the questionnaire in helping others to understand us too. I, therefore, elicit your cooperation. Please do a little introspective thinking and try to come up with what really provides the satisfaction to you in cross dressing. What does the temporary adoption of femmeattire really do for you. I emphasize really because I am as aware as you are of all the old simple off-the-top answers about comfort, color, etc. I know there are deeper reasons and I want to find them out, so please help my efforts in this way. Write on a separate sheet please... . Thanks, Virginia

Hints and Helps

I recently found in a store some ankle high nylons with an elastic top. These are intended for wearing under capris, etc. to avoid the necessity of a garter belt or girdle. However, they provide one of those situations where femmethings can be worn by a man. I see no reason why a man should not wear these for socks. They are the right length and of course look just like dark skin, and are thin. What say that we have to wear dark colored or crazy designed wool socks? I think this is a place to break out of the traces.

I recently attended a fashion show (as Virginia) but among the models was a male model showing some new items for men. Among them was a pair of stirrup stretch pants. This struck me as almost a first. The movement of menswear into the women's field is an old thing, but this is about the first time I'd seen something originally designed for women move into the men's wear field with little to distinguish it except the larger size. Just one more indication of the "running together" of the gender roles.

Summer time is a hot time over most of the country and a time that TVs often have to "lay off" because of the tendency to perspire. Unfortunately, too many TVs feel that they must use some sort of greasy make up foundation or lotion which coats the skin with an impervious oily coating. A perspiring skin has a hard time with this and the perspiration just beads up, cakes the powder and looks and feels terrible. May I recommend for summer use Max Factor's (or any other similar product) Pancake make up. Apply it with a wet natural sponge. Being dry and applied with moisture there is no skin-sealing oily film. You may perspire, but you can blot it off with a tissue and it won't make mud with your powder. Happy Summer.....Virginia

EDITORIAL

EMANATIONS

I. QUESTIONAIRES: I have for some time been sending our questionnaires to all new readers who have not received them. Many of these have been returned, but if you have one which you haven't gotten around to returning please do so. I have nearly 400 of them now, but am hoping that I can get together 500 of them as a nice round figure to impress the medical world with. Doctors don't pay much attention to the ideas of non-medical persons you know, and the only way you can make yourself heard is to get so much evidence that they can't entirely brush you aside. So I'm trying to do what I can to make our story heard in the proper places, but I need your help in providing the statistics. So if you haven't returned your questionnaire please do so and if you never got one please let me know and I will send you another. No name need be put on it, so you don't have to fear for security.

11. ANNOUNCEMENT: Clipsheet #17 has now appeared and been sent to those with standing subscriptions. I thought that those of you who order one at a time would like to know it was available. TV-TALES #3 is also out. The good old FEMMEMIRROR is still going strong and #31 has just been mailed. Those of you who do not have much contact with others should subscribe to the FEMME MIRROR as it is a means of monthly communication with others and their ideas. It can do much to break the monotony of your loneliness and the long 2 months between TRANSVESTIA.

111. NAMES AND PHONE NUMBERS: A number of readers, coming to Los Angeles have tried to make contact with me. There is a Charles Prince and a Chevalier Book Store in the phone book. Neither has anything to do with me. Visitors have contacted them both and they

are confused and a bit put out about such contacts. My phone number is, for obvious reasons, an unlisted one. If you will write before your arrival and tell me where you will be staying and when, I will try to call you if at all possible and we can have a chat. But I can always read the mail the same day it arrives at the box, so don't expect me to receive the mail Friday morning and call you Friday night. Give me a little warning and I'll try to arrange to do so.

IV. MY APOLOGIES: On page 48 of TVia #27 there appear two pictures at the top of the page marked "Miss X". I would like you to know that she has identified herself and the pics are those of Rhonda, 47-G-1. They are nice pics and she deserves to be identified. However, the reason for the trouble was that her name was not on the back of the pics, and I, not knowing that, put them in the "Pics to Print" file and threw the accompanying letter away. So, to avoid anonymity for anyone, please mark your femmename and code number on the pics so it wont happen to you. So sorry Rhonda.



INTERESTING IDEA, WILL YOU HELP?

Some amongst us have expressed the idea that because we are non-conformist in our gender expression that we would be found to be politically liberal and probably more Democratic than Republican.

Others have argued that since to be conservative in the style of Goldwater is in itself non-conformist in 1964's political climate and in a sense, revolutionary, and that since TVs are interested in the rights of the individual as opposed to government regulations that we are probably Republican in majority.

Everybody else is taking polls, lets see what we can do. Let's all take a 3 x 5 card and write on it "I am a TV and I am a registered Republican or Democrat I plan to vote for _____ in November. No names are necessary, but do it now and send it in so I can have an answer for the October issue of TVia. Who knows, we might influence a national election, how about that? Please do it now so you wont forget... . Virginia



Person To Person
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

30-R-2 FPE TV, 31, like to corres. with and meet others in central New Jersey RUTHIE

35-S-2 FPE Long time but unpracticed FP like to corres. and meet members of Beta & Theta chapters and any other FPs in Ohio LAURA



Enjoy
SOFT
SILKEN
NYLON
TRICOT
Briefs
FOR
MEN

SPECIAL PRICE

2 for \$4.99
ONLY IF

YOU MENTION
THIS AD IN
TRANSESTIA

COLORS: WHITE
BLACK
SIZES: SMALL
MEDIUM
LARGE

MAIL CHECK, MONEY ORDER
OR CASH TO:

H.R.D.

507 FIFTH AVENUE N.Y.C.

Publication Policy

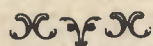
TRANSVESTIA is composed primarily of material submitted by its readers. Fiction, articles, case histories, poems, pictures--all are welcome. The greater the variety of material the more interesting the magazine will be. Material is solicited for publication on the following basis:

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

Ads for GOODS AND SERVICES also accepted, ask for rates



© COPYRIGHT 1964 BY CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS
BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA

All rights reserved. No Part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.