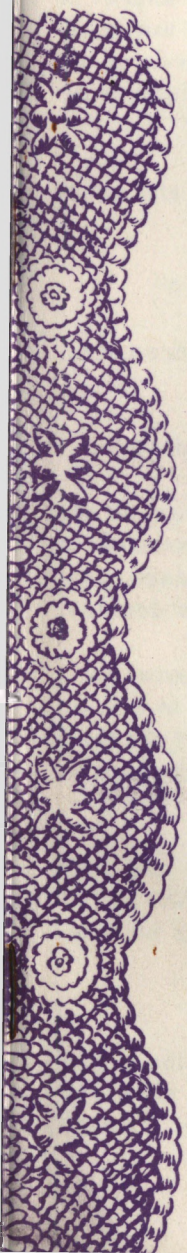


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TRANSVESTIA



No. 46, 1967

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 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. It's purpose is to help it's readers to promote:

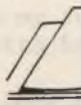
UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

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



**Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.**

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-
- 2 OVER THE YEARS - COVER GIRL
 - 12 A WIFE'S WORDS
 - 16 EVELYN'S INHERITANCE - FICTION
 - 32 CONFESSING - HISTORY
 - 45 BOOK REVIEW
 - 48 ANNOUNCEMENT
 - 50 LETTER'S TO THE EDITOR
 - 59 BEARD ELECTROLYSIS - ARTICLE
 - 66 REBUTTAL TO A REBUTTAL
 - 72 REPLY FROM VIRGINIA - ARTICLE
 - 82 SUSANNA SAYS
 - 88 EDITORIAL EMANATIONS
-

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OUR COVER GIRL

Over The Years

by Barbara Lee (13-D-4) FPE



After waiting impatiently for nine long months a certain young couple became the proud parents of an eight pound baby boy, their first child. They decided that they would name him Lee. Twenty-one months later a sister was born. Two years from then still another sister was born.

I don't remember too many things prior to the birth of my second sister, but I was like most boys and I had the usual cars, trains, boats and the like. But I did have one toy that my father didn't approve of and that was a doll about as big as I was at the age of one or two. I don't remember this myself but my mother has mentioned it a few times.

When I was younger and up until about ten or so I would get involved in an occasional fight which if I was lucky I might win. My dad was never too happy when I lost. When I was seven and a half he passed away so he never saw the worst ones.

I think the first time I had any kind of desire or thoughts of cross dressing was when I was about six years old. I was playing with two neighbor girls that lived in the same apartment building. We decided it would be fun to play store. So I suggested that I be the saleslady and to make it more authentic I would consent to wear a dress. But, alas, before I had my big chance their mother returned and I was sent home.

The next time I had the chance to dress was after my father died when I was about eight years old and I was staying on my grandfathers farm. At the time my aunt and uncle and their daughter were living with him.

My cousin at that time was about four years old and I must say we got along very well together. One warm summer afternoon we were playing together and I suggested that we change clothes with each other. She was willing so we disappeared into a small farm building and reappeared with each others outer clothes on. My new dress was a little tight on me and my cousins new shirt and pants were a little large for her. Kneeling down so as not to be taller than she, we waved to her father who was out in the field plowing. We quickly returned inside the building and traded clothes once again. This was the only time I did this while visiting for I was afraid that someone would find out or catch me in the act of dressing.

That fall I returned to my new home in the city where I had spent my earlier years. My mother had found a small apartment for us in another district.

I don't remember indulging in my new found hobby for the next year or two until I ran across an article in the magazine section of the Sunday paper. It was the story of a sheik who had captured a group of soldiers and forced them to dress as harem girls and dance for him when he commanded.

This was the spark that lit the fuse. From then on whenever I was at home alone I would dress.

At sometime someone had given my mother a blue taffata evening dress which became my favorite and I would wear it when ever possible. Even though my mothers' clothes were too large for me at that age I didn't care, because I was wearing what I wanted to wear. A DRESS.



INTRODUCING

Barbara
Lee
(13-D-4)FPE



As I grew older and taller my mothers' clothes began to fit me. At this same time I started going to the YMCA where I became quite athletic. I joined in many of the activities, winning honors in track and field events. I later became president of the club at the "Y" holding this position for two years running. At about 13 I joined the Boy Scouts and reached the rank of First Class Scout before leaving.

During this time whenever I was left at home alone for any length of time I would dress. Even though I was living at home with two sisters and my mother I don't feel that this was the influencing factor in my life.

When I was about 15 my aunt (my mother's sister) came to live with us. She had been ill and was now recuperating at our house before returning to work. She stayed with us for about a year taking care of us while mother worked to support our small family.

In all of these years of dressing I never told anyone of my desires, wishes and dreams. I would lie awake at night dreaming of being a girl or being forced to wear girls clothes. I would pray to God to let me wake up in the morning and find that he had granted my prayer.

My older sister and I graduated from grammar school the same year. I had lost a year of school when I was nine, when I spent some time in the hospital because of an accident which left me with a slight handicap. She went to a co-ed high school and I went on to a boy's technical high school. I worked my way through high school holding various types of jobs. I worked as an apprentice dental technician, assistant cashier in a department store, a carpenter in a furniture factory, clerk in an insurance office and a draftsman in an engineering plant. While in high school I was able to maintain a B average in my school work. I was no different than other boys in that I dated whenever I could. I

contributed to the family support by paying room and board and buying my own clothes. On weekends I would usually go out with the guys roller skating or dancing.

By the time I graduated from high school I had out grown my mothers clothes. I still tried to get into her things, but it was a tight fit. About this time I decided to start buying my own wardrobe. What fun it was to go out and pick out the things that I liked and not have to settle for someone elses taste.

I wanted to go to college but I was a little short of cash so I decided to work for a year. During this time I met a girl that I liked very much. We started dating and soon we were going steady. Things started to get serious but this only lasted a short time. During this period I didn't dress and even after we broke up I still didn't have any desire to dress.

The following fall I started junior college, and went back to working part time. This time I was lucky as I went to work in a downtown department store. My first job was as stock clerk in the ladies shoe department. I later worked in the dress department and lingerie department.

After having completed one year of college my finances had run low. I decided it was time to go back to work and go to school nights. I found a job in an engineering office as office boy. I worked there for two and a half years and had worked my way up to draftsman. By this time I acquired a wardrobe, and soon I bought a wig. With it I became very bold and confident and began going out whenever possible. One afternoon I went to the movies and another evening I went out window shopping. My little excursion at eleven o'clock at night almost got me into trouble. Some guy in a convertible tried to pick me up. He went around the block and while I had the chance I found a dark store entrance and hid in the



A MAID OF MOODS

Barbara Lee



With Good Friend
Marie (14-K-2) FPE



shadows until I was sure that he would not return. When he had gone I returned to my car and drove home as fast as the speed limit would allow. You can be sure that I didn't go out for some time after that.

A few months later I met the girl who was to later become my GG. After we had been going together for about six months I poured out my heart to her and told her of the girl within me. I told her of my desires and tried to explain. She tried to understand and told me she still loved me. What I didn't know at the time but found out about nine years later was that when she got home that night she told her mother what I had told her earlier. Her mother said she would not try and stop her from marrying me if she loved me but she did not approve. So we were married.

My wife worked part time after we were married and when she was not at home I would dress. Once a month she would go to club and again I would take advantage and dress until she came home. After we had been married about a year and a half, I dressed in front of her for the first time. After that I would dress frequently when she was at home. Although she didn't like it she would let me do it but she would not stay in the same room with me.

A few years later we went to a Halloween party and for the first time I knew I could pass. I fooled everybody at the party. I didn't go out again for some time after that. Then it happened! I found TRANSVESTIA. I had seen a little ad in one of the tabloid newspapers. After reading the ad I wrote to Chevalier Publications for information. By return mail I received a very nice letter from Virginia. The new information that I received and read I turned over to my GG to read. It really helped her to understand my femme self a little better.

After some six months I read that FPE was being formed and those who were interested should write

for an application to join. I did and was accepted. A short time after that I was informed of a chapter starting in my own city. A date was set for a meeting and I received an invitation giving the time, place and the person to ask for. I arrived a little late but I figured it would be better to be late than early. This didn't prove to be true. I arrived at the hotel and asked for DON _____. "Sorry sir, but we have no one by that name registered here" the hotel clerk told me. I was shook! I was sure that I was at the right place but I went outside to check the hotel name and address. Yes the information I had was correct but somehow things had gotten mixed up. After I got over my disappointment I became angry. I sat down and wrote Virginia and Don _____ both a letter telling them I didn't think their _____ little joke was very funny. In my letter to Don _____ I enclosed my phone number. Two days later I received a call from Bobbie _____. He apologized for the mix up and asked if he could meet me. That evening he came to visit and we got things all straightened out. From that time on it has been down hill not only for myself but for my GG also.

Shortly after this, my wife told her sister, her brother, and my two sisters. What a variety of reactions...Her sister didn't care one way or another. Her brother and his wife thought I was a sex deviate or something worse. My two sisters thought my wife should lay the law down or she should divorce me. A priest friend of my wife's brother helped to clear things up in his mind. As for my sister (one has since died) well...let's say you can't win them all. My wife and I have been married 15 years and I can safely say that we are happier today than when we exchanged marriage vows.

The four or five years that I have been associated with TVia and FPE have been the happiest of my life because they have brought my GG and I closer together. In these few years we have come in contact with some very wonderful people whom I consider



3 COVER GIRLS

Barbara Lee 13-D-4 TVIA #45

Kay 22-K-1 TVIA #28

Marie 14-K-2 TVIA #29



MORE
BARBARA
LEE

my closest and dearest friends. My GG has remarked many times that we would search far and wide before we would find friends as interesting and as nice as those we have met in FPE. These are people with whom I don't feel I have to put up a front to make a false impression. I can be myself because I have nothing to hide.

Going back to when I was twenty-one - I went to a doctor for help. I told him that I liked to wear dresses. He listened to me and then left the room only to return with another doctor. They both looked me over and treated me as if I were a freak, so I left and never went back.

My next encounter was when my GG took our oldest son for family counseling. After two years of counseling the doctors called us both in for a consultation. The outcome of the meeting was that the doctors wanted me to seek psychiatric help. I found a doctor and he was no different than all the rest... Quote...."My colleagues and I have reached a conclusion in regard to your problem. We suggest that you make arrangements to come in and see us once a week until we have cured you of your problem...If you have no desire to come back for treatment then it is our conclusion that you should leave your family and take residence by yourself. Don't make your decision now, think about it and let me know what you have decided next week," end quote. By the time I reached home I was pretty mad but when I told my GG what the doctor had said she was fit to be tied. She stated "You are not going to return to those nuts. They don't know what the're talking about." So I called the doctor and gave him my decision. He didn't like it but I didn't care.

At an earlier meeting with my son's doctors they had suggested that we tell him about me and TV. They also felt that we should tell our other three children. It was their feeling that the children's knowing would help relieve some of the tension

that they felt existed in the home. Well, we told the children and it did help things in the house. I no longer had to hide when I wanted to dress. I have to say here that with my two daughters it didn't seem to bother them but the boys were different. They didn't take to it at first. Now some two years later things have improved a great deal. The children know now that regardless of what I may have on I am still their dad. I still have as much if not more of their respect than I had before we told them about my TV life. The children have met some of our TV friends and they like meeting and talking to them and they don't feel that they are any different than our non-TV friends.

We have taken a priest of our parish into our confidence and have become very good friends. We have expressed to him our desire to help other TV couples to reach the understanding that we have. He has told us that if he can be of any assistance he would be happy to. Today as I said, my wife and I are very happy and our children do not think any the less of their father for my being a TV. In fact if anything it has made us closer as a family.

A WIFE'S WORDS

Not realizing that the very qualities that attracted me to my future husband were actually TV-tendencies, we were married some 15 years ago. I'll never forget how worried I was when he told me one night before we were married that he had something very important to tell me about himself. I was so much in love with him that all I could think of was "maybe he is already married". When he finally told me, he was all apologies and promised to try to kick it.

Not until we were married did I realize the seriousness of it. I was terribly jealous and hurt.

Because I knew little or nothing about it I naturally thought he was a homosexual. For 10 years and four babies later we kept up a front. He would dress when I wasn't around and I refused to discuss it with him.

The time came that we bought our first home. This changed a lot of things. The move was so drastic a change for me that I had to seek professional help. It was during one of the weekly sessions that I blurted out my husband's problem. The doctor just looked at me and said I was the one who was creating a problem. He told me, among other things, that my husband really loved me and that the frilly pretty things that he bought for me were really for me and not for himself. I used to feel that everything he would bring home was really for himself and that he only said they were for me. The poor guy really bent over backwards to please me and I was too blind to see it. I was misinterpreting everything he would do. This all happened 5 years ago and truthfully I can say it has improved every since that doctor straightened out my thinking. We've had a few back slides but our communication system is working 95% and I personally think that this is the key to many a TV couple's problems--lack of communication. If two people can communicate with each other they can solve anything together. Even when we were told to tell the children about their Dad, the fact that we could talk things out helped in deciding what to do. We still don't know if we did the right thing in telling them but I must say it has brought us closer together as a family. I don't advocate telling the children generally but we were put into a situation where it was the lesser of two evils.

More recently I sought the counseling of a priest in our parish about the situation. Up until then I guess I still had hopes of waking up some morning and finding out it was all a bad dream. The priest just looked at me and said, "Oh lady....just make up your mind it is here to stay and stop making problems where there aren't any."

I suppose when you come right down to it, if I were to remove that part of his personality he would no longer be the sweet, kind, considerate, gentle person that attracted me to him in the first place.

Joan, Barbara Lee's wife

~~~~~

## *My Father*

---

To me my father is the greatest even though he is a TV. My father and I are very close and my feelings toward him have not changed at all since I first found out that he was a TV.

At first I was a little mad because he hadn't told me before. But when he did tell me I knew I couldn't hold it against him because I loved him too much to hate him over something that to me wasn't very important.

My two brothers sometimes have trouble understanding but because they love him just the same, they feel the same way I do.

Barbara Lee's Oldest Daughter

~~~~~

INEZSQUIB:

1st TV: "I have a most wonderful job at a department store."

2nd TV: "In what department?"

1st TV: "At nine I'm in lingerie, at eleven I'm in bras, at two I'm in wigs and at four I'm in dresses."

2nd TV: "Sounds delicious."

1st TV: "Best of all, after I get home, I'm in all of them."



"I want a nightgown for my wife. Something tailored and not too fancy."



"He's that hen-pecked Mr. Johnson whose wife is so resentful of not being born a man."



My daughter to baby sit, but I don't have a daughter.



"Oh you must remember me, George. I was all state quarterback three years ago. Of course, that was before I went to Europe"



Evelyn's Inheritance

Elviva (FE-G-1) FPE

Evelyn, or "Evie" as he was known to all his closest friends, sat alone in his room at the University, pondering over the letter he had just received from Uncle John. He had just finished his final exams and had been looking forward to the yachting holiday he had been invited to by Jim Allison, his closest friend and a fellow-student who had been following the same course as he had himself been taking.

He had come there at the age of eighteen and in the four years since then he had been very happy and had made many friends. He was popular with everyone, being generally accepted as "a good sport". Apart from being an excellent companion, he shone on the tennis court and in the swimming pool and, in the winter, on the skating rink. He was going to miss being with all these friends he had made, and hence was looking forward in particular to this fortnight on Jim's boat with a number of the other chaps and girls. And now this letter had come.

Uncle John had said he must come home at once, as a critical situation had arisen, which they could overcome only by working together. To say he was puzzled was to put it mildly, but, although he was terribly disappointed at missing the yachting trip, he never once considered not complying with his uncle's wish. He was indeed very attached to his uncle, with whom he had lived since losing his parents in a motor-accident some twelve years before. He had never wanted for anything in these intervening years, and he had come to feel a close affinity towards Uncle John, a mixture of admiration and filial affection.

So that , although a little heavy-hearted, he did not hesitate to pack his bags and leave for home, as Uncle John's house had long since become for him.

Rosa, the old housekeeper, who had always been so motherly towards him, met him at the front door of Uncle John's somewhat isolated house, which stood on the outskirts of the little country town of Westleigh. She greeted him warmly and told him that his uncle was out, but would soon be back. No sooner did Evie see him than he knew something was very much amiss, for he had a strained look in his eyes. The welcome was none the less sincere, but Evie, who was curious to know what it was all about, was glad when his uncle, still with an arm round his shoulder, led him into his study and shut the door. They sat down facing each other across the table and, after a moment's silence during which he looked searchingly at his nephew's face as if debating within himself whether to tell him of his problem, Uncle John began speaking.

"Evie, I am going to tell you a lot of things I should have told you before and I hope I shall not shock you too much. My sister, Amy, whom you've never met, as she left for Australia several years before you were born, is extremely wealthy, as her late husband, who died some ten years ago, did very well in mining. Unfortunately, she never had any children of her own, so, on the passing of her husband, and feeling very lonely, she adopted an orphan girl, Mary, who would be about the same age as you. She seldom wrote to me, but, on one occasion, she told me that she intended settling her money on Mary and on you. And this is where I erred and where you are now in for a shock, - she thought that you were a girl! As you know, your name Evelyn, is both that of a boy and that of a girl. She wrote so intently about her distant "niece", whom she would never meet, as she would never be leaving Australia, that I thought it would prove a disappointing disillusionment to her to learn that you were really a boy, so

I decided to leave her with her dream. As each Christmas came, and we interchanged our annual letters, I found it more and more difficult to maintain the pretence to which I was now committed, particularly when I had to say I had no good photograph of you to send to her, but I felt that, for your sake and the possibility of your being disinherited, I must keep it up. And now an unexpected crisis has arisen, for Amy has written to say that she is coming on a visit to England and bringing Mary with her. And, of course, she says how much she is looking forward to meeting her niece, Evelyn, at last, particularly as I had not long before written and said that "she" had developed into a fine young lady. She will be here in four weeks' time, and now I just don't know what to do. I can see from the look on your face how much of a shock this must be to you. I can see only one way out, but, before I speak on that, what have you got to say, Evie?"

Evie, appreciating the terrible situation in which Uncle John had placed himself, felt he just could not bring himself to reproach him on his duplicity, as, after all, it had all been done for him. He mumbled something like, "What a predicament!" and then lapsed into silence to await his uncle's further words.

"Evie, there's one way out of our trouble, and that is that you must become a girl for the duration of Aunt Amy's stay here. I know you'll jib against this idea, but hear me out. First of all, I know Amy and Mary will not be here long, for they intend touring the whole country, and their total stay in England is to be six weeks. So you wouldn't have to keep up your pose for long. Secondly, may I remind you of the great success you were in the college theatricals, when you played the female lead so well that many people thought you were really a girl. Last of all, may I appeal to you as the real sport I know you to be? Now what do you say?"

Evelyn sat pondering for a while, more than a little taken aback by his uncle's suggestion. He recalled vividly his skirted role in the play, but that had been on the stage, and now Uncle John was suggesting he should perform a real-life masquerade. Still, had he not deceived some strangers afterwards in the restaurant where they had gone to celebrate, and where he had been persuaded to go still dressed as a girl? Slowly he turned back towards his uncle from whom he had turned away a few moments ago, and his uncle, fearing a direct refusal, gave him a searching look. Evie spoke slowly and deliberately.

"I'll do it, Uncle, but only on condition that, when Aunt Amy has got back to Australia, you write and tell her the whole truth, - that is, if she hasn't penetrated my disguise whilst here."

Uncle John couldn't see why there should be such an odd stipulation, but, overjoyed at Evie's agreement to impersonate a girl and so get him out of his trouble, he didn't press the matter. He said,

"Well done, Evie. I knew you'd not let me down. Now we have got almost four weeks in which to practise you in your exacting role, and I don't intend to spare any expense in ensuring your success. I had a feeling that you'd agree - I know you, Evie - so I've already approached an ex-actress friend of mine, and, when she heard my story, she said she'd help me in my plan. She is Phyllis Compton, of whom you may have heard, and she lives not so very far away. I'll 'phone her, and I think she'll be round to-night."

And so it was that Evelyn met the woman who was to play an important part in his life for the next few weeks. She came to dinner that night, and afterwards she studied him thoroughly and with an amused smile playing about her lips. Quite impersonally, she enumerated his good and bad points. He was slim, slightly-built and not too tall; his features were

small, his hair fair and his beard very light and almost non-existent; his voice was soft; his hands and feet on the small side for a male. On the other hand, he moved in long strides and sat with one ankle poised on the other knee. She produced a small piece of silk and lace from her handbag and asked him whether he'd mind stripping down in his room, putting on the cache-sex, as she called it, and then coming back for her to study his figure more closely, and also in order that she might measure him for all the things he'd be wanting and which Uncle John was so willingly paying for.

A little sheepishly, Evelyn took the frail-looking piece of silk and left the room. He soon discovered that the cache-sex was a much stronger garment than he had at first thought, for it was lined with tough pink rubber. In his room he quickly divested himself of his things and eased the little cache-sex into position, noting in the mirror how the tight little garment completely concealed any sign of masculinity, once it had been pulled into place and the retaining back strap tightened. Slipping into a dressing-gown, he returned to his uncle and their guest.

There he blushingly slipped off the wrap and stood and walked about as Phyllis Compton directed. She became enthusiastic as she eyed him up and down, commenting on his hair-free, shapely legs, his muscle-free arms and his quite small waist. She said she was sure she could make Evelyn into quite a presentable girl in the time that was left before Aunt Amy and her ward, Mary, arrived. It would need a little training on her part of matters pertaining to feminine walking, sitting, posturing, talking, etc., but she felt sure Evie would make a good girl in the end. Then she set about measuring him all over, noting down the various figures in her notebook. Then, with a friendly pat of Evie's very much exposed behind, she told him to go and get dressed again. When he eventually came back into the room,

looking more his old self, he found that his uncle had given her a cheque to cover the expenses involved in fitting out the niece-to-be. The conversation for the rest of the evening was naturally centered around Evie and his becoming a girl, and Evie found himself becoming thrilled at the prospect. The items of attire and make-up that would be required would take a few days to come, so, on the suggestion of Phyllis, they all three drove into London the next evening and went to a night-club, where she knew some female impersonators from Paris were performing, the idea being, of course, for Evie to study them in every possible detail, as they'd most certainly be perfect in their roles.

And so it was that Evie sat watching the performances of four lovely girls, who turned out to be boys. He didn't say so to the other two, but he found himself feeling a little envious of the ability of those performers to look so absolutely feminine. Because of Phyllis's theatrical connections, she had no difficulty in arranging to go backstage and visit two of the performers in their dressing-room. She took Evie with her, though Uncle John decided to stay out front. Phyllis and Evie sat talking for a while with the two heavily made-up impersonators, who had removed their wigs and frocks and had slipped on a filmy wrap, which revealed rather than concealed what they had on underneath. Evie took in their long shapely legs in sheer nylons and their high-heeled shoes, one of which was swinging slowly as one leg was crossed over the other. As they moved their legs and the wrap fell open, he couldn't help seeing the pretty nylon slip being worn, but what did amaze him was the fact that one of them had no need for padding to achieve a feminine bosom, for he could clearly see a large breast, tipped by a red nipple. Later, when they left, Evie commented on this, and Phyllis told him that some of the professional impersonators went to great length to achieve a perfect transformation, even to having medical treatment to ensure a truly feminine contour. She

laughingly assured Evie that she had no intention of going to such lengths with him, nor to piercing his ears to hold pendant ear-rings, as both of the impersonators had done.

A couple of days later, a large number of boxes were delivered at the house, and from that day Phyllis became a daily visitor. Uncle John had certainly spared no expense in fitting him out. There were two lovely blonde wigs, walking shoes with moderate heels and dress shoes with high pencil heels, a dozen pairs of long sheer nylons, several slips, bras and panties, a couple of frilly garter-belts, a waist-cincher, and half-a-dozen dresses for all occasions. Accessories in the form of gloves, bags, jewelry and make-up items abounded, so that it was necessary to fit out one of the spare rooms for Evelyn, the girl. Needless to say, Rosa, the house-keeper, was let into the secret, and she willingly gave all the help expected of her.

In order not to embarrass Evie too much, Phyllis told him how to put on his underthings, and, as he left the room to go to his own new room to put them on, she gave him a little box. On arriving at his room, he opened the box and found a pair of shapely soft pink rubber breasts, complete with nipples, to wear inside his bra.

Quickly he shed his male things and took a hot bath. A liberal powdering all over with perfumed talcum powder was the first stage in his change-over, and so back to his room, where he slipped into the little cache-sex and tightened it up. Then followed garter-belt and sheer nylons pulled taut, which gave him quite a thrill in itself. The mirror showed just how much they feminised his legs as he posed this way and that. Next came the bra with its realistic contents, and then the lacy nylon slip. He found himself enjoying all this more and more, the pull of his hose, the caressing touch of nylon on nylon, the floating of the slip around his knees.

Yes, he knew he was going to enjoy every moment of his feminisation. He was far more willing than Uncle John could ever have suspected, though the eagle eye of Phyllis soon noted how much he was enjoying himself. However, she was too tactful to mention it. Evie now went back into the room where Uncle John and Phyllis awaited him, and both of them almost gasped at the femininity of the figure in front of them. In fact Uncle John excused himself and left the others to proceed with the details of the transformation.

Phyllis helped Evie into one of the dresses, a knee-length flared frock in flowered nylon, with short puffed sleeves. She also helped him into a pair of shoes with moderate heels. Then she made him up. First a foundation creaming and powdering, then a thinning of his brows, a careful touching up of the eyes with eye-blue and mascara, and then a painting in of his lips into a small bright-red bow. Finally the wig was fixed in place, bracelets, necklace and ear-rings put on, and there was the transformed Evie. It was only then that Phyllis allowed him to see himself in the full-length mirror, and he was astounded at the pretty girl looking back at him. Impulsively, he turned and planted a kiss on Phyllis's mouth. She smiled knowingly, and in that moment a pact was secretly signed - she would do all she could to make this pretty boy into a lovely girl; he for his part would do all in his power to achieve a perfect transformation. Nothing of this was said in words, but each of them understood the other just as if they had voiced their feelings.

Now began Evie's lessons in becoming a girl. Under the ever watchful eye of Phyllis, he had to walk back and forth, sit and stand up, even recline on the couch, always careful not to display too much leg or frilly underthings. She gave him vocal exercises to train his voice to maintain a feminine pitch. She even coached him in the things girls and ladies talk about, so that he would not be at a loss when it

came to joining in conversation with Aunt Amy and Mary. These lessons went on daily, and, after a day or two, Evie lived in his feminine existence and did not wear his male things at all. To give him an even more feminine figure, she got him to undress, and by now he had lost all feelings of embarrassment and readily complied with her every suggestion, and she clasped the waist-cincher round his waist and pulled it in as much as possible. Then he had to dress again and continue with his training. Day by day she tightened the cincher a little more, and even bought a smaller size for him. He found it irksome at first, but afterwards gloried in the tiny waist-line it achieved. One outfit Phyllis liked in particular for him and that was a mini-frock with mini-slip underneath and nylon tights instead of the usual stockings. After all, she argued, he had such shapely legs, they should be seen, and, when he looked at himself in the mirror and posed naughtily with the skirt-line drawn up even more, he laughingly agreed. Whether all the adjustments she suggested were really necessary, or whether it was a desire of hers to see and feel the extent of his effemination, no-one will ever know, but it was noticeable how often she found it necessary for him to raise his skirts for her to test the straightness of his seams and the tautness of his hose clipped to the little be-ribboned garters, and certainly he made a most girlish picture as he stood thus, pulled up skirts revealing his long shapely legs and his dainty undies.

Uncle John had soon got used to having a "niece" round the house instead of a nephew, and he watched with almost a fatherly interest as Evie blossomed forth more and more as the girl he was meant to be. When Phyllis suggested at the end of the second week that it was time to sally forth and try out the impersonation on the world at large, Uncle John agreed at once, and Evie felt a tremor of excitement course through him. And so it was that they drove to a nearby town and did some shopping, and Evie got a sense of real satisfaction at being accepted by every-

one as the chic young lady he seemed to be. Daily outings became the regular order of things, and sometimes Evie had to walk down a street alone, with an ever-watchful Phyllis some yards away. When the pulling in of his waist left his frocks hanging a little too loosely, it was decided he should have some new, fitted frocks, and so it was that he went with Phyllis to a smart shop and there bought three new frocks. He had to try them on, which necessitated his being in the presence of the modiste in his pretty undies, and this gave him an additional thrill. By the time the four weeks were up, his role was perfect, and he knew he'd be able to carry it off in the presence of the visitors from Australia. He had long since learnt how to dress himself in every detail and how to attend to his make-up, so that, with the pending arrival of Aunt Amy and her ward, Mary, it was thought to be the right moment for Phyllis to drop out of sight, and so she did.

Aunt Amy duly arrived, accompanied by Mary, who turned out to be a pretty, vivacious girl of Evie's own age. Everything went well, Evie being accepted absolutely as a girl. As was to be expected when there are two young girls about, they spent much of their time together, but Evie began to get worried when Mary quite naturally came into his room, clad only in her underthings, thinking of course that she was entering the room of another girl and having no idea she was in the presence of a boy, who, although completely girlish in appearance, was experiencing quite manly feelings at the nearness of this pretty girl with whom he was fast falling secretly in love. On a number of rather intimate occasions, Mary must have sensed the way she was being almost repulsed, and she was sorry about this, for she had quickly felt a sort of affinity for Evie.

And then a seeming calamity occurred. Evie and Mary were alone in the house, for the house-keeper was shopping and Uncle John had driven into town with Aunt Amy. Mary was following Evie downstairs,

when she slipped and, to save herself, flung her arms around Evie. In doing so, she knocked off Evie's wig, and there he stood before her, guilt all over his blushing face. He waited for the reproachful words to pour from her lips, the look of scorn to spread over her face, but nothing of the sort occurred, for, after a moment's pause, during which she eyed Evie from the top of his wig-less, boyish head, to the tips of his little high-heeled shoes, she suddenly burst out into peals of laughter. She suddenly understood why he had seemed to be so disposed to avoiding her when she went into his room, and somehow the funny side of it appealed to her. She picked up Evie's wig, took him by the hand and drew him down to sit beside her on a couch. He did not seem to notice that she was still holding his hand, or that she was smiling at him in a far from unfriendly way. Then she softly asked him to tell her why he was posing as a girl.

Evie seemed now to sense that she was not condemning him out of hand for posing as a girl, and he forthwith told her the whole of the story. She didn't interrupt him at all, but, when he had finished, she patted his hand and said quite simply that it was necessary to keep the secret from Aunt Amy at all costs. Evie could hardly believe his ears. He turned and looked at the smiling Mary and suddenly he took her in his arms and kissed her passionately on her mouth, and, to his joy, she equally passionately returned his kiss. The feeling of affinity she had felt for Evie had turned in that moment to love, and, had anyone come into the room at that moment, they must have been surprised to see two apparently pretty girls, though one with a boyishly cropped head, held close in each others arms, kissing and caressing as two passionate lovers. But then, of course, such a visitor would not have been aware of the fact that that was just what they were then - two real lovers, who had found each other in spite of the fact that the real boy was hidden under a realistically feminine exterior. Eventually they sat up

and smoothed down their clothes which had become very awry. Mary suggested it would be better for the time being that Uncle John should be kept as much in the dark about her discovery and reaction as Aunt Amy should be about Evie's real sex, and Evie agreed to this. Mary helped Evie set his wig in place, and, almost as thoroughly as Phyllis had done, she checked on the various points of his transformation, so that there would be no give-away when Aunt Amy returned. She gave him another quick kiss and pushed him back as he was about to take her in his arms again. With a loving smile, she promised to see him later on, when they could be alone together.

They were none too soon, for just then the others returned. Noone seemed to notice how happy Evie seemed to be, nor how Mary made covert signs at the pretty girl-boy, so everything went off well. But worse, or seemingly so, was to follow, for, on the next day, Evie was walking with Aunt Amy across the field adjoining the garden. Neither of them had noticed the bull that was grazing there, until suddenly they heard it snorting as it came towards them. Evie grabbed his aunt's arm and hurried her towards a small gate out of the field, but soon saw that they weren't going to get there before the bull would be on them. He told Aunt Amy to make for the gate, and he himself turned to face the oncoming animal. He suddenly ripped off the pretty frock he was wearing, and, waving it matador-fashion in front of the bull, he drew its attention to himself. The animal stopped for a moment, during which time Aunt Amy had got to the gate and he himself had backed half the distance to it while still facing the restless bull. Then the bull charged and, with the horrified Aunt Amy looking on, Evie played that animal with his waving tattered frock as well as any Spanish bull-fighter had done in the bull-ring. Moving aside at just the right moment, the animal thundered past him, tearing the torn dress from his hands and causing him to fall down for a moment. But he was up at once

and safely through the gate, before he realised that his secret was out, for Aunt Amy was staring at his boyish head - his wig had come off when he had been knocked down by the bull! Not knowing where to turn his eyes as he knew his aunt was looking his effeminated figure up and down, his girlish undies and long sheer nylons very much on view, even though the latter were badly laddered. Quietly she turned and walked slowly back to the house, with the unhappy and dishevelled Evie trailing along behind her.

Suddenly Uncle John and Mary appeared at the French windows, and they both took in the scene with sinking feelings at their heart. Aunt Amy walked straight into the room, telling Evie to follow her just as he was. Uncle John, Mary, Evie - all were waiting for the explosion, but it didn't come. Instead, slowly and quietly Aunt Amy said,

"I don't know what this is all about, but this brave - er - boy has just saved my life."

And then, as everyone was gasping with relief, she related what had happened in the field, and how glad she was to find that she had had a brave boy - albeit in skirts and, with a smile at him, other dainty things - with her and not a frightened girl. When it was obvious just how much she felt indebted to Evie, Uncle John decided to take the bull by the horns and make a clean breast of the whole affair. Aunt Amy listened attentively, told him that she thought he had acted very foolishly, but that it would not now make any difference to her having Evie in her will as a beneficiary. Mary then turned to Aunt Amy and asked her to let her stay on in England, as she and Evie were very much in love with one another, and hoped in the not too distant future to get married. This, of course, was a surprise to the older ones, who were unaware that Mary had earlier probed Evie's secret, but both of them gave the youngsters their blessing. Evie asked to be excused so that he could get properly dressed, but judge of his

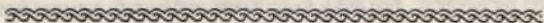
surprise when Aunt Amy told him to go and put on another frock, fresh nylons, make-up and his other wig, for she much preferred still to think of him as her pretty niece. So out went Evie, followed by a smiling Mary, who, once the door was closed, clasped Evie close in her arms, kissing him and whispering to him that she too preferred the appearance of the girlish Evie, as long as she knew there was a real male hidden beneath that feminine exterior. Then, by the passion with which he returned her kisses as they walked towards his room, arms round each other, she could have had no doubt about that. Once inside his room, he turned laughingly to her and said that as his wife-to-be she must prove herself an efficient lady's maid, for doubtless one day she would reciprocate by making him attend upon her. And so, with a smile, she helped him with his new frock, changed his nylons for him, fitted on his fresh wig and touched up his make-up, punctuating each step with loving kisses and caresses. Then she stood back and eyed him lovingly and said,

"Do you know, darling, I think I'm going to have you always as a girl. Once we're married, and because of Aunt Amy we'll be able to live independently from the beginning, I'm going to have you permanently as a girl. On our own we'll be husband and wife, but to the world at large we'll be two girl friends living together. What do you say to that?"

And of course Evie, who had come to love his girlish things so much, thought it was a wonderful idea. He was getting a darling wife and he was also going to be able to continue wearing his soft silks, satins and laces. Maybe he'd be able to emulate those professional impersonators, whom he had once envied, and grow his own hair long, have his ears pierced and who knows even develop a pair of breasts, so that padding would no longer be necessary. But of these secret thoughts he said nothing at the moment. Little did he know that precisely the same thoughts were going through the mind of his beloved

Mary, - "I'll encourage him to let his hair grow long, so that a wig will become unnecessary. And I'd love him to wear pendants in his ears, so I'll have to try and get him to have his ears pierced. And last of all, to obviate the need for pads in his bra, he could have treatment to give him a pair of lovely breasts, while still not removing his masculine sex urge."

So, as they made their way back into the lounge to join the others, each had the same ideas as the other, though unaware of this fact, and little knowing that such an affinity of ideas promised so well for their future as two loving girl-friends who were in fact husband and wife.



CONFRONTATION

The attractive and grief-stricken widow had been living in seclusion at the home of her deceased husband's younger brother for several weeks. One evening, when she could no longer control her emotions, she barged into her brother-in-law's study and pleaded, "James, I want you to take off my dress." The brother-in-law did as she requested. "Now," she continued, "take off my slip." He again complied. "And now," she said, with a slight blush, "remove my panties and bra." Once more James obeyed her command.

Then, regaining her composure, she stared directly at the embarrassed young man and boldly announced, "I have only one more request, James. Don't ever let me catch you wearing my things again."

From Playboy - Aug. '65



Beta-Theta January-'67

Stand: Carol Joan Millie Barbara Judy
 23-S-3 49-B-4 49-B-3 13-S-1 49-E-1

Sit: Lois Fran Virginia June
 49-V-1 49-C-1 5-P-1 23-P-1



Pi Chapter January-'67

Back: Ann Heidi Virginia Sandra Sheila
 30-D-1 30-K-1 5-P-1 30-C-2 30-B-2

Front: Terri Darlene Kathy Dorothy
 30-S-4 30-H-1 30-S-6 30-A-3

Confessing

Judie S-W-11

Sexo-esthetic inversion, according to Blakiston's Medical Dictionary, is the "adoption of the habits, manners and costume of the opposite sex." Likewise Blakiston describes Transvestism as "the desire to dress in the clothing of the opposite sex." Eonism, deriving its name from the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont who was born in 1728 and always appeared dressed as a female, means "the adoption of feminine habits, manners and costume by a male." This account, therefore shall be about a sexo-esthetic invert, an eonist, or, as commonly and medically known, a Transvestite.

I am that person!! And what makes a Transvestite? Who can answer that question? In 38 years of asking I have found no one who can give me an answer. Theory, yes, but practical answer, No.

In body structure I am a normal male, have been married to a most understanding girl who has accepted me fully as I am for almost all of our 18 years together. I say almost all. I, as I find most all other Transvestites do who marry, tried to put away this desire to be feminine, to wear pretty clothes, make-up and wigs. For awhile I was successful but before long the urge to dress as a woman became too strong to resist. We had been married for about two years and were most happy with each other until my moodiness and irritability, the result of my attempt to repress my desire for dressing, forced us into a showdown. Having destroyed all my feminine finery when I married I went shopping one day and bought a complete outfit of girls clothing, including a wig. One evening while my wife was out to a meeting I donned my new things, made up my face, put on my wig and sat down to await my wife's return. She was, of

course, shocked to see me thus attired and demanded an explanation. I held nothing back and told her of my feelings, their duration, how it all started (as you shall read later on) and ended by telling her I could no longer repress the strong desire to wear girl's clothing.

She heard me out without interruption, asked a question or two and then retired. To say that her acceptance of my Transvestism was instantaneous would be untruthful. There followed many months of adjustment of our personalities during which I dressed in my girls clothing each night until, gradually, her acceptance of another "woman around the house" became complete. We have been most compatible ever since, spend all our time together now as girl friends, go to theaters, restuarants, shopping tours and do all the other things that two lifelong girl friends would do.

My desire for sexual contact is and always has been low. I am miserable when dressed as a man, immediately comfortable and relaxed in the clothes of a female. I have become an expert in the art of applying make-up, have assumed a feminine name and desire to be referred to as "she". We have a few really good staunch friends who have accepted me for what I am. They see me in feminine clothes, address me as "Judie", my adopted name, accompany us to theaters, cafes and other places of public gatherings and think little of it.

I wear feminine underclothes, always. While working and wearing men's outer clothing I have beneath a bra and panties or a chemise undergarment. When I return home at the end of my work day, I completely disrobe, bathe and remove my facial hair. I don a padded bra and girdle for feminine contours, a slip and a dress or pedal pushers, capris or other type lounging outfits, depending on our activity for the evening, stockings and shoes. I carefully make up my face and put on a wig..one of three that

Transvestia

I own, black, blonde or red, each styled differently ..and I am a new personality. I adopt all of the feminine manners: the way I use my hands, smoke my cigarette, speech inflections, walking, sitting and standing. I am at ease, comfortable as I go about doing feminine chores reveling in the thought that here I can be the woman I want to be.

Tonight after we prepare dinner perhaps we shall read one of the classics or some poetry. Perhaps we shall sew using a pattern of a dress that we feel would be becoming on either of us or we may just sit and listen to the music of good composers. There may be a good movie playing in one of the local theaters which we would like to see, a couple may stop by and we will just visit for the evening. At bedtime I cleanse my skin, don a lacy nightgown and retire to sleep as a woman.

I am, really, two personalities in one as, I guess, are all Transvestites. Predominately feminine yet masculine enough to carry on my daily pursuits in the business world. When I am working I doubt if anyone suspects I am anything but a man though I find it increasingly difficult to separate the feminine habits from the masculine, i.e. the way I cross my legs, and stoop or the speech expressions I may use. I am five feet, ten inches tall (almost six feet in heels) weigh 160 pounds and well built according to male standards. When I am dressed as a woman I do not seem to attract undue attention, I appear slimmer in feminine clothing and I look younger than my fifty years.

Buying feminine clothing presents no problem to me. I shop for the things I need completely oblivious to anyone around me for I care not in the least what anyone may think. In looking for a new dress I will go through a rack until I find one that appeals to me in style and color, select and pay for it as any woman would. The exception in my case, however, I cannot go into a fitting room!! Selecting

lingerie, I do as any girl would, chose for color and comfort. My dress size is either a 16½ or 18 depending on the price of the garment. I wear a size 40 bra, padding included, a 40 slip, size 7 panties, a 30 girdle or garter belt or a 40 corselette.

My nylons are size eleven and shoes either 8C or 8½B. I prefer my lingerie in black or white, lavish with lace. I wear either tailored skirts with long sleeved blouses or softly feminine dresses, flaring at the hips and with low necklines. My most complete wardrobe which, I think, any girl would envy, includes fifteen pairs of shoes.

My cosmetic drawer is complete in every detail, including lipsticks, powders, perfumes and nail polishes which will go with each of my hair colors. I have developed a keen sense of style and color combinations and I pay as much attention to these things as any woman would, perhaps, even more.

For years I have delved and probed into anything I could find that would shed further light on the subject of Transvestism. I would like to offer here my own interpretation of just what Transvestism is and what Transvestites are. Although I may not have the medical and scientific knowledge to give a critical analysis of such a complex subject, I do have something that the medical men do not possess, that is, an intimate knowledge of the satisfaction that comes from wearing women's clothing.. something that only a Transvestite can understand fully. I am not ashamed of being as I am, rather I am proud of it!

I would like to point out here that there is a decided difference in 'we men who wear dresses'. I feel that there are at least four classifications into which we 'femme-males' (my own term - a contraction for female men) should be placed. Each is essentially different and deserves analysis and discussion. I have seen or known subjects in each of the categories.

Type 1. I would list these as the true deviates and homosexuals. They are the men who wear rouge and lipstick, pluck their eyebrows and simulate women only in a very superficial way..enough to indicate to their homosexual friends that they prefer the passive role in their relations. This group includes the exhibitionists and other low deviates. These men merely assume a superficial feminine role in order to satisfy their physical sexual desires. In their hearts there is no real desire to be women. They want to be men only they are happier to achieve their sexual satisfaction in an unnatural feminine manner and through association with other men and not women.

Type 2. In this class we find the professional female impersonators, the men who are so skilled at simulating all the feminine mannerisms and outward appearances that they are able to make a living in the theatrical world through this skill. There is a considerable over-lapping in this as well as in all of the classes I describe. Many of the members of type 2, I am sure, have drifted into this category through chance, although they are really true members of type 1. They have found that it pays them to assume such a remarkably close resemblance to women in dress and actions. But the strong desires to be a genuine member of the female sex is not there. As we approach type 3, we find that there is an overlapping in this direction also by the members of type 2.

Type 3. I describe this division as the 'periodic femme-male'. In other words there are times when they have a heart rending desire to be completely and truly - women. Outwardly completely normal and leading a man's life in every way, they still maintain a secret feminine wardrobe in which they can dress themselves when the overpowering urge to be a woman strikes them. This drive, it seems, corresponds closely to a woman's menstrual cycle. There are periods of approximately a week's duration occurring

every 20 to 30 days when the only important thing in the world to them is wearing a dress and make-up, a complete feminine outfit and admiring themselves in their mirror.

And now we come to Type 4, the class to which I feel I and all other Transvestites belong..the masculine assumption of the feminine role in its highest and most morally perfect respect. There are fewer members of this type than of any other category, as far as actual transformation of man into woman - through the use of make-up and change of attire - is concerned. But the spiritual numbers are many!! It's just that a woman's role is far too difficult and exacting for a man to play, unless he has, at least, the outward appearance of the feminine body. Sheer physical size and muscular development prevent many male 'girls' from assuming the feminine existence they prefer. At heart all of us are women. Twenty four hours a day we are actually or mentally attired as a woman and occupied with feminine thoughts and pursuits. Nothing masculine is overly attractive to us. We (and this is probably the most characteristic of Type 4 femme-males) ache with a fierce desire to be women and are intensely envious and jealous whenever we see an attractive girl. Most people will believe that we are violently homosexual because of these desires. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although we all are mentally feminine and care only for a woman's way of life -- at the same time we realize that homosexual relations are terribly repugnant and, if not avoided, would only plummet us to the depths of Type 1, the deviates and sexual delinquents.

Many years ago, before my marriage, I had a male friend. He was a Professor of Speech at a New York University, a brilliant and well educated man. I attended one of his classes and, one evening in the course of class study, he asked if he might come to my home to discuss a phase of the theme. Since I was extremely interested in this text I felt that much

Transvestia

could be gained from a personal discussion. I gave him my address and invited him to my home, warning him not to be surprised at what my appearance might be. On the night of his visit I hurried home from work and baked some cookies. Since I enjoyed wearing girl's clothes and did always at home I decided that I might as well do so now. I selected a long sleeved white satin blouse and a black velvet skirt to wear. I applied my make-up with care, wore my blonde wig, a wide red belt to accent my hips and a pair of red high heeled pumps. When my door bell rang I answered with some apprehension. He was, quite naturally, surprised. As he entered I reminded him of my earlier warning and explained that I was a Transvestite and that he could, if he cared to, leave at once or accept me as I was.

He assured me that he did not care, that my secret would be safe with him and that as long as I wanted to be as I was he would accept me. He remarked that I looked quite different in my make-up and clothes than I did in his classroom.

He evinced an interest in how I managed the feminine contours and in my hair-do. I began to feel at ease and we started to discuss the course he was teaching. After two hours of discussion, during which I was secretly thrilled to think that here I was entertaining in much the same manner as any girl would, I arose and made some tea and brought out the cookies I had baked earlier. He was, again, surprised that my talents went so far. Encouraged by his attitude I allowed him to read some of my writings and, finally, showed him some of the dresses I had made.

At this point he attempted to fondle me, touching my hair and my breasts and hinting that we should commit an unnatural sex act. A terrible feeling of revulsion welled up inside me and I asked him to leave. He again touched me and this time I managed to open my door and push him out throwing his brief

case after him. I was ashamed. Needless to say, I decided never to return to his classroom.

One evening about two weeks later, my door bell sounded. This time I was wearing an off-the-shoulder cotton dress, high heels, stockings and my red hair-do. Since I always answered my door... I do not care what people may think of or about me and salesmen or utility men or neighbors hold no fear for me. ...I saw no reason not to at this time. It was, as you perhaps have imagined, my teacher. I stood quietly for a moment and when he asked if he might come in and talk to me I permitted him to do so and invited him to sit down. After several minutes of small talk during which he complimented me on my appearance he told me that he was extremely sorry for his actions, that he had read - since seeing me last - about Transvestites. That he had mistakenly thought me a homosexual and that he wished to apologize for his actions and bad manners. I accepted his apology and promised to return to his class as he requested.

A few weeks later he asked if he could come to my home again and I refused since I did not relish a recurrence of the same sort of thing. In the weeks to follow he asked many times if he might see me or take me to a movie or some other type entertainment. I refused each time though I was most flattered. In the course of a conversation with a friend at work I mentioned this to her, relating the experience I had with him and how reluctant I was to see him. She advised me to accept his invitation, that perhaps he was genuinely sorry for his actions and that I would never really know unless I did see him. I took her advice and the next invitation I accepted. I dressed and made-up and was ready when he called. He complimented me on my appearance, took my arm and helped me into the car. He was, on that evening and every other, a perfect gentleman. I have always been grateful for my friends good counsel, for having had his company made me feel

Transvestia

more like the woman I wanted to be. I mention this episode, in its entirety, to try and illustrate that we femme-males are not homosexual but that we would enjoy masculine company as much as any woman.

What causes persons such as me? What quirk of nature starts us on this road to femininity? The answer, in most cases that I have studied and in discussing this condition with others like me, stems from early childhood. Broken homes, a domineering mother, a wandering father, an only boy among many sisters, a boy baby instead of a girl baby as the mother wanted. All or any of these things could be responsible.

A parent or parents, who name their male child Marion or Francis or Shirley or some other feminine type name, could be the reason for his becoming a femme-male in later life. So many factors enter into the question of what makes a Transvestite that psychologists and psychiatrists just do not know the answer.

My earliest recollection of wishing I were a girl, or of wishing I could wear girl's clothing, came sometime between my seventh and twelfth birthdays. When I was seven my Mother, who had endured my Father's neurotic ravings for many years, finally made up her mind to leave him and return to her Mother. I had always been afraid of my Dad from my earliest memory of him. He had an uncontrollable temper and would whip me for the slightest error I made in my behavior. I can still remember my Mother protecting me, petting me while I cried after my Father's whippings. I did not see him again for over six years. We returned to my Grandmother's home and there I was overwhelmed by women. My grandmother, mother, a female cousin, and aunt and a girl friend of my cousins who lived in the same house with us. Femininity was my destiny!!!

I was always a lonely child and spent much of my

early life with books, a habit I still practice. I didn't like to play with other children, never took part in sports and would, usually, return home from school in the afternoons and curl up on a sofa and read until my eyes hurt. One afternoon, because of illness or some other long forgotten reason, Kay, my cousin's friend, did not go to work and was home when I returned from school. My Mother always insisted that I change my clothes after school in order to keep them looking nice and to put on older things to play in. This particular day I was in my room, at this time - I believe - I was eleven years old, when Kay came in while I was standing in my underclothes. She was a pretty girl, about my size though seven or eight years older. She wore her dresses quite short, as was the style in those days - The Roaring Twenties - and always used a heavy perfume that I enjoyed smelling. She asked what I was doing and I replied that I was changing clothes to go out and play.

She asked if I would like to stay in with her and play 'dress up'. I replied that I would, not having the slightest idea what dress up was and she took my hand and led me into her bedroom. There she had me take off my underwear and long black stockings that all we kids wore then, went to her bureau drawer and took out a pink silk under-garment she called a chemise. This she put over my head and the feel of it against my skin immediately aroused some strange inner feeling that is with me yet today. She then gave me a pair of her silk hose to put on, the popular color at that time being gunmetal, and a pair of round elastic garters to hold them up with. My feet were small enough, or hers large enough, so that a pair of her high heeled shoes fitted me perfectly. She then selected a dress from her closet and I put it on. It was, as I remember, too long, and she put a belt around my middle pulling the dress up until it hung just above my knees. Looking down at my legs I remember how nice I thought they looked in the silk stockings and my feet in the high heeled shoes.

Kay then combed my blonde hair down on either side of my face and, taking my chin in her hand, she accented my eyebrows with a black pencil, powdered my face and drew a bright red outline on my lips with her lipstick.

Then she stood me in front of her mirror and told me to look at myself. I was amazed at the transformation she had wrought in me. There before me stood a fairly pretty blonde girl, with nice shapely legs and straight hips. Kay remarked that I would make a very pretty little girl and that anytime I liked I could play with her clothes. I didn't think too much of it at the time for I didn't believe I'd be playing girl again for a long time. The pattern had been cast and how wrong I was!! We spent the whole afternoon in Kay's room, trying her clothes on me, rearranging my hair and placing padding in the appropriate places. I enjoyed myself immensely and, I believe, she did too. Should I damn her for my transformation? I'll never know.

The memory of that silken garment against my skin would not leave me and, though Kay was never again with me when I played dress up, I made many trips to her room after that first day. I would sneak up the back stairs while Grand-ma, who didn't hear well, dozed in her chair. Many times I would take Kay's stockings and wear them to school, under my own, since I liked the feel of them against my skin. When I became older, fifteen or so, I had a job after school and I would take my money and buy articles of clothing, underwear, stockings, etc., and conceal them under my mattress. I realized in later years that my mother must have known they were there but she never said anything to me about them, a mistake no doubt on her part for, when I was seventeen I inveigled her into letting me go to a church Halloween party as a girl and she helped me with some of her clothes, arranging my hair and making up my face. I was a tremendous success at the party and the pattern was set that has never left me through out my

life. Since that beginning I have always had a feminine wardrobe of my own even during the war when I was in the Navy. When I would go on leave I would buy feminine undergarments and dresses, rent a room and dress up, many times for only a short period of time and in many places since I was always on the move to somewhere.

I am sorry that I was not born a girl. I think I would have been so much better off today, although my wife and I are most happy with our arrangement. I prefer the company of women to men. The satisfaction of being accepted as one of them is indescribable. My thoughts when I look at another woman are so far different from those of a man as to be ludicrous in the light of my actual sex. The first thought that goes through my mind is one of jealousy..if she is better dressed than I. My other thoughts are those of a female too. Her figure is merely a prop for her clothes, her legs, no matter how shapely, only cause me to wonder if her stocking seams are straight - if I look at them at all; and her hair-do and make-up bring wonder as to who her hairdresser might be and what shade of lipstick she is wearing.

I want to close with this parting thought: there are countless numbers of men in the world today who would be much more valuable members of society in feminine attire and with feminine occupations than they ever would be as the 'half-men' they are. When will the world realize this and do something about accepting we femme-males as a legitimate third sex? It's not as eccentric as it seems. SOME DAY IT WILL BE DONE!!!

INEZSQUIBS Definitions-

Extravagance: Buying your brother a new suit.

The difference between unlawful and illegal?

Unlawful is going out dressed as a woman and illegal is trying to be one.



Judith (55-B-1) FPE
Cover Girl TVIA #25



Look What A New
Hair Hat Can Do



Viola (38-M-3) FPE

Book Review

Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

Please excuse my non-appearance recently; it was due to press of other activities and also to a dearth of books worth reviewing. To make up, here are my views on FOUR books:

THE ENIGMA OF THE AGE, by Cynthia Cox, Longmans, Green & Co., London. 149 pp. including bibliography and index, 25 shillings (\$3.50 equivalent), 1966. (Subtitle: The strange story of the Chevalier d'Eon.)

This is one of those unfortunate coincidences that authors are subject to, in that Miss Cox was probably totally unaware that an almost identical book was being done by another Englishwoman. (ROYAL SPY, by Edna Nixon, reviewed in TVia #36, under the misprinted title ROYAL SET.) Both ladies are competent historians, and both have done such a creditable job that it is impossible to say that either is inferior. On the other hand, hardly anyone will want to own both versions. Miss Cox's shorter version has proved more readable to Sylvia FE-B-3-FPE, who kindly contributed the review copy; while I, already saturated with Mrs. Nixon's facts, found it less so. Certainly Miss Cox makes far less effort to understand the nature of d'Eon, dismissing his cross-dressing as something for which he had "solid reasons" as opposed to the "sexual abnormality (also known... as deonism)". However, Mrs. Nixon's efforts led her to include a chapter quoting at length from "experts" who were more poorly informed than she was herself. Miss Cox goes into more detail on his work as a spy in Russia, and brings out that cross-dressing at court balls there was common. On the whole, your choice of these two books should depend mainly on where you live; each is a bargain, but not both - if you see what I mean. There is no indication of a

US publisher about to put out Miss Cox' version, so you'd have to import it at some extra cost.

THE MALE MYTH, by H. M. Ruitenbeek, Dell Publishing Co., New York, Paperback #5488, 205 pp., plus 14 of notes and bibliography; 75¢, (1967).

This is another look-alike, or perhaps me-too, for THE AMERICAN MALE reviewed in TVia #42. In this case, the older book is by far the better, and the strongest point in favor of Ruitenbeek is the low price. There are good things in this book, to be sure, despite the author's bias as a psychoanalyst and devout Freudian. He seems on page 21 to be rather startled at the rise of aggressive women "oddly enough, in the post-Freudian age, when women have learned that they are supposed to be passive, receptive, supportive and loving." I would think he was joking, except that he apparently overlooks the fact that Dr. Freud didn't even understand his own wife!

To his credit, he comes up with some nice insights. On page 43, he points out the ambivalent regard of our society to the distinctively feminine, "often equated with inferior." This lead, of course, to diminished masculinity meaning lessened worth. Other gems appear as on page 104, "the male may be recognizing that certain of the masculine qualities ascribed to him in his social role are not necessarily his as an individual," and on page 108, concerning American insistence on regulating sexual behavior hiding the fear that the person not so regulated might "permit himself an overflow of tenderness that would run counter to his conception of masculinity." Such flashes are all too rare, but you'd get your 75¢ worth at least.

THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE, by Robert Lipsyte, New American Library, New York, 128 pp, \$3.50.

This one I was lucky on, as I picked up a copy

of TRUE THE MAN'S MAGAZINE with excerpts from the book in it (May 1966) and was spared the expense of buying a copy of this very shoddy volume. (The savings went for new false eyelashes, a much better investment.) As the New York Times reviewer put it, this belongs "in that warren of bad taste known as the 'humor' shelf.....One admirer of Robert Lipsyte's writing is still looking forward to his first book." As Lipsyte is a sports writer for the New York Times, I sort of get the message in that last sentence.

THE TENANT, by Roland Topor, Doubleday & Co., New York. \$3.95 (1966) Also available in paper back at (I think) 60¢.

This book would not be worth reviewing were it not for the cover picture, which shows a man staring into a mirror from which a shadowy lady stares back. While there is some cross-dressing involved, the story is really one of a man's descent into paranoid madness, in which he comes to believe the other tenants in the building are forcing him to assume the identity of the previous occupant of his room - a young woman who had committed suicide out the window. As the story blends gradually from the factual to the hallucinatory, he finds himself waking up cross-dressed. First he destroys the clothes (whose origin is never explained); then he goes along, buys his own dresses, and goes out the window in one of them. Miraculously unkilld, he struggles up the stairs as the other tenants watch - and does it again! Buy if you want, but don't leave it around for your wife to complete her education on TV! It would probably produce the wrong impression.

SHEILA NILES



INEZSQUIB:

1st TV: "How can I squeeze the last ounce of pleasure out of each passing moment?"

2nd TV: "Get a tighter girdle."

Announcement

I have something of sufficient importance to tell you that I want to do so separately and not in the Editorial Emanations section.

I have what I think is very good news. I have made arrangements with Sherbourne Press to publish the Wives book. In fact it is already at the linotypers and books are promised for delivery in August. Their price will probably be \$3.00 as before. The book will be a soft cover book but one of the better type and slightly bigger kind- about the size of Reader's Digest and well put together. The revised edition is considerably bigger than before and if Chevalier had published it, it would have had to be \$4 so this is an advantage.

But the important thing about it is that they will print 10,000 where I would have printed 500 or 1,000. With their merchandising and distributing arrangements they will get it noticed by and into a lot of libraries and better type book stores across the country which will mean that many more of our sisters will find it than ever could have otherwise. Moreover, with the title as it was before "The Transvestite and his Wife..." it will take the homosexual taint away from it and it may get read by a lot of people who would otherwise pass it by as a gay type book. Personally I am very pleased at the prospect. Reference is made in several locations in the book to TRANSVESTIA and Chevalier Publications with the address given so we should have an influx of new friends this fall.

Many have sent in money for the Wives book and it has been returned saying that its appearance

would be announced in TVia. Well, this is it, so those that want the book may now send in for it and it will be sent as soon as available from Sherbourne Press.

VIRGINIA



"Miss, you look familiar. As a boy, did you ever deliver papers in Baltimore?"



"...yes, this is he."



But Harry, this is the dress I was going to wear tonight!

Letters To The Editor

READER'S REPLIES

Dear Virginia,

After years of hesitantly and fearfully revealing partially my transvestism to several GG's, when marriage was a consideration, and meeting with scorn and rejection, what a profound joy to find acceptance. At last I met a real girl who is willing to understand and even encourage. Having been adequately assured of my masculinity, and occupational success, knowledge of my femininity simply expanded my personality and created some uniqueness. It also may well be that it complements her masculine component and allows us to mesh more smoothly in terms of personality and sexual attraction. The tangible results were her outfitting me with glamorous panties, girdle, nightgowns with matching negligees, furry mules, stiletto-heeled pumps, and her favorite perfume. Best of all, she is making a dress just for me. We have yet to go out together as girls, but if with her help I can achieve a convincing appearance, she is eagerly planning shopping and entertainment excursions with me in skirts. Calling me by my femme name seems to offer the most difficulty for her. As so many other girls have found, without Transvestia and Virginia's other marvelous publications, explanation of our state would be infinitely harder.

Jennifer 37-M-1 FPE

Dear Susanna -

So you have been deliberately controversial and have had little reaction? Well after reading your article in TVia #42 I have to disagree with some of your views, particularly on capris and slacks. I know that if I had to wear my brothers clod-hopper shoes and my stretch slacks I would not accomplish anything near a graceful feminine walk, but I do walk and feel differently in my slacks and flats, and you better believe it. So I for one am keeping my slacks (all three pair). On the question of torreador pants, pedal pushers or knee-length shorts, I certainly agree with you, they look awful. My pet aversion is Bermuda shorts, and I don't think they look any better on smoothly shaven legs than on hairy ones.

All of this is, of course, opinion and don't think for a minute that I only wear slacks to hang onto my masculine image. I really feel very feminine in them, and this is important, yet I have some of the prettiest dresses you could want and love them all.

I look at it this way, if the GG's can wear trousers I can wear dresses. Moreover, slacks and capris' are accepted items of feminine apparel and as such I accept them, and I don't think they look as bad on us as you seem to think they do. A recent fashion article in the Baltimore Sun discussed mini-this and mini-that concluded with this, "the death knell for skirts has been sounded by fashion designers. Its survivor - left to cover as adequately as possible is the long blouse." I am not using this to back up my stand on capris and slacks, because I hope skirts are here to stay!

So you have one gal's opinion, hope that you have mini more.

Wilda 20-Q-1

ED NOTE: This letter is interesting in that it is written by a TV who is himself an M.D. and a psychiatrist.

Dear Virginia:

Thanks a million for your personal answer. I don't know if there is a local chapter in this area, but if not there is a need for it. Just in my limited hospital practice I have had several TVs and also cases of transexualism; these people were at a loss as to where information and understanding could be found. Most doctors are NOT understanding for TVs, in the sense that although they may be professionally correct with them as patients, they despise them and would never, but NEVER, for example, want to see their sister or daughter marry one.

There is a need for a real organization all over America for us. We need, in every large urban center, at least one understanding lawyer to defend those of us who get read and misinterpreted, one understanding doctor or psychologist who will not increase the guilt feelings, etc., that we often suffer from, one glamour or fashion counselor who will privately advise on this subject, one wig dealer who will offer private fittings and sound advice, one high heel specialist (like M. Collins at Regent Shoes in London, England) equipped with a private fitting room, one doctor specialized in endocrinology who can prescribe female hormones. We also need contacts, lots of contacts, such as provided by a publication like LA PLUME; but somehow I'm afraid of La Plume, because it contains several ads suggesting aberrations of peculiar nature, all mixed up with bona fide TV ads. TVia should probably increase its Person to Person section and get the clientele back from La Plume. I think you do well not to cover the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination, etc., not only in the name of good taste, but also to diminish the chance of ads falling into the hands of perverse or shady characters capable of

blackmail.

I cannot but congratulate you now that I understand what you have been doing over these years. You have probably saved more people from depression or suicide or divorce than all the psychotherapy given to FPs, since, and this is my experience and that of colleagues, psychotherapy DOES NOT cure TVism. Psychiatry is much less a science and much more a morality, a religion, than we think. And it is obvious that Western psychiatry is presently condemning a number of behaviours, among which TVism is one.

Among our needs for organization, one of the most important is probably the contact of understanding women, women ready to marry transvestites and understand them. I don't know how this can be achieved but we should all scratch our heads until we find a solution.

Sincerely

PAULA

P.S. I'd very much like to contact other M.D.s, with their permission of course.



Dear Virginia,

Our TV lives are full of little experiences and adventures, all of which we treasure as exciting memories, seldom able to share them with others. I too, have had my share of these, in various parts of the world, including Paris, but one little incident which happened right here in New Zealand, still amuses me, four years after it happened.

One evening, I was sitting with my wife having a quiet family evening at home and I was dressed in my best chic black cocktail dress, with lightly shaded sheer stockings, black patent pumps, and a

discreet minimum of costume jewelry . My make up was good and the soft waves of my hair felt comfortable around my neck. I was called to the telephone to an inquiry requiring some information urgently from my office - I am an Architect. Quickly slipping on my red coat and neck hugging dark brown fur collar, my black gloves and bag with me, I drove my car down town and parked near the office. As I walked along the sidewalk with other people, the slight breeze softly played with my hair and I felt that intense satisfaction of being accepted in public - it took me back to when I had lived as a woman for a period, in London.

At the office, I looked up the information then, as is my custom, I lit a cigarette and sitting down, for no particular reason, at my secretary's desk, I telephoned the inquirer and after a lengthy conversation, hung up, stubbed out my cigarette and returned home.

Next morning, I was speaking to my secretary when she noticed that a cigarette had been stubbed out in her ashtray by someone else. There it was - smeared with my bright French lipstick. She looked round at the other four girls menacingly, before throwing the remains in the waste paper tin. The look on her face would have charred any victim to a cinder - it was all I could do to keep a straight face. Back in my own office, I laughed so much, that I grabbed my hat and went for a walk.

My wife and I often laugh about this incident and wonder which of the girls got the blame!

JOAN FNZ-C-1



Joan FNZ-C-1
See Letter Pg 53-54



Betty Jean - Maine



Sally (43-S-5)FPE
Cover Girl #39

Janis - Conn.



Transvestia

Dear Virginia,

A few words from a London TV to say how much I appreciate your production, TRANSVESTIA. It deals with the subject seriously and intelligently, and is the only magazine that does so. I have bought and enjoyed the Female Imitators and Mimics, but I agree with you - that these magazines deal with professionals whose manner of dressing is essentially for the stage and to appeal to the box-office.

As a life-long TV, I have never dressed in such elaborate outfits, and I doubt if there is a genuine TV among them all. I am glad to say, as I hope my photo shows, that I can walk into any ladies' outfitters and buy from the normal stock of day-to-day wear. I have even gone into the changing room - alone of course - to try on a pair of knickers. Not for me any specially built corsets. I find the selection of those in the shops quite sufficient to enable me to choose one that gives me all the warmth, comfort, support, and as all TV's know, the thrill that I need. I think it is foolish - though a common mistake with some TV beginners, to wear clothes that are too colourful or conspicuous. I content myself with sober colours and average style, and consequently pass in the crowd without ever attracting attention to myself. I admit I make an exception in the case of my "undies". My panties, bra and slip must have all the frills, flounces, lace and bows possible, but I see that these are covered by pretty, but practical, frocks, skirts, blouses, twin-sets etc. with a warm tweed coat or raincoat. I keep my high heeled shoes for the home, or perhaps when going to the cinema or a restaurant. For ordinary wear I have fairly low heels which means I can walk long distances without discomfort. Of course I love the high heels and can walk in them without the least difficulty, but how many girls go out walking in really high heels? Well I don't.

I have only had the pleasure of reading one

number of your magazine. In it you deal with the criticism of us by some Dr. Beigel. From your remarks it is evident he is ignorant of this subject, and in this respect he is not alone. My first TV experience was at the age of four years when I wore a pair of my sister's bloomers in bed one night. Even yet I can remember the wonderful thrill I got. I wonder could Dr. Beigel say how at that age I had "acquired" the habit, or how at that age I could experience such pleasure. When in my early "teens", I never missed a chance of wearing my sister's corset and knickers, and in fact, wore them regularly to school under my male clothes. Of course my sister finally caught me out, but was a good enough sport to say nothing to my parents and to close her eyes to my continual borrowing. When finally I left home for work and had rooms to myself, I fairly indulged myself. I never wore anything in bed but the loveliest nylon night-dresses or baby-doll pyjamas. As soon as I got home in the evening I changed into my undies and petticoats, and either spent the night at home, alone or with a few "sisters", or I went out to a show or film, or perhaps just to window shop. Mostly on Saturdays and Sundays, I spent the whole day enjoying my feminine self.

Inevitably I suppose, my family heard of my feminine tendencies, and to placate them I consulted a specialist and undertook a course of treatment for about three months. This involved dressing up in front of a mirror and being subjected to electrical shocks to the feet, with the object of replacing my affection for my feminine self with disgust. Believe me I might as well have taken some aspirin tablets, and I even looked forward to my appointments so that I could get dressed in my beloved petticoats! The specialist in question knew as little about TVism as Dr. Beigel, and I am convinced no one but another TV can truly appreciate the feelings, the hopes, joys, and pleasures of we girls. After this futile interlude, I was happy to get back into my skirts, and I am now satisfied to work in masculine clothes

with panties and girdle underneath, for my 8 hour day and let my girl out for the remainder of the day, whether sitting at home, in the cinema, cafe, on the street or in bed. I did seriously contemplate the sex-change operation, but it seems to me on sober reflection, that I can get the best of both worlds now, and to leave well enough alone.

Best wishes and all success to you and your staff and magazine. I enclose a photo which I hope you can insert in one of your numbers, as you know how much a TV girl likes to see her photo in a magazine!

Very Sincerely

Myrtle



Dear Virginia,

This is a two fold letter and first off let me say I enjoyed the discourses put forth by Sheila and yourself. I thought both were well written but I must confess I had some fears when I read Sheila's theory. To my mind she has some very good arguments and I began to have the feeling I was stamped FP prior to birth. Ah, but then I read your side of the argument and I began to feel better. As far as I'm concerned your time at bat was a game winning homer with the bases loaded. I can feel that I'm an FP by choice and not by chance.

However my feeling, I have a deep respect for Sheila and I hope she keeps the words flowing from her pen. Nothing stimulates the mind more than good reading. My thanks to Sheila for a very fine article and my thanks to you too, Virginia, for the Nurtured side.

ANN 9-M-2

Beard Electrolysis

by VIRGINIA

I don't know how many of TVia's readers are either having electrolysis or are considering it, but since I have been going through it for some time I feel that a discussion of the subject might be in the general interest. At least I know what I'm talking about now.

Methods: First off let it be explained that there are three systems available; thermolysis, electolysis and what is called electro-blend. In thermolysis the hair bulb is killed by heat alone, using high frequency current. In electrolysis a direct galvanic current is used that decomposes moisture and salt at the bottom of the follicle. This forms caustic soda which then chemically kills the bulb. Electro-blend is not a very common method and will only be advertised here and there. In this method a special machine is used which actually combines the two types of current so that you get a shot of both at once thus utilizing the best aspects of both methods.

Time: How long it takes to remove a beard depends on three things primarily, the dexterity of the operator, the method that she is using, and the rate of regrowth. This latter is itself somewhat dependent on the method and on the skill of the operator, but also on the individual himself. A good operator using the best method can perhaps remove 600 hairs per hour. This figure isn't too much help in view of the fact that the density of hairs varies from one person to another. Moreover, beard hair on some men is coarser and more deeply rooted and consequently more difficult to remove, requiring more time. However, from my personal experience I would give

Transvestia

you a guide line of about 100 hours.

Cost: This factor varies from one place to another depending on method, what the traffic will bear and on how highly the operator rates herself. I should say that the lowest you'd ever find would be \$10 per hour and the highest about \$20. \$14 is a good general figure. Taking \$15 as a round number you can see that this means an investment of something like \$1500. In most cases, however, not only shortness of cash but shortness of time will limit you to 1 or 2 hours per week. Even so this can run between \$50 and \$200 a month depending on how much time and money you can and do devote to it.

Duration: On the basis of 100 hours at 1 or 2 hours per week you can see that it will take 50 to 100 weeks or 1 or 2 years. At first glance the time and money involved are pretty discouraging but like everything else in life it is a matter of how badly you want the result. If you only get a chance to dress a couple of times a month when the wife is gone obviously this investment would be a waste. On the other hand if you are fortunate enough to go out a great deal, the saving of time, sore face, and nuisance of shaving plus the satisfaction of the extra conformity of a smooth face will make it very worth while. This decision therefore will have to be made with consideration of a lot of different factors.

Results: If your operator just skips around here and there you will not be able to notice any results and may become discouraged, so most of them start in a small area here and there (you can't work too long in one area). This way, after 3 or 4 treatments, you have the satisfaction of finding a smooth spot on your chin or cheek and, feeling hopeful and encouraged, you go back for more.

Discomfort: Let no one kid you, electrolysis by any method is not painless. People vary in their pain threshold and a given person finds some areas more painful than others. The upper lip, particularly in

the middle, and just under the nose is one of the most sensitive areas. Right along the edge of the jaw is another. The neck is pretty rough too. I told my operator that one had to be either dedicated, a complete nut or a masochist to go through it. I hope to qualify in the first category. However, there are many others of you like myself who want it done so what's to be done about it? Well, I'll relate some of the techniques I experimented with.

Minimizing Pain: They say a stiff "shot" before the treatment helps. I don't know as I don't care for alcohol. Of course the best of all is to have your dentist give you a novocain injection just prior to the work. But this has complications of distance, synchronizing appointments and possible cost. Plus the fact that he can't anesthetise your whole face. Next, there are other drug helps. A couple of aspirin may help a little but Empirin Compound No. III with Codeine is probably the best. It's a prescription item so you'll have to get your doctor to cooperate. The No. III formula is the stronger of the several. One of these about 20 minutes before the treatment will definitely cool things down but it won't remove the pain entirely especially in the particularly sensitive areas. Moreover, it leaves you feeling real washed out for the rest of the day or evening.

Another chemical method that I almost forgot to mention is the use of Ethyl Chloride. This is a highly volatile liquid that comes in a bottle with a kind of trigger cap. Its own vapor forces the liquid out in a stream. Since it is so highly volatile it evaporates upon striking the skin and this cools the skin very rapidly. Sprayed long enough in one place it will freeze the skin and this property is used by surgeons as a local anesthetic when they must make a local incision. The product must be obtained by prescription, but it can be valuable in cooling almost to insensibility small areas at a time. As the effect wears off in a few minutes fresh

Transvestia

applications have to be made. Since you would be laying on your back and the operator would have to apply the spray, it is important to keep eyes closed and hold the nose as the liquid could be quite unpleasant in either of these sensitive areas. A bottle costs about \$1.75 but it lasts a long time.

Next I tried several psychological techniques. The ideal solution would be just to forget the pain but this is pretty difficult. However, you can to some degree drown it out. Trying to detach yourself from your position of lying on the table with somebody jabbing needles into you can only be partially successful yet thinking about something that occupies your attention will push the painful stimuli into the background. Some real erotic thoughts will do wonders. If this doesn't work or wears off try planning something that you are going to do or build, something that requires some detailed planning. If you can get yourself involved in something like this it will be a big help.

Then there are physiological tricks: 1) Try imagining that you are putting the needle in instead of somebody else. This makes use of the common experience that it hurts less to pry a splinter out of your own finger yourself than to have someone else do it. In effect you become responsible for the pain yourself and that isn't so bad. 2) Try imagining the exact spot on the other side equivalent to the one that is being hurt. Imagine this one being stuck too. In fact if you can take a sharp instrument with you and gently poke it into your face on the side opposite the one she is working on, you do two things. You distract your attention from anticipating her next jab as a painful thing and convert it into a kind of game in which you try to exactly match her point of operation. If you do use an instrument to actually touch the spot it becomes easier to correct it if you weren't quite right in the first place, but secondly, stimuli from the second area compete for attention in your brain with those from the

needle itself. So although you are now getting more total stimuli the brain can't focus too intently on one because of the competition of the other and this cuts down the degree of discomfort.

When she is working right on the edge of the jaw line you can pull the skin down away from the bone with one hand. This helps because the skin is so thin right over the bone that some of the current gets to the surface of the bone which is very heavily covered with nerve ends and so is away from the bone and there is more subcutaneous tissue to push against and take up the shock.

But finally, and this is what you have been waiting for, I have developed a product. That is my brother who, as some of you know, is a chemist, did. Local anesthetics are of little value on the intact skin because they are not absorbed thru it. This product tentatively named "Lectro-Caine" not only contains a local anesthetic but also spreading and penetrating agents to help it enter the pores. In addition it has an antiseptic, a skin conditioner and substances to maintain the skin in the optimal condition for the electrolytic process. Skin must be moist enough to conduct the current successfully and an oily material cuts down the electrical efficiency. On the other hand too much moisture leads the current over the surface of the skin thereby burning it instead of feeding off of the end of the needle at the bottom of the follicle. These factors were worked out in conjunction with my operator. Not only has it worked successfully on me but several other TVs report success with them too. The operator has used it on several women patients with specially sensitive areas too and it has helped them greatly.

"Lectro-Caine" doesn't numb the skin completely but it reduces the pain to about 10 or 25% of what it would be without it, provided that the product is used correctly. About 10 minutes before the treat-

ment starts one begins to rub the product into the area to be depilated using a handkerchief or other piece of cloth. (Cotton or tissues wont work because it shreds to pieces against the beard bristles) Continuous rubbing over the skin for 10 minutes more or less will force enough of the material down into the pores to get at the pain nerves surrounding the hair root. While the operator is working on one area the patient can hold a saturated compress against the next area to maintain the anesthetic effect which would otherwise wear off one one side while she is working on the other. So once again my own suffering and problems have brought forth a solution that works so I pass it on to you so you can avoid most of that discomfort associated with this process.

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~~~~~

I heard that a girl from St. Paul,  
In a newspaper went to a ball.  
Her costume caught fire,  
And burned the entire  
Front page, sporting section and all.

====

A redhead whose clothing was strewed  
By winds that left her quite nude,  
Saw a man come along,  
And unless we are wrong,  
You expected this line to be lewd!





D.R.J. - Texas



CINDY - CALIF.



## Rebuttal To A Rebuttal

Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

In TVia #44 Sheila and Virginia engaged in a debate over the Nature vs. Nurture theories of the origin of TVism. As is always the case you can't please everybody. Response ran from "why waste space on all that, who cares?" to, "that debate was great I really enjoyed it". So what can a poor editor do? I gave the first group a respite by not printing anything about the subject in #45 but now it is the turn of those who enjoy something controversial as a pleasant change from the usual material. Sheila has provided a Rebuttal to my Rebuttal of her original arguments so here it is. The paragraphs are numbered so that I can refer to them that way in my commentary on her points, which follows.

Dear Virginia:

1-This refers to your double-barreled reply to my open letter on Pages 58-64 of TVia #44. Surely the fact that it took you 21 pages to answer my 7 emphasizes the basic weakness of your case! Data usually speak for themselves, whereas an essentially dogmatic position such as yours requires an ever-increasing flood of words to prop it up. Most of your arguments consist merely of stating in various ways that my hypothesis deviates from the Freudian Revelation and therefore is unacceptable. This doctrine, which has had such a stultifying effect on American psychology for the last fifty years, centers around the notion you expound at the top of Page 79, "With the exception of specific hereditary factors or congenital physical or mental abnormalities we really all start off with pretty much the same development potential."

An impressive sounding statement, until semantic analysis reduces it to the axiom "The whole equals the sum of its parts"!

2-In that form, I hope that you will recognize that your statement says exactly nothing relevant, since my hypothesis is that TV IS a congenital abnormality. I cannot classify it as "physical" or "mental", since a brain circuit abnormality must involve both at once; if you do not like my "cerebro-neural", how about "bio-cybernetic"? I also see no proof of anything in the fact that YOU, on pages 88-9 feel "it seems almost impossible to find anything other than an environmental explanation", and respectfully submit that this tells me more about your limitations than about those of my hypothesis, that behavior so opposite to that acceptable in one's time and place may be organic in nature.

3-You make quite a point of your courage in facing a painful explanation, as opposed to my obvious pleasure in finding a mechanism which would free us of guilt. Hurrah for you, but as a means of validating a scientific theory it has very dubious antecedents. The fact that many scientists have suffered unpleasant personal results from their discoveries surely does not make such suffering a basic requirement! Many discoveries have been quite a lot more comfortable to live with than the fallacies they replaced - but if you get satisfaction from the concept that TV is essentially a psychoneurosis, don't let me spoil your pleasure in this minor masochism!

4-Now, to straighten out a few mis-statements of fact in your rebuttal: On pages 70-1, you do quite a job of demolishing Fisher's work - except for the detail that you are talking about FEMALE hormone, while Fisher (as I clearly stated) used MALE hormone to feminize his rats. Female hormones had no discernable effect. You seem to have missed the whole point anyway, because it was to demonstrate that chemical shock, like the encephalitis

and electroshock on page 59, or concussion on page 63, seemed to trigger off a gender-reversal. (Walinder cites 10 other cases where concussion did so, and I now have clippings to indicate the LSD and alcohol are capable of this effect.) Only SOME of the experimental subjects so responded - and these would be, it seems reasonable to presume, only those which had the necessary circuits available due to the pre-natal phenomenon of partial brain masculinization. Your denial that "TVs can be made" is based on failure to review the literature I have sent you. I might add here that the absence of such circuitry can be tied to Carl Jung's observation that some men were totally unable to grasp his "Anima" concept; perhaps these represented examples of fully masculinized brains, whose rodent counterparts resisted Fisher's experiment.

5-Your long discourse on pages 82-5 on the work of Gorski and others is fine, and well put. I had omitted all that for the sake of brevity, citing only Levine whose papers were the latest references in this series and who has concentrated on the effects in the brain. Your point is well taken that my use of the words "enough male hormone to masculinize part of his brain" was misleading, as the supply is not limited. Let me instead propose that the male hormone from the embryo's gonads arrives too late, after the critical time has passed for A CERTAIN AREA ONLY, and that this area remains un-affected. The known variation of the strength of the TV urge could still be explained by the extent of the un-masculinized area, which in turn could be tied to the length of time lapse beyond the onset of the critical period. To put it on your time scale, one might estimate that the arrival of hormone on the 19th day of pregnancy would produce a male with Amima who could not be feminized by Fisher's injection; delay would cause progressively the fetishist, the TV and finally on the 26th day, the Transexual.

6-Next, your disparagement of the EEG on page



74 indicates that you are badly out of touch with this important field. Some of the data Gisele brought back from Europe indicates that they have "the girl" quite definitely located in the right temporal lobe of the brain, with definitely recognizable wave patterns (which Gisele produced twice, in duplicate tests). I hope my visit to Sweden this Fall will result in further information. However, the US is not entirely idle: Dr. M. Clynes of the biocybernetics laboratory of Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, N.Y. recently announced that his EEG data (on people in general, not a study on TV) after computer analysis correlates strongly with the subject's visual activity and that this correlation does not vary from one person to another. While this is far short of analysing the "girl within", I shall follow Dr. Clynes' program with particular interest.

7-Admittedly, my letter took an extremist viewpoint, but - as I hinted on page 64 - there is every reason to expect a relationship between the social atmosphere and the expression or repression of the "girl within"..(How I envy the teen-age TVs of today, with more money, an atmosphere that grows more permissive every day, and unlimited access to materials that would have freed me from many of the shabby expedients to which I had to resort!) No doubt the family atmosphere also has its effect, though your own report on the "390 Cases" seems to indicate this is minor. In addition, there may well be some atmospheres in which the latent circuits are never triggered off and so do not have to be repressed or expressed.

8-On the latter point, our argument is on the level of the philosophy of causality - as if you were saying that a forest fire was "caused" by someone dropping a match, and I were insisting that it was "caused" by a drought which made the forest a tinderbox. Neither of us can hope to win that sort of argument, and I welcome your gesture towards compromise on page 81. It seems to me that your theory

absolutely requires a "predisposing factor" to be present in some males, and that your past efforts have all been spent on the study of what triggers it off. Mine are to find out what it is; a rather different approach, and I think a more important one. As in the case of the forest fire, there are many possible sources of "ignition", but they are ineffective unless the "tinder" is there. I doubt that you can prove that a neural circuit for talent does NOT exist, but that is hardly relevant as very few of the works of art we do on our faces really rival Rembrandt! What DOES matter is that I have produced a plausible explanation of how a predisposing factor could arise in a fraction of the male population. I shall leave it to you to develop what social influences are equivalent to electroshock, concussion and brain injections in triggering off this phenomenon.

In closing, I must ask once again, "Where is ANY evidence (except often-quoted opinions from long-dead "authorities") that TV has a psychological origin? Surely not from the "cures" effected by psychotherapy, and your remarks on page 80 do nothing to answer it. Your statement that you "don't know how it started and .... don't care" seems highly irresponsible. I care VERY much, and feel that understanding the cause of TV is closely linked to both public and self acceptance. Consider the epileptics who have lived under the shameful label of "madness", but who can now hold up their heads in public because their problem has been proved to be congenital and neurological. Do not we TVs have a right to hope for the same outcome, and to try to bring it about by encouraging research along the lines I have indicated" While it's fun to play with pretty words, ugly numbers are what will win this argument - and most of them seem to be falling on my side of the board!

Best regards,

SHEILA

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*Reply From Virginia*

---

Commentary is arranged by numbers corresponding to the paragraphs of Sheila's Rebuttal.

1) It did not take me 21 pages to reply to her original article. It only took 10. The remaining pages were a separate article dealing with the embryological approach which set forth my own views about Nature rather than being a response to hers. In regard to "data"...when one is presented with "data" one cannot necessarily refute or attack it with other opposite "data". A positive "datum" which is presented as true may not be amenable to dis-prove by another piece of "evidence". In other words it may be difficult sometimes to "prove" the truth but it is much more difficult to prove that something is not so when the subject matter is not such as to permit black and white experiments. Thus the only weapons one can use are words. One has to examine the probabilities involved and the relationship of the offered "data" to other known probable factors. This is what I did. Covering up inadequacies of a position by flinging accusations of verbosity and loquaciousness at one's opponent is like throwing sand in the reader's eyes--he will be unable to see well enough to determine the truth for himself.

As to being dogmatic--this is unfair since one position is as dogmatic as the other. We are simply examining the problem from two points of view. I made no mention of Freud but if Sheila means that the idea that the events in a person's history large-

ly shape his ultimate personality is the Freudian position--well count me in. Count most of us in as a matter of fact. There is just too much evidence of this in everyday life and everybody (I don't even exclude Sheila) knows it, for this to be dismissed on the grounds that it is "Freudian". So what?

If Sheila thinks she has destroyed the statement of mine that she quoted I'm afraid she is wrong. What she did do with her "whole and parts" axiom is to throw more sand at me and at you, the reader. Personally I don't see the connection. Certainly there is much current work tending to support the statement particularly as regards gender differences. I refer her to the work of Dr. John Money at Johns Hopkins showing that gender roles are learned responses not biologically determined and thus foreordained. He showed that under certain circumstances where the true sex was not evident at birth and the child was mistakenly assigned to the wrong sex that it learned and grew up to be of the gender appropriate to its sex of assignment in contrast to the chromosomal sex.

2) One is in no position to shout "dogmatic" at another when one comes up with the comment about the opposition that "your statement says exactly nothing relevant...." What is this but dogmatism. She may not agree but whether the statement says nothing depends on where you start. The reader threading her way between our two points of view probably sees something possible and relevant in both. Sheila's suggestion of changing "cerebro-neural" to "bio-cybernetic" helps not at all. Most people will understand the second term even less than the first and in either case it is not the term but the concepts to which I take exception and which she refrained from commenting on.

Finally, the cute little dig that my statement tells more about my limitations than about her hypothesis would at first reading appear to be a telling

blow. And indeed it would be if the quoted words stood alone. Evidently Sheila hoped that the reader would not take the trouble to refer back to pages 88-89 of TVia #44. Because if you do you will find that Sheila lifted the quotation (2½ lines) right out of the middle of a paragraph of 31 lines the rest of which explain and condition the statement that she quoted. For her consideration I am not destroyed and I stand on what I said previously. (Being in second place Sheila, you'll just have to try harder—check with Avis(?) on how to do so).

3) Sheila, you are a minor mistress of the veiled dig, the subtle innuendo and the gentle (?) condemnation. In this paragraph you attempt to set yourself up as the heroic scientist slaying the dragon of guilt by virtue of transferring the load of responsibility to some pre-natal event. Now as a person trained in science like yourself I am as much interested in the search for truth as you are. But there are many sciences, some more accurate than others due to the nature of the problems they are concerned with. It is no vindication of a biochemical prenatal approach such as you take to run down the psychosocial approach. People have to live day to day not excepting you and I. We live with our bodies but also with our mind-brain which means that we have to deal with a myriad of factors that we can not take out into a test tube and subject to scientific scrutiny.

It is an inexcusable fact that the wearing or doing of anything feminine or "female-like" by a male in our culture is fraught with emotional hazards. Most conveniently these are lumped together under the name GUILT. Carrying a burden of guilt requires emotional energy and causes fatigue, inadequacy and inefficiency in dealing with other social relationships. We all know this not only as regards TV but in other ways too. You are all aware that the effort of TVia and myself from the beginning has been to help TVs to come to terms with life,



which means self acceptance and the elimination of guilt.

Moreover I made no point of my "courage in facing a painful explanation". I was speaking collectively for all TVs in pointing out that in this as in every other important thing in life it is much more momentarily comfortable to take the easy route out of the difficulty. But it is not nearly as satisfying or as strengthening as fighting a matter through till you have it licked. If facing a problem and solving it or mastering a problem or situation instead of "copping out" to the easy solution is masochism, then so be it. But this type of "masochist" grows into a much stronger person with greater character than the "easy outer". As a matter of fact a deformity that is congenital or hereditary is no easier to bear and live with than one which is acquired later in life by accident or disease. So being a TV today in opposition to accepted custom etc. is not made one bit easier by subscribing to the theory that, "I was born this way."! Looking the problem in the face, evaluating it and handling it does make it easier to live with and the individual a bigger person.

It is a below the belt hit for Sheila to state that I consider TV a psycho-neurosis. She knows better than that so throwing this word in is a red herring to attract adherents who do not consider themselves psycho-neurotics and who would not go along with Virginia's theories if that is what she thinks. For the record let me make it clear that I have never said such a thing. In fact I have denied this both verbally and in print a number of times. To say that a behaviour pattern is acquired through environmental circumstances which serve to activate and energize potentials already present is no evidence of its being a psycho-neurosis. If you place a piano at the disposal of a musically gifted child and he used it to become a great musician, could you call his musicianship a psycho-neurosis? Yet he used the circumstance of the availability of the piano and the

time to practice (environmental) to activate those qualities which are necessary in a finished musician!

4) I have to admit my error in reading "female" for "male" in Sheila's paragraph describing Fisher's work. Though it was a natural type of error it was an inexcusable inaccuracy for which I apologize. Since it was male hormone that was used there is obviously a different explanation. I can think of several possible technical explanations but will not burden the readers with them here. But I would like to point out that regardless of the true explanation of the phenomena observed by Dr. Fisher, it has little to do with the problem of TV in any case. I stand on my statement at the end of the first paragraph on page 71 of #44.

I would like to make it clear again that chemical shock, encephalitis, electro-shock, concussion, LSD or what have you do NOT make an FP though they may very well induce cross dressing. My reply on pages 68 and 69 of #44 covers the rest of this paragraph so there is no point in repeating it.

5) This paragraph requires no comment except in the last line where Sheila tries to explain fetishism as well as TV and TS on the basis of hormonal inadequacy. My comments about the various types of progressive variation which might be expected to result are adequately set forth on pgs. 87 and 88. Frankly I find it discouraging to have to discuss this again. Sheila omits both true and pseudo hermaphrodites as anatomical abnormalities which might result from such inadequate masculinization as well as homosexuality which for at least certain types (Kinsey's type 5 and 6, the preferential and exclusive types) are true sexual abnormalities on the psychic level. But she includes fetishism. Either she doesn't understand and give credence to any psycho-social factors in development at all and thus ignores them, or she believes that everything in this field is predetermined by pre-natal events. Fetishism can't in any way be

considered to be an aspect of "Nature". The value of a given article to a fetishist is, I am certain, dependent on events in his past that served to attach libidinous value to some otherwise inert and to him useless article. Thus it is absurd and below wasting time and space on to assert the fact that a man is sexually aroused by, and possibly impotent without, a pair of lace panties, as being due to a pre-natal condition of any kind. How do molecules of hormones and brain cells know when nylon or rayon began to be worn in order to switch the individual's attraction to it instead of to long cotton drawers which used to be worn?

6) I don't claim any personal knowledge of the electroencephalogram but I have talked to some who do and that is what I based my comment on. I don't know what Gisele brought back but I'm so bold as to say that Sheila's assertion that they "have 'the girl' quite definitely located in the right temporal lobe" is a lot of balony and wishful thinking on her part. Since one cannot describe or really know what "the girl" is how can they locate "her". Because one invents a name for something as an aid to communication as Susanna did when she coined the phrase, "the girl within", it does not simultaneously create a physical reality. Whatever pattern Gisele came up with is characteristic of Gisele and for the moment nothing more. If they ever do become substantiated the patterns will measure some generalized quality or ability, certainly nothing specific. TVism is an answer to a need, a discovery of a lost part of the self. It is, so to speak, a symptom of something more basic not the thing itself and it is time we stopped concerning ourselves with the surface symptoms and got down to a study of the underlying and basic factors involved in TVism.

7) & 8) Here the two points of view begin to merge. I say "begin" because it is only a tendency not an accomplishment. Where Sheila uses the match, the draught and the forest fire, I have often used the



rifle, the bullet and the trigger analogy. A shot can only be fired when there is both 1) a cartridge in the barrel (the potential) and, 2) a squeeze on the trigger (the stimulus). Either alone means nothing. I have already indicated this on pg. 81 of #44. But the potentials are of a very general nature, not specific for TVism. Given other conditions of development--other stimuli that is--I feel that those same potentials would be utilized in other non-TV ways. For example, I think we'd all agree that TVs are more sensitive and more artistic than most ordinary men--they'd have to be to have a "feeling for the feminine" and to appreciate texture, color, decoration, etc. But what of the artist? Doesn't he have them too? Probably he has to have other characteristics too, such as manual dexterity. But it remains to the events and circumstances of his or the TV's life to determine which path of development he will take.

Sheila says she doubts I can prove that a neural circuit for talent does NOT exist. She should know better. It is very difficult to prove a negative of anything and when you can it is only by inference. Your only proof that you were not in say Alaska on July 1 is to bring forth witnesses to the fact that you were in Chicago or wherever on that date. This is not direct proof. Certainly it is impossible in the field of neurology where it is hard enough to prove that something IS let alone that it is NOT. She only hopes to win by, in effect, challenging me to prove that which she knows is impossible to prove, and that is a shoddy way to try to win an argument.

9) Here Sheila uses the same technique in reverse. I am now asked to provide evidence proving the psychological origin of TV. The implication being that if I can not prove it then by contrast there is no psychological cause and by elimination this is taken to be indication that the neural theory--the NATURE theory is the true explanation. This is a last gasp sort of argument. The only way one could prove that

psychosocial forces cause TVism would be to take a group of male babies and bring them up in various ways which might be expected to make TVs of them. Obviously such an experiment could not be done so direct PROOF can never be elicited. We have to judge the effect of various factors by observing what has happened under other circumstances.

Let me call to Sheila's attention the case of the pseudohermaphroditic male who was mistaken for a female at birth and thereafter raised as a girl till maturity. Having organized "her" whole life around the feminine gender role "she" is then informed that "she" is really a male and must make the switch. "She" does so and tries to become an adequate "he". But not having learned the aggressive masculine role he is not successful at it and longs for the days when "she" was a girl and so much wasn't expected of her. She then begins to dress as a girl on occasion. Is this person a TV? If so was he/she "neurologically determined" or was it a result of an inaccurate assessment of true sex that lead her to be psychologically and socially conditioned to the more passive, domestic, feminine role? Would she have a dual personality? Would it be the same as that in some FPs?

Sheila makes mistakes in reading too. I misread male for female in discussing the hormone experiments. Sheila can't see quotation marks! On page 80 of #44 I did not say that "I don't care..." and it was not irresponsible. I was making a general, impersonal, characteristic and hypothetical statement and it was set off by quotation marks to indicate that. I should think that with all the writing, research, argument and effort I have gone into in the last 7 years that it would be evident that I do care and care more than anyone else not even excepting Sheila--at least I've been doing something about it for a longer time.

As for doing research on causes, I am in favor

## *Transvestia*

of research along all productive lines including the neural field as I indicated in my #44 Virgin Views. But I don't consider gathering bits and pieces of other people's research and pasting them together and then drawing conclusions from the combination as being true research. Numbers may prove it but useful numbers are no less likely in the psycho-social than in the chemical-neurological area. So far there are very few of any kind and certainly they are not piling up on the side of "Nature" at least in the way Sheila claims.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again as in #44 I want to make it clear that though the words and phrases used in Sheila's and my statements are direct and pointed they do not indicate any rift between us on a personal basis. We are still good friends and expect to remain so. We are both trained as research chemists and we both like to exercise our respective mental abilities like athletes exercise their muscles--it keeps our brains healthy.

At the same time debates such as this are not indulged in just for Sheila and myself to see our views in print. It is the desire of both of us to offer these opinions and information to start some of the rest of you thinking and to stimulate some dialog on this and other subjects involving TVism. TRANSVESTIA should not be just a magazine of vicarious living of fiction stories or someone else's experiences, fascinating as either of these may be. TVism involves some pretty deep aspects of a person's life and personality and he will be better able to handle them as he comes to understand something of the factors involved. Thus, debating, questioning and thinking out the subject should be of benefit to all TVs. Again the door is left open for intelligent interesting and perceptive contributions of others who may want to get into this or other acts relating to the matter of TVism. Controversy is stimulating



so if you think Sheila and I are a couple of nuts say so. I rather favor cashews for myself--they are sweet and tasty. On the other hand hickory seems more appropriate for Sheila as they are real tough nuts to crack and Sheila always puts up a stout defense of her position. How about you?

---

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INEZSQUIB:

TV in ladies shoe store: "I would like to buy a pair of low heeled shoes"

Clerk: "Er, for you, Sir?"

TV disgustedly: "Hell, no, they're for my wife!"

## Susanna Says....

---



Hi, everybody:.....

By the time you get to read these lines chances are that Labor Day will not be too far...and this means that Virginia will be spending that week-end at Casa Susanna. I don't know how many girls there will be at the resort for that date...but you know how it is with TV's...they never know when they are going to have

the necessary freedom to be themselves. I guess we spend half of our life-time concerned with the lack of freedom...would you say we live in prison? most of the time? For a good many TV's the answer is yes. The masculine world in which we perform seems to contain iron bars which form the cage for "the girl-within". The only TV's who seem to have such freedom are those TV's who are single (with my deepest apologies to the pro-wedding TV's). They are the ones who can do as they wish, when they wish. They can travel unencumbered and they don't have to invent excuses to anybody as to the place where they are going, or as to the amount of money they decided to spend on a new wardrobe. A selfish viewpoint? Perhaps. I've been accused of selfishness so often that I think maybe my friends are right. The truth is I've learned to look out for myself first and foremost. And in the process of looking out for one's self, strange things do happen.

As many of you probably know there are three children: ages 9, 15 & 18 in my immediate family. Three boys. My step-daughter (their mother) is a

good friend of Susanna's, but many years ago, when the kids were little, she asked me to keep my TVism away from them. I respected her wishes and still do. This, of course has been the source of many a hasty retreat...of many an evening in which Susanna has had to remain in the closet..etc...you know the scene, I'm sure. As you are well acquainted with my feelings (or lack of feelings) towards kids in general, you can appreciate that this situation (although sporadic) has not helped to soften my attitude towards small fry. They continue to be the greatest enemies of TV's.....And I try to avoid them whenever possible. The situation became extremely tense and intolerable during two week-ends at the resort in which the little 9-year old spent both days around the place and therefore prevented Susanna and a TV friend from dressing, with the exception of a couple of hours Saturday night after the kid went to bed. A storm was brewing and the adults could see it in my face...so...no more week-ends for the kid at the resort...take him some place else...or else...I go some place else. Selfish? Right! But necessary for MY peace of mind.

A couple of peaceful week-ends passed...and then the 18 year old was brought from the nearby camp where he is working...he had developed a fever...a mild cold...he was put in bed and the 3 TV's at the resort could relax...but, there's always the chance that the kid may come downstairs...or run into one of us going to the bathroom...so...with my hands in my pants pockets (my fingernails are painted this morning, bright pink) I enter the kid's bedroom, close the door...and proceed to ask him one question: "have you ever heard of transvestism?" He looks at me and says: Yes. I ask - what is it? He says: "the desire to wear the clothes of the opposite sex". So I say: do you know why people have this desire? And he proceeds to give me exactly three possible reasons: one biological (with chromosomes and all)... another environmental (mother treating boy as girl).. and finally the escape-from-the-masculine-role theory.



As he stops talking I pull my hands in front of him, fingers outstretched..and say: meet one TV. So we enter into a friendly chat...he asks questions..I answer...and we depart friends. Later I tell his mother of what I've done and she says: good. One down and two to go!

Two weeks later..another kid...this one is barely 15...we are supposed to take him to the country and drive to the camp where there is a job waiting for him. And what happens? When the camp finds out he is not 16 (minimum age) no job. And we are saddled with a kid in our midst for a whole week-end. This time, however, inasmuch as the kid is the son of a rather distant relative...the two TV's: Debbie and Susanna, decide to go ahead and dress and say nothing. The first few hours..the kid is definitely shy and somewhat uncomfortable...in the afternoon I invite him to play a game of pool...he eagerly accepts and beats me 3 times in a row...later on I find him helping Debbie who is fixing a tool-shed near the house... he is more at ease..at night, we all sit at the table and play cards...and so the week-end goes by...no problems....We return to NY...I take Monday off (part of vacations owed me)..I call his parents...they tell me, could I keep him in the house until 8PM...they can't come any earlier...I say, of course...and proceed to doll up...at noon I wake the kid up...and fix him some breakfast...and while we are having breakfast, I pop the question: "I'm sure you must feel like asking some questions after what you saw during the weekend." The kid says "you bet" And there I go again with my second lecture in two weeks to a teen-ager. I talk for about half an hour. The kid just sits and listens. I try to use as simple a vocabulary as I can. And finally I end by saying: "so if you ever run into a TV among your friends just make sure you don't condemn him or despise him. He needs friends more than most people." And then, my feminine curiosity prods me: "Now tell me very frankly, what was your first reaction when you saw us dressed up?" The kid looks at me and smiles: "I

thought you were a bunch of nuts!" So, girls, there you have it in a nutshell: adults think we are perverts. Kids think we are a bunch of nuts.

This brings me to another thought. How come we love to talk about the need to crusade for social understanding and tolerance, but few of us start by crusading at home and among our friends? I have a feeling that we would be a lot happier if we concentrated all our energies and persuasiveness into indoctrinating our relatives and friends instead of looking around for strangers to accept us. But before I change the subject. A few weeks ago my wife invited a girl friend of hers to spend the week-end at the resort. Friday night..she arrives at the apartment..we are getting ready for the drive...I assume she has been told about us...so I say nothing. During the trip however, though in our regular prison clothes, Debbie and I carry on with TV chatter...the GG guest makes no remarks....Next morning a third TV shows up...the GG is still asleep, so everybody dresses. At noon she comes down and wow! She spots Debbie & our other TV friend all dolled up on the lawn. The GG gasps and runs to my wife who is unconcernedly watering the plants in the garden...The GG blurts out: "Did you..did you see those two men dressed as women?" My wife smiles and says "sure. One of them drove us up last night"-----The GG shakes her head "but...what's the idea? What are they, a bunch of homos?" My wife replies "No...they are married men...have children." - The GG backlashes "that doesn't mean a thing. A lot of homos get married to cover up." My wife says: "But I tell you... they are not. I know them very well." --Then, why the disguise...are they crazy or something?" At this point Susanna shows up...the GG says: "May I please have a cup of coffee? I need it." So I sit at the table with her...and there goes another lecture... She asks sharp questions...prods...and finally relaxes...By Sunday night she is a dear friend of all 3 of us. And these, my dear girls, are things that happen at Casa Susanna.

Another pleasurable experience: we hear there's a car dealer 6 miles away who has a pretty good second hand Rambler for sale. We'd like to have a car like that just to run around in the general area of the resort. Susanna is driving. Next to me a GG, the wife of a visiting TV. My wife gets off first to call the dealer who is nowhere to be seen. Susanna lites up a cigarette and relaxes, enjoying every minute of this scene. Suddenly a bum approaches our parked car...lady--he says--I'm really ashamed of myself. I can bum a cigarette from a man any time, but I'd never dare ask a woman for a cigarette. I say to him, "My good man, you have just met the woman who's delighted to give you a cigarette."

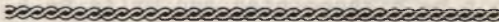
I hope I can arrange things at the office so that I can take at least 2 weeks off (probably the first two weeks in August) to spend them at Casa Susanna. I've modernized my wardrobe..and little by little I find myself giving in to the shorter and shorter skirts. I guess one gets used to them and they don't seem so earth-shaking as they did at first. Question: Shall I or shall I not attempt this time the ear-piercing performance? We'll see. I am also getting a new wig...number 6 in my collection...this will be straight hair, medium length, medium chestnut with a bit of red. Straight hair is so fashionable these days! And this brings me to the

THINGS I CAN DO WITHOUT...pleated skirts that come one inch below the knees... hardest thing in the world to shorten them!...GG's who swear pants are as cool or cooler than skirts in hot, muggy weather... (they are absolutely insane, hopelessly nuts)...TV's who continue to swear like troopers after they doll up...TV's who love looking like girls but absolutely refuse to do any of the chores that most girls HAVE to do in our present social setup...little things like washing dishes, setting a table....a bit of laundry...a bit of ironing...and a minimum of sewing ...TV's who make no effort to improve their make-up technique despite years of dressing...TV's who pose



in bathing suits believing that the almost perpendicular lines from their rib cages through their waistlines and down to their hips show up as a seductive capital "S"..when the effect is inevitably a perfect capital "H"....(I'm still tracing that one bathing suit shot of Susanna. She must have been crazy to pose like that. When I find it. It'll burn!)... TV's who, when at the dining room table, grab the salad dish and proceed to shovel into their plate 2 thirds of its total contents leaving the remainder to be divided among 5 or 6 other people....TV's who spend a whole week-end at the resort and (believe it or not) do not dress up! And with this note...I'll say bye...until next TVia.

#### SUSANNA



#### The Laughing God

If there is a God, how He must chuckle at the connotations we put on 'uniforms'. We deem it a 'sin' for a man to express tenderness and love of beauty by donning a filmy negligee....but it is 'manly' and therefore a virtue to wear the garb of a paid killer...a soldier. He must shake His Celestial Head at our praise of the man who forecloses the widows mortgage...but condemn the man who gets close to a powder-puff. Red nail polish and a ruby ring on a mans finger...Never! Blood on his hands from smashing his opponent in a four-cornered ring.. Fine! If there is a God how He must wonder at our appreciation of the victory chortle from the man who has defeated another, and our condemnation for the tears of sympathy for the defeated. Yes, we can laugh at the man who, by means of a dress, expresses the qualities within of cleanliness, love, tenderness, beauty, but if there is a God, and there is, He must laugh at the laughers.

## *Editorial Emanations*

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I. TRANVESTIA #47: The next issue will probably be late in appearing and probably without a Cover Girl. The same front design as used on #40 will appear. The reason for this is that I am taking a long combination vacation, speaking and consultation trip from about Aug. 6th till Sept. 13th. Normally I should have #47 in the hands of the printer by Sept. 15 to get delivery by Oct. 1 when it is due. But as I won't be here to do so it will push the publication date up a couple of weeks. So, knowing this in advance don't be disappointed and write me a "where the hell is it letter". I'll get at it as soon as I return. But as I will have a friend picking up the mail and handling all the orders that don't have some particular complication to them, you may continue to send in orders during August.

II. SIMPLIFYING MY CORRESPONDENCE: As indicated by my announcement elsewhere in this issue, the Wives book is going to be published commercially. In addition TRANVESTIA itself will be given mention in the mailing list announcement sent out by the same company. With any luck at all this is going to result in a large influx of new people which is going to strain my time still further. Keeping up with correspondence is my greatest problem. I'd like to retain a personal relationship with all of you by letter, but it just is not possible. So to get any reply at all it would help a lot if you would word your questions so they can be answered by a yes or no and then write them on a card with a place for yes or no answer. This way I can check the card and remail it promptly. Thanks.

III. MATERIAL: I would like to have the authors among you send in material suitable for the TV Tales.

These should run 13 to 15 pages this size. I am short on fictional pieces of this length and "right" for the Tales. I am also low on personal histories of an interesting sort. Many readers like to read about the true life histories or true experiences of others, so if some interesting material of this type shows up I will appreciate it. Of course that doesn't mean that other types are not equally necessary and appreciated too, so send on what you have.

IV. BACK ISSUES AGAIN: May I call the attention of all readers that Chevalier has been publishing for 7½ years by now and that means a lot of issues of TVia, the Clipsheet and the Mirror. Some issues of all of these are already exhausted and others are nearly so, yet people write in after issues are gone and order them. So to avoid disappointment, those of you who would like extra material and at reduced prices, please get with it. I hate to tell people that items are gone. A word about the MIRROR too. For new readers, this was a monthly little gossip and miscellaneous items sheet that was published 45 times before it became necessary to discontinue it for lack of time. Since no TV material gets old and there are lots of answers to lots of questions as well as suggestions, helps and ideas in its pages I commend it to you. The Mirror and the Clipsheet are both available at 50¢ each (when ordered at least 6 at a time) and can be mixed. Those of you who have scrapbooks will find the Clipsheet a source of material that you might not otherwise see as it comes from all over the world.

V. PERSON TO PERSON FEES: Many members of FPE who, by virtue of their membership, are entitled to the use of CONTACTS forwarding services are forgetting that there is still a \$1 fee for forwarding letters. Please include it with your letter and leave the letter in a stamped, unsealed envelope.

VI. MERCHANDISE SHEETS: A separate sheet of non-printed items available thru Chevalier has been prepared. It has been sent to most readers, but if you



haven't gotten one ask for it with your next order.

VII. THE UCLA TESTS: Many who have sent back the tests have asked for a report on "how I did". You must realize that these are not tests to grade any individual. They are impersonally added up and matched against the standards already at hand for the regular population. We are simply attempting to find out IF TVs differ in any significant way from the general population. Some have thought that the questions were silly as related to TV. The test is not for or about TVs, but is a carefully constructed and standardized general test which we are using only for comparative purposes. When all results are in and tabulated the general conclusions will be reported in TVia.

VIII. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: When you are handling a large volume of mail there is no reason to check a current address against an old card, so sometimes things are sent to old addresses. If you have a new address, call my attention to it so that the card can be changed and delays avoided. If your name is at all common give your first name rather than an initial to avoid confusion.

IX. FPE SECURITY: Some members of FPE are forgetting that while they may not have a security problem others do. No one should bring a non-member TV to an FPE meeting. To do so goes around all of the security protections that we have tried to work out for everyone. If you know a non-member who wants to join in the fun please persuade her to go thru the same steps that you did. A further word of caution to all. Don't give the names of other people to third parties. Names and occupations are the properties of the individuals--let them do their own revealing. You'd feel pretty bad if one TV got into a jam because of an act by another that you had told him about wouldn't you? Protect each other. The FPE pin available thru Chevalier for \$4 serves as an identification when meeting others the first time or when visiting other chapters. Order yours.

# Publication Policy

## PRICE LIST

"TRANSESTIA"...A magazine written by, for and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published six times a year in even numbered months. Per issue \$4

"CLIPSHEET"...News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers reproduced for scrap books. Published four times per year  
Single copies \$1.50, 4 for \$5

"TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"...16 page short stories with transvestic themes. Published irregularly but about 4 times per year. Single copies \$1.50, 4 for \$5  
SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANSESTITE AND HIS WIFE"...A discussion from both points of view. Includes many letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives, parents, others to understand \$3

"FATED FOR FEMININITY"...Fascinating story of a high school boy who wanted to be cheer leader but ended up as school Beauty Queen, most popular girl and eventually bride of another pretty girl. 90 pgs. illus \$5

"I AM A MALE ACTRESS"...Reporter impersonates a star, makes a hit, gets contract, becomes actress, marries female star, they live as sisters. 100 pgs. illus \$5

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

"CARNIVAL"...A long novel about a boy brought up as a girl and her life in a carnival 96 pgs. illus. \$5

"DOUBLE SWITCH"...The head mathematician was a man but not a male. The girl who programmed computers was not. Neither knew the others story but they found out and found happiness.  
42 pgs. illus. \$3

"REVERSE SEX"...Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous COCCINELLE of Paris. 120 pgs. of story 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Imported from England \$4

"TALES FROM PINK MIRROR"...This book was not published by Chevalier but is available to readers. It is a long story, profusely illustrated about a boy's conversion to a girl in a special school \$4

#### SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSESTIA (except Nos. 1,2,4,6,7,8) are available. Every issue is new until you've read it. Many wonderful stories, articles pictures are in these issues. Reduced rate of 6 issues for \$20

Back issues of CLIPSHEET and of FEMMEMIRROR (Now discontinued but about 30 issues available. It was a 15 page monthly newsletter). Can be mixed, 6 for \$3

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JELLY KIT...Ingredients and instructions for making a special jelly to fill inserts. Gives natural flow, softness, weight and bounce of normal breasts. \$5

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# Publication Policy

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

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

## *PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES*

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

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.

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