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# TRANSVESTIA



*No. 30, 1964*

# Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

## ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

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"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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Contributing Editor

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## COVER STORY

# Femme

# Highlights

By: Sharon Hill

✎ I really have no idea what started me out on this sometimes stormy sea of femininity, but most of the time I'm glad something or someone did.

I know it began before I went to school when I was six. An older girl came to live with us and I used her nail polish, anklets, and pajamas frequently. Of course she knew, but she never said anything.

While in Jr. High, I bought my first "wardrobe" out of the money saved from a paper route. It consisted of a dark green sweater and several pairs of panties. I wore the panties all the time under my boy's clothes. I washed them out every night and hung them in my room to dry, so my mother must have known, but here again nothing was ever said.

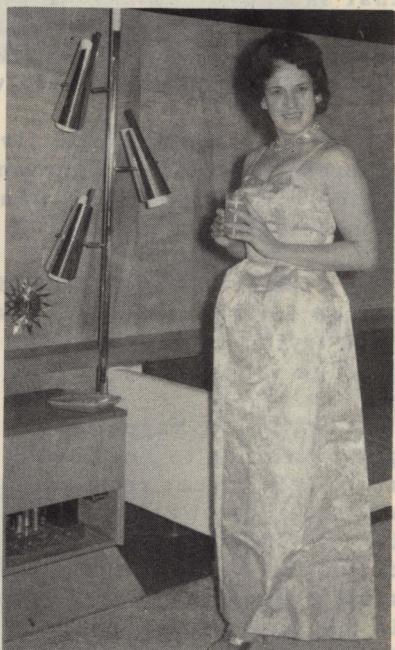
When I was 14 my Dad went away for three months and during this time I recall wearing pajamas or a nighty under my housecoat every morning and changing to purple slacks and black heels (ugh!) after school. On one occasion Mother did up my hair.

We moved South when I was in high school. I fixed up my room with frilly criss-cross curtains and ruffled lampshades and a chintz slip-covered chair. In retrospect, I can't understand why no one ever said anything about it. My Dad never said a word nor did any of the boys who sometimes came over to study with me.





CHRISTMAS MORN



SHARON  
THE CHARMING HOSTESS

## *Transvestia*

Just after I graduated from high school, I met Linda. I can't remember how or when I told her about myself, but it wasn't long before she began bringing me skirts and blouses to wear on our dates.

After five years, while still in college we married. Our honeymoon was a dream trip. On the first night I wore a beautiful flowing white nightie and negligee. Linda gave me a bottle of perfume, a necklace and some earrings.

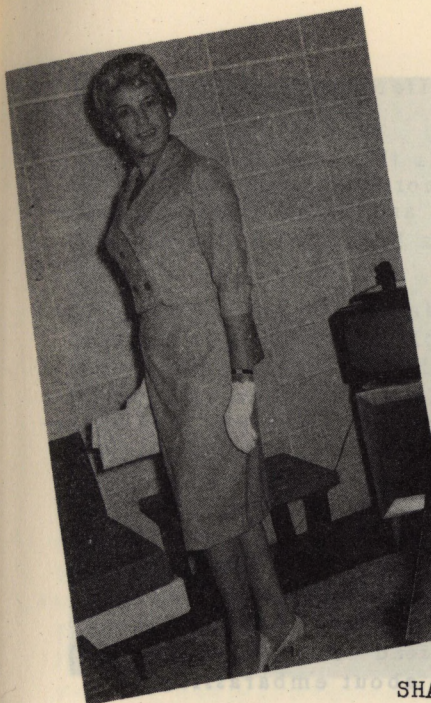
Our first apartment was in an old converted barracks where we shared the bath with another couple. Frequently, while wearing a nightie and robe and with my hair up in curlers, I would see the other girl, Mary, in the hall. Eventually, we three became fairly good friends and she often came in for coffee. Here again it is surprising that she never once indicated that anything was out of the ordinary. She seemed to accept me as a girl although she knew perfectly well that I wasn't. I rarely saw her husband and never when I was dressed up.

After graduation we lived in New York City for a few months. Linda found me an inexpensive swatch of curls in the dime store and I went out often at night dressed completely as a girl.

We moved back to Florida and nothing special occurred for about two years as we were both working so hard trying to pay off the loans we had acquired to get through school.

In 1956 I happened to mention that I liked to wear girl's clothes to Betty who worked with me and lived across the street from us. She told me her brother who was away (at West Point no less) did too and she missed it. Linda and I arranged a fashion show for her with Lin doing the commentary and I the modeling. We wrote it all out and practiced for days. I still have the notes in my scrapbook. First, a bathing suit and beach jacket (which I made), then slacks and blouse, followed by a quilted blue circle skirt with crinoline and a robin's egg blue blouse. Actually the skirt was Linda's but I loved it so much I wore it more than she did. After modeling a suit, two dresses, and a formal, I wore a





SHARON  
AT HOME



"SHOPPING ANYONE?"

## *Transvestia*

beautiful floor length green taffeta robe which I also had made.

Betty came over often after this and usually I was wearing a blouse with either shorts or a skirt. She helped me do my hair and she and Linda fixed my make-up. Once she let me borrow a beautiful white picture hat. I hated to see her move.

The following summer Linda and I went to Miami for a short vacation. I had a simply fabulous time because I went out every night as a girl. Until you experience it you will never know the thrill that comes when a waitress says "would you girls like more coffee?" Or a saleslady says "may I help you, Miss?" I had another sensational "first" on this trip. I went in and tried on a dress! This had always been one of my dreams and to have it fulfilled was really something. Actually, it wasn't really as perfect as it should have been because I was still pretty inexperienced and as the girl was helping me out of the dress by pulling it over my head one of my breasts (which consisted of two pairs of hose) came off with the dress. Talk about embarrassing moments!!

The next year I bought my first good wig from a mail order house. I forgot to mention that while in Miami, I did my own hair every afternoon in order to look good enough to go out at night. This was fine, but we felt that with a wig I could go out more often with less preparation.

In 1959, we went on a two week vacation and I traveled for one wonderful week as a girl. We went shopping, on boat rides, to restaurants, in fact we did practically everything any two girls would do on a vacation. There was only one fly-in-the-ointment. Our car broke down miles from anywhere and we had to be towed over 100 miles. We rode in the truck with the driver and frankly I was petrified the whole time. I needn't have been though because he and the men at the garage all apparently accepted me as a girl.

Two summers later I had a nice experience in Chicago. I went into a large salon specializing in wigs and tried on several and finally bought one and had it





SHARON IS A LEISURE  
GIRL TOO

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styled just for me. What a difference! Incidentally, I just told the clerk I was a female impersonator and wanted to try on some wigs. They were very nice and there were no problems.

Last April I started having electrolysis to remove my beard. Previously, when on trips and things I had tweezed my whole face. I got so I could do it in a week-end, but my face was sore and red and lumpy for a few days and I could never go more than four or five days without shaving. As a result of so much tweezing over such a long period my beard became courser and thicker. The electrologist that I go to advises never to pluck and from my own experience I definitely agree with her. Every pore contains a hair - not necessarily a whisker - but more often a very fine hair. When you pull the whisker you often get several of these tiny hairs at the same time. After this happens a few times the tiny, almost invisible hair becomes an ugly black whisker. I go twice a week and it will probably take another year at least. I could have been finished in half the time if I had never plucked. (and even quicker if I had never shaved, but who has money for an electrologist when they first start to sprout a beard)

While on the subject of hair I might mention a product I use which I have never seen discussed in TV or Femme Mirror. Clairol puts out a bleach called Ultra-Blue which I use on my arms and it does a wonderful job. If you first thin out the hair with an electric razor, then bleach, it will leave the hair a pale golden color and practically indistinguishable. I do this every two weeks and I think it is preferable to shaving because you never have stubble or rash and besides, girls have to have some hair on their arms. I also use it to put a blond streak through my hair and it never gives that brassy red look.

Last summer we didn't travel as two girls as I didn't want to pluck my face, but I did have another terrific experience and one which I had dreamed of all my life. I went into a beauty shop and had a shampoo and set! I wore a girl's plain white blouse and shorts and my legs were shaved, but no bra or make-up. There was only one operator in the shop and she was giving an older

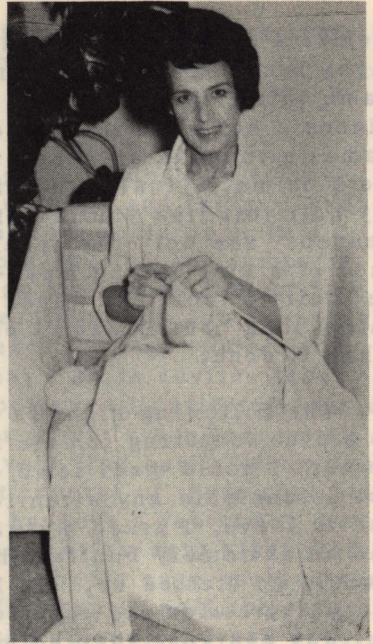
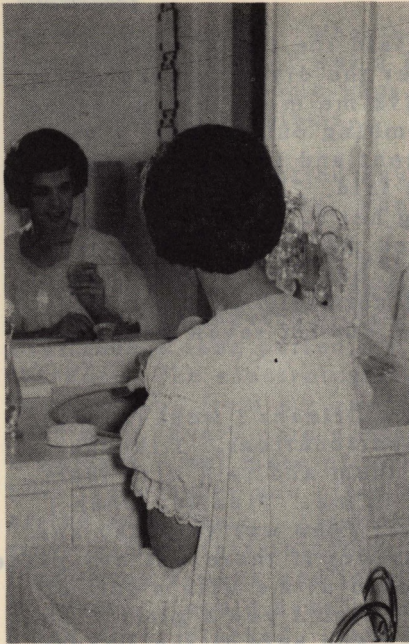


woman a permanent, but she said she could take me right away. While I was under the dryer, several girls came in the shop and none gave me more than a second glance. But when she was combing out my hair a girl came in to make an appointment and stood watching her work on me. Finally the girl said, "I'd like you to fix my hair just like you're doing her's." I was in seventh heaven! She not only accepted me as a girl despite my lack of a bust and no make-up, but she actually wanted her hair to look like mine. I normally wear my hair fairly long, but it hadn't been cut for seven weeks when I had it done.

The following night in New Orleans I went (alone) to a club featuring female impersonations. I thought perhaps I could meet some of them and talk with them. but no one paid any attention to me. Finally, when I had to leave, I asked my waiter (who was very gay and had an extremely bouffant hair-do) if there was any place I could go dressed up. He looked at me with a sort of funny expression and replied, "Aren't you a girl?" That was why everyone ignored me. And here is the strange part, I was wearing boys slacks, my white blouse, a boy's sweater and no make-up. I guess it was just my hair-do.

Lest you think I am one of those very fortunate small boned tiny girls, let me add that for most of my adult life I've weighed about 165. My nose is too big, my shoulders too braod, and I'm 5'9". On the other hand, even though my hair is long, my nails as long and perfectly shaped as most girls, and my brows rather finely plucked, no one has ever approached me or hinted at anything unusual. I have decided that people are not very observant and if you go about your business with assurance you can get away with practically anything under almost any circumstances.

One of my highlights for this year occurred only two weeks ago when I told my Mother about myself. I introduced the subject by saying that I had something I wanted to show her. I went into the bedroom and returned with my new pale green nylon robe. She just smiled and quietly said, "You never got over it did you?" I explained that I never had and never would, but that



SHARON FEELS THE FEMININE  
FOUR WAYS



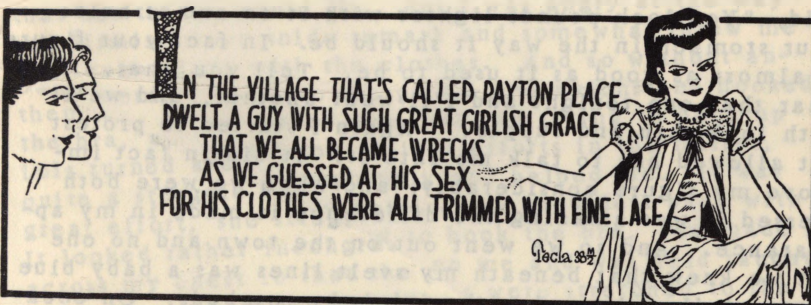
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there was nothing wrong in what I did. After an hour or so of talking she told me how relieved she was because for years she had wondered and worried but now that she understood a little better, she wouldn't worry any more.

Last Saturday I went over to see her wearing my "yellow whipped cream" shirtwaist. She was really amazed and said she couldn't get over how completely feminine I was. She gave me the most beautiful slip I have ever seen and it fits like a dream.

We have always been fairly close but now we both feel closer to each other than either of us ever would have believed possible. Our new Mother-Daughter relationship opens up so many wonderful possibilities for both of us that my only regret is that I waited so long to tell her.

The other highlight was the discovery of TVia, I hope to meet a lot of you in the future as I have never met another TV and maybe we can help each other iron out some of our problems. My own biggest problem at the moment is hormones; to take or not to take, that is the question. Naturally, I've got to find them first and I can't quite picture myself nonchalantly dropping by my doctor's office and asking for a shot of estrogen, but I guess when I want them bad enough, I'll do just that. If any of you have any thoughts on this subject, I'd certainly appreciate hearing from you.



# TV's

# FICTION



# Are Made

by Ellen (13-M-6) FPE

§§ TVs are made, not born. At least that is what happened in my case.

Actually, my wife was the driving force in the entire matter. We were getting bathed and dressed one evening preparing to go out on the town. I had just emerged from the shower and my wife Lois was seated before her dressing table applying make-up. On the chair she had laid out her clothes for the evening. As I passed the chair I brushed against her panty girdle and it fell to the floor. Picking it up I remarked "How can you stand to wear this corset all evening, Doesn't it bother you?" She just smiled and said, "it's not bad at all, and it's not a corset. This girdle just holds me firmly in place and frankly you could use one too. Your 'pot' is showing." She stood up and held the girdle in front of my loins and remarked, "I'll bet you could get into it too. Here, try it on. Let's see if it fits." I protested that it was silly to do so but she insisted and with much pulling and tugging we finally got it on. It was a high waisted affair and I frankly had to admit that it wasn't uncomfortable at all. Lois looked at me and said, "You look pounds lighter with it on and it holds your stomach in the way it should be. In fact your figure is almost as good as it used to be. Tell you what. You wear that one tonight and I'll wear another, and we'll both look thin and supple." Again I started to protest but allowed her to talk me into it. It did in fact improve my figure considerably, and when we were both dressed it was amazing the difference it made in my appearance. And so we went out on the town and no one but we knew that beneath my svelt lines was a baby blue panty girdle trimmed with pink baby rosebuds. On occasion I would make a sudden movement and could feel the restraint of the girdle and thrill would pass through me



but would disappear as quickly as it made it's appearance.

We got home rather late that night. As we undressed for bed I worked my way out of the garment. Lois asked how I had done with it and I answered that it wasn't bad at all, but the garters did give a few uncomfortable moments. "Oh", she said, "those are for holding your stockings up. You should have worn a pair of my nylons which would keep the garters taught. Next time you'll wear nylons too." I looked at her as I pulled the girdle off. "There ain't going to be a next time. Look at the marks this thing has left on my body."

But, there was a next time. In fact the following week as we were again dressing to go out I emerged from my bath and found that Lois had put the girdle and a pair of nylons on my bed along with my own underthings. "This time try it with the nylons and you'll find the garters won't bother you." "The only thing missing is a bra and a slip," I said sarcastically, "how did you happen to forget them?"

She cast a smiling sneer in my direction, got up and went to her dresser. She took out a blue matching bra and a blue nylon and lace slip and tossed the items on the bed. "I doubt if you could get into my bra, but the slip might fit." She sat down and continued with her make-up ignoring me further. I might say at this time that I am just three inches taller than Lois so in heels we are about the same height. Further, though I outweigh her I am rather slight and so it was a good chance that her things would fit. But I was angry at the way she dismissed my snide remark and somewhat threw me a challenge along with the clothes. And so without another word, I got into the girdle and nylons and hooked them. I was rather comical in trying to hook up the bra, and seeing my valiant efforts in the mirror, Lois turned around laughingly and helped me. It was great effort, she struggled holding my shoulders back with one hand and to hook the bra. We made it. It looked rather incongruous across my chest so that the garters on me and was held taught limit, and had I had anything's were stretched to the have burst from the effort. Lois giggled and I had to

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laugh when I looked in the mirror. Lois reached for the slip and held it for me to get into, which I did with a little effort. When the slip had been pulled down in place it was tight in the chest but fitted elsewhere. I paraded around for a minute and I looked at Lois. "What a heck of a mess I am. What do I do now?" "You can get your shirt and suit on, or" and she looked at me mischievously, "would you rather have a dress." I swatted her on the fanny. "Don't be a wise guy, help me get out of these things."

"Why? She asked." "Here, just put your shirt on and your pants and no one will be the wiser. After all the effort to get those things on, you had better not take them off." She grabbed my shirt and held it for me to get into and then handed me my pants. Shrugging my shoulders I got dressed and under my shirt and suit no tell tale bulges showed although the slip was held in a most peculiar position because of my trousers. I donned a pair of black socks over the nylons, put on my shoes and was ready. And so we had a wonderful evening and when we did reach home rather late I disrobed and went to bed.

The following week end we didn't go out and had no plans. I played golf Sunday morning and upon returning home at noon, Lois was preparing lunch. She suggested I shower while she completed the repast and I agreed. When I came out of the shower Lois was in our bedroom and had laid out the familiar underclothing on our bed.

"Slip into these", she said. "I have a surprise for you." Though I was rather anxious to do so, as the wearing of her underthings did give me somewhat of a thrill, I felt that it was time to put a stop to it. Somehow I felt that I was losing something pertaining to manhood or manliness and I felt that I would put it in her eyes as well. After all I was a man and <sup>not</sup> her husband and had no feminine tendencies. I expressed these thoughts to Lois but she overrode them.

"Look", she said, "we're invited to the Bartons costume party next Saturday and I have an idea for an experiment with me and if it works out great. Just try this



isn't satisfactory to us both we'll abandon the idea. If you look okay completely dressed I'm sure we'll be the sensation of the party."

And so it was agreed. If things weren't to my liking as well as satisfactory to her critical eye, we would get other costumes, for believe it or not, we were going as a sister singing act. So once again I got into her girdle and nylons, but she had done some shopping during the week and from one of her drawers she pulled out a bra which I thought was the same one I had worn but was not. This one, also blue, fit much better and after adjusting the straps found it to be comfortable. We stuffed the bra with nylons and after putting the slip on found that the contour was much more effective than the previous week. She then went to her closet and took out a pair of white patent pumps with high heels. "I hope these fit," she remarked. "I had to guess at the size as compared with your regular men's shoes."

As she handed them to me and I bent over to put them on the first real wave of thrill passed through my body. I was amazed at the way they slipped on over the nylons and at how confining as well as comfortable they felt. When I had them on and stood up I realized I had a long way to go in order to master the use of them however. Lois told me to attempt to walk in them and I'm sure I was a most ludicrous picture as I haltingly took a few steps. The soles were new and slippery and the totally different feel made me feel as though I were walking on stilts across ice. Lois laughed a little and said.

"Don't worry honey, you'll get used to them. It just takes practice."

With that she went to her closet and brought out a dress. It was a beautiful creation, and though I was thrilled with it's loveliness, I was also apprehensive about trying it on, I wondered if I would look a complete fool before Lois. But she was only interested in the fit of the garment and the over all effect. The dress was a white knee length formal with full skirt, long sleeves and scooped neck. The bodice and sleeves were of white sequins, and the full skirt was made of several layers of

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white tulle. Once I was zipped into it the fit was almost perfect. Lois examined me from all angles and decided that with a small adjustment here and there she would be satisfied. I glanced at myself in the mirror and found that I was staring at a familiar face but from the neck down I was the picture of a most attractive young lady. The wide skirt hid my unwomanly hips but the stuffed bra snuggled just perfectly in the upper part of the dress giving quite a realistic contour. Lois suggested we go down for lunch and cautioned me to be careful on the stairs. I kept slipping on the carpeting as the smooth soles of the shoes were difficult to handle. After lunch I went down to the basement where I scuffed up the soles on the cement floor and found that I could navigate much better without slipping. I spent the afternoon dressed and getting used to the feel of these alien clothes.

The balance of the week was spent in practice. Lois coached me in the mannerisms, how to sit, how to stand, how to cross my legs, smooth my skirt, hold my cigarette etc. In a few days I became used to the high heels and began to walk with a semblance of confidence and grace. On Thursday preceeding the party, when I had again dressed in my costume, Lois had an additional surprise for me. She presented me with a beautiful brown wig and helped me put it on. And then she applied makeup. It took about fifteen minutes and as the various types of makeup were applied she kept up a running conversation with herself more or less describing the steps in applying it. When she finished she stepped back to survey her handiwork, and said, "Not bad at all. I'll bet I have the prettiest husband in town." I walked to the mirror and just stared. I was used to seeing myself attired in women's clothes but I had no idea what a wig and some makeup could do, for there before me was, to all the world a darned attractive woman. I was amazed and pleased and kept turning one way and another to get the view from all angles. From the top of my hair to the tips of my high heels I was every inch a woman, and how I loved it. And so the big night arrived at last.

As I was dressing Lois combed out my wig and helped me set it in place, and before applying my makeup said, "I think we can trim your eyebrows just a bit." So with



tweezers in hand she went to work and though it seemed to me she had taken out all but a few, the results left enough for all purposes including my male role. But again this final touch added just that much more to my attractiveness.

I got cold feet as we left the house for the party. The Bartons lived five houses away and Lois suggested we walk. It was dark when we left the house but still I balked, not wanting anyone to see me in my getup. "The entire neighborhood will be at the party anyway, so whats the difference", she asked. Taking a deep breath I started with her, our heels clicking on the sidewalk, our skirts flowing in unison. To try and describe the sensation we made at the party would be impossible. We were without doubt the most interesting thing that ever happened in that area and I enjoyed every minute of it. Several of the women took pains to talk to me and ask questions as to how I liked high heels, or whether I was wearing a girdle and bra, and one, our hostess Jan Barton, whispered to me she thought I was the best looking girl at the party. We won the prize for the best costumes and when we sang our song that we had practiced all week, we had a comical offer for stage work from one of the men who was in the shoe business. As we were leaving, Frank Barton, our host, asked me for a date for the following week and we all had a good laugh.

When we arrived home I prolonged the evening as much as possible but it had to end sometime and so to bed. Lois sensing my reluctance to end the thrill of the evening took a new nightgown from her drawer and tossed it on the bed. "Sleep in this tonight honey", she said. "You may as well try these too." I did, and I liked it.

For the next week I took a lot of good natural kidding from the people who had attended the party, and shortly thereafter two things took place that helped speed my present status. First Lois lost her grandparents in a car train accident and much to everyone's surprise she was sole beneficiary of the estate, which was considerable. The income alone was greater than my salary which in itself was not small. Secondly within the month my com-

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pany was consolidated with a larger one and most of the employees were given severance pay and best wishes for the future. I was one of them. I got to work sending letters and having interviews but most large companies had good sales managers and thus I spent my days at home writing letters of application and getting more despondent by the hour. On one of these occasions while Lois was out shopping with Jan Barton I thought about the clothes I had worn at the party, and took them out. Suddenly I determined to put them on. To this day I don't know why, it was just an uncontrollable urge. In short order I was completely dressed, and made up and set the wig in place. I wandered around the house watching my progress in the many mirrors, and found myself down in the game room mixing myself a drink at the bar. I was on my third Martini when the front door opened and Lois arrived. She called for me and throwing caution to the winds I told her to come down for a drink. She did, but horror of horrors, Jan was with her. There I stood all decked out in dress, high heels, wig and make-up, a drink in my hand and a surprised look on my face. But the surprised look on their faces I'm sure was greater than mine.

Jan was first to recover. "Hey, the Belle of the Ball is back with us." I just grinned in a sick manner and Lois frowned a little and then asked for a drink. While I mixed them Jan said, "we should have taken him shopping with us, instead of leaving him here alone."

"I'm afraid that dress would have been too formal for the occasion," Lois replied. "It's the only one he has you know."

"What size does he wear?" Jan asked.

"A fourteen, Why?"

"I'm a fourteen. He could wear something of mine. In fact I have just the one for him. It's just a bit long for me and his white patent pumps would go great with it."

I finished mixing the drinks and after drinking them along with some small talk, Jan left.



Lois looked at me for a moment and asked, "Why the get up honey?"

"Oh, I was just feeling blue and had nothing to do, so I thought I'd try them on again."

"Do you feel better now", Lois asked?

"Yes", I replied. "I don't know if it's the clothes or the drinks or both, but I feel much happier." I gulped the balance of my drink. "I'll go up and change now".

"No...stay the way you are. You're happier, and I don't mind at all. In fact I rather like you in these clothes." She came over and hugged me. "Cheer up honey, everything will be alright. After all we don't need money and we have each other."

That night as we prepared for bed Lois again handed me a night gown. "Wear it. You'll feel more comfortable." She smiled. I took it and looked at her. "Go ahead", she said, sensing my true feelings. And so I wore it that night and to this day have slept in nothing else.

At ten the next morning Jan arrived carrying a dress over her arm. I had already dressed in my regular clothes and was helping Lois with the dishes when she arrived. She held the dress, a yellow and white cotton shirtwaist in front of me and they decided it would fit. With but little urging I retired to the bedroom and once again got into my feminine things. The dress did fit very well and again that happy glow came over me, from the soft feminine feel of the clothing and the knowledge that I did make an attractive picture. The girls decided to go shopping and asked me to join them but I declined. "I'm not ready for that yet, I said. Just give me time to feel at ease."

The two of them left and when they returned several hours later it was evident that most of the shopping that was done, was on my account. For in the many boxes and packages they had purchased were the beginnings of a complete wardrobe for me. They had purchased several

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dressess. All daytime frocks, four pair of shoes, mostly summer pastels but a pair of black patent too, and several complete sets of undies as well as my own supply of nylons. For the next several hours I tried on the various costumes and modeled them for their approval. Some of the dresses needed slight alterations and they were pinned for that purpose. By the time dinnertime rolled around we had gone through the entire wardrobe, and Jan left for home. I fixed Lois and myself a drink.

"How do you like your new things," she asked?

"Honey", I replied, "we'd better have a serious talk about this now. Yes, I do like the new wardrobe.. very much. And I also enjoy wearing these clothes. Now that isn't normal and it scares me. I am a man. And I'm your husband, and I love you very much. Yet right now I look like your sister or girl friend, and the more I wear these things the more I like it. That isn't right, and I think we should stop before we go too far. I think I'd die if you ever stopped loving me or respecting me for what I am, and I can't see how you could love me as I am now."

Lois thought for a minute. "How can I reassure you of my love? To me you are the most important thing in the world. Your peace of mind and happiness are to me above all things. This started as a joke, but you may not realize it, you are a much more relaxed and happy person when dressed in feminine things and playing the feminine role. I couldn't stop loving you if I wanted to, because I know what you are beneath that exterior. You're the same loving, kind wonderful person I married. Yet in your feminine role I have a further bonus. In addition I feel a greater closeness to you...a greater dependency on me, and that is something all women want. To be needed and to be important to the person they love is their greatest need. If wearing these clothes makes you a more complete and happier person, and in my opinion it does, then I want you to continue doing so. If more feminization will add to your happiness, then let's get on with the job, because your happiness is mine."

I took her in my arms and kissed her as only the man I was could do. She returned the kiss, and there was



little doubt in our minds that beneath it all we were man and wife.

Things now began to develop at a faster pace. I continually wore feminine clothing at home. Lois and Jan completed my wardrobe on several shopping excursions. Lois helped with my make up until I became adept at it myself, and at the end of two months I felt more at home in the feminine role than in the one to which I was born.

My first foray in public took place at this time. Jan and Lois insisted I accompany them to the local movie theater. It was a great success, and I had spent more time on my grooming that night than a bride does before the wedding. Returning home we toasted the occasion with drinks, and it was then that they decided to give me a feminine name. After several suggestions we decided on Ellen. From that time forward they both called me by that name only, and if they had addressed me by my real name I probably wouldn't have answered.

It was also at this time that Lois and I again had a serious talk about the future. I had given up trying to get another job as we agreed the need for money was absent. But my continuous confinement to our home made me restless, yet I could not wander at will in our present neighborhood, nor could I drive a car for lack of license and other identification. We decided it was best to go to some other part of the country and start over again and becoming Lois and Ellen Clayton, who were cousins. I had to assume my male role on two occasions to complete certain transactions and we moved to the southwest part of the country where we purchased a large home and grounds and started our new life.

I have now gone through complete feminization, as one step led to another. My beard has been removed through electrolysis, and by consistent exercise I have lost weight and now wear a size twelve dress. Through Lois' suggestion I have gone to corseting which has been a great help in developing a feminine figure, though it is still rather boyish. The corseting has helped in the bust and we are talking about hormone treatment to further that development. My hair of course has grown

## *Transvestia*

long and I no longer need a wig, but use one for certain occasions. By use of cosmetics and lotions the skin on my face and hands is smooth and my long nails make Lois jealous as they are longer and in better shape than hers.

Our new life is a happy one for the two of us as I am still all man in our personal relationship. We have new friends and have been out on parties. We are both much sought after partners. Jan has visited us on two occasions and on the last one she brought her husband Frank, whom we let in on the secret. When he saw the changes in my appearance he nearly swooned, but recovered enough to ask me for that date I had first declined two years ago. The girls took great delight in helping me get ready for it and Frank I'm sure enjoyed it as much as I did.

What the future holds in store we don't know. We'll cross each bridge as we approach it. Lois and I are completely happy and the past all seems like a dream now. When I slip into my lovely undies, and dresses and high heels and apply my make up I realize that this is the way I would always like to be.

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\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+DISCOVERY\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*

WHAT? Just the cutest pair of feminine briefs that you ever saw that's what! But get this! They have a vertical slit fly front. How do you like that? Much more convenient when a girl has to make a quick trip to the "powder room" (???) Furthermore they have a wide enough crotch piece so that they don't pinch.

These cuties have a lace strip around the elastic legs and also as a flounce around the top with pink ribbon running thru it. You'll adore them or I miss my guess. They sell for \$3.50 in those special stores that carry them, but not all do. I'm just making it easy for you. So if you want something PRETTY, PRACTICAL & PARTICULARLY FEMININE this is it. Black or white, size small, med, large, \$4.00 Postpaid. Order from Chev. Pubs. Box 36091 Los Angeles 36, Calif.





JOYCE  
5-B-16  
FPE



**HISTORY**

# **I Am a Transvestite**

by Georgette W.

---

✂ I am a transvestite. Why? Because I enjoy being one. I have always felt a deep joy in the touch and sight of girl's clothing, coupled with an intense desire to wear it and to be a girl. It is quite indescribable but, believe me, entirely sincere.

Since I am not handsome I do not try to make myself up as a beautiful woman in elegant silks and satins, although I love them. I dress myself as a tomboy in a short, flared skirt, a very pretty slip or petticoat, and a tailored blouse. I wear for preference real silk stockings and, as they would have said some years ago, I "roll my own". I wear garters--no belts or girdles for this tomboy.

Underclothes? Well, these are extremely important, and in this respect I may possibly be a fetishist. I adore pretty underclothes, one of my favorites being pink silk bloomers. Very good quality rayon or nylon will do, but real Milanese silk is best. Bloomers should fit easily, not skin-tight and not baggy. Panties ~~briets~~ are all such "Skimpies" I hate, on myself or anyone else.

Those recently introduced garments called pettispants are nice. They are really a revival of the drawers of the Gay Nineties and some years following.



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The old-fashioned drawers were as unlike "long handles" as anything could possibly be imagined. They were of pure white batiste, that extremely fine and silky cotton material. They reached to just above the knee, just as bloomers should-but not below it-and were gathered and trimmed with adorable Swiss eyelet embroidery. Cunning little white or blue silk ribbons often enhanced the Swiss eyelet, with twinkling little bows at the side. If you prefer silk or nylon (not rayon) to batiste, O.K.. But drawers should always be white, No colors!

No matter whose legs are concerned, whether mine or anyone else, they always look prettier and more seductive when clad in lovely milanese silk bloomers, (what an ugly term for such an exquisite "Second Skin")

The joy of being a transvestite consists of the delightful feel of these beautiful garments-the soft silk embracing my legs, and the cute little flared skirt swirling about my knees.

No, I do not wear my girl's skirts on the street. I am afraid I could not "get away with it". I do the next best thing. I read in a magazine how a transvestite wore bloomers under his trousers; but for years I have been wearing bloomers under girls slacks, and with a girl's blouse. This goes him one better. I get the satisfaction of really wearing girl's clothes on the street and at all times. Few people, least of all men, notice that my trousers are fly-less and that my shirt buttons on the left!

In addition to the love of the clothes, there is a deep, deep desire to be a girl, and a deep, deep feeling that I should be a girl. I even begin my prayers to God, "Thy handmaiden prays . . .". I think feminine thoughts, can act like a woman with the greatest of ease, and use feminine expressions in preference to typically male ones. I adore girl's and women. I think I love them and revere them more than any ordinary man could. They are my angels, my goddesses.

Some people imagine that all transvestites are homosexuals. There could be no greater error. Some

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of them may be, but homosexuality is definitely not an essential element of transvestism. I am sure I am not homosexual, although a pretty boy or young man dressed as a girl attracts me greatly and stirs in me romantic thoughts. But then so does a girl dressed like a boy. But by far the sweetest of all is a dear girl, a real girl girl in a very short swinging skirt like mine, and the prettiest underclothes with a simple blouse and her hair in a wild fluff!

I see no harm in transvestism. Certainly I do not harm myself. I have not the slightest wish to be "cured" I love it. I adore my girl's clothes, my girl's thoughts and my essential girlishness.

At the risk of antagonizing the men, I'll say that I think girls are much better creatures than men on very many counts. I would love to be a girl in every minute physical detail. As I am one in mind and-who knows? In spirit.

When did I first become a transvestite? All my life, from as early as I can remember, I have wanted to wear girls clothes and to be a girl. I never cared a rap for boy's games, though I never thought of them with contempt. As a boy who disliked them might have done. But I love sewing and making pretty clothes, housework (believe it or not), flowers and perfume.

It gives me great satisfaction when a girl tries on one of my skirts and likes it. I enjoy giving clothes to girls. It is especially thrilling to give a girl something I have worn myself, to which she has taken a fancy, and to see her wear it.

What vocations have I engaged in? The most feminine one was as a dancer on the stage. In addition, I have engaged in laboratory and clinical work, in teaching and in writing.

In regard to the matter that may often come up when transvestism is discussed, I was dressed in girl's clothes when very young--up to about my 4th year, but I was certainly never pampered as a "girl", in spite of what some psychologists say to the contrary about tran-



svestites in general. I do most surely remember what I wore. I remember a big floppy straw hat, pleated, navy blue skirt and mitty blouse, white batiste petticoat and white panties, made of Swiss eyelet and embroidered.

The real transvestites are not exhibitionists. They just want the glorious feeling of the clothes, and the sublime sensation of being a girl. I know that the true transvestites who read this will know that I am one of them, and will understand my words. Many of our dear he-men look askance at a male in a skirt, but is there anything so very manly and fine about those long tubes of cloth for the legs, termed trousers and pantaloons?

Trousers are not attractive unless shaped by the beautiful legs of a girl, and I love girl's in bermuda shorts and pants of various kinds. Girls are lucky, they are allowed by society and the police force to wear trousers in public, but men are not allowed to wear skirts. Is there any valid reason for this? I think not. Many of my friends see me in skirts and like me in them; but with some people I make a sort of compromise. I wear a Scottish kilt (which is nothing in the world but a short skirt) and in reply to that old question, "What does a Scotsman wear under his Kilt? This particular girl-Scotsman wears a darling petticoat and pink Milanese silk bloomers!

What makes us transvestites? Brothers and sisters there you've got me. I don't know. Hundreds of millions of people all over the world believe in reincarnation. Transvestites could be persons who were females in a past incarnation, and a much happier one, who are trying to relive their pristine splendor. Yes splendor; because every girl is splendid and adorable. I love every last one of them--really love them, admire them, cherish them. God bless them a thousand times.

An intense love of girls might be the big reason behind it all--a desire to be identified with my prime love la fille. But against that theory stands my very early predilection for girl's clothes. At a period when boys are apt to look askance at little girls, which I never did I always wanted to be a girl--felt that I was a girl.

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You may ask, "If you feel that you are a girl, how come you don't like men as lovers? And if you admit that you do, that makes you homosexual. But does it? It is nice to look and act so exactly like a girl that men can fall in love with you. But then one may say there is really no such thing as homosexuality--that one member is always psychically male and the other psychically female.

Yes, I do like to hug and kiss other true transvestites, and examine their pretty clothes, but this is so to speak, on the understanding that they are girls, not men. However, my real darlings are the dear, dear girls themselves.

I can't answer all the questions, and that last one seems to be the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question. And here is another: If I love a girl am I a lesbian? Did I hear anyone suggest that transvestites was a simple thing?

Can we believe that beautiful idea of Plato, so well expressed by Wordsworth in the fifth verse of his Ode On Intimations of Immortality that we were born with God before we were born on earth? Can we believe that love is of the spirit, not of the body and is for all toward all?

I do not wish to become sentimental or religious in this little article, but I never feel so near to God as when I wear girl's clothes.

Spirit (or the non-religious let us say some essential element in man) may have no sex, so that all may love all. Love becomes sexual only when certain sex elements including thoughts are present. Just as you can reach a distant town by airplane, train or automobile so you can reach love by various sex-means, but the love is the same.

Let me conclude with Socrates: "All I know is that I know nothing."

**\*\*THE END\*\***



## ARTICLE

The following Outline about "telling" other people is the direct result of a discussion group meeting by the girls of Theta Chapter of FPE. It is so concise and interesting that it seemed worthy of reprinting in TVia for the broader benefit of all. The discussion further illustrates the better understanding of ourselves and our drives when a group of us sit down to discuss the matter deeply and intelligently rather than just to have a party. Thanks to Theta.....

EDITOR

# TELLING OTHERS

"How to tell your wife, parents, girlfriend or any non TV about your TV desires".

A brief outline of suggestions taken from a discussion on the subject.

- A. Initial Steps: Qualify your prospect as well as possible.
1. Make sure the person you are going to tell is intelligent, broad minded and that they are on a higher social level or at least at the same social level as you are and that you have something in common with them.
  2. Try to get some kind of reaction from them about the TV area. You can tell them about someone that you heard of who dresses as a woman or get into a discussion on the masculine and feminine roles in our society as a forerunner and reaction getter.

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### **B. Approaches:**

1. Impersonation Approach: The general idea in this approach is to appear before the person you want to know before you actually tell them about yourself. Sometime after they have seen you dressed, you can lead into a discussion of cross-dressing by referring to the time you were dressed up. Example: Promote a male fashion show at Church or at some social event; A mock wedding as entertainment for some club; A talent night or amateur night and appear as a femmepersonation Costume party and go as a woman; A switch roles evening with one or two other couples; Challenge the ladies bowling team and have the men appear as girls.
2. Third Party Approach: Find someone such as a doctor (if you know a well educated one) or clergyman that you can talk to, and tell them and then let them tell the person you want to know. This method is helpful because of the third party influence and can work if the third party is well qualified.
3. Shock Approach: In using this method you simply get dressed and without any forewarning appear before the person you want to know. Tell them you often wondered how you would look dressed as a woman. Your prospect will probably laugh (if you laugh also) or say something like "you look pretty good" and you can take it from there.
4. The Problem Approach: This method can be very effective if you are quite close to the person you want to know and they noticed that at times you seem depressed. Make up your mind that the next time you get a lead in, such as "what is wrong", you will admit that you have a problem and need some help. You can tell them about dressing as a child and that you can really relax when dressed. Explain how society doesn't approve of this sort of thing and so you have tried to forget about it. If your prospect is close to you and thinks anything of you, they will want to help, if they really don't think much of you, it's one way of finding out.



C. General Rules:

1. Try not to show any guilt that you may feel and avoid expressing fear but use doubt about your future.
2. Don't expect too much in the way of understanding at first but try to get some measure of acceptance.
3. Try to avoid a deep discussion of Transvestism and medical terms the first few times you talk it over.
4. Be sure to follow up the initial discussion within a few days and ask when you can talk a little more about things. The person you tell may want to talk more but may not wish to bring up the subject until you do.
5. Use some good third party material such as the "TV Wives Book" and the TV Pamphlet by Virginia. Some photos of your femmeself are good on the second or third discussion. Ask if they would like to see a picture of you dressed up.
6. If they want to see you dressed, use your judgment well. Don't appear dressed until they ask you to and never during the first talk. It is usually better to let them gain some education on TVism first. And when you do dress do so very conservatively - no 5" heels, evening dresses, rhinestone jewelry or above the knee dress. If you want acceptance, present a picture to the other party that is acceptable. Something neat, feminine but not flashy-preferably something of the type she would wear (if it's a woman).
7. If you have perfected your femmeself, don't be afraid to show some self pride. If you are not overly presentable, tell them you hope to look better and ask for some suggestions on make-up, etc.
8. Remember, you will have to help your friend to help you, so be honest and tell them what you think they could do to help you.

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(This is only a brief outline and any further suggestions you may have are welcome).

You may be more successful if you use several of the methods mentioned by working them into a well thought out plan. It is worth all your efforts to gain acceptance and understanding.

+++++

I would like to emphasize that it is almost a necessity that you have come to accept yourself before you can expect to elicit much acceptance from others. If you still feel guilty, shamefaced and fearful it will show through in your manner of telling and the other party thus will fail to accept you because they feel that you should not be encouraged.....

Virginia

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The following is excerpted from the ; monthly newsletter of the Theta Chapter of FPE. It is printed here to show what can be done by a dedicated l leader like Fran (49-C-1FPE) and with an ; interested and active group like the Theta girls.....Ed.



The September meeting of the Theta Chapter will have to be classed as one of the most successful gatherings that we have ever had at Theta. There is one main reason for this success and that was because four very wonderful wives joined with us and certainly contributed their understanding and loveliness to our meeting. All the girls, FPs and GGs included, looked very pretty in their new fall dresses so the meeting was colorful in many ways. I thought that it would be interesting to get the reactions of some of the wives and ask them to write about how they felt in attending their first Theta meeting. Here are some of the comments from Judy's new bride Bette:

"I attended my first wives' meeting in September and I had a most enjoyable time. It helps tremendously to be able to meet with other FPs and wives and also to know that we're sharing the same hopes and problems.

I know from experience that meeting with others is



the best medicine in the world. I think too many wives have a preconceived idea concerning their husbands and other FP's in general; I know I did.

The group Judy (my husband) and I met with Saturday were intelligent, fun-loving people, with professions and families, all enjoying themselves and helping each other with their problems. The girls (FP's) were all dressed in their best and it made me more feminine just being among them.

If any of the wives reading this have an opportunity to attend a meeting and to meet with another couple, I'm sure it will be a great help in understanding the special husband they have. There are so many of us sharing the same problems that to take advantage of this could only benefit both husband and wife. I know this and I am very much looking forward to the next meeting for the wives."

Here also are some comments from Barbara's wonderful wife Nancy:

"The "girls" all looked just fine and I enjoyed renewing acquaintances with Gerry and Nicci, Fran and Shirley and meeting regulars Carol, Judy, Betty and Lynn, as well as guests and visitors Laura and Doris. Barbara and I look forward to the time we can come together to another wives meeting. The meetings are certainly great for airing out the attic and tearing down a few cobwebs!"

#### Associate Member Guests

We were very pleased to have Laura 35-S-2 and Doris 23-V-1 visit Theta for the first time. Laura came in from Ohio and Doris from Minnesota to be with us and it was very nice to have these gals at our meeting. I also asked these ladies to give their comments because it was their first time at a TV gathering. Here is what they have to say; Laura writes, "Thank you for the wonderful, wonderful weekend made possible by your generous hospitality and consideration shown this lonely FP. It was a tremendously gratifying experience just to be accepted as a human being, hungry for social contact and has given me reassurance that in whatever role I might appear, the same friendly considerate courtesy

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would be shown. The Thetas are a grand group of unusual perception; intelligent, literate and with a wholesome attitude about life. I have learned so much these past few months and I'm dismayed at having lacked the wisdom to understand before. Dear God, how can there be anything wrong in FP when all it does is to generate an ardent desire to be better. This I do know, FPE and Theta have enriched my life immeasurable by their honesty in recognizing me as a complex human being and because of their efforts to resolve my FP life."

Our other associate member guest wrote about her entire visit to Theta, so here is her view of the day's events:

I drove through a grove of oaks to the meeting place, a lovely home set on the brow of a low hill. Questions were racing through my mind; Who was there? What were they like? What were there wives like who understood their husbands TV desires? Doris had not dressed for this meeting because of lack of nerve, and now with those questions flying through my head I throttled the impulse to turn and run and rang the bell.

Fran's wife welcomed me in and escorted me to a living room whose windows overlooked the beautiful valley below. Within the room however, although I knew better, the impression was that I had walked into a modern ladies aid meeting, a woman's civic committee meeting, or an afternoon bridge club before the card playing had started. There was one difference, I could sense and I knew that I was being welcomed into the hearts and very souls of these people.

I was first introduced to Fran who then introduced me to the others. I sat down and began leafing through the Theta scrapbook and conversation resumed. It was normal afternoon conversation; who was babysitting the kids, when they had to be picked up, I think your dress is very attractive, what brand of make-up do you use, etc.

The discussions were at a relatively high level and yet they were all down to earth, normal people, "normal as apple pie" that is unless your apple pie has to be made



from a recipe specifying all the ingredients in quantities of grains so that it may never vary.

When the discussions drew to a close Fran asked me if I would like to speak on any of the subjects. I was surprised that there was no refusal or reticence to answer the broad questions from a stranger. But here came that common bond again, this time from the ladies, "God bless 'em". Their answers were immeasurably helpful to me and I hope that this newly acquired insight will enable me to gain the understanding of my wife. These wives did open my eyes to a very important fact, and that is I must have patience. To quote: "It takes a long time for an FP to understand himself and it may take just as long or longer for his wife to see the problem".

Well, back to my "Guests Eye-View of Theta". Here it is. Just people clean-minded, wholesome, average people drawn together to express a slight difference in people thereby to understand and control this difference and to help others who contain this difference to understand it, express it in moderation and not bring about social disapproval because of this difference. All in all a group of people that I'm proud to know.

Doris



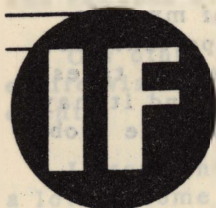
#### IN DESPERATION

Once I had a project  
That I thought would sure be fun,  
And I worked and planned to finish it  
But before I got it done--  
More projects came to burden me,  
Instead of just the one.

So I went to work with vigor  
To finish them all up clean  
But it seemed they too bore projects  
If you know just what I mean.  
What I need's a form of birth control  
While my head can still be seen.

Virginia

## CONJECTURE



by Tecla (38-M-2)

the rest of the world knew what we know about transvestism, it is entirely possible that one of these days we might be an economic force. Fanciful though the idea may seem (and IS) let's dwell on it and see how it would come about and what would be the results.

The scene is in the home office of a large chain of women's apparel shops. With some astonishment, the president is going over the books with his manager. She has just told him of the increasing number of sales to men, adding, "...and just the other day, one of our girls in Cleveland said one of her male customers admitted that he was buying the clothes for himself!"

Now the president ponders. As he studies the upturning curve on the sales chart before him he asks, "You say that you believe that this increase is because your clerks never ask embarrassing questions of the men?" "Absolutely", she replies. "At first, I wanted to make our stores easier for men to patronize when gift shopping. I issued an order for all our girls to be as helpful as possible to the masculine clientele. And it has worked! More and more men are shopping in our stores!"

The wheels start to turn. Special test sales are arranged in selected markets; the results are encouraging. Then, gingerly, a new product for men is announced; let us say it is a specially designed panty girdle. This is even more encouraging! Other people in the industry get word of what is going on and, as inevitably happens when competition appears, a committee within the industry is formed to keep the ball rolling for the good of all. Leading manufacturers of women's clothing organize a campaign to promote the wearing of their products by everyone! Why not? It would double their market.

Soon transvestism is the talk of the nation. Its pros and cons are debated throughout the country. Plans are made to counteract the advertisements of the men's clothiers; and then (Oh Happy Day!) in thumbing through your favorite magazine, you just MIGHT come across an advertisement like this:

### Post Script:

You don't think it will ever happen?

Frankly, neither do I. But, we can dream, can't we?

Tecla (38-M-2)



# FELLOW WITH THE RIGHT IDEA



**FIVE O'CLOCK~**

*What a day on the job!  
Too hot! Too much to do!  
We had it.*



**FIVE FIFTEEN~**

*A nice scented bath...*



**FIVE THIRTY~**

*T-V Time!*

**NOW...** into soft nylons and silks that you've been waiting for all day!

Make-up and wig O.K.?

Ah! This makes it all worthwhile! A fellow

deserves the tenderness of soft

clothes and delicate perfumes after a

hard day on the job. TV soothes - relaxes.

*All it takes is a wardrobe & a wish.*

**YOUR FAVORITE WOMENS SHOP  
WILL BE HAPPY TO HELP YOU  
GET STARTED TODAY!**

## TRY TV AND SEE

*You don't think it will ever happen? Neither do I ... but...*

*We can dream, can't we?*

*Teda 30M2.*

# Appeal & Reply

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These are two actual letters exchanged between two wives through CONTACT. They are reproduced here because I feel they might be helpful to others. Actual names are withheld to avoid identification, but thanks are due to both GGs for permission to print them. ED.

Dear.....

Frankly, I need some help, a push toward a better understanding of both my husband/girlfriend and myself. Since "she" wrote to Virginia asking for help, we have made some progress, but not enough. I must admit that I've been pretty antagonistic and we have had some rather violent arguments.

Virginia volunteered that you might help us by answering some of my questions, but the questions won't mean much unless you have some background. We have been married six years this December, and have one boy age 3. My husband is a representative for a New York stationer, and we are relatively comfortable financially for our age. I'll give him credit for one thing, our son is just as rough as a boy can be without being a bully, and I'm glad.

As for "her" background, I'll try to be brief, but it may be impossible. From ages I through 23, about all I know is what I've been told, from there on, some first hand and still some I had to be told. She was an only child, and a girl was wanted, although she didn't know this until her teens. Her name was to have been Rachel. She was kept in dresses only until the age of one. Her Mother gave her a girl's education which she retains to this day. She loves to cook, keep house, and just finished making a dress. She was persecuted by other children up until high school age when her body took on some not so boyish curves and she decided to go completely "underground" as the law of the jungle demanded. Unfortunately



she waited until shortly after our marriage to tell me. I was shocked, but hoped it would go away. Since I showed no understanding at that time, she went underground again, and so I thought the TVism DID go away. It didn't. To top it off, her physical and mental combination fit right into the trans-sexual pattern, and it worries me. We've discussed this at great length, and she swears that as long as we have our love and our son, that she can be content. Until she found Chevalier and Virginia, things looked pretty bad. Since then, we have made some real progress. I have made her see a psychiatrist and a urologist. The psychiatrist was a waste of time and money and the urologist claims everything is normal. So, on August 14, I re-named her \_ \_ \_ \_ . We made quite a celebration of it. I love her, want her to be happy, and I hope that eventually I can come close to complete acceptance.

Now to the real question. How do you find it possible to subordinate the masculine side of your TV husband, in your own mind, and in favor of her feminine side, when your heart isn't really in it? I'd rather think of myself as 100% wife, rather than the wife/girlfriend combination and can't actually see any positive advantages to the husband/girlfriend idea. I guess I'm being selfish, but what's in it for the TV wife? It's rather hard to imagine why a GG (to use one of our newly acquired terms) could actually prefer being married to a TV instead of the human variety.

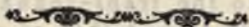
About a year ago, the combination of her femininity and my antagonism caused her to be impotent. This really worried me and still does.

Her dearest personal ambition has been and is to round out that figure and do away with the little padding she uses. I've enclosed a picture which I ask you to please return. She is 5'7", 138 lbs., size 14-16, 7 gloves and shoes, actual 36A-28-37. I don't mind so much her wanting to develop some more, but I'd be afraid of her being exposed and subjected to scorn or scandal. She claims her femininity can be hidden easily enough when the masculine has to dominate. I just don't know. Her Christmas list starts with oestradiol, folliculin, and lutein. Even if I could get them for her, and even

## *Transvestia*

though I know she is happy and stable, I'm afraid.

It looks like we are going to "make it" though, in spite of everything, including my doubts. We are certainly grateful for Virginia's help and shall be for yours, too, if you have some time. Thank you.



Dear \_\_\_\_\_:

I received your letter via "Contact" and Virginia a few days ago and have read it over several times to be sure that I understand clearly the questions you ask. I have written to several wives of TV's in the past trying to help them to a better understanding of what seems to be a very difficult problem. Since I am not professionally trained in these matters I can tell you of the relationship between my husband and myself and hope you will find some answers through my own experiences.

When my husband told me of his desires, I was of course somewhat shocked because I really had little knowledge of Transvestism. I knew he had been deeply troubled for some time and I felt very happy when he finally decided to share his problem with me. I felt that although the desires to dress as a woman were unique it wasn't after all, harming anyone except him and that was only because of guilt in hiding things and feelings. It seemed to me that TVism was no worse than any number of problems that could arise in a marriage and so, a solution could be found. I also deeply believed that should I have this problem or something similar my husband would be there to help me and would try very hard to understand. So from this point we took a step at a time; first some clothes that fit, then the make-up, and finally the hair piece.

It wasn't easy for either of us especially in the beginning when we knew so little about the subject. We both read articles and discussed the subject over and over trying to find some answers to our questions. At first it seemed important to categorize or "pigeon hole" his desires and as we came across words like Transexual, deviate, Drag Queen, etc., it became important to realize that no one is exactly anything specific and certainly he wasn't abnormal just because he wanted to



wear dresses. I knew in my heart that I wasn't abnormal for wanting to help make my husband happy; it was my duty as a wife. I felt that anything as important to our marriage as peace of mind was worth any struggle to maintain. When we stopped trying to find a word befitting our situation or what term to use in describing it we started gaining some real insight to the whole matter. I feel that because society says this is so, or that is wrong, it isn't always necessarily right. When society grants a marriage contract to a man and a woman it cannot continue to dictate to the people how they must live. It is a man and his wife who must learn what is best for their marriage and at times ignore convention.

I believe that when you first find out that your husband is a transvestite, femmepersonator or what have you, it is absolutely necessary to ask yourself do I love this man enough to keep on living with him? If the answer is Yes, then you must go to work and help him in anyway that you can. It may be difficult at first to see him in dresses and make up, but it really shouldn't be too much of a problem. He is your husband and the man you married and you love him. He is still the same person you love, no matter what he may be wearing. His masculine image isn't what you fell in love with, or shouldn't be, it is his total being, which includes feminine qualities which may or may not have shown through. He is a human being who supports you, fathers your children, shares your problems, loves you and at times is compelled to share what our culture designates as your feminine world. When he dresses he doesn't become your sister, a woman or even your girlfriend, because he is still your husband and a pretty terrific guy. No man can expect his wife to think of him as her sister even though he may look like a living doll at the time. A somewhat different relationship does develop as he learns to express his feminine side more clearly. It can be great fun to study the latest fashions together and no wife is opposed to a little help with the house work. It may seem strange to some who haven't experienced it but as your husband's feminine personality develops, so will his masculine side progress. I honestly feel that my husband is a better person today because he/she is a more total personality at peace with both elements.

## *Transmedia*

When "she" dresses she looks very passable and we do many things together and go many places. By working out a difficult problem we have become as close as two people can be, something I think is missing in many marriages. He has become quite successful in business and is one of the leaders of our city. I can certainly appreciate him wanting to become "her" for a few hours a week to lift the burden or pressure created by the so-called man's world. We have two lovely children and a wonderful home in the country, so I really couldn't ask for more. But most of all, I have my husband, the man I love.

I have tried to give a general description of what my life with a TV husband is like and how I feel about it. I will now try to be more specific in answering your questions. I have learned to accept both sides of my husband because there really is little difference in them when I look at him through my own eyes and society's. I consider the closeness of our relationship, his appreciation for my role in life and his/her peace of mind very large assets. I consider myself 100% wife because I am doing what God intended a wife to do and that is love her man and make him happy. I don't think that you should try to consider your husband as anything but just that. He may imagine himself as being in the "girl-friend" role when dressed as a woman and you may treat her differently than him, but this situation should not be forced; it will develop somewhat naturally on both your parts.

You are not being selfish when you ask "what's in it for the TV wife". It is only natural to wonder in the beginning. I think that as time goes on and with the start that you have made you will both find a whole new world to share and to be together in. Any TV who asked for understanding and received it is automatically drawn closer to his helpmate.

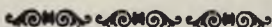
If your husband has a slender build and makes an attractive femmepersonator, he is quite lucky and should be thankful that nature didn't make him six foot-eight and 300 pounds with little hope of even expressing his feminine side. Every TV dreams of having a more feminine body to cover when dressed, I can understand this



dream, although I think that a little padding is better than hormone experimentation without professional care. You can be thankful that your husband's femmeside is attractive and yet that he is able to be a he-man to his wife.

So in closing, I can't help but feel that when you say "it looks like we are going to make it", in spite of everything that you are well on your way to doing just that. If I can give you any advice, let it be this; try to remove the outside thoughts of society from your view of ----- and learn to look at her through your own eyes! I am enclosing a copy of a Medical article that I think will be helpful to both of you. My address is enclosed so that you may write to me again.

God bless you and give you both the precious gift of insight.



\*\*\*\*\*TWO NEW PUBLICATIONS\*\*\*\*\*

1) The 4th separate book story is now available. It is called "DOUBLE SWITCH" and is an unusual story of two people who each thought that they were doomed to a life of loneliness in their chosen roles until fate stepped in and proved otherwise. This book is a little smaller than the others so it's price is \$4.00 per copy.

The printing was limited, so order it now!!

\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?\_\*?

2) Issue #18 of the CLIPSHEET is now out. This is a special issue devoted to the new clothes and hairdos for both men and women now coming into vogue in Europe. The material should be useful in talking with non-TVs in showing the coming trends in fashion. It should be a good entering wedge in trying to educate people.

Group subscribers get it anyway, but those who do not get CLIPSHEET regularly will still want this one. Enlarged by 4 pages, this time only price still \$1.50. CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS, BOX 36091, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA



MARYANN

35-J-2



# What Shall I Wear?

Beatrice (33-B-2 FPE)

(Continued from TVia #28)

## THE WOMAN WITH SLIM HIPS AND WIDE SHOULDERS:

The woman with slim hips and wide shoulders, the problem is to minimize the width of the hips; to achieve balance in the figure by the addition of width, fullness or emphasize elsewhere than at the shoulders. This can be done by means of draped fullness, panier panels, pep-lums, pockets and seaming as well as by the addition of contrasting fabric for a yoke. The wide shoulder can be cut by V necklines, raglan sleeves, draped shoulders, draping and a shaped square neckline. Bulky shouldered jackets should be avoided in favor of coats with longer line, capes that fit in a yoke and flare widely are very good.

A woman with this type of figure should, in most cases, avoid broad brimmed hats and choose instead those with a soft diagonal line like berets, Bretons or tri-connes. Her accessories may be large and her prints bold and clear. She may wear satin and bright colors.

## THE WOMAN WITH WIDE HIPS AND NARROW SHOULDERS.

Many older women suddenly discover that their hips have spread all out of proportion to the width of their shoulders. By the use of long lines cutting thru the hips, they can lead the eye up to the shoulder or down to the hemline and thereby distract attention from the wide hips. They should avoid horizontal lines in the region of the hips. They should use sharp angles instead, sleeves should never be full at the bottom, for this adds

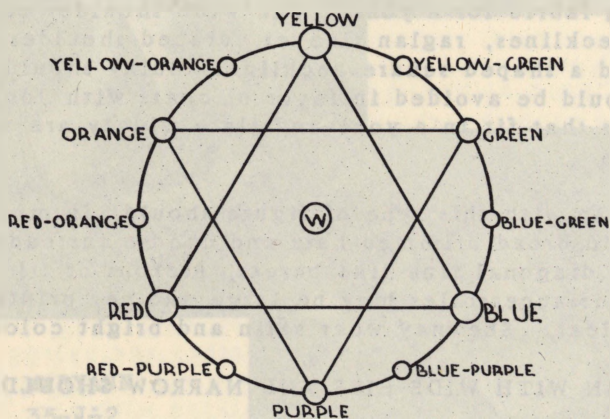
## *Transvestia*

to the effect of width at the hip line.

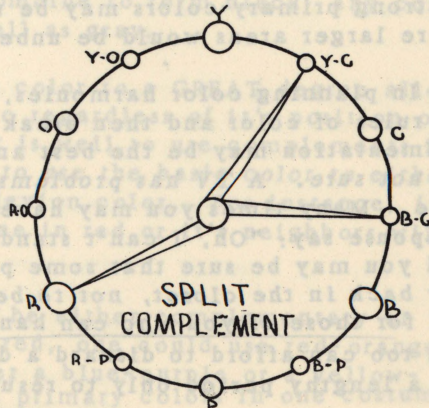
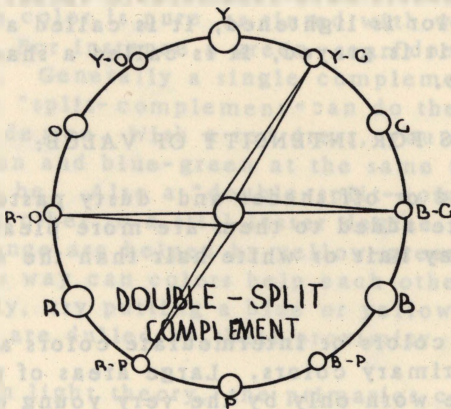
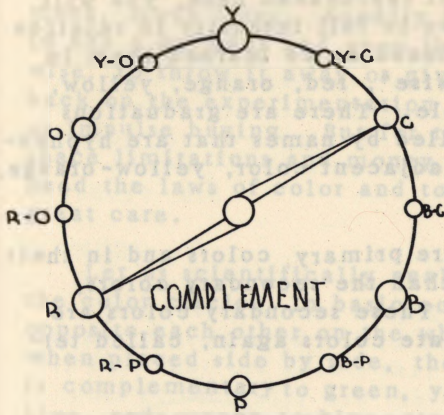
The above thoughts are virtually timeless in this 20th century. They concern design principles and would be true this year with hemlines 1" below the knee as well as in '54 when hems were 14" from the floor.

### COLOR:

The second characteristic of Fashion is color. All study of color must be based on the science of the color wheel. You MUST understand colors in their relation to other colors before you will know which are becoming or which can be harmoniously combined in a single costume.







## *Transvestia*

If you refer to the chart reproduced here, you will see that all colors are shown in full intensity in relation to each other. They are placed as we learned them in primary school, "rainbow-wise", red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet or purple. There are graduations of color between these, called by names that are hyphenated, of the color and it's adjacent color, yellow-orange, red-orange, etc.

Red, yellow and blue are primary colors and in their full intensity are stronger than the secondary colors, orange, green and purple. These secondary colors are stronger than the intermediate colors again, called tertiary colors.

All these colors have innumerable values. When a full, strong color is lightened, it is called a tint, or a pastel. When it is grayed, it is called a shade or a value or a dusty tone.

### GENERAL RULES FOR INTENSITY OF VALUE:

Neutralized or off shades and dusty pastels or colors with some white added to them are more pleasing to older women with gray hair or white hair than the more vivid colors.

Secondary colors or intermediate colors are easier to wear than primary colors. Large areas of primary color should be worn only by the very young or those whose coloring is bright, clear and vivid, but small areas of strong primary colors may be used as accent notes where larger areas would be unbecoming.

In planning color harmonies, it is wise to know all the rules of color and then break them if you wish. Experimentation may be the best answer for TV's, if they are not sure. A TV has problems that the GG does not have. Many times you may have heard some girlfriend or spouse say: "Oh, I can't stand that color anymore". And you may be sure that some particular dress is put way back in the closet, not to be worn again for months. And for those of you who can hang up your things open, you too can afford to discard a dress because of it's color for a lengthy period only to resurrect it and wear it again



much, much later. Equally for those of you rich enough to buy a garment and upon finding it unsuitable color-wise, to throw it away or give it away, you may well fall back on the experimentation of random selections and/or impulse buying. But for the others, who must balance space limitations and money, it would pay you well, to heed the laws of color and to plan your wardrobe with great care.

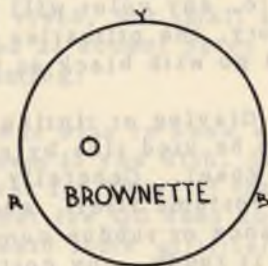
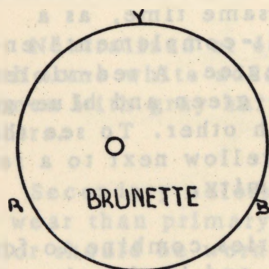
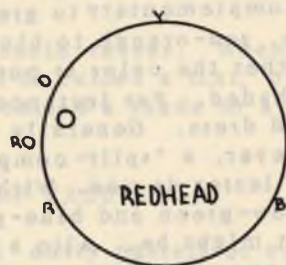
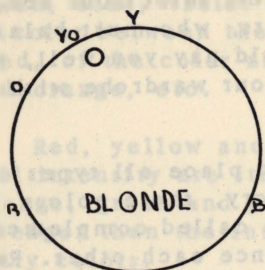
Let us scientifically analyze and place all types on the color circle. In basic color theory, those colors opposite each other on the wheel are called complements. When placed side by side, they enhance each other. Red is complementary to green, yellow to purple, orange to blue, red-orange to blue-green, etc. This would be true whether the color is pure or tinted with white or grayed or shaded. For instance a green scarf does wonders for a red dress. Generally a single complement is used. However, a "split-complement" can do the same thing to a lesser degree. With a red dress, you could wear yellow-green and blue-green at the same time, as a print might be. Also a "double-split-complement" enhances each other to a still lesser degree. A red-violet and red-orange are helped by yellow-green and blue-green. Only in this way can colors help each other. To see this more clearly, try putting a blue or yellow next to a red. Both colors are dulled by their proximity.

Since in light theory, the primaries combine to form white, any color will go with white, and in the pigment theory, the primaries combine to form black, any color will go with black as well as gray.

Graying or tinting a color to a GREAT degree allows it to be used side by side regardless of it's position on the wheel. Generally it is well to use complements in the costume itself, and to use the basic color to either enhance or subdue complexion color. For instance, if one is ruddy, any costume in red or it's neighbors will dull the ruddiness.

A color scheme may be either complementary or nonochromatic. With a red, one could use red-orange and red-purple, but never a blue-purple or a yellow-orange. Never use three primary colors in one costume

# Transvestia





and try to avoid two primaries, again with occasional exception as in a red, white and blue print. Have one basic color and then decide on a monochromatic or a complementary color scheme. Find your sum total of coloring: hair, plus eyes, plus complexion color. Are you a blonde, brunette, brownette or gray-headed. Fair or ruddy? Etc.

#### BLONDES:

The blonde should be placed well up in the yellow-orange, yellow area of the wheel. Looking at this you will find that the colors that make her coloring show up most effectively, are the complements of purple, blue-purple or to widen the range, the blue and blue-greens on the cool side and the rosy reds on the warm side.

Suppose the blonde is sallow, with skin tones dull and on the yellow side, She would have to avoid the purple shades, for they would throw more yellow into her skin by contrast.

Suppose on the other hand, that the blonde is pale with a transparent whiteness of skin, then she would look well in the green or lower case, blue-green shades, for they would throw rosy color into her face by contrast.

If the blonde is florid in coloring, too rosy by far; then she would look well in the rosy shades or the orange shades, for they would appear to drain the red tones from her skin.

These rules are important in all color arrangements that are becoming. For convenience, the following tables of "Do wear" and "Don't wear" are presented:

MOST EFFECTIVE COLORS FOR BLONDES;	GOOD COLORS	COLORS TO AVOID
---------------------------------------	-------------	-----------------

Blue purple	Blue-green, green bright and dark.	Yellow
Purple	Red & rosy shades	Olive Green
Blue	Nasturtium shades of orangey tones.	Tan

## Transvestia

Navy	Dusty Pastels, cherry color of Fuchsia.	Honey Color
Black	Other red-purples.	Chartreuse
White	Russet.	Pale Pastels.

### FOR RED HEADS:

Blue	Nasturtium tones	Shades that have red tones, that conflict with hair.
Blue-Purple	Russets	Olive Greens
Yellow	Browns	Orange
Black	Green	
Navy	Pale Yellow-Green	
Dark-Green	Some Wine Shades	
Pale Tints	Pink, softened or pale pastel	

### Pastels

#### for BRUNETTES:

Blue-Green	Purple	Navy
Blue, bright and light	Yellow-green	Brown
Red and rosy shades	Gold Blues	Black

Fuchsia and raspberry shades.

Orange-red and nasturtium shades.

Yellow-orange or golden browns.

Yellow



**MOST EFFECTIVE**  
**For Brunettes:**

**GOOD**

**AVOID**

Blue-greens, jade &  
turquoise shades

Yellow

Purple

Blue, soft tones,  
or vivid.

Yellow-green

Blue-purple

Tan

Gray

Greens

Some Browns

Some Browns

Red & rosy shades

Wine reds

Black or Navy

Orange & Nasturtium  
shades.

Bright cherry

Unrelieved white

Coral shades

Vermillion

Pastels

Dusty Shades

\*\*\*\*\*

**FOR GRAY OR WHITE HEADS:**

Rosy Tones

Tan

Black, unrelieved

Blue-greens, turquoise

Dusty Pastels

Navy

Wine reds

Purple shades

White, unrelieved

Fuchsia & cherry  
colors

cool colors,

Soft greens

Vivid colors

Coral or Pink shades

Yellow, Yellow-green

Nasturtium shades

Dull Brown

Warm Browns

**REDHEADS:** There are many variations of red hair, from rich, deep golden red and carrot shades to dark Titian red. Therefore, the redheads may be placed on the color circle in the yellow-orange, orange and red-orange neighborhood. Since these colors are directly across from

## *Transvestia*

blue, blue-green and blue-purple, it naturally follows that they will show up red hair most effectively.

If, however, the object is not to show off the hair, but to make a close harmony between it and the costume, nasturtium shades, russet colors and soft browns will be most becoming. The only colors the red head must avoid are those rosy shades that seem to swear at the hair. Pink is most flattering to the Titian haired person. Vivid red is usually impossible for all redheads and so are coral and fuchsia.

**BRUNETTES:** The skin tones are of the utmost importance in determining the most effective colors for a brunette. Since the hair is so dark, it is somewhat neutral in color. Brunettes are placed in the center of the color circle rather than in the orange or red sections. Therefore the most becoming colors will be gaged by the amount of natural color in the complexion or make-up by the degree of paleness or sallowness.

Purple is most becoming to the brunette with clear skin tones, but not to the sallow brunette. Red is very becoming to the vivid brunette, but not to the pale one. Green is becoming to the pale brunette, but not to the florid one.

**THE BROWNETTE OR MEDIUM BRUNETTE:** This popular type may have dark-yellow or light brown hair. Her hair may be "mousey soft" in color. Her skin is usually light in tone and eyes may be any color. The Brunette is placed on the color circle in the orange, orange-red neighborhood. This means that her most effective colors will be in the cool area of blue and blue-green. Often the purples and blue-purples are definitely unkind to her skin tones and should be avoided. Most other colors can be worn in one value or another. Certain shades of brown will be found unbecoming for they do not provide enough contrast to hair and skin tones.

**GRAY HAired OR WHITE HEADED PERSONS:** Invariably, the gray haired woman thinks that black is her most becoming color and insists upon wearing this dull unrelieved color for all occasions. This is a great mistake in the majority of cases. The French have a saying that no



woman over thirty should wear black. This is because it is extremely hard on skin tones that have been softened and blurred slightly.

The vivid coloring of the young can stand the stark contrast, but not the woman who is forty or more. She will find color more flattering. Soft raspberry and fuchsia is good. So are deep blue with soft purple. She can wear neutralized shades or off colors. She can wear dusty pastels wine reds, the dull soft greens and warm browns. In most cases, the cool colors of blue or blue purple will not be so flattering as the warm shades with red in them. But again, exception may enter, as in a navy print with red and/or white figures to offset the coolness.

### COLOR HARMONIES

Perhaps, the best rule to follow in making color harmonies is to have one color vivid, one color tinted and one color grayed or neutralized.

Now to summarize what we have said:

1: Color may be monochromatic: One color used with it's tints, (white, added) and it's grayed values is called monochromatic. An example would be a russet dress with trim of coral and orange; that is, the three tones of orange used together. This is a restful combination to last a long time.

2: Color may be Analagous: One central color used with it's adjacent colors is called analagous. This MUST include the intermediates, never skip them. A green dress embroidered in yellow-green thread and turquoise (which is a blue-green) is a good example, also a purple dress worn with blue-purple accessories trimmed in red-purple.

3: Color may be complementary: The two opposite colors on the wheel are complementary and are used when great effectiveness is desired. Try, for instance, a purple wool gown with chamois-yellow trim; or a suit of soft blue-green with vivid red-orange hat and gloves; or a print with red predominating, trimmed with bands of green grossgrain ribbon.

4: Color may be split-complementary: For split complements, those colors opposite each other on the wheel

## *Transvestia*

are combined with the two adjacent colors of one of them added, or one color is used in combination with only the two nearest neighbors of it's complement. For instance, a beach costume of bold print in yellow-orange and yellow-green worn over a purple bathing suit that shows in flashes between the openings of the skirt. (Perhaps not the best example for us, since so few, if any, can stand inspection with this little on, but nevertheless illustrative.) Or a rich gown all dull wine-red-purple could have jewel embroidery in green and yellow around the yoke and large sleeves.

5: Triad: There are four triads to be found in the color circle. Each one of these combinations is an interesting combination. The first is made up of the three primary colors, red, yellow and blue. Visualize, if you will, a slack suit of vivid yellow, worn with a blue shirt and a scarf striped in red, yellow and blue. NOTE: how much of one, less of the second and very, very little of the third. The second triad is formed of the secondary colors, orange, green and purple, as in a pale lavender blouse with a dull green tweed suit and a hat of orange suede, perhaps adding a feather or two of bright green and pale purple. The intermediate triads are orange-red, with blue-purple, and yellow-green or blue-green with yellow-orange and red-purple.

Sometimes unrelated colors may be used together IF there are large areas of the neutrals, gray or brown. And as we see, white and black do the same thing. A great deal can be done with color in the choice of accessories, but before we begin to be sepcific in this respect, we should concern ourselves with the color as a theory then put in into practice in basic dress and only later use accessories for the balance.

All of the colors used in dress designing are repeated over and over and over, until we would become very tired of them, if the copy writers did not invent trade names of colors. Sometimes these glow in your imagination, as for example, Chinese blue, Chinese jade, Cocoa brown, plum, Pacific green, etc. So, for many of you who will use this color theory, but who are not sufficiently familiar with the naunces, we draw your attention to the following chart to show the change in names, but not the hue.



HUE	STRONG	MEDIUM	PALE	GRAYED
	Turkey red	Melon pink	Pink	Old rose
Red	Firehouse red	Rose	Shell Pink	Dusty rose
	Crimson	Carmine	Grenadine	Antique red
	Flame	Cherry	Wild rose	
	Scarlet	Cerise	Carnation	
		Shocking		

+++++

	Vermillion	Coral	Peach	Mohogany
Red-Orange	Chinese red	Carnelian	Flesh	Henna
	Tomato	Paprika	Shrimp pink	Terra Cotta
		Pompeian	Salmon	Cinnabar

+++++

Orange	Gold	Tangerine	Marigold	Sumac
				London tan
				Old gold

+++++

	Nasturtium	Sunflower	Amber	
Yellow-Orange	Chrome		Toasted Mexican bean	
	Golden rod			
	Golden Glow			





Blue-Purple	Egg Plant	Pacific Blue		Powder
Purple	Royal Violet	Mauve Parma Violet	Lavender Thistle Wisteria	Taupe
Red-Purple	Fuchsia Magenta	Crushed Grape	Shocking Acid	Plum Wine Burgundy Claret Oxblood
Brown Neutrals	Mummy Brown	Leather Tan Cocoa Beige Greige Coffee Umber Hazel Russet Nut	Putty Tawny Tan	Raisin Maroon
Black and Neutral Black	grays Charcoal	Smoke slate gray Gunmetal	Sky gray Pearl Gray Off white	

*I don't know, Charles.  
I just hope it is a fad!*





NO

## REGRETS

(A G.G. TV's story by; Tobí)

» Right from the start I want to state that every word of this article is the truth. I am not looking for publicity nor sympathy. I do not judge, condemn, nor disapprove of anyone's conduct in my past because these rights only belong to a higher power than myself. I simply want to state the facts so that somewhere, a type of girl like myself may acquire a better understanding of her true personality and gain a happier life. In all humility I feel that through my mistakes, my years of doubts and agony and my search for truth and knowledge, I can help someone else. This is all I want.

I was born a girl, Gisele, and always knew as far back as I can remember that the boy in me also existed. I named him Tobí. Before my birth my Father had bought me boxing gloves, carpenters' tools and even bar-bells for weight lifting. You know how Fathers "go crazy" when they are expecting their first son, ..I was the boy he wanted so much, and I remained his boy until his death six years ago. Of course on special occasions I had to wear frilly dresses and petticoats which were a torture to me, but for consolation, I always managed to sneak a

## *Transvestia*

pair of scissors and cut my hair short. It has never been long in all my life, and I am now thirty eight. When I was eight years old, I wanted to know the difference between the boy next door and myself, so I paid him ten cents to take a look. I regretted spending such a huge sum of money because, after investigating what he had, I was still not convinced that I was a girl. Through my school years I was dressed in the regular tunics in the day time, but as soon as I came home, I jumped into my overalls with pleasure. My family had a large rooming house and there were always jobs to be done, a window to be replaced, a lock to be fixed, and plastering jobs. I always did these repairs on our old house and loved every minute of it.

My Father was my big love, my pal. We went fishing together hunting and camping. My Mother seemed jealous of our friendship and usually made things unpleasant for us around the house. But she had given birth to a girl two years younger than myself, her "real 100% girl" as she called her, so she found consolation in dressing her up as fancy as possible. My happy life continued with my Father, we were like two "regular guys" and once on a fishing trip we had a discussion about sex, and just like two pals it seemed the most natural thing in the world to go to the whore house, ..(And don't you girls dare to laugh!) It was a sad experience and you can take my word for it. Her name was Paulette, her price was three dollars, and she was beautiful to me. I put down my three dollars on her dresser with that glorious "big shot" feeling. I was thrilled by her silk slippers, fancy negligee, the brassiere, and panties seemed to be all lace and perfume, I felt overjoyed. Every nerve and muscle in my body was alive and I felt like a young panther ready to attack...whom to attack? What to do? Hell I did not know. We got undressed anyway, and when I saw her naked, I was very sad, I became full of despair, full of doubts about my own nature and I experienced then a tremendous fear that I was some kind of an abnormal freak. I was not the strong panther anymore but a lost child. Her body was beautiful and yet I wanted no part of it. I had admired her clothes so much but there in bed, I just burried my hair and kept repeating "it's OK little boy I understand you".

I needed those words so badly because I certainly



did not understand myself at the time. I only knew that I was Gisele and also Tobi, but how or why, I did not know. Did I ever work hard to earn all the three dollars that followed. I used to get up at five in the morning to take contracts to shovel snow off peoples' steps and driveways. Some contracts were 75¢ a month, and others were \$1.25 and in those days it seemed to me like snow was coming down in tons. It was a lot of work besides my school, and all my repair jobs around the house, but it was worth it. I had found someone who understood me, and that was sufficient. After a while, we became friends and I could go and howl on her shoulder for free..... Paulette has remained my friend through all those years. She often kids me about my first visit but she has needed my shoulder to cry on at times and I was there. Now I am the strong moral support that she used to be.

It was inevitable that I became considered as a "Butch". Then I was at Art school at night and I met a group of homosexuals among the artists, and they found me plenty of girls. I felt an attraction towards their clothes, and I always picked the extra feminine dolls. Now I said at the beginning that I would tell the truth, and this part of the truth I am really ashamed of to-day. I took advantage of those girls, grabbed all I could out of them and gave very little in return. I know now that it was unfair and dishonest and I felt like a male prostitute. One was paying my night school, the other one was working over time to pay for the cashmere sweaters that I loved so much. I always insisted on expensive cigars and imported brandy, and I got them. And I treated them like dirt in return. I am ashamed about that part of my life, because basically I wanted to be honest. But Hell!! How could I be honest with myself when I did not even know my real self?

I knew that I was also Gisele, that I wanted to adjust to a decent life and more than anything else in the world I wanted a husband and a daughter. I did not feel attracted towards the so-called "normal" guy, but I knew that somehow there had to be signs of feminine clothing there, I wanted to feel the soft textures to see the beautiful pastel shades of nighties, the silk slippers and lacy panties....those things I loved but the only trouble was that I loved them on a man. So I married a homosexual.

## *Transvestia*

I had known him for years. He was intelligent, well educated and really a swell chap, but our life only lasted thirteen months. He was killed in an aeroplane accident when my daughter was nine days old. But had he lived, it would not have worked out anyway. I will not go into intimate details because you readers are intelligent enough to grasp the situation. He could love me as Tobí alright but not as Gisele. He loved to feel the muscles on my back, but could not stand to see my breasts. Can anyone figure out how I got the daughter I wanted in this kind of set-up? You can not guess, but as I said I get what I want. Normally I do not approve of violence but I got very furious about this situation and I beat him into submission not once but eight times. My short marriage really cleared the mystery for me and now I thank God everyday for knowing what I am. I have not lost the hope of rebuilding my life. Quite to the contrary, I have acquired maturity, understanding, complete freedom of expression, and peace of mind. These things are very important in our adult lives and these things I will share someday with the right person.

As things are right now I live alone with my daughter, she is a charming girl, and she understands transvestism perfectly. When I have had a chance to get away from the office for a few days I have taken her with me on my land and she has seen me chop down trees all by myself, to clear up spaces for future summer camps so she knew then that I was Tobí and doing a man's job. When we are at home with our fancy aprons on and doing our cooking together then she knows that I am also Gisele, and she loves me as I am. My life is very simple, very quiet and also very lonesome at times, but it is better this way until the right person comes along.

I have stated here clearly my mistakes, my faults, and defects of character without hyporisy. It is only fair that I also mention the good side of my personality. I am sincere and loyal, and my integrity can not be questioned. I am easy to get along with and I love the out-doors, the sea and everything that is beautiful in creation. I am grateful for what I have, for what I am, and in all honesty I am looking forward to a better life with a person as equally sincere. This is my true story, with....no regrets.



# FANTASY

FICTION



## in FRANCE

by R.D.C.

✎ My visit to a small French town two years ago was timed perfectly for me to see several men go on a "fashion strike". It was the most surprising episode I ever witnessed during any vacation trip so far. It started the day after I arrived, when the men of the town set up a protest against a big increase in the cost of men's shoes. As a demonstration of their disapproval, all the men in the town began buying women's shoes and wearing them.

You can imagine how shocked the women were to see men walking to work in high heels of every color in the rainbow! Even the milkmen and newsboys wore high heels on their deliveries, and the police were wearing flatties with pointed toes and satin bows on them. This went on for a number of days with much clattering on the sidewalks, but the factories and stores still wouldn't do anything about it.

Then the prices of men's socks and shirts went up. As a result there was a new demonstration and all the men of the town started buying nylons

## *Transvestia*

blouse, a tight pair of gold lame clam diggers, plus and high heels.

"Well, I almost didn't know you, even though I was sure of the address!" I said.

He laughed. "So it is with everybody, monsieur. One has to wear something. So I wear these if I have to."

"I see you have gone into dressmaking."

"It's very profitable, you know," he explained. He was sewing the hem of a white gown.

"Can you make a pink party dress by Friday?" I asked.

"For you, monsieur?"

"Yes."

He smiled, putting the gown aside. "Well, so you have found it wiser to "do as the Romans do", as they say. Very well, we will take your measurements. What fabric do you like--satin? Chiffon? Rayon?"

"I'll take satin," I said

He nodded approvingly. "You will look well in it."

He measured my chest, waist and hips and told me my figure was fine for dresses. This surprised me a bit, but I laughed and told him I'd be back Friday for the dress. After that I went to a woman's shop and got my high heels. The girl was very pleasant about fitting the shoes for me, and she showed me how to walk naturally in them. My socks were not in good taste, so I had to get nylons to wear. I felt funny in them, but I knew I would have to get used to it if I wanted to stay in the town any longer. Before leaving the shop, I bought a silk blouse and put it on. I had my shirts and my old shoes put in a bag to carry. When I clicked out to the street I felt the cool silk blowing against my chest and back while the nylons stretched smoothly down my



and frilly blouses with lace around the neck and down the front. They wore these to work with high heels, and there was also an increase of sales in the ladies' shops in garter belts. Since it was summertime, wherever I went I saw the strange contrast of dainty rayon blouses under the men's suit jackets and with the nylons peeping out below the trouser cuffs, ending in large high heel pumps that were already being made especially for the men. The demonstrations went on for two weeks, but still no changes were made in costs.

Finally, the decisive issue took place. All the stores raised the prices of men's trousers, suits, and jackets. At first the men of the town didn't dare to make any further demonstrations, but they continued to wear high heels, blouses and nylons. Then, during the third week of my visit I noticed a few men in the buses and on the crowded streets who had taken the final step and had started wearing skirts and dresses. I had to admire their boldness, as they made no attempt to disguise themselves with wigs or makeup. The demonstration against the merchants was in full swing.

During the next few days the fashion shops were so filled with men buying dresses and lingerie that it was almost impossible for the women in town to do any shopping! Everywhere I went there were men in dresses and high heels. And when I went to a play one evening, all the men in the theater were wearing elegant gowns. The women in the town seemed to get used to this change and accepted it without protest, although I got some idea from the French newspapers that there was some objection in certain official quarters. It got to a point where I had to make a difficult decision, because I began to cause a bit of trouble by going places in my men's clothes. So I finally ended up going to a tailor shop near me, where only feminine apparel was now being made.

The tailor was a friend of mine whom I had met on the train. He greeted me cheerfully when I opened his door and caused the little bell attached to it to tinkle. Right away I noticed the change since I had seen him on the train. Now, instead of being dressed in a formal black suit, he was working at his bench in a frilly white

## *Transvestia*

legs to the snug pumps.

After a month other changes began to be evident in the town. Haircuts had gone up and the men were letting their hair grow long. Then, in order to avoid some of the embarrassment from citizens of neighboring towns, the men began using perfume and lipstick as well as whatever other makeup they needed to make themselves more acceptable in public. No progress was being made to reduce costs of men's clothes yet, but the demonstration continued. At that time my vacation ended and I had to leave.

I tried to get a refund on my party dress and certain other feminine items which had been necessary during my stay, but could not. The girls at the shop told me I should save the dress and accessories in case the change of habit should become worldwide. So I had no choice but to take the dress and high heels home with me to keep as souvenirs.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from the tailor I had become acquainted with in the French town. He sent along a few photos of himself and some of his friends. Before reading the letter I thought the pictures were all of girls. But as it turned out, they were all of men who had let their hair grow down to the shoulders and were all wearing dresses. The tailor had made their dresses and in turn the others had made similar gifts to him, his friends being a jeweler, a hat designer, a shoemaker, and a furrier. From these he had received his earrings, bracelets, necklaces, fashionable ladies' hats, and a fine fox stole. They were all smiling and made a charming picture.

In the end the demonstrations proved too much for the factories and stores, so the prices on men's apparel were finally reduced. The same was the case with the haircuts, and now the town has returned to normal. The last I heard was that dressmakers are getting plenty of business for alterations there now, and people everywhere are sending there for the bargains on large sizes of high heels.





WELL... I SEE YOU GUYS HAD AN INTERESTING  
SUMMER. I HOPE YOUR IN AS GREAT "SHAPE"  
FOR THE COMING FOOTBALL SEASON.





BETTY  
32-T-2 FPE



PAMELA  
FE-B-1 England



REGINA- Calif.



# Book Review

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE

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WOMEN and Sometimes MEN, by Florida Scott-Maxwell, 143pp, Popular Library, New York, 1963. Paperback, K-50, 40¢. Originally Alfred A. Knopf, 1957, hardback @ \$3.50.

This book falls into a class with ASCENT OF WOMAN (Tvia #26) and FEMININE MYSTIQUE (to be reviewed) in that all of them are studies by very modern and intelligent women of themselves, women in general, and the masculine forces within them. Here credit is given to C. G. Jung, whose theoretical concepts are basic to all three. Mrs. Scott-Maxwell does not hesitate in telling the girls to recognize, utilize and ENJOY the man within them; one cannot help feeling that she would approve of our reciprocal efforts to accept the girl within us. Her Chapter V, "The Man in Our Nature", could be made into an excellent imitation of a TVia editorial merely by reversing the She and He.

A few quotes are in order: "it is most uncomfortable to be a paradox", "we cannot fail to notice...the man sunk gracefully into his feminine side" (p 18); "We must have the courage to say to (our masculine side); 'You and I are two, not one, but I ask to know you for I need you'. (p 56) "If man does not turn and form a whole with the feminine side of his own nature he is lost in very truth, cut off from his own enriching sources." (p 65) "Both boys and girls need great help in differentiating their secondary sex characteristics...it has been done to excess. All that was feminine was thought to be bad for the boy...and the distortion...began in earnest. (p 108) Frankly, it is not ALL that good, there are dull (to me) chapters, and a little more clarity of language would be welcome in many places. However, with a little patience any TV will find this a gold-mine of understanding of him/herself, and also of the wife who may be trying to help. The wives who are NOT trying if they can be induced to read it, may find themselves shaken right down to their hob-nailed soles!!!!

SHEILA, 30-B-2 - FPE

# "SUSANNA

## SAYS..."



Hi Everybody:

This time there won't be any gossip from me. Not that I have reformed. Heaven forbid! But what follows is one of those things that take place in the life of a writer that catch the author by surprise. Let us say that I sat at the typewriter and almost closing my eyes (I can't close them completely because I don't use the touch system) I let my fingers drum out a string of thoughts that had been incubating inside like a coiled spring. Chances are there might be a sequel to this story since, after re-reading it, I realized that a great deal of what is said is almost autobiographical. It might be described as a blend of childhood memories with a bit of filling from the author's imagination.

Let us call it-----



"PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF TOMMY D"

May 11: Dear Diary: Today I received lots of gifts. Daddy and Mommy guessed what I wanted but they didn't give me the doll I said I'd like to have. There's a train and skates and a whole lot of tubes with paint inside. I'm sure going to have fun with them. Dad says I should be careful and not to mess up the table or the floor. He's a nice man, my Dad. The only thing he gets mad at is my playing with Sis' dolls. He says that's sissy stuff. Mom thinks so too, but doesn't seem to get as mad as Dad about it. Sis is more fun than either of them when I feel like playing. She likes to play but they get tired awful soon. Sis laughs at my wanting to play nurse with her dolls. She even let me wear her white dress once. It fits ok and with her Hallowe'en wig I sure did look like a nurse. I don't see anything wrong in making believe I am a nurse. I am just lucky I guess to be the same size as Sis. Funny because she's two years older than me. Boys, they say, grow bigger than girls. I guess it's because we eat more. I ate almost half the birthday cake all by myself. Sis got about a quarter and Dad the rest. Mom says cake is fattening and she has to watch her figure. I watch her figure too. She looks awfully nice, but Sis told me I am silly wanting to grow up to be like Mom. She says that wishing is only for girls. I am a boy and I am supposed to want to be like Dad. Trouble is he's hairy and rough. I hate hairy faces and arms and legs. Hair is ugly, looks dirty and it's good for nothing. Mom and Sis are both nice and pretty and soft and smooth. I don't see anything wrong in wanting that kind of smoothness for myself. After all I'm growing up and I'm already close to being 11 years old. Today was my birthday number 10 and Dad says a man should learn to think for himself. So, dear Diary, right now I am thinking for myself and I wish to be some day like Mom...pretty and always dressed nice.

May 20: Gosh, I really messed things up today. I told some of the fellows at school what I'd been thinking about wanting to grow to be like Mom and wear dresses and lipstick and they almost killed me. Boy that was some beating I took. Of course they were three against one and while I was fighting with Bill, Don and Johnny jumped me from behind. I didn't mind the blows so much.

## *Transvestia*

But the awful things they said about me. They called me all kinds of nasty names and they even used a couple of words I never even heard before, something that sounded like queer, but I guess that wasn't it because there's nothing wrong about being queer. I've seen plenty of queer animals and birds at the zoo and they're all kinda nice. And at the camp last Summer the teacher showed us all kinds of queer plants that grow in the mountain, so I guess that was not what the boys meant about me..must have been something else..But they said I was dirty and they spat on the floor and they said they didn't want to be seen with me anymore and that from now on I could play by myself or with the girls. Of course I'd like to play with them but they don't seem to want to play with me, I guess if I was a girl they would.

May 23: My blackeye is gone now and I tried today to get the girls at school to play with me. They told me to go away and when I didn't go right away they told the teacher that I was staring and staring at them. I told the teacher that was the truth and that I liked to look at the girls. The teacher wasn't angry at first but got real mad all of a sudden when I said that I liked most to see the girls jumping rope and see their skirts dance and what pretty underwear they have underneath, lots of lace and pretty colors. Boy, was she mad. She said she wasn't going to have any nasty boy around her girls and shoved me away real hard and then she said she'd tell my folks. And when I got home today mother was mad and then Dad was even madder when she told him what the teacher had said. Sometimes I think I hate Miss Burns, that's her name, but then I think how pretty she always looks, especially today in her blue dress without any sleeves and lots of white flowers all over the blue. Dad stopped me a couple of times and said I'd better watch my step from now on and he didn't want to hear anymore about my behavior. I still don't know why everybody gets so mad when I say I like pretty things. From now on I'll be smart. I'm going to shut up. I won't tell anybody what I think. If the boys won't play with me and the girls won't either, then I'll play all by myself. I'll show them.

July 5: Dear Diary: Sorry I forgot to write anything for quite a while, but today being the day after the Fourth of



July I figure it makes a nice occasion. Yippee. I looked it up in the dictionary and I have spelled it right. The teacher says I'm good at spelling. She says it's because I read so much and the other children should do the same but they don't. I guess I'm getting used to reading. This way I can be by myself and don't have to play rough stuff with the fellows. The girls still won't play with me. I still don't get it. Sis says boys are sure nice to be with and Sis is a girl. But she's most of the time running around with girls and I wish I could be with them when they are together. I wish I could wear Sis' clothes so the girls can pretend I'm a girl too. It must be nice to have so many friends. It gets kinda lonesome being by myself all the time but I have found a game that's lots and lots of fun and can last as long as I want although I have to stop at 6 to be home in time for dinner.

I just go to some quiet place, like behind the football field where there are lots and lots of trees and grass. It is good that we are on vacation now. There's nobody around the school and I can just hide and sit on the grass and close my eyes and make up my own make-believe movies. At first it was funny because I was running out of stories and I was repeating movies I'd seen on TV. But now I'm real good at it. Today I kept my eyes closed for almost three hours and I saw the nicest picture I've ever seen. Of course I can't tell people what the picture was about. But just writing it down on this diary is fun. The diary won't tell. All I do is pretend I am a girl, a real girl like Sis sometimes, or grown up like Mom or even like Mrs. Burns and I am wearing pretty shoes with high heels and the wind makes the dress squirm around my knees. And everybody I meet is real nice because I'm very pretty and my hair is long and blond and fluffy-like. The story I like best is the one where my name is Daisy and I am a new girl-friend of my Sister and we go out together downtown and have a coke at the drugstore and have a lot of fun playing with other girls. And at the end when we get back home I ask her where her brother is, that's me of course, and then she says she doesn't have a brother I give her a big surprise and I say yes you do and I take off my wig and there I am laughing at her and she starts laughing too and we both run to see Mom and Dad and tell them all about our playing and they laugh too and don't mind it a bit. I guess the story gets

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a little mixed up because I start being a real girl and then I end up by turning out to be a boy after all. Gosh I like that name Daisy. I think I'll sign my name from now on as Tommy D. and nobody'll know that the D stands for Daisy and when people ask me what it means I'll just say that my middle name is David. Pretending is lots of fun.

Sept 8: Gosh, I just read my diary and I guess I forgot again to write like I said I would every day. But this time is alright. Nothing really important has happened. I went to camp last month. Did I have a good time. The boys forgot all about their not liking me and we got along swell. We learned lots of new things about nature and the way plants grow and why they die in winter and we studied a big ant hill that reminded me of the time Dad took us to New York with all the people running around like mad all the time. We did a lot of swimming in the lake and there were no girls around and we all played a lot. I have a new pal, his name is Stan. He has a kind of funny nose but he is awfully good at sports and he promised he'd teach me to be a real athlete someday. Funny thing is that I don't want to be an athlete but I had to pretend I wanted to. He would have made fun of me if I had told him about Daisy. I almost did but remembered my promise to myself never to talk about her with other people, so I didn't tell him. I didn't think much of my movie-making games when I was at camp, only at night before going to sleep but I guess I was too tired from running around all day and I fell asleep too soon.

Now I am back home, and I am going back to my hideaway by the football field every afternoon to make more make-believe movies. Today I figured I could make them real real. I stole a dress from Sis. It's nice and red and has lots of pleats. She won't miss it. She never wears it anyway. She's awfully silly. She's a real girl and she looks awfully nice in dresses, but she's wearing pants all the time. Gosh, they are ugly. They look just like the blue ones I have to wear all the time. She could wear dresses all the time if she wanted. I wonder why most girls go for jeans. Maybe that's why I go for dresses. Maybe all boys do, except they don't tell. I guess all Dads are funny that way. They get



mad if I want to wear a skirt but they don't get mad when Sis wears pants. But I fooled everybody today. I took Sis' dress and panties and a petticoat and shoes and wrapped them in newspaper and hid them in a hole inside the trunk of one of the trees. It's my special closet for Daisy. Tomorrow I'll get Sis' Halowe'en wig and I'll dress up by the trees and sit on the grass and then my movies will be real real. I can hardly wait until tomorrow and I hope it doesn't rain. I also hope nobody will ever find out about me and Daisy. Dad would get awfully mad. I guess he doesn't like make-believe games. Wouldn't it be nice if he did like them? What fun we'd have. Maybe he'd like to dress up too and I'd be Daisy and he'd be Mom. But of course he would have to shave all that ugly hair. I guess he wouldn't like highheels and dresses, he's too rough and would tear them. Anyway this is just some more make-believe.

Sept. 9: Dear Diary: This has been the swellest day of my whole life. Honest. I made movies all afternoon and I was Daisy. Not just inside my eyes when I close them. This time I was her all over. I didn't have to close my eyes to make movies this time. I made them with my eyes open. What fun. I felt so good it was better than eating a whole gallon of icecream, better than going to camp, better than anything I've ever wanted. Sis' red dress made me feel swell. I wish I could wear it all the time, for ever and ever. Of course I would have to get a new one when I grew up because the dress wouldn't fit me so good. Maybe I'd get a blue one, like Miss Burns' wears. Today I even pretended I had lipstick and make-up on. I guess I must have looked real pretty. I couldn't see very well by the pond. The water is kinda dirty and the wind makes it all wavy. But I could see a bit of Daisy alright, red dress and all. I'd better get a mirror next time. She felt awfully good inside, just as happy as when I get an extra dollar when I do chores for Mom. I really forgot I was Tommy. My name was Daisy and I looked like Daisy and I walked around the trees and then I felt like dancing and I danced and danced until I had to sit on the ground from being tired. I had the funny feeling that I loved the grass and the trees and the wind and the sky very much. Just as if they were people I like. Maybe Sis wore her dresses more often she'd also feel as good as I felt today all the time. I

### *Transmedia*

wish I could tell Mom and Dad how much fun it is being Daisy sometimes and Tom some other times. I like Daisy a lot. I feel like she was inside me, behind my ribs. Funny to be two people at the same time. It sounds all mixed up I guess but it just feels swell. Mom and Dad don't know and I won't tell them. All they said when I got home was, "my you look cheerfur today". I sure did. Gosh, how I wish I could tell Sis about Daisy. But she'd surely snitch and tell Dad. I'll think about it. I'll go to bed now and I am sure I'm going to be Daisy if I really dream hard. Some nights I don't dream at all. I wonder why.

Hi: (this is Susanna again).....As you can see, there's a million things one could do with this diary plot. We could continue in a sequel which would show us the growth of Tommy D. through the years. How he finds these pages locked up in a trunk some ten years later and decided to keep writing...It could be an endless sort of vehicle for TV thoughts and experiences...But again, we might decide to end the story right at this point...and give it one of several twist endings....

#### a) The tragic ending:

"Tommy D's yellowed pages fluttered restlessly on the floor....The window to the cellar was open and the Autumn wind slithered around the cemented surface, joyously happy to have found some more bits of dust to make make-believe whirlpools..The stream of air suddenly grew still...It had touched something that wzs not dust and was not paper either...It was a heavy, resistant object that dangled from a rope tied to a beam in the ceiling. The air molecules coiled back and then sprung forward in a renewed playful assault...This time the attempt was successful and the wind toyed with the hem of the blue skirt that stirred around the lifeless nylon-clad knees of an 18-year old boy."



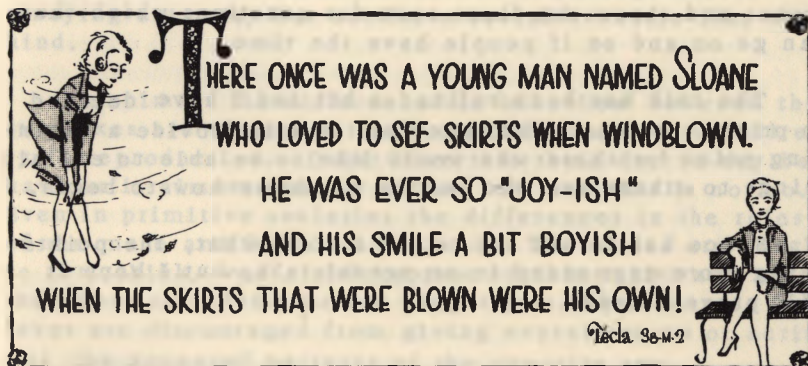
b) The happy ending:

"Doris dropped the last page of Tommy's diary on the silky satin of the bed cover. She wiped a sentimental tear from her eyes and turned them tenderly towards the contented sleeping body of her husband. Poor dear, she murmured softly as she turned off the light. As as sleep quietly tip-toed over her eyelids she made herself one promise: that she would see to it that Tom would never have to keep his secret hidden in the trunk of a tree and that any human being that had experienced a childhood such as Tom's, deserved more than others that extra dose of love and understanding she would give him with all her heart. Her hand gently touched the delicate lace of Tom's nightie a split second before she too fell soundly asleep".

Any more endings? Many others. But I think each one of you can supply your own. You can choose from several categories: The horror ending - the supernatural ending - the funny ending - etc....In the meantime, I'll quit. I must go shopping for that blue dress just like the one Miss Burns wears at school.

Love,

Susanna





#### INTRODUCTORY NOTE:

As most of you know, I have been giving lectures to Service Clubs all over the Los Angeles area for the last several years. By way of proof the above picture was taken at the Glendale Optimist Club this last October.

It took a bit of doing the first time to devise a talk that covered applicable material for the first 20 minutes without giving away the situation. After that I lower my voice, tell them that I am a man, a husband and a father and throw the floor open for questions which then can go on and on if people have the time.

The talk has been refined a bit and I have decided to print it here as I believe that it will provide a beginning point for those who would like to be able to explain things to others but who just do not know how to begin.

Space has forced me to cut it somewhat, the points being more expounded in an actual talk, but I hope it will prove helpful.



My subject this afternoon is "Sex and the Gender Role". Sex is a subject of universal interest and one which involves nearly all aspects of life. But sex is also a confused subject and one of the big causes of confusion is that Gender is not properly distinguished from Sex. Let us therefore, in the interest of better communication start out with a few definitions. "Sex" is a matter of anatomy and physiology and it has to do with reproduction. The proper words to use when referring to sex are "male" and "female". Gender on the other hand, is a matter of psychology and sociology. It has to do with what we do and how we do it, social customs and expectations, prohibitions and attitudes. The proper words to use when referring to Gender are "man" and "woman", and the adjectives are "masculine" and "feminine". If one listens in on conversations he will be surprised at the frequency with which these words are misused. Misuse of terms means poor communication and therefore a confused transfer of ideas.

Sex distinctions appear at the bottom of the evolutionary ladder, even bacteria exist in two sexes. But Gender does not appear until the highest mammals and not much of it there. However, when early man emerged from his animal ancestors and began to live in social groups, Gender distinctions began. Men in their study of animals, however, finding no Gender to speak of, have more or less transferred the animal findings to man and have therefore overlooked Gender, considering it all wrapped up in the term "sex". This is adequate for studying animals, but not for a social creature like mankind.

In animals the differences in behaviour between the two sexes are almost entirely related directly or indirectly to reproduction. Other than this their day to day behaviour is almost exactly alike. In man this is not so. Even in primitive societies the differences in the roles of the male and female are great. The males are taught to act, think, wear, and express certain traits and not the opposite. Females are taught just the reverse. Both sexes are discouraged from giving expression to or acting out the accepted patterns of the opposite sex.

Since, in the animals that we study to learn about

## *Transvestia*

ourselves, practically all differences between sexes are seen as sexual, transfer of this information to mankind makes our differences seem to be sexual too. The consequence of this is that since sex itself is biological and immutable so the behaviour patterns exhibited by males and females are considered to be biologically determined, inseparable from sex and unchangeable. This is simply not so! Gender roles are learned responses. They are culturally determined and largely artificial. They are not biological in origin. They vary greatly from one culture to another and from period to period in the same culture. (cf. clothing and manners in the time of George Washington)

From the day the doctor comes in and tells the mother that she has a "bouncing baby boy" she and the father begin to treat it in the manner considered proper for a male child and vice versa if it is female. Since the growing child is exposed to a limited set of permissible patterns and is hauled up sharply if he strays too far away from them, he or she gradually learns to be a boy or a girl and then a man or a woman. Or to use the descriptive terms, he or she "learns" to be masculine or feminine. It does not come automatically with maleness or femaleness.

Work done at Johns Hopkins University by Drs. Money and Hampson on pseudo-hermaphrodites (persons whose external genitalia appears to resemble in some ways both kinds of sexual organs) showed that the sex of assignment was far more important in determining the final personality structure than were the external genitalia, the internal organs, the hormone balance, the sex chromatic characteristic or the chromosomal pattern. Further they found that if the child had been mistakenly assigned to the wrong sex (and therefore was brought up in the wrong Gender) and it was not discovered until after the 2nd year of age that attempts to reassign the Gender role caused profound personality upsets.

Now, although this work was done on pseudo-hermaphrodites it has important implications for everyone else. Obviously if a child could be misassigned and grow up in the wrong Gender and make a go of it, he could also have made a go of it if he had been correctly assigned in the



first place. Put another way this implies that all children male and female are born with approximately the same potential traits, abilities and attributes (excluding of course, those that are directly genetically determined by inheritance). Next it implies that whatever role and sex is assigned to the child and in which it develops, all the potential traits and attributes that would have been developed if he had gone down the other road are still there as potentials but have never been given the chance to develop because the child has been directed along one path, encouraged in all appropriate actions and discouraged in all inappropriate ones.

This means that there lies buried in all of us the makings of another personality which has been suppressed. Since the traits suppressed and not allowed to develop are those which, in our present culture, are considered as belonging rightfully to the opposite sex, one can see that each man has a buried feminine component and each woman a buried masculine component. This is not news to psychiatrists such as Jung who characterised the opposite within men and women as the Anima and Animus respectively. However, what this repressed self may cause us to do is something else again.

Evidently each of us has repressed and buried something like half of all our potentials. This deprives not only the individual but society of many fine and useful character traits which is most regrettable. But since people vary widely in the kind of traits they have and the intensity with which they seek expression it follows that there will be some males who will have a quota of repressed "feminine" traits that want "out". They are like the second team on the football field--waiting on the bench for one of the varsity men to get injured so that the 2nd string player can get in there and show his stuff. When a male has a relatively large and active group of feminine traits seeking expression there are essentially four ways in which he can handle the conflict.

The first is the common way--that of suppression and repression. This frequently results in psychosomatic illnesses and in ulcers, heart attacks and so on because the person is having to live a rather false role in life and is unable to give expression to a large part of himself.

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The second "solution" is that of the homosexual who has crystallized his feminine side around the sexual aspect of woman. That is, he identifies his femininity with a woman but has selected her sexual role as her chief characteristic to identify with and he seeks to act out the sexual role of the female. The third way is that of the transexual. You may not have heard this term before but I'm sure you are all familiar with the case of Christine Jorgensen. This person was a transexual. Such people identify themselves with the psychological role of woman. That is they say that they, "think like a woman, feel like a woman" and that they are "women trapped in a man's body". They seek to solve their problem by surgical removal of the male appendages thereby bringing their anatomy into line with their psychology. Unlike the homosexual they have no liking for their male organs anyway.

The fourth type of reaction to this conflict is that of the transvestite--sometimes called an Eonist after the Chevalier d'Eon a nobleman of the court of Louis the 14th of France. This man performed diplomatic missions for his king while attired as a woman and was ordered to live the rest of his life in that role. "Transvestism" means literally cross-dressing. It is a condition where the individual adopts the clothing of the opposite sex. Persons like this have solved their conflict thru an identification with the social aspect of women. That is, they wish to be able to dress like, act like, and do as women do. They differ from transexuals in that they value their male organs and would not wish surgery, and from homosexuals in that their love objects are women.

It must be emphasized here that transvestites ARE NOT HOMOSEXUAL. Public misconceptions that all homosexuals are effeminate and favor feminine attire and the opposite error that anyone who is interested in feminine things is, ipso facto, a homosexual are responsible for a great deal of misunderstanding and hurt. TVs as we will call them for short, simply have found a way for their "second team" to get into the game by virtue of adopting the exterior role of a woman. In this role they can give free rein to all those traits and interests that were denied them in their masculine bringing up. In the words of the song, "They Enjoy Being A Girl".



How would you know a TV if you saw him? The answer is that you wouldn't. Such people are 70% married, and 70% of these are fathers. They hold down good jobs, are active in their community life, and do not display any feminine traits while in their masculine roles. They live very frustrated, lonely, guilt-ridden and fearful lives, frequently going for years and years without anyone knowing that whenever they get the opportunity--due to the family being away or conversely their being away on a business trip--they steal a few minutes of happiness by dressing in feminine clothing and letting their inner feminine self out to "live" a little while. Fear and Guilt come from the knowledge that society and loved ones would not approve and that if their secret were found out they would be accused of being homosexual and treated accordingly. Since they are not homosexual the prospect of being condemned as such by an ignorant and bigoted society provides the element of fear in their lives. They are terribly lonely because almost universally they feel that they must be the only man alive with such unmasculine feelings plus the fact that they can reveal them to no one on pain of exposure and condemnation.

Actually they are a long way from being alone. There are uncounted thousands of them in the country. Psychiatrists and statisticians have estimated that the incidence of transvestism is second only to homosexuality in frequency among unusual behaviour patterns. And the latter is said to run between 10 and 15 percent.

At this point I must tell you something before I throw the meeting open for questions. (I pause for several seconds, look down and get ready to lower my voice to it's masculine pitch having spoken in Virginia's voice so far, and I say.....) I am a man! A husband and a father! (At this point the audience really cracks up, with laughter and amazement.) You will want to know why I give talks like this dressed this way. Three reasons: (1) I enjoy being out in public as a woman; (2) I have been hurt too much by ignorant people, lay and professional, and I want to spread some knowledge of this pattern around; (3) If I came to you as a man and talked about femininity in the male you wouldn't hear me, you'd only be annoyed at having to listen to a damned "queer".

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This way you have listened with the respect due a woman and I have been able to get my message into your minds without your prejudices and fears being aroused. I hope that what I have told you will enable you to be a bit more tolerant and understanding of some man or boy that you may read about or know who has been discovered in feminine attire. I thank you". (The meeting is then turned over for questions which are many).....

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### -o-o-YOU TOO CAN HELP-o-o-

All of us would like to see society and particularly those persons in it who are in positions of influence, come to a better understanding of TVism---what it is and, more importantly, what it is not.

I have a little 4 page leaflet that I pass out at my lectures to help the hearers learn more than I have time to tell during the talks. It also is something to give to someone who did not hear the lecture.

I think it would be a big educational step if every one of our readers were to invest \$2.50 for the cause and take 25 of these and mail them to every judge, district attorney, police chief, minister, doctor, marriage counselor, attorney or newspaper columnist (the advice kind) that he knows or can find out about. There aren't very many ways in which all can share in spreading the word, but this is certainly one way. Collectively we could make a pretty good noise, alone I can only get to my audiences and their friends. Even so I estimate that I've gotten the word to about 1,000 people directly and to about 4 more each through them. So 5,000 people more or less have learned about TVism through my lectures. Although most of you can't or wouldn't give lectures, you can help this way. Will you?

I soon have to print more of these. If enough of you will order them, I will write a little introductory section to fit in with mail distribution and also I will be able to get them printed cheap enough to be sold at 10 for \$1.00 (cost, non-profit to Chev. Pubs.) I will hold orders till I see how many will be needed and then print them up, so order and then sit back and wait till I get them to you. O.K.? Get on the band wagon and do something for the cause-----ALL OF YOU. ....VIRGINIA



# EDITORIAL

## EMANATIONS

1: POSTAL TROUBLES CONTINUE: Our problems with the U.S. still continue. Each mail brings news that some subscriber has failed to get merchandise that our records show has been mailed. Others report that though the package was received it had been opened and the contents tampered with or partially removed. In the other direction several have said that they have mailed us checks which our records show that we never received. The difficult part of it all is that most of those who fail to get their mail would not want us to put a tracer on it because of getting involved at their end of the line so we are dead. We have taken to making completely separate lists of mailings so that we can be sure of catching any errors within our own organization, but after its in the P.O. box we are helpless. During the past two weeks we have even taken to mailing the material from another post office. We are taking the matter up with the local Postmaster next week but please bear with us if you are one of these who do not receive merchandise. We are doing all we can here and can only make the same offer as before, duplication of lost shipments at half price.

11: CHARLES PRINCE'S PHONE NUMBER: Several readers have come to Los Angeles and have tried to phone me. There is another Charles Prince in the phone book and I understand he is getting rather tired of people calling him and talking rather in circles about things he does not know anything about. I should tell you therefore, that my number is unlisted. If you are coming through Los Angeles, let me know where you are staying and when and I will try to call you. I say try because I can't guarantee either that I will remember or that I will be home that day to call you, but I will try.

111: MY TRIP EAST: The girls of the combined Beta Theta chapters and the Michigan group are having their Christmas get together the latter part of December. I

have decided to join them in order to kill several birds with one stone. There are strong possibilities that some really important Foundation activities will be able to get under way in 1965 and I have to consult with some of the Middle western girls who have been active in trying to do things, particularly Fran, 49-C-1-FPE. From this gathering I plan on seeing a couple of professional men in Minneapolis who may be in a position to help, and from there I hope to be able to visit the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington, Indiana to talk with it's Director about some plans for cooperation between the Institute and the Foundation.

IV: TIME, THE SCARCEST ITEM: I've said it before and feel that I must again. Chevalier is conducted outside of a regular job. As a result I am always up to my eyes. Many of you write little questions that I simply cannot take the time to answer, many of you want to be notified when your subscription expires, or want acknowledgements of material or subscriptions received. I know these are all important to you and I'd like to oblige you. But you are only one out of many, and collectively this becomes a great burden. I just have to do first things first or you'll get no magazine etc. I hope you will understand and forgive for there really is no other way. I'd like to be able to make personal contact with all of you, but it is just impossible.

V: IDENTIFY YOURSELVES: Some of you send in letters with only a femmename on them. This, with the postmark becomes our only means of identification and it is sometimes an impossible task. It is enough trouble if the reader is coded--we can go through the code index, but if not it means searching all the cards which we haven't time to do, so be sure to identify yourself so that we will know whom to credit the order to or make a reply to if that is necessary.

Virginia



# IT HAPPENED TO ME

(WHEN ALMOST FINISHED)



# IT HAPPENED TO ME!



GOSH DADDY I WISH MOM WAS MORE LIKE YOU!



*Person To Person*  
FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



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

5-H-13 FPE S.F. Bay area FPE Members! We are starting regular meetings of S.F. chapter. FPEs in area may get in touch with me thru CONTACT.....KARIN

=====

35-C-4 FPE Like to meet & corres. with FPs in Youngstown, Ohio, Pittsburg, Wheeling, W. Va. area..WENDY

=====

32-H-4 FPE Wish to contact FPEs in Buffalo & Rochester areas. Wants to start area chapter.....DIANA JOYCE

ELECTROLYSIS IS THE ANSWER!

A beard is a nuisance, especially to a TV. Why have one? I am a licensed electrologist. I am also an understanding person and have worked on many TVs. My office is quiet, private and all contacts are held in confidence. Your beard can be removed partially or completely depending on the time devoted to it. No scars, pits or sores by my method. Give your femmself a chance to have a smooth skin, she deserves it and she'll thank you for it.

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"TRANVESTIA"... A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1 st of even numbered months at \$4 per copy.

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

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

"TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"... 16 page short stories with Transvestic themes. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50. Yearly subscription \$5.

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"THE SCARCITY OF NURSES AND OTHER STORIES"... A collection of 5 short stories involving transvestism. 77 pages, illustrated.....\$5.

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

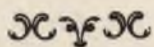
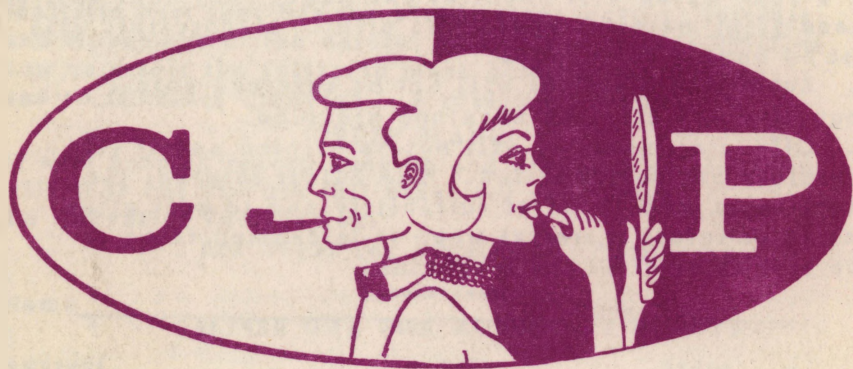
1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made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

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## PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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