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# TRANSVESTIA



No. 26, 1964

# Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

## ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

## UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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".



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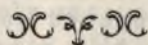
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# Mardi Gras

by Jo Anne

◆ My earliest recollection of having TV tendencies was at the tender age of four. This period of my life followed closely after the death of my father. It was during this time, being completely surrounded by women, my mother and grandmother, that my desire started, one which was to grow to become my total reason for living.

My mother remarried three years later when I was seven. During this time my life revolved completely around things feminine. My mother even today laughingly remarks about how I would use the toilet in a feminine fashion. My mother worked all of the time so that my grandmother had complete charge of me during the day. We lived in a large two story brick house which had too much room for the three of us so my mother from time to time took in boarders which of course helped out with expenses.

From one female boarder I acquired a discarded pair of hose which were dearly treasured, kept several months and worn in the seclusion of my room. Another instance I remember happened one afternoon when I entered the room rented by a mother and daughter. The daughter I remember was a beautiful girl and wore many beautiful outfits. She was around twenty and worked during the day along with her mother. I had been in their room several times before so I knew where everything was kept, lingerie, etc. On this particular afternoon I entered



their room with the idea of trying on a few of the younger womans' things although I had never before attempted it. I managed a beautiful pair of silk panties a bra and also a matching slip and was standing in the middle of the room admiring myself in a full length mirror when all of a sudden the mother of the girl whose clothes I was wearing entered the room. She had come home from work unexpectdly and was greatly surprised whe she saw me standing there. I must have looked ridiculus because instead of being mad all she did was laugh. I was somewhat embarassed at my predicament and begged her not to mention this to my mother. She said she would not, however after I left the dinner table that night I heard her jokingly tell my mother about the whole thing. However, it was never brought up to me to explain.

My life moved along smoothly after this. After mother remarried which I greatly resented, my easy going life abruptly changed. The man she married was a real Ceasar. I was punished severely everytime I stepped out of line. By severely I mean that I was made to strip down to bare skin and was literally beaten with switches until many times my bottom and the backs of my legs and back actually bled. This occured as much as once and sometimes twice a week until I reached the age of twelve. Although I hated my step father and was greatly afraid of him, I do not consider him a cause of my transvestism. However, I believe the great fear I had of him caused me to wish and pray that I would become a girl as an escape from him. Surely he would not punish a girl so severely, I would tell myself.

For some reason, I never understood, my stepfather stopped whipping me when I was around twelve years old. My dislike for him, however, never stopped. Although, today, I do not hate him anymore, I only feel pity for him and my mother for leading a miserable life with him also. I feel the only reason she did not get a divorce was because he did offer her security through his insurance business.

As I grew older my desire to dress seem to grow also. Outwardly, in appearance and physique I was just another average boy. Because of my size, 6'4", I was



JO ANNE AS SHE WOULD LIKE TO APPEAR  
IN VOGUE, GLAMOUR OR MADEMOISELLE



a standout in high school athletics, and also in college. I received an athletic scholarship for basketball. But inside dwelt the mind and desires of a girl. I never told my real story to anyone, not even my mother, until after my marriage when I told my wife. There were times when my mother suspected, I'm sure, but she would always seem to want to overlook it rather than question about it.

At twenty-one, while I was in college I married a wonderful girl. She worked while I was in school so I had ample time to dress in the afternoon before she came home. I kept this from her for nearly two years. Finally she began noticing things about me and finally disclosed everything to her. Ever since then she has been attempting to understand. Sometimes it has been more difficult than others. I believe it was a grave mistake not to tell her before we were married. We have been married seven years now and we both have had to make adjustments in order to keep peace.

I am now 28 years old, and a father of one as well as a husband, I am college educated and have a good job as a manufacturers representative. This requires a lot of traveling - usually five days a week and this, in turn, provides a lot of opportunities to dress.

My experiences as a TV have been many. Although I am over six feet in height, I am able to make a fairly attractive young lday of twenty-eight or thirty. Because of my height, however, I wear flats when I venture out in public, although I detest seeing any girl wearing flats except with capris. I own an extensive wardrobe of about thirty different outfits which include several suits, sheaths, jumpers, shirtwaists, capris, skirts and three beautiful cocktail dresses. In the lingerie department I have an accortment that would make any girl tingle all over. In foundations, I wear a merry widow or waisteincher with long line bra, and panty girdle, padded with realistic hip and rear pads which I have fashioned from foam rubber. For breast appearance I wear a pair of the most realistic falsies that anyone could imaging.

Over the past five years I have developed a great deal of self confidence. I am now able, through strict

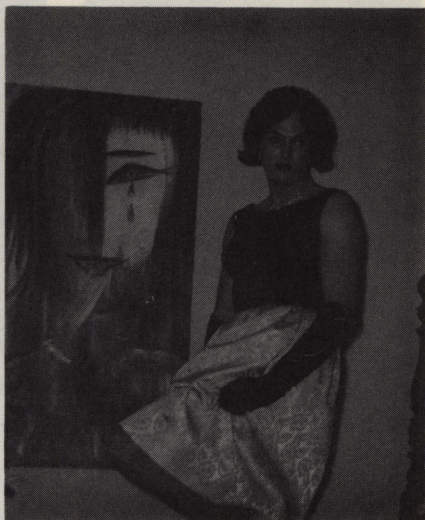
experimentation, to do just about anything I please as a girl. As anyone, who is an active TV knows, this is not an overnight process, and I would never suggest to any TV to take unnecessary chances in public until she has developed enough confidence in herself to do so. Being unsure of one's appearance or actions is the easiest way I know of to be detected.

As long as I conduct myself in such a way as not to attract any undue attention I will never, I hope, have any consequences to suffer. I have done just about everything an active TV can do, which includes going to the theatre, restaurants, clubs, taking trips or merely going for a walk. Doing anything which pertains to being a girl is exciting to me. I do not consider myself as having a fetish for any particular article of clothing. I just enjoy being as feminine as possible and being accepted by the public as being what I constantly strive to appear to be, a woman. I go out mainly in larger cities, "saftey in numbers", I always say, although at times I have ventured out in smaller towns.

I believe my most exciting feminine experience was earlier this year in New Orleans. It was Mardi Gras or, as they say, carnival time and I have been just dying to go for years but never had the opportunity. This year Mardi Gras came in the latter part of February so I began making preparations nearly a month ahead so that I would be ready when the time came. I have a dress maker in my home town who makes about half my clothes. She is very reasonable and does excellent work. She has my measurements with foundations, and all that is necessary for me to do is to furnish the material. I design most of the clothes she makes for me or some times just describe it to her and she can make exactly what I want. The only thing I needed, for this trip was something stunning to wear Mardi Gras Day. I took along slacks for everyday wear and several sheaths for evening wear.

The dress she made for me had a bell shaped skirt of gold brocade and sleeveless top of black satin. She also made a stole of gold Lamee that really set the costume off. For shoes I selected black patent pumps and jewelry included a five strand crystal necklace





JO ANNE.. "AT HOME"

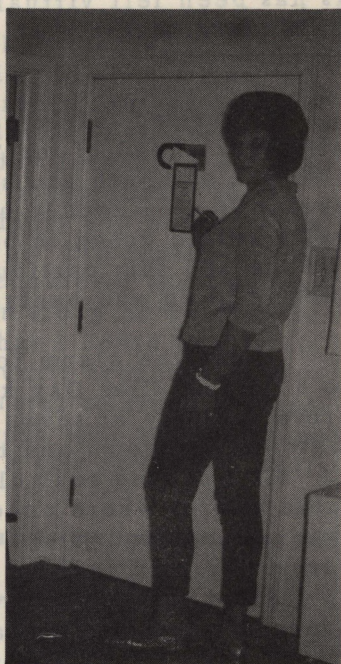
and matching ear rings, elbow length black gloves completed the ensemble. I had my wig fixed in my favorite style, a page fluff. When the time to go came I was more than ready.

I left home at noon on Saturday and drove like a mad man (girl) for New Orleans. I was shaking all over with anticipation of what lay before me - four wonderful days at Mardi Gras. It is a total of 530 miles from my home to New Orleans and I know I must have set a new record for that trip because I was sitting in "Dixies", a club in the French Quarter, at 10:30 P.M. Saturday night. I didn't even look for a motel immediately. While I was there I ran into a friend of mine who used to live in my home town but shortly before had moved to New Orleans. He knew of my TV desires and is quite broad minded about the whole thing. I didn't dress that first night because of the lateness of the hour and too I was exhausted from the long drive I had just completed. However, my friend and I did catch the 12:00 show at the Club My-O-My, a club famous for their female impersonators. We met Jimmy Calloway, the star of the show along with Billie DeVoe the MC and several more including Bob Banner who is the show's comedian. I talked to Bobbie (Banner) for nearly an hour both before and after the show. She sensed my interest in female impersonation and was quite understanding although she herself was not a TV. I saw her several times after that and have become close friends since then. During my stay in New Orleans, I revisited the "My-O-My" several times but with one difference--I went as a girl.

Through the friend whom I had met when I first arrived in New Orleans, I met many wonderful and understanding people who accepted me and made me feel right at home. I was invited to a total of seven parties and two costume balls at one of which I won 1st prize for the best costume.

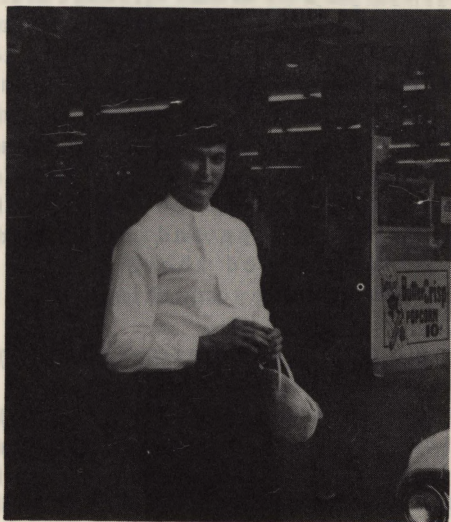
I went out every night dressed and had a wonderful time every where I went. This would be a wonderful place to hold a national meeting of FPE every year. The days were taken up with sight seeing. New Orleans is a beautiful place, especially for anyone who has never been there before. The French Quarter is unique in that





"LUNCH AT THE STATLER WITH YOU  
BETTY AND JANE? I'D LOVE TO"

SHOPPING LIST?



JO ANNE GOES SHOPPING

is has been left virtually untouched by the mad scramble of modernization that most urban areas are now going through.

I retired fairly early Monday night because I knew what was ahead of me Tuesday which is Mardi Gras Day. I took a hot bath and shaved my entire body. My eyebrows also needed a little work so I did them and my nails before going to bed. Of course I sleep as JoAnne and this particular night I wore my pale pink shortie gown and panty set.

I set the alarm for 7 A.M. because I was invited to a "Mardi Gras Day kick-off" party at 9o'clock. I arose promptly at seven and slipped into my pignoir which matched my gown and began to prepare myself. First of all I shaved real close. I then sat before the dressing table mirror where once again I was to transform myself into a beautiful girl. First with make-up, I applied panstick ( max factor) over which went a matching shade of pressed powder with a darker shade I shaded certain areas to give my face a slimmer and feminine appearance. To my eyes I first applied eyebrow pencil following with an aqua shade of eye shadow. Next went on liquid eye liner above and below my eye lids for the doe eye effect. Next came a heavy application of mascara. My lashes are long enough that I do not need false ones. Lastly came my lips which I enlargen and shape to a round fullness with a lip brush.

I then discarded my nightie and fastned my very tight merry widow around my waist. Before this, however, I taped my chest with a piece of tape two inches wide for cleavage. With the tape and merry widow I have an abundance of flesh mounded above the top of my bra. I do this only when I wear something low cut.

Next came black panties (very lacy), a matching half slip and a pair of misty grey nylons. I was ready to step into my dress that I had had made. Finally came the finsihing touches, wig, heels, and jewelry. I then draped my stole around my shoulders, slid into my car and drove to the party.

The party consisted of people in every conceivable





# ***Just Goofing***

by Judy (49-E-1)

There was a young man named Burt  
Whose feelings would always be hurt  
When in school each day  
His sweetheart would say,  
"You'd look cuter if dressed in a skirt."

Each time he would strongly deny it  
And demand that she did not imply it.  
He threatened to "pop" her  
But this did not stop her  
And so he decided to try it.

She gave him a dress and high heels  
And said to him, "See how it feels,  
Go ahead take a whirl  
At being a girl,  
Then you'll see what the mirror reveals."

In a dress made of satin and lace  
And with makeup applied to his face,  
He started inspection,  
Of his girlish reflection  
And found himself rooted in place.

At first he was really quite mute  
Then he said, "As a boy I'm no beaut,  
I can see with my eyes  
To my greatest surprise,  
As a girl I am rather cute."

These two are now missus and mister,  
For he found that he could not resist her.  
Although strange it may be,  
Just between you and me,  
They are living as sister and "sister."

# My F P

Elvira (FE-G-1)

1. Where'er in white my FP goes,  
Soft nylon are her underclothes,  
So lovely, sweet,  
So dainty, neat -  
There never was such charm!  
To lacy frills  
Her body thrills,  
They bring her soul sweet balm.
2. Her corset, bra and petticoats  
Are things on which she fondly dotes,  
So dazzling white!  
A girlish sight  
Reflects the looking-glass  
With skin-tight kid  
The male is hid  
And he, as "Miss", does pass.
3. With brows plucked fine to tapering line,  
And eyes made up until they shine,  
With blond curls made  
Thro' sweet pomade  
Into a crowning glory;  
Lips red in hue,  
Skin velvet, too,  
Make real our FP's story.
4. In high-heeled shoes and sheerest hose,  
In knee-length frock or gown that flows,  
She likes to be  
As does real "she"  
Admired for what she wears;  
Compares she well  
With any "belle",  
Rating her share of stares.



5. And so by many an artifice  
Our FP tries to look so nice, -  
With figure trim  
And waist laced slim  
Her femme-self to enhance  
She gets a thrill,  
And takes her fill,  
Of every admiring glance.



BREATHES THERE A MAN WHO'S SO ABNORMAL  
THAT HE ISN'T STIRRED BY A STRAPLESS FORMAL?

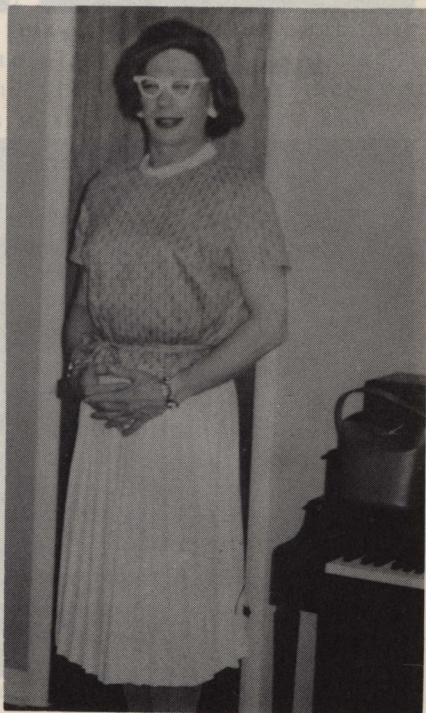


DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE NUN SAID WHEN HER BRA  
STRAP BROKE? "VERILY, MY CUP RUNNITH OVER"





MARILYN 15-N-1 FPE

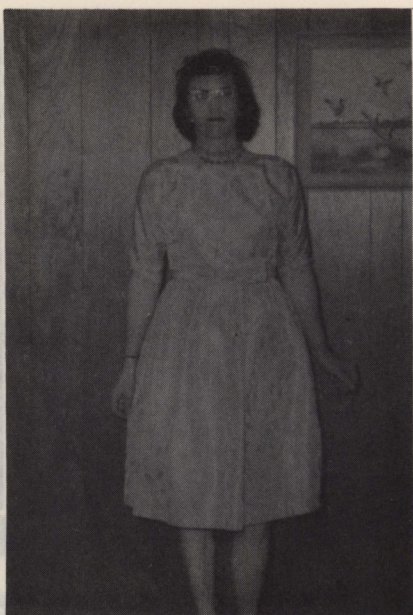


SHEILA 30-B-2 FPE  
OUR BOOK REVIEWER





MARSHA 5-T-7



CHARLENE

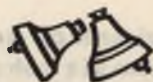


JEANETTE  
5-G-1 FPE





# So They Were Married



by MARJORIE (55-B-1)

◆ The most important event in my life between birth and marriage in fact the primary cause of my marriage, was falling off our fence soon after my sixth birthday.

To explain, I will have to go back into family history. Father was born at the time when women all over the world fearful of atomic warfare and the terrible effects on fall-out on their unborn children, banded together in a worldwide movement to make their influence felt in all decisions affecting their families and loved ones, particularly in the field of education and child care. Boys no longer romped about shooting toy pistols and guns at imaginary foes or each other, nor were they allowed to play with toys that had the least allusion to war and violence, rather they were taught to amuse themselves with quieter games and pastimes. Just as in the past, Mothers loved to dress their children in pretty clothes, bringing back the fashions of the Victorian era when small boys remained in dresses till six or seven and even older. Public opinion no longer frowned on boys or even males of all ages dressing according to their tastes and wearing their hair in attractive coiffures.

When young, father had an illness that left a badly damaged heart. He could never engage in heavy work or most sports. He was very mechanically minded and took all the shop work he could at school. He started to work in a large machine shop in the town, and by the time he was 21 was a foreman in one department. Soon after he married. He and mother wanted a place of their own with room for garden and fruit trees. They found a well built but run down house with a large lot just outside town. In his spare time, with help from friends, he rebuilt the house as they wanted it. Alice was born the year after their marriage, Irene two years younger, and myself, Jack, three years after her.

Father wanted to be on his own as he could see little future in his job. Unluckily an old chum came back to town with an idea for a machine but no money. Mother could not describe it exactly, but it was some sort of power-driven hoe. Ours was a market garden country, so if it worked it would save much hand labor. So he borrowed all he could on his insurance, rented a shop, bought machinery, and started to make a model machine. It was a failure, no automatic adjustment for uneven land. Meanwhile, a large implement company got the same idea and brought out one that worked. So father's dream collapsed. Savings gone and in debt, he went back to his old job. But mother said it broke him down in mind and health. When I was just three he got pneumonia, his heart quit and he died.

Debts and expenses took what little insurance was left. Mother had the three of us, all too young to help. She was advised to sell the place and get some job, but no one would want her with us three, and she was determined to keep us together. She decided to take in washing and advertised about doing so. It seemed that even with all the automatic washers, some people did not want to bother washing things. So she did washing and fine ironing at home. Alice was big enough to collect and deliver with her small wagon. A neighbor plowed our garden and we all worked in it, so it supplied much of our food, and cut our living expenses down a lot.

The greatest help was an older and very independent minded sister of father's. She lived in a city not far away, disliked being tied down to one job so took short time positions as housekeeper or companion when the wife was ill or away on visits. She was constantly busy and had many chances to get clothing no longer wanted at the places where she worked. So she kept mother supplied with most of the things the girls needed. I wore dresses too small for Irene, but when I was five some small boys things arrived in one bundle. Mother had decided to put me into pants when I started school at six, as while nearly all small boys in town wore dresses at least in early years at school, and many as I said before, all through school, we were surrounded by farms and the boys wore pants or jeans, to school



reserving pretty things for Sundays. Our school was a small, two room one but with two very good teachers. So as she had the pants, mother started me in them at five instead of waiting till I was ready for school. I liked my dresses but was rather proud that I had been promoted to pants earlier than most boys. There were no boys my age near us, so I played with a girl, Karen, Williams, living a short distance down the road. Mrs. Williams was baking that fateful day and had promised us a small cake of our own. So I was all built up to go that afternoon.

A circus had been in town. With no money to spare none of us went, but I had studied the posters, and there was one of a man walking a rope high up in the tent. So with one of mother's clothes line props to balance me, I was walking the top scantling of the old picket fence in front. I stepped on a rotten spot and down I went. My last pants had been patched till they looked like an old style quilt, and what original cloth was left was too thin to hold stitches. Most of the rear caught on a picket, and I left it behind. My hide was not hurt but my feelings were, and I went crying in to mother with the piece in hand wanting her to sew it back on. I did not know it, but she was badly worried about school clothes for me. Dresses were no problem, but boys clothes had to be bought, and summer holiday time was the worst season of the year financially with so many customers away. To make it worse, a new roof and other repairs she could not put off had left her in debt again.

At my demand she about threw up her hands.

"I can't patch them any more, the stuff is too thin to hold a patch."

"Well, what can I wear then?"

"Nothing that I can think of now. You will just have to put on your nightgown till I can think of something."

My sobs increased. "How can I go to Karen's in my nighty. Mrs. Williams is making a cake for us."

Then Irene who was helping make over a dress, spoke up. "That pretty green dress in the last bundle that is too small for me might fit him."

"Well, that's an idea. Go to the bedroom, Jack, and take off all your things, and Irene and I will see what we can find." I was so happy about getting to go to Karen's and the cake that I gave no thought to being changed back to dresses again. Mother arrived with an armful, and first was a soft rayon vest.

"What's that Mom, Is it silk?"

"No, it's rayon," she said.

"Well, it feels soft and nice, why don't boys wear that too."

"I don't know," she said, "only girls do."

Next came nylon stockings that fitted too. So as I was to be all dressed up I got my good boots from the closet and mother buttoned them. Then some sort of garter belt. "Sit down till I put your panties on. You sure are getting pretty ones. Just as pretty a slip too. They must have been made special for some lucky little girl's party dress."

They really were something. I felt excited all over. White nylon with two lace ruffles on each leg and narrow blue ribbon through the lace tied in pretty bows in front. The slip was the same and with another ruffle and ribbon around the top too. As soon as she had them on me I rushed to the mirror to admire them. Just then Irene came with my dress and both laughed to see me turning around in front of the glass and lifting my slip to admire the panties. Then the dress was slipped on and mother buttoned my back.

"Why," Irene exclaimed, "he looks like a real pretty girl only his head. Aren't you sorry now you cut his long hair off."

"You know how I hated to do it but he got so much dirt in it playing, I was too tired to wash it every

night. Now that we have him all dolled up he may be more careful."

The dress was a pretty green shade. Skirt pleated all around and just coming to my knees, short puff sleeves, and white collar and cuffs to set it off. I had another session in front of the mirror admiring the dress, and lifting the skirt to see the wonderful slip and panties under it. My lifetime love for pretty undies and dresses was born right then. It was lunch time by then so I was told to keep clean till we ate. Irene had already decided to be a hairdresser, and practiced on her dolls and any head she could get her fingers at. So I noticed she kept eyeing my hair, and was not surprised to hear her say:

"I think I can fix his hair so it looks nice and she tried to bring it around over my ears and pin it there, but the front hair was too short.

"Mother, a lot of boys wear bangs now, and if I combed that front hair down on his forehead, I could trim it even and he would look nice."

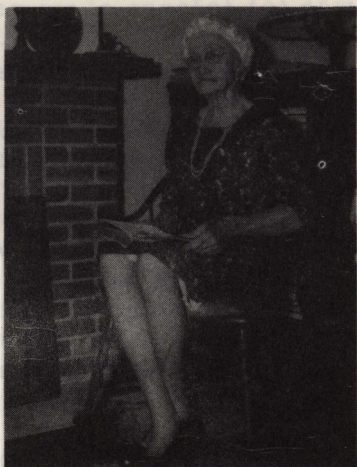
"Well, I will hold his head steady and you trim it."

So she did, and the rest was long enough to pin with a couple of bobby pins. All she could do with the back hair was brush it smooth, but she found a pretty barette with a blue bow and mounted it on top. Both decided it made a big improvement, no one could tell I was not a girl and a pretty one too. That suited me fine for I was a bit afraid if I looked like a boy in girl's things I would get teased about losing my pants and having to go back to dresses.

So I started to Karen's quite happy with all my pretty things. She fairly danced when she saw me.

"Oh Jack, where did you get the pretty dress. I like you a lot better than in boys' things. You look like a real girl now."





THESE ARE PICTURES OF PROBABLY OUR OLDEST SUBSCRIBER, MARJORIE 55-R-1. ABOVE AS SHE WAS AT THE AGE OF 5, THE OTHERS RECENT. ALTHO IN HER 80s, SHE IS VERY MUCH PART OF THINGS THRU CORRESPONDENCE AND WRITING. SHE WROTE, "TO HELP MOTHER..." IN TV1a # 22 AS WELL AS THE PRESENT STORY YOU ARE READING. MORE POWER TO HER!

Mrs. Williams was equally complimentary. I had to show off my slip and panties, and both agreed I had a right to be proud. We played as usual and the cake was as good as I expected. Before I left, Mrs. Williams told me seriously;

"Jack, tell your mother I said you look so nice she ought to keep you in dresses all through school and let your hair grow till you can wear it in braids. You look so natural you were intended to be a real girl."

So I went home quite in love with being a girl.

Next day it was decided the outfit was too good to play in and a couple of wash dresses were fixed over and other slips and panties found. I was pacified by being told I could dress up and go to town with Alice. She or mother went for the week's groceries every Friday or Saturday. So Friday I managed to dress myself completely, even tried to do my hair. Irene came to the rescue and finished it. During lunch, Alice thought of something:

"Mother, if I take him like that, strangers will ask if he is my sister."

"Let them ask, what does it matter?"

"Yes, but they will want to know his name, and if I say "Jack" that will spoil it."

"That's so. Jack you will have to have a girl's name to go with the dress. What do you want us to call you?"

All I could think of was Karen and that would not do. Then Irene said:

"Why not call him Betty. The dress came from Aunt Betty and she would like it, and it is short and easy to remember."



So Betty I became and still am except for signing papers. To make sure they would not forget, they started calling me Betty all the time, even Karen and Mrs. Williams, who as she had said, entirely approved of my being feminized.

By the end of the holidays, I had almost forgotten I was not born Betty, but Karen brought it back to my sorrow. We were looking at the things her mother had fixed for school, and I said something about mother getting me a boy's suit.

"That's too bad; you won't be able to wear that pretty slip and panties any more."

"Why not?"

"Boys can't wear slips, silly. You can't pack them into pants. You can't even get those pretty ruffles on your panties into boys' pants."

I went home quite upset. "Mother, why can't I wear dresses to school. Most boys in the city do even big ones."

"What's got into you. I thought you wanted pants."

"I did, but I like dresses, and if I wear pants, I can't wear my pretty slip and panties any more."

"That's it, is it?" she said. "I like you in dresses too, a lot better, and I am glad for I still don't know where the money for a boy's suit would come from. But remember this, if you start in dresses, you keep on."

Then she remembered that I would likely be the only boy in dresses at the school, so said we had better see what Miss Brett said about it. She was the teacher in the lower room, a very good one who had taught for years. She had no great love for housework, had a small apartment, and mother did her washing and ironing, and went over every week or so to give it a going over. She was to go the next morning so promised to find out. She had hardly got home till it



was.

"Did Miss Brett say it was all right?"

"Yes, though she said she wanted to think about it. But you will have to sit on the girls' side as you will be the only boy in dresses, and would look funny with the boys. But there are always too many boys for their seats and some will have to sit on the girls' side anyway."

"Maybe she will even let Karen sit next to me."

"Maybe, but if you two talk, she will move you in a hurry."

"When will I know?"

"Miss Brett said she will be over tonight."

I got into my best things, and got Irene to button my back and do my hair so I would look my very best. Back hair had grown enough that she was able to put a ribbon around it with a big bow on top, and I felt quite a big girl with it. Mother and the girls were out in the yard when she came, so I let her in remembering to be very polite.

"Good evening, Miss Brett, mother's out in the yard. I'll call her."

"Never mind, let her finish what she is doing. So you want to come to school in skirts? I don't blame you, such a pretty dress, and your hair looks nice too."

"Irene does it for me, it's long enough now for a ribbon on it."

"So I see; why did your mother cut your long hair? You looked so pretty with it."

"It got so long it used to fall around my face, and I would get it dirty playing. She had to wash it nearly every night, and said it was too much work when she was tired. She didn't want to cut it, and I cried too."

"No wonder you did, but you're old enough now to keep it clean, and it won't take long to grow."

"That's what Mrs. Williams, Karen's mother, said," I told her. "She said to tell mother that I looked so much like a girl, I ought to wear dresses all through school, and to let my hair grow so she could braid it. I think I would like braids."

"I think so too. You really are a pretty child."

"Look what I have under my skirt too."

"Jack, that's the prettiest slip I ever saw, wish I had one as nice. Yes, and panties too. No wonder you like being a girl."

Just then mother came in. "Why Betty, you didn't tell me Miss Brett was here, why did you keep her waiting?"

"So it's Betty now is it? I have been calling him Jack, but Betty suits his looks better."

"We really have a reason for it. Alice takes him shopping, and she said any stranger would ask if he was her sister. I said what did it matter, but as she said, they would want to know his name, and Jack would spoil it. So we picked on Betty after his aunt, and so we wouldn't forget, started to call him that all the time, till we have forgotten he has any other name and so has he."

"I think he had better be Betty at school too. Girl-boys all get girl's names anyway, and he will have to sit with the girls, and the way he looks they will all think he is one."

"You are sure it is going to be all right are you?"

"Yes, I was thinking of Mr. Campbell. He is really the nicest man and the best trustee. When we want anything for the school, we ask him first, and always get it. But he has such old-fashioned ideas about clothes. He doesn't mind very small boys so much,

as they have worn dresses for years back now. But the bigger ones, and men especially: 'It's against nature,' that's his favorite expression. I was afraid he would think Betty was the thin edge of the wedge. But I met his housekeeper this afternoon, and I think she has settled him."

"What happened?"

"He has a married niece in New York State, married a Campbell too. He thinks a lot of her. She has three boys, eight to twelve they are now, and he is always talking about what fine boys they are. So she said he had no picture of them since babies, and had written about it. Said it was lucky she was there when the new picture arrived or she would never have seen it. He was not going to show her when he opened it, but she insisted. It was taken specially, boys all dressed up in the prettiest dresses, all long hair, one braided, and to cap it all, ears pierced and pretty earrings. She said she thought he would have a fit. She told him what fine boys they were, and he came out with his favorite 'against nature.' She said: 'I got mad. Go out to the hen house, who is strutting around out there all dolled up?' Not the poor hens. What about that big animal picture upstairs with the lions? He has the fancy hair-do, not his wife. She is as plain as can be. It's not against nature at all. Boys and men have as much right to look nice as we do, maybe more, after having to wear those horrid clothes for centuries, till at last they got some sense, or more like it, we got it for them. He got out, but I noticed today the picture is on the desk in his office so I guess I did some good."

"Anyway," Miss Brett said, "he would think Betty was a girl if he did drop in. It will be a lot simpler to let him come as just another girl."

So Karen and I started that morning with Alice and Irene. I sat next to Karen and at recess we went out with the other girls and played with the little ones. All through school days it was the same, and no one took me for a boy. Public school was uneventful. I had lots of time to study so did well, took two years class-



es in one year once. We had no organized sports. The boys had a ball diamond on their side, far enough from the school windows. We just played catch at times. But in my last year, two girls, twins, came to school. People had started to move out of town, buy farms and fix up the houses like new ones. They had played softball at their town school, and could not understand why we did not. So we started it. Bats and balls did not cost too much. Uniforms were no problem anyway. We all had short skirts, and could get bloomers to match. The boys were interested and let us use their field part of the time. One of the twins was an extra good pitcher, we worked really hard at it and learned a lot. Not enough big girls for two teams; we just kept changing players.

The town girls had a regular league with the town schools and some outside ones. We got the notion we were good enough to challenge one. So they came out one Saturday in early June. They did not expect much of a game. We had promised a regular country supper after it. They started off too easy not wanting to show us up too badly. But we played for all we were worth, our pitcher was just too good and we went into the third inning two to their nothing. Then they got down to business, and got two. Luckily our pitcher was good for the whole game for she was the only good one we had. They tried changing pitchers but we managed to hold our own, and went into the ninth two and two. They put their first pitcher back in, she was a bit unsteady and we got the bases full. I came to bat next, I had been watching their pitcher and noticed where she placed her balls. So her second pitch came where I wanted it, and I put all I had into the bat, nearly knocked the cover off the ball and it went clear over the fence. I had time to walk around the bags. I think I was hugged and kissed by the whole team and some spectators too. They got one run more but that was all.

Then we trooped in to change into good dresses and eat. Their captain made a very pretty speech, admitted they had not expected such opposition and inviting us to join their league next year. So my public school days ended in a blaze of glory, and had a consequence I did not expect in High School sports.

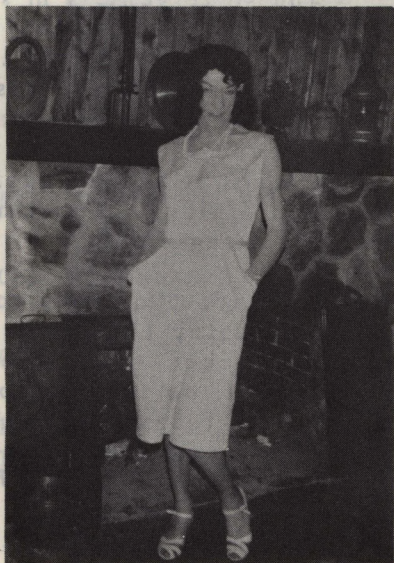
Continued in Transvestia # 27



GISELE 56-D-1

A NEW CANADIAN SISTER

KAREN 22-S-2 FPE, RELAXES AT HER MOUNTAIN CABIN





# Dear Diary=

◆ It's October 29th and the long months of waiting, planning and anticipating are over. Tomorrow I drive to Chicago - in a dress - for four whole days of glorious release, four days of being myself - a woman. Everything is packed, all the arrangements and excuses, are made and, at last, I'm ready. And what a chore it has been - albeit a delicious one - to decide which frock to travel in, and what coat and which shoes and accessories. Let's see, the turquoise feathered hat and scarf to match go beautifully with the black crepe sheath with the little buttoned jacket, but they certainly don't mate with the beige cashmere coat - and, the black wool winter coat is really too heavy for this weather - but I do need some kind of coat. It's too chilly with just a bolero seater. Besides, the hat is too formal to wear with a sweater. So, leave the hat home? No, it's too pretty, and anyway I just love hats. Well, darn it, take the hat box then, and pretend not to notice when the bell-hop looks at you that way and seems to say, "I'll never understand why a woman can bring so much stuff for a three night stay. Well, I hope there's a good tip in it."

And so it went. I'm sure I'm taking many more things than I can possibly use. But it is better to take too much than too little isn't it? Besides I'll never forget how disgusted I was with myself last time when I got half way there before I realized I hadn't brought my fur cape - and had to rent an evening wrap. I'll never let that happen again. Still, it seems like there's a million things to remember and forgetting just one would be tragic.

Anyway, I'm ready to leave early in the morning. The only thing I regret is that I won't be able to buy traveler's checks with the money I drew from the bank, because I'll be leaving so early. Previously I'd planned to dress today, go to the bank, give the teller the money and tell him I wanted the checks issued in the names of: Miss Kathryn Frances Spencer.

How I love to write that name! And then when I came back from the trip I could go back and cash in



what was left over - if any. It would be fun to spend them, one at a time, in small demoniations so that each time I could bring them out of my purse with a flourish. Each time, taking pen in hand, I could prove to the thorough satisfaction of everyone that I was,

Miss Kathryn Frances Spencer  
just by signing my name on a Traveler's check! What a marvelous inner joy it would be - and I would thank them sweetly for being so kind as to cash the checks of

Miss Kathryn Frances Spencer!

Well, it isn't going to work that way and I'll just have to put the money in the hotel safe when I get there. Otherwise everything is perfect, none suspects, and I'm just keeping my fingers crossed until I'm off in the morning on my great adventure. Nothing can go wrong now - I hope. But I lie here sleepless, going over each detail in my mind - again and again - hoping fervently that every base is covered. Let's see now - girdles and bras, black - white; pads, stockings, shoes, black, beige, white - slips, petticoats-straight, bouffant, make-up, travel dress, late day, dinner - don't forget waist cincher- cocktail - better get to sleep - exhausted in morn - - - - -



MEET  
MISS  
\*\*\*  
KATHRYN  
\*\*\*  
FRANCES  
\*\*\*  
SPENCER

22-K-1  
FPE



# How Much of Me is Me?

◆ Recently I've learned that lots of TV's don't go along with this two personality business and think we who do are a bunch of phonies. Specifically, one assured me - in all sincerity - that my brother and I am distinguishable only by our clothes etc. and that "Sheila" is an act. Well, for those who are interested, I shall now attempt to perform the ultimate striptease, starting with the skin and ending with the bones.

Of course I'm a phony- in spots - because of the way I grew. The lady-like veneer is only a couple of years old, and this in spots, and largely copied from Virginia and my sister-in-law. Under that, a patchwork of real and counterfiet building-blocks. When I failed to have a trait of character, my brother often thought wouldn't it fit if you were - - - -. So I plugged it in, and by now neither of us knows which is which. On the inside of that, I am composed mostly of the rejected talents and traits my brother threw off as "un-manly." I have most of the emotions, all the sentimentality, most of the writing ability, much of the appreciation of the arts, and quite a bit of intuition. He kept the technical and mechanical aptitudes, creative thinking of the engineering type, solid logic, and patience, but I am way ahead of him on ambition. And finally, in the center, a core of very primitive, cave-womanly femininity, too tough to be killed but too weak to take him over.

So though I speak with his voice and vocabulary and reflect his attitudes in most ways, this is due to the fact that only recently have I been able to touch or be touched, by the world except through him. One does not learn the social graces while locked in a motel room, or by riding as a passenger in someone else's body. Being anxious to please the only person with whom I could communicate, I tried to be all the things he wanted me to be, contradicting though these were; it will be years before I can undo this tangle enough to be myself.

SHEILA 30-B-2FPE



# The Stand-In 30

by Evelyn (5-P-3)

◆ Early in my childhood I overheard some grown ups talking about some man, who for some reason or other had masqueraded as a woman. The thought of wearing girl's clothes and pretending to be a girl, gave me a thrill such as I had never had before.

Such thoughts were kept a dark secret, one that I hardly dared think of myself. Boys were not supposed to have thoughts of that kind. Any hint or suggestion of a boy showing any signs of femininity in dress or action was severely frowned upon by society in general. My two sisters often dressed in boy's clothes, and were complimented on their boldness and daring, but any suggestion that I wear one of their dresses was regarded with ridicule and horror. To all outward signs, I too, resented any such suggestions, secretly I longed to dress up as a girl and pretend I was one. I did not care to play with dolls or take part in any girlish games, I simply wanted to feel a skirt and other girlish attire about me.

The time eventually came when I did wear a dress. I was alone in the house, and was sure of not being disturbed. I hid in the closet and put on one of my sister's dresses. The next time I did it, I became a little bolder and emerged from the closet wearing some lacy underwear beneath the dress. I felt very guilty when I did this and knew it was wrong, but something within me insisted that it had to be done.

As I grew older the urge and desire to "dress up" also grew, and whenever I was alone and the opportunity presented itself, I would borrow some of my sister's clothes and become a girl for a short time. I always had a battle with myself at these times, whether I would "dress up" or not. I usually lost the battle and would array myself in what feminine attire I could find and wear.

I was by nature a very shy and bashful boy. I did not make friends easily, and I had few playmates. I



was satisfied to play and be by myself. I never felt it was necessary to prove to myself or anyone else that I was a manly type by doing some daring feat. I was mechanically inclined and was interested in anything mechanical. I was ashamed of my desire to dress as a girl, but had very little control over that desire. It was always a closely guarded secret. I never felt I was meant to be a girl nor had any desire to be one. I suspect I was a little envious of all the attention my sisters seemed to get and wanted some myself.

There was an old trunk kept in the attic called, "the give away trunk". All the clothes that had been outgrown by the woman folk or were out of style, found their way to this trunk. As the girls grew older and became more stylish in their dress this trunk was usually full of all kinds of feminine finery. I soon discovered I could raid this trunk for almost a complete costume, including corsets and lingerie. I could spend many delightful minutes in dressing and wearing these beloved garments (always in the strictest privacy) and return them to the trunk with no one being the wiser.

During my school days no hint of my secret was ever discovered. I took part in the school athletic activities, but was no great star in any of them. In my senior year I was a member of the school football team, but was never a feature player or had any desire to be one.

I was always interested in any news of men or boys masquerading as the opposite sex. This was also a closely guarded secret, for I didn't dare let any one know how much such stories interested me. Often after I had gone to bed at night I lay awake dreaming up stories, where I masqueraded as a beautiful woman with gorgeous gowns and lingerie. Of course, in these dreams I was such an expert impersonator that my true sex was never suspected! This was all fantasy and not a breath of such thoughts was ever allowed to come out.

I knew I had no desire for my own sex, I liked girls, but was too shy and bashful to have any girl friends. As the years went by some of that shyness and bashfulness slowly disappeared, and I found I could talk with a girl without being embarrassed to a state

of dumbness! My "feminine side" stayed with me and insisted upon coming out when the opportunity presented itself, still in strict privacy behind locked doors.

I tried to notice how girls dressed and acted and when "dressed up" I tried to copy their gestures and mannerisms. I didn't know how well I succeeded for there was no one there to tell me.

I admired the girls and appreciated a well turned ankle and a nice feminine figure as well as any man, but I was too shy to ever be on intimate terms with any of them.

Then one summer things changed. The shy and bashful boy, now a young man, suddenly found himself or perhaps he found the "herself" part of him.

My sisters were home that summer and were very busy getting a wardrobe ready for the next year. They were attending college and needed new clothes. There was no capable dressmaker in the town where we lived, and they had to go fifty or sixty miles to the city for the many fittings that were necessary. Since neither of them had their car driver's license, I was elected as their chauffeur.

The latter part of July was exceptionally busy as the girls had been chosen to be bridesmaids at a very fashionable wedding that was to be held in August. The bride and her mother had some very definite ideas on how the wedding should be managed and were very insistent on having everything just so. There were to be seven bridesmaids and they were chosen more for their looks and size rather than any special friendship for the bride. The costumes were all custom made for each individual bridesmaid and were of a beautiful material. The lingerie was also lovely and furnished for each girl.

One afternoon a few days before the wedding, a rehearsal was to be held. The bride, her mother, and the maid of honour were very much disturbed because one of the bridesmaids had suddenly been taken ill and would be unable to attend. It was very important to



the bride, and her mother, that this rehearsal be held, and they were very anxious to have the seven bridesmaids present in order to have the timing of the wedding march and the distances between each maid exactly right. Since I was patiently waiting for the girls to get through so we could drive home, and was not doing anything at the time, I was asked if I would "stand in" for the missing girl. The maid of honour was named, Jane. She was a tall and very attractive girl, and although I had met her I did not know her very well. Secretly I wanted to know her better, and thought this was a good chance to do that, so I consented.

The marching and the positions of the various members were rehearsed several times, and another rehearsal was announced for the next afternoon, and a final dress rehearsal would be held the following afternoon, the day before the wedding. Jane seemed to take particular pains that I was in the right position, and really showed more attention to me than to the real bridesmaids. Of course, I didn't object to such treatment, but I told her that I was only a "filler in" and not one of the bridesmaids. She jokingly said; "We shall see."

I was rather amused by all the femininity around me, and in the feminine chatter and excitement over the coming wedding, and the new clothes that were being furnished. To be truthful, I was very interested in getting the feminine viewpoint, much more interested than I seemed to be.

It was taken for granted that another girl would be found to take the place of "Sally" who was ill. But the next afternoon no girl had been found and I was asked to "stand in" once more. Again Jane was very insistent that I be in the right position and behave as if I were really a part of the bridal procession. After the last rehearsal for that afternoon was over, she drew me aside and said; "Oh, I wish you were a girl. You would save me a lot of trouble. I know you could take Sally's place perfectly."

"Oh, no, not me" I protested, "I'm no girl."

"But you know the routine now, better than anyone we could find at this late date. I'm sure we could

fix Sally's clothes to fit you."

"No sir, not on your life. I'd drop dead before you'd get me in any such performance."

I hoped my protests sounded sincere, for there was a voice inside me somewhere that kept saying, "You know you would love to take that girl's place. Why don't you say so?"

On the way home that evening I kept thinking of how much I really did want to be that bridesmaid, and I couldn't help thinking of how Jane looked at me as though she also knew that I really wanted to pretend to be a girl. Shortly after we arrived home there was a phone call for me. It was Jane and she said no other girl could be found and would I as a special favor to her, be a bridesmaid!

I made a few feeble protests, which to my secret delight were ignored, and it was finally decided that I would be a Miss Pringle from NEW YORK, and take the place of poor Sally, who was ill with appendicitis.

Jane would drive down from the city, for me in the morning and I would return with her. She would bring along some clothes and a wig for me to wear and I would return to Jane's home as a young lady. The next morning Jane arrived early, and she and the girls had a wonderful time transforming me, with the help of cosmetics and a wig into a very good looking young lady. I had a wonderful time too. I tried not to show too much, how I enjoyed being made up, and dressed in the wonderful feminine clothes. I had a feeling that what I was doing was not a very manly thing to do, and pretended the girls were forcing this female impersonation on me. I knew this was not true. No one was forcing me to do anything of the kind. I was doing it because I liked it, manly or not. I wasn't a girl and didn't want to be one, but the wearing of the feminine clothes gave me a wonderful feeling that I had never had before.

At first I was very nervous and worried about appearing before others in female attire, but as we drove through town and no one recognized me, I grew more



confident. Before we arrived at Jane's home I had confided to her of my strange desire and fondness of feminine clothes. I told her how I had secretly "dressed up" and how ashamed I was of such behavior.

She was very understanding and helpful. She didn't think it was anything to be ashamed of, on the contrary it was something to be proud of as long as sex didn't have any part in my impersonation. She offered to help me in perfecting the impersonation. I felt much happier and better over the whole business after talking with her, and I began to feel a kindness and gentleness that I could never express as myself.

I was kept busy the remainder of the day, until time for another rehearsal in the afternoon, being fitted to Sally's costume. It did not have to be altered much, but it took up a great deal of time. When it was finally finished I was quite proud of my appearance. I was astonished at the many feminine gestures and mannerisms that seemed to come naturally to me as soon as I donned a girdle and high heels. The seamstress that fitted me never suspected that I was not what I appeared to be. She even remarked on how nice I looked.

At the wedding rehearsal that afternoon I was introduced to the other girls as Evelyn Pringle from New York, and no one except my sisters and Jane knew the new bridesmaid was the young man who had "stood in" for the missing girl the day before.

The wedding the next day went off like a well managed production. I enjoyed playing the part of a bridesmaid, and all the glamour that went with it. I did it so convincingly that I had to be careful that the male members of the party didn't become too interested in me!

"Evelyn" didn't disappear, but was around to attend several parties that summer.

Several summers later, there was another wedding, and Jane was very much disappointed that Evelyn could not be one of the bridesmaids at our wedding!

# The "Sisters"

BROTHER DEAR, SINCE YOU'RE GOING OUT AS A GIRL AGAIN TONIGHT, I WAS SURE YOU WOULDN'T MIND IF I BORROWED YOUR SLACKS TO WEAR ON THE HAYRIDE.





## Letters to the Editor

Dear Virginia,

Life has become so much better for me. It is as though I were already enjoying a bit of heaven, for my spouse, while not agreeing still with my concepts, has nevertheless become reconciled and entered into the spirit of my activities. To the point that last week she went out and bought me a new spring dress, with necklace and earrings; and yesterday she wanted to know if I thought I needed any more lingerie for my trip south. I am now enabled to don my attire too at any time, which I was not able to do before, as it meant a scene. All in all, life has become very meaningful, and seems so much richer and joyous.

Thus, with a happy smile and a gay new dress, June will go forth and let you know in a week or so, how it goes in the land of Chile Con Carne, and warm sunshine.

See you then,  
Adios,  
June

Dear Virginia,

In answer to your note, a little about myself. I had a year of frustration, when I tried to give up my dresses, and had serious repercussions, physically and psychologically.

My wife was a wonderful woman. I met her the first time when she was about twenty-four, and I was thirty. She was a high school graduate with two years of college and nearly finished with nurses training when she married the first time. Her first marriage blew up within a few years. My mother came home from the hospital and had to have care, the Doctor brought this wonderful girl to our home.

I was digging into my suit case one night for the check book to give her the pay for two weeks. She saw my rayon shorts, and remarked, "These must have cost plenty." I admitted they did, and wrote out the check. As I did, she remarked, "My kind would cost half as much."

I replied that they would not work for me. She said, " You will never know, until you try." Next stop was Yuma, Arizona. In Yuma, the summer time, is very hot, you need a bath and clean underwear each day.

My laundry service was slow, but I found a nice pair of panties, "her kind," tucked in my suit case, and they worked all right.

Ours was not a case of love at first sight, but it certainly was a case of love when out of sight. I did not want any more complications. It was in the thirties, jobs were hard to get, my shop business was insolvent. I had plenty of troubles, financial and other things, and did not want more responsibility, but I knew I would have to see more of this girl!

I finished the Yuma job, came home and dated her, that night I told her everything, I was nearly broke, our business ( Father and I ) was insolvent, I loved things feminine, and was a poor physical specimen, having been retired from the Army for physical reasons, but with a small compensation for a battle casualty in 1918.

After she said yes, I promised that I would get rid of my feminine garments. She said, "Bill don't get rid of anything. Let me do some thinking, we are going to be partners in life." Some months later, we were married and in the Coalinga Oil Fields. The oil fields are good money if you can take it. Men, mules and machinery take a beating! Yes, we used mules in 1932, trucks could not take it. I was working about 15 hours a day. I came back to our motel one Saturday and found two nighties on the bed, no pajamas. Once again the remark, " just try it." I tried the nightie and it worked wonderfully well. Some weeks later we both went out dressed as girls, had a great time, it worked out well.

So, thats how it was, once we had a weeks vacation where the only masculine things were, my razor and wallet, my wife did the driving.

I send my best regards,

Wilma. 5-N-4



Letters to the Editor

Dear Virginia,

I am dropping you a note to let you know how much I enjoyed your magazine. You don't know how good it was to learn that there are many others like me, and to find out, that I too, can be considered normal.

I am married, but my wife does not know about my "other self." I am 24 years old, and have been a TV for about 11 years. It started when I was persuaded to dress up as a girl for a costume party. That first feeling of those soft undergarments gave me a sensational glow. From then on I have always had the desire to wear women's clothes.

I have had many experiences of dressing up in public and they have been very rewarding. I considered myself a success, when two sailors tried to make my acquaintance. But, as I said before, I am happily married and besides have no desire for anything of that sort. I am just what I want to be---a TV.

I have tried to stop my desire for women's clothes many times, without success. But after reading your book, I have finally conceded to it.

I want to THANK YOU again, believe me for all you have done for me. If you ever have time, would you please drop me a letter, or note, telling me something about yourself.

Thanks again,

DARLENE 5-M-7

Dear Virginia,

My femininelife has undergone such wonderful changes in the few short days since I received my first issue of TVia, that I must share my experiences with someone. I hope you won't mind being that someone, until I can "CONTACT" some of the other girls.

Virginia, can you remember the first delicious thrill of being completely clean shaven? Well, that's how I feel now! More completely feminine, than I ever dreamed possible! No more long hair curled under my hose--no more chest hair peeping out between the cups of my bra--no more underarm hair ruining the appearance of a sleeveless dress or blouse--just clean, fresh smooth skin! I took the plunge--all the way--and am terribly happy over the results. And I'm especially happy to discover a pair of very nice legs under all that fuzz! I wouldn't be ashamed to stand my filled nylons beside anyone now.

I have become much freer in buying clothes too. My usual subterfuge has been to always ask for only one item at a time, and usually in a different store.

The clerk was always asked to gift wrap whatever item I purchased, so it would appear, ( I hoped,) as though I was just giving a personal gift to a girl friend.

Yesterday I asked the clerk for several items at once and dispersed with the gift wrapping bit. When I left the store, I had a shopping bag full of lovely things, that would ordinarily have taken me weeks to buy.

I've even begun to try my very inexperienced hand, at makeup lately. Sure, I've always used a lipstick, but now, I'm including pancake, eyebrow pencil, powder and eyeshadow. I just make a mess but, I'll learn. Everything else has worked out so well, lately that I suppose something had to prove difficult.

If I'm able to find a makeup expert through "CONTACT", possibly she can tell me what to do with my face-short of wearing a hair piece backward!

Guess I've rambled enough for this time, thanks for listening. I'm sure you appreciate how I've felt lately, even though everything I've mentioned is "old-hat" to you.

Sincerely,

ROBIN 20-C-3



Dear Virginia:

I have been struggling with myself for quite some time now in an effort to decide whether or not I should write this letter. Thank God that this decision has been made as in facing reality, I am, have been, and will for evermore be an FP.

Months ago I was fortunate enough in locating a book store in Baltimore, Md. that had TRANSVESTIA. Although I have only the issues 13-1962 thru 15-1962 I became one of your "silent fans." I would now like very much to change this label to that of a "contributing subscriber," as such might well be. It seems that I have been silently well within your ranks for years now, fighting and moreover, losing this battle within myself constantly. Now that I have finally realized my true alternate feminine identity as something that cannot be mastered through doubling up on my masculine efforts -- I submit to this wonderfully delightful experience of being my girlish self as frequently as possible.

Unfortunately, during this entire period I have hesitated in seeking others with similar desires and have consequently, never been beyond the confines of my own small shell. I truly want this to last no longer as it would be wonderful to share some of these treasured hours with others having similar desires.

At this writing my wardrobe is far from exclusive as like so many others struggling with their inner selves, I purchased many fine articles and in a fit of conscience destroyed them. At the moment I am concentrating on purchasing everything from nylons to gloves and handbags and for once in my life, care for these clothes as I would my everyday men's business suits.

Perhaps there is another underlying factor which helps prompt my giving in to my feminine side. I am married to a wonderful girl and over the seven years

of our coexistence she has given me three fine children. She has no idea that her husband would much rather use her wardrobe than his own and I have never mentioned or shown her this "other woman" in our life. Perhaps it is because I lack the courage in making this known and taking a chance on the possible destruction of her "Knight." Still I do so wish that this be known that now and again we might enjoy the added experience of becoming sisters. I look forward to future articles from others who have shared in my present position and perhaps managed to solve this problem within their homes. My only other recourse seems to find others in my present Mid-Western area who share in my FP feelings.

Certainly my profound thanks for your time taken in listening to me Virginia and I wish you continued success with your profound and deeply rewarding TRANS-VESTIA.

Very sincerely,

Beverly

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Virginia:

This last winter has been a very emotionally disturbing one for me. Last December I decided to see a psychiatrist regarding my transvestism. After three long months of weekly sessions with this man I came to the conclusion that this was a most hopeless and costly affair. (When I think of it now, it seems to me I could have bought a brand new wardrobe I so much want.) During this entire period I purposely refrained from my TV experiences either by dressing, meetings and correspondence. This left such emptiness in my whole self that I almost went to the rocks with that experience. The only thing that saved me from a nervous breakdown was my reverting to a more realistic approach to myself.

The feminine part of myself is a real portion of my life that could not be destroyed by such methods as psychiatry. Some time back I read a comment from a TV. "Do you cure a man who enjoys a good roast of beef, or a man who likes sports clothes or silk underwear?" Strange as it may seem to a lot of people and maybe



to you too, I feel that in order to be a complete and well adjusted male I must give my feminine personality freedom of expression. This is an integral part of myself and I swear I shall never again attempt to destroy a so important portion of my nature.

Without this God given duality of personality I often wonder how life can be ever full and worth living. As of now I shall attempt to give my femme life more of its rightful demands and I shall give the girl within the freedom of expression she demands.

So dear Joyce, you can see the terrible emotional times I had during this period of psychiatric treatment that almost drove me to suicide. This being so alone without the right balance of my definitely dual personality is the most uncomfortable situation I have ever been in. Had it not been for my knowledge of the existence of the sorority and the wonderful experience of meeting all those marvelous people at the resort last fall, God only knows what might have happened to me.

Fondly your little sister,

Dominique

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Virginia:

I'm not going to subject you to my life history as a TV because it is so much like most of the others I've read in your fine magazine. I would like to express my thanks to you though, for publishing a book for the wiv- of TV's. I purchased the book several months ago and consider it one of the finest investments I've ever made. Ever since my wife read it, there has been a slow but steady increase in her understanding and participation in my TV activities. We have now reached a point where I believe she has fully accepted me as I am and can love both sides of my personality. I strongly recommend this book, for the wives or future wives of all TV's.

I could go into much more detail as to just how this book has helped us, but I think these few lines pretty well sum it all up. Once again, I want to thank you

and all the others who contributed to this book.

Sincerely,

Peggy

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia:

I may seem somewhat tardy in returning my application for F.P.E., but I feel very strongly day after day, as I read and reread the TVias and Mirrors, that I have what you said about getting information into the prospective member is more important than getting money out of them.

It is with greatest sincerity that I say, "To me TV-ia in general and your Editorial Emanations in particular, have answered the many questions concerning myself, that, if gone unanswered, would surely have driven me to seek release in other areas, which I detest.

Likewise, I have lost, or better, replaced, an all compulsive urgency, ringing like a fire alarm, that made my dressing a clandestine type of thing. A thing, not of beauty, but needed and always ridden with guilt.

Now, with your help, I find I can savour the anticipation, much as one looks forward to a good play or meeting an old friend; no more like an animal stalking its prey on which to glut itself. Consequently the end result finds me a gentle and respectable Phyllis, unlike the secretive, often garish girl of the dark of yore. Also, though the situation hasn't presented itself (nor shall I seek the opportunity for it) I believe that should I ever find my dressing questioned (officially that is) I am finding enough self confidence along with less guilt that would enable me to present our side of the story without a lot of emotional upheaval. And as time goes on, with your educational editorials and other help I feel that I can help my wife to become contented with my desires in this.

After all, I spent many years trying to understand this myself and I feel that an overnight acceptance and understanding on her part is just too much to expect.



Up to now, this has been a case of the "Blind leading the Blind."

Sincerely,

Phyllis (22-A-1)

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Virginia:

My costume today has several touches inspired by the many service features in the back issues of Transvestia I have been enjoying. Thank you!

Lured inside by the She-Male book in a window of a girlie-smut "book"store, I found several Transvestias. In similar stores I acquired others and now have a file of 16 different issues.

In the quality of its contents, its editorial balance and the variety of material through the book, I think Transvestia is magnificent-- the creation of a divinely inspired editor who is a pro in every aspect of her subject, and loves and knows how to produce a bright, sparkling issue with copy so enchanting that cover-to-cover readership is assured.

I have never seen a more inspired editorial feature than your Cover Girl series -- a tour de force of publishing genius -- charming and heartwarming copy that is an editor's dream realized.

Your cartoons are darling. The reader service features on figure control, makeup and ladylike conduct are so practical and so lucidly written. They inspire us all to strive for higher standards of womanliness.

No one could fail to be impressed with the character and sincerity of your subscribers as revealed in their pictures and their writings. They are sweet souls who have found joy and peace and fulfillment in the manifestation of their feminine personalities.

As a publisher, I am sure you know the trade axiom that it takes any new publication at least three

years to prove itself before it begins to show black ink. Your editorial product is now so solid that all you need is more circulation, which will be followed by more advertising. At your price, getting the circulation you need will be your next great challenge.

I think you have not only an exciting publishing venture with a great future, but that you have the genesis of a national movement that could work for public understanding and approval of the right of the transvestites to live openly as they choose, as is the case in Germany and other countries.

Every good wish for a great year of progress and prosperity, and may the Lord bless you and keep you. When I can help you, I am at your service.

Very respectfully and sincerely yours,

Lady

\* \* \* \* \*

## TALL STORY

by Phyllis (22-A-1)

To look like a girl and not some old hag  
To round out my bosom, firm up the sag.  
To make up my lips and shadow the eyes  
In a fashion to dazzle even dumb guys.

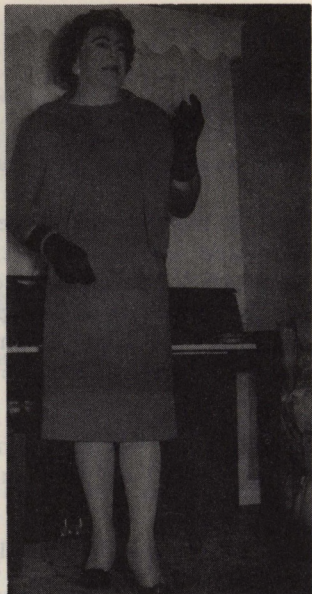
The nylons, my lingerie with its laces so  
nice

All add to the picture, I'm dressed in a  
trice.

Already now to go out on the town  
But'. I look in the mirror and then I back  
down.

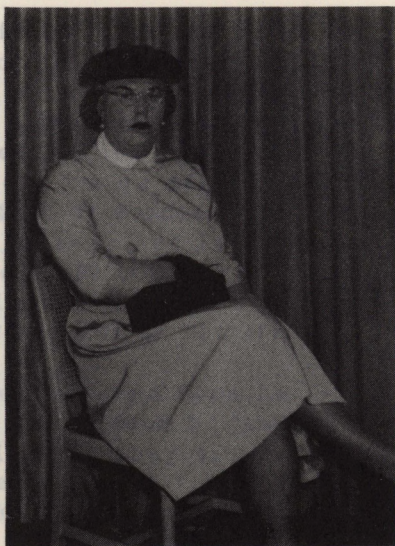
My size 15 feet look like Yankee Clippers  
They simply won't go into Opera slippers.  
For you see, dear girls, I'm seven feet tall!  
And not meant for ballet, only basketball.





FRANCES 30-S-2 FPE

A MOTHER AND HER VERY OWN BABY  
KIM 30-P-3 FPE



CAROL ROBERTS 35-L-2

# Tender Vindication

by April (5-B-6 FPE)

The late afternoon sun was caressing the rose, gold and green decor of my Aunt Catherine's sitting room that Friday when I turned her key in the lock and let myself in. It was like stepping into a Renoir dream. Two short weeks ago I was busy cramming for some exams. I fully expected to spend the week between semesters on campus, playing handball, and otherwise being quite the laziest creature on earth. Then Aunt Catherine called. She invited me to take my week's vacation with her in Chicago. She mentioned words like "Brentmos," "Art Institute," "Schubert Theater," "Marshall Fields," etc etc which unerringly turned my heart and head. I admit I agreed to the proposition without offering any of those silly gentlemanly, reservations. After that the time flew until the moment I crossed her threshold and was given pause by the reflection of the sun on her special world.

I made my way through the apartment soaking up every pleasing detail. It had just been redecorated, and my aunt had quite obviously handled the whole job herself. Her talents were everywhere in evidence, and perfectly executed. This land of silks and scents was completely captivating. It has remained engraved on my memory as the ultimate in feminine decor. Each room was different in tone and yet the whole effect was a gentle harmony.

The bedroom where I put my bag was done in cream and baby blue around Louis Quatorze furniture. The whole setting was enhanced by deep, white carpeting and a large, gold-framed, painting of two nudes bathing at the edge of a lake. A note was laying on the bed. It read, "Dear Terry, please make yourself at home until I return from the Loop (6:30 P.M. at the latest). There are cookies in the pantry and milk in the refrig. Love, Catherine." I decided to forego the cookies and milk in favor of unpacking my bag and taking a good hot shower, as I still had not warmed up from the trip. I hung up my shirts, put my shaving



gear in the bathroom and took that hot shower.

When I was drying myself I noticed my Aunt's pink dressing gown hanging on the back of the bathroom door and was drawn to it as if it were a magnet. It brought back memories of those many times at home when I would secretly slip into my mother's tricolored rayon housecoat and do a few practice pirouettes. Aunt Catherine's robe, upon closer inspection, proved to be quite a different article altogether. It was a heavy silk affair with a plain sash tie and went down almost to my ankles. It felt lush to say the very least, and I just had to see how it looked in the full length mirror on her bedroom closet door. It looked as lovely as it felt and it tempted me to investigate further what other dainty things lay hidden in those nearby drawers that I might just try on before the 'all seeing' mirror. A quick look revealed a drawer full of filmy lingerie and all manner of foundations, and another drawer full of knit sweaters and hosiery. There was a cotton bag full of discarded silk (and rayon) stockings in the drawer with the hosiery. I took out two of the rayon stockings that appeared to be the same shade and gently smoothed them up onto my legs. Then, returning to the lingerie drawer I selected a pink, two way stretch girdle and stepping in, pulled it up into place and anchored it to the stocking tops. I also put on one of my Aunt's pink satin bras, and stuffed a pair of panties into each cup. I was quite pleased with the result because it seemed that Aunt Catherine's things fit me better than Mother's ever did. The only shoes in the closet that fit me were a pair of black kid, open toe, sandals with a two and a quarter inch heel, and I used the last hole in the strap to fasten the buckle. Then to complete the outfit I eased myself into a white silk slip and a paisley print silk dress. It was just like a dream. I walked up in front of the mirror, paused, stepped back, turned, and walked away several times before seeing the jewelry box on the vanity. This would be the frosting on the cake. I tried several earrings and necklace combinations before settling on a pearl choker and matching pearl earrings, and a thick gold, antique bracelet. Then back to the mirror again.

I was happy as a lark until I turned from the mir-

or to see Aunt Catherine staring at me open mouthed, in disbelief at what she was witness to. I stopped cold I couldn't say a word for what seemed like an hour. Then I stumbled over something like, "I was just having a little fun, Aunt Catherine." Aunt Catherine obviously didn't second my motion because the conversation went about like this -- "Terry, your idea of fun leaves me cold! You're supposed to be a gentleman, with the finest training and education that money can buy. You're my nephew whom I've loved as my own child since you were born and with whom I was going to spend ten happy carefree days doing all the things I know you like to do here in Chicago. And here you are parading around in my clothes, rummaging through my closet and dresser into all my personal, private, things like a common thief or I don't know what. What would your mother think of you? You're almost a grown man. I think you owe me an explanation and an apology."

"Well, Aunt Catherine, first of all I'm really sorry. You're absolutely right. It was wrong of me to get into your clothes the way I did and I can't excuse my bad behaviour. Mom and Dad don't know this about me but ever since I was little I've wanted to wear girl's clothes and be just like a girl. I've kept it a secret as best I could, particularly at home. I've dressed in Mom's clothes at every opportunity but I've always felt too guilty to tell her about it and ask for her help. I've tried many times to stop it but the desire always comes back again. The doctors call it "Transvestism" or "Eonism." and they say that very few permanent cures of persons so inclined are recorded in medical literature. So please, Aunt Catherine, don't be too harsh with me. I certainly didn't mean you any harm. And I'll do anything you ask to make amends. I guess I better start by taking your things off and straightening out your drawers.

Then Aunt Catherine surprised me for the second time when she said, "No, wait a minute Terry. Let's see what you look like. Come over here."

I was so nervous and embarrassed when I walked over to her that I nearly tripped in her heels and the



only thing I remember noticing about her was that a sparkle had come into her eyes and her voice had a new ring to it. I waited for her comment as she guided me around.

Then she said, "Not too bad - not too bad at all. I don't like to admit it, but my paisley print looks rather well on you." She paused as if thinking things over then continued, "Terry, my first thought was to punish you, but as you have described your actions and motives, I see that punishment as such is not the answer. Quite obviously you like my clothes better than your masculine self respect. And since your imagination works overtime at convincing you that life is better as a girl you may stay with me as planned but only as a girl. You'll be expected to help with all the cooking, shopping and housework just as any well raised young lady house guest would. And to be fair, we will also do the fun things you expected to do. Whenever I am away from the apartment I will leave a list to guide your efforts. And one last thing; I will give you all the clothes you require but I caution you seriously not to go through my things again. That, I just can't tolerate. And you will be severely punished if you disobey me. I thanked her for being so understanding and promised that I would give her no cause to regret her decision.

Then she said, "Well Terry - I guess Terry is as good a girl's name as any - I've made reservations for two for dinner at the South Shore. It's only some six blocks from here. So I suggest that we walk over.

I was so dumbfounded by her suggestion that I spend the next ten days as a girl in her home that the adverse consequences only became crystal clear when I realized that I would have to go out in public now. I got stage fright. I pleaded with Aunt Catherine to give me a little time to get used to my new role. But she insisted that I was psychologically prepared already.

"Besides, she said, "It isn't every day I made reservations to dine at the South Shore and I have no intention of breaking them." Then when she saw how confused and desperate I had become, her gentle wisdom prompted her to say, "Don't worry Terry, before we

leave I'll help you make up and add a few finishing touches that will prevent anyone from seeing through you. You will be as well turned out as cosmetics can insure. I certainly won't let any harm come to you, but you must realize that avoiding public embarrassment is, to a large extent, contingent upon your ability to disassociate yourself from the circumstances which would cause it. Therefore, your best hope to-night and always lies in assuming your feminine role as completely as you can and never faltering. Your positive mental approach to the talk will assure its total success particularly in poise, speech, hand motions and forcefulness. And, from your earlier exhibition I judge that you will have no trouble carrying it off in spite of that violent attack of butterflies in the stomach. Don't worry. With me as your constant advisor, your public education ought to be quite rapid and thorough this evening." Then she took me by the hand and led me to her vanity.

When she had made me up and applied those finishing touches she cautioned me to watch closely since you'll be doing this yourself next time." Then on went a black felt cloche hat, a pair of heeled overshoes, scarf, black cloth coat with a Persian Lamb collar, black kid gloves and off we went. I soon found out why Sears sells so many "snuggies," union suits etc to the lovely maids of Chicago. The walk was windy and I had neglected to put a pair of panties over my girdle. I made a mental note to ask Aunt Catherine to add "snuggies" to my borrowed wardrobe and, also, not to mention my present predicament.

The dinner was delicious, and pleasantly uneventful, except that Aunt Catherine cautioned me to sit straight and talk more with my lips in a more well modulated voice. I tried hard to comply, for quite obviously I was being tested. Over dinner we discussed many things and before the evening was over Aunt Catherine had softened her voice considerably and I believe she was quite comfortable with her unexpected companion.

Aunt Catherine must have suddenly realized how pleasant a time we had at dinner because on the way



home she took my arm and gently pressed her shoulder to it.

When we reached the apartment it was 10:00 P.M. and I was dead tired. Aunt Catherine handed me a beige silk nightgown and her pink silk dressing gown and told me that I could use the blue bedroom. When I had gotten in bed she came by, looked in on me, and began to laugh. She remarked, "There isn't a girl in the world who would get into bed and leave all the things undone that you have. You better get out of bed right now and get all that makeup off before you stain the bedclothes. Also, rinse out your stockings and undies in the basin, and hang up your silk dress. I guess you have a lot to learn about living with us girls. Good night Terry." By the time I got back into bed it was 11:15 and I was just too tired to think about what lay ahead.

Early Saturday morning I woke up well rested and smelled the fresh coffee perking in the kitchen. I stretched a few times and felt the soft silk nightie next to my body. The warmth of its caress brought back everything that had happened the previous night. There was no doubt about it in my mind. Aunt Catherine was putting me to the test, yet all the while she helped me lest I fail. This was indeed a golden opportunity. I could truly represent myself just as I was and if hard work at it paid off I could gain a measure of acceptance that I would never have dared to hope for before. Just the thought of it was exciting.

I quickly got up, slipped on the pink dressing gown and made for the kitchen. Aunt Catherine greeted me with a smile and a "Good morning Terry. Did you sleep well?" "I certainly did," I replied and started setting places for breakfast. Aunt Catherine finished getting the breakfast prepared and suggested that we sit down and discuss the day's activities while we ate.

As it turned out Aunt Catherine had well in mind what was to be accomplished and the order to be followed. After the usual morning ablutions we would set about assembling the wardrobe which she would

allow me to use throughout my visit. Then we would do the weekly house cleaning (vacuuming, dusting etc) Late in the afternoon I would do the weekly grocery shopping while she took the car and ran a few errands that were a little farther afield. Then in the evening we would go to the Tivoli, which had an excellent double-bill playing.

My little "breast pocket" wardrobe was chosen with great care and Aunt Catherine insisted that I try on each garment to assure the proper fit and effect. After trying several foundations it became evident that the dressing gown I was using was more of a hindrance than a help. Therefore, when we had selected three suitable changes of foundations I kept the last one on but discarded the gown. The tryons lasted for two hours and at the end I had acquired one panty girdle, one girdle, one corselette, two bras, 4 pairs of briefs, 2 pairs of snuggies, 3 pairs of silk stockings, 2 slips, 1 pair of shoes, 1 house dress, 2 dressy dresses 2 pairs of gloves, 1 sweater, 2 babushkas, 1 coat, 2 hats and 2 purses. I was enchanted and Aunt Catherine reflected my happiness. Looking back on this experience it seems that I tried on many things beyond my relatively simple requirements, and for each article there was a modeling and appraisal by both of us. It was almost like a two girl shopping expedition.

After we had arranged my new wardrobe we both slipped into housedresses. We spent about three hours house cleaning and to be perfectly honest I never realized there were so many tasks involved. But we worked steadily and finally the job was declared done by Aunt Catherine.

We had a late lunch and Aunt Catherine started making a grocery list for me. I expressed doubts about being able to go to the market in broad daylight, but I was assured that I would be adequately prepared and was told to start getting ready. I changed into a silk floral print dress which was predominantly a deep green with a boat neckline and short sleeves. Then I made up my face as I had been shown and went to the kitchen to get approval. Aunt Catherine smiled her approval and told me to bundle up good against the



cold and be sure to wear the woolen babuska as she handed me the grocery list, the money and a little sketch of the supermarket's floor plan.

We left the apartment together, she for her errands and I for mine. I did a super-quick study of every woman I saw on the way and used as much as I dared to help my impersonation. The only time I had trouble was in getting the money out of my change purse with my gloves on. I finally gave the clerk 2 dollar bills and let her return the difference in change. The bag-boy was surprised when I simply picked up both bags of groceries to leave but I smiled as sweetly as I know how and proceeded to the door. Heels are not the ideal shoes to wear grocery shopping. And, of course, I became painfully aware of why many of my counterparts in the supermarket used their two-wheeled wire shopping carts. I resolved that on future trips I would use Aunt Catherine's cart and save on the wear and tear.

By the time Aunt Catherine returned to the apartment I had the groceries put away, the potatoes peeled and soaking in salt water, and the jello made for the salad. She was obviously quite pleased and she asked me to come to the bedroom where she would show me "a little surprise." I hung up my apron and went to the bedroom. Aunt Catherine motioned me to the vanity bench and then opened a large box which contained a beautiful soft dark brown "page-boy" styled wig. I was thrilled. (This was before wigs became so tremendously popular and, they were not as easily acquired as they are now). My questions came thick and fast. But Aunt Catherine fielded them all with a simple explanation. A friend of hers was wardrobe mistress for her church's little theater group and was happy to loan the wig "for a few weeks." It was a gorgeous thing and I couldn't control a sigh when Aunt Catherine had finally fixed it in place. I must have been dreamy-eyed for a minute or two when Aunt Catherine, who was standing behind me, gently touched my shoulder. It's strange how much a few seconds can mean in a person's life. To Aunt Catherine I'm sure that gentle touch was a call back to the here and now; to me it was the public recognition of my new status.

a lovely gesture, which I shall cherish forever.

At dinner we discussed many subjects but as might be suspected Aunt Catherine explored our new and intriguing circumstances in detail. We both agreed that my being a new girl opened far more areas of common interest than it had closed -- not the least of which was "girl talk". Aunt Catherine found herself beginning to do this quite unconsciously and it tickled her sense of humor. Then too, she offered the hint that she would like to take me shopping "in the loop - just for fun." I felt she was thinking in terms of hats, for she admitted that they were her weakness.

After dinner and the dishes we each put on a new face and drove over to the Tivoli. The show was pleasant and the excursion uneventful. We arrived home late (after midnight) and it was forty-five minutes later before I completed my toilet and all the necessary chores, and slipped into bed.

We went to 10:00 o'clock Mass the next morning at St. Elizabeth's and then out for "Brunch". The activity of the day was to visit the Art Institute and we made sure to get an early start. We spent a completely enjoyable afternoon in the various galleries and though Aunt Catherine had her favorites among the Rodin and Monet paintings I must admit that I was captivated by the gallery of miniature rooms which I was given to understand constituted the cream of the crop taken from the donors' lifelong efforts. She certainly did exquisit detail work. It would have been difficult to tell any difference between the room and its miniature from a photograph.

We spent the remainder of the day quietly at home with a snack and the Sunday Tribune. Before retiring Aunt Catherine asked me into her room and with the help of her instructions, we both "did" our nails. "Isn't it wonderful how feminine you can feel with a good manicure and a little bright red nail polish?"

Monday morning we left the apartment at 9:00 o'clock with the avowed purpose of looking into the Used Book Stores in "The Loop." There were several texts



and also some reference books for the coming semester that I could well use. We spent about five hours in our search with only moderate success when Aunt Catherine spotted a sign indicating "shoes, tall sizes 9-13 AAA-C." She looked at me; I answered the look with a smile; and in we went. We looked briefly at the styles in the display cases so that by the time our salesman arrived on the scene I knew what I was looking for. Aunt Catherine, Bless her, offered no help whatsoever in the care and handling of shoe clerks. At any rate, I described just what I was interested in and in a moment the salesman returned with a pair of shoes which in no way resembled my description. So I changed my requirements. Then, lo and behold, out he came with a pair of black patent opera pumps which were just what I had originally asked for. Aunt Catherine told me later that she almost burst out laughing but that I was learning so fast she didn't want to spoil anything. After that traumatic experience, we walked over to "Harvey's" for dinner and then later took the interurban train home. We had a cup of tea and a good laugh over the shoe store episode.

We hadn't really planned for Tuesday when it came up, so we were still discussing it over breakfast when Aunt Catherine suggested that we spend the day in the male never-never land of foundations, lingerie, hats, and time allowing, cosmetics. I was overjoyed, but after yesterday's experience I was cautious and I asked Aunt Catherine if she had planned to let me go it alone or whether she would guide me past embarrassment because I certainly didn't want to disrupt anybody's sales force much less my own tender sensibilities. Aunt Catherine assured me that she wouldn't let this happen and she was as good as her word.

To illustrate, she told me that she planned to purchase a new corselet especially for the new Empire look clothes and that I might accompany her and learn the "laces" (if you'll excuse the expression). We went into Marshall's and I did dust that. I accompanied her into the fitting room and assisted her in the saleslady's absence. The garment finally chosen was fitted over her slip to her satisfaction and then it became my turn. While the saleslady wrote up the sale I helped

Aunt Catherine put herself together and partially disrobed myself. The saleslady returned, took my measurements and left to get the desired garments. I was nervous as a cat but Aunt Catherine gave me a pat and a quieting look which had the desired effect. I tried on four different corselets and finally decided to take a model which was basically a silk satin and rubber elastic model in shocking pink. I guess the color was what sold me more than anything. Aunt Catherine just smiled. I was already floating on a cloud when we left the foundation department, but then we walked right into the lingerie section.

Aunt Catherine told me that she would buy me a little personal present, and, when I suggested a slip, she agreed. We must have looked at twenty-five slips in my size -- all the colors of the rainbow and all manner of cut. Finally I decided on a pink silk slip fitted at the bust, with a shadow panel double skirt, and a bit of pink Alencon lace around the bust, and at the hem. It was truly a confection and though it no longer fits I still treasure it among my souvenirs.

Next we went to the hat department and Aunt Catherine went wild. I must have tried on every expensive hat they had and some of them were adorable, but Aunt Catherine would shake her head. Finally, we left the hat department without a purchase and since it was close to the store's closing we did not tarry in the cosmetic department but went straight home via the interurban.

As we walked in the door Aunt Catherine started to explain her peculiar tactic in the hat department. She herself was quite an accomplished amateur milliner and had decided to turn out a copy of the hat which proved to be most becoming on me. I mentioned several which I thought looked nice and she nodded and said she quite agreed but that I'd just have to wait and be surprised. After dinner Aunt Catherine excused herself while I did the dishes and went to her room, closing the door behind her. I didn't think much about it, until, on the way to bed myself, I noticed a trace of light under the door. Curiosity and concern prompted me to knock and ask if everything was OK. Aunt Ca-



therine said "Oh yes! I didn't mean to worry you. See you bright and early in the morning." With that, I said " Good night," and retired to my room.

The next morning I could hear Aunt Catherine moving about the kitchen as I sleepily made my way to the bathroom to wash and shave. She was humming a tune I couldn't place but it sort of set the tone for the whole day. When I returned to my room to dress I happened to glance at the vanity. There on a wire stand was the prettiest hat I had ever seen - nicer than any I had tried on at "Marshall's" the day before. I ran to the kitchen and gave Aunt Catherine the biggest kiss I knew how and a hug for all I was worth. She smiled, and in the understatement of the year said, "Oh I see you found it." I gave her another hug and asked her to "please come and help me put it on." She came to my room and sat on the bed while I did a lightning job of putting on a face. Then she helped me with the hat. It was black with pink roses set under folds of black nylon tulle. I could have worn it to meet the Queen of England had the situation presented itself. Why, I could have been the Queen herself.

At breakfast Aunt Catherine detailed the things which were to be done in her absense and added that she had several errands to run which would keep her away most of the day. I was doing the dishes when she left and my mind was searching all the while for the best way to say "thank you" for the lovely hat. I explored the possibility of theater tickets, dinner at a nice restaurant, perfume ----. Then all of a sudden I knew a way to express my new femininity in my "thank you" - a way that would really be appreciated in all its ramifications. I would bake Aunt Catherine a chocolate fudge cake which I knew she liked very much.

I worked like a trojan on the tasks Aunt Catherine wanted done but it was already 3:00 o'clock before I finished up and was able to start on the cake. I got out the ingredients called for in the recipe and started to concoct the batter. I found myself using quite a few bowls and pans but everything seemed to be proceeding according to plan. I put the cake in the oven about

4:30 o'clock and started cleaning up the mess. At 5:00 o'clock I began to worry. The cake wasn't rising. Aunt Catherine was due home any minute and I wanted to have that cake ready for her. But the darn thing was flat as a flapjack. Then to compound the situation, hopping against hope, I left it in too long and it burned around the edges. I was just pulling my burnt offering out of the oven when I walked Aunt Catherine. The first thing she said was "Something's burning." Well I just couldn't help myself - I burst into tears. Aunt Catherine sized up the situation in a trice, and restored order quickly with her remark, "My, My! Just like a new bride." She gave me a hug and I just had to smile through the tears.

That night we went out to dinner. At dinner Aunt Catherine said that when she had first discovered me in her things she had decided to really make me fish or cut bait and that she was now pleased with the results though they were different than she had at first anticipated. She stated that with a certain amount of additional training I could live quite satisfactorily as a girl as long as I cared to, but she thought it would have an adverse effect on my personality to keep it forever a secret from my parents. She agreed however, that it was my decision to carry out as my conscience dictated and she promised not to interfere or intercede. I told her of my desire to learn to sew and she put me right to work at it as soon as we arrived back home. I fell asleep sitting up learning to darn.

The remainder of the ten days were spent quietly at the apartment. Aunt Catherine never again put me to the test but rather accelerated my learning of the gentle arts all she could by personal instruction and patient persuasion. She even taught me to bake a chocolate fudge cake.

On Sunday, after mass, when it came time to make preparations to leave, I gathered together everything that needed to be rinsed out and headed for the bathroom. When I returned Aunt Catherine was waiting for me. She had placed a large suitcase open on top of the bed. Then she told me that I should pack my "breast pocket" wardrobe and accoutrements in the suitcase.



She told me that I was to consider all these lovely things as my own and that she would store them in her closet for use whenever I came to see her and, best of all, that I should come as often as possible. I was overjoyed.

I visited my Aunt many times after that and I attributed the improvement in my grades directly to those wonderful weekends. The peace of mind I found there with my Aunt can only be understood completely by another harried T.V. who might also have experienced a tender vindication.

\*\*\*\*\*



*"I've never had the heart to touch Bob's room.  
It's just as he left it."*

# BOOK REVIEW

ASCENT OF WOMAN, by Elisabeth Mann Borgese.  
239 pp + index, George Braziller, New York, 1963.  
Hardcover, \$5.00.

To anyone interested in the nature of women (and who could possibly be more interested than a TV?), this book is a very special treat. Mrs. Borgese is one of the four or five very vocal ladies who are prying beneath their own surfaces to discover their inner nature and she gives us the benefit of the others' work in an excellent 8-page bibliography. (Not that one should forego reading Florida Scott-Maxwell and Simone de Beauvoir in the original')

The approach she takes is semi-scientific, and she has an unfortunate tendency to weaken her points by dragging to their support a mixture of dubious "data," gathered from folk-lore, language studies and literary works of fiction. However, the points are good enough to survive this treatment, and could stand on the anthropological facts alone. The main ones are:

1. A feminine revolution is under way all over the world.
2. High population density favors feminine ascendancy.
3. Femininity and collectivism go hand-in-hand.

The bulk of the book is taken up with the development, proof, and projection into the near future of these points. From this base, Mrs. Borgese proceeds to a view of the far future which is, to say the least, unusual. Using the same methods as before, she makes a fourth point - which is that the differentiation between the sexes (more properly, genders) is growing less with the increasing crowding and mutual dependence of the world's population. This trend, she feels, is also a perfectly natural and inevitable reversal of the evolutionary trend which has led us from the non-sexual



protozoa to the recently passed peak of extreme differentiation. And so, her Utopians of the far future live according to the following time-table:

Birth to 18 years: No difference between boys and girls

Between 18 & 20 yrs: All grow to be women - tall, strong and beautiful

Between 22 & 24 yrs: Having spent 4 years in the "labor draft" doing the world's work, they become "mothers," by external birth

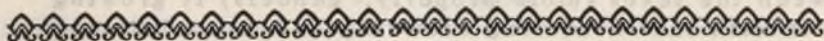
Between 45 & 75 yrs: The 70% who show the inclination and aptitude become men, the fathers" and husbands of the group.

After 75 (to 100?): The best of them become sexless individuals; the highest judges, priests, prophets etc. of the race.

Put as bluntly as I have had to in the limited space available, this sounds perhaps a little far-fetched; but the argument is more plausible when properly expanded. We, and our transexual friends, appreciate more than most how very thin and artificial are the partitions which separate the genders - and we should be the first to applaud the courage of anyone who foresees an end to this increasingly weird world where the tools of the 20th century must be used according to the rules of the 1st century!

So, my dear sisters of TVia, it seems that we are just a little ahead of the trend, and constitute the fore-runners of destiny! Try that one for size - but don't try it on the local cops, they may not have got the word yet!

Sheila (30-B-2FPE)





MARSHA-MICH.



RITA 32-Z-2WPE



# Tests

## Questions

## Results

As most of you are aware, it has long been my contention that the medical profession and related interested sciences such as Psychology and Sociology have insufficient knowledge about the phenomenon of transvestism to draw any really valuable conclusions. Because I feel this to be the case I have composed two questionnaires myself over the last 4 years and have cooperated with any interested professional people all in the interest of gathering enough statistics and information to shed some light on our common behaviour pattern. It has been my belief that with more information available doctors, council  
information available doctors, counselors, lawyers and others would be in a better position to help our kind when the occasion arose.

The questionnaire of a year ago brought forth 265 responses and these were kindly correlated by a Sociology student at the University of California by means of the university computer. However, although this is probably more statistical information than has ever previously been gathered on the subject I don't believe that it is enough. Professional people and M.D.s in particular are notoriously difficult to persuade of the validity of information gathered by anyone outside of their own discipline. Therefore an outsider such as myself has to provide more or less overwhelming evidence to get a hearing and to elicit belief in the results. Since this is so I am very anxious to be able to present the results of 500 cases. To this

end I have printed up more questionnaires and am sending them out to all those who have become subscribers since the first ones were sent out. I earnestly solicit any of you who lost, forgot, or were at that time reluctant to fill out a questionnaire and who are willing to do so today to drop me a line and ask for one. The questionnaire referred to was one that folded twice, was printed on both sides and had an introductory explanation on the front. I say this because I don't want anyone who had sent one in before to submit another.

I am not at this time reporting on the results with the 265 cases because I do not wish to prejudice the thoughts of the new people from reading what has already been found. However, I do not want to delay unduly bringing the total information to the attention of all readers, so I urge you to fill out the questionnaires and send them in if you have them and to ask for one if you haven't submitted one before.

\*\*\*\*PLEASE DO THIS, ITS FOR EVERYONE'S GOOD\*\*\*\*

0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0

I am however in a position to report to you on another matter. About 2 years ago a number of you cooperated through me with a graduate student in Psychology at Univ. of So. Calif. He wrote his thesis on the results of certain tests given to a group of non-TV males and females and to a group of our readers--some in person and some by mail. His thesis has now been written, he has earned his PhD. and he has given me a copy of it so that I could summarize the results for the edification of our readers and especially those who were good enough to participate. Those who did, have probably long since given up on these results, and felt that it was a waste of time. Both the psychologist and myself are sorry that it has taken so much time, but earning a Ph.D. does not occur in 6 months, it usually takes 3 years. The correlating of all the tests, assembling the data into a thesis and getting it printed was a somewhat monumental task as it was over 200 pages.

The title of this thesis is, "The Concept of Sexual Identity in Normals and Transvestites; It's Relationship to the Body-image, Self-concept and Parental Identification". The author sought to study the difference



between normals (both male and female) and transvestites in their conception of themselves and of their bodies in relation to others of the same and opposite sexes. As one means of doing this he used a test based on semantics (the science of the meaning of words) whereby the relationships between the individual and some other person or thing was measured in terms of how the individual rated various descriptive words or concepts as being closely related to himself or distantly related. Identification with both parents could be measured by how various descriptive adjectives were evaluated when applied to the self and to the mother and father. Various other psychological tests were also used in the work.

Several hypotheses were advanced beforehand and then the actual results compared. The basic hypotheses under examination were as follows:

- That the sexual identity of normal males and
- I. A. females is reflected in the meanings attached by them to the concept "My Body".
- B. That it is also reflected in their concepts of self--"The Kind of Person I AM".
- II. A. That Transvestites will have different responses to both of these concepts of self as compared to normal males.
- III. That TVs would show less correlation between body images and self concepts than normals.
- IV. That in both body image and self concepts--
  - A. Normal males will identify with the father
  - B. " females " " " mother
  - C. TVs. will identify more closely with mother than with father.

### Results

Hypothesis I. Normal males and females were found to differ in their concept of "My Body" but not in the concept, "The Kind of Person I Am".

Hypothesis II. Normal males and transvestites did vary significantly in their concepts both of "Body" and "Self". While not a part of the hypothesis, a comparison was made between the TVs and the female controls on both counts and there was a significant difference to "Body" but not to "Self".

Hypothesis III. There was more discrepancy found between the concepts of "Body" and "Self" within the TV group than in the normal male control group.

Hypothesis IV. On the basis of "Body Image", normals will show greater identification with the parent of the same sex. This was found to be true. It was also found that TVs identified less strongly with their fathers than the normals. At the same time it was found that although normal females did identify with the mother more than the father in terms of body image, this identification was not nearly as strong as that of normal males for father.

In terms of concept of "Self", on the other hand, none of the hypothesis were supported. That is, none of the three groups identified more closely with one parent than the other.

In discussing these results I think it will to quote directly the investigator's own conclusions.

1. "While meanings associated with the self-concept did not differentiate normal males and females, the groups were differentiated when the body image was used as a stimulus."

2. "Male subjects with disturbed sexual identities (he is referring to the TVs) differed markedly from normal males in both self concept and body image meanings, and were significantly different from normal females in terms of body image meanings."

3. "The parental identifications of the normal males and females were not revealed when the self concept was used as the stimulus. However, the normal males and females did identify closer to their same-sexed parent when the body image aspects of identification were elicited."

4. "Individuals with a disturbed sexual identity identified closer to the opposite-sexed parent in terms of body image identification, but did not reveal a significant pattern of parental identification when the self concept was elicited."



Other tests than the one described were also done and the author comments on these results thus: "Of the trends that emerged, the following appeared to be the most significant:

1. When such items as education, occupational level and marital status are examined, the transvestites as a group, seemed to have made a surprizingly good social adjustment."

2. Findings in regard to, "certain aspects of emotional health did not reveal gross disturbances in the transvestite group when compared to controls."

3. The psychological feelings and interests of transvestites were greatly different than the normal males but similar to the normal females.

4. When compared to the contro groups, the transvestites did not identify as intensely with either parent, and tended to see themselves as different from people in general" (as if we didn't know that all along.)

5. The responses of the transvestites did not indicate that overt selection of a homosexual partner played a major role in the reversal of sexual identity."

COMMENTARY BY THE EDITOR: First off, this investigator in common with the great majority of psychiatrists and psychologists has not yet discovered that sex and gender are not two words for the same thing--that they do not have a 1 to 1 correlation. Thus he is tied in his own knot of using a semantic test to discover certain psychological facts and then turning around and making the gross semantic error of referring to the transvestite group as "individuals with disturbed sexual identity", and to refer to, "Their overt sexual identity reversal". Yet his own results show that a smaller percentage of his TV group had had homosexual experiences than Kinsey found in the total population. The point is that we are males, and the vast majority of us are sexually interested in females. There is therefore no disturbed sexual identity nor sexual reversal. There is a desire for feminine gender expression as manifested by the clothes and appurtanences of the 20th century female but that is all in most cases.

It is interesting how set in their thoughts and how dedicated to the "obvious" some...nay most psychologists and psychiatrists are. For example: In this thesis other people's works are cited and among them is reference to an investigation in which identification in anxiety patients was compared with "normals". In this and other papers it was reported that the anxiety patients tended to identify to a greater degree with the parent of the opposite sex and concluded that "confusion in sexual identification" was found in the neurotic group as compared to the control. It would seem at least worthy of investigation to explore the possibility that one of the bases of anxiety and neurosis lies in the fact that these persons are vaguely aware of the 2-sidedness of their personalities but are unable to handle the softer, more feminine side of themselves, feel guilty and "unmanly" and develop various anxiety patterns because of this. But this possibility just doesn't come into view with the psychologist doing the work. To him it was "obvious" that the male must identify completely with the father and the female vice versa, so who investigates something that conflicts with the obvious...only a fool.

The TVs were found not to identify with either parent as much as the controls, and the females identified with their mothers even less strongly than males did with their mothers. This brings up the interesting notion that a) females are much freer in their sex code as males and therefore do not feel forced to identify so strongly, they are more themselves and less of their parents. b) that TVs having a greater measure of the feminine and being aware of it do not have as great a need to tie themselves to Daddy's belt, as it were, to gain masculine security. So they are not so much hanging tighter to Mother, as they are less tightly to Daddy. This is borne out too in the additional findings of the thesis that TVs tend in such ways as emotional responsiveness, empathetic capability, sensitivity, activity and interest patterns to be a good deal closer to the feminine pattern than to the masculine. It is rather interesting that in an investigation of creativity at the Univ. of Calif. it was found that creative men graded much higher on the femininity scale than non-creative men, and





# Susanna

## Says

Hi, everybody:

I am rich this month, I have three subjects to talk about, and I don't know which one to pick. First; I made a commitment with a TV wife to write down an interview I had with her. She was extremely frank and made some revealing statements about TV husbands. --That was one subject. Then came up the second story: the new resort. And finally a third and exciting subject: TV movies!! But, let's start at the beginning. Our TV wife falls somewhere in the C and D categories outlined in a previous column. She is resigned to the fact that hubby loves to wear skirts, but she is definitely not crazy about it. She wishes there was a quick, painless cure. She has dealt a great deal with Girl Scouts and has had a chance to study closely the attitudes and behaviour of hundreds of little girls, ages 8 to 14. She can be considered pretty much of an authority on little girls' psychology. The fantastic statement she made to me reads as follows: "after being present at many TV gatherings and getting to know and talk with quite a number of them, I can't help but see a disturbing similarity of behaviour and attitudes between grown up TV's and my little Girl Guides. They are bosom pals one day and the very next they say the most horrible things about their dear friends, only to make-up and bury the hatchet a few hours later." She added that she found a trait of childish vanity in a good many TV's. Extreme sensitivity. They get hurt very easily if they are not invited to a party and they are prone to imagine all sorts of plots against them. Girl-like, they are easily offended and imagine all sorts of personal injuries, even if none was intended. "Shall we say--she smiled--that they are immature girls in their



behaviour. They love to gossip about absent members of the group - and, girl-like--they can be terribly catty in their remarks."

At this point of the interview I was getting a bit flustered remembering the number of times I've been guilty of that. Still, her statements seem to confirm one of my pet theories about TV life: that most of us are trying to look and act girlish without having had that basic training all GG's have from the time they are little girls until they become "ladies." We are missing all that training and we are trying to jump from a life of masculinity into the world of silks and satins in one single motion. That explains perhaps that "immaturity" our TV wife was referring to. It takes a lot of dedication, patience and persistence to achieve progress along these lines. But fearing she'd take my momentary silence as a sign of mental immaturity I bombarded her with really intelligent questions such as:

Q: "How long have you been married?"

A: "Quite a long time - we have grown children."

Q: "When did you find out?"

A: "Just a couple of years ago."

Q: "How did you find out?"

A: "He told me."

Q: "Why?"

A: "I knew something was bothering him. Something was going on. If I came home unexpectedly he'd slink off. I couldn't imagine what it was. I was relieved when he told me. I was thinking it surely must be something gruesome. He couldn't stand keeping it a secret and he realized he couldn't get over it."

Q: "Do you think TV's can get over it?"

A: "Apparently they can't."

Q: "How would you define transvestiem?"

A: "A compulsion to wear feminine attire, somehow tied in with a second personality, although I'm not too sure about this alter ego."

Q: "Do they seem to be different when dressed?"

A: "They are not as different in their girl-role as they think they are. I don't see the 2 personalities. I think that when they don't have to keep it a secret, they relax and the 2 personalities merge. But they certainly act like a bunch of highschool girls. Fussing and fuming at Virginia, for instance."

Q: "What is your attitude towards transvestism in general?"

A: "Not very socially acceptable, especially in small towns."

Q: "What bothers you the most about it?"

A: "The thought of people finding out and making fun of him."

Q: "Anything else?"

A: "There are better things to do with your time than dressing up."

(At this point I almost reminded her that she was being interviewed by a TV, fully dolled up at the time, and did not think he was wasting his time. As matter of fact I was having a marvellous time trying to imagine myself the perfect woman reporter)

Q: "Do you think his being a TV makes him a better person?"

A: "I don't know. Possibly having admitted he's a TV has made him easier to live with."

Q: "Do you consider yourself a happily married woman?"

A: "Yes." -

and with this unequivocal statement I quickly thanked her and closed the interview. We then rejoined the TV party in the next room where the most fascinating bits of gossip were going full swing... But I'll tell you about them some other time.

Now for the resort bit. Yes, there is a new country place for TV's. Not as big as the old one. Not as many acres as the old, but still plenty of space, if you think 126 acres of countryside are enough to satiate your ambition to walk in the sunshine while the breeze is gently blowing your skirts about. We bought a country house about 10 miles away from the old place. Three floors. All rooms renovated and re-done as femininely as possible. Three bed-rooms on the 3rd floor, five bedrooms on the 2nd floor and 1 bedroom, living room, dining room and 2 kitchens on the main floor. Plus a big porch and lots of trees, grass and flowers outdoors. We won't be able to hold huge get-togethers in this place, but 10 to 15 guests can be easily accommodated at one time. The highlight of our week-ends is a trip to the nearby drive-in movie. Those who have never ventured out of a locked room find this a most exciting adventure. It's safe and your anonymity is carefully preserved. For week-end reservations starting on Memorial Day, write to Susanna



Valenti, c/o CONTACT, 4924 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 19, California. No fee will be charged but please include a stamped unsealed envelope. And before I forget: the house has excellent central heating, in case you were thinking of a certain week-end convention when we almost froze to death.

And now for the third item of this colum. It will be possible to get fabulous TV movies in bright, brilliant Eastman color, produced entirely by TV's. Not the average home movie variety. These are professionally shot films. The cameraman (sorry, the camera-gal) is a well known television network name, known to us as Andrea (formerly Jacqueline), the possessor of the utmost in equipment used by the movie industry (16 mm cameras and all the rest of those technically complicated things). The films are taken in 16 mm and then reduced to 8 mm to enhance the sharpness of the image. The scripts and the direction are in the hands (manicured hands of course) of a professional TV and radio writer, known to us as Susanna (sometimes as Suzie). Promotion and administration are handled by a feminine bundle of dynamite who is known as Jody.

The various roles called for by the scripts are evenly distributed among the group which stars a young upcoming starlet who is seriously thinking of changing her name from Marianne to something more theatrical. We had a fabulously busy week-end putting in some 18 hours of steady work just shooting the first two films, using as locale Marie's wig shop. The hardest part for us were those scenes in which we had to appear in (ugh) men's clothes to dramatize the final transformation. Somehow there are very few TV's who seem willing to reveal themselves thusly for public consumption. They all want to play the girls' parts only, forgetting that to make the TV plot legitimate, the viewer must see them first as they really are and follow the entire transformation. In other words, your face must appear without make-up and without wig at least in one scene, in order to authenticate the TV reality. If the viewer does not see the players as men then, somebody might easily think that it could be a bunch of ugly and awkward GG's playing the roles. (Marianne is loudly complaining at the insinuation contained in this last remark.)

The plots are simple but to the point. In good taste and definitely aimed at home viewing with the reluctant wife present. In one of the films we see the typical scared TV who decides to buy a wig. He hesitantly opens the door of the shop. He is shaky and wishing he hadn't come. Tells Marie a story about wanting a wig for "my sister, who's about my size". Marie shocks the daylights out of him by stating that she knows all about TV's..."you see I'm married to one". Invites him to come the following day bringing his clothes so he can dress and try on a wig. He arrives next day... the camera shows just a leg while the stocking is going up...feet entering into pumps...the hem of a slip falling to the knees...and then the hem of a red dress covering the slip...the next shot...shows the beginning of the make-upprocess...a clock on the wall shows passage of time... and voila...the TV emerges from the booth in full glory... He looks so good that Marie invites him to the cafeteria downstairs for a cup of coffee...they both leave...and that's it. As harmless as a new-born chick.

We hope to add many more reels with locales in the city as well as in the resort. It is terribly exciting to find yourself under the hot glare of lights and worry every minute about perspiration messing up your make-up... or, what's worse, the thought of the beard showing through. We are now about to edit the first two films before we plunge into more units. We have invited Dr. Benjamin and Dr. Pomeroy to the premiere showing before the official release. So as you see, we'll have an added attraction for our guests who come to spend a week-end at the resort....

Who said that TV life wasn't fun?

Love to all from

Susanna.





JOAN 55-R-2



HELEN SMITH 43-S-4



ROSEMARIE N.J.



↑  
PAULINE  
32-H-3  
↔



# The Dual Personality Concept

by Virginia

◆ One of the many things impossible to human beings is to know some one else's inner feelings or their special outlook or problems unless we have ourselves personally experienced them. Even then we can't have quite the same feelings about a given matter because we don't have the same background of experience to measure it against.

In the field of the TV there is a phenomenon that some have experienced and some has not. Those that have not, frankly, are not in a position to question those that have because they simply do not know what they are talking about since they cannot share another's internal feelings. I am referring to the dual personality idea. Susanna and I frequently refer to it and many others besides ourselves have and are experiencing it. Yet there are those who, because they have not experienced it and probably never will are quite willing to deny its existence. As for myself anyone who wishes can talk as long as he has breath telling me that it "ain't so", that Charles and Virginia are one and the same person, that pants or skirts just don't make any difference. I know they do, because I have very frequently experienced it and at some most unexpected times and in surprising ways. To those who say that the second personality concept is wrong I can only reply in the words of the immortal Baron Von Muechausen who was won't to say, when questioned, "Vas you der Sharlie?" NO?, So der vas two poisonalities", and leave the opposition standing there with his bare face hanging out.



Now it must be made clear that a second personality no more than the first one doesn't just come upon you some night or upon request or even desire. You become to be the kind of masculine personality you presently are as a result of years of living and of myriads of experiences and reactions to situations superimposed on your own particular hereditary, and glandular structure. You are gay, lighthearted, and extrovertive, or quiet, solemn and introvertive or any state or combination in between as a result of these factors, acting over a long time. Had your experiences never extended beyond the nursery stage in terms of clothing, persons you dealt with and the objects you played with you would in psychological terms remain a baby even though your body grew.

It is the same way with this other personality bit. A large number of TV's due to circumstances of both opportunity, appearance, and understanding must remain in the locked door stage or at best have little opportunity to "live", that is, to acquire experiences and make contacts which are the raw material from which personalities develop. Moreover, many others have no desire to acquire these experiences and thus no personality development takes place.

I think we can all be candid enough to admit that there is an erotic component in TVism. It could hardly be otherwise since it is a behaviour pattern intimately tied up with our awareness of, interest in and attraction toward the opposite sex. In its early stages TVism is usually centered around some particular feminine item such as panties, corsets, heels, long hair etc. At this stage it is fetishistic in its character. With some the behaviour stays at this level and is therefore true fetishism. With others, opportunity, circumstances, curiosity or what not lead them to try on additional items until eventually they have acquired full costumes, wigs, cosmetics etc. At this point there are two routes that may be followed.

One person at this stage may alter the pattern only insofar as he may acquire friends, go to an occasional party and dress at home with or without any domestic acceptance. This person has no opportunity to develop a second personality. Others who are fortunate in terms

of domestic acceptance, opportunity, passable appearance desire etc. will, little by little, make an appearance in the outside world. There she will have experiences, learn to cope with them, to speak to others, to react to situations, to learn from each occasion, to give and to take. This is exactly the mechanism whereby everybody develops his or her #1 personality, and it works the same way for #2. The only difference is that #2 starts out of the house with an appearance that makes the world react differently to her, with an internal feeling that makes her project a different "self" at the observer, and the result is that the experiences and the reactions to them are in very large measure cut from different cloth. There are but few experiences in life that are exactly the same for both males and females. So this individual gradually over a number of years collects enough interactions with people and situations to enable her to react to a new situation in a fashion consistent with these previous experiences which, having been acquired in a feminine condition, are femininely slanted. The reaction to the new situation therefore is femininely slanted too----and that's all a personality is. How you show your self to the world and react to it physically, mentally and emotionally is what you become known by, it is your personality, your self.

Now how could one who remained in the fetishistic stage, even tho he had progressed to wearing the complete costume, possibly understand the experience of being able to get completely femininely made up, to sally forth to meet the world and to react to it and to do so more or less automatically in a feminine way? He could not. Anyone can put on a dress one day and a pair of pants another, but this gives him no common experience with which to judge the feelings, reactions etc. of a person who knows from his/her own internal response that "he" is not the same personality as "she". It would therefore be very much in order if those who have not had this experience would refrain from denying its existence or making fun of it.

The reason TVs so universally claim that they feel more relaxed, quieter and more comfortable when in femmedress is, I believe that in this role they can shed a good part of the characteristics and personality that



they live by day to day and give other characteristics of gentleness, passivity and emotionality a chance to come "out" as it were. That which must be suppressed in the masculine role need not be suppressed in the feminine. All of us develop behavior patterns, preferences, and attitudes in the course of growing up which we find it wise to suppress in the interest of presenting a proper masculine or feminine front to society. These suppressed traits are simply inadmissible in the total personality that develops as a result of our education, training and social experience. But suppression is not destruction. The traits remain there and are only brought out and expressed when the appropriate environment is created. This the TV accomplishes by moving into the femmeworld in outer appearance. Now gentility, daintiness, beauty, etc. are appropriate and can be expressed without the incongruity that they would have in male attire. From there on, if one follows the path of greater worldly experience a second personality gradually accumulates around these bits and pieces.

Those whose motivations remain basically fetishistic may, as mentioned previously, move on to the complete costume, largely because this is the only way they can share their interests with others. There would be no satisfaction in personal contacts, parties etc. wherein a bunch of men sat around mostly in men's clothes, but some wearing heels (which could be seen by others) and others wearing panties or corsets under their male attire. So in order to wear their fetishes in company so to speak they must adopt non-fetishistic bits of femmeattire until they visibly represent the complete feminine picture. However such persons rarely "feel" the role, they remain men in women's clothes, and many of them are well aware of this. Others are so but are not consciously aware of it.

It is interesting that it is generally this type of person who, retaining his masculine characteristics of competitiveness, aggressiveness, rationalism, etc. does not let himself go into the feminine role but remains just what he is--a man wearing feminine costume. He usually makes no attempt to moderate his behaviour, sits with legs in the same manner that his masculine voice and in the same manner that his masculine self would.

If he smokes it is likely to be in the same way HE would smoke. In short he does not become feminine he just looks it. This manner of behaviour is not based on how well he may be able to appear as a woman-- some very pretty TV's are still of this type. On the other hand there are many whose physical appearance makes the creation of a passable feminine appearance impossible but who nevertheless emotionally are able to pass into the feminine role.

Some of these more highly developed fetishists apparently sometimes feel somewhat "out of it" by their inability to develop and experience a femmeself. They take out their frustration by attacking verbally those who are able to experience it. An interesting verification of their essential masculinity is that such attacks are carried on by typically masculine means and words. This is not surprising since aggressive attack is primarily a masculine function in our society.

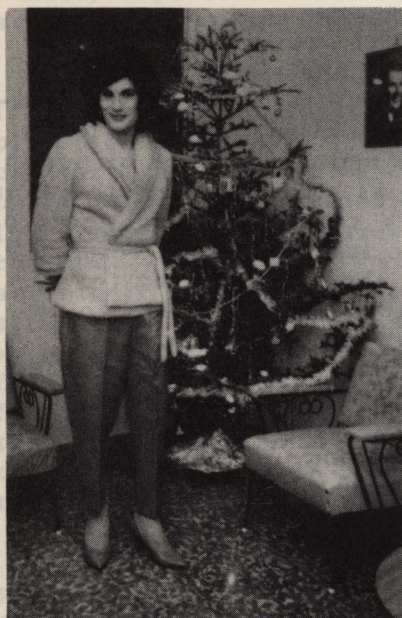
It would seem to me that if one is going to go to all the trouble, expense, risk and worry that a TV does go to, he at least ought to cultivate by every possible means the feminine virtues while abstaining from feminine weaknesses and shortcomings as much as possible. This should not be interpreted as a Clarion call to become a more intense and extreme TV and to do things that you haven't done before etc. Even in its simplest form, TV involves enough difficulties without attempting to intensify them. No, what I mean is, if you are going to wear a dress, brassiere, lipstick and heels, then certainly you owe it to consistency to try to be the best of what those things represent to men--lovingness, compassion, understanding, helpfulness--passivity as against daily masculine aggressiveness, acceptance instead of competitive resistance, etc. In short if its worth doing at all its worth doing well and extracting the most from it. How about the motto, "if you are going to look the part, act the part?"

..... VIRGINIA





JACQUELINE  
46-F-1



IRIS (DR.)  
52-L-1 FPE



# *Editorial Emanations*

I. CORRESPONDENCE: Although I have done so before I feel that I must again apologize and explain that I simply cannot write to all of you and I'd like to. I get between 20 and 40 letters a day and this is quite a lot to process and keep records for. There are some that I feel I must write at least a note to and I set them aside. Repeatedly it has happened that before I can get to this note another stack comes from the next day and the next. During the period of preparing the magazine I simply can't take time for correspondence and as a result the backlog accumulates even more. I love to hear from you, but you must forgive me when I do not reply as you'd wish.

II. DRESS CATALOGS: The dress catalog that has been available for sometime is now sold out and will not be reprinted. John Aaron has gone into a regular retail business of ready to wear women's apparel and just won't have time to devote to custom made items. This does not mean that he won't honor orders from those who already have the catalog, but he has asked me not to reprint it as he would not be able to handle it as in the past.

III. PAYMENT FOR MATERIAL: For sometime past I have had the policy of payment at the rate of \$1 per page for stories, articles etc. over 10 pages long excepting only Cover Stories, Letters to the Editor, and Case Histories. Now, because of a small savings per issue made possible by some new printing techniques, it seems only fair to use it to reward those who contribute shorter material. So, starting with the next issue ALL material of 1 page or more will be paid for at the same rate of \$1 per page. As before this will be payable WHEN and IF material is printed, and based on the final printed page. More than half a page will be counted as a full page and less than half as not a page. It will be paid on original material only, not on reprints or donations of other peoples work. Payment will be made by check in order to keep the books straight, and not by credit. However, those who will wish to use their payment for purchase of further Chevalier Items may do so by simply endorsing the check and returning it as payment. There may be some who will be unhappy that their material was published in #25 or 26 where it is not paid while if it had waited until #27 it would have been. You must realize that there has to be a changeover point somewhere and



wherever that might be, somebody would be before it and possibly unhappy. I'm sorry about this, but I don't think it is important enough to really upset anyone. After all, getting the magazine out and helping it grow is the important thing.

IV: SPECIAL DEAL: The special deal on back issues of 6 for \$20 still goes, but in addition I'm offering another one. I am greatly out of balance in stocks of #s 14 and 15 because of a distributor reneging on a deal. I printed a lot more of these two issues on the basis of his promise to take 300 of each issue. He didn't do it and I am stuck with a lot of extra copies which are tying up money and space. So until further notice which means until the stocks of these two approximate most of the other numbers I'm offering these two numbers at \$3 each either separately or together. If you don't happen to have them in your stock here's your chance.

V. ARTIST AND CARTOONS: I think it would be worth a laugh or two to have a book of cartoons with TV-appropriate titles. I'd publish it as a special item. Thus I'd like to ask those of you who can draw to send in a bunch of cartoons so that we could have enough not only for TVia and the Mirror but to fill up such a cartoon book. Original drawings would be necessary to avoid plagiarism, but redrawings of ideas gathered from other cartoons would be permitted if TV-type titles were appended. This doesn't mean tracing however, as this is still copying another man's work. Let's see what you can do.

VI. RETURN ADDRESSES: Sometime back I wrote that I had made arrangements with Mr. Hedgepeth who runs a mail forwarding service to permit any of you who wanted to do so to use his address as a return address on the envelope. In this way no one could trace mail coming to me back to its source nor would it get returned to you in case it didn't get sent to Chevalier. If you wish to take this little extra precaution just write in the upper left corner: Dept C. 406 So. 2nd St. Alhambra, Calif. Dept. C stands for Chevalier and any mail returned that way will forward to me. Of course if you can use a mail forwarding agent he would be glad to have you as a customer, just drop him a line for the details.

VII. HEP LAWYERS AND HEP DOCTORS: There may be occasions when a TV will need help from a member of either of these professions. It would probably be a good thing if those of you who have had occasion to meet up with either attorney's or M.D. in your area who know what TV is all about and understand it would send those names in to me on a 3x5 card to put in the file. Then when someone else needs one of these types whom he could trust I would be able to refer him to someone.

VIII. IN CASE: If you bought this magazine on a newstand and it is bound with a staple clear through to the middle like a magazine it is a pirated plagiarized copy. (All original copies are square bound like a book). If it is a pirated copy the inside back cover is probably blank. They do this to delete the name and address of the publisher. Therefore it is given to you here. Write for further information and prices to Chevalier Publications Box 36091 Los Angeles 19, Calif. These pirated copies may be free advertising but they are expensive to both of us.

IX. FOUNDATION ANNUAL REPORT: I regret that it has become April and I haven't gotten the Annual Report to FPE members, but I hope I will be forgiven. My hospitalization and convalescence helped me clear up some backlogs, but also created others--seems as tho you can't win. Anyway the Report is set up and will be typed and sent out within the next two weeks. Those of you who are members of FPE and who have not paid your annual dues due in Jan. might well do so at this time. As you know this is the money that has to finance any Foundation activities apart from donations to be the Foundation by those who are not FPE members. We have had two \$100 donations for this year, one by Alice 5-H-2 FPE who has been generous this way in two previous years; and Sylvia FE-B-3 FPE who is a newcomer to our ranks and somewhat divides her time between England and Ohio. Our thanks are due to both. Although dues should be sent to me to be recorded they will then to be forwarded to Fran 49-C-IFPE who has accepted the responsibility of being treasurer of the Foundation.





*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.

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22-K-1 FPE Tall, slender F.P. with Prof. degree. "Outdoors girl" type. Give friendship a whirl, A letter to Kay paves the way, get your wish-KAY

=====

42-F-1 FPE TV, 28, Cover Girl this issue, wishes to corres. and meet others in mid-south area especially in Tennessee JO-ANNE

=====

32-C-13 FPE TV, early 40s, love to corres. with other TVs in N.Y.-N.J. area. Will answer all.FRANCINE

=====

42-F-1 FPE FP, 30, married. Travels extensively eastern U.S. Wish corres, meet other FPs. ROSEMARY

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FE-B-3 FPE Transatlantic commuting TV would like friends on both sides. Letters from TVs near Cleveland and in England specially wanted-SYLVIA

=====

32-T-5 Married TV wishes corres. with other TVs in western New York area SANDRA

=====

NOTICE: In an earlier issue it was indicated that the book "Across The Sex Border" by Georgina Turtle could be obtained thru Chevalier. I regret to say that due to some difficulties between author and publisher my order and check were returned, so the book will not be obtainable through CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS.

"TRANSVESTIA"... 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.

#### SEPARATE BOOKS

"THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE"... A Discussion from Both Points of View"... includes 26 pages of letters from understanding wives. Written simply, fairly and directly to help wives and parents understand.....\$3.

"FATED FOR FEMININITY"... Fascinating story of a high school boy who wants to be cheer leader and ends up as school Beauty Queen and eventually as the bride of a beautiful girl. 90 pages, illustrated.....\$5.

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

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

"REVERSE SEX"... Complete and authorized autobiography of the famous Parisian personality COCCINELLE. 120 pages of story, 64 pages of pictures dressed and undressed to show her remarkable conversion. Book imported from England.....\$3.

"CIRCLE OF SEX"... In interesting discussion and arrangement of the various male and female sexual and psychological types around the face of an imaginary clock showing the subtle spectrum of sexuality and gender from the dominant male thru the many variations to the ultra-femme female and back again.....\$2.75.



## SPECIAL REDUCED RATES

Back issues of TRANSVESTIA from #3 to current issue are available at reduced rate of 6 for \$20. Select any issues needed to fill out your library.

Back issues of Mirror and Clipsheet (as available) are offered at 6 for \$3 and may be mixed as desired.

## MERCHANDISE

SPECIAL BRA...Has inflatable polyvinyl inserts. Largest size available is 36B in Bra, but inserts are removable and can be placed in any other bra of your choice...\$5

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# Publication Policy

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

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than  $\frac{2}{3}$  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.

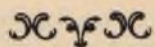
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## PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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.

Ads for GOODS AND SERVICES also accepted, ask for rates





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