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Transvestia



Volume X

No. 56

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "other side" and seek to express it. The magazine provides—

EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION

to help its readers achieve—

UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND

in place of the loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

TRANSVESTIA does not condemn nor judge the fields of homosexuality, bondage, domination or fetishism. These are left to others to develop. They are not part of the areas of interest of this magazine.

TRANSVESTIA seeks to gather information and to disseminate it to interested persons in the medical, legal counseling and scientific professions to further their knowledge about this little understood field.

THE COVER DESIGN

The cover design symbolizes the philosophy of this publication. The head, divided diagonally, represents our two sides - mind (Wisdom) and face (Beauty).

The lateral curving line portrays the ancient Chinese duality of the "Yang" (masculinity) and the "Yin" (feminity) - the two aspects of human nature.

The total symbolism indicates the wholeness of a human being - not all masculine - mind and reason, abstract and unseen - and not all feminine beauty, desirability, and appearance, but rather an integration of both

A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"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".

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.



Leading Lady

Transvestia

EDITOR
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
LITERARY EDITOR

VIRGINIA PRINCE
MARY NIELSON
SUSANNA VALENTI
SHIELA NILES



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I W from

Puritan Land

Dorothy FPE-21-D-3

The hardest part of writing your story is knowing where to begin. There are so many places to start. Although I am a professional advertising writer, I still get choked up when writing about being a TV because I want what I'm writing to be meaningful and helpful to other TV's.

By the way of introduction, my femme name is Dorothy Deans (the name of a very close childhood playmate to whom I wrote my first love letter) and my pen name is "Doll Tearsheet" (The innkeeper's daughter in Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part II). Dorothy Deans accepted Bill (my brother) for everything that he was and Doll Tearsheet accepted Folstaff for everything that he was. So you see, these names were not picked at random.

For a start, I'll go back to what interests most TV's. How did I become a TV, if I was not born that way? I have a theory about it. At a very young age (probably before 4 or 5) I was mentally castrated by a deaf mother and a series of spinster nurses who didn't like men. I don't know what happened between mother and me, but I can remember nurses telling me all the time that I was a bad boy and that my sister was an angel. Of course, I wanted to be an angel, because all girls were angels, so I started trying to look like a girl at the age of 6 or 7 in every way that I could. I discovered an immense feeling of being one by putting on everything that my sister or mother wore at every opportunity I could find. I must have looked quite ridiculous, but nevertheless it was the closest thing to heaven where the angels dwelled. That I could change into a girl became "my secret."

As I grew older I felt that this was wrong and I feared the shame of being caught. Nevertheless I continued to dress as completely as possible at every opportunity that I could find. There was not an article of lingerie, dresses, hosiery, shoes or make up that escaped me and as I grew older the desire to dress as a girl became an obsession. I became quite preoccupied with thoughts and dreams of being a girl, I envied every girl friend and even had crushes on the mothers of my friends especially if they were the kind of a woman I'd like to be. I sought the company of girls (maids, girl friends, mothers) constantly. I wanted them to love me as a girl . . . not as a boy. I loved to watch movies with Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer and Alice Faye fantasizing myself wearing their breathtaking gowns. . . And as I grew of age all of this activity, of course, would end in masturbation because dressing had become an erotic thing for me. I became quite preoccupied with thoughts of dressing and dreaming that I was a girl with the result that my studies suffered and my efforts to do things that other boys do increased. I don't feel that I ever had the same feelings towards girls that they had. I wanted more than anything to be a girl and to be loved as a girl. It was when they wore what-I-wanted-to-look-like that they would attract me. If I knew what I knew today, I am sure that I would have wanted a sex change operation and would have fought to obtain one. Today I would, if I could bring it about, like to go "full time" as a guy dressed like a woman. I tend to move in that direction but slowly. . . ever so slowly. Most of all, it would mean that my children accept me in that role. I've undertaken psychotherapy for more than two years, have received estrogens under a physician's care for one year and am having my facial hair removed by electrolysis. It is a start and a way to finding out the answer as to whether I shall be happier in one role or in two. I don't have a crystal ball so I'll get back to my story.

At the ripe age of 12 I think my family sensed that I was not quite right, or else they couldn't cope with me, so they sent me away to a boarding school which was full of discipline. I adored my English teacher—a girl—and also some of the master's wives. Athletically I felt that I had to prove myself and became quite proficient at swimming and soccer. . . often over aggressive. However when it came to physical, personal self-defense I fought exactly like a girl, completely terrified of the whole thing because I felt that way. (It's difficult to describe this verbally).



Dorothy (Doll) 21-D-3 FPE

Things did not work out for me at this school. My family transferred me to another boarding school where I would be completely competitive with other boys. Here, in my teens, I felt that I wasn't understood. I cut out pictures of dresses that I loved in New York Times ads and envied every guy that had a girl's part in the school plays and devoured everything that I could find written by and about women. I had several girl friends who seemed to like to have me as an understanding friend but not as "their guy." At the age of 16 I learned about sexual intercourse by going to a house of ill repute. I was very frightened but did not let my companions know. I felt that it was "bad" indicating that I feared sexual intercourse. I simply felt more at ease in the company of women than in the company of men. Although generally a loner, I won my Varsity letters in swimming and soccer my sophomore year and played in the school band. I didn't feel very much liked by my classmates for anything other than my athletic prowess and interest in girls. My studies were below average, but I always seemed to manage when pressure was applied to me. Most of the time I was kidded for loving to write poetry and for always being found in the school library.

The first mention I ever found of men dressing as women was in Sinclair Lewis' "Dodsworth." Not knowing about homosexuality at that time, I was quite surprised and frightened by the attitude expressed towards these men. My prep school girl friends accepted me as a good confidential friend but never as a serious lover. If I attempted this role I was never very confident. I would rather have been one of them than what I was. I disliked Bill more and more and sought consolation in Dorothy who made me very happy.

I made a good University, but life was still very confusing for me. Although I received a bid from the best fraternity and played on an undefeated soccer team, I could never talk about what I wanted most. Eventually my marks slipped and the University psychologist interviewed me. I would tell him nothing for I knew nothing about psychology at that time. I was dismissed and told to take a job, which I did, as an aircraft mechanic. I took up playing squash and became quite good at it and started drinking when depressed. I continued to try to be like other men but was unsuccessful and did not like their ways. I dressed in mother's clothes at every chance and read everything Vogue published.

December 7th, 1941 (I was 24) arrived and the family and relatives (uncles) who were all exmarines persuaded me to enlist. I was accepted even with a completely deaf ear. Boot training at Parris Island was horrible and, to make matters worse, I was assigned to Field Radio Operators School in Quantico where I made close friends who enjoyed drinking beer. I tried for Officer's School but couldn't pass the physical and joined a Division at New River. I feared Officers and was never accepted by the men for my rather feminine attitude. Before going overseas I met my first cross-dresser in Los Angeles. He was an HS who tried to pick me up and was about my size, so I paid him \$5.00 to let me put on his drag clothes. He couldn't figure me out, but he had the money. It was a glorious, welcome relief. By that time I had learned about homo's who dressed in drag and had come to the conclusion that I must be like them but afraid to go about it.

Overseas to four landings, Kwajalein, Saipan, Tuirian and Iwo Jima where I ended up in the hospital and was shipped back to San Francisco. Took off from the hospital the first night there and saw my first feminine mimic show (guess where). I was in 7th heaven wishing I could be like them. Back home, got a job with an ad agency and went to Art School. Fell in love with a fine, immature girl and we married. Dressing desires did not lessen. I accumulated a minor wardrobe which I hid. We had two sons. I don't think I was much of a father. I hadn't told my wife of my dressing desires; I was busy learning advertising and dressing whenever I could. My wife couldn't understand why I did not meet her sexual demands and on occasion drank heavily and sought the company of other women. Inevitably the marriage failed and ended in divorce. Although accused of having affairs with other women, I was in fact dressing but did not confess it.

Taking up bachelor life, I accumulated a good wardrobe, and confined my TV activity to my apartment. On occasion I visited gay bars to look at drag queens but was reluctant to talk to them.

Five years later, a close friend was killed in an auto crash leaving a widow and 3 children. I kept the widow company and soon fell in love with her. I confessed that I was a TV. Neither of us knew much about what a TV was. I changed jobs, moved



Dorothy
and
Barbara



More of
Dorothy

to Canada and undertook psychotherapy. This eased up my dressing desires but not enough. The widow and I married over much protest from her mother and father and her husband's parents. Within a few years I again had a wardrobe and was dressing in motel rooms. We never talked about TV, both of us being gun shy on the subject. I had severe depressions and drank. Doctors gave me tranquilizers and these led to accidents and a stay in jail. My wife and I blamed a lot on drinking so I joined AA. However, the desire to dress was ever present. I became close friends with my secretary who accepted me completely but she had her own problems. Once again I could not meet my wife's sexual demands, but we overcame this obstacle by other means which pleased her and permitted me to take on a more feminine role in sex play. My step-daughter never accepted me as her father. She told her grandparents that I had molested her. My wife stood by her daughter and this led to another divorce.

The day my wife and children drove off, I dressed completely, got tight and passed out on the living room sofa. A friend entered the house and found me. He left and returned with the VP of my company and showed him. They consulted an MD who classified me as an HS. I was fired the next day. I did not in truth know what I was. I moved to Boston, took on two teaching jobs and started my own company.

Naturally I continued to dress and this time hunted in earnest for TV information. I finally struck pay dirt after reading an article by Virginia in Sexology Guide. I wrote to Virginia in care of the publisher. Virginia offered to go to bat for me with the agency who fired me but I preferred to not compound one problem with another. Someday this will be corrected as I now tend to move in the direction of public education re TVism. I am, however, still grateful to V. for her offer to fight my battle.

It has been over a year since starting on what feels like a whole new life. TVia first opened my world and then other members of FPE opened it further. . . as did an extremely understanding psychiatrist who seems to be learning right along with me. (He teaches other psychiatrists who are presently residents). My former wife is also learning via a psychologist, me, and the wife's book. She has attended an FPE social gathering and we now talk TV topics very much at ease. I have,

I feel, come a long way and am still coming. I have taken the pulse of public attitude in regard to TVism and have felt the chill of their scorn. I have lost friends but gained new, understanding friends in their place. I have discovered that the road to public education must first start with the medical profession and I have started there. In these undertakings I have found honesty and sincerity of purpose to be the best approach. The chances are that if Dorothy's brother is respected, there will be a movement in the direction of trying to understand his sister. My employees know and accept the fact that I'm a TV. Other TVs drop in for a chat and feel very much at ease. My secretary has attended one of our meetings and is completely accepting even to the point of educating others. I generally find that the groovy, swingy types like my secretary, easily accept TVism. My step-children know that I am a TV and accept the fact as "my bag". My older, natural son knows, has seen a picture of Dorothy, and will come to live with me this summer while he attends a local University. He is eager to meet other TVs and learn more about the subject. My first wife, a Doctor and I have decided not to tell my second (younger) son because he presently has some personal problems that could be serious (possibly TV). My parents do not know about me. My brother's widow does. My younger niece knows and accepts, my older niece has problems and is not ready to be told. I feel that it is inevitable that these children will discover that I am a TV and I would rather they be told by me. It is very, very heartwarming to know they are willing to accept what I myself have learned to accept. I am indeed fortunate.

Now you will understand why this past year feels 5 years long and why I feel that there is much, much more to come. It is only the beginning of another life. I'm not trying to be dramatic. I really feel that this is so because it has never before been so meaningful and true for me.

As Dorothy and/or Doll among other New England sisters, I find that I am, very much of the time, a feminine projection of Bill who is inclined to be critical of others. Doll is just not very gentle with other TVs. She even has her own list of "little things that bother."

- a) The TV who sits like a prize fighter in a ring corner.
- b) The TV who has "passing" on the brain.



Left to Right
Joan - Conn
Dorothy - Mass
Eloise - Mass
Caroline - N.Y.
Betsy - R.I.

Fran
21-D-4 FPE
Dorothy
21-D-3 FPE
Lisa
21-D-2



Betsy - R.I.
Dorothy
Lisa



Dorothy and her friends

- c) The TV who won't give his GG an even break.
- d) The TV who thinks he's an oracle on the subject of TVism.
- e) The TV who doesn't have a sense of humor.
- f) The TV who knocks the HS.
- g) The TV who drinks beer out of a can when dressed.
- h) The TV who doesn't go in for a little girl-work.
- i) The TV who acts spooky, but nevertheless takes chances.
- j) The TV who presumes that another TV's brother will do the escort job without asking.

As you can see Doll is the kind of girl who bites every now and then. She is trying to curb this habit for it is not calculated to make friends.

Like most TV's, I am inclined to have my own theories on TVism which are the results of reading and observation of both the TV and the HS. Although there are others more qualified to put forth these concepts, I will touch upon them briefly as a matter of interest to readers.

I have noticed that most TV's have a strong attachment to mother. . .that their identification tends to move out in the direction of mother rather than father. (What logic!). I have the feeling that their mothers were often very dominant figures and often permissive types. It is possible that when they were infants they were, in a sense, overwhelmed by mother to the point of not wanting to cut the apron strings — of not wanting to sever this very strong identification with mother, but yet having to realize that, they were really males. Hence, dressing permits true identification and also the realization of their maleness. TVism is a way of having one's cake and eating it too.

I feel that TVism is and always has been an integral part of our personality and that the sooner we learn to accept this fact the better our chances for a peaceful, serene life. Any other avenue represents, to my way of thinking, one of the highest forms of inner, personal conflict.

TVism has, in some way, affected our lives. . .the friends we make, the way we live and our attitudes towards other humans. Although, as recently as 2 years ago, I did regard my TVism as a handicap, I no longer feel that way. Association with TV friends and with friends in the medical world has convinced me that

acceptance is not self destructive. It is rather a demonstration of faith in one's willingness to live, to seek understanding and self development. Although, at times, not deserving, I need Dorothy, and Dorothy needs her group of understanding fellow TV's.

As is generally true with most of our TV world, I feel that this is just a beginning. TV and TS Research is today only theoretical and centered on the psychodynamics of TVism. We are just starting to contact other TV's. The younger generation are crying for acceptance and indicate a willingness to accept us. Virginia's program of public education will snowball. The HS element is striving for acceptance equivalent to that achieved in Great Britain. There seems to be a national movement towards the freedom of individual expression. As far as I am concerned, we TV's have never been more in tune with the times.

I intend to change what I can change and to try to gracefully accept that which I cannot change. You may feel that this sounds like a prayer. It is. A sentence in a recent letter from Virginia sums up the very essence of feeling. It read, "you've come a long way, baby." It's only a beginning.



SOME OF THE GAMMA GIRLS

Doris	Donna	Lisa	Ellen	Francene	Prisella
7-P-1	21-S-2	21-D-2	21-P-3	21-D-3	21-2-1

Dorothy
21-D-3



DL

Ah! . . . George, dear . . . Why
not let me lead for awhile . . .



Unfair Advantage

by Janet Hamilton

Joe Andrews flicked the switch to bring the ship out of interstellar drive. Stars swam into view on the view-screen and he quickly checked the detector system for any sign of the enemy. Everything was clear so he started the procedure of determining his exact position in space.

Joe had been on patrol for 18 months and it would be another 6 months before he would return to Earth. He wondered how long this intergalactic war would go on, but he was a natural spacer and the ship and the solitude were not unpleasant to him. Things did get pretty lonely once in a while though, and he wished that he had someone to talk to, someone besides Jo-Anne. He chuckled to himself as he thought about the repercussions that would rock Space-Central if they were to discover that he had smuggled her aboard before leaving on this two year mission.

It hadn't been too difficult as he was allowed to bring on 50 pounds of luggage that wasn't inspected and most of that had been clothing for her and little of it for himself. The security guards at the Nevada spaceport would swear that no one got into the craft but Joe yet as soon as the ship reached the outer limits of videophone contact there was a lovely girl at the controls. Joe felt sure that she could fly the ship every bit as well as he could so she just took over. At least there was no fear of discovery when the nearest soul was at least ten million miles away.

Of course there was always the chance of contact with the enemy, but with the vastness of space that possibility was very remote. Seven years of complete mobilization and search had

failed to turn up the planetary system of the hated outspacers so patrols like his kept on searching. In a way he was glad that the initial encounter had taken place for it gave him a chance to get into space for long periods of time and it was then that Jo-Anne could be herself. Still it was hard on the people of Earth as they worked to build the ships and weapons necessary to find and destroy the aliens before they did the same to the Earth. The news media spoke of little these days other than naming the horrors that would result if this war was lost and the possibility of total annihilation kept everyone working to defeat this new alien threat.

Most international problems had been ironed out by the survivors of the nuclear war of 1982, but the destruction of the Russian space cruiser by the aliens in 2050 had sure gotten all of the groups on Earth working together. Joe had been in his third year at the Space Academy in New Mexico when the incident took place and he recalled that the first reports of an attack had been met with incredulity. He still regretted the swift retaliatory measures that had been taken against the lone enemy ship for it had been vaporized by a nuclear weapon before any attempt was made at communication. The strange part of the story was the fact that the alien vessel had not tried to escape after the Russian ship exploded and the order was given to attack and a declaration of war was made against the unknown alien race.

Jo-Anne noticed that one of her stockings was loose and she reached to tighten the garter being careful not to cause a run. After all, there were no stores in space and no reasonable girl could exist for long without stockings. Just like a woman thought Joe. The human race is in danger of destruction and she worries about a pair of stockings. Still in all, Joe knew that he wouldn't be where he was without her. She had been a part of him ever since that day 25 years before when he had tried on a pair of high heeled shoes and more than once he had cursed himself for wanting to wear feminine apparel. Jo-Anne however had been persistent and he really came to accept her during the three month long solo flight that completed his training at the Academy.

The psychological testing of applicants for the job of space pilot was extremely demanding and thorough and Joe worried

for a while that Jo-Anne might be discovered. She wasn't though, and the tests proved to be of little value when many of the so-called normal students came back from their three month tour of space in a state of nervous breakdown. The three months flight had gone smoothly for Joe since he was never alone as long as Jo-Anne was around and she never left him. When things got boring in space he merely started to look at things from a woman's point of view and this helped to pass the time. He had to admit that the time in space had done wonders for her appearance as she had plenty of time to practice new make-up techniques and she was more lady-like than ever in the artificial gravity field of the ship. Her hair had grown long during the flight and was adorned with ribbons and properly cared for every night. In another six months the locks would have to be cut, but that was a long way off so Jo enjoyed them while she could.

She didn't have much of a wardrobe, but under the circumstances she was quite pleased with her situation. She was every inch a lady from her gold sandals to the top of her hair-do, and quite a stylish one at that. The outfit that she wore was all the rage among the girls back home and Joe laughed to recall that the gossamer lingerie was actually a commercial adaptation of a material that had been initially designed for the space pilots. A simple rinse in a chemical solution and the clothing was clean, fresh and ready to wear again. Naturally, the girls at home had loved the fabric at once and his bra, panties, slip and dress were all made of it.

The computer began to output the navigational data for the next hop of the patrol and Joe revelled in the sensation that his skirt made against his stockings as he reached for the new information when suddenly all hell broke loose!!!

The alarm systems clamored frantically indicating the approach of another ship which could only mean one thing the aliens had been found. Years of training at the Academy resulted in an immediate reflex reaction in Joe and he slammed a lever forward throwing the ship into interstellar drive. The procedure now was automatic and the hundreds of hours of practice on flight simulators was paying off. A note of regret crossed his mind as he realized that he would have to head for home to report the location of the encounter so that a massive

search of the area could be started. If the enemy were located he might even be regarded as a hero.

These thoughts raced through his mind as he performed the prescribed maneuvers to insure that the aliens could not possibly follow him back to Earth. By this time, he was light years away from the point of the encounter and he brought the ship out of hyper-drive as he had done so often before. The last few steps were nearly completed and he checked them off as he did them: computer on automatic; gravity at 0.2 Earth normal; warning system in reset position; and finally, ease the lever back to conventional drive.

The stars could not yet be seen when the alarm sounded again. This had not been covered in the training as no ship could possibly follow another into and out of hyper-drive. Joe turned off the alarm and considered his predicament. The obvious answer was a faulty alarm system and perhaps there had never been an alien ship nearby in the first place. That had to be the answer. Joe was mad at himself for having been so easily frightened over nothing. He reached for a small gold handbag and shakily took out a cigarette.

A slight breeze blew a wisp of hair in such a way that it tickled his nose and Joe reached up lazily to brush it back into place. The impact of his action struck home like a drop forge and he sat up rapidly and blinked at the bright sunlight. At first he questioned his sanity, but a quick look around convinced him that he wasn't seeing things. There couldn't be any breeze or warm sunlight in a spaceship, but there they were. One minute he had been in his ship and the next he was . . . well he didn't know where. He pinched himself through his skirt and it stung but he did not wake up. The bluish tint of the grass and trees convinced him that he wasn't on Earth, and he wondered where in the universe he was and how he had gotten here.

He was sitting on a grassy spot in what appeared to be a semi-tropical area for whatever that was worth. In the distance was a low hill and a path that seemed to lead in that general direction. He knew that he would have to look around and the high vantage point seemed like the place to start so he began walking down the path. The thought then crossed his mind, or perhaps it was woman's intuition, that this path might be a trail

for some large, hostile animal so he proceeded with caution.

Joe was about half way to the hill when he first heard the cry of an animal in pain. It sounded like a rather small animal and this guess was substantiated just around the next bend in the trail. There beside the path he saw an extremely ugly greenish-brown animal with one leg caught in a tangle of vines. It struggled frantically to free itself but without any success. The wind shifted slightly and Joe nearly gagged when he caught the odor of the beast which was worse than anything he had ever encountered before. He held his nose and stepped around the animal and continued on his way.

He had gone about fifty yards and the pitiful cries of the beast were still clearly audible when the female side of him let her feelings be known. Perhaps the thing was ugly with a terrible odor, but the poor animal needed help, so the fifty yards were rapidly retraced. Joe spoke in Jo-Anne's softest voice as he reached down to loosen the matted vines. The beast stopped struggling and sat quivering in fear but it lost no time in darting into the dense foliage once it was free.

Joe sensed that something was wrong and a hurried glance down the trail revealed a glimpse of white that had not been there a few minutes ago. Adrenalin rushed through his body and he began running along the trail in the opposite direction with hair and skirt flying as he ran. He rounded a bend and stopped dead as he realized that he stood face to face with two statuesque blond women. They both wore identical white jackets and skirts that vaguely reminded Joe of the majorette's uniforms that he had often envied at home. He looked around for a rock or stick to be used if needed, but nothing was readily available.

His thoughts of resistance were abandoned when two more women dressed like the first two came up from the direction that he had just left. At least he was encouraged to realize that he had indeed seen a flash of white further down the trail so his mind was not playing tricks on him. He thought for a moment of cursing Jo-Anne and her stupid animal but that wouldn't help things much now so he dropped the matter for the moment. One of the women stepped closer to him and smiled. She said something in a strange language and then used gestures when she saw that Joe did not understand. An order was given in the

same liquid language and the five of them started off down the trail. Two of the women walked in front of Joe and two followed behind giving every indication that he was a captive.

They had gone about 500 yards when they came to a small vehicle which sat in a clearing beside the trail. Joe knew then that he would have walked right into them whether he had stopped to help the trapped animal or not and so he felt pleased that he had done at least one thing right that day. They entered the ship and Joe noted a look of hatred in the eyes of one of the four. He braced himself for the acceleration forces that would accompany the take-off. The expected forces never came and he was astounded as the ship rose vertically to altitude and then shot into level flight with no sound of rocket engines. It almost seemed as though these people had discovered the secret of anti-gravity. Joe noticed that there was no chatter being exchanged among the four women and he began to wonder if they might be members of a military or police group since they seemed to be so serious. He still did not know what was going on, or how he had gotten where he was, but he was glad that he had not been captured by the dreaded outspacers for they would surely have killed him in space had they found him.

After about ten minutes of flight a modern city came into view and the small craft headed directly for one of the buildings and landed on a roof-top area designed for that purpose. Joe was taken to a room which looked more like an apartment than a prison cell, but since he was unable to open the door through which he had entered, he left that he was yet a captive. He had just sat down and was unconsciously in the process of smoothing out his skirt when the door opened and a marvelously attractive girl came in. She wore a floor length gown draped in such a way that it reminded Joe of the styles worn by Grecian women centuries ago. The material of her dress flowed as she approached and it appeared to be as filmy as chiffon and it seemed to change color with every movement, yet it was non-transparent and that fact seemed to contradict everything that he knew about ultra-sheer fabrics. Joe was stunned when he heard her speak in perfect English. "Hello," she said, "my name is Rhena." Joe recovered his composure enough to mumble a greeting and got as far as saying, "my name is Joe An-", when he choked up and before he could finish his last name, Rhena spoke again. "Don't be nervous, you

have nothing to fear here on the planet Verna. We are pleased to have you here as our guest Jo-Anne even if it was not by your own choosing. I'm sure that you must be very confused by recent events and that you have a great number of questions to ask, but there will be time for that when you have rested and had something to eat. The people of Verna also have some questions to ask of you, so you will find yourself restricted to this apartment for the next few days. You will find everything that you will need in the adjoining rooms and I'll return tomorrow when you have rested to begin our discussion." She turned to leave and had reached the door when she turned and remarked, "You may be our enemy, but the men who brought you here have reported your actions in passing the test and things will surely go well for you now." Joe started to speak, but she had turned and left before he could stop her.

Now his head was really spinning with questions. How could he possibly be the enemy of these people whom he had never met before today? What did she mean when she said that he had passed the test? He grinned to himself as he realized that Rhena must have been an interpreter and she had somehow twisted the meanings of words around when she used the term men to describe his captors when she obviously meant women. He would explain the mistake when they talked tomorrow but at the moment he was starved.

He searched until he found the kitchen area, however there was no food to be seen anywhere. A small unit sat on the counter though and he noticed that it had a three dimensional viewplate which showed what appeared to be a dish of unusual tropical fruit. He twisted the dial on the console and the image of fruit was immediately replaced by the image of a cup containing some sort of beverage. He pushed the button on the front of the console and a wall panel slid open leaving the cool drink sitting on the counter in front of him. By repeating the process he soon had a complete meal that looked as if it would be delicious. At first he tasted things cautiously and when there were no immediate ill effects, he proceeded to finish the meal.

The next room was obviously a bedroom and he saw that clean clothing had been laid out for him and what wonderful clothing it was! There on the bed was a skirt and jacket similar to those worn by his captors except this outfit was not white

but was a misty shade of blue that he would not find words to describe. Also present was a matching set of lingerie and a garment that could only be a nightgown. Joe knew at once that the clothing would fit perfectly and he was convinced that his stay on Verna would be a pleasant one, at least it would be if this kind of captivity kept up. It had been a confusing day and Joe took a quick shower and prepared to go to sleep. The nightgown was heavenly, but he fell into a calm sleep before he had a chance to enjoy it.

He woke the next morning to the sound of gentle music and he wasted no time in getting into his new outfit although he was not particularly happy with his appearance for his make-up had been washed off the previous night and his beard was now quite obvious. He selected breakfast and had eaten when Rhena's voice sounded softly over a concealed intercom. "Jo-Anne, are you awake? This is Rhena." Joe answered, "Yes, I'm awake and I've finished breakfast. You may come in whenever you like." She entered and wished Jo-Anne a pleasant good morning. Then her face clouded as she said, "I can come back later if you are not ready to receive visitors." Joe looked at his outfit and wondered what had prompted her comment when Rhena realized her mistake and began to apologize. "I'm sorry, I completely forgot that you are not familiar with the way that our apartments are built. I see that you did figure out how to work the food console though, and I really should have explained that to you yesterday. Your things have not been brought in yet so if you don't mind, I'll show you how to use our cosmetic products. I know that you must feel incomplete without them and when I first arrived I thought that perhaps I had gotten here too early. Now I see that you just didn't know where to find things. Can you ever forgive my stupidity?"

Joe assured her that he was not offended and Rhena took him in tow and headed for the bathroom. Opening a cabinet, she explained that the console there was similar to the food console except that this one supplied the necessary articles for personal grooming. She told Jo-Anne to have a seat and then started to apply the various products while explaining their use. "I learned your language by studying recordings of your radio and television signals that were gathered by our unmanned space ships which collect such information for future use, so forgive me if I make some foolish mistakes. Our code experts insist that

they can relate strange words to objects that we use ourselves, but perhaps they have made some mistakes in presenting the language that I have learned."

Joe was just about to tell her about her error in using the word men to describe the women who had captured him, but she was rubbing a soothing lotion onto his face and he could not speak without getting his mouth full of the stuff. "This is the shaving lotion," she said as she began to wipe the lotion off, "but I'm afraid that we don't have any razors on Verna, or if we do, I wouldn't recognize one." Joe explained the function of a razor and Rhena broke into laughter. "Your people must be very primitive in some ways. Why would you remove a beard that way when shaving lotion does the job so much better?" Joe knew what she meant when he felt his face and realized that he had just gotten the smoothest shave that he had ever had in his life and he relaxed to let Rhena apply the various cosmetics. When she was done and Joe looked in the mirror he knew that if he were home at that moment he would be the envy of every girl on Earth, and that knowledge made him feel exceptionally good.

They returned to the living area and Rhena produced a miniature recording device. "I will be recording your answers to my questions, so please answer carefully. My government wants to know why your people destroyed our space ship, and why your patrols are seeking our planet." Joe was quite surprised. So these were the people that all of the Earth men were so afraid of. "We destroyed your ship only after you had attacked one of our Earth ships. It seemed to be apparent that your race was hostile and therefore it was decided to seek out your planet and attack before you could do the same thing to us." Rhena was upset by his answer and she replied; "That is not what happened at all. Our monitoring equipment received a message that one of your Earth ships was in trouble and our cruiser sped to give assistance if possible. Unfortunately, your vessel exploded before we arrived. The last message sent by our ship indicated that they would stay in the area to see if any lifeboats had been launched before the explosion. None of our space ships carry weapons so we would not possibly have attacked as you seem to believe. Your people repaid our act of kindness with death. One of the men who brought you here lost a brother on that ship and although he might have looked a bit hostile he was still sent to

bring you in from the testing site and even he would not have treated you as your people treated his brother."

Things were suddenly beginning to make sense to Joe as he recognized at last that he had indeed been captured by men of the planet Verna. Apparently there were no distinctions in clothing here as there were at home and he knew that the war had been caused by hasty action on the part of his people. He tried to explain how the mistake had happened. Rhena listened carefully and then answered; "We have known of your warlike tendencies for some time; and since we live in peace here on Verna we decided to avoid your people if possible. Now you force us to start a search for your planet for our own protection. Your people will not be harmed, but we have methods of pacifying belligerent individuals in our own society and those same methods should work as well on a planet full of people as they do on a single person."

Joe interrupted; "Did one of your ships actually follow me when I went into and out of hyper-drive?" He was told that the Verna space ships had been doing that for over 200 years. The method by which he had been removed from his ship was a more recent development and Rhena refused to discuss the manner in which this had been done. Joe had another question. "If you were able to remove me from a moving ship you could easily have brought me here directly. Why was I left in the forest?" There was a simple reason for that as Rhena explained. "The only contact that we have had with your people caused the death of the entire crew of one of our ships. We knew that your patrols were looking for the planet Verna and two alternative plans of action for dealing with your people were proposed by our government leaders. One group urged that your people be deprived of the means of making war, followed by quarantine and isolation. The second group argued for an exchange between our two worlds provided your war-like tendencies could be controlled. For example, there is no official police force on Verna for the simple reason that there is almost no crime. If people show signs of criminal intent they voluntarily undergo medical treatment and we have developed machines which can alter the thought patterns to return the individual to a well adjusted mental state."

As an afterthought she added; "Speaking of medical treatment

reminds me that you are to undergo a thorough examination by our medical staff to determine if our two worlds are biologically compatible." She gave Joe a shy smile as she said; "I'm personally hoping that Verna and Earth are compatible in every way." Joe seconded that motion since he felt that he was falling in love with Rhena, who continued her previous discussion. "It was decided that the first Earthman who was captured would be given a test. If he passed it, the possible exchange between worlds would be given further consideration, if not, the isolationist plan would be followed. The animal that you freed is repulsive even to the people of Verna, so your sense of compassion proved that there is much to be gained by an exchange between our two worlds."

They talked for quite a while and the more that Joe learned about Verna and Rhena, the more idyllic this new planet became. It was nearly time for him to visit the doctors but he still had a few questions to ask. He inquired of Rhena if she was familiar with the word love; and her blush was enough of an answer for Joe. At the medical department he learned both that Rhena was not yet married and that the needles of Verna were not much different or less painful than were those of Earth.

Later in his apartment, Joe did a lot of thinking. He thought of the unending wars that had plagued the Earth since the dawn of history. He considered the high incidence of crime, the continual bickering between nations and the many ways that life on Earth would be improved by contact with Verna. Finally, he reached a decision that was certainly the most important that he had ever had to make in his life. He was about to retire when the light flashed on his videophone. He activated the screen and was very pleased to see that the caller was Rhena. She looked radiant as she said, "I've just been down to the medical department and you will be pleased to learn that the people of Verna and Earth are definitely compatible. Good night Jo." Before he could say anything she closed the circuit and the screen faded. A glance at the clock indicated that it was very late and he noted that Rhena had been interested enough to check with the medical department at this time of the night. Joe was happier than he had ever been before as he went to bed when suddenly he thought of the effect that contact with Earth might have on the people of Verna. A few minutes of thought provided a solution to the dilemma and he relaxed and went to

sleep.

When Rhena arrived the next morning Joe announced that he had a statement to make. "I realize," he said, "that your leaders will not force me to reveal the location of my planet; but it is also true that it could take your ships a lifetime to find that location. I've come to the conclusion that the sooner the people of Earth get to know your people, the sooner there will be an end to war and hatred. Therefore, if your government is willing to take on the task of helping to improve life on Earth, and if your space fleet can get me back to the point of our initial encounter, I will lead the way back to my planet."

Rhena threw her arms around his neck and Joe held her tightly. "That is just what I hoped you would say," she said, "and I really would like to see the Earth myself someday, provided you will give me a deluxe tour." Joe promised that he would do just that, as soon as things are safe enough for you to have an enjoyable trip. He then continued, "The matter of safety, for you and for all the people of Verna, motivates me to place one restriction on my willingness to co-operate; and unless your government agrees to one stipulation, I will be forced to withdraw my offer."

She presented his proposal to the leadership council and all parts of it were accepted without serious question. Joe continued to live on Verna for the remainder of his tour of duty as it was feared that his early return might inadvertently cause the death of more people if the Earth responded as they had in the past. The time went by all too rapidly and Joe and Rhena happily announced their engagement just before he left to lead the way back to Earth.

He sat in the cabin of his ship and thought once again of the decision that he had made. The navigational data was all programmed and all that was left to do now was to put the ship into hyper-drive for the final jump that would reveal the location of Earth. The ships of Verna would accompany him on that jump and they would handle things from that point on. One of his earrings dropped into his lap and he reached to replace it automatically. Some on Earth would consider him as a traitor and by a strict interpretation that was probably true; but the results of his actions would make the Earth a better world.

He thought once more of the stipulation that he had insisted upon. The leadership council had been told that about half of the population of Earth suffered from a slight abnormal mental state that was conducive to war-like actions. All that one had to do was to examine the photographs taken of any of the previous wars and it would be seen that all of the combatants were members of this abnormal group. Joe had worked with the psychologists and scientists who developed a device that would eliminate the abnormal tendencies and he believed them when they said that it would do the required job. "So I stretched the truth a bit in making my point," thought Joe. "Maybe I am using my influence unfairly to the detriment of all of the men of Earth." Joe had told the leadership council that the cause of the war-like tendencies was probably due to the peculiar garments worn by the majority of males and by some of the women of Earth. He had pointed out that the common suits, trousers and other apparel were made of coarse materials and that they were so restrictive that merely wearing them caused people to become irritable. A device would land with the first group from Verna that would slightly alter the thought patterns of this abnormal group to convince them that skirts, dresses and lingerie were really much more comfortable and attractive than the former clothing had been.

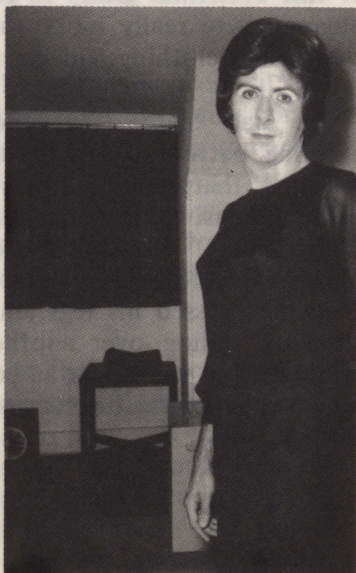
Joe had feared that the men of Verna might adopt the clothing pattern of Earth and this was his solution. The only question that remained was running through his mind. "Am I being unreasonable and taking UNFAIR ADVANTAGE of my fellow man?" He leaned back in his contour chair and felt the pleasureable feeling of a smooth blouse and slip against his back. Then he crossed his legs and left the delicious sensation of one stocking sliding over another. "UNFAIR ADVANTAGE?" Joe grinned from ear to ear as he reached out a manicured hand that sent the ship hurtling across the vastness of space towards the Earth.



Joyce - Calif.



Carlin - 5-C-9



Vanessa - Mass.



My Brother, My Son

Cathy

The house was quiet. Sis had left with her date, Mom was helping Dad down at the store, and Billy had the house to himself. It was now 6:30, Mom and Dad wouldn't be home until a little before 9:00. Billy had at least 2 hours to do what he wanted to before they got home. He went upstairs to his sister's room. He had been playing around in her room for a couple of weeks. She caught him once and put a dress on him. He crawled under her bed until she let him take it off. He had liked it, but he didn't want her to know it.

Now he was going to dress up in her clothes without anyone to bother him. He went through her chest of drawers and laid out the things he wanted to wear. He got a white bra, blue panties, white girdle, sheer nylon hose, and large yellow slip and put them on the bed. He took off all of his clothes and dropped them in the chair. He stepped into the panties and pulled them up. After he hooked the bra behind him, he filled the cups with some old hose until they were firm and full. He slipped into the girdle and eased it up. He sat down on the bed, pointed his foot, and slid the stocking on. He pulled it up tight and hooked the garters. After fixing the other stocking, he put the slip on over his head and straightened it.

When he opened the closet, he saw the shoes he wanted to wear. They were black sling-back high heels with a gold buckle on the side. Sis had received them as a birthday present only 2 weeks before and Billy had wanted to have them since he had first seen her unwrap them. As he slipped them on, he could feel them gently gripping his feet. He walked lightly over to the

mirrors and looked at himself. Not bad at all. He held the short black dress out in front of him and stepped into it, being careful not to hang his heels and tear the hem. He managed to zip it up the back and buckled the thin belt. He twirled on his toes and saw himself in the mirror from every angle. With make-up and a wig, he could easily pass for a young lady.

As he was standing there admiring himself, he heard the front door shut. Billy's heart jumped into his throat. If anyone saw him like this, it would be terrible. He hurried to the top of the stairs to see who it was. As he got to the stairs, he turned his ankle in the high heels and fell flat on his face at the head of the stairs.

"Who is that up there? Billy, is that you? What are you doing in those clothes?" his mother asked in surprise.

He scrambled to his feet. "Mom, I was . . . well, I just wanted to see how I would look in them. I was very careful not to tear anything", he stammered.

"You are a fine sight in those clothes. Come down here and let me see you". He walked slowly down the stairs. His face was a fiery red. "Do you like the clothes you're wearing?" she asked. "Yes, I do".

"Well, I must say you look quite like a girl with them on. You know I wanted another girl when you were born, but your father was very happy with a son. Remember how I let your hair stay long until you were five? I don't mind you wearing your sister's clothes, but I'm sure that she will. You go upstairs now and change. Be sure you put her things back neatly and exactly where you found them."

"Mom, can't I have some things of my own to wear?" he asked hopefully. "We will talk about that later. You just go do as I told you. I am going to lie down for a while. My headache wouldn't go away, so I had to come home from the store early".

Billy's mother said nothing further to him about what she had seen until the following Saturday. Sis and Dad were taking care of the store. Billy was eating breakfast and Mom was

washing the dishes. Suddenly she asked, "Billy, how would you like to go shopping with me this morning?"

"O.K. with me, Mom, but Dad told me to get the grass mowed today or else".

"We won't be gone long, so hurry and finish your breakfast". When they got to town, his mother parked the car and they walked into a small ladies apparel shop. There was no one in the shop except one saleslady. Miss Brown said "Good Morning, Irene. Are you ready for us?"

"Yes," the salesgirl replied, "come back here and we will try some things on for size". She led the way to the back. His mother guided Billy into a booth and said, "take off your clothes son, and put on this robe. We don't have much time and this will speed things up. I'll be right back".

"Mom, are you getting clothes for me here? Golly, I didn't think you were going to let me have them", He undressed quickly and slipped on the white nylon robe.

Mom came back with an armload of clothing. "Try these on and we will see if they fit". After she shut the door, Billy took off the robe and put on a pair of silver panties from the top of the stack. They felt very cool and filmy against his skin. The white padded bra fitted him very snugly. The black garter belt was just right and the beige stretch nylons made him feel light as air. The pink tricot slip felt as though it had been made just for him and the dress he put on was a bright yellow knit. He couldn't have wanted anything any nicer or prettier. When Irene brought in a pair of black sling-back heels like his sister's, his eyes really lit up.

When he was finished dressing, he went out of the booth to show his mom how he looked. She had him go to the large, three paneled mirror. She opened a large box beside the mirror and took out a beautiful medium length auburn wig. She fixed it on his head and saw two little tears run down his cheeks.

"Mom, this is the best gift you have ever given me in my whole life. I love you, I really do". He gave her a big hug.

"I'm glad you like them. Now that we know everything fits, we will pick out a few more". They got another bra, three pairs of sheer panties, a brown half-slip, a blue panty girdle, two more pairs of stretch nylons, and a red and blue skirt - blouse set. A pair of pink nylon baby doll pajamas, a blue silk and lace peignoir set, and white wedge heeled scuffs made up the nightwear for him.

While they were picking things out, Irene was busy boxing and totaling the bill. When she got through Mom wrote her a check.

"Well, I'll go change now".

"No, Billy, the clothes you wore in here are boxed now. You can just wear what you have on" his mother said.

"I can't do that". he protested, "someone might see me".

"Now don't worry, no one will see you. And if they do, they won't recognize you like this". She gently pushed him out the front door and to the car. The drive home was torture for him. He tried to keep his head down as much as he could.

When they got home, Billy grabbed the boxes and ran into the house. Mom found him upstairs in his room looking at himself in the mirror. The joy was gone from his face and had been replaced by a very sad look.

"Sit down here on the bed with me, Billy. I have some things to tell you". He sat down as she continued. "You are old enough to know certain facts that we have been hiding from you. My younger brother Raymond, the one we told you broke his neck in a fall when he was about your age, didn't fall. He hung himself in Grandmother's basement. When I found him, he was wearing a bra, a pair of panties and a dress. My own brother, hanging there dead, wearing my clothes. It was a shock I have never gotten over. You and Raymond have something in common. He was, and you are, a transvestite, someone who likes to dress in the clothes of the opposite sex. A psychiatrist I talked to after Raymond's death said that if he had been allowed to wear girl's clothes when he wanted to without hiding and having such a deep feeling of guilt and shame, he would not

have hung himself. Your father and I had a long talk about you last night. He agreed to let my buy these clothes for you, but he doesn't want you to over do it. You are not to wear them outside the house or let anyone else other than the family see you dressed. We love you and one death over a thing like this is enough. So now change your clothes and hang up and put away these new clothes. If you like nice things, you must learn to keep them nice. Remember, you still have to mow the yard".

"Mom, you and Dad are the greatest. I love you both". He kissed and hugged her. As she left the room, Billy was humming a happy tune as he opened boxes and put his new clothes away.

* * * * *



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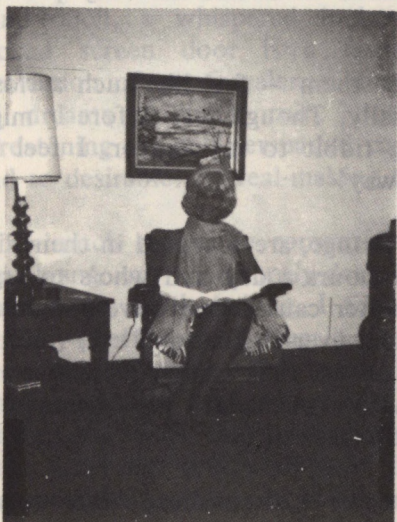
The Miracle of Change

Of course, at times, I've been almost hopelessly eager to chuck the whole male bit and dissolve into the heady near outer-spatial cosmos of womanhood, as I see it and like to feel it. It does taste delightful in imaginings! But with that dream there always comes a following thought of hours under the hair-dryer, the need to incessantly wash my things, press my skirts, suffer bubbling apoplexy as I regularly snag my nylons, nix superficially amorous males — and devil with that . . . on a permanent basis.

Now there ARE times when I adore washing and drying the under-seductiveness of my unmentionables, pressing out a dress to store-bought newness, even mending snags or sewing up a swinging skirt from a flat piece of material. Do love — at times — fussing my hair into just the right waviness, the most telling bangs, the most subtly eye-catching spit-curls.

But only when I feel like it. Not because it has become a day-to-day necessity. When I'm a woman I want to enjoy every moment, every facet of it — even to snagging my hose.

Oh I've been a woman, sometimes, for weeks at a time. But then it's only exciting from time to time — although it's blessedly a relief to know I need only to change from this dress to that; rather than from this dress to THAT suit, that dull male pants and coat thing. But when I've lived my feminine self for a longish spell I lose the always-startling joy of changing genders; the ambrosia of the new image in the mirror. But if I assume my lovelier image only when the infinitely precious urge sweeps over me — the flattery of a flippy skirt at my knees, my divine



Sharon - Calif.

Diane - 22-L-1 EPE

“new” figure (to me anyway) — it’s as virginal a discovery as the first time my sister urged me into the niceness of her pretty things when I was five. And oh how I cling to that original self-realization even today — the newness of it! It’s a joy I know I’ll have until I’m eighty. And the ever-fresh joy of it I know I’d lose if I moved permanently into my feminine self.

Drastic surgery, hormone treatment and silicone — really terribly appealing at times — would commit me to a forever-female self. I could never experience that CHANGE again — that breathless newness. Even to throw out the masculine life entirely, without medical help, take a job as waitress or secretary in a new community would rule out the always super-fulfilling act of change. . . . unless I “dressed up like a boy” from time to time, but that gets mind-boggling in its double-complexities.

I do envy former-fellows who flit daily around this world, now permanently women. Who can walk securely into a fitting-room in a boutique, who don’t even hesitate anymore before the doors to a Powder Room and the adjoining Gunpowder Room (I always get in a quandry, no matter how I’m dressed!). And with their permanence of their chosen sex, they are more carefully groomed in detail than my prettiest best.

In fact I am intimidated by them — feel like such a sloshy wench when I meet them socially. Though secs before I might have been the most ravishing tidbit to my mirror. I feel “in drag” the most draggy sort of way!

These girls have made that change, are accepted in their nicer sex anywhere and twenty-four hours a day and who’s to argue their sweet wisdom. But for better causes they have committed themselves past my beloved and ever-virginal and ever-repeated change. I think my holding on to that change-miracle is my realistic (and sometimes hard) exchange for being that woman-forever I do so long (at times) to be.

A thousand (or more) newnesses — first-times — remain with me. I’m forever thrilling over another “first”. Just recently I got my first richly-rattling taffeta formal skirt, though I wore my first formal while in Junior High School, net in that case. Last

New Year's, dancing with disciplined abandon, and flatteringly stage-lighted from within my first-floor front room, in a fragile Christmas gift confection, I collected quite a quorum of late-night wanderers, sitting for hours on the cold front-steps across the street. They watched in wonder at the four AM live fantasy, staged at my window.

Or my "it ain't so!" utter bemusement with various personally well-known neighbor men — now separated across the void of male-and-female by whom I'd decided to be that night — their gentle but inflamed attempts at persuasiveness toward the end of my joining them for a romantic late-night frolic. Or cruder types who offered me cash money — proffering my membership in womankind's oldest profession. An honorary membership, as it happens, but none the less a "first"...and something to ponder over.

Being forever entranced by the feminine mystique — whether projected by me during my adventures or ensnaring me in my more prosaic daytime self — my positive she-self MUST be preserved at all costs, or all the magic is lost. I demand the he-she relationship, whether in my fantasy-world or real world. Having male sex find me disturbing and gently provocative is a must — but anything beyond (at most!) an affectionate hand-touch, a whispered inches-away conversation through a locked screen door is a fantasy-crumblor. Once the guy's conviction of my femaleness gets shaky, my whole female castle of dreams falls to ruin. But any male attention — not threatening my self-persuaded castle — in some form is so sweet and so desirable! So real-making to me.

So much more the romantic than the realist no matter who I'm being, my poignantly-dear best memories are superficially not exactly earth-shaking. I adore recalling this past year a most verbally-profficient Lotherio under my open window, him snowing me with the most lavish flattery, most cultured protestations of love-at-first-sight, most poetic verbal advances — leaving me with the most profound conviction of my female state. Only my presentation of lily-white chastity kept me from accepting his petitions. My he was persuasive!

There was a last-summer's night, balmy and perfumed with that season, when some Latin romantic saw me sitting on my

rear window-ledge, fairly bursting into the yard in a lush blossom of a sentimental dress. His guitar-serenade in Spanish lyrics which I never understood will make my heart palpitate forever.

No exchange other than his wave and a flutter of the chiffon hankie under my bracelet. I hope he still has that hankie which I let flutter down. It was gone the next morning.

Or my steady date — a young man in a pickup truck who for many nights I could depend on to drive by as I sat in a spread of wide skirts and pettis on my front steps — could depend on to ask me (again, and again!) to go riding around with him. He'd always accept my "No" in a friendly way — would continue to drive by, exchanging waves. Gave me a cozy-nice feeling. Do feel I know him so well.

* * * * *

Girls-by-choice, who march to a different drum than mine, may wonder why I haven't pressed my womanliness much more deeply into the daily world of nitty-gritty. I hope those gals can understand my preference to the fragilely romantic. To the uncontested womanliness which is mine when I want it. Which no one takes exception to, nor advantage of. Encastled in my fantasy, always physically secure, my visual presentation only to those who find an answering fantasy in themselves, mine is a trouble-free dream world — and so REAL!

I feel I'm skimming the cream off the top of the best of both my worlds (and do feel guilty toward born-girls I know who have had so much less of the romantic, which should be woman's right, than I have).

Yes, I love being a woman almost beyond all things, but on my own terms, and when I want to. But no, I would not (I finally decided) change to my favorite sex permanently. For then, and forever, I would lose the wonder, the thrill, the ever-new fulfillment of the change itself.



The foregoing, interesting article is unique among all those that have been printed in TVia. This is because the author has succeeded in getting past the lure of the, "if some is good more is better" type of thought. Although she is very much aware of her fantasies and frankly enjoys them, she has penetrated to an important truth about the dual personality concept. It IS better and basically more satisfying to be able to have "the best of both worlds" by keeping the masculinity while enjoying the femininity and vice versa. She is so right about the irreversiblensness of surgery and the destruction of this fascinating ever-newness that she described so well. Many readers of TVia would do well to read this article twice. Ponder over it and try to relate it to themselves. Particularly this should be done by those of you who secretly still harbor imaginative, wishful ideas about sex change.

There will be some among you perceptive enough to have already asked themselves, "what's with Virginia, talking that way when she has abandoned the masculine for the feminine on a full time basis? She seems rather inconsistent". Yes, at first glance it does seem as though I were saying one thing and doing another. But don't go too far too fast. Remember the question discussed in this article was sex change vs. the pleasures of repeditive gender changes. My views about sex change surgery ought to be clear enough by this time. My personal life has led me, as it has you, through the repeated and ever pleasing changes that she describes. I merely came to a point where I have extended the feminine phase into a long term condition of life. But Charles is always with me, anatomically, physiologically and mentally. The first has long ceased to disturb me, I am

hardly aware of the inconsistency of Charles anatomy with my own self-feeling. Those structures are merely a part of the body I live in like my ears or fingers. The physiology functions on an unconscious level anyway. Mentally all of Charles experiences, knowledge, intellectual curiosity, decision-making ability and thought processes are still available, they have not been destroyed and can be called on any time they can prove useful in Virginia's life.

My change has not been one of sex but one of gender and while the foregoing article emphasises the ever-newness of the back and forth change I have found another kind of ever-newness. It is bigger, deeper, and more encompassing. Perhaps an analogy might explain it. In the early days of the last century it was probably quite an adventure for young bucks who lived on the east side of the Mississippi (or any other large river on the frontier) to paddle over to the "new" territory on the west bank for a day or two and explore it for a mile or two. This experience could be repeated frequently and was always an adventure and (if done at different locations) always new. But consider the Lewis and Clark expedition which crossed the river and kept on going deeper and deeper into an entirely new and unexplored land. Where every day a new experience, a new vista, and new botanical, zoological and geological knowledge awaited them. They didn't get bored. They enjoyed an ever-newness too but on a continuous basis.

This is how I view the change that a few others and I have made. Living a woman's life (not a female life) is an always new, always fascinating, always unfolding experience. But note! Its novelty, fascination and unfolding exist because I was born a male and raised as a boy and learned to be a man with all that that implies. Had I been born a female and raised as a girl there would only have been the newness inherent in anyone's life — the newness of getting older (and hopefully wiser), the newness of tomorrow. No it is precisely because of the Charles in my background that makes my present life new and fascinating. Furthermore I think that because Charles is, so to speak, sitting in the back of my head (in the form of stored experience, knowledge, attitudes etc.) and peeking out of my (Virginia's) eyes along with me that I can get a sort of psychological stereoscopic view of life. That is, seeing events from two points of view at the same time. This is kind of like seeing life in 3D —

it becomes a larger full screen, technicolor Cinerama which is as different from my previous life — even when I hopped back and forth across the river — as real a technicolor Cinerama production is from a regular small screen, black and white movie.

In contrast, the full time complete physical change involved in the surgical transformation looses much of this effect. Among other things, and something usually overlooked due to ignorance of the biochemistry involved, is the effect of castration on mental attitudes etc. Sure one can take estrogens, and temporarily overwhelm the normal androgen production from the testes enough to permit the development of breasts, but the androgen is still there. The brain effects are the summation of the presence of both male and female hormones in the blood stream and in the fluids bathing those specific parts of the nervous system whose function is affected by such hormones. This dual effect at a chemical level is probably partly responsible for the 3D effect on a psycho-social level. But in the sex change, there is no longer an adequate source of androgen (although small amounts are probably produced in the adrenal cortex even in females). Thus it is out of the frying pan and into the fire — a trading not only of the undesirable aspects of masculinity and maleness for the pleasant and positive aspects of femaleness and femininity, but (and this is generally overlooked in the eagerness of so-called TSs to get the surgery) there is also a trade of the desirable pleasant and rewarding aspects of maleness and masculinity for the limitations and hardships of femaleness and femininity. One wonders whether, if menstruation “the curse” as women often call it, were an essential part of the “bargain” whether as many would still seek surgery.

So my counsel to TVs would be this:

(1) Try to arrange your life so that you can have opportunities to express “her” but not at the cost of destruction of “him”.

(2) If you are married and have a family give due consideration not only to your responsibilities to them but to the very real value they are to your life. Moreover, consider that your wife and your children need YOU in the role of male, man, husband, and father too.

(3) Do what you can to bring your desires and needs into some sort of inner harmony in the family — which means primarily your wife. If she knows or can safely be told, try to increase her understanding thru the help of the TV and Wife book, thru counselling with ministers, doctors or marriage advisors or sometimes her own relatives, providing of course that they have been adequately briefed and are understanding to begin with.

(4) Don't take your wife to impersonator shows! That is a common mistake of anxious husband-TVs. They think it will help and it almost always makes it worse because she sees (and hears) all that which she fears the most.

(5) If things ever develop that your wife is going to see your femmeself whether by plan on your part or by mutual agreement, LET HER SEE YOU AT YOUR BEST OR NOT AT ALL. Remember, it will be hard enough on her in any case, but as she is a woman herself and has some pride in that condition she will not appreciate a parody, a burlesque or a completely inappropriate "woman". By this I mean don't overdo it and try to impress her with your femininity. Play it down, dress simply, wear a hairpiece that is relatively plain and natural not some overdone bubble head or ponytail. Don't stride around like a fullback or sit with your legs spread apart or do other things that emphasize the contradiction that she is trying to resolve in her mind. Help her with that problem, don't make it worse.

(6) If at some future time you should find yourself, middle aged, single, and without too many responsibilities you can design and set out on a 5 or 10 year program planned to bring you to financial independence, and free of responsibilities, in a home where you can be yourself, etc. and then when that is completed you can make a permanent change in your gender status. This will give you womanhood. You don't need femaleness — except for one thing, to be able to receive a male sexually. If that is your big thing in life, you are already reading the wrong magazine.

(7) Be happy in whatever condition you find yourself. Plan for alterations in your mode of life if you can but squeeze the most satisfaction out of today — tomorrow may never come.



**TRUE
STORY**

Coming Out

Joyce 22-C-3FPE

It was two weeks before Halloween. Darlene and I were discussing the up-coming masquerade party to be held this year at Jane and Gil's place. We were trying to decide what costume to wear, so I suggested that we change roles. Darlene was shocked to say the least. She said she would think about it the next day and let me know.

What Darlene did not know was that I was a TV and was looking for a way to dress in public. I had only recently started femm-dressing again after many years and was anxious to bring "Joyce" out of hiding. I had purchased a wig during the summer as an anniversary gift for Darlene, but really it was for me. I had accumulated all of the essentials and was dying to wear them out and this party was my chance.

The next day we discussed the party again and she reluctantly agreed. I told her that I would buy some items and borrow some of hers. So for the next two weeks I "bought" those items I thought I would need. Darlene assumed I was buying these items but actually I was taking them down from the attic and slipping into the car. Later that day I would bring them into the house. As it turned out, the only item that I did not buy was a very pretty pink pleated dress of Darlene's that I adored.

Each item I brought in I had to try on for proper fit and when a new item was added, of course, it was necessary to check for coordination with the other items. During this time I was in heaven because I was able to dress almost at will. While

all this was going on, I believe Darlene began to suspect that I had an ulterior motive for wanting to cross-dress other than just the party. She never said anything, however.

I spent as much time as possible dressed on the grounds that I was practicing so as to present an acceptable impression at the party. Darlene did help me to walk properly in 3" spike heels and a tight corset. She taught me how to sit in a ladylike manner and how to smoke femininely. I must admit, I had some trouble with those shoes, but I mastered them with a lot of practice.

The day of the party arrived and I could hardly contain myself, anticipating the upcoming evening. At about six o'clock, Darlene took the boys to a neighbors home as they were going to watch them until the next morning. As soon as they were gone I drew a hot bath. I used a good deal of oil and salts along with my favorite perfume. I lounged in the bath for about a half hour enjoying every minute of it.

After my bath, I coated my entire body with a perfume skin softener that I liked very much and used a lot of bath powder. After a close shave, I proceeded to put on makeup. I had some practice before that night so that it was not too difficult to do an acceptable job. Darlene was surprised at my ability and said so. This gave me a good feeling inside.

The next step was to start dressing. This was especially exhilarating experience for me because I love the feeling that a tight corset and bra give me. I also love the feel of fine delicate nylons on my legs. When we had decided on our costumes for the party, I had started to let my finger nails grow, so by the night of the party, they were long enough to manicure into a feminine shape. I used a pink polish that went well with my dress.

During this time, Darlene was preparing herself for the party by wearing my baseball uniform. She also lent me a hand now and then when I encountered difficulty. The last item was the wig. I am not very good with long hair so Darlene aided me in putting it on and combing it.

At this point, I felt like a million dollars although later that

evening I was to have an experience that I will never forget, as I will relate later.

When we were all ready, we invited the neighbors, who were watching the boys, over to see our costumes and to take some movies. Unfortunately we did not take any still photos. I was quite pleased when they did not recognize me right away. This indicated that I could do an acceptable job at that party. They also brought our oldest boy along with them. He was three at the time and he did not know who I was so they told him I was his aunt Joyce. He doesn't remember anything today.

We left for the party at 8:30 and I played the role to the hilt and let Darlene drive. I felt this was the smartest move as I had not had any practice driving with those 3" heels. Also, it would have been difficult to explain my costume to the police if we were stopped.

We arrived shortly after 9'clock and shocked both Jane and Gil. Gil said that I didn't have to talk so nobody would know that I was not a woman. We were early and when the other guests arrived, I was introduced as Jim. I wish I had been able to record on film the looks of surprise on their faces. Some of them didn't believe Gil until I talked. There was one girl who arrived late and we were not introduced. I remember her comment which was, "the least that girl could have done was to shave her legs." Needless to say she was quite surprised when she found out I was not a woman. I had one girl ask if my finger nails were real and when I told her they were I saw the look of envy on her face.

A very interesting part of the evening was a scavenger hunt in the neighborhood. We were paired off and given a list of things to get. Greatfully my partner was Jane otherwise I don't know what I would have done. I fooled most of the people we went to for the items. I was glad however, to get back as my feet were killing me.

About a month after the party, I told Darlene of my Transvestism and like most people she drew the wrong conclusion. But after much reading and a lot of discussion she finally realized and accepted me for what I was. Today, we are happier than at any other time. I can dress at will now and Darlene

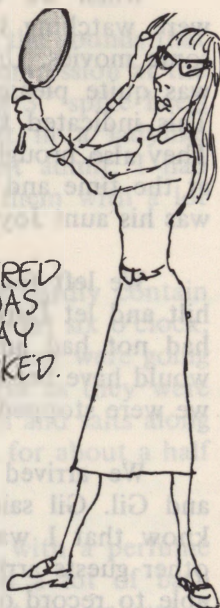
helps me in many ways. I would have to classify her today as a "B" wife with the hope of soon becoming an "A".

I THINK I'M
ATTRACTIVE -
ENOUGH -

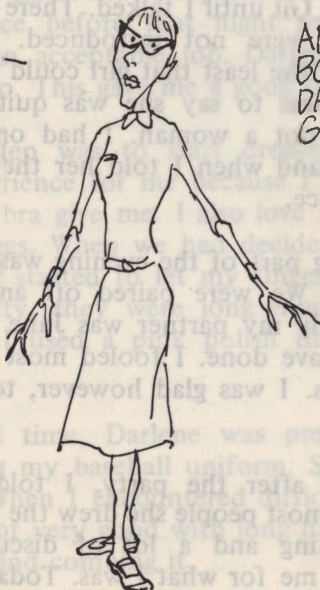
BUT I'VE
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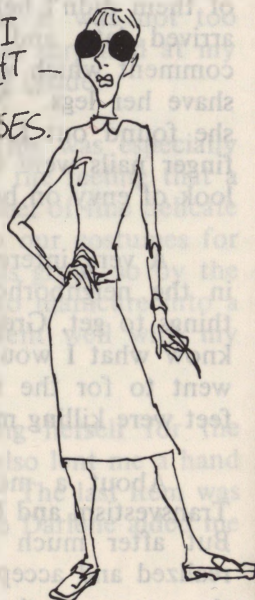
SO I
- WONDERED
IF IT WAS
THE WAY
I LOOKED.



SO I CUT
MY HAIR. -



AND I
BOUGHT -
DARK
GLASSES.



AND TIGHT
SUEDE
PANTS.

AND
HIGH-
HEELED
BOOTS.

AND A
BLACK-
LEATHER
JACKET.



I STILL
CAN'T
MAKE -
MEN
INTERESTED
IN ME -

BUT I
HAVE
A LOT -
MORE
GIRL-
FRIENDS.



*Haute
Couture*

by JAMES TATE



Discovered to Be

Ann Chambrey, Calif.

The sun dodged out from behind the intermittant spring rainclouds for a minute or so. Both Mike and Dolly, instantaneously and without comment, plopped onto the park bench they had been just walking past, kicked off their heels, looked routinely left and right for male observers, then again almost as one, rolled their nylons down and off. They gathered their skirts provocatively, if modestly, up about their thighs — and let their winter - alabaster legs seek this brief spot of sun. By the first day of summer, their legs must be a toasty brown. That was the law of their female jungle.

Mike said matter - of - factly, "I feel like being discovered again today. There's no kick like being discovered."

"Do you want it discovered you're really a boy after all or that you're really a girl after all?", asked Dolly conversationally, really looking down at Mike's slim - full extended legs, fancying she saw one micro-millionth of tan accumulating there. She'd be furious if his legs tanned faster than hers.

Mike leaned back over the back-rest of the bench, letting her auburn hair fall almost to the ground.

"Oh, I've been a boy so long, I always like to be discovered to be really a girl after all."

Dolly leaned back too, felt her blonder hair wasn't falling

as long as her friend's, and straightened up again. "Well think of girls sometimes, Mike. I'll never recover from the funny thrill of discovering you were really a boy after all."

"What gave you the first suspicion, Dolly?"

"Well, after we were walking from that bus trip where we first struck up acquaintance. You were absolutely mad about stopping in five dress shops in five minutes to try something on. You didn't buy anything."

"Uh-huh — but that was the first time I'd been out in broad daylight — and on public transportation yet! — as a girl."

Dolly giggled.

"Broad is right!" Everytime a boy whistled at you you blushed, turned and smiled as though that was your first whistle. If I hadn't rushed you along into lots of "no-men-allowed" places, you'd have had half the male population on our backs."

"Those were my first wolf-whistles, Dolly. They went to my pretty, saucy, artless, incredibly beautiful head."

"Hah!" . . . so you were kinda cute. So Madam LaFarge would be kinda cute wearing what you were wearing. If I ever saw a girl on the make . . .!"

"That made you think I was born a boy?"

"It started something that became a suspicion when I asked you suddenly for a hankie. You started to make a gesture toward a man's side pocket before you thought of looking in your purse."

"That was dumb of me."

"Not dumb of you at all — but you didn't know me very well. I was thrilled to death at what I imagined I'd found in you. I'd always dreamed of a boyfriend who could be a girlfriend to me — go but everywhere with me! Those parents of mine . . ."

Mike laughed, throwing his head back even further, throwing his high breasts into exquisite relief.

"The one time I came to your house dressed as a boy, they nearly threw me out. They think their little Dolly is too good for ordinary male mortals."

"But they're always so sweet when my friend "Michelle" visits me. They keep wanting me to be more and more like 'that darling girl Michelle'".

Dolly had taken Mike's hand in hers, affectionately their identical slave bracelets clashing together.

"First time you've called me 'Michelle' today, dear. I like that, you know. Why is it always 'Mike' when we're together."

"Well Your appearance, even to that whispery contralto of yours, is so enviably deliciously female; 'Mike' is in such poignant contrast. But I have to keep reminding myself you're a boy too, in addition to everything. That's what's so exciting - I keep 'discovering - you're - really - a - boy - after - all', minute by minute, daily."

Impulsively Dolly cupped her friend's face in her hands, knocking off one of his earrings, implanting a warm lingering kiss on his full pouting lips. Mike went limp, turned his eager figure into hers for maximum contact during the long duration of the kiss. The passionate near struggle ended, Mike combing out his slightly disarranged hair into its previous smooth perfection.

"Do love you, Dolly," he whispered, his breasts falling up and down like a country side in earthquake under this crisp cotton top, "But we mustn't . . . in public. You know what a kiss like that does to me!"

Then, "I disarranged that silly wig you wear, Dolly. Your natural hair is so pretty, it's dumb to wear that wig. You'd think I was the one who'd be wearing a wig."

Dolly slipped off the wig completely, tightened the already tightly - pinned mass of her own coiled hair, and slipped her wig

back on smoothly.

"I should think you'd be ashamed dressing as a girl!", said a strong, woman's voice behind the affectionate couple.

"OK, lad get in the squad-car — over there on the street." Unmistakeably a policeman's voice, the couple, in horror, watched a policewoman and a policeman walk around in front of the bench, from where they'd been watching in hiding.

Mike groaned inwardly, was about to rise but Dolly's hand held him safe on the bench when the policeman said, "You had me fooled untill you kissed your girlfriend, then took off your wig and put it back on. C'mon, get in the squadcar and to jail you go, my skillful impersonator. No, just that boy in skirts. We just want him, miss. Lots of complaints about impersonators in this park."

Dolly, suppressing a smile — or more of a smirk — started toward the squadcar while Mike gratefully remained alone on the bench.

"You'll have to prove I'm not a girl . . ."

"That's what the policewoman's here for, Mister — along with me. We're not aching for any lawsuits."

"I'll be back in a minute, Michelle. Wait for me", Dolly chirped cheerfully.

"Mmmmmmmmmmp", said Mike.

In three minutes, Dolly — and the police couple were back — apologizing in stuttering embarrassment. The policeman wore a crimson blush which didn't become his blue uniform.

To Mike, who sat rather too primly, his heels back on his feet, his skirt drawn almost taut over his knees, powdering his nose nervously - "I'm sorry, Miss, to have embarrassed you and your girl-friend. But think of me . . .", he ended piteously.

The police-woman was smiling mischievously. "My strong male colleague here started to investigate your friend's sex —

and he stopped awfully quickly! He won't be bragging down at the precinct about this. And anytime I want him to take me to dinner, he'd better. . . Oh, we are sorry! Our orders and that wig of your friend's did it. Guess we jumped too fast."

After more endless apologies the police people left. Dolly and Michelle took themselves off from that frightening place, their skirts swinging in draped unison from behind above the click - on - cement of their heels. After some silence, Dolly spoke.

"I can see, now, why you don't care much for 'being - discovered - to - be - really - a - boy Miss Mike. I can't say I enjoyed being taken to the squad car by two cops. Yes, you really do have something there! I mean, even I started getting worried. Suppose . . ."

"No, being discovered - to - be - a - boy - really - after - all is no kicks . . . at all", murmured Mike, still somewhat shaken.

Dolly let go of Mike's hand, danced in front of him, pirouetting giddily . . . her voice almost obscured by her helpless laughter, thinking of the sturdy policeman's male embarrassment in the squad car.

"But honey, I do so understand why you find it so kicky 'to - be - discovered - to - be - really - a - girl - after - all!

"Didn't have that scene exactly in mind", Mike answered.

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Letters to the Editor



*"Dear
Editor"*

EDITORS NOTE: I don't print the following two letters because they are complimentary to me. I print them because maybe they will both help to validate the truth of what I was trying to say in the VV column of No. 54. I would bet that a lot more wives felt just as Deannas and Annettes wives did but just didn't get around to writing in about it. Anyway, you TV girls, for your own "feminine expansion" as well as relieving a little of the load on your GGs and particularly as a way of saying "thanks" for their acceptance wholly or partially, give them a hand. You might find that it would really pay off and in any case it would demonstrate to you that being a woman isn't all lace and perfume.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I am ashamed to say that it has been a long long time since I have read anything in TVia. In fact I'm afraid my "acceptance level" has fallen considerably over the past several years. I can't tell you why, because I don't really know. I am trying to raise my "grade" again, however, because I still love my husband very much. I guess sometimes in the day to day routine of this hectic life a person finds it too easy to indulge in a little self-pity and wonder why she has been "blessed" with a husband who has a "hang-up" (I believe this is the current expression for any sort of problem) like wearing women's clothes!

Anyway, by using the old reverse psychology theory, ("I hope

you don't read Virgin Views in issue No. 54."), he talked me right into reading it. And I'm glad I did!

It really helps us wives, and I think I am safe in speaking for all of us, to have somebody on our side once in a while who isn't afraid to speak "her" mind and sort of let our loving husbands have it right between the eyes! They are more likely to take your little lecture to heart, and perhaps try to act on your suggestions; whereas, if they heard the same lecture from us they would be inclined to think we were just nagging and playing the role of the complaining wife again.

A big "Thank You", Virginia, for giving my morale a little boost with that article; and even though I've always known you were "on our side", too, it's nice to see it in black and white to renew our faith.

Keep on "socking it to 'em" and maybe some of us will get our ironing caught up and our cupboards cleaned — a little wholesome blackmail never hurt anyone!!

Annette's Wife (12-F-1 FPE) Gail

Dear Virginia,

Just received No. 54 and I certainly want to compliment you on your article 'Virgin Views', Pat and I think it is one of your best. Not enough of us get into the nitty gritty of the world of women, cooking, cleaning house, sewing, etc., and so we are missing a great opportunity for some very real feminine expression.

It does seem rather ludicrous to try and maintain a 'man of the house' image while trying to bring out the 'girl within'. It's nice, I have found, to put on a house dress and be the 'lady of the house' once in a while. I did this for two weeks last December while on vacation, and I can recommend it to help anyone reach a higher 'feminine potential'.

Regards,
Deanna, Pres. RHO Chapter-FPE

P.S. If you publish anymore of my cartoons, please change Wilda to Deanna, O.K.? (Pat renamed me Deanna when I joined FPE you recall.)

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I am writing this morning to thank you for showing and giving me the way to a decent and beautiful life with my wife in spite of my problem.

As of yet I am not a member of FPE as I have not bought enough publications (but I intend to join as soon as I am eligible) but I have bought your book "The Transvestite and his Wife" and one issue of Transvestia and it is a direct result of reading your book that I now have my GG and an A rated wife at the least. Without your book and the understanding way it is written I would never have been able to reveal myself to my wife, and I will be eternally grateful – but that is a story I want to write and tell you about later.

I can't begin to thank you enough, for the wonderful change you have made possible in my life but I have hopes that someday, somehow I will be able to repay the kindness I feel I owe you now.

Sincerely Yours,
Karen, Calif.

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

My husband and I just received our first copy of "Transvestia" and were both very pleased with it.

This letter is not like the others I read in "Transvestia". I am not a TV but the wife of one. It well may be unusual for wives to accept this in their husbands, but it never was for me. It came to me along with everything else Joe had when I fell in love with him, five years ago.

He is a kind and wonderful husband. I have never seen a person appreciate a gift more, than when he sees I've chosen another piece of femme attire for his wardrobe. In fact, just today I purchased three pair of good panties for him. \$2.00 each, very delicate with lace trim. Also a pair of blue nylon slippers to match his favorite nightgown.

I have bought and styled his wigs for him and even gone to the store to buy bra cup inserts, which he certainly needs.

Actually, Virginia this letter is meant not for you, but for wives of other TV's, who won't accept their husbands for what they are. Each of us married for better or worse, don't they have the sense to know they have the better. Never did a woman have a better husband than a TV. He doesn't cheat, doesn't drink and doesn't lie if he has a wife who will take the time to understand his life and make it hers.

Maybe this letter doesn't make sense to a lot of people, but it is my way of saying a man who is a TV is every bit a man, a good husband, and a good father.

I am enclosing a picture of Joe (Judi), my masterpiece. I know I have done much to help create her and I am proud.

Respectfully,
Linda

* * * * *

Dear Virginia,

I can not begin the pleasure of thanking you soon enough. Your book "A Transvestite and His Wife" has saved my marriage.

I have been a TV all my life. When I got married I thought I would not have the urge to dress. I was wrong. I still could not resist wearing my clothing I had hidden. I tried to explain to my wife why I did this but she could not understand.

When I came upon your book I gave it to her with hopes that she would learn to tolerate my dressing. My hopes were greatly

exceeded by her enthusiasm. She is now what I could classify as an 'A' wife.

She has been a great help with my wardrobe and make-up. We know each other so much better now. We have even gone out a few times together. The transformation must be very good because I have had offers of dates from many wrong men we have met at the night clubs. Of course, I do not accept for two reasons, I am not homosexual, and I am very much in love with my wife and do not want to hurt her.

Please let me know where I can obtain more literature on TVism. I think the more we know the better it will be. Thank you so very much, Virginia, you are a wonderful person for helping me and others as you are.

Sincerely thank you,
Karyn - No. Dakota

Dear Virginia,

A short while ago you asked me to write an article titled "Family Acceptance". I hope that it was satisfactory for our magazine. But more important, I hope that it may have helped another TV find family acceptance.

Since writting my article I went one step further, my sister, a girl friend of hers, and an uncle of mine have been told of my desire to cross-dress. Fantastic as it may seem, they not only accept Mary Ann but have told me that she is an easier person to talk to than Jim; she is more tolerant and understanding. Needless to say, they have all seen me in feminine attire.

My sister has taken me in hand in matters of make-up and voice. She realizes that I have a strong masculine voice but insists that it be modulated to a softer feminine tone when present as Mary Ann. She is very critical of this point and corrects my projection of voice even when my uncle or her girl-friend are present. It is very gratifying when there is someone who is helpful in making one aware of a lapse in her feminine expression.

My sister has slipped once in a while and has referred to me as Jim when Mary Ann is present but my uncle corrects her which he has the right to do since he never makes the same mistake; he is a very understanding person. I don't think I could tell any of my other relatives and gain an equal amount of understanding or acceptance. Perhaps I should mention that my Uncle W---- is an uncle through marriage. His reaction when told I was a TV was "So what's wrong with that".

He was very much surprised when confronted by Mary Ann for the first time, he was expecting a six foot three inch male in a dress but was greeted by, as he said, "a doll, somewhat tall, but very presentable". In fact, he told me that if it were not for my height I could easily pass.

I always wanted to drive home from my sisters house in feminine dress but was afraid that to do so would be inviting trouble. I do so now only because of the encouragement of my uncle and sister. Of course, in the car I am seated so my height is not noticeable.

I don't believe any other TV should try to do the same without an objective and favorable opinion from an unbiased observer. We all feel good in a dress but how do we look to an outsider? We love to be part time girls but we should limit our activity to that area where it can be done without bringing ourselves or our close ones to a position of jeopardy or ridicule. I know that you, Virginia, have expressed this same sentiment in your editorials but I could not resist adding my two cents worth of caution.

I suppose it is true with most women just as it is with my sister; she likes to have her brother around once in a while. This is very difficult for I am a ninety percent TV during my free time and desire to have this situation remain status quo. I even suspect that as time goes by this percentage will rise.

Mary Ann has come a long way in the past twelve months; she has become a better dresser and has learned to accept herself without guilt. Ten persons (children included) know of her and four of them (lawyer included) have been told so within the past year. My lawyer was informed by my wife without my knowledge. This was a liberty undertaken by her which I did

not particularly care for but because he is also a good friend of ours it was taken very lightly by me. Perhaps it is better this way, — never know when I might meet up with not so understanding police officer while driving home from my sisters. He and I have never discussed TVism but from what my wife has told me he was very understanding about the whole thing, even to the point of stating that he did not see any harm in such a behaviour. In the near future I hope to discuss TVism with my lawyer and if he is agreeable I will forward to you his name and address so that any TV in the Long Island area could avail themselves of his services if the need should arise.

An understanding doctor is next on my list. If anyone knows of one in my area perhaps they would be kind enough to inform me of his name and address through CONTACT.

In closing I would like to add that because of your dedication (and practical stubbornness) and the belief that there is no need for a TV to remain in her closet, we have been afforded the opportunity which you have granted us. It is a most kind and unselfish service that you are doing and "thank you" seems to be inadequate.

Sincerely yours,
Your Sister, Mary Ann 32-K-11

Dear Virginia,



Although there hasn't been time to receive a response to my first letter; none the less, as promised, I am so excited by "Transvestia" I am starting, what I hope will be a long series of "Letters from Paris".

Last week I went to Carroussel for the first time in ages and was simply delighted. It's by far the

best show I have ever seen. There are about 12 performers and the standards of feminine beauty are very high. Singing, dancing and stripping are the principle acts, all but one of which are solo. The duet dance and sing together, and are among the prettiest in the show. Happily there is no vulgar comedy acts to make one uncomfortable. The standards of behaviour as well as performance are very high, much in contrast to the show at Madame Arthur's where the Pigalle influence is too noticable. Everyone is talking about the new fashions, and while its too early to tell, the main theme seems to be the '40s.

Many skirts are longer (even below the knee) and everything is fitted at the waist. As for the hair, waves are back and it's somewhat shorter in appearance, but is may simply be that the length is used up in the waves. I for one have no intention of cutting mine and as yet there is no general rush in that direction.

Younger people have a great deal of influence and the "left bank" girls show no tendency to cut her hair which has somehow become a sign of independence for both sexes here as in the U.S. As for colors the big news is wine and it's seen in everything from coats to dresses and blouses. I must say I find it a richer more exciting alternative to the usual brown for fall. It's usually matched with blue or grey.

One of my TV friends who works as a domestic and is currently in search of work as a housekeeper tells me that, in comparison with the last time he looked (about five years ago) he is finding a great deal more acceptance of TVism. Before, he explains, he more or less was lucky to find anyone interested in employing him, now he has five or six offers despite being interviewed in dresses. We all hope this is a "trend". That's everything from Paris for now. "Au-revoir" 'til next time.

Lilly-Marie

Dear Virginia



I do hope the enclosed photo is of interest to you and that you may even be able to publish it in *Transvestia*. If you can do this, would you let me know which issue it will be in because I will order a copy.

Let me tell you the story. As you know, I am an active member of the local Repertory Society and was asked to contribute an item for the Annual Fancy Dress Ball. I had already designed a night club singers dress as in the photo so offered to mime a French song, a la Madame Arthur's — which I have visited so often. I performed the act and was given such a heartening welcome and since, have received a number of invitations to repeat it, with other songs, for different functions. So I feel despite my age, that I am back in business as a part time cabaret artiste.

One of my audiences — a business conference was 350, another, a banquet for 240 and others. I have several bookings still in the next several months. At the Banquet, I was asked to act as a cigarette girl after my performance and was only too delighted to do so. During the rounds, I had my legs and bottom pinched and rubbed and found myself backing away, stretching the cigarettes well out in front, whilst others, tried to

see my bosom!

The bodice is a vivid emerald green with burnt orange bustle on the derriere. Sleek black tights, black patent shoes, black velvet throat ribbon, black lace sleeves and green feathers in the hair with burnt orange bow at the back. In the spotlights, I felt that the colors were really vibrant and of course, with hand gestures and body movements which accompany these French songs, I was able to make it very much alive.

This photo was taken at the Banquet during the actual performance and I am so very thrilled with it, and felt I would like to share my excitement with you. I now have several costumes and a repertoire of several songs — such fun.

* * * * *

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Letter to the Editor

Special Situation

Editor's Note: The following letter was received early in April from Pudgy Roberts the Impersonator and author of the Handbook reviewed by Sheila several issues back. I first received a letter of inquiry from him regarding the review, asking the price of the magazine, what other things we published, whether we could use material, etc. I answered in what I thought was a polite and factual manner and included a price list so he could see what we stood for as well as what we published. I also inquired as to advertising rates in his Female Impersonators Magazine.

The letter below came as somewhat of a surprise. I have no intention of taking time from my very tight pre-trip schedule to try to reply to it. I hope to meet him in New York. But it occurs to me that inasmuch as he is now Editor of Female Impersonators Magazine and has a column in Candid Press, that he will be a first contact for many of our sisters who are as yet undiscovered. As such he can be quite an influence. Some of you do not quite see me and Transvestia as the money grubbing, exploiting, bad character and rather useless publication that he describes. I think it might be well if you would write and tell him how it is with you. I know what I am, what I've tried to do and what I stand for and I don't feel it either necessary nor seemly to try to defend myself to Mr. Roberts. But perhaps if a few of you would tell him in your own words (as a lot of you told Confidential magazine after their expose a couple of years ago) he might be more kindly in his view of the work of myself, of TVia and of FPE. Don't praise me, just tell him what good TVia, Chevalier, and FPE have been to you. I'm sure that the 20 "transvestites" that he refers to in N.Y.C. were either not TVs of our type or were part of the

former Turnabout crowd there who make a ritual out of putting Virginia down however and whenever they can. Anyway, act as you see fit, I just thought you'd like to read his letter. Here 'tis.

April 7th, 1969

Dear Virginia,

Thank you for your letter of March 14, 1969.....

After having read your letter, I spoke to some 20 different Transvestites about you, and all of them agreed that you were of bad character, were very money hungry, and really did very little for the Transvestite. This is also the impression I received from reading your letter.

Before I continue any farther, I want you to know that I know you for what you are. NOT what you THINK you are. I am an honest and truthful person, who believes that in the long run, the TRUTH is always the winning factor. And I want to establish this, before I continue.

Are you cheap? You certainly give the impression that you are. Surely it is little expense to send a mention of what was written about me, in your small publication. You scream Non-Profit, but you continuously push back issues, and encourage people to buy your publications. Who are you trying to fool? Anyway, it all boils down to what is really obvious. You are in the business for what YOU can get out of it, and hide under the pretense of doing it for others.

Why, after 6 years of knowing that FEMALE MIMICS existed, that you now are seeking to advertise in it. Could it be you have finally realized the fact that Transvestites prefer to learn from established impersonators, rather than from their own. I have a mailing list of over 4000 Transvestites and impersonators who are potential buyers, and of the 100 letters I receive each week, only 2 mentioned you briefly. And one comment was to mention that a write-up of my handbook was in an issue of Transvestia. In my opinion, YOU have done very little to HELP the Transvestite. If after 10 years of publishing that book, it is unfortunate that it is not of better quality.

It may interest you to know that I will be coming out with a TRANSVESTITE Handbook, in the very near future, along with a weekly column on Transvestism. There is great need for correct and useful information, apparently that they have not found with you or your magazine.

I have a brief mention of your publication, which will be appearing in a future column. I mention it, only as being informative, for a great many Transvestites do not know that your publication exists.

Should you still care to meet me when you are in New York City, then I will be more than glad to do so.

Perhaps you may think I am a hard person. On the contrary. I am an extremely gregarious and warm person. It's just that I have no time to bother with people who continually live in pretense that they are doing something for others, when in reality they are just using them.

I have only been in Impersonation, for a period of 5 years, and have only been writing my column for about 7 months, but this short time is no handicap in getting things done. And I will do things. Whether or not others will depends on how sincere they are. I have no time for phonies. Either a person hinders....or they help. Otherwise, they only obstruct. My following is growing, and I have many projects in the making, both for impersonation AND transvestism. Whether or not YOU are included in them will strictly be up to you.

In sincere interest....

Mr. Pudgy Robert
P.O. Box 71
Prince Street Station
New York City, New York 10012



Domestic



Sports



Secretary



Relaxing
Housewife

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Book Review

Sheila Niles (30-B-2) FPE

THE IMPORTANCE OF WEARING CLOTHES, Lawrence Langner; Hastings House, New York. 312pp +17 addenda +15 index. \$7.95 (1959).

No, the date is not a misprint; I missed this one ten years ago, but it's still important enough to rate a review while I wait for one on the same subject written last year. The author has come to realize, after much thought, that "clothing, unlike beauty, was far more than skin-deep, and indeed has affected religion, morals, sex, marriage and most of our social activities and institutions throughout the ages." His interest arose through a combination of his work as a patent expert protecting fashion designs and inventions, considerable theatrical costume experience, and some studies in psychology and sociology. An extra qualification is that his "family and friends wear clothes, though few of them know why."

The first two chapters relate the evolution of clothing and of the explanations for its variety of uses and styles. His choice of theories to explain the basic human desire for decoration is the Adlerian inferiority complex and concept "that the psyche has for its objective the goal of superiority." In this case, the superiority is over the other animals, a point on which mankind has always felt need for reassurance. "If clothes had not been invented, man could never have believed that he was made in God's image and could therefore partake of His godlike attributes." Thus, the elementary use of clothing as protection against cold and thorns led immediately to its secondary and more important — use as an aid in role-playing.

Chapter 3 covers a tertiary effect – the sexual stimulation brought on by the (more or less) concealment of the genital areas. The author believes this to be the principal cause for the well-known fact that humans are the most erotic of animals. The result of naive attempts to reduce the sexuality of primitives by forcing them to wear clothes has often been the opposite! Thus, there came to be two kinds and usages of clothing (1) that for work, designed to inhibit desire and (2) that for leisure which nicely balances decency versus seduction. The author has a fine point here: the girl who wears a perfectly modest evening dress to work is suspected, and rightly, of not having her mind on her job – while one who wore to work a suit fully acceptable on the beach would cause a panic in the office. This aspect, like all others, is beautifully illustrated pictorially. And then, there are children's clothes, which say "hands off" even more plainly than adults' work clothes

Chapter 4 is where we get down to business. He starts off "Why do man and women's clothes differ?" and develops a few explanations, only to dump them in favor of his obviously pet theory. This is that "the differentiation arose from the male's desire to assert superiority over the female and hold her in his service." He makes a good case for this, and in support musters many (illustrated) examples of restrictive feminine clothing. Hobble skirts (from 10,000 BC to 1955 AD), Chinese foot-binding, Champiny (chopin or chopine) shoes like stilts, heavy anklets of up to two pounds and total ornaments weighing up to fifty pounds, veils and side-saddles are shown. Exceptions to the rule that "it pays to hobble women" are found mainly in nomadic or agricultural tribes.

The author had the courage to experiment, and encourages others to do likewise! But, "by his own fireside. . .let him not go out on the streets where he may be committing a misdemeanor," he warns. "See if you do not experience a feeling of embarrassment and restraint," he says. Well, men DO differ in regard to embarrassment! The restraint seems to have come from his initial choice of a tight skirt (Mrs. Langner's?), but further tests with "a very full skirt" brought no comfort, as it felt "like a large textile bag or tent." If he only knew what WE go through to get that sensation! He should count himself lucky, though, not to have learned just how ADDICTIVE it can be. . .He adds that women, if they are truthful, agree that long

skirts are not the best garments for vigorous activity.

Personally, I think he has oversold himself on this theory. First, it would require a world-wide conspiracy of men of Mafia-like efficiency to plan such a campaign and carry it out against the wishes of 52% of the population! No doubt, women-hating men DO design dresses, and have for a long time; no doubt that time and again individual husbands have deliberately promoted fashions that tie down their wives and daughters — but this must have been at least acceptable to the girls. Women very seldom do for long anything they dislike intensely — their weakness is that they can be induced to like things which an ordinary man would find intolerable. In addition, these restrictions carry with them a perverse sort of freedom, which Langner overlooks completely. Who has not heard a girl evade some unpleasant duty on the very real basis that it would ruin her dress, hair or nails? and, further along that line, think of the freedom from responsibility that goes with being handicapped, even artificially. Whether girls tend to be natural masochists is open to debate. But, Mr. Langner, these restrictions were not imposed without the consent, and even eager acceptance, of the “victims”.

He then illustrates four groups of “sturdy males who wear skirts”: Hungarian peasants, Guatemalan Indians, Scottish Highlanders and Theban Greeks. However, he points out that “savage laws still exist in many countries against this” (see below, Chapter 12) and quotes Moses’ famous law. He also quotes from Dr. G. W. Henry, one of those “leading authorities on transvestitism” who led us nowhere, a description of a drag queen. The chapter ends with a jocular warning that women in pants threaten male dominance: “And men, hold ‘onto your trousers or you may wind up wearing skirts!” What a charming thought.

Chapters 5 on Modesty and 6 on Nudism we can pass over, and also chapter 7 on Evolution except the last few lines citing the revulsion many women feel for ape-like hairiness. “Actors who display their naked chests in the movies are required to shave them forthwith!”

Chapter 8 on Clothes, Religions and Cultures further emphasizes the points made earlier. He cites in passing the

curious fact that Pallas Athena (the Roman Minerva) is always shown fully clothed, unlike the less intellectual gods and goddesses. Personally, I think she is a TV, or at least the Anima of one. She was born — fully dressed — from her FATHER'S HEAD; just about killed her brother during an argument; went on trips dressed as a man; is the patroness of shoemakers, and her favorite bird is the owl. The significance of the last item is obvious to the survivor of a few TV parties.

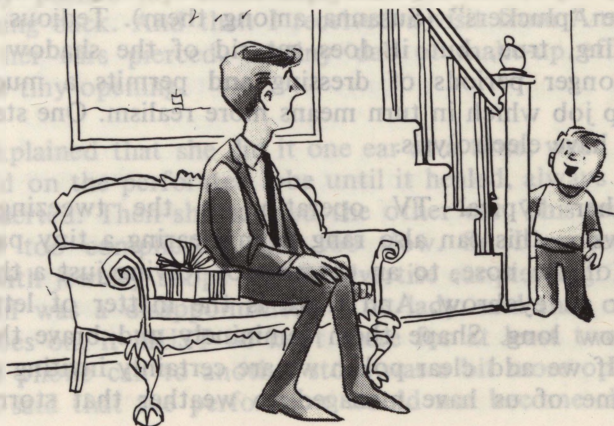
Clothes and Government (Chapter 9) emphasizes that the costume and role are inseparable. This is carried much farther in Chapter 10, on Clothes and Behavior, which cites in particular that when youths put on certain garments, they also put on a behavior pattern of which the clothes are symbolic. Boys who have derived from "tough" clothes a kind of "fool's courage" often shrink down to normal when deprived of the uniform and insignia. Also cited is the effect of the KKK uniform on normally decent citizens, and the glamorous feeling that comes with carnival costumes, that lifts the wearer out of the commonplace life, in Chapter 11.

Chapter 12 takes up Clothes and the Law, a matter of more immediate interest. Unfortunately, the author does not give much specific detail, being as interested in many other forms of impersonation as in TV, and more in the female passing as a man than vice versa. He does clarify one point about New York law: Section 888(7), on which one of us was arrested, is not the only statute. Section 710 also provides for the arrest of THREE OR MORE when disguised by painting the face etc. (Contrary to rumors circulated some time ago, New York has not repealed either law; the police have simply given up on 888 and are concentrating on 710, according to recent information.) He also gives a skimpy history of TV; Lord Cornbury, who governed New York and New Jersey from 1702-1708, was recalled to England because of excessive fondness for cross-dressing. The usual routine on d'Eon, Eltinge and the Chinese and Shakesperean theaters is given, with a nice shot of T. C. Jones thrown in. The absurdities of the "public decency" laws in general are well shown.

Clothes and Conformity (Chapter 13) is not without its interest to TVs as it traces the decline and fall of male "plumage" from the glories of the 17th century to the dreary

drabness of the 1950s. The blame is laid right where it belongs, on Cromwell and his "round-heads", but why it has taken us 300 years to begin to recover is not made clear. In fact, the author seems to regard the Restoration, when "England was deluged with a tidal wave of male finery" as something to have recovered from. On the other hand, he cites Communism as the source of the drabdest clothing to date. All considered, he is neither for nor against conformity, recognizing it as the enemy of individual creativity but also feeling it serves some useful purposes. While he does maintain the intolerance it generates towards the non-conformist, no attempt is made to explain the irrationally strong offense taken by many people at cross-dressing.

Chapter 14 tells all about improving on Nature, with ancient and modern armor both shown. Of more interest is the use of special garments to cover physical defects; Frederick's hip pads and inflatable bras are featured. The falsie's history is traced back some 600 years. . . Wigs (Chapter 15) are also given their place in history; 5000 years this covers! And underwear (Chapter 16) gets its share of attention. Chapters 17 and 18 cover the various uses of clothes in performing and other arts. Most important is the thought that being completely authentic in costume is all wrong if it does not create the right IMPRESSION on the audience, (goers-out please note). Finally, chapters on Fashion and on future trends add little to the book's value to us. This is also true of the Addenda, covering ornaments, make-up and articles carried. The bibliography, on the other hand, is loaded with goodies!



"She'll be right down—she's shaving."

Susanna Says



Hi, everybody:

We all agree that the TS's carry things a bit too far when they go for the operation, but in our own double life we also perform a few tiny operations in order that our physical appearance may better project the girl-within when she steps out of the closet. Take for instance the shaving operation. This can range from a minimum (just the face) to a maximum (the whole body, arms, legs,

armpits, etc...). Taking this operation one step further we run into the "pluckers" (Susanna among them). Tedious and time consuming, true, but it does get rid of the shadow — allows much longer periods of dressing and permits a much lighter make-up job which in turn means more realism. One step further and we have electrolysis.

Another typical TV operation is the tweezing of the eyebrows. . .this can also rang from clearing a tiny path in the middle of the nose, to an extreme of leaving just a thin line of hair for an eyebrow. And there is the matter of letting one's nails grow long. Shape them femininely and brave the outside world. If we add clear polish we are certainly inviting comment. But some of us have managed to weather that storm and go

happily about with "girl's nails". There are other TV operations, too, subtle but real: carefully clipping all hairs inside the nostrils. . . and of course trimming the fur inside our ears. That just about ends the list of TV's "little operations". But, wait a minute! There is one more — rather daring I guess since very few TV's have had the courage to go through with it. I refer to EAR-PIERCING.

Many think that it is a rather silly thing to do. After all, one can wear any of a million beautiful earrings without having perforated lobes. But — there is a strange fascination about having your ears pierced. Somehow it makes you more "woman". How many men in the USA have we seen with pierced ears? Just about none. And even among TV's I'd say no more than half a dozen. Why? Because that is a super-feminine trade-mark. A true no-man's land. And therein lies its tremendous fascination. As you know this TV operation has been on my mind for a long, long time. A year or two ago I had made up my mind to go through with it — and even set a two-week vacation period as THE date. But — as I confessed in this column, I was chicken. My greatest worry was having to explain the perforations to the thousands of people who would surely pounce upon me as soon as they saw me and point an accusing finger at my stabbed lobes. I had managed to explain my long fingernails by saying that as I do Spanish dancing as a hobby I must keep my nails long in order to play the castanets. Since most people are totally ignorant about the secrets of the Spanish castanets, they swallowed this outright lie. But pierced ears? Is there any instrument that calls for pierced ears? — So I reluctantly pushed my desire away. But it didn't go away. It kept coming back. And then I received a visit from Ann Mailo. She has her ears pierced. A tiny dab of make-up effectively covers the tiny opening.

Ann explained that she did it one ear at a time, wore a bit of a band-aid on the perforated lobe until it healed, always keeping a loop inserted. Then she tackled the other ear. This seemed to me a bit too complicated and too slow. So I proceeded to consult with jewelry shops which advertise ear-piercing. My first phone call was a disappointment. The lady said that once the earring goes on, it MUST be kept there for at least two weeks. A second phone call to another store was a bit more optimistic. The man said that the perforation would not become closed by

keeping the earrings off for about 9 hours a day — as long as I would put them on evenings immediately after getting home from work. . .sleep with them on, and take them off again the next morning. So I finally made an appointment for my ear-piercing adventure.

But that same evening — while talking with my blessed spouse, she said — “why go through all that rigamarole. . .I’ll pierce them for you right now if you want.” So, one-two! And my ears were pierced! She lent me a pair of earrings for pierced ears and since the operation took place on a Friday evening, I slept with them on and kept them on throughout the week-end. Monday morning I took them off. . .went to work. . .nobody even looked at me, let alone at my ear-lobes, and that night I proceeded to put them back on again. . .No problem, no infection. . .I took the precaution of bathing the lobes with peroxide as a disinfectant. There was only a little soreness the first night, soreness which woke me up a few times during the night. After 24 hours most of the soreness was gone. So now I am applying for membership in that most select TV club called the PE Club. (The pierced-ears club). What did I gain? Only a TV can understand the thrill. It is a very exclusive feminine prerogative. . .and thereby one gets the feeling of having invaded a very private feminine sanctuary. Only a TV can understand the pleasure I get from looking in the mirror and seeing a pretty earring dangling from a golden loop that actually goes through the lobe. Somehow I feel more feminine than before and this means an additional dose of pleasure in my TV life. From a practical standpoint I have also done away with the problem of the too-tight earring which one must take off after a few hours as the lobe becomes more and more painful. Needless to say I have now a marvellous excuse to go shopping to build up now a collection of pierced-ear earrings. End of an exciting story.

Now, go back to that part of the story that says: “Monday morning I took them off. . .and that night I proceeded to put them back on again...” I must admit that I wrote that paragraph BEFORE it actually happened. So I proceed now to re-write said paragraph as follows. “...and that night I proceeded to put them back on again. But what a job! I guess the advice given on that first phone call was right. It isn’t as easy as it sounds to put them back on again. . .with my wife’s help I struggled and

struggled trying to push that bit of wire through a perforation that just didn't seem to be there any more. And girls, it hurt! After much struggling the earrings were back again, but the ears were simply throbbing. After an hour or so the burning feeling went away and confidentially I went to bed wearing my earrings. Next day. . .off they came for my office duties. . .and that evening, believe it or not. . .I needed help again to put them back on. It hurt, but not as much as the night before. And so this bit of evening torture continued for about 6 days until, finally! the ear lobes gave up the struggle and the earrings just slid into place without a fight. In a way the entire operation reminded me a great deal of the torture I went through when I first started tweezing the entire face. Nowadays it's become a simple, painless routine. I know that eventually I'll end up with electrolysis. It seems to be a "must" when you intend to live for extended periods of time basking in your femininity.

And now, to change the subject...there is the story of a TS who gave up her job to start living as a woman. Her appearance was such that she couldn't possibly get a job as a girl and so managed for a while to live off some friends, until they got tired of supporting someone who contributed nothing towards her keep. The solution? She simply applied for relief...told them a story about having had the operation...and they believed her! No medical check up...no investigation. She was simply put on relief...and she is now drawing a tidy monthly allowance...doing absolutely nothing...Somehow it makes me mad to think that so much of our taxes go towards supporting social leeches of that type.

Some issues ago I complained about TV's who managed to give up TVing...I said that, irrationally, instead of congratulating them for it, I felt betrayed. How could they possibly give up something that has been "proven" cannot be done away with...And I quoted some examples of TV's who had actually quit dressing for more than a year. Imagine my joy upon learning (about a month after I wrote that column) that all the instances I quoted had returned to the fold! Yes, Felicity is dressing up again. As a matter of fact she even talked her "intolerant" spouse into accompanying Felicity to the Motor Vehicle Bureau so that Felicity could get her new driver's license!

While re-reading the January 1969 Femme Forum – I stopped again at Ann Mailo's question: "How do you tell if a young boy is an eonist or heterosexual TV?" It seems to me that if it were not for the present social condemnation of femininity in a boy, it would not be a difficult question to answer. The trouble is that any youngster who feels inclined to express femininity very soon discovers that he must hide such inclinations since he will not find a friendly reaction at home or among his friends. If an enlightened mother and father should catch a hint of femininity in their boy...let's say: a fascination for his sister's jewelry, or make-up...that's the moment to talk kindly about the subject of transvestism in the boys presence. The enlightened parents I'm talking about (me, dreamer!) would actually state in the boy's presence that they would be delighted to find out that he (the boy) was interested in feminine things, that such inclinations were nothing to be ashamed of...that it would be nice to see a part-time daughter helping mother around the house...So at that early age our budding TV would associate dressing up with "living" the part of a girl and would not turn out to be a "whole-girl fetishist-WGF". These enlightened parents would guide the boy along two simultaneous paths. And a few years later you would have a true "heterosexual TV". I have no scientific data to prove what I have just said. It's a matter of personal conviction that if a budding TV should find complete acceptance at home it would be very easy for him to develop both aspects of his personality without the frustrations and guilt that may lead a TV into homosexual experiences, bondage and what-not. So the key to the question proposed by Ann should be found at home. What is needed, in other words – is more parent's education. If my parents had been properly briefed on TVism, it would have been very simple for them to stop my TV tendencies. They actually spotted them but they didn't know what they were. What's the matter with this kid—my father would say—he spends so much time in front of the mirror fooling around with his hair. Or he would notice I liked to play "house" with some of the little girls in the neighborhood—and his reaction would be: "God help you if it turns out that I have an effeminate son!" The nicest thing he ever said to me (not meaning to be nice) was: "You should be wearing skirts in this house." His thunder was my dream. And he never knew it. And this is why I do not hesitate to talk about transvestism in homes where there are children. I hope a little bit of what I say may rub off on the parents and thus help make a happy childhood

for some kid doomed to go through the usual torture and fear many of us had to live with.

And speaking of kids, do you remember many issues of TVia ago when I said that I was pushing forth a patient campaign vis a vis some teenagers in my family? If I recall I mentioned that I had succeeded in talking with the oldest boy (now a college student) and how he surprised me with a most nonchalant reaction after I told him about Susanna...and how he did meet me and had a most friendly chat with him. Recently it was the next boy in line who was introduced to Susanna. He's a typical teen-ager — rock-and-roller — longish hair and side-burns. His reaction was: "I guess you have a right to do your thing." I was so happy with his attitude that on that very same evening I took him out for dinner at a nice restaurant...the treat was on "Aunt Susanna" who was careful enough to slip him the money because it looks better when "the man" pays. It's really amazing how today's teenagers will look upon one of us. To them, we are just simply "doing our thing"...expressing ourselves in our own way, just as they express themselves with odd fashions, long hair, etc...It's funny to realize that even if they should think we are odd-balls, this is much better than being a square. To wear a dress and to spend an afternoon sewing is, to them, like thumbing our nose at the "Establishment". Needless to say, Susanna's success in being accepted by all the members of her family has meant total peace of mind and complete freedom to "do my thing" whenever I want, which is just about every day. And don't let anybody kid you about too much dressing leading into satiation. The more you dress, the better a job you do, the more real you look, and the more deeply you feel "the girl within". You find that you are no longer "masquerading" and that you are dealing with a very definite person, a person who is happy because she is free.

Now, before signing off...here's a few THINGS I COULD DO WITHOUT:...The TV who comes to you for advice and proceeds to reject every single suggestion you make...the TV who claims to be an oldtimer and states that he wears size 16. When you meet him for a dressing up get-together you discover that the only size he can get into is a 20!...The TV who adores sleeveless frocks but won't shave the fur on his arms...The TV who goes to the corner food market wearing elbow-length gloves and a cocktail dress...and finally, the TV who's scared of having his ears pierced! Believe me (ouch!) there's nothing (ouch!) to it.

With piercing love to all,
SUSANNA

Virgin Views

No. 55 was so late in appearing (see Emanations for reasons) that my request for help in planning and financing the Public Relations parts of my forth coming trip did not get to you in time to have much effect on the planning. At least I hope those of you who feel that what I try to do for the cause on these trips is worth while and will see fit to assist in it. Since you can't be there in person I trust some of you will want to do so by proxy in the form of some financial assistance. Again I want to stress that I ask no help for that which is my own private trip i.e., the European part but the whole thing will be 3 months long and only half of it in Europe so there is a great deal to be done here.

Everything has not been tied up yet but some has and much else is still in process. To give you an idea of the extent of the effort: It starts with a seminar to the Psychiatric Dept. at the University of Minn. and a probable repeat appearance on the Kup show in Chicago on the way to New York. On the return I hope that the Allen Burke show in New York will take me again, then to Boston for a seminar at Boston University and a radio appearance arranged by the Boston group. Back to New York for perhaps some other spots. Then to Washington, D.C. for a paper at the American Psychological Association meeting and some repeats on last year's radio and TV appearances. A visit with the Baltimore chapter of FPE and to Johns Hopkins University are also scheduled. Next to Cleveland for a meeting with the Delta chapter and a probable reappearance on the Alan Douglas show there. To Detroit for a meeting with the Beta group and possibly a TV show there. Back to Chicago for another TV show that runs opposite the one I will probably do on the way east in June as well as a

probable radio reappearance plus a meeting with the Chi Chapter.

The last leg of the journey may take me to St. Louis on the way to Houston where I'm already scheduled for a lecture at University of Houston, a TV show and a couple of radio appearances and somewhere in those few days a meeting with the Houston group. Finally a hurried flight to Denver on Sept. 19 to do the Bill Barker show on KOA-TV (I did the radio show with him last year). I'll meet with the Denver girls and some other friends and relatives in the area and get home on the 22nd of Sept., three months to the day after leaving in June.

While in Europe I'll be meeting with the Skandinavian and British affiliates of FPE, giving a paper to the Congress of Social Psychiatry and meeting with a new organization in Paris, so even that part won't be all sightseeing.

Thus you see I have a pretty busy schedule laid out for me. Since I'll be away for three months all manner of letters and problems will pile up. Mary will do all she can to take care of your needs but there will be things come up that she will just have to leave to me on my return so bear with us. Because of the long continued absence the appearance of TVia will be somewhat complicated. However, you'll get your issues in spite of everything, though you may have to be patient.

Although I will be seeing a lot of you on this trip there are of course a great many that I can't meet. I wish I could but this is a pretty large country. Anyway I'll be with you in spirit as I hope you will be in my efforts for the cause. There are a lot of sisters to be found yet and these appearances are one of the best ways of doing it. Thanks for your help and support.

Virginia.

INEZSQUIB:

They all laughed as I struggled into my girdle. How did I know the bedroom door was open.

Editorial Emanations

I. DELAYS DELAYS DELAYS: Did you think you'd never get No. 55? So did I. First the people doing the composition by IBM computer typewriter (which is what makes possible the even right hand margins), got sick for about a month so that nothing was typed. Then they took a weeks vacation. On their return I was informed that the company refused to let them use the necessary equipment any more so they were out. It was not possible to find another place in Los Angeles who could do it at the price they had charged. So now, in order to continue the much cleaner professional look that TVia has enjoyed since No. 50, I am going to have to send all the material to one of our girls in Boston who has similar equipment and who has expressed willingness to meet the price and use it as filler between the regular office work. My (and I hope your) thanks and appreciation to her. It will, however, make the operation more awkward having to ship everything back there — as well as more expensive sending it by registered mail each way.

Then as if that were not enough our printer who has done the magazine since No. 3 had a heart attack and decided to go out of business. This naturally slowed things down considerably too. However, he has agreed to act as a kind of broker between me and the man who took over his accounts in order to continue to do the little things that he knows about.

Perhaps you who were so impatient and wrote the "where in hell it is" letters may have a little compassion for what I've been through piled on top of all the other problems having to do with the trip etc. I've always told you that I will get it to you as soon as

I can but there are a million problems that you know nothing about. Any of you who didn't read my Virgin Views piece in No. 55 please get it out and do so now.

II. ISSUES 57 THROUGH 60: I am going to do my best to get some material for 57 and 58 into the hands of the printer before I leave on June 22. Because of the rush nature of things and the mailing to Boston etc. these issues will not be as diversified as they usually are, but they will be full sized issues. If they get done Mary will mail them out as usual but the dates will be very indefinite. The issue you are now reading is nominally the April issue; 57 and 58 would be June and August. No. 59 will be nominally the Oct. issue. However I will not get back to L.A. till the 22nd of Sept. and will have a lot of problems of a personal financial nature awaiting me which will have top priority. When they are out of the way I will be able to start work on the Magazine. Among other things I will want to write up a report to you all on the results of the just concluded trip as well as to make a financial statement of donations and expenses for the Public Relations parts of it. So all this will delay No. 59. I'm warning you of this now so that you will realize the complexities of the next 3 issues and not be too unhappy. Fill up the empty space with back issues or the FemmeMirror, you'll enjoy both.

III. CLIPSHEET NO. 29: This new issue has been mailed to subscribers of record and No. 30 should be out in about two more weeks, so here is more scrap book material.

IV. USE OF "CONTACT": I continue to get letters for forwarding that are sealed, unstamped or without the \$1 forwarding fee. Please remember UNSEALED, STAMPED, PLUS \$1. This goes for FPE members too — your dues went to FPE not to Chevalier. Please save me a little time, exasperation and notes back to you by abiding by these simple rules. Thanks. Oh Yes, the address of CONTACT is the same as the magazine. Some are still using the old Highland Ave. and Pico addresses.

* * * * *

INEZSQUIB:

1st TV: "Do you ever talk to your wife when you're dressing?"

2nd TV: "Certainly, if there's a phone handy."



Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY

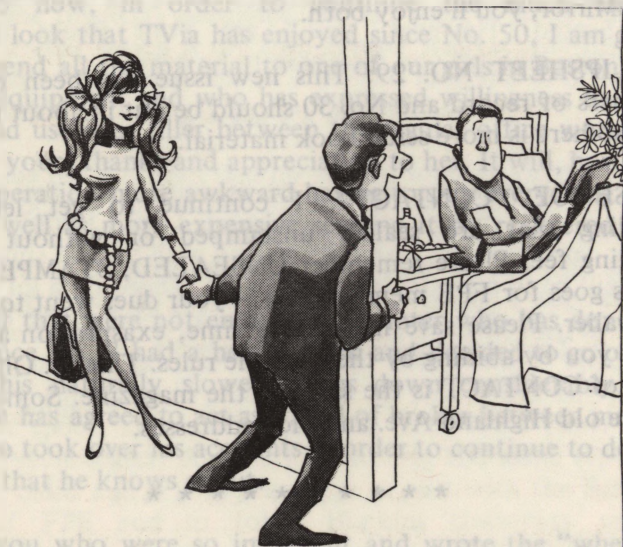


NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members and to those who have filled out a personal information form. This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of *TRANSVESTIA*. Address all answers to ads appearing here to: "CONTACT"

Box 36091 Los Angeles, Calif. 90036

14-H-3 FPE Young TV (21), new in FPE would like to correspond with other TVs and interested GGs anywhere. All answered, confidential. Esther Rose

23-F-1 FPE Married TV, Minneapolis like to meet other TVs in this area. Nancy



"I'll bet you won't feel so discouraged when you see the job they did on Charlie!"

Publication Policy

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for at least 5 issues 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.

PHI PI EPSILON (FPE) is our social organization. Application for membership may be made after having been on Chevalier's subscription lists for five or more issues. Acceptance is dependent upon approval of an application form and by a personal interview with the applicant's area councillor. Members of FPE need no further application for use of the Person to Person service and may do so by simply paying the regular fee.

Ads for *GOODS AND SERVICES* also accepted.
Ask for rates.



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