

# TRANSVESTIA

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No. 33, 1965

## Purpose of Transvestia

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

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

### ENTERTAINMENT--EDUCATION--EXPRESSION

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

### UNDERSTANDING--ACCEPTANCE--PEACE OF MIND

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

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

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

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

Generously donated by:  
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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# The Beginning of Betty

by Betty (22-G-2)



I was born in a large midwest city some thirty odd years ago. I was never forced to wear girl's clothing, but I do remember my father on a number of occasions threatening to put a dress on me if I didn't conduct myself more like a boy should. Whether or not I was acting like a girl, I don't remember. In either case, this may have caused my trying on a pair of my mother's shoes when I was about twelve. This I do know. At that time my other half emerged, and to this day is very alive and active.

Only once did I "go out" while I was at home. I put on a coat of my sisters, a pair of loafers, and a scarf over my head and walked around the block late one night. This was a thrill I'll never forget and was the start of my crossdressing.

When I was seventeen I joined the service and was sent to Europe to serve a tour of duty. I knew liking to dress as a girl was out of the ordinary and thought maybe my being in the service would make a man of me.

I was overseas a short while when I decided to rent a room in a home owned by an elderly couple. Here I could have



a quiet place to study and prepare myself for college and my chosen profession upon discharge. I knew that if I threw myself into this, other things would be forgotten.

All went well until carnival time came around. This is a festival two week period prior to Lent in which everybody dresses in costume and pulls the so called plug out for the fourteen days. I, in the meantime had become quite friendly with the people who rented me the room and a few weeks before festival time, they asked me if I would like to join them in the upcoming fun. I had no desire to let them know about this thing I was trying to suppress, but when they insisted I go, I agreed. Now as I recall, I was instrumental in suggesting I dress as a woman. Agreed. The three of us would go as ladies of high fashion.

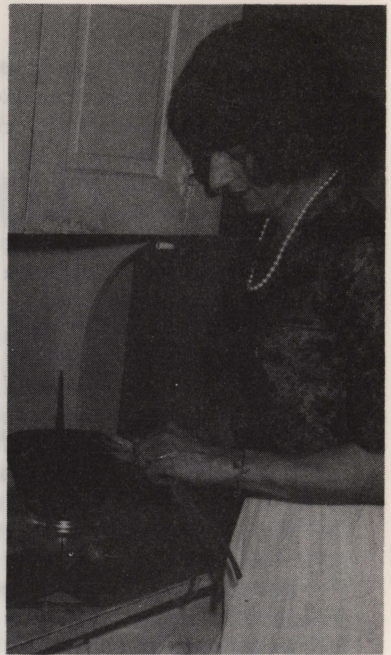
Preparing for the event was an experience I'll never forget. There were the wigs to get, dress, shoes, make-up and lessons in walking, sitting, smoking, use of hands and a million other things that the average woman takes for granted and does from force of habit. I found myself enjoying each and every minute of it and they seemed to enjoy the practice sessions as much as I did. Each night we would dress and spend an hour or two just acting like three ladies, talking, drinking tea and after a few weeks, it became harder and harder to take off those clothes and return to those of a male. I don't think my landlord enjoyed this as much as I did, but his wife insisted that he dress and when he did, he went all the way. I was in seventh heaven.

The days passed much too slowly for me, but I managed to survive until the time came for us to get into our costumes, and we received last minute instructions in feminine deportment.

The following two weeks I dressed as a woman every night and on weekends, all day and in the evenings. Most of the time I went out by myself and a few times with my landlady. She mentioned a couple of times that it was odd that I should want to indulge in crossdressing so often. I brushed her question off but I knew that once the carnival was over, that would be the end of TVism.



First you buy it.



Then you cook it



Finally you clean  
it up.



And last you write it  
up for THETA THOUGHTS

BETTY THE DOMESTIC TYPE.

How wrong I was! Weeks later, I was still getting dressed and they didn't seem to mind so why should I? Would you? I had enough leave time accumulated so I had decided to use some of it, and had applied for and got a thirty day furlough. I had spread word around that I was going to Paris for a few weeks and then to England. This kept anybody from just dropping in on me. One month.....thirty wonderful days I had all to myself for Betty. I had made a few subtle suggestions to my landlady and we had started going out for a walk to a local restaurant for coffee. I began buying clothes, clothes, and more clothes, and soon had an inventory in excess of \$100.00. Each day I wore a different dress with matching shoes, hat and purse. Life was wonderful and I loved it.

However the time came when I had to return to the states to be discharged. I had no idea this thing (at the time I didn't have a word for it) had such a hold on me. Only when I discarded all the lovely things I had acquired over the past two years did I realize how much I would miss them. But it had to be done. I could not board ship with a lipstick wrapped in a G.I. sock! I said good-bye to two wonderful people and made up my mind that once I was at home, crossdressing would be forgotten forever.

Once back in the states, I concentrated on my job, and began attending school in the evening hoping to keep myself active enough so as not to have time for anything else. How long I could suppress the desire, I didn't know but I'd try and for five long months I did try. Then I found myself buying a dress for my sister, a wig for a show, lipstick for my wife (which I didn't have) and gloves with of course the stipulation that my wife could return them if they didn't fit, etc.

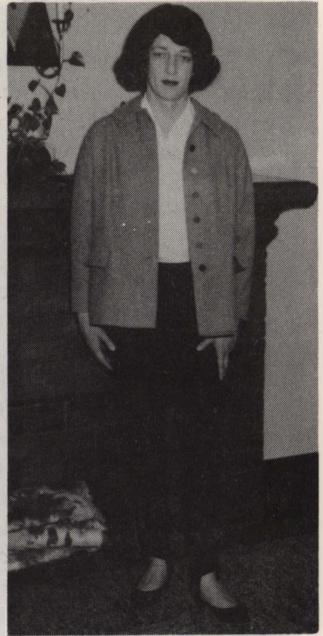
Soon I had a complete ensemble which would compete with any well dressed woman. But it was a lonely time with no one to share it with. I would dress in my apartment and once in a while, go for a walk. I wanted someone to share the joy I had in dressing but it still was strange to me so I thought it must be to everybody else.

It was not long before I met the girl who was later.





Gossiping as girls will



HEAVENS! Pants Again



Just BETTY at home.

to become my wife. After three years of courting, I asked her to marry me. She said "yes". I had not told her anything about my desire to dress. And later I was to find out it was a mistake. If I had it to do again I would have confided in her. Once again every thing feminine went into the trash or to Goodwill. This time I would quit. I was going to quit because now I had something wonderful and nothing else in the world mattered except to make her happy.

A year passed.....Things were going the way they should for a young married couple. I had a good job, and my wife decided to work until we had our first child. Then came Halloween and the public display of costumes. My wife and I didn't get into costumes. We just went out to watch the others. And there he was, blond hair, chiffon dress, (a misty green) elegant opera length gloves, and every inch a lady. Seeing a man as such, started those smoldering embers into a blazing fire within me. At once I started to go on a buying spree. This was of course without my wife's knowledge. After I had the complete wardrobe in hand, I'd rent a motel room, dress and spend the day inside as a woman. My wife thought I was at work on these occasions and I knew she could not possibly think there was another woman.

After a few months of this I didn't know what to do. I couldn't tell her and I just could not stop. Finally I decided that this could not go on forever. I had to tell her, but how? The best was was to get dressed and walk in on her. Yes, all or nothing at all. I'd do it. The look she gave me at the door was at first quizzical, and when I spoke it was alarm. She thought I'd had a sex-change (in three hours), and after trying to explain all I knew about the subject, she was still confused. We talked far into the night and it was decided that I could stop if I wanted to and she would help me. About six months elapsed and finally I told her I just had to get dressed. Out I went and purchased the same things I had time and time again.

Then the day came when I found TRANSVESTIA. We both read and reread each issue as it came. "The Transvestite and His Wife" did more good for my wife than I ever could. We found that there were others like us who





Just  
More  
Of  
BETTY





had learned to live with this and enjoy life to it's utmost. They, like ourselves, had adjusted to the fact that this must be accepted as reality and unless they did so, they would never have peace of mind.

I enjoy being a man and would not have it any other way. I also enjoy being a girl even if it is only part time. My wife enjoys her new found friend too, and it has it's advantages when house cleaning or dishes need doing. When we can farm the children out for a weekend, Betty gets dressed and the two of us do some baking or sewing on a Saturday afternoon and in the evening go window shopping or to a movie.

I would not trade places with the average man on the street if the chance were offered. Everything we plan, be it for a weekend or something for the house includes Betty. She has a birthday (which was drawn out of a hat) and on her last one received a scarf and two pair of nylons from her girlfriend. I don't think this is selfish although I once did. The fact of the matter is: There is another person to consider over and above those claimed at income tax time. No deduction allowed, but we don't want to deduct her! Betty - 22-G-2

#### FROM BETTY'S WIFE

After learning of my husband's Transvestism habits a short while after we were married, I tried to find more on the subject in libraries but I had little luck. Even the Library of Congress in Washington D C. had just a few books on the subject and they were constantly in use. The only thing I could pinpoint for sure was that: "Transvestism is the urge to cross-dress". This was a lot of help!

I remained in the dark, so to speak for a number of months - observing and not understanding. When Betty wanted to dress, I would agree to it but I can honestly say I didn't do so with too much enthusiasm. When she wanted to go out, I would go along with her only because of her constant pleading. Like most young girls I had been brought up to think of a man in a masculine respect - never realizing the male possessed feminine appreciation of pretty clothes, hairstyles, cooking, etc. That was until I discovered an issue of "TRANSVESTIA" which had been bought and not quite put out of sight.

## *Transvestia*

For the first time I began to learn that there were others like my husband and they had families and lived their two lives quite successfully. This in itself eased my mind; a great deal. I had permitted Betty's dressing up to this point only to keep our marriage on an even keel. Now I noticed myself showing an interest in her. She too noted a number of times that a change in my outlook had affected her in that now that I understood more on the subject, she was erasing some of the guilt in herself that had built up over the years. "The Transvestite and His Wife" was the most helpful publication in my learning to enjoy Betty. Here were others, single, married all types and they were or are in the process of adjusting to another person.

I decided to pass along to Betty the knowledge I had in the art of dressing and costume coordination, makeup etc. What a surprise I was in for! She was able to agree with me and then add some! All I had to do was smooth over the rough edges and she is now on her way to being a perfect lady.

In the evening when the children are in bed and Betty and I are spending the evening together, I have to smile to myself. This girl dressed neatly in blue, with her smoothly tapered legs drawn up in the seat of a chair is the same person who pitched championship ball last year. When Betty is here for the evening or weekend, she is my girlfriend and I sincerely enjoy her as such. When her brother is here I enjoy him as much also. (I must admit though, it is wonderful to have a choice as to who I prefer to spend the evening with!)

We have attended meetings of other TV's and their wives and they have visited us. We girls really have a good hen session and I look forward to them.

There is one compensation for wives - jewelry, hats and handbags are usually interchangeable regardless of size so I really have a bonus wardrobe! My husband selects most of my clothes (his taste is better than mine although I hate to admit it).

Another thing, I find most TV's wives are usually well proportioned and well groomed. I know that in my case I'm careful about those extra calories. My incentive is that I can't stand to have my husband have a better figure than I do.

Sincerely,

Ann - GG of Betty  
22-G-2

WIG WISDOM

Five score years ago July,  
My town was born and named.  
To celebrate, a beard I grew, "No lie."  
Of this I'm not ashamed.  
It's long and dark, tinged with red,  
It is my pride and joy.  
Alas, if it were on my head,  
I'd look more girl than boy.

Phyllis - 22-A-1-FPE

CHOICE

When I was in the Navy,  
Upon the briney deep,  
I had no place for privacy,  
No place, my dresses keep.  
But when in port, on liberty,  
As all good sailors will,  
I did not fight, get boozey,  
But dressed in frock and frill.  
Herein, you'll find a moral,  
Though I didn't know it then;  
"I'd rather dress than fight, or I'll  
Have a long wait, again."

Phyllis - 22-A-1-FPE



## DEFENSE FUND APPEAL

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About a year ago an appeal was made to readers of both TRANSVESTIA and TURNABOUT for money to support the legal appeal of one of our sisters in New York. Between the two publications and the Foundation nearly \$1000 was raised. These funds were expended in handling the lower court costs and in preparing the appeal to the higher New York Court. The Court of Appeals of New York refused to hear the case because of a prior case involving cross dressing in which the appeal had been denied.

This is actually a good thing for us because now the case can be appealed directly to the Supreme Court of the United States without the costly intermediate processes. However Supreme Court appeals are tedious and costly and although the firm of attorneys handling this case have been as considerate of the financial aspects as they could be, they too have costs to meet. So at this time it is necessary to appeal once again for funds.

Now is the time for all who read this to stop and think! We have all complained about the law. This case is no longer just a matter for the individual involved. It is OUR case and probably the only time we will ever have the opportunity to get the matter of the freedom of expression in clothing reviewed by the Supreme Court of the United States. A favourable decision will affect every one of us regardless of where we live. We MUST have the money to carry this fight to a conclusion and we have a pretty good chance of winning it. The American Civil Liberties Union has

filed a brief in connection with the case too as they see some constitutional infringement involved.

So even if you gave before, please give again. This is a once and for all effort and should be worth the sacrifice of a new dress by all of us. Wouldn't you rather be free to wear the old dress than to have a new one and be afraid to wear it?

**PLEASE DO YOUR PART!!**

Mark your contributions "Defense Fund" and mail immediately. The money collected will be deposited in the special Defense Fund Bank Account and disbursed as needed.

**SEND CONTRIBUTIONS TO:**

Chevalier Publications, Box 36091, Los Angeles 36, Calif



"Now what do we do, dad? I just heard mom's car coming in the driveway!"



FICTION

# Fate Intervened

by Yvonne (FE-S-1)

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Looking back over the past two years I still cannot really believe that what has happened is true, so many of the ambitions I had then have been achieved. Quite often I give myself a pinch to see if I will wake up and find everything is a dream and always I am filled with wonder that such an ordinary person as I could have changed so much



My earliest recollection from my childhood is of the summer's day my parents moved from the country cottage where we had been living, to a new home some miles away, I can clearly remember how happy they were at the prospect of a new life in new surroundings and their happiness must have been infectious because I know I became very excited too. It appeared that father had been successful in his application for a vacancy which had been advertised several weeks previously. He was going to be foreman of a large farm some miles away and we were going to live in the farmhouse. This house fascinated me for the whole of the time we lived in it. It was a big old fashioned place, partially modernized by it's previous



tenant, yet there remained long dark corridors and many large gloomy rooms, which in my childish imagination I furnished and peopled so they became like the staterooms of a fairy palace.

Living the life many other country lads did and for that matter still do, I was free as I grew older to wander where I willed over the many hundreds of acres of rolling farmlands. Towards the north the land rose quite steeply and far away in the distance one could see a line of high hills, but between the farm's boundary fence and those hills were deep valleys and miles of moorland, which in time I was able to explore to my heart's content. Shortly before we moved in, the farm had been bought by a wealthy industrialist who intended to make it into his country estate and a showplace amongst his friends. Profitability was to be a minor consideration, as all the losses would be set against his income tax, everything was to be fully mechanized and it seemed every day father would take me to watch some new monster being unloaded in the farmyard.

Later, building materials began to arrive and after school I watched the workmen erect a fine new house nearby. This was to be the country home of the industrialist, Mr. Briggs, and soon after it was completed we moved into a new house that had been built for us some distance away, the old house being demolished and the rubble removed. In spite of the hours I spent on the farm and wondering the countryside, I must have been a diligent student as I passed a scholarship, without, I recall, any apparent effort on my part, which meant I would go to the grammar school in the town about ten miles away, when I reached eleven years of age. The great day arrived and off I went, very selfconscious in my new school uniform, but my confidence soon evaporated amongst the many strange faces, I was the only one to enter from our village school that term, and consequently was very much alone. Mother often related afterwards the story of my return home at the end of the first day when I dissolved into tears and flatly refused to go any more because I did not like it, of course I went the next morning and soon made some new friends.

A couple of months later, at morning assembly, it was announced the school play that year would be "A Mid-

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summers' Night's Dream", and any member of the school who was interested should attend in the hall after the lessons that afternoon. Still being rather shy, as well as having a bus to catch, I did not go, but some of my class attended the next morning many questions were asked but very few answers received. It seemed the school dramatic society was almost a secret society and once one was admitted you were expected to keep quiet about their future plans. After a few weeks, those who had not shown any interest completely forgot about the play, or at least laughed derisively when those chosen for the cast disappeared for rehearsals, and the rest of us wondered off to play football, cricket or go swimming. One morning several of my class were missing from lessons and inquiries revealed it was dress rehearsal day. When recess came we crowded the approaches to the school hall in an attempt to find out what was happening, but the doors were quickly fastened and a master told us to clear out. The woodwork classroom was being used as an additional dressing room and I decided to peep through one of the windows. Unfortunately all the blinds were drawn but I still hung around hoping to see something. After a few minutes the door opened and several members of the cast passed by on their way to the hall. This was my first experience with amateur theatricals and I was disappointed to discover I was unable to recognize anyone in their costumes and make-up. Since it was a boys-only school, all parts in the play were taken by boys and I had heard a rumor that one of my classmates, Colin Cooper had been chosen for the part of "Titania". For some reason I could not explain even to myself I was most anxious to find out if this was true, and, if so, just how he looked in his costume and make-up. The dressing room door opened again and more of the cast appeared. Suddenly I recognized Colin's voice. For a moment I could not pick him out from the others, but when he spoke again I could and was absolutely astonished, the change was remarkable. He was fully dressed for his part, wearing heavy make-up, wig, and full Elizabethan costume, the dress being of white silk and reaching almost to the ground and with his upright posture it's panniers gave him a stately almost regal appearance. I am unable to recall any other details of his costume but I do remember catching a glimpse of red high heeled shoes as he walked towards me, I know I was spellbound, and felt rooted to the spot, being so

fascinated I was unable to reply as he grinned "hello" and swept by. From that moment I regretted my failure to attend the first meeting of the dramatic society and, filled with envy, I turned away resolving that next year I would be in the play if at all possible. I still have no doubts my love of feminine finery was born in the moment Colin came through the dressing room door. It has remained with me ever since and I am now fairly certain it will never leave me as long as I live. Later in the week the whole school attended the first full performance of the play and for every second the actors were on stage I sat entranced, marvelling that those beautiful girls, bringing to life "Shakespear"s wonderful play, were boys just like me.

Each year until I left I put my name forward for a part in the annual play but was never fortunate enough to be chosen. Each time the cast was selected from those who had proved their ability and each time I became more envious of those picked for the female parts. I was ashamed of and could not understand my desire to take the part of a girl and nursed my secret in silence.

Being an only child and leading a very lonely life I was constantly thinking about my strange desire and since my parents usually left me to my own devices I must have had many opportunities to dress in Mother's clothes, but I cannot recall ever having done so. Perhaps it was because I knew she was extremely tidy and would immediately detect any interference and so my secret would be exposed.

Without my knowledge Mr. Briggs and father had discussed my future and they had decided to put my name down at an agricultural college, Mr. Briggs paying the fees. Their idea was that after graduating I would come home and work under father as assistant manager, being trained to take over as manager when he retired in about five years time. He had been promoted at about the time I moved to Grammar school when the estate had been increased in size by the purchase of three surrounding farms. Many were the arguments we had when I discovered their proposals. My favourite subject at school was Art and I had hoped to become a draughtsman with vague ideas this would later lead to stage or fashion designing.



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Eventually parental authority was obeyed and I moved on from Grammar school to agricultural college with considerable reluctance. It meant I would have to live away from home except on weekends. This arrangement suiting me as my father and I still continued to argue. The three years I spent at college passed fairly uneventfully, holidays and weekends being spent at home, in spite of the strained relations between us. I soon missed the home atmosphere and as much for my own sake as that of my mother's - I made peace with father. During this time I read avidly every book I could find that mentioned crossdressing. Each one, I discovered, considered it a manifestation of homosexuality and in an effort to prove to myself that as far as I was concerned this was wrong, I spent almost all of my generous allowance on the relentless pursuit of various girls and did not use one penny for purchase of feminine clothing.

After graduation I returned home and started work on the estate. It had been decided I should work my way through all of the jobs I would be expected to supervise so most of the time I was out in the fields with the workmen and quickly became suntanned and muscular. During my absence my parents had made it their practice to go out each Saturday afternoon to do any necessary shopping in the town, have dinner in a restaurant and then visit the variety theatre which had a different show each week. The first Saturday I was home they went off as usual leaving me to fend for myself. I planned to have a leisurely bath, spruce myself up, and pick up Mr. Briggs' daughter, Carol, from her hairdressers at 5 pm. She was about a year younger than I and we had been out together four or five times before but were not dating regularly as she was still at college and usually lived at their London flat. This Saturday evening was planned as a celebration of my graduation. Her father had booked us two seats at the same theatre my parents were visiting. After they had gone off in their car I had my bath and wearing only my dressing gown went straight from the bathroom to my bedroom. Mother had done my unpacking when I came home and I did not know where she had put all my clean clothes. Pulling open one of my wardrobe drawers it seemed to stick and I gave it an extra hard tug, suddenly it came easily and staggering backwards I dropped drawer and contents on the floor. In a flash the

feeling I had first experienced years before at school swept over me. The drawer had been packed with my mother's lingerie. I suppose she must have run out of storage space during the time I had been away and had used my nearly empty wardrobe to store some of her less used items.

The vision of my school friends on stage passed across my mind, at last I could find out how it felt to dress as a girl. All thoughts of my date with Carol forgotten, I slipped off my bathrobe and picking up a pair of panties put them on. They were of pale blue nylon with a slightly darker blue nylon lace trim. They fitted me almost perfectly and it was only then that I recalled that during the past few months Mother had put on a lot of weight, and these were items she must have stored away because they had become too small for her. I trembled with excitement as I stood looking down at all those dainty undies scattered on the carpet, everything was there, bras, girdles, panties and slips, there were even several new pairs of nylons still in their cellophane packs. Pulling myself together I picked everything up and put them on the bed. Very quickly they were sorted out and I soon found there was complete outfits to match the panties I had put on, a dainty bra trimmed with the same dark lace, a girdle and a matching waist slip. The bra came first and I made several vain attempts to fasten the hooks at the back before I discovered how to put it on by doing the hooks up at the front, sliding it round and then putting up my arms through the shoulder straps. My knowledge of feminine underclothes was so limited I even pulled the girdle on over my panties before I realized my mistake. Quickly a pair of nylons were pulled from the packet. In my excitement, I completely ruined one pair before I found out how to get them on and my skin tingled with pleasure as I pulled down the suspenders and fastened them to the nylons. After several minutes of self admiration in the mirror, I decided to look for a dress or a skirt of some description. Since mother was particularly tidy in her habits I knew it would be foolhardy to interfere with her wardrobe, but I found the next drawer in mine was full of treasures, there were dresses, skirts, blouses and jumpers all carefully packed away. Picking out a full skirted blue print dress I slipped it on and back again to the mirror to see how I looked. The reflection that gazed back at me was

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somewhat disappointing in spite of the feminine dress. My close cropped hair and sunburnt face combined with hairy arms and masculine hands, did not give me the picture I had hoped to see.

My failure to pad the bra was soon remedied but still I did not look right. Dejectedly I turned away and then I thought that if I used some of mother's make-up it would improve my appearance. My efforts with the various pots and jars I found proved equally frustrating, and after about ten minutes concentration before the mirror I look so much like a drunken circus clown, I washed the whole lot off in disgust. Wandering through the silent house entranced by the feel of the skirt sliding against my nylon covered legs, but still dejected because of my disappointing appearance, I suddenly realized I could not expect perfection without practice and without considerable planning. After a couple of minutes thought, I remembered mother's weekly magazine and her passion for storing them away for future reference. They should provide me with the information I required. My deduction proved to be correct, each issue contained at least one article of interest and some more. Even advertisements yielded more clues and eventually I pulled out and studied the lady's section of the mail order catalogue.

Engrossed in the study of the magazine I must have lost all sense of time, because suddenly down in the hall the phone started to ring and looking at the clock I realized I was already thirty minutes late for my date with Carol, surely three hours could not have passed so quickly. As I expected it was Carol on the phone ringing to see if I had left home. Naturally she was very angry at being stood up, but without any remorse at all I calmly said I felt unwell and would be unable to meet her. At this she expressed some concern, but after I assured her I would be alright on my own and intended to go to bed, she agreed to meet my parents at the theatre, explain everything to them and spend the evening with some friends she had met, I knew this would probably mean the end of any prospective romance with Carol but the plans that were beginning to take shape in my mind would give me no time for her or any other girl friends. In any case I was now certain of the rest of the evening on my own and returning to the study of the magazines, I very soon began





BUT OUR SKIPPER SAID  
IT'S ALRIGHT TO WEAR  
CIVILIAN CLOTHES ON LIBERTY

## *Transvestia*

to appreciate how much I had to learn before I could achieve the standard of perfection I desired.

All too soon came the time to remove my finery. I had already decided that in the future every possible spare moment would be spent dressed as a girl, and should my mother remove her clothes from my room I would build my own wardrobe of feminine dress, including wig and shoes. Mother's were much too small for me. This Saturday afternoon set the pattern for every Saturday for the next three months. I quickly built up my wardrobe and soon found I was not satisfied with one complete outfit, but bought a variety of undies and several different dresses and skirts. Many towns were visited and no shop was ever used twice, each time I used the excuse I was buying a present for a sister or a girl friend. The wig and shoes proved the most difficult things to obtain and eventually I was forced to buy them by mail order, the parcels being explained away to my parents as presents for a friend.

Each year since we had first come to live on the estate, we had invariably spent one Sunday in the Autumn on a picnic and blackberry picking expedition, and this year was no exception. All three of us were passionately fond of the berries and Mother usually made a huge batch of pies, preserving the rest as jam or bottling them for the winter. So one fine sunny morning in September we set off in the car for the north of the estate, one of the valleys there had been flooded years before when a dam had been built and the banks of the reservoir were covered by the wild blackberry bushes. Mother packed a picnic lunch for the three of us and it was a glorious sunny day when we arrived at the usual spot. Unfortunately our day out was rather spoiled by the presence of an Air Force recovery crew, who appeared to be collecting the remains of an aircraft. They requested that we keep well away so we did not find out what had happened, but we concluded that an aircraft must have crashed and exploded as the berries were covered with a fine white dust. At first I suggested we move to another spot where the berries grew profusely but Mother said she would be able to wash them before use and as they were particularly good ones right there we decided to stay. Months later I was to be very pleased we had not moved.



During October and November my life settled into a regular pattern. Each Saturday afternoon and evening, except those when my parents remained at home, which fortunately were very rare, was spent dressed as a girl. Each time I changed clothes it seemed I became a different person and with constant practice soon became quite proficient with my make-up and was well satisfied with my appearance. Then a few days before Christmas the blow fell, Father and Mr. Briggs had been to London to an agricultural show Mother having gone with them to spend the day shopping and as Carol was to spend the holiday in the country they had picked her up in London. On the way home late at night they were involved in a road accident and all four were killed instantly. I had just gone to bed when the local police woke me with the news, at first I was completely stunned and when they asked me to tell Mrs. Briggs, I refused point blank. But, after they explained it would lessen the shock for her if I broke the news, I finally agreed. It proved to be a very difficult assignment as during the past I had had very little contact with her. I managed to break the news gently, however, and during the next few days came to know her very well as she relied on me for help and advice.

In these circumstances we became close friends much quicker than would normally be possible. I took over complete control of the estate which I was well qualified to do and in a very short time even became involved in the late Mr. Briggs' industrial affairs. I continued to live in our old home and as I was now able to dress more often than once a week soon settled down into a regular routine. Each day I would have lunch with Mrs. Briggs when we discussed the affairs of the estate and any other business that was necessary. After finishing work at about 5 pm, I would go home and do my own housework and laundry etc., and after a little while I began to make it a regular practice to change into feminine dress immediately on reaching home. Since I no longer did any manual work, spending most of my time in the estate office, coupled with the constant use of a cosmetics, my face and hands soon became soft and clear. Having always had a sneaking interest in cookery and now finding I had to do my own I soon became proficient and found that Mother's old magazines were a mine of information on cookery as well as fashion and beauty. I continued to subscribe to them even adding others to my regular order.



## *Transvestia*

I became extremely happy with my life, particularly on weekends when I spent the whole time from Saturday lunchtime until Monday morning in feminine dress. As summer approached I noticed I was beginning to look more female even when in masculine clothes. Having always been of slight build, indeed during my time at college I had been ashamed of my lack of muscles, I now seemed to be very delicate in appearance. Slight bust development became apparent and by keeping a careful check on my waist and hip measurements I found the former was decreasing and the latter increasing. At first I put this down to the feminine life I was leading in my off duty hours and the fact that I seemed to experience a complete change of personality when dressed, but as it gradually became more pronounced and I found I did not need to shave my face and body quite so often, I decided it was time I visited a doctor.

Having read every book obtainable on the subject of Transvestism and thinking I would be immediately classified as a homosexual although I knew this was not correct, I did not tell the doctor about my crossdressing but just explained I had noticed feminization and wanted to know what was wrong. He gave me a perfunctory examination, confirmed my statement and, saying that it was completely out of his field, proposed to make arrangements for me to see a glandular specialist. When I visited this gentleman in his palatial consulting rooms he questioned me closely about my early life and in answering his questions I was forced to reveal my secret. Strangely enough he expressed no surprise but was more interested in the date I had first noticed feminization. I made it clear to him that in view of my transvestic desires I was quite happy with my feminine contours but was frightened it might be the result of some serious organic trouble and if this was not the cause would definitely refuse any treatment to make me more masculine. Finally arrangements were made for me to go into the hospital for three days for a complete medical examination and observation.

It was only the next week when I received instructions to report on the following, so all my spare time was spent in packing away all evidence of my feminine ways, and by Sunday afternoon before the house was tidy and ready for my absence at the hospital. As usual I had dressed as a

girl to do all the housework, but had removed my wig to protect it from the dust and while so dressed was busy in the kitchen during the afternoon when suddenly a voice said, "That is a very pretty dress, Roger".

I think I must have jumped nearly a foot straight up with surprise. Previously I had always locked the door before changing but this time I must have forgotten, because looking round I saw Mrs. Briggs standing in the doorway. For a few moments I was so confused I was unable to reply, but at last blushing with embarrassment I managed to stammer an answer. Although now middle-aged Mrs. Briggs had been a fashion model before her marriage and recently I had been watching her very closely and trying to copy some of her elegance and poise. These qualities were now very evident as ignoring my dress and make-up she began to explain the reason for her unexpected visit.

She told me she had decided to dispose of all Mr. Briggs' industrial interests and invest the proceeds. As far as the estate was concerned she suggested I take over complete responsibility for it at an increased salary, run it as though it was my own and have a percentage share of the annual profits as a bonus. Of course, with my future somewhat uncertain I had to decline this very generous offer. I explained why, and finished up by telling her the whole story. She listened intently as I told my tale and then admitted she had detected a change in my behaviour over the last six months. Several times she had noticed lingering traces of perfume and also my pre-occupation with my complexion but did not realize there were actual physical changes nor that it was the reason for the hospital visit. I was surprised to find she did not criticize in any way and was actually very sympathetic. So much so, that I finished up by showing her my wardrobe and how I had altered the furnishings to suit myself. She proved to be very interested in all the changes I had made and showed admiration of my taste in dress and furniture, while I lost all embarrassment and was proud to show her all my efforts. It was not until after she had left that I realized that once I had explained everything she had treated me almost as though I were her daughter.

At the hospital I was subjected to three days of X-rays,

## *Transvestia*

blood tests and all sorts of other tests and probes, Finally I was shown into the presence of the glandular specialist, who informed me that nothing organically wrong had been found but it seemed my glands had stopped producing any male hormones and were now producing only female hormones. He said this could be corrected by injections but he could not say if they would be completely effective nor for how long they would be necessary. In any case I could please myself whether or not I had treatment but if I refused he thought I would become almost completely female in appearance. He also explained he had recently been instructed by the Health Authorities to report immediately to them full details of any cases of sterility or impotence and as I was both, my case had been reported, and they had requested I allow a team of Air Force doctors to examine me. I replied that I was relieved to hear nothing organically wrong had been found, would definitely refuse any corrective treatment since I was quite happy with my femininity and looked forward with pleasure to it's increase, but I wanted to know what had happened to me, why the Air Force were interested and unless I was taken completely into their confidence would refuse any further examination. A week passed before I received a letter saying my terms had been agreed to and could I attend at the hospital again on the following Monday, during this week I noticed my bust development was becoming much more prominent, I would soon have to wear a bra all the time, not from desire but necessity. I was also keeping Mrs. Briggs fully informed as she planned to postpone any decision until I knew the full facts of my case and whether I would be able to run the estate as she originally planned.

The Service doctors gave me exactly the same set of tests but were much more thorough than the civilian ones and when they had finished I was shown into the same consulting room but this time there were four specialists instead of one. First of all they wanted me to give a written undertaking that everything they told me be treated in the strictest confidence for the time being, or at least until they gave me permission to speak, this I refused to do explaining my position in relation to Mrs. Briggs and how she was holding up her plans until I knew all the facts after consultation they agreed that if I signed one of them would visit her the next day and put her in the picture



or at least tell her as much as he thought prudent. After I signed they wanted the full story of my transvestism from my earliest recollections up to the present time. Since I had now told several people I managed this without undue embarrassment. Then they wanted to know my precise whereabouts on that Sunday the previous summer when we had gone to the reservoir picking blackberries. As I told them and spoke about the white dust on the berries and how we had watched the recovery team working in the distance I could sense their relief, the worried frowns they had when I first entered the room disappeared from their faces. Finally they gave me the full story and as they proceeded I could understand the reason for their frowns.

It seemed that on the Saturday night before our trip to the reservoir, it was reported to the police that an aircraft had crashed and exploded near the reservoir, it was known that no aircraft had been reported missing but a recovery team was immediately sent out to investigate. On their arrival at the spot they found a large canister which had burst open on hitting the ground, at first it was thought to be part of an American or Russian rocket, but further investigation revealed it contained only the white powder we had seen on the berries, but packed tightly into dozens of small compartments. The pieces were duly collected and sent to a laboratory for analysis. During the collection of the pieces all the recovery team were covered with the white powder but no notice was taken of this as it washed off so easily being instantly soluble in water. Then about four weeks later the sergeant in charge of the team, and incidentally the only married man in the group, visited the camp doctor and reported he had gradually become unable to have any relations with his wife. He was examined and found to be both impotent and sterile. No explanation for this could be found and it was not until he casually mentioned the powder to a doctor that any possible connection between the two events was suspected. A top priority investigation was ordered and every person known to have been in contact with the powder was examined, each was found to have been affected in exactly the same way. Scientists had been unable to analyze the powder but when tested on animals it proved to have no effect. Their report suggested the canister was not of terrestrial origin and had

## *Transvestia*

obviously been intended to land in the reservoir.

The doctors said they were particularly interested in my case as I was the only civilian known to be involved, the only person known to have taken the powder internally and the only one in which feminization had appeared so far. At this stage they could not say whether the feminine changes I was undergoing were due solely to the powder, since I had obviously been absorbing massive doses through the medium of the jam and preserved berries, or whether I had been born with a glandular malfunction which had caused my transvestic desires, and the effect of the powder had been to make these more pronounced and to accelerate changes which could have become apparent in the future in any case. Later I submitted some of the berries for examination explaining that Mother had washed them carefully before use, but they were found to contain large quantities of the powder which must have been absorbed before or during the washing operation.

Then the doctors gave me the conclusions they had reached about the canister. They believed the Earth had been surveyed by beings from another planet and had been found suitable for colonization or maybe that their natural resources were exhausted and needed those available on Earth. In any case they would certainly be very intelligent and would realize that with the present state of technology on the earth any military attack would provoke a stubborn defense and it would be likely this would make the planet useless for their proposed purposes. Their method of attack was more subtle. The canister had been thoroughly examined and the casing found to be porous. The scientists believed it had been intended to land in the reservoir and over a period of time the contents would dissolve in the water. They estimated this period to be about twenty five years due to the way the powder was packed in small separate compartments, a small quantity being released continuously. Thus any human being drinking the water during the next twenty five years would be made sterile and impotent, if the powder could be introduced into the world's water supply the human race would quickly become unable to reproduce and over a period of about seventy five years would die out at least in the more intelligent and civilized areas which depend on reservoirs for their water supply. As the population declined surplus factories, mines, etc.





MARYANN 35-J-2-FPE



SYLVIA FE-B-3-FPE

MARGE 13-H-1-FPE

LAURA 35-S-2-FPE



MARGE 13-H-1-FPE

SOME OF THE DELTA GIRLS.



## *Transvestia*

would be closed down leaving them in good condition and the earth with most of it's resources intact and ripe for exploitation. The less civilized races who escaped would be suitable and available for use as slave labour.

All countries had been informed of the conclusions reached and all reservoirs examined for traces of the powder, so far no other contamination had been reported and it was assumed our local reservoir had been chosen as a pilot project. Research was underway to try and find an antidote but so far one had not been discovered. Then the doctors exploded their bombshell. I was asked if I would volunteer to become a guineapig in this research. All the service personnel had agreed and various methods were to be used to try and restore their virility. If I agreed they proposed to continue to give me strictly regulated doses of the powder under medical supervision and observe and record the effects. I could see the point of their request and asked for time to think it over explaining that I did not wish to lose the feminine contour I had gained and was viewing with increasing pleasure the prospect that soon I might be able to live and dress as a girl the whole time. I did not tell them I was quite willing to cooperate but wanted to talk it over with Mrs. Briggs before giving them my answer, anyway they agree to give me a few days to think it over.

The next day I went to work as usual, but I am afraid I gave little thought to whatever job I was doing. I presumed Mrs. Briggs would have a visit from one of the doctors so did not go to her house for lunch, during the afternoon she rang up to say she now knew all the facts and could she come and see me that evening about 6:30 as she had some suggestions to make. Before hanging up she asked me to be sure and change into feminine dress before she came. Rushing home as soon as work finished did not bother with a meal, but took particular care to choose my best outfit and make up as well as I could. When she arrived she complimented me on my choice both of dress and make-up and moving into the lounge we settled down in the big easy chairs. She told me the Air Force doctor had told her the full story after she had promised to keep it a secret for the time being and she also said she had been thinking things over since she first heard my story and if I promised not to interrupt until she

had finished she would tell me her ideas. As she unfolded her proposals I became more and more excited, it looked as though everything I had hoped for plus a lot more was going to come true, she said she had told her visitor that day what she was going to suggest to me and he had promised to help where possible.

She started by saying that since it appeared unlikely I would want to or even be able to take over control of the estate as she had originally planned, she now proposed to sell it as well as all Mr. Briggs' industrial assets and invest the proceeds to give her an income which she hoped would be quite substantial. Then, If I agreed to comply with her plans, she would rent for about six months a small secluded house in some lonely spot and we would go and live there together as mother and daughter. I was already quite feminine in appearance and with careful attention to the small details could easily pass as a girl without fear of detection in normal circumstances, and with continued regular doses of the powder my feminization should become more complete as each week passed. She had noticed that I must have devoted considerable thought and time to acquiring the necessary feminine mannerisms, but there were several glaring faults which to anyone with her training were immediately apparent. I still walked in a masculine way, seldom knew what to do with my hands and my posture was not nearly as good as it should be. She considered that with six months strict training, using the knowledge she had acquired as a model, she could teach me everything I needed to know. Then, when she considered I had absorbed everything she could teach me, she would give up the lease of the house and we could live or travel where we pleased as mother and daughter. However, before she took any action at all I would have to agree to two conditions she laid down, these were, first; I must help the Air Force doctors in every way possible as she considered this research vital for the future of the human race, Secondly when they no longer required my cooperation I would undergo whatever operations would be necessary to remove all evidence on my masculinity and make me completely female, at least in external appearance. Almost before she had finished speaking I had agreed to her conditions thinking they were a very small price to pay for the thrilling prospects the future seemed to hold.

## *Transvestia*

The next morning we set Mrs. Briggs plans in motion. The Air Force doctors were informed I would cooperate in their research and they gave me the full details of what they intended to do making arrangements for me to attend at the hospital once each week for examination and treatment. Within a week Mrs. Briggs had found a suitable house in an isolated district, and in less than three had furnished it according to her taste, the disposal of her estate and industrial interests was left in the hands of her legal advisers as she intended to devote the whole of her time to my transformation and training. During this time I disposed of all my own furniture and possessions as I should be taking nothing except my female clothes to our new home. We had decided I should not visit the new house while dressed in male clothes thus avoiding the unlikely chance someone might see me and recognize me in the future.

On the morning of the first day of my new life I made up very carefully and dressed in my best outfit, my underclothes were a matching set in pale blue nylon in memory of the first pair of panties I had ever worn, over these came a scarlet wool dress with a short tight skirt which was the latest fashion amongst the younger set, with a contrasting duster coat and with my high heeled pumps an exact match for my bag and gloves I felt very much the fashionable young lady. As I stepped into the car I thought this is indeed the start of a new life. It was the first time I had been outside the garden gate wearing a dress, although I had been out a few times with girdle and bra under my suit. Now all those male clothes were being left behind forever. Mrs. Briggs had forbidden me to bring even one male handkerchief saying she would dispose of them all later. As we drove along in her car she told me she had decided I needed a new name to go with my new status and had thought "Susan" would be appropriate, and since this had always been a favourite girl's name I was duly christened "Susan". Then she asked if I would mind calling her mother as she was beginning to feel like one to me already, and in the circumstances I was happy to agree.

The six months we spent in that beautiful little house were some of the happiest of my life, I had lessons every day on everything from hair styling to hygiene, from



make-up to manicure in fact my life was one long lesson as mother continually corrected me whenever I made a mistake but I enjoyed every minute of it. After about three months mother considered my training had progressed sufficiently far to enable me to go out without fear of detection and so we began to go shopping together. She thought most of the clothes I had purchased myself were much too fussy for the elegant young lady she was training me to be, so we built up a new wardrobe completely from scratch. Two or three times a week we visited the stores to make fresh purchases so that by the time the six months were up I was the possessor of a fabulous wardrobe which would have made a film star green with envy. My hair soon grew long enough for me to discard my wig but as it had been carefully chosen in the first place to match my own fair hair, the change-over was made without notice. Each week I had been visiting the hospital for my appointment with the doctors and it was about the end of the six months when they told me they thought nothing more could be learned from my case. An antidote to the powder had not yet been discovered but the search for it depended upon the other people who were helping them and since I had been so cooperative they were willing to perform the operations to remove the atrophied vestiges of my masculinity and give me a completely female body externally. When I told mother she agreed immediately and as soon as a bed was available I went into the hospital for the treatment. My stay was quite lengthy as several operations were necessary. Since a long convalescence would be needed, mother negotiated the purchase of a house on the South coast, where we moved in as soon as my treatment was completed.

I am now fully recovered and together we are very happy, we have made many friends none of whom know I was once a man. Many times we have both been complimented on our fashion sense and lots of people have asked me if I was a model, in fact a while ago, one friend offered to get me some engagements and without my knowledge took some photographs to an agency. They wanted to see me and when I finally went to their office they booked me immediately. I now find I am increasingly in demand. It is difficult to find words to express how happy I am, everything could possibly wish for has come true.

## Transvestia

Last week I received a letter from the doctors who preformed my operation. They wanted to know how I was getting on with my new status and told me that an antidote to the white powder that had done so much for me had now been found. It is quite a common chemical which, when added to the water, makes the powder completely in-effective. It was now being put in all reservoirs, with the excuse that it prevented dental decay in the people drinking the water.

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

Yvonne Shaw (England)



"Poor Edmond, he's at that age where he's beginning to wonder about sex and things."



The  
Girl  
In  
The  
Madras  
Shift...

...is really the boy next door!

# History



## CA Of Carol

(32-Q-1) FPE

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I can not recall what specifically triggered my first venture into skirts. However; I do recall a few things that should have, to all appearances, had the reverse effect upon me. At the approximate age of 4, I was given a pair of child's shoes which I thought at the time were girl's shoes and I revolted. Another time when I was about 5 or 6 years old I remember being invited to a halloween costume party. On that day, before the party my parents and I visited an aunt who had two foster children. The foster children were about 4 or 5 years older than I, and were brother and sister. When it was mentioned that I was going to a party that evening, my aunt mentioned that Dick and Patsy had chinese costumes, and that I could wear one of them... and so I was taken upstairs to try one of them on. This idea seemed fine until I found out that the trousers to Dick's costume could not be found and it was suggested that I wear Patsy's skirt. Once again I revolted and would have no part of it until the trousers were finally found and altered to my dimensions. I also recall that during my years in elementary school, I was frequently in school plays (always in boys parts) and was completely embarrassed and chagrined at having rouge, lipstick and other makeup applied to my face for the plays

My first voluntary venture into skirts occurred when I was about 13 years old and noticed a slip hanging in the bathroom. I obeyed an impulse to put it on, and after that, I frequently indulged in dressing in that and other articles of femme attire whenever the opportunity presented itself (even though the clothing was, by far, too large for me). At graduation from elementary school, I was one of the smallest in the class, being about 5' tall



## *Transvestia*

and weighing about 94 lbs. I only wish that I had some of that diminutiveness today. I continued to indulge in femme-dress all through my high school years whenever the impulse and opportunity presented themselves' I recall one instance when in high school, one of my musician friends mentioned to me that I had such pretty features, I should have been a girl. (Little did they know)

At the age of 18 and 19 I do not recall having any urges to dress; but at the age of 20 in April 1951, I had occasion to take a short trip (one day) to Washington D.C., for music purposes and on the return trip I found that I had a surplus of a few dollars and so upon my arrival back in New York City, I made my first purchases of femme-apparel which I took home and wore secretly for a few weeks, and then destroyed. A few months later, in October 1951, a friend Ray, mentioned that there was a ball coming up on halloween, and since in his opinion, I would look very well dressed as a girl, would not go as one. I replied somewhat hesitatingly at first but then grew more and more enthusiastic and excited by it. We enlisted the aid of a mutual girl friend, Myra, who was not quite so enthusiastic about it, but decided to string along anyway. For me, the ball was a great success as I received many compliments on my appearance from all directions including that of the promoter, Phil Black. As a result of that party, I received another invitation to a party to be held on November 10, 1951. I recall that I finished dressing too early to leave for the party, and so I suggested that we three take a drive around the town in Ray's car. We did that and while we were driving a button came off the coat I was wearing and I asked Ray to pick up a needle and thread for me in a store, which he did. We then went to another acquaintance's apartment where I was introduced as Ginny and completely accepted as a somewhat attractive, if not, a little tall, girl. While at this apartment I proceeded to sew the button back on the coat and while doing so, two more mutual friends arrived who knew my rather gruff and masculine alterego. They had no idea of who I was other than the girl that they saw and accepted as such until Ray, Myra, and I were about to leave and they were told point blank who I was. Once again the reaction was one of amazement, surprise and enthusiastic compliments on my appearance. Myra, Ray, and I

then left the apartment to continue our time-consuming drive through the streets of New York City. We eventually drove to Greenwich Village where, as we still had plenty of time, we parked the car and took a walk with rather disastrous results. It was while walking on 3rd. Street that a policeman, who had seen Ray, Myra and Jim a few times before, stopped me and proceeded to arrest me. I was taken to the local stationhouse there I was booked, and then to another stationhouse where I was photographed and fingerprinted. After that I was taken to still another station where I was held for the night until morning court. I remember that when I was taken to the 3rd. station, the Sergeant on duty at the desk sought to correct the accompanying detectives for bringing a girl to be held at that station, until he was informed of the facts. It proved to be the only humorous moment in the entire situation. I spent the entire night in a small and dark cell. The next morning, I was taken to court where I appeared before the judge still dressed as a young girl of 20. In my ignorance and fright I entered a plea of guilty and was to be held in lieu of \$200. bail until I came up for sentencing on November 19, 1951. Over a week later. I was then taken to another part of the building known as "the tanks" where I had to undress and was given clean (but ragged) male attire and told to put my feminine clothing in a bag. After that I was taken to still another part of the building where I had to shower and remove the last vestiges of make-up, which were still on my face. After the shower, I was taken to a cell block reserved for homosexuals, even though I had tried to explain that I was not a homosexual. In retrospect, this was, perhaps, the lesser of two evils, as I am sure that if I had been put in with the run-of-the-mill prisoners, I would have eventually left the place in a rather bruised condition. At about 10 p.m., after I had been in custody about 24 hours, a guard opened the door of my cell to tell me that I was going home. My friend Ray had bailed me out. At court on the sentencing date I received a suspended sentence of 30 days. This episode cooled my desire to dress temporarily. I did not go to any more parties for the rest of that year.

In 1952 (April 21), however; I went to the Thanksgiving ball in femme-attire and was rather disappointed as it seemed to be primarily a homosexual affair, and,

## *Transvestia*

homosexuality is not my "cup of tea".

During the next few years the desire for femme-attire abated somewhat until summer of 1955 (April 24), when I was having an affair with a girl who was a cosmetician and had to leave in the morning (8 a. m. ?) for work, while I as a musician with 98% night work, stayed in her apartment. Staying in her apartment left me with the opportunity of trying on her clothing, which I took advantage of frequently. This girl never knew anything of these side ventures and would have been extremely irritated if she had known. After going with this girl for about 8 months, we finally parted, and I have not seen nor heard from her since.

Once again the desire eased for about a year and a half until late summer of 1957 when it reached a fever pitch. (A great portion of my femme wardrobe was purchased during this period) During this period, my parents were away on vacation for several weeks and this provided me with ample opportunity to dress as I liked to. I would shower and change to femme-attire after coming home from work and prepare supper and tend to the usual household chores that I had in their absence. Also I could sleep in anything that I wanted to from bra and panties to the loveliest of nighties.

Later in 1957, I met a person who had had "the" operation in Denmark. This person was of great aid to me in helping me to reach my present understanding and cognizance of myself.

After that, my femme-activities again took a back seat to other interests and did not come to the fore again until December 1959 (age; just 29), when I attended a New York Party dressed as a girl.

During the past two years, my femme-activities have been primarily vicarious, with too infrequent opportunities for femme-dress.

I fully realize that I am a man with a great many masculine interests (women for example) but I also realize that I have a feminine side to my personality. That feminine side finds expression through my indulgin



myself in dressing completely as a woman and altering my normally masculine mannerisms to coincide with that of my appearance, i. e., the mannerisms of a young woman. I have no guilt complexes or anything of that sort in regard to my Femme-Personation. I am not a homosexual nor a bisexual person. To put it succinctly, I am simply a heterosexual male who thoroughly enjoys being a male but also enjoys letting his feminine side have her say.

Carol (32-Q-1)

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DESTINY

I was really elated when I found I was fated  
To wear my hair all up in curls.  
In my crinoline dress and Mary Jane shoes  
I looked like other neighborhood girls.  
I wonder what Mommy and Daddy will say  
When they see what my Auntie has done  
To their pride and their joy, their nice little boy,  
To their only begotten son.  
For Auntie has taught me to curtsy and dance  
Since that first week of summer when I threw away pants.  
She has taught me to love sweet perfume and laces  
And taken me shopping in feminine places.  
I've been taught to do housework to cook and to sew  
And to act like a lady wherever I go.  
Though I feel a storm coming I just cannot change  
I must face them down though I may appear strange  
When I show them their daughter, who once was their son  
Will they know there's no turning when once it's begun?

Barbara - 7-H-2-FPE

# THE 'SISTERS'

WHY SISTER DEAR!! HOW DARE YOU QUESTION MY MOTIVES FOR JOINING THIS CHURCH?!? OF COURSE I INTEND TO REMAIN A MEMBER AFTER THE MOCK WEDDING!!



# The Witch

## In The

# Wage Earner

BY: Sheila Niles 30-B-2-FPE

No doubt most of you read Virginia's editorial in TVia #27, covering briefly the teachings of the great psychologist Carl Jung on the Anima-Animus concept. Also, most of you probably decided to read up on this subject, and haven't - but I have. So gather round, and get a load of this, because Virginia didn't tell but half of it! First, a few dull but useful facts.

Dr. C.G. Jung (pronounced Young, which is also the English translation) was primarily a psychiatrist. He studied under Freud, became dissatisfied with his teacher's limitations, and broke away. He practiced therapy to some extent, but his main interest was in research and he traveled world-wide studying the various insights obtained by both primitive and civilized people. A good deal of his thinking is Oriental in origin, but modified by practical experience in Europe.

His "map" of the personality is as follows: the person (Man or Woman) presents a false face to the world. This mask, or "Persona", is of the appropriate gender, and is tailored to fit the public ideas of what a person of this age and profession should do, say, and wear. Most people do not realize the falsity of their persons, but believe that they "do what they want to", while they are actually playing a role imposed on them.

The second layer, which is more or less unconscious, he calls the "shadow". It is the parts of the natural



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personality which, though still genetically appropriate, are socially unacceptable. Thus, a man's persona may be kind, obliging and helpful at work, while at home he is a merciless tyrant due to his shadow's release from social pressure. So far, dull.

The third layer is the interesting one, the Anima. Here we must distinguish between men and women for the first time. In men, the anima is a fairly independent feminine personality. This is not just true of TVs, but of men in general. Many of them can recognize it's existence; group personality, like a committee representing the men who were very influential during their childhood. That's enough about them.

Now, the anima is derived from the man's mother, but is a highly stylized version of her. She "has attributes that appear and reappear throughout the ages, whenever men are describing the women who are significant to them. In different eras the image may be slightly changed or modified, but some characteristics seem to remain almost constant; the anima has a timeless quality- she always looks young, though there is often a suggestion of years of experience behind her. Wise, but not formidably so; it is rather that something strangely meaningful- something like secret knowledge or hidden wisdom- clings to her". She is also two-sided, in effect with her own persona and shadow; on the one hand, the pure good, noble goddess and on the other the prostitute, the seductress, the witch.

At this point I decided that Dr. Jung had been reading my mail, but he apparently had most of this worked out before I even had an address. So let's hear some more while he tells the secrets of our little play-mates: "Sometimes she appears elfin-like in character, and has the power to lure men away from their work or homes..." Of course, that could never happen to US, could it? "The anima carries spiritual values, and so her image is projected not only onto pagan goddesses, but onto the Virgin herself; but she is also near to nature and charged with emotion. She is also the Beckoning Fair One luring men on to love and despair, to creative activity and to doom. She is in fact as thoroughly inconsistent as the woman she personifies." So, regardless of what brand of gas you

buy, you DO have a tigress in your tank! When aroused, "she disturbs the attempt to concentrate by whispering absurd notions in his ear, spoils the day with a vague, unpleasant sensation of something wrong, or haunts his sleep with seductive visions."

So, Doctor, what do we do about this feminine time-bomb? Anyone, he says, who learns something of her will have gained both knowledge of himself and of the forces which activate other human beings. Only a certain number of people can do this, and even so, something of her "remains shrouded in mystery in the dark realm of the collective unconscious. A man, by accepting and learning to know his anima, may develop his intuition or his feeling, but he cannot possess himself of those qualities which are projected onto goddesses. They may be present but they cannot be called up just when he desires." To get to know her, "the first step is "objectivation" of her, that is, the strict refusal to regard the trend (of her drives) as a weakness of one's own. Only when this has been done can one face her with the question "why do you want this?" To put the question in this personal way has the great advantage of recognizing the anima as a personality, and of making a relationship possible. The more personally she is taken the better. To anyone accustomed to proceed purely intellectually and rationally, this may seem altogether too ridiculous." Jung then explains in detail the contrast between the every-day world and the spirit-world of the unconscious, and how we stand with one foot in each. He goes on, "I mean this as an actual technique. We know that practically everyone has not only the peculiarity, but also the faculty, of holding a conversation with himself. . . . The art of it only consists in allowing our invisible opponent to make herself heard, in putting the mechanism of expression momentarily at her disposal, without being overcome---by doubts as to the genuineness of her voice. . . only in moments of overwhelming affectiveness can she reach the surface. The inevitable symptom is that the ego momentarily identifies with these utterances, only to revoke them in the same breath. . . often they seem very strange and daring." Poor soul, he never seems to have learned the "overwhelming affectiveness" of a wig and heels; or that the sight of furs brings out the anima, drooling like one of Pavlov's dogs! (If she's been properly brought up, that is).

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Obviously, he means a degree of communication more complete than the brother-sister bickering that goes on inside the TV's skull, like heat-lightning, year after year. This calls for a real understanding of the "girl within", her motives and her problems, and a conscientious attempt to help in solving them. Thus, and only thus, can one achieve the "union of opposites through the middle path", the Chinese concept of Tao, the most legitimate fulfilment of the meaning of the individual's life. "We can see how it is possible to break up the personifications, as by making them conscious we convert them to bridges to the unconscious, It is because we have not been using them purposefully as functions that they remain as---relatively independent personalities. They cannot be integrated into consciousness as long as their contents remain unknown".

So, what's in this for the anima? Is she to be reduced to a mere place where something used to be? Not likely; as mentioned above, the man can never know his girl completely, though she can and does see right through him. Most of us, I'm sure, are aware that she can, and does, surprise us - but that we never can surprise her. So the most that can happen to her is a deflation from goddess-witch to something nearer human proportions, while the interchange gradually irons out the contrasts. As we circulate in TV society, and make our way out of the closet-world, a lessening of the difference between brother and sister seems to take place, to the point where even the most intimate outsider can scarcely see any difference. We are the last to know this, because of the memory of the years when she was REALLY different -- and rather inhuman, too. If, at the end of this process we can sit side by side like a pilot and co-pilot, at peace with one another, all that has gone into our relationship is well justified.





# Julian Eltinge

Rona (55-L-2)

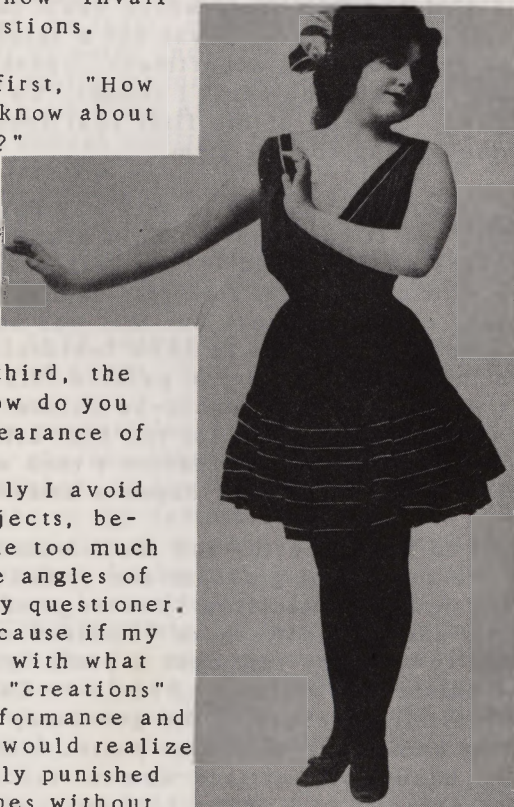
Whenever I appear behind the footlights, either as a fascinating widow or as any other kind of woman, interviewers and women who "just want to know" invariably ask me three questions.

The first, "How actually know about you wear?"

The you leave to an ex-or design self?"

The third, the tant, "How do you sical appearance of

Usually I avoid these subjects, be- would take too much into these angles of with every questioner. them, because if my could see with what throw my "creations" every performance and life they would realize sufficiently punished such clothes without al ordeal of telling how I was able to wear them. You can see, then, that it is not with a purely unselfish motive



much do you the gowns

second, "Do their selection pert modiste them your-

least impor- gain the phy- a woman?"

talking on cause it time to go my occupation Rather I avoid interrogators pleasure I at the end of return to man that I was for wearing the addition-

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that I write this. Maybe it will relieve me of the necessity of sending word to unknown callers that I am "out" and straining the capacity of my trash basket with letters full of question marks. Allow me that hope, at least.

That a knowledge of feminine dress plays an important part in my work I cannot deny. The realization of this fact came to me early, but not until after I had begun to depict girls on the stage. I found that I scarcely knew the difference between calico and satin, and it was plain to me that if I was to be a successful "woman" I must know as much about my raiment as the women knew about theirs. This was far from easy, as you may imagine, but I began with the very rudiments. Giving up the stage for a time I found a position in a store which dealt in cloth and dress fabrics of all kinds. I was not a salesman, but worked in the receiving department, where there was ample chance to learn the facts I sought. To show what progress I made, the end of the first year found me doing most of the buying for the firm.

The experience gained in this way has since proved invaluable, for it gave me not only a knowledge of quality but of values as well. And let me tell you, I have to consider the size of my bills for dress as much as any woman in moderate circumstances! But this was only one step in my education. I saw that to know textures was one thing; to match them was another. A palette full of various colors is worthless to the would-be painter if he does not know how to combine them for the best effects. To get the right idea of such combination I took up the study in oils under the guidance of a capable artist.

I went in for draperies and their treatment largely. I sought the secrets of graceful and artistic draping of forms. But besides possessing knowledge of material values, colors and contrast, there remained another problem. It was how to wear my raiment gracefully. A woman may be fitted out in a creation by Paquin or Callot, and yet all of the distinctiveness of the gown may be lost through her lack of knowledge of proper poise. Much too often one sees a beautifully attired woman standing like a soldier on parade, with every fold perpendicularly stiff and unbroken. Sometimes such a woman impresses me as a clothes-horse upon whom a maid had hurled a dress from

across the room.

From my experience, it occurs to me to say that if women would spend less time in blindly following the arbitrary commands of "fashion" and give more attention to finding out the most attractive means of draping their figures the results would be more satisfactory to both the wearer and the beholder. My advice to women on the subject of an artistic toilette is to go to the art galleries and study the arrangement of draperies in statues and painting done by the hands of the masters. They might also profit from the poise of the figures, for I will wager that not one will be found either standing like a soldier or lounging in an ungraceful position.

Another step which was difficult to master, and which to the artist, at least, is never mastered completely, was the contrast of color and tints. A woman may have a gown of the most costly texture, woven on the finest looms, and yet when worn the effect will be disappointing if there is not enough contrast to bring out the beauty of the materials. I would not attempt to lay down a set of rules on this point. There are no such things as rules for correct dressing. The wearer must depend upon her taste, and if that taste be bad it is well to leave the matter to the judgement of an efficient modiste and hope for the best.

All this is in answer to the question of how much I know about my gowns. Now as to the designing:

When in vaudeville, and in my appointed time playing many parts, characterizations of various types of women, from the haughty, bepowdered and beplumed dame of Colonial days to the demure damsel of the '60's and the self-sufficient girl of to-day, every detail of my costuming had to be worked out by me alone. Now, in dressing one role throughout an entire play this is no less necessary. I cannot go to a modiste, order "just a simple gown," or "an elaborate one for evening wear," and leave the selection of material and design to her. Rather, I have to give personal supervision to everything - I almost said to every stitch.

First I have to bring myself to the mental attitude of the "woman" whom I am to present. What are her needs?



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What are her physical characteristics, her coloring, her form? Do flowing lines suit her best or the straighter ups and downs of tailored garments?

Having decided those most important questions I outline first in my mind and then on paper, indicating the chosen colors, a sketch of the gown. Then I must select the material personally, for that is a task that cannot be delegated with any satisfaction to myself. What I found to be the hardest part of the designing was the convincing of the customer that I knew what I wanted better than anyone else possibly could. By this time that difficulty has been eliminated through my continual hammering at the people who make my stage clothes.

There are so many things to consider in the art - or should I say science? - of dressing that it would be difficult to enumerate them all. But take the hair, for instance. Some women imagine that because they have red hair they should wear gowns of some shade of red. This is a mistake. Red hair is so rare so beautiful it should be accentuated by robe of turquoise or purple or green. Then there are the eyes to consider, and the complexion. Parisiennes have a trick of inserting a dash of black velvet somewhere to bring out and emphasize the pink and white of the cheeks, arms and neck.

I know that the greatest difficulty in my impersonation of women is in the physical make-up; to disguise myself in fine clothing is comparatively an easy matter. May I be pardoned for a touch of the personal? I am a man around the six-foot mark, and of what you might call "husky" build. My hands and feet are not at all petite ! But when I am a woman they must at least appear so. Also, I must have the fresh complexion of a girl or a well-preserved woman in all my roles. To change the characteristics of a man's face to those required by my parts is no small undertaking. It requires exactly one hour and a half before every performance to do it.

I begin - it seems crude to say it - I begin by shaving. After that there are a number of grease paints of varying shades of flesh color to put on, powders of different texture and color, rouge on my lips. My eyes must be "built out" to simulate the almond-shaped eyes of a girl. The

lids I touch with blue grease paint, so accentuating the white of my eyes. The lashes I lengthen with black. It sounds fairly simple in the telling, but a glimpse of my dressing table with a startling array of paint sticks, powder puffs and jars of powder might disillusion you.

After my face has been made up I attend to my shoulders, neck arms and hands. All but the hands are first treated with a white liquid of my own preparation which is rubbed in as a foundation. Powder is then dusted over it, and the result is the brilliant white for which I strive. One other thing - on the stage I usually wear a bracelet on each arm to shorten the length of the arms. I can recommend the use of bracelets worn halfway up the forearm to any girl with thin arms, as nothing will give them such an added appearance of plumpness.

The hands are of the greatest importance in my impersonation, for they must be made to look quite feminine. While on the stage I think of them constantly, quite as much as I do of the carriage of my head, for instance. Of course, my object is to make them look small. The size of the hands can apparently be decreased by the way in which they are held, and any woman with a little practice can perfect herself in this graceful treatment. The first rule is never to allow the breadth across the back of the hands to be seen, but to hold the hands so that the narrowest portion, for instance, the thumb and forefinger or little finger, will show. This aids greatly in giving the impression that the hands are long and slender, although the exact opposite may be the case.

There are artificial aids too, which I employ in reducing my hands from man's to woman's size. The hands are powdered very white, and then the fingers from the second knuckle to the tip are rouged very red. This gives the effect of tapering fingers, no matter how blunt and square they may actually be, and when the nails are polished the result is very good. You will see many women in Paris with their finger tips almost blood red. That is overdoing it, of course, but a little rouge used on the fingers will give a most attractive effect, as any woman will see who will try it. I also add a couple of lines in blue pencilling along the back of the hands to add to the slenderness.

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If my hands must look small on the stage, my feet must appear no less so. I wish such were not the case. You see, my everyday shoe is a seven, while my costume footwear is size four and one-half. Part of the penalty for my success lies in the pinch of these shoes. I always wear satin slippers on the stage, and I advise them for every woman who wants her foot to look small and dainty. The high light on the satin seems to make the slipper look smaller than it really is. Of course, a short vamp and high heel add to the illusion.

The hair is perhaps the next question of interest to women. I am constantly on the lookout for unusual wigs, hair of an odd shade which will make my "girl" especially stunning. I have the wigs dressed at intervals by an expert hairdresser. But every day when I put them on I adjust the front hair to give a softness around the face and also at the back of the neck, where it is so important to have the hair soft and fluffy.

I think that as a general thing women do not give proper attention to their hair. They do not dress it to suit their individual faces and temperaments - a violation of the first rule for correct and becoming hairdressing. Instead they follow the prevailing fashion no matter how unbecoming. A woman should select one style for her coiffure, make it her own and cling to it as Cleo de Merode clung to hers which was simple and yet lovely. I am certain that most women would be improved fifty per cent in appearance if they were more careful with their hair.

Maybe I am treading on dangerous ground when I say that in my belief a woman who has an unattractive shade of hair owes it to herself to have it touched up to a prettier color. But she should leave the process to an expert. To doctor it herself would in all probability ruin it. Just at present there is a fad abroad to have white hair - an idea started in Paris when Lady Warwick with her silvery hair and youthful face rode the boulevards. The women were enchanted with her hair and many of them are now "touching" their hair at the temples to make it look quite white.

Right in line with coloring the hair, I think that a



woman should make her complexion look as well as she can. For a good complexion the use of cold cream at night is imperative. Put it on thickly, leave it a few minutes and then remove it with a soft cloth. If a woman will do this and then use a little powder she will look ten years younger. And speaking of powder, I recommend it for I use five pounds each week on my face and arms.

Now you know how I change my physical appearance. The actual portrayal of women is merely a matter of study. To build up my characterization, incorporating all the feminine tricks and traits of movement or repose which are most easily recognized by both sexes, requires much close observation. I did not attempt to copy from any one woman but observed and studied from many, seeking to catch only what was beautiful and pleasing. I had to modulate my natural stride, to change the abrupt manual gestures of a man to the softer, more graceful postures of a woman, and to learn the proper manoeuvring of skirts both long and short.

Women are naturally my keenest critics. I never lose sight of their viewpoint, and as dress, with them is a sort of second nature I try to mirror the fashions in a superlative degree but not to the extreme. This demands that I keep in close touch with the latest modes but the result is worth the trouble. Also it is worth the expense which is close to \$10,000 a year.

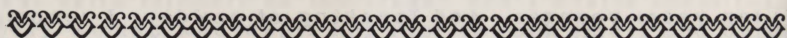
The whole thing is simply a business proposition with me. If the public is puzzled with problem of my "transformation", that is all I ask, for curiosity is the biggest paying factor in an audience. But believe me, I'm mighty glad at the end of the day's work to be a man again.

THE END

( Julian Eltinge seems to have been one of the most famous professional female impersonators of all time. C.J. Bulliet, in his condescending and often satirical book "Venus Castina" refers several times to him and gives the impression that Eltinge was sensitive and expert. This article appeared with the picture in the August 1913 issue of the publication "The Theatre" in New York. The details of Eltinge's "transformation" can be useful to a modern TV if the changes in styles and ideals are remembered. I find his denials of any pleasure in assuming his

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female roles hard to believe in the light of all the careful detail he gives of his makeup. As for his professed relief "at the end of the day's work to be a man again" I don't believe it!! RONA - 55-L-2 )



### THE TROUBLES OF A TV GIRL

My job is full of problems, I shall relate a few  
Of the more peculiar things I am supposed to do:  
And if I could just take and quit whenever I get sore  
My brother sure would have to hire a dozen girls or more.

He used to think that I was dumb, and that was bad enough  
But now he knows that I can write, and things are REALLY tough!  
He dumps a stack of numbers in my lap and lets me know  
They've got to be a neat report in just a day or so.

Whatever bunch of bums he joins, they make him Secretary  
And you can guess who does the work - and her name isn't Mary!  
So then they pat him on the back and say he's doing fine -  
I'd like to slap his silly face, except it's also mine!

He just loves to experiment, but wouldn't hurt a cur  
So when he needs a guinea-pig, it's "OK, I'll use HER".  
When he took up photography, a model's all he needs  
So who spent hours posing in a string of dime-store beads?

By nature I'm a party-girl - a poetess - a witch  
And all this extra typing makes me scratch where I don't itch.  
Sometimes I really do catch up and think that I am through  
And then comes mail from Chevalier; Virginia wants some too!

So when at last I get to bed, to rest our weary body  
I have to tell him stories, just like Queen Scheherazade  
Since if I don't, we'll NEVER sleep, I try to weave a spell -  
At least he can't take off my head if they don't turn out well.

The way his dirty friends can talk makes Fanny Hill seem mild  
And then there's broken nails, which simply drive me wild.  
All this just simply goes to prove what you have surely known  
The poor, hard-working "girl within" has troubles of her own!

Sheila Niles - 30-B-2-FPE





NORMA -35-B-3



SYLVIA  
NEW ZEALAND



DIANE



## FICTION



# Three

# On A Tryst

THRE by Crystal (5-S-3) FPE

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"See you tomorrow," Tom Harrison called as he punched out his time card and left the building through the employee's entrance. He walked briskly the short distance to his apartment house and let himself in the big front door. Checking the mail box he noted the long brown envelope among the sheaf of advertisements and bills. "The Mirror at last," he said half aloud as he hurried up the stairs to his door.

As soon as he had closed the door behind him, Tom swiftly shed his clothes and took a refreshing shower. He noted with pleasure that he still had a smooth shaven body from the last session of careful depilatory application. He stepped out of the shower and towed dry as he went to his femme closet. After donning a succession of bra with inserts, garter belt, black panties with lace trim, and seamless, smoke colored stockings drawn firmly and fastened to garter belt, he wriggled into his favorite black satin slip and smoothed it down to caress his shiny nylon clad thighs. Seating himself at the bedroom dressing table, Tom began to apply make-up with the rapid and studied facility gained through years of practice. After an even layer of foundation cream from hairline to well below the collarbone, Tom proceeded to outline his eyes and brows with pencil and mascara. Satisfied with the effect he evenly powdered over the surface of the now dried foundation and then outlined and painted in a bright scarlet mouth, making sure that he kept within the natural lip line.

The result looked back at him from the mirror with sultry dark eyes and a pixie like, pleasant smile. He surely had learned through enough practice to make himself into a very attractive girl. Going back to the closet, he chose a sheath dress of shiny black nylon with lace overlay of the same color. It had a high neckline and a cute sash of silk brocade. Being very careful he smoothed the dress over his pretty underthings, fastened it in back and tied the sash at the left hip. The last and final touch to complete the transformation was soon pinned and adjusted in place. Now the mirror reflected a tall, willowy brunette dressed and made up to perfection. With black patent pumps clicking across the hall floor the young vision posed and primped before the full length mirror on the wall.

"Well, here you are again, Norma, how do you feel tonight? A little drive perhaps?" Tom's voice asked.

"Yes, let's do," replied a softer and higher tone from the mirror's image. "I feel so daring today."

"Okay, let me get your coat, bag and gloves and we'll go".

Soon, a young and very attractive girl gingerly clattered down the apartment house stairs and let herself out the big door. She walked slowly to a car parked in a slot corresponding to her apartment number, unlocked it and settled herself in the driver's seat.

After a short drive around Golden Gate Park rich in Autumn spectacle, Norma began to feel hungry. Driving back to her parking space at home and leaving the car there, she walked down the sidewalk the short distance to her favorite eating place on Market Street. As she was alone and the place was crowded, Norma sat at the counter.

A moment's glance at the menu confirmed her already formed choice. The hurried waitress took the order without suspicion of any deception on the part of her patron who sat primly straight working her gloves from her hands to place them with her purse to one side on the counter. During the short wait Norma played some

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records on the machine in front of her.

In a few minutes the food was served by the waitress and Norma ate with care and fastidious grace but with obvious appetite. As she sipped her second cup of coffee, a very pretty blond girl took the stool to her left. Norma moved her bag to her lap and found a cigarette inside.

"Do you have a light, dear?" She asked.

"Why, yes, of course," the blond replied. "I have a lighter here somewhere." Finally, she found it and lit Norma's cigarette.

"Thanks, I wonder if you are new in town?"

"Why, yes I am," the blond replied. "I just got in on a bus from Fresno. I thought I might like working in San Francisco if I can find a job that is."

"San Francisco is a wonderful place to live alright, what kind of work do you do?" Asked Norma.

"Secretarial and stenographic work is what I'm used to", the girl said. "But I can do most anything if I like it."

An idea burst on Norma. "Have you a place to stay for the night yet?"

"No, I was hungry so I came over here as soon as the bus got in."

Screwing up her courage, Norma asked, "why don't you stay with me tonight? I live near by and there's plenty of room", Norma said.

"That's very sweet of you", the girl said rather surprised, "but I can find a place."

"I won't take no for an answer. I've got lots of room and there's a free breakfast in the morning. At those prices how can you refuse," Norma laughed.

"Okay, I give up. As soon as I finish eating, we can



pick up my bags and go. By the way, I'm Linda Parrish," Norma took the girl's offered hand and shook it once in her own.

"Norma Harrison, pleased to have you stay," she acknowledged. She had finished her meal and busied herself by freshening her make-up while waiting for Linda to finish.

Both girls left tips, paid their checks at the cashier cage and walked back across Market and down Seventh to the bus depot. Getting her two suitcases from a locker, Linda gave one to Norma to carry and followed her to her nearby apartment.

Once inside the apartment, Norma had to talk quickly and convincingly to explain the male items of clothing strewn about the living and bedroom. "My brother's such a slob, he expects me to clean up after him all the time."

"Your brother lives here too?" asked Linda. "You didn't mention that, I don't think I had better stay here after all."

"Oh, don't worry. He's at a party in Monterey. He'll be gone all weekend. I just got home from work and that's why it's such a mess. Here is the bath and you can use that bedroom. I will use the couch while Tom's away. The sheets are fresh so we won't have to bother about changing them. Tom sleeps out here on the couch so he can watch television late," Norma continued, hoping she wasn't talking too much.

"If you're sure it's alright....", Linda began.

"Don't worry about a thing, I'll probably be gone to work by the time you awaken so you can find something to eat for breakfast and then start job hunting. I work for a bunch of different people and it means crazy hours."

Linda went to the television and picked up a framed picture of Tom. "Is this your brother? He sure looks like you, doesn't he?"

"Yes, we're almost twins except that I'm a brunette

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and he's a blond."

The girls went about getting more comfortable. Linda put on pajamas and a robe in the bedroom while Norma used the bathroom to change into a flowing pink nightgown and peignoir with mules of the same shade and touched up her face and adjusted and arranged her wig.

The next few hours were spent with quiet television viewing and coffee before bed. Norma kissed Linda on the cheek as they said goodnight and stood outside the closed bedroom door for a moment before turning with a deep sigh to the living room.

Norma made up the couch with sheets, a pillow and blanket. After setting the alarm to wake her at four-thirty, she turned out the light and went to bed.

The short night passed quickly in sleep and the alarm went off as scheduled. Norma quickly changed back to Tom by creaming off the makeup and shaved and dressed in a shirt, tie, trousers and jacket. As he ate a hurried breakfast he wrote a note to Linda telling her not to be a stranger and to come back with her news. As he left for work he placed the note where she would find it.

Linda found and moved into a small apartment near Norma and Tom's place that morning and soon found a job that was a challenge but not totally foreign to her. About a week from the first evening in town, she called the number listed for Tom Harrison and spoke to him. After a moment of introduction and greetings, Linda said that she would like to meet him and Norma to tell them her news about her job and apartment. Tom replied that Norma was on a business trip but that he would like to meet her and take her to dinner. They made a date and met at the chosen restaurant.

As soon as she saw Tom, Linda was taken with his remarkable resemblance to Norma and with his charming wit and warmth. She soon faced the fact that he was very attractive to her and was a really nice person in his quiet almost shy manner.

During the next few months, Linda became very

much in love with Tom and a great friend of Norma's. She thought it rather odd that they never went out together but decided it wasn't any of her business the way each lived their own lives. When she saw or visited one, the other was always off away somewhere.

One night Tom picked her up at her place and brought her to his and Norma's apartment. She sat down in the living room and Tom excused himself and went to the bedroom and quickly changed into Norma's things. He did not make the complete transformation however, leaving off the wig and make-up.

Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and walked into the living room and revealed to Linda most dramatically the deception he had been able to perpetrate on her.

"Tom! What is this?" Linda gasped.

"Linda honey, I hope you love me as much as I do you, as you see I'm Norma too."

"I'm so...so confused, Tom. What does this mean? Why do you dress this way and walk around town as a girl?" Linda stammered in amazement.

"I doubt if I know the reason myself, but I'm not gay or a criminal, that I can assure you. I started this way of life a long time ago and I get an almost artistic sense of accomplishment from actually passing as a girl. Of course it is a tremendous sensory thrill too, honey. As I said before, I love you very much and hope that you'll marry me. Wait- don't answer until I'm finished. When Norma found you at Bunny's and brought you home, she could have revealed her secret then and most probably have shocked and disgusted you. So I came to know and love you in both personalities and I think you like us both too. What I am offering you is love from a man and from a sister who can help with the house and shopping. A dual person who is capable of understanding your feelings and emotions where a non-transvestite husband wouldn't. That is my offer in cold and objective words but my heart and actions can tell you so much more if you give them time. I am a member of an organization of others like myself which keeps us from going



## *Transvestia*

crazy out of loneliness. They have a booklet which is most helpful to outsiders in helping them to understand. I have a copy here which I hope you will read." he finished.

"Oh Tom, you really shocked me with this bombshell, but I think I suspected for some time that something was odd. I love you both and think you are a very remarkable actor and actress. It will be so much fun to be married to you both."

They rushed into each other's arms and kissed. Both faces were running with happy tears. The figures below the embracing couple's tearfully wet faces were dressed alike and would have appeared very odd to anyone but you, dear reader.

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



### A BOY MAY BE FEMININE TOO

Hidden behind the barriers of boy,  
So young, so feminine, so heavy-laden  
With yearning which no sanctions can destroy -  
Why are you hidden, little, secret maiden?

Why are you there, imprisoned, lonely, shy,  
Disguised in boy-bravado which convention  
Has forced upon you? Little lady, why?  
Was this your wise Creator's high intention?

Boyhood or girlhood - childhood should surely be  
Both masculine and feminine, and true;  
Boy-strength, girl-strength, courage, purity -  
Why hide the higher, fairer part of you?

For He Who made mankind has clearly bidden  
Us not to leave our buried talents hidden.

Virginia Joy - FE-M-1

# Theory Of Transvestism

Msgr. Dwyer

---

The following reflections were inspired by the book of Maxwell Maltz, M.D., PSYCHO-CYBERNETICS. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood, New Jersey - 1960.

We seem to inherit traits of character and temperament which predispose us constitutionally to favorable response to some persons and things in our environment, and indifferent or unfavorable response to other persons and things. It seems possible that we form our first image of ourselves during the first few years of our lives, primarily through the experience of our response to the people around us. A very strong favorable response to a given person or to a group of people tells us instinctively that we are in contact with someone like ourselves. An unfavorable response or no response at all tells us that we are in the presence of something foreign to ourselves.

If we have a baby in exceptionally strong report with some woman or some women in his environment especially if these people have strong vibrant personalities, it would not be strange if the child identified himself with them; especially if there is no strong counteracting influence from a masculine source.

There seems to be a tendency to look to the mother as the source of the TV syndrome, and she is the natural and obvious choice, but, strictly speaking, it seems possible that the influence may come from another source or even from a group.

## *Transvestia*

As a boy grows he is made aware that he belongs to the masculine group. He will try very hard to belong. This may well explain the aggressiveness of some TV's, at this period and the fact that some of them excel in sports.

The little TV doesn't realize why he feels such a strong sense of kinship with girls, because he obviously isn't a girl, and by this time his self image has been buried deep by his recognition of the physical facts and social custom which requires that each person project the image of the sex to which he belongs.

The self image may be dormant, but every once in a while it will manifest itself, and on these occasions without quite realizing the import of what he is doing the TV will wonder what it is like to be a girl. Sooner or later he will try to find out by putting on some article of girls' clothing. He will feel very much ashamed of himself, but the drive will return again and again, and much as he may try to fight the urge, it will not go away permanently.

The TV now has to find a means of self justification for his own peace of mind and at the same time he must find some circumstance which will assure public tolerance of what he does, if not actual approval. He therefore discovers all sorts of reasons for dressing up, and takes advantage of those opportunities for public display provided by Halloween, the theater and such.

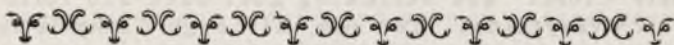
Once a TV has begun to dress a very important development occurs. Each experience brings closer to reality an external realization of the self image, "the girl within" Susanna talks about. Sooner or later a distinct personality emerges. It is in this external realization of the self image that we should look for the intense satisfaction TV's derive from what they do. Basically this satisfaction is not erotic. Erotic side effects of TV seem to arise from the blind reaction of the instincts to what seems to be an approach to a real girl. Once the instincts learn that the TV's girl is a girl of the mind they cease to react. At least TV's who have said anything on the subject seem to be unanimous in



their denial that their interest in dressing is primarily erotic.

Dr. Maltz explains in PSYCHO-CYBERNETICS that the human cortex is composed of some ten billion neurons, each with numerous axons (feelers or "extension wires") which form synapses (electrical connections) between the neurons. When we learn something or experience something, a pattern of neurons forming a "chain" is set up in brain tissue. This pattern is in the nature of an "electrical track", the arrangement and electrical connections between various neurons being somewhat similar to a magnetic pattern recorded on tape. These patterns or "engrams" are stored away in brain tissue for future use, and are reactivated, or "replayed" whenever we remember a past experience. (page 210). The more a given engram is activated, or "replayed", the more potent it becomes. The permanence of engrams is derived from synaptic efficacy (the efficiency and ease of connections between the individual neurons that make up the chain). (page 222).

While engrams are constantly modified in some slight degree, and while they can be weakened by deliberate effort, it would seem that they are never erased entirely. If the theory proposed above be true, this might explain why there is no "cure" for the TV syndrome. After all, the modification of the incredibly complex patterns which constitute a personality presents us with a task of such magnitude that there would seem to be no possibility of success.



### Susanna Says ...

As you have already noticed, Susanna's usual column is missing from this issue. We are always sorry when her interesting column isn't part of TRANS-VESTIA, but knowing that she is a pretty busy girl herself it is not surprising if date lines creep up on her sometimes. We can only hope that the pressures of her brother's life relax enough so that she will be with us in TVia #34.

Come back little Susy, come back!

# Letters To The Editor

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Dear Virginia:

Do you know what it is like to feel so lucky that there just couldn't be anyone as fortunate as you? I do.

A short time ago, my wife (we'll call her Margie) and I came to a mutually happy understanding about our marriage and TVism. Before this, she felt in competition with my alter ego for attention and affection. Now peace and tranquility reside in an atmosphere of growing understanding on both sides and nurtured by a revitalized love. It has taken six years, a sometimes very stormy marriage, and the combined efforts of a psychiatrist, a clergyman, a close family friend, and Virginia Prince who was last, but not least, But I digress.

After 29 years on "Planet Earth", Cathy (as Margie has re-named her) is getting a chance to mature into womanhood. Of course this is gender expression only, and part-time. Margie and I now have a truly "Community Closet" and borrowing goes back and forth on almost everything. You see, although Cathy is three inches taller, everything (we exclude unmentionables) is interchangeable; i.e. hose, shoes, gloves, dresses, coats and hats. And we both sew some, making both a useful and economical arrangement.

Recently, during a picture taking session, I decided to see if "Cathy" was to forever be a closet TV, or if she might be able to survive the rigors of the GG world. I was all dressed for frolic, so... Why not? Margie was aghast when I told her that this night was to be my baptism by fire, but my determination never faltered. This was probably attributable to my inability to appreciate the basic difference between calculated risks and suicide.

However, she didn't forbid; just said "be natural" and wished me good luck. I'm glad she did.

So there I went, with butterflies the size of eagles doing the Cha-Cha-Cha in my stomach. All too soon it was too late. There I was exiting from Margie's car, complete with appropriate driver's license, in the downtown theater district of our 190,000 soul metropolis. But where were they, these comfortable crowds to get lost in? Alas, it was after 9-PM on a Thursday night.

Now what could be more opportune for inducing panic when a newly emancipated TV contacts Mother Earth with her spike heeled pumps, than being asked directions by two enterprising and slightly tipsy gentlemen, when she knows darn well they'd have to be really blind to need those directions? Well, that's exactly what happened. At this point, if my luck held, I'd be calling my lawyer and a bondsman within a half hour. Fortunately, it didn't. Somehow they got their unnecessary directions and the impression that I was a lady, alone or not, and that directions was going to be the limit. Thank Heaven!

For some time I just walked and window shopped, trying to get accustomed to being out and "on display" as it were, inwardly enjoying the appraisals, good or bad, we'll never know. A half hour of this madness should have been enough the first time out, but as the eagles diminished to their normal butterfly size, confidence must have made up the difference because...for her next feat of devil-may-care, Cathy walked into the most posh restaurant around and calmly parked herself in a room half filled with singles and couples of the after theater crowd and ordered. What colossal nerve-a man expressing his femininity through Femme-Personation, and before all those blissfully unsuspecting (I hoped) people. Was anyone irritated or offended? Definitely not! In fact, a rather nice looking gentlemen in a booth some 15 feet away was making my ears burn, and therefore caused me to press the "Panic Button". My ego really isn't so big, but my caution is. After a quick lipstick repair and paying the check--exit Cathy. Just as a side observation, it seems a quite unusual feeling to be appreciated and contemplated AS a Femme rather than to appreciate and to contemplate. And so home I



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went--wiser; to a TV wife who was doing some prayerful worrying about her TV hubby and car.

Well, needless to say, it was a nervous night, but I wouldn't trade it for a whole bag of gumdrops. Margie's TV passed and our mutual relief was evident.

I've tried to entertain you. May I now be serious for a moment? From all our life experience we should be able to draw some solid conclusions, and I'd like to pass on some of mine in relation to this true TV tale. I feel very fortunate and grateful for the opportunity that "Cathy" now has to mature. For those of you who want to feel this kind of freedom, lend an ear to a novice. After all, we can't all be experts, or beautiful, but we can try.

- (1) Learn make-up. Not too much sophistication, though.
- (2) Make the most of a good figure or learn to camouflage. Study color, style, fit, texture--right for YOU.
- (3) A styled, well fitting, real hair wig is a must for public. "Fashion" wigs are usually very obvious.
- (4) Poise will add volumns to your self-confidence. The book-on-the-head routine works.
- (5) Become a "Method" actor (pardon, actress). Think female. Feel the part. After all, YOU SHOULD!
- (6) A lady doesn't stay out late alone, and neither should a TV. We're trying to emulate the BEST, not the WORST.

"nuff said. Cathy 38 N1 FPE

+++++

Dear Virginia:

It is now somewhat less than a year since F.P.E. accepted me into membership - and just about a year since I discovered TRANSVESTIA. These two outstanding mileposts in my life were excelled only by my becoming Cover Girl on TRANSVESTIA #28.

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Joining the sorority was just like bursting out of a dungeon into brilliant sunshine. It gave wings to my

heart, and my spirit soared - as the commercial jingle goes - and I've had so many wonderful things happen to me and have met so many wonderful girls that I'm beginning to forget how difficult it was for me to fill out that application and drop it in the mail.

No longer do I feel the loneliness and frustration that was my lot before I "joined up". On the contrary, my correspondence is getting to the point of interfering with my dressing (not really, it just seems that way). But I wouldn't have it otherwise, because there is no greater joy and satisfaction than reaching out a helping hand, if only by letter to someone who is still struggling with his fetters, and giving that vital word of hope and encouragement.

And yet I know that it can be overdone. While trying to help others, we may trip ourselves, because we tread a path that is beset by social disapproval and we are blindly beaten with the same stick which fell on Walter Jenkins. Thus, mis-placed sympathy for the plight of another may lead us into the morose instead of helping him out of it.

Often I've been impatient because I'm convinced there are thousands like me and why don't we get on with the business of finding them. Why must we be so insistent that those we meet must be F.P.E.s? Aren't we putting the cart before the horse? After all, one usually likes to meet the people in an organization before he joins it.

The answer, it seems to me, lies in a parallel which I find distasteful but perhaps it is apt. Like the alcoholic, we must first establish and recognize the specific problem. We must identify it definitely as transvestism, nothing else. And next, and most important, the "patient" must recognize and admit his condition and must want to be helped. I didn't say "cured" - I said helped. He must want it so sincerely and urgently that he is willing to cast his lot with us. To bare his soul and to be willing to take the risk that we will not betray his confidence.

In other words, it is a two way street and if he cannot bring himself to trust us by joining the sorority, then







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to think we are.

Sincerely,

Louise - 5-R-6

Dear Virginia:

+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*+\*

I started cross-dressing about the age of 10 why I don't know, but can only say it f wonderful. I have 5 sisters and do remember that I could never figure out why they could have a new dress any time they wanted it and I could have new trousers only when the other pair was nearly worn out. I also couldn't fatham why they would go crazy over their slips and dresses when to me, trousers were just something to wear.

Although this was 30 years ago, I remember distinctly the day the whole family (except me) went on a picnic. It was a very beautiful day and so they said they would be back toward nine o'clock in the evening.

When they had left, I sat there doing nothing, it come into my head to pull down the shades and find out what was so special about a dress, slips and panties. My youngest sister was about my size and so I gathered the necessary clothes. Since I noticed that they went way out over anything that was of silk or satin, that was my selection. As I donned her panties, I admit that I was excited and then came a bra, the slip and then silk dress. As each step progressed, I became more deeply hooked. The feeling was tremendous From then on, I would do something feminine whenever the chance came

I had my own room and took to hiding some of my sister's clothes between the mattress and springs and when in bed would sneak them out Also, one morning my mother caught me in panties and a slip. I must say she sure warmed my seat for me. After the seat warming, she made me put on a bra, and a dress also and paraded me before my sisters, and brothers who laughed at me (about the cruelest moment in my life). My oldest sister, after laughing at me proceeded to berate me on my desires telling me I was wrong in doing such a thing. That night her boy friend, who was studying to be a doctor, came over and suggested to me (I was still dressed as a girl)

that maybe I wanted to be a girl. He could not understand why I just wanted to dress this way even after I had explained feelings to him. I told him no operation and that was that. That night I went to bed humiliated and defeated.

The next time I dressed in girl's clothes was the following summer when I had been swimming too long and sat in the sun too long. Result, a terrific 2nd. degree burn on my back and legs. Since I could not don a pair of pants or a shirt, I was stuck in my bedroom, after about five days of this, my mother said I would have to get out for fresh air and since I couldn't wear trousers and shirt to "put on these clothes since they are of lighter material" and with that she handed me the pile of clothes in her arms. You guessed it. It was a pair of my sister's panties (cotton) a slip and a dress (she said I didn't need the bra). At first I said no, but she insisted that I was going to have fresh air and I finally consented. Again I was hooked even though the clothes were of cotton. But too this day I still prefer silk or satin. That summer I spent in the back yard dressed in dresses, etc. and enjoyed every minute of it in spite of the sase back.

I am now married and I can only say to a single TV talk your desires over with your intended bride before marriage as it is rough to get it over to them afterwards.

Sincerely,

Barbara Ann ( 32-P-1 )

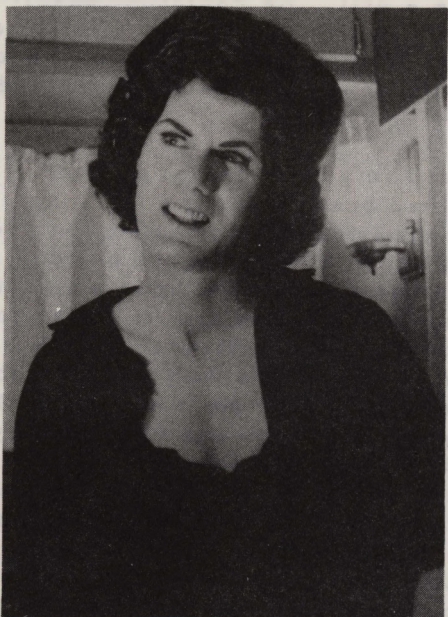


IT HURTS SO NICE!

It's hard for me, a part time femme,  
To listen to your tale.  
Though true, you look so like a gem,  
Not what you are, A MALE.  
It's catty of me, "Yes I know."  
"Your pleasures, I disdain!!"  
"I can't bear it, I must go!!"  
"First, tell me once again....?"

Phyllis - 22-A-1-FPE





PEGGIE



DAPHNE FK-R-l-FPE  
At masquerade party  
party aboard ship



47-M-2

# BOOK

# REVIEW

THE SECOND SEX , by Simone de Beauvoir - 1961,  
Bantam Books, Inc. , New York, 689 pp - index, 95¢.

The fact that this book was originally published in 1949 (in France) and that this review is some 16 years late need not cause any feeling of untimeliness; no significant trend towards girls going out of style has been observed. In fact, Mlle. de Beauvoir is very much in the review columns this month, her third volume of autobiography "Force of Circumstance" just having appeared here (658 pp. , G.P. Putnam Sons, New York, \$10). This has led most reviews to reconsider "The Second Sex", written during the period described in the current work.

The Second Sex is a long book, and not to be rushed through. I've studied it for about six months, off and on. The author's style places her amongst the enumerators of trees rather than the discoverers of forests, and all too often her point is made in far more steps than one might wish. The gems, and there are many, require time and thought to extract from the matrix and she is not very helpful in mapping their locations. A summary-conclusion, not in itself very condensed, and an excellent index are the main concessions to the hasty reader.

One gem is her courageous assault on the Freudian "religion". That such criticism was made in the late 40s places Mlle. de Beauvoir among the pioneers of

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those who are now assaulting the good Doctor's strange ideas about women. That he so misunderstood them as to create chaos in his own household is now notorious but that his essentially masculine judgement has crystallized into part of the "feminine mystique" of the post-war period is not as well understood as it should be.

On a more mundane level, the TV will find much food for thought in her analysis of the meaning of women's clothes to men (pp. 147FF.) and to women (pp. 498FF.) The old question as to whether girls dress to please men or themselves is not answered, and purposely so; she makes it clear that both are of vital importance. That feminine fashions so often tend to incapacitate the woman for masculine activities is more gratifying to men; but the importance of dress to the girl seems to lie in donning a costume which is a sort of stage-setting for the role she expects to play until the next change. That women undergo a "personality change" with a shift in costume is stressed; this fact, really so evident to those who look for it, is seldom evoked in any explanation of transvestism but is probably a vital part of TV dynamics.

A brief review cannot give more than a distorted view of the author's tremendous achievement. Despite the flaws noted above, she has catalogued with meticulous care the ingredients which make up that mysterious aura known as "femininity". Perhaps I may take the liberty of providing an integration which Mlle. de Beauvoir does not include - and perhaps could not see from her position as one of the "trees".

It seems to me, after comparing this book with those previously reviewed (Florida Scott-Maxwell, Ashley Montagu, Elisabeth Borgese, Betty Friedan)



and those of Margaret Mead, that I see a pattern. Dr. Mead has shown that, in a tribe where the men are the economic under-dogs, they assume feminine ways as a matter of course. The equation of feline equals feminine is universally accepted. What, then is the common factor in Western women, cats and Tchambuli men? All are in a position (described graphically by Mlle. de Beauvoir as the "other") where, to maintain their vital self-respect, they must depend on their beauty, charm and sweetness rather than on force. Is this not, perhaps, the essence of femininity: to say (with the Avis car-rental people), "we are only the second-biggest, so we try harder?" SHEILA

PHI PHI EPSILON

Our national organization now boasts four active groups, Alpha in Los Angeles, Beta in Chicago, Theta in Wisconsin, and Delta in Ohio. Other areas are on the way. This indicates that we have a real going concern and the more it goes the more the work and responsibility. Since I cannot do adequate justice to all the projects I've gotten into and because any organization should have more than one active leader, I am going to pass over most of the active responsibility for moving FPE along to my most devoted colleague, Fran, 49-C-1-FPE the founder of the Theta chapter.

To do this I am asking Fran to become the Executive Secretary of the Foundation. We will collaborate in trying to work out a more functional arrangement for FPE than has been the case in the past in regards to councillors, policies, security, etc. , in the hope that we can spread the benefits of FPE more widely. She has my implicit trust and will, with the help of all FPEs really get the show on the road I'm sure. You'll be hearing more later.

VIRGINIA.....

# Natural Superiority Of Men

---

Women should remember they're merely ribs, not roosters. Men should rule the roost.

The natural superiority of men is easily recognized by every woman who has spent the best years of her life chasing, snaring, trapping and guarding one of these prize specimens of humanity. She can see it in a thousand ways (and if she can't, he'll cheerfully point them out).

Men are tougher. They can overcome incredible weariness to play golf or go sailing or install a new carburetor.

Men are braver. They do not wince when their women empty mousetraps or spray for cockroaches. They do not fear losing an ear to a bass plug, getting shot during deer season or getting hit on the head by a golf ball.

Men are more frugal. They save money by wearing the same hat for ten years, by not squandering on insurance and by not stamping Christmas cards.

Men are more objective. They can see your faults better than you can.

Men are more careful of their health. They don't risk respiratory diseases by cleaning out dusty attics or court colds by washing cement floors in damp basements. When they have a cold they go to bed and never risk a chill by getting up for meals. And when they're in a hospital they don't risk unattended death but try to see that a nurse is always nearby.

Men are more ingenious. They think of dozens of reasons why the rugs should not be beaten, why washing the car hurts the finish and how the lawn is improved by not mowing it.

Men are more honest. When asked to give their honest opinion about a new hat they give it. They also generously give it when not asked.

Men have sharper senses. They can spot a trim ankle a block away.

Men are smarter. They know how to delegate authority. They let women decide what should be on the grocery list, how the meals should be cooked, how the house should be cleaned, how the children should be disciplined - and then let them do it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is reprinted from the Reader's Digest which condensed it from the Detroit Free Press. It is by Jean Pearson. Since so many of us tend to minimize the masculine while elevating the feminine I thought that this article might help a bit.

### TV MERCHANDISE

Don't forget the three items Chevalier has available to help you in the personification of your femmeself.

1. The bra and jelly kit for realistic falsies. Bra with removeable, inflatable inserts and makings of special jelly to fill them with plus complete directions.....KIT.....\$10.00
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3. Pretty Panties...cute little nylon briefs with a slit front like a fly. Lace trimmed and with ribbons, feminine yet comfortable and convenient too. Large or medium, colors - black, white.. \$4.00

CHEVALIER PUBLICATIONS, Box 36091, Los Angeles



# What shall I Wear?

Beatrice (33-B-2 FPE)

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What is suitable for street wear?

There probably is no better outfit for street wear than the tailored suit. This is most appropriate for shopping. By changing the type of blouse, one can be correctly dressed for wherever you go all day. A street costume should be dark in color in order not to attract attention. Another type which is good is a black, dark blue, gray, brown or green dress cut simply with very good lines. It must be devoid of fussy trimmings. This type of outfit you should wear when you go to obtain a job and it is the kind of clothes you should wear in a business office. They are definitely not dressy, but can also be worn for an afternoon tea, by simply putting on a lingerie collar or a bit of jewelry. When you are older and can have a fur scarf, you will enjoy wearing it with this costume. Your coat again should be in keeping with the rest of the outfit. Remember it is not dressy, nor is it sporty. A trim-looking hat to match the outfit, with gloves and bag should always be used. Washable gloves are best because they are very easily soiled. A cuban heel oxford, one strap slipper or pump is always good for street wear.

What is suitable for afternoon wear?

An afternoon outfit is usually dressier than one for ordinary street wear. It can be of slightly brighter colors if desired. Usually the dress is of silk and in the winter and fall, some very sheer wools are used. The length of the skirt is changed according to the time of day it is to be worn. Afternoon clothes may be a bit longer than street clothes. The trimming on these dresses is more elaborate and usually the details of the dresses are too. This type of dress is appropriate for afternoon teas and bridge parties, for informal parties in the evening and the theatre. Your hat can be larger, your gloves of kid or suede and now you can at last wear French-heeled shoes. You should also have a dress coat to wear, as a sport just will not do. This coat is more fitted and probably will be fur-trimmed. There are elaborate suits of velvet which are correct for afternoon wear.

What will you wear in the evening?

When we reach evening wear, we have to divide it into formal and informal clothes. The informal type is usually called a dinner dress. It is sometimes called a Sunday night dress. These clothes are ankle length and do have sleeves. The sleeves may be either short or long. Sometimes the back of the dress may be cut rather low. Many times you will find that this dress is an evening dress worn with a jacket. This is a splendid way to have two dresses in one. You sometimes wear a small dinner hat when you wear this type of dress and are going out. Sandal-type shoes made of silk may be worn with it and sheer hose. You probably like the toe-less type of sandal, but keep away from them unless you have beautiful feet and manicured toes. You will look much nicer with very sheer hose on. It is hard to find a coat which is just right for this dress. However a velvet coat or a cape can be

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worn for all occasions, such as mink, but as a general rule, sport furs such as raccoon will not look well for evening wear. Your bag will be a small one of fabric like velvet or silk crepe which blends with the costume. Of course, there will be gloves, usually white or of the fabric and color of the dress. This type of dress can be worn for restaurant dining, theatre, informal dances when your escort is wearing a business suit or a tuxedo.

Correctly speaking evening wear depends on what the man of the hour is wearing. Strictly formal clothes call for the man to wear his tail coat, but men have gotten sadly out of the habit of doing this. Formal clothes are appropriate when your escort is in his tuxedo. However you should realize that it is not really correct. Formal evening clothes are very lovely, made of beautiful materials and gorgeous colors. Usually there is very little bodice to the dress, but again do not be too anxious to expose a bony back or shoulders. Try to camouflage it a bit with a floating scarf. Here is the time to wear stunning jewelry, but if you do not own any really good pieces, it is better to go without. There are always lovely evening wraps to wear with evening clothes. Usually they are luxurious in velvet and fur. Sandals and ultra sheer hose should blend with the dress. A hat is out of place with this costume, but occasionally fashion sponsors the mode for elaborate coiffures and the use of hair ornaments which really give a lovely effect. Evening gloves may be of kid, suede or fabric and a bag will probably be very elaborate of pearls or rhinestones or of gold or silver brocade or lame<sup>1</sup>. These clothes are very perishable and have to be taken care of. They are usually worn only a few times and thus become an expensive item in your wardrobe.

What will you wear for Lounging and Sleeping?



When the day is ended, you will want to relax and rest. Today there are delightful negligees of all kinds. No doubt you will get more use out of a tailored flannel robe you can slip into and just lounge. You can also get silk ones of the same design which are extremely attractive. You will probably long for an elaborate negligee, but unless you have lots of money and the type of home to wear it, you will find it a waste of good money. Your choice of P. J's or nightgown is optional. Both are available in every description and price range. You will have to decide between mules and slippers, but remember that slippers are much more satisfactory, although you may not think that they are as cute.

What clothes will you take on a trip?

Half the fun of going on a trip is in planning on what to wear. Whether by land, sea or air, any type of travel will, of course, have a tendency to be dirty. If it is a train trip, remember to wear a dark tailored dress. A white collar and cuffs look nice when you start but they do not always look so well at the end of the trip. Now that there are air-conditioned trains, you can keep cool in summer which is such a help. The type of clothes for street wear is excellent for travelling. The weight of the garments you take will depend on the climate of the place you are going.

On shipboard, sport clothes are grand for day wear. In the evening you will dress for dinner except on Sunday and the first night out.

When planning a travel wardrobe there are two important things to remember. First, too much luggage is a nuisance and second, you must look well at all times. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to plan a wardrobe around one color scheme.

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Navy blue is always good. By choosing one color, you can reduce the accessories to a minimum, which always saves luggage. Print dresses are very satisfactory, because they do not show the signs of travel as quickly as plain colors. Evening dresses should be simple and if accompanied by scarfs or capes, will eliminate the need for dinner clothes.

If you are taking an extended trip, you will want to take along clothes which will pack nicely. Lace is always good for evening wear and there are a number of wrinkle-proof materials of which you can have dresses made.

It will be a great help to you to know how to pack well. One secret of packing is to avoid putting shoes, cosmetics and odds and ends in with your outer garments. To help with this you will find all sorts of luggage on the market. There are special bags for shoes, hats, for cosmetics and a week-end case for lingerie. Cases for outer garments can be wardrobe variety or the flat suitcase. The longer the suitcase the better, to avoid having too many creases in your garments. Placing tissue paper in sleeves and in between the folds will help. If pleats are pinned into place, they will remain thus when unpacked. When folding a garment, place it on a firm surface and fold the side fronts toward the back. This allows the front center of the dress to be free from creases. Sometimes, pieces of cardboard cut to fit the suitcase will help. If there are any vacant corners you should put tissue paper in them. Always cork all bottles and tighten them twice. The same with jars of creams, etc.

You also have to consider the laundry problem, so do not take a number of dresses with white collar and cuffs. Underwear should be very simple and easily

laundered. Some of today's detergents are packed especially for travel. One such brand is the product Woolite. It is packed in one-time use foil packets and further does not need hot water.

THE END



RODNEY DEAR - I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU  
IN YOUR NEW DRESS.





# 1 Virgin Views by Virginia

On a number of occasions various FP friends have brought up the subject of what is the end point toward which femmepersonation leads? In other words, "where are we going to end up?"

There are some whose guilt about cross-dressing combined with their ignornance about the nature of their actions leads them to the idea that homosexuality is the only logical outcome. This idea is furthered when these people get ahold of some of the old psy- psychiatric writings in which cross-dressing is linked with "latent" homosexuality. When they read this they feel that the die is cast and they will not be able to escape this fate. Thus; since it appears inevitable in view of the pronouncements of "authorities", some may figure that they might just as well get it over with as it were and do submit to homosexual acts. Such people of course fortify those professional people who predicted such an outcome in the first place.

Then there are others who feel that having surgery and "becoming" a "woman" is the living end, the most, and the ultimate. This idea is also furthered by various statements in the professional literature indicating a

regular chain of relationship and development in which Transexualism is the "third stage of transvestism". This professional "blessing" leads many a TV to think that he is or is becoming a transexual and he seeks means of growing breasts and getting transformation surgery.

Though I may be a voice crying in the wilderness, I do emphatically disagree with both of these points of view as I have written before. But if I don't think those are the destinations what is?

It seems to me that one of the big goals of human life is to come to understand your own self and to try to arrange things economically and socially so that you can find expression of as much of yourself as possible. When one does work that he enjoys, when he creates a piece of music, sculpture, painting, develops an idea, builds a bridge, invents a machine, discovers something new, etc, he is expressing something of what he really IS. in a creative way. But there are other parts of ourselves that also need expression if we are to be full, rounded human beings. When we live in a culture and an era where part of what we really are has to be denied and repressed we are the poorer for it because we get little or no chance to develop these aspects of our total self.

Since we have all been brought up in a culture that does place a premium on certain sets of traits and patterns and discourages and penalizes the expression of others while in the masculine, role. We feel very ill at ease and wrong when we try to express some of the traits which the culture currently assigns to the female. Ordinary men thus have two negative choices, don't express them or feel uncomfortable and guilty because you do. TVs on the other hand have unknowingly hit on the solution--express the traits, but do it

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under circumstances wherein the traits are appropriate, i. e. express feminine traits when in feminine clothes and then don't be guilty about it. This much is not new, we all understand and practice it, but this doesn't say anything about goals.

In discussing goals however, we have to remember that there are goals for the individual and there are the long time goals of the group or race. For an individual living at the present time or perhaps we should say anyone 10 or more years old at the moment, the goal can only be to learn about oneself, accept oneself and the nature of the problem. Dress as and when you can and enjoy it. As you get better acquainted with yourself you can learn not only to accept but to be really happy with the "girl within".

However, we can have a better goal than just that. As we come to recognize what we really are and learn to deal with our other self and to stop being guilty about her, we are on the way to a real improvement in our total self. Learning to accept one's feminine side is the first step to integrating the masculine with the feminine in one's total life. Just above I spoke about persons 10 or more years old at the moment. Those less than this age may come into adolescence and young manhood in a culture that is appreciably different from that which existed when most of us were going thru that stage of life. It will be a culture where the distinctions between the proper and acceptable behavior of male and female persons will not be so sharply drawn. Men will be wearing longer hair, using perfume and possibly other facial cosmetics, and clothing will be lighter and more colorful. Women on the other hand, will be wearing some sort of pants more than dresses, will be taking a greater role in government, politics, business and the professions and will be much more independent and self reliant than presently.



If this is true the limitations on expressing various personal traits and interests will be much less. Males under these circumstances will find it much easier to be their whole selves. Since there wont be so many prohibitions against this and that behavior the opportunities to express those traits which would seem effeminate today if expressed by someone in the masculine role, will be much greater. Thus males will be able to integrate their total selves without so much guilt, fear, and loneliness as we experience today.

This is I think the direction in which society is traveling. While there probably will still be those who envy the opposite sex there may be a great diminution in the number of those who cross-dress because dress distinctions will not be so important. The envy and identification will probably take place in a different way.

But what of those of us already adults in the present culture and having to live within the present social limitations. I think we should be trying to find ways in which we can assimilate our "girl within" into our masculine lives. I don't expect we shall ever give up femmedressing but that does not mean that we can't strive to accept and express more of that which our "girl" represents in our ordinary lives. We have not in the past done so because of fear and shame, but now that we have come to "know ourselves" better we should be able to handle this problem with greater ease. When we get so that we can express more of "Jane" in "John" we will be more mature and more integrated personalities and better for it.

So, in summary, I don't think that our natural end point is in either homosexuality or transexuality, but rather right here in good old femmepersonation. But along side of the femmeself will or should emerge an

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improved masculine self. One which accepts the feminine side of his nature and expresses it where appropriate without shame, fear or guilt.

I am not suggesting any ridiculous behaviour like wearing red nail polish to the office, or wearing non-fly front slacks. What I do suggest is that once one has come face to face with the inescapable fact that he does have a girl within he will be able to express feelings, carry out activities and in general be himself without such inhibitions as formerly. Thus as he does these things openly and without cringing others will see him and themselves be better able to express themselves albeit without dressing. Thus we can in our own small way, do our individual small bit toward rescuing masculinity from it's shameful and tragic retreat from femininity and thus help to restore a sensible balance between the gender expressions of the two sexes.

The modern male needs to be emancipated from his fears and limitations just as the female has been doing for herself for the last 75 years. Maybe someday we'll have a society in which the females will be able to express themselves without fearing loss of femininity and the males wont be so insecure as to feel that venturing a wee bit outside the accepted limits will brand them as effeminate or even queer. Here's to the day and a more effective, efficient and happy society.

VIRGINIA

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Don't forget our new full length novel "Carnival", now available. 100 pages, 5 illustrations. Price, \$5.00. Chevalier Publications, Box 36091, Los Angeles, California 90036

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# EDITORIAL

## EMANATIONS

I. PERSONAL PROBLEMS AND DELAYS: In TVia #32 I indicated that I was having personal problems. These have not abated as of this writing but have actually worsened. Since Chevalier can be regarded as Community Property it has been tied up thru the Court pending a hearing concerning my income. This of course, has made it difficult to carry on various aspects of the business the last 3 weeks. I hope you will all understand and forgive the delays and apparent indifference to letters, etc. I'm really tied up in knots and am lucky to get this issue put together at all. But, "This too shall pass away".

II. ANNUAL FOUNDATION REPORT: I'm just going to have to ask your indulgence again about this. It should have been out a long time ago, but it isn't and wont be for awhile yet. I just have a habit of biting off more than I can chew I guess, but I just seem unable to keep up with things. Please bear with me.

III. REQUEST FOR ARTICLES: Some time ago our good Theta FPE president made a suggestion that I have overlooked mentioning. She was impressed by an article that Sheila wrote some time ago on the TV-Engineer. She suggested that it would be interesting to ask others of you who were willing and able to contribute articles about the way in which your TVism integrated with your career work---how it helped or hindered. Such articles might make very interesting reading and could also prove helpful to others trying to make peace with themselves. So how about a few of you getting down to making such a contribution??



IV. CONFUSION: Several readers have been under the misapprehension that the questionnaires sent out some time ago just to gather information were in actuality FPE application blanks. Sorry but this was not so. The questionnaires were just part of a research project. So those who have qualified (purchase of 5 issues of TVia old or new) and who want FPE application blanks sent should ask for them directly.

V. TIMELY WARNING: A few of our readers in looking for other TV contacts have written to persons advertising in various types of get acquainted publications. In a couple of cases they were subsequently visited by Postal Inspectors. Some of the ads in such publications are really pretty blunt and surely are the kind that would fascinate postal inspectors. Since the P.O. works on the basis of guilt by association the inspectors visited our readers because they had written to a man who was evidently under strong suspicion already. So be careful who you write to, but even more be careful of what you write. "The Inspectors will get you if you don't watch out".

VI. PHOTO DEVELOPING: One of our good readers (Greer 4-L-1 who is pretty expert in photo work has offered to do the job of developing films with TV scenes on them which the owner might not want seen by the ordinary neighborhood film processor. Since he has the facilities and the know how he has offered to act as a developer for such films. The flat rate will be \$2 per roll. Send such films to Chevalier Pubs., Box 36091, Los Angeles 36, California, and indicate that they are to be sent to 4-L-1 for development. They will be forwarded. Of course anything that could be considered obscene should not be sent since it would involve all of us, the sender, the developer and the go-between, Chevalier. But with this limitation come ahead and make use of the offer.

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- "TRANVESTIA"... A magazine written by, for, and about men with a "Feeling for the Feminine". Published 1 st of even numbered months at \$4 per copy.
- "FEMMEMIRROR"... A 16 page newsletter and gossip sheet privately circulated. Published 15th of each month at \$1 per copy. Yearly subscriptions 12 for \$10.
- "CLIPSHEET"... News of transvestism and impersonation around the world. Clippings sent in by readers for scrapbook use. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50 per copy Yearly subscription \$5.
- "TV-TALES OF FEMME FICTION"... 16 page short stories with Transvestic themes. Published 4 times a year at \$1.50. Yearly subscription \$5.

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

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

1. All printed material of one page or more will be paid for at the rate of \$1 per page with the exception of pictures. The Editor must reserve the right to cut or edit submitted material for suitability and payment will therefore be made on the basis of the final printed page. No payment will be made for material less than 2/3 of a page which will count as one page. Payment will be made after material appears in print. Manuscripts will not be bought in advance.

2. Submitted material will not be returned unless requested and stamped envelope provided.

3. Off-color material will not be printed and should therefore not be submitted. The Editor reserves the right to be sole judge of suitability and to edit alter, delete or refuse material when it is deemed to be in the best interest of the magazine.

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### PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

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

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