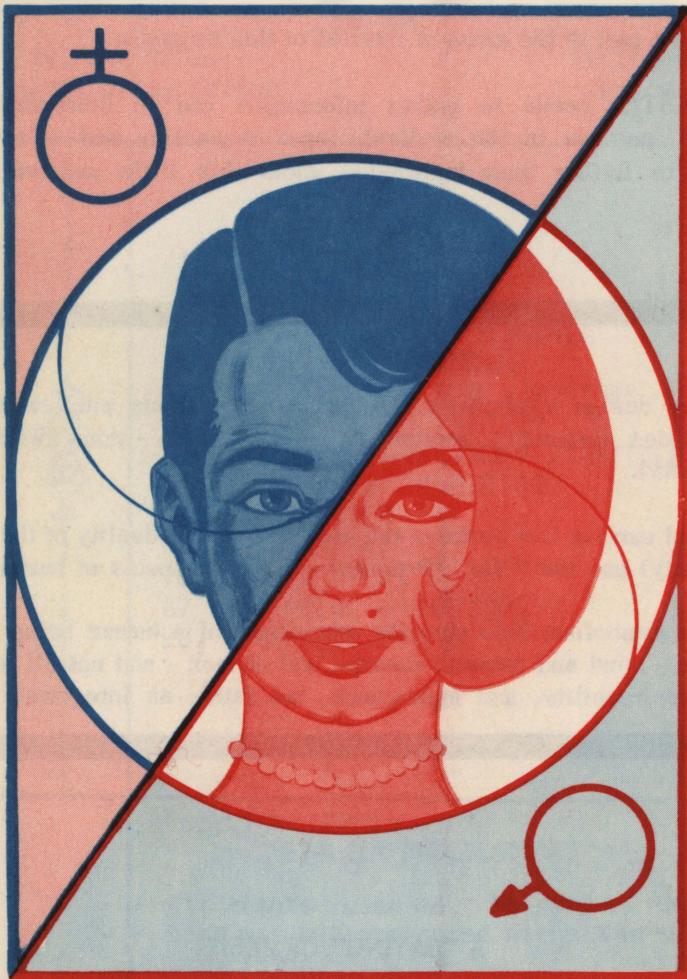


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TRANSVESTIA



VOL. IX NO. 49

FEBRUARY, 1968

Purpose of Transvestia

TRANSVESTIA is dedicated to the needs of those heterosexual persons who have become aware of their "other side" and seek to express it. The magazine provides—EDUCATION - ENTERTAINMENT - EXPRESSION to help its readers achieve—UNDERSTANDING - SELF ACCEPTANCE - PEACE OF MIND in place of the loneliness, fear and self condemnation they have known for too long.

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

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

THE COVER DESIGN

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

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

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

A "SAYING" OF JESUS

"When you make the two one...and when you make the MALE AND THE FEMALE INTO A SINGLE ONE...then shall you enter the kingdom".

From the Gospel According to St. Thomas.

Generously donated by:
Virginia Prince, PhD.

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Purpose of Transmedia



Our Leading Lady

This Is The Way It Was

Francene (21-D-4)

I was born in Lowell, Mass. in July of 1945. My transvestism didn't start until I was 5 or 6 years of age. Although I can remember watching my cousins undress and feeling sort of funny when I saw their underwear. My family was staying at my cousin's house while my father was finishing up the construction of our new home. Both my cousins were girls and we had to sleep in one room because we were pressed for space. My cousins were 1 & 2 years older than I, therefore I had to be in bed earlier than they did. When I would go to bed I would stay awake and wait for them to come to bed. Pretending I was asleep, I watched them undress and looked at their underwear. It would often give me a tingle to see it and I imagine this was how I first got my interest in feminine clothing. On many occasions I would go to bed early and get a pair of panties to feel but I never tried them on.

A few months before we were to move into our own house it came time for the annual Church Minstrel show. My cousins were both going to be in the show. One was to be a hobo, the other was to be a ballerina. This ballerina costume really caught my eye. The costume itself was the usual type, but it had a pair of satin panties to be worn under it. These really

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interested me. When I saw her with the costume on I started to kid around with her and wrestle with her. I put both hands on her rear so I could feel the panties. It sent a chill all through me to feel this soft shiny material. I knew sooner or later I had to try on these panties.

The Saturday after the show everyone was gone away except for me and my mother's aunt who also lived at my cousins house. All I could think of was trying the satin panties on. I told my aunt I was going upstairs to play for a while. I got upstairs and looked high and low for the panties. When I found them my heart started to beat like crazy. I could not wait any longer and took off all my clothes.

When I put the panties on I got an awful warm feeling inside me along with being, or at least feeling a little dizzy. Those panties had a softness and coolness I had never felt on me before. From then on I would go to my cousins room as often as possible and put on their panties, slips, dresses or anything I could get my hands on.

When we had moved into our own house, both my mother and father had to work until at least five o'clock. I would get out of school at about 2:45. My mother did not want me alone after school so I would go to my grandmother's house. My father would pick me up at approximately 5:15. My aunt (my mother's sister), was still living at home with my grandmother. She was very small and slim. I often saw her running around in a slip and bra or something. Seeing her like this, edged me on to wear her clothes. Where she was so tiny, her underwear fit me quite well except that her slips etc. were too long.

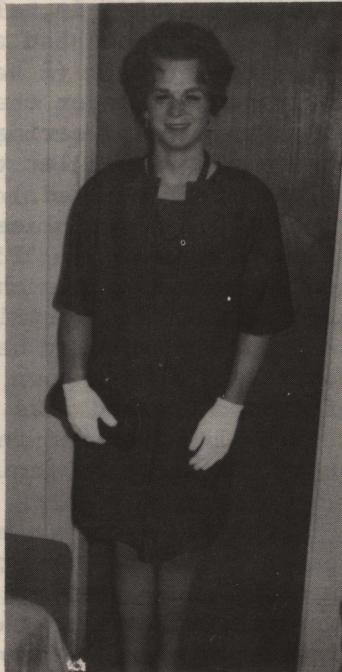
One day I went into her room, it had a sweet feminine smell which I liked very much. I looked around and saw her dresser drawers were open. In them were panties, slips, bras, girdles, stockings,



Her Own Hair

With

Francene



Transvestia

etc. I was so excited I could hardly get my own trousers off. When I got undressed I put on a pair of pink panties. I decided this was not enough so I attempted to put on my first bra. It was quite a job to hook it but I soon learned how. When I got the bra on I put on an old bath robe after I had put on a full slip. I just sat around for awhile and looked at myself in the mirror.

On other afternoons I tried many other articles, practicing how to put them on. One day I decided to try everything all at once. I was about the age of eight or nine. I got some apples to use as falsies as they were all I could find. I went to my aunts room, stripped myself of my boys clothing and began to dress. I first put on a pantie girdle after which I put a pair of charcoal colored nylons. The nylons were a little long but I found that by rolling them up as I had seen my mother do they would be alright. Next I chose a dark pink colored bra which I put the apples in, although they were quite hard, they did not look bad at all. I put on black panties over the girdle. (I have noticed most women wear their panties under their girdle. At that time I discovered that wearing them over the girdle, and then a slip would let the slip slide on the panties which I really liked.) I then put on a black half slip with loads of lace. I found an old evening dress of my aunt's. I chose to wear this as I did not want to take the chance of ruining something good. It fitted surprisingly well except that the skirt of it came way below my feet. I pretended it was a full length gown and spent the rest of the afternoon dressed like this. I will never forget the way I looked and felt and I knew I would never be able to give up feminine attire.

One day I was in my aunt's room. For some reason I did not want to dress completely. I put on about ten or twelve pairs of panties and put my own trousers on over them. (To this day I can't figure out why I had so many pairs on.) I was sit-

ting there reading or something. I looked at the clock. It was four o'clock and I figured I had about forty-five minutes before I would have to change.

My grandmother suddenly called to tell me my father was here to pick me up. He had gotten out of work early but at the time I did not know why. I could only think of getting out of my aunts room because I was warned before about going in there and snooping around and she did not like it. I forgot about the panties I had on until I went downstairs and sat in a chair. Then I felt the silky smoothness of them. I tried to think of an excuse to go back to my aunts room to remove the panties. Even if I thought of one I probably would not have had a chance to use it because my father was in a hurry.

It only takes about three minutes to go from my grandmothers house to mine, but it seemed like hours that night. When I walked in the house my mother was also home from work. She told me to get undressed and get in the tub as my water was already waiting. We were supposed to go out to eat with some friends. I started to hold my stomach and said I didn't want to go. My mother said "You are going." and started to undress me. When she undid my trousers and dropped them, her face dropped too. As I look back on it, it is kind of funny because she had a different expression with each pair of panties she took off. It was the first time my mother ever gave me a serious spanking. I don't think I could sit for a week.

She told me if she ever caught me again she would dress me completely as a girl and let all my friends and relatives see me. This idea thrilled me and I thought about purposely getting caught so she would. I think she would have too, because she was a woman of her word. I later decided against it however, because I figured there would be a lot of embarrassment for me. Now I feel I should have. I did not dress up for a long time after that.



FRANCENE
IS A
RETIRING GIRL



When I was about eleven I started dressing again. I knew this time I would not quit so easily. I was at my grandmothers and I thought no one was home. Evidently my aunt was and saw every move I made. I found a real expensive girdle which she had just bought. I wanted to try it on but I was afraid of getting caught, so I went outside to my grandfather's garage with my aunt's girdle under my shirt. I put it on and played around for a while. As I was taking it off my grandfather drove in with my grandmother. I did not want to carry the girdle into the house so I hid it in an old buffet cabinet which was in the garage. I nonchalantly walked in the house and saw my aunt there. I wondered where she came from but figured she had come in the front door.

Later that evening after I had gone home, I got a phone call. When I said hello, the first words I heard were "How did the girdle fit?" I said who is this and my aunt said it was she. She said she would not tell on me if I just told her where I put her new girdle. I told here where I hid it and she hung up. I think I could have confided my secret to her but I was too embarrassed and ashamed to tell anyone.

Shortly after this incident I was told my mother was going to have a baby soon. My mother and father and I slept upstairs in separate bedrooms divided by a hallway. In the hall there was a clothes hamper. When I would go to bed I would get a pair of panties and a slip from the hamper and wear them to bed. When I awoke in the morning both Mom and Dad were already up so it was easy to return the clothes to the hamper.

About a month before my mother had the baby, they both decided to sleep downstairs to make things easier when the time came. I now had the whole upstairs to myself. At first I stuck to the clothes in the hamper. I later decided to go to my mother's room and dress completely. I did just that, putting on a girdle, nylons, panties, bra which I stuffed with extra panties and old nylons to fill my mother's

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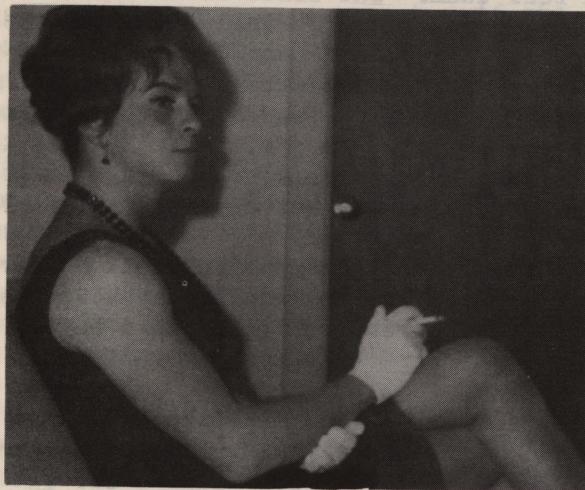
38-D cup. I put on a half slip, an old dress, and wrapped a kerchief around my head. Standing there looking at myself in the mirror I became very excited and pleased at the fact I could dress and look like a girl if I wanted to. I dressed like this just about every night until my mother had the baby and everything went back to nearly normal.

Until the baby was about three months old I did not dress as much as I would have liked to. Then my mother said she would let me babysit one or two nights a week. She had taught me to feed and change the baby and said I could do it good enough to be by myself. The first night I babysat I could not wait for my parents to go out. As soon as they left I got completely dressed and pretended to be a mother and took care of the baby, who did not know what was going on. I dressed up almost every time I babysat and enjoyed it very much.

When I started my freshman year in high school I was nearly 14 years old. It was at this time that I started both dating girls and experimenting with makeup. My main interest in girls was their clothes. I don't know how many times I was caught trying to look down a girls blouse or up her skirt. She probably thought I was trying to see her breasts or some other part of her anatomy. Wouldn't she have been surprised to find out I was looking and wishing I had her clothes on? I would often sit in class and look back to see if I could catch a girl crossing her legs.

When changing classes I would walk close to the staircase and look up. I would see all color slips, panties, petticoats, and all types of girdles. Later I would think back on my sightseeing and imagine myself as the wearer of all the nice clothes I had seen.

Like I said it was also the time I started to use makeup. I was not very good at it and it was quite a sight to see myself all dolled up with makeup, and I must admit it looked pretty awful.



Francene

in a

pensive

mood

Transstria

Shortly after I graduated from high school, my aunt introduced me to a girl she used to work with. I will call her Linda. Linda was a very nice girl and I fell head over heels for her. I think as far as I know, she had strong feelings for me too. We were talking one night and one of the people we were with brought up the subject of homosexuality, why I don't know. Anyway she said she hated anyone who acted a little effeminate or who was homosexual. I was neither so I felt I was O.K.

We were parking one night and I was running my hand along her leg. She had nylons on and I couldn't help but feel them. She asked me if I was feeling her legs or the nylons. Jokingly I said I was feeling the nylons. I wanted her to take it as a joke but she seemed to know something was up. She started to ask a lot of questions and by the time we were throught talking I had to admit that I liked the feel of soft silky materials. About a week later she broke up with me without any substantial reason.

I was deeply hurt and decided that no girl would put up with what I was. I would stay home practically every night reading everything I could buy on the subject.

In the summer of 1966 I met the girl who is now my wife. I had a very warm feeling inside every time I saw her. I was afraid I was falling in love again but I was. I tried to stop dressing but I did not have enough willpower. I started dressing again and made up my mind that I had to tell her because we were making plans to get married and I wanted to give her every opportunity to change her mind. I prayed to God to give me the courage to tell her, but as it turned out, I didn't need courage but a good explanation. What happened was that I had bought a book on female impersonators as it was the closest thing to what I was looking for. Any-way, my father found it and asked me how come I had a book about "Queers". I told him it was in a pile

of books that someone gave me. But I had to get the point across to my future wife that men who dressed as women were not necessarily "Queer".

That night I told her everything I could think of pertaining to the subject of transvestism. I told her I was one and how I thought I started. I told her a brief story of my life, and I told as much as I know about it to convince her that a true transvestite was not a homosexual. She seemed to understand pretty well and asked a few questions. I then told her that she still had time to back out of the wedding and no one would be the wiser because our intentions were not known to anyone yet. I told her I would leave her and never see her if she liked. She immediately started to cry and she said she would always love me as long as I loved her. I do love her and I always will.

For a while she wanted nothing to do with Transvestism. After a while she became more interested and started to help me with hair styles and she bought me a lot of clothes. We would babysit over at my house and I would dress up. She put makeup on me and fix her wig on me. We would than take a lot of pictures, some of which are enclosed.

When we got married my wife wore the most beautiful wedding gown I ever saw. She rented it as it was cheaper and more sensible than having it hang around the rest of our lives. I was wishing she could keep it so I could wear it but it had to be returned. On our honeymoon she let me wear one of her nighties to bed a couple of times.

I am now employed at a local service station. I am the day mechanic and I also pump gas. Being a mechanic is lousy work for a part time woman because it is impossible to keep my hands spotless, as you can see by some of my pictures.

I have at the present, two wigs, one of an

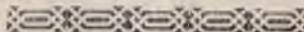
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auburn shade and the other brunette. I have no problems in obtaining clothes because my wife and I wear the same size. We both wear size 12 or 14 depending on the manufacture of the clothes. In some cases I can fit into a size 10 with no trouble but my regular size is 12.

I will close by saying that I enjoy dressing as a girl and I always will. Women's clothes will always be my number two love. My number one love is my wife and it will always be that way.

Yours very femininely

Francene



A Walk In The Half-Light

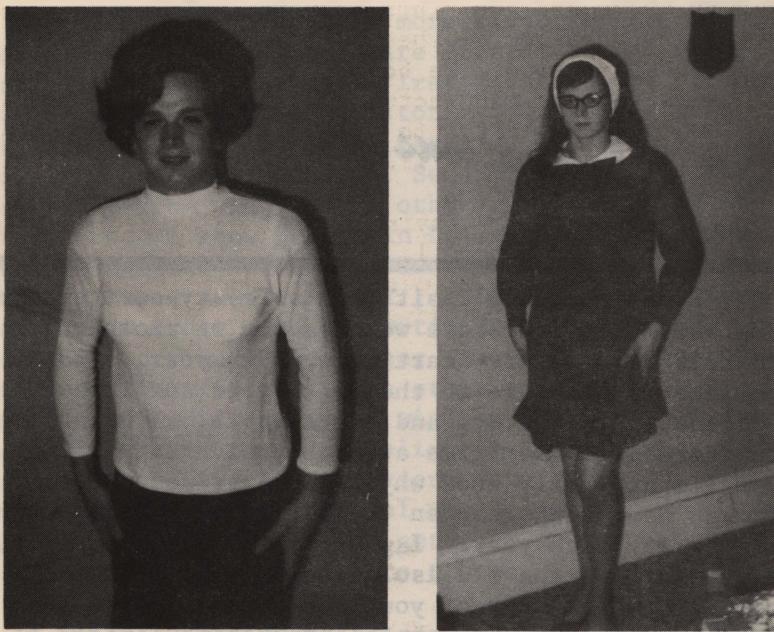
Six in the evening, tap-tap down Broadway,
Betting my life on this uncertain skill;
Ice in my stomach, my head in the clouds-
Just one thing certain, I'm dressed "fit to kill."

Lightly I walk on the lap of the evening,
Beside me the neon spins its mad hoop;
Glorious feeling of utter completeness,
Oh, what a story to tell to our group!

Seventy-Ninth Street, two gray alley-kittens
Caught in the open with no place to hide;
"See, little cats, we are all girls together!"
"We never heard of you, Mister," they cried.

Seventy-Second, my knees start to tremble
Too many looks from too many strange men-
Caution begins to prevail over glamour
Home on the subway - and DO IT AGAIN!

Authors Name Not Given



MORE FRANCENE



FRANCENE EVIDENTLY BELONGS
TO THE "PEPSI-GENERATION"

Observations by Virginia

Every February I sit down at my typewriter with the same surprise--here we go again on another year. In this case we are starting our 9th year. I didn't believe it possible in the fifth year and I haven't for the 6th, 7th, 8th and now the 9th. I'm inclined to increase in surprise at each anniversary. And yet I don't really know why I am surprised. Surely enough new things happen to justify and explain our continuity each year. I guess it's just that I still have a bit of the old isolationism that I used to have and which many of you have buried inside you too, namely that this whole bit must be limited to just a few of us and it is a continual surprise to realize that it is not. Of course I have known intellectually for years that it was a wide spread phenomenon, but knowing and feeling emotionally are two different things. Anyway here we are again and still going strong.

You will have already noticed the new cover on this issue. I have decided to discontinue Cover Girls as such, substituting instead a "Leading Lady" with a full page frontispiece as you have found in this issue. This means that we will have a standard front cover layout which can be printed up for a number of issues at a time thus saving costs. Moreover it will save me from the hair pulling worry that has sometimes beset me when girls who were selected for Cover Girl did not get their stories in on time. I owe my thanks to the Leading Lady of this issue who was originally scheduled for #50 for stepping into the breach in a hurry to fill in for the one who did not come through as planned.

In order to make TVia more effective and useful for all its readers there are several things that you, its readers can do. First and foremost of course is to continue to send in stories, articles, true experiences etc--things of the type that you would like to read about others. Secondly, I would like some help from you to help others in the way of advertisers. I know people in L.A. whose ads appear in the magazine but I have no way of contacting or knowing about people in N.Y., Chicago, Miami, Minneapolis, Detroit etc. Advertising rates are \$30 per page, \$15 per half and \$8 per quarter page per issue. You could be of big help to other sisters in your area if you would speak to wig shops, electrologists, mail order show outlets dealing in large sizes, opticians, dress shops, corsetiers, etc. whom you know to be understanding, helpful and willing to do business with TVs. If you can get them to take an ad it will be a real service to others.

While it would not be desireable or ethical to list professional people--doctors and lawyers who are understanding and helpful, it would be very helpful if you would send me the names of such people with their addresses and phone numbers so that I can compile a list. I am always being asked for such persons in other areas and have noone to recommend. I'd like you to send the information on a 3 x 5 card or paper cut to that size so that I can just pop it into such a file for handy reference.

I try to make this your magazine and try to put in something for everybody because all readers tastes are not alike. In this light I always welcome suggestions for the improvement of TVia although I cannot always actually carry out some of the ideas submitted for various reasons. But contribute and participate and the 9th year of publication will be even better than the 8th.



TV Heaven

by Evelyn (5-P-3) FPE

Eddie didn't look forward to the coming week. The past week had been another in which he had not made a sale. His commissions on his sales for the two previous weeks were enough to carry him for another week, but if things didn't pick up soon, he didn't know just how he would make out.

He was a machinist by trade. He had served in the navy during the war, and after his discharge he had worked at his trade in a small shop in the city. A recession was on, and the shop had closed up. There seemed to be plenty of machinists, but not much work for them. Eddie in desperation had become a door to door salesman of vacuum cleaners. He had made a few sales; enough to keep him going, but he knew he was no salesman, in the first place he didn't like it, and he was of too kind and gentle a nature to push himself forward in order to be successful.

So this Saturday evening he was looking at the want adds in the Sunday paper in the hope of finding something that would suit him better. It was

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rather a forlorn hope for times were still slow, and there were not many positions open.

One add, however, did catch his attention. It asked for a young man to be caretaker of a pent house apartment. Room and meals would be provided and the caretaker would be required to "sleep in" at the apartment. A knowledge of cooking and some gardening would be helpful, but not necessary.

Eddie had been raised on a farm, and he had often "batched" by himself. He had helped his mother with her housekeeping and his training in the navy had also taught him how to keep things neat and orderly. He was sure he was qualified for the position. If he was accepted it would solve the problem of a place to stay and his meals would be provided. The salary, whatever it amounted to would be clear.

He decided to investigate, and noted the address. Since it was, fairly early in the evening he thought he would inquire about the "job" offered that same evening.

The address was located in an apartment house district and the apartment he was looking for was in a comparatively new building. Eddie called the apartment on the house phone from the lobby. A woman answered. Eddie told her he had come in answer to the advertisement for a caretaker. She seemed surprised that he had come that evening instead of in the morning but since he was there he might as well come up and she would see him.

The automatic elevator didn't go all the way up to the penthouse, but stopped at the floor below. The apartment was reached by ascending one flight of stairs. At the top of the stairs a tall nice looking young woman greeted Eddie. She was dressed in blue slacks with a white blouse or shirt and wearing low heeled casual shoes. She invited Eddie to come in, and as he entered he noticed they were about the same height, and seemed to be the same size.

The apartment was in a mess, it looked as if it had not had any care for sometime. Everything had a coating of dust, and books, magazines, newspapers and various

Transvestia

articles of clothing were scattered all over the living and dining room.

"I must apologize for the looks of the place", the woman said as they entered. "I don't have time to take care of it myself, and I haven't been able to find any satisfactory person that will stay here alone. I hate house work anyway." She showed Eddie over the apartment and from the condition it was in he could well believe she did hate housework, or didn't care to spend much time in doing it.

It was not a very large apartment with a combination living and dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and two baths. The living room opened to the roof where there was what appeared to be a roof garden, but it was so overgrown with weeds, and the flowers and vines had been neglected for so long that it was hard to tell what it was.

The woman said the extra room was used as the maid's room when she had one. She had been rather unfortunate in getting anyone to stay. She was not home very much and women didn't like to stay in the place alone. She couldn't understand why; she supposed the stairs and being so high up had something to do with it.

The apartment, seemed to Eddie, like a pleasant place. It was nicely furnished and had been decorated in excellent taste. Right now it was in a very upset condition, but a condition that could soon be remedied by a little work, and a strong application of "elbow grease".

The present occupant was a Miss Lily Sinclair. She was connected with one of the motion picture studios, and by the looks of the furnishings of the apartment and the clothes she was wearing, Eddie imagined she must have a very good position with a good salary.

She asked Eddie a few questions about himself, and the kind of work he had been doing, and why he had answered her add. Eddie told her he was a machinist by trade, but his job had petered out during the current recession. He had tried selling vacuum cleaners from door to door, but he hadn't been very successful. He hated a salesman's job anyway. He was taking a correspondence

course in mechanical drawing and thought a job such as advertised would give him more time to study. He told her how he had been raised on a farm, and had often helped his mother with the housework and cooking. He also told her he had served a hitch in the navy as a machinist, but had done some work as a yeoman and storekeeper. He was a fair typist and also understood bookkeeping, and keeping records. He was confident he could clean up the apartment, and keep it in good order. He could also help in any secretarial work if there was any.

Miss Sinclair was quite impressed with his sincerity and pleasant manners. She thought he must have an aggressive and alert character to apply so soon for the job.

"I think you'll do," she said. "At least you can try it for a week, and if it works out you can stay longer."

Arrangements were made for Eddie to start the next morning. It didn't take long for him to collect his things and check out from where he was living. He arrived at the apartment early in the morning "Lily was not up when he arrived, but she let him in and he went directly to his room which was originally the maid's room. It was a pleasant room with a window for plenty of sunshine and fresh air. It was furnished and decorated in a feminine manner as was the bathroom. It was painted in a pink color, trimmed with blue with pink and blue curtains at the windows.

Eddie didn't pay much attention to the furnishings or decorations except to notice it was a pleasant room. He quickly put his few belongings away and went to the kitchen where he started washing the dirty dishes. Lily came in and asked if he could make coffee. Eddie suggested he fix a tray for her with toast and anything else she would like.

"That would be nice," she said from the bedroom. "You might fix some orange juice, with toast and coffee. That will be enough."

Eddie quickly arranged a tray and brought it to her.

Transvestia

Eddie had been trained and drilled by his mother to keep things neat and orderly. His experience in the navy had also encouraged his naturally orderly and neat character. The disorder and untidiness of the bedroom shocked and amazed him.

Lily, herself, looked neat enough in a becoming silk bed jacket, and her hair was nicely fixed. She had applied some make-up, and Eddie could find nothing wrong with her appearance, but the room looked as if a cyclone had struck it. The slack outfit Lily had worn the night before was lying on the floor where she had left it. Several articles of her underwear were scattered all over the room, some of it apparently had been there for days. Shoes of every description were dropped and left just where they had been removed.

By the looks of the bedroom, and the living room, and even his own room Eddie knew he would be busy for several days getting the place in shape.

He was making great headway in the kitchen when about two hours after he had served Lily her breakfast, she appeared dressed to go out. "I am sorry, but I will have to leave you alone for the rest of the day," she said. "I have a date for this afternoon and evening. I will have to trust you and leave everything in your care." Eddie thanked her for her confidence in him, and said she needn't worry, he didn't have any place to go, or anything to do if he did go anywhere.

By the middle of the afternoon, Eddie had finished in the kitchen, and started working in the bedroom. While he was picking up the various pairs of shoes scattered here and there about the room, it occurred to him they looked about his size, and wondered if they would fit him. He playfully tried on a pair and found they were almost a perfect fit! Since the shoes fitted him maybe some of the other clothes would fit him also. He held up one of the dresses before him, and looked at himself in the full length mirror. He thought he could wear the dress, and although he was tempted to put it on he thought better of it since it was his first day, and he was not yet familiar with Lily's habits.

Eddie knew he was a transvestite, and had often

secretly dressed in some of his mother's clothes when he was alone on the farm. During the years he had been home he had gradually obtained a complete costume of female attire. He had kept it in a secret hiding place where he could get it when he was alone and the opportunity to wear it presented itself.

He put the shoes and dresses away and went on with his work, but the idea had been planted in his mind that, here was a whole wardrobe of feminine clothes that from all indications would fit him. The knowledge that, at the apartment he would have a well stocked wardrobe and by the indications plenty of opportunity to make some use of it was a great satisfaction to him. For the time being however, he put the thought of 'dressing up' out of his mind and continued to clean up the room.

Lily seemed to have plenty of all the clothes a woman would ever need. It seemed to Eddie that she bought new articles of apparel instead of laundering the soiled ones. There were dozens of girdles, panties, brassieres, slips, half slips and innumeral pairs of stockings. Most of them looked as if they had been worn only once and then discarded. The closet was full of dresses and suits of all kinds, and there must have been thirty or forty pairs of shoes. There were also several coats and jackets including many fur pieces. All the clothes and shoes were well made and looked expensive.

It took him the remainder of the day to collect the soiled clothes, put the shoes away in the rack, and hang the dresses and slacks in the closet. He changed the linen on the bed, and as a final gesture ran the vacuum cleaner over the rug.

That evening he ate his supper by himself, and since all his "housework" had made him rather tired he turned in early.

The next morning he was up early. Much to his surprise Lily appeared while he was fixing breakfast. She was very pleased with the appearance of the kitchen and her bedroom. She complemented Eddie on his work and neatness, and was sure he would be a satisfactory caretaker.

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Eddie asked about the laundry. He had noticed there was a washing machine in the kitchen, and said he could take care of everything, except that which had to be dry cleaned.

Lily had no objections and said if he would, that would be a relief. She didn't have time to do it herself, and usually bought new clothes instead of washing the soiled ones. She supposed it was expensive, as she preferred to have fresh lingerie everyday. With her present salary, she could afford to, although she knew it was extravagant. If Eddie would do the laundry, she would be delighted.

Eddie spent most of the day in laundering the pile of soiled clothing Lily had let accumulate. Since most of it consisted of nylon lingerie that had been worn only once or twice it was not hard to do. There was a great deal of it, and when he finally finished he hung it out to dry on the clothes line that was stretched over the roof near the roof garden.

While he was taking the clothes in, that evening the idea of 'dressing up' kept returning to him, and he thought that since Lily had so many clothes she wouldn't miss any if he "borrowed" a few and took them to his room.

He was to be alone again that evening and he thought he would like to wear some feminine pajamas that night. He chose a pretty pair of blue nylon tailored ones, and since he felt he might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb he picked out some slippers to match and a matching nylon robe. He put these clothes away in his room.

Eddie carefully folded the other clothes, and put them away. Laying aside those that needed to be ironed. He laid out another pair of clean pajamas and a robe for Lily as she had requested. Eddie saw that he would be kept quite busy in his new job with all the housework and laundering.

That night when he prepared for bed he carefully shaved. After his shower he used a generous amount of talcum powder, also "borrowed" from Lily's well stocked supply, and then put on the blue pajamas and robe. He

was delighted with the soft feel of the nylon next to his body.

He had also "borrowed" some lipstick and make-up and attempted to make himself more feminine, but he lacked the skill to do a very satisfactory job, and resolved he would study one of the many books on make-up and poise he had noticed on the book shelves while he was cleaning the living room.

He went to bed that night wearing the blue pajamas. He liked them so well he thought he would wear them every night from then on if he could manage it.

Lily didn't miss the "borrowed" clothes and seemed well pleased with Eddie. After the first week was up she told him she would be glad to have him stay.

He was left alone almost every evening, and he continued to wear Lily's pajamas each night. He studied the book on make-up and poise and "borrowed" some more of Lily's cosmetics of which there seemed to be an inexhaustable supply. He had discovered two or three fashionable wigs put away in one of the closets, and he had "borrowed" one he thought was suitable for him. In a few evenings of diligent study on the art of make-up, and practice by trial and error of applying it, he became quite skilled in changing his face from a masculine to a feminine looking one.

But the pajamas and robe didn't satisfy his desire for feminine clothing. One evening about two weeks after he had been at the apartment, he borrowed a complete costume and took it to his room. Although he was to be alone again as usual that evening he didn't dare use Lily's room to get dressed in her clothes. He carefully selected a girdle, bra, panties, nylon stockings, slip, high heeled shoes, and a blue dress.

Eddie laid "his clothes" on the bed while he shaved and showered. After his shower he again used a generous amount of Lily's talcum powder and pulled on his girdle and the nylon stockings. He fastened the stockings to his girdle, expertly hooked the bra, and stepped into the panties, and high heeled shoes. Then he donned the wig

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and slip, and sat down at the dressing table to apply his make-up. He trimmed his eyebrows in as feminine a fashion as he could. Lily was the only one he would see and he doubted if she would notice, as he saw very little of her and she never paid much attention to him.

He was very much pleased with his appearance when he put on the blue dress. He ventured out of his room, and as he wondered through the apartment he felt very much at ease and practiced some of the gestures and mannerisms he had read about. He watched a show on the television set in the living room, and paid more attention to how the female members of the cast sat and moved about than he did the show.

Eddie hated to get out of his feminine finery, and was so pleased with the way the clothes fitted and felt he resolved to keep them. He knew Lily wouldn't miss them, and she never visited his room. He hung the dress in his closet concealed by his own clothes so if anyone did look they would not notice anything strange unless they investigated further. Like a fastidious lady he rinsed out his girdle, underwear, and stockings and hung them in the bathroom to dry and be put away in the morning. He put on his pajamas or Lily's pajamas rather, as he had now formed the habit of sleeping in feminine pajamas each night. He had "borrowed" another pair from Lily and now had a pink pair in addition to the blue ones.

In the next few days Eddie "borrowed" several more dresses and lingerie from Lily's well stocked supply. He put them away in his room and dressed and applied his make-up almost every night.

Lily rarely appeared before noon, and then only for a short time. She would leave the apartment early in the afternoon and not return until midnight or later. She never bothered Eddie when she came in. She had a large collection of clippings and pictures of various studio and stage people she had collected over a number of years. She had asked Eddie to sort and arrange them in a sort of scrapbook. With his housework, his correspondence course, and Lily's scrapbook he found himself without much spare time.

One afternoon when he was alone, he borrowed some

grey slacks and a blue blouse from Lily's wardrobe, and dressed in them. He wore a padded girdle and bra, and with his wig he made a very good looking young woman wearing slacks. He found some ladies rubber boots which he wore, and ventured out to the roof garden where he kept himself busy all the afternoon weeding and trimming the vines and flowers. No one saw him, but he enjoyed himself, and tried to imagine he was a woman doing her gardening.

Lily didn't seem to notice any of her vast wardrobe was missing. Each week she would come home with some new piece of apparel. She already had dozens of all the clothes any woman needed, but she kept buying more. It was fortunate for Eddie, as he could "borrow" almost whatever clothes he wished and Lily never noticed.

In the privacy of his room Eddie experimented in applying his make-up, and now with the 'help of cosmetics was able to change his masculine looking face to that of a very handsome woman.

In the evenings when Lily was not in, which she very seldom was, Eddie dressed in a complete feminine costume and made himself at home in the apartment. He studied the books on feminine poise and posture, and put in practice much that he learned.

Eddie was lonely and he longed to go out "in dress" but didn't dare. Several times he was tempted to appear before Lily dressed as a handsome woman, but he lacked the courage to do so.

One day a month after Eddie had started working there, Lily returned in the afternoon very excited and said she was going to New York on a business and pleasure trip. She would be gone for several weeks, and wanted Eddie to stay and take care of the apartment while she was gone. She would not take many clothes with her as she would buy a complete new wardrobe in New York. Eddie wondered what she wanted with more clothes! She had enough now for two or three women.

Lily started packing what few clothes she thought she would take, but her idea of packing was not much

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better than her housekeeping and Eddie came to her rescue. He had learned in the navy how to fold clothes to take up the least room, and managed to pack what Lily required in one suitcase and a small overnight bag.

She left on the plane that same afternoon. Eddie went with her to the airport and saw her safely aboard the plane. As soon as the plane took off he returned to the apartment. He had the place to himself now, and he lost no time in changing into Lily's clothes.

The next morning the desire to dress as a woman for the day was almost overwhelming, but he resisted the temptation until after lunch when he could stand it no longer, and surrendered himself to his feminine counterpart. He chose a red dress with brown shoes, that he particularly liked and in which he thought he looked quite chic. He spent the afternoon and evening trying on different hats and coats, and experimented in different combinations of accessories. To his delight he discovered his hands were small enough to wear Lily's gloves and he practiced putting them on and off until he could do it in a feminine manner.

Everyday he dressed early in the afternoon and stayed dressed until he turned in at night. Even then his feminine side remained with him and he always slept in Lily's ladies' pajamas.

One night after dark, he ventured out on the street dressed in a very becoming dress. He had used extra care in applying his make-up. With coat, hat, gloves, and bag he appeared very well. Since it was the rainy season and the sidewalk was wet he wore some light weight rubbers or rain sandals over his high heeled shoes.

It was quite late at night when he went out and there were very few people around. He didn't dare go very far, but he walked to the end of the block then crossed the street and returned on the other side. He met only one or two people and they didn't notice him. No one else entered the elevator either on the way up or down. Eddie felt very elated even though he hadn't passed many people, but he felt he had been accepted and would be more at ease the next time, for he was very sure there would be a next time!



Fiona (FA-C-1)
Cover Girl #8



Cynthia (FE-C-1) FPE



Suzette - Ohio



Brenda (15-P-1)

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A few nights later he went out again. He wore a different costume this time, and he stayed out a little longer. He walked completely around the block and passed more people than he had before, but they all seemed to accept him for what he seemed to be.

One night he went out a little earlier than usual, and much to his dismay, the elevator stopped at about the third floor from the top and a group of men entered. Eddie had a few moments of panic but soon composed himself as the men showed him the utmost courtesy and treated him in all respects as the young well dressed woman he appeared to be. When the car reached the lobby he almost forgot he was supposed to be a lady and expected to leave the car first! He recovered himself in time and was quite thrilled to have the men step back and let him through the door ahead of them.

He made a complete round of the block again and to his delight, and pleasure he found most of the nervousness and self consciousness he had at his first appearance was disappearing. He now felt very much at ease and natural in the role he was assuming. He had found a tape recorder while cleaning the apartment. It was out of order but with Eddie's mechanical ability it was no trouble for him to repair it. He was using it to practice modulating his voice to sound more feminine when he spoke. The results were not very satisfactory, but he felt he was improving.

It had begun to rain when Eddie returned to the apartment that evening. According to the news on the radio there was a big storm coming and the rain would continue all night and probably most of the next day. Eddie made up his mind if it was raining in the morning he would dress as a female and assume a feminine role for all day. The rain would discourage any callers and he would feel free to dress as he wished without any embarrassing interruptions.

The radio prediction proved to be true and it was raining hard when Eddie awoke the next morning. Eddie shaved and applied his make-up and wig. He imagined he was a girl working as a typist or secretary in an office and attempted to dress as he thought she would. He dressed

in girdle and feminine underwear and selected a dark colored tailored suit with a white nylon blouse. He chose some high heeled black patent leather pumps to complete his costume and was very pleased at the attractive looking young woman he presented.

He felt very much at ease all day as he went about his work. He loved the feel of his feminine attire, and the exhilarating sense he had in wearing it. He found many of the feminine gestures and mannerisms he had learned and practiced in the last few days coming to him naturally. He also discovered that a passive nature was easy for him to assume and he felt more comfortable in assuming it than he ever had in trying to be a dominating male. It was a relief to him not to be always proving he was a real "he man". His feminine counterpart was completely in charge and he let her have her own way with him.

That night he arrayed himself in a very feminine formal gown with bare shoulders. He remade his face and changed his "hair-do". As a result he looked and thought of himself as a glamorous looking young lady.

It was lonely for him, and he wished he was among others who would understand his transvestite desires. He thought seriously of assuming a feminine role and living as a woman. He decided however, that he was not ready to go that far, and was not sure he ever would be. For the time being he would be content to masquerade whenever he felt in the mood. The "mood" seemed to be all the time since Lily had left and he had access to her wonderful wardrobe.

The next day was still cloudy, and there were a few scattered showers. Eddie assumed the feminine role again as soon as he got up. In the early afternoon he ventured outside. It was his first appearance as a woman in the day time except for the few times when he had gone out on the roof garden. He felt very confident and went to the grocery store to purchase the groceries for the week. It was a serve yourself grocery, and he didn't have to talk with anyone. There were several other women in the store also buying groceries but they accepted Eddie as one of them, and paid no attention to him. He thought

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he looked as well as most of them and better than some. He had no fear of having his true sex discovered.

For the next three weeks Eddie became "Edith". He appropriated Lily's wardrobe and went about his work and his shopping dressed as a stylish young lady. He could now pass other people and even talk a little with the ones he came in contact with in going up or down in the elevator without any fear of being discovered. Several times he went to the movies. Once he was almost picked up by a young man who looked as if he had some "wolfish" desires! Eddie managed to escape by saying he was married and must hurry home.

He knew he would have to tell Lily of his masquerade when she returned and he dreaded the day when he would have to give up the glamorous wardrobe and go back to what now seemed to him his drab masculine attire.

Lily wrote she was returning after being gone for over six weeks. Eddie spent several extra hours in getting the apartment in "apple pie" order for her arrival. He was careful to have all the dresses and suits he had worn cleaned and pressed before she arrived.

Eddie met her at the airport dressed in his male clothing. She had with her two new wardrobe trunks, and several suitcases almost three or four times as much as when she left!

"I bought some new clothes," she told Eddie. "I told you I would."

"So I see", Eddie said. Secretly wondering if he would have a chance to wear them also.

When they reached the apartment, Lily was very much amazed and pleased at the neat and orderly looks of the place.

"I want you to get rid of all my old clothes." Lily told Eddie as soon as she had changed from her travelling costume to something more comfortable. "Give them to the Salvation Army or the Welfare people or someone. Then there will be room for the new ones."

Eddie thought now was the time to tell her of his masquerade.

"Before I do that or keep on in your employ, there is a confession I feel I must make."

"A confession!" Lily exclaimed. "What kind of a confession for mercy sakes? Don't tell me you have had parties in my apartment while I was away! Or have been keeping a woman here! You haven't gotten married have you?"

"No, no parties, nor any woman and I haven't gotten married either. You see I am a transvestite. I like to dress in feminine clothes. I found your clothes fitted me almost to perfection, and I have masqueraded as a girl or a young lady most of the time you were away."

"Oh! No", said Lily with amusement. "That; I would like to see. Suppose you get dressed right now and show me."

Eddie retired to his room and in a short time returned wearing a becoming blue dress with accessories to go with it and carefully made-up.

Lily complimented him on his appearance, and insisted he go out to dinner with her that evening dressed as he was.

"If you are going to wear my clothes, I insist that you assume the role that goes with them," she said.

Eddie was thankful that she selected a quiet place to dine where there were not many people. He had gone out to lunch several times "in dress" while Lily was away, but he had never tried going out to dinner in the evening. He thought an unescorted woman would look too conspicuous and attract some unwanted attention.

He was overjoyed to have Lily approve of his masquerade, and was thrilled to walk along with her as another woman. He had no trouble at the cafe. It was one of Lily's favorite dining places and she was well known by all the help. No one paid any attention to Eddie. He

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He was even complimented on his stylish appearance, and was quite pleased to be considered by everyone as a lady.

Lily seemed delighted with him in his feminine role and suggested he keep the clothes she was going to give away for himself. He could become her housekeeper and companion.

"It would prevent any unfavorable talk and look much better for me to have a "lady" housekeeper."

She told Eddie she was thinking of giving up the apartment, and buying or renting a house near by.

Eddie thought well of the idea and soon it was arranged for "Eddie" to leave and "Edith" to take his place.

Negotiations were made to buy a house in Santa Monica and Eddie or Edith as he had become was installed as the housekeeper and companion.

He discovered he had some skill in interior decorating which Lily encouraged and they had a pleasant time working together decorating the new home.

Lily helped him in his impersonation and showed him how to appear more feminine in the manner he wore his clothes and in his actions. She seemed to prefer Edith to Eddie and was much more companionable with her than she ever had been with Eddie. She introduced him everywhere among her friends as Edith. Since they were about the same size Lily allowed "Edith" to buy most of their clothes, and "Edith" was able to have some control on Lily's passion for buying clothes that were not needed.

His success in decorating the new house won him much praise from Lily's friends, and soon he - as Edith of course - was being consulted as an interior decorator. He was so successful at it, he was able, with Lily's help, to set himself up in a business of his own. His customers were often confused to sometimes be consulting "Edith" and sometimes her brother "Eddie". Brother and sister could never be found together!

Lily became more interested in Eddie's interior decorating business than her work at the studio. In a year or so after they had been living in the house and the decorating business was well established, she resigned from the studio and joined Eddie. It proved to be a prosperous combination, and their business became known for it's skill and integrity.

They also became fond of each other, and were married. Eddie kept up his impersonation and appeared either as a well dressed lady, or in his own masculine role, whichever seemed best suited for whatever project they were undertaking.

Sometimes he and Lily appeared as male and female business partners, which they were, and sometimes if the occasion seemed to demand it, they were two women in partnership.

They had a great deal of pleasure in each others company, and the marriage proved to be a very happy one. Under their management the decorating business flourished and prospered, and the partnership was very successful over many years.

THE END

Evelyn - 5-P-3

INEZSQUIBS.

TV song: "I'm just a bird in a girdled cage."

TV to wife: "I hope you don't mind, dear,
if I put on a girdle. It's such a hot day."

When I cinch my middle
As fashion models do,
I have a wasp-like waistline
And disposition, too.

a ^{private} HISTORY

When, How and Why

by Jeanne (56-D-1) FPE

"The beauty of man lies in his strength. The strength of woman lies in her beauty".

Here is my life story from as far back as two years old. Several Psychiatrists I went to a few years ago, all decided that my mother had wished for a girl before I was even born. They could not say though if it had any effect on my character. Any-way, my mother must have been very deceived, because I was born a boy. About my two first years, I don't remember a thing, of course. But from two or two and a half I do remember many things. I had long, curly blond hair and mother was very fond of it. She used to tie a satin bow in it when we were alone in the house. At that early age, I was her doll and I got a lot of attention and caresses. I must have kept my long hair until three and a half or four.

One day my father, without saying anything to my mother, took me to the barber and had my hair cut, to another girlish style, called in those days "the square cut". It was normal in those days to give that girlish cut even to boys. When we arrived home, mother had a terrible shock. She started to cry and to scold my father for what he had done without saying a word to her beforehand. I even remember her saying, "he looked more beautiful before". It hurt me to hear my mother say that, and I was mad at my father to make mother cry for nothing. Maybe I wished for the first time then, to be more like a girl and to go back to my long hair as before. Mother gave me less attention from then on. And I felt it with great sorrow.

It could be that my life as a TV goes back as far as the age of four. At that age I had nobody around to play with, except two little sisters on the other side of the street; they were about my own age. A few times I went to play with them, but after a few moments, their mother came and told me to go home, that little boys were not supposed to play with little girls. Getting back home, I cried to mother. She used to tell me, "What can I do, you are a little boy and they are little girls". I firmly believe that in those moments, I wished to be a little girl, to be able to play with them and also to have more sympathy from mother.

Around the age of five or five and a half, father once more took me to the barber and this time I came back home with a brush cut. It was another shock for mother, more crying, and sad words with my father. Once more I realized that mother used to love me a lot more with a girlish look. From then on, attention and caresses from mother stopped completely.

One day an aunt of mine came home with her little girl, and my mother took her in her arms and kissed her in front of me. I even remember her saying to my aunt "how nice is a little girl?" I went into my room and cried my heart out. Then, I went to school like all others, but I was mum at times and I was also a dreamer.

One day, at age of ten, mother left me alone at home for about two hours, while she went shopping in town. On that day, I became a practicing TV for the first time. Once my mother was gone, I felt an irresistible urge to go in her bedroom. There I saw on the chair her bloomers and her corset. I wanted with all my heart to try on her bloomers, and I did.. I felt so good that there is no word to describe the feelings I had. After a little while, I took them off, got into the corset, laced it solidly and put the bloomers back over the corset. I was the happiest boy-girl in the world. Then, after parading

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around the house, I took them off, fearing mother would return, and I started to cry. In my subconscious, the corset and bloomers were caresses and protection. Every opportunity that I had after that I used to repeat the same performance, adding a slip and the high heels.

Father was very strict, aggressive and even violent. I was of a sensitive nature and there was softness in me that was demanding to be expressed. But father was asking me to be aggressive, to be ready for a fast decision at all times, so he sent my softness under ground. One thing I forgot to mention - at the age of six, one night I asked father for a kiss before going to bed. He pushed me away and gave me his hand instead, saying "men do not kiss each other." Once more I was frustrated and I never mentioned the word "kiss" again. He was a father but not a friend to me. I was living alone out of this world.

Father would humiliate me in front of others. It seemed to me that he was afraid to take my part in front of others, boys or adults. When he would help me in my mathematics, he was impatient, and very severe. I used to fear him very much and it had a lot to do with my temper. When I did wrong in the day time, my mother would tell him at supper and I had a punishment coming. Even if it was against my nature, I became aggressive and violent like my father, being afraid to be gentle and quiet. I believe that is why I am still violent and aggressive today as a man. And to express my softness, I have to wear dresses, it being impossible to be soft and passive as a man.

At 15 I fell in love with a girl and the urge went underground. At 28 I got married after having served four years in the Army. I did not know then that it would come back after marriage, but it did. For 15 years my wife tolerated me after I told her my feelings. Then after reading "The TV and His

"Wife", she accepted me and even cooperated with my dressing up. Even though with our three children it is not always easy. I owe a lot to Virginia and her book and I thank her from the bottom of my heart.

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The Sisters

Anonymous

The evening was warm and scented and the Season of the Jacaranda was at its zenith. In royal blue satin house-coat Dawn clattered out over the parquet and on to the patio where I was sitting. I noted with satisfaction that she bore in either hand a dry martini, the glasses already opaque with condensation. She handed me mine and then perched gracefully, an azalea on either side, on the low hollow wall out of which they were growing. Ten floors down the after-office traffic flowed along to the outer suburbs with a pleasant unobtrusive murmur.. It was all very relaxed, very civilized.

I set my drink down after the first appreciative sip, crossed my bare legs under my hostess-gown and looked up at Dawn. I was about to ask her when she thought we should dress for dinner and how she proposed we should spend the remainder of this lovely evening and then hesitated. She was gazing at me over the rim of her glass and her eyes told me this was not going to be any ordinary evening. I was prepared to bet my new mink and the little Austin-Healey we shared that she had something cooking - and it wasn't just the Cape Lobster we had planned for dinner.

Thoughtfully I contemplated the scarlet nails of my right hand and wondered how soon the immaculately engineered proposition would emerge. I didn't have to wait long. "Honey" she said "while you were having your beauty-bath your little sister Dawn had a call!" and her eyes grew wide with that special synthetic innocence that seemed to fool everybody but me. "A man, darling?" I said knowing damned

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well it could only be - her eyes don't sparkle like that over ordinary feminine telephone calls - they get coldly indifferent. "Mario" she replied and then went into her "gently-coaxing" routine. "Would you mind terribly if I skipped the lobster and left you alone tonight? Sophia's out of town and Mario wants me to hostess a small business dinner for him and then, after his tiresome guests have gone, talk over the dresses for the new Spring range." (Mario is a dress manufacturer Dawn is his favorite model).

I know when Dawn has made her mind up to go somewhere and I felt too luxuriously relaxed to attempt to dissuade her anyway. She sensed my agreement and went on "lets have your beautiful Big Sister act - come and help me prepare. I'll knock Mario and his visitors cold." Then she added firmly, "I'll have to be specially nice to Mario afterwards too - he mustn't stop thinking of me as the best girl in Johannesburg to work with and many of the models would give their eyes to have the deal I get."

I finished my Martini, picked up my wrap and together we went in from the patio to the big softly lighted bedroom we shared. She kicked off her bone-white sandals and tossed her house-coat to me to hang up in the closet. I noted with mild amusement that the bath had already been run and her white chiffon terrace dress was lying on the bed with the remainder of what she had chosen for Mario's delectation - and that of his "visiting firemen". It was all scattered around in close company. Gold kid mules, matching gloves and handbag. Apparently on this warm evening she contemplated nothing else and that gown precluded the wearing of a bra anyway! However I couldn't be too censorious about that dressed as I was at the moment; but then I wasn't planning to visit the apartment of a married man in the absence of his wife and to play hostess to a bunch of strangers who would probably be more than a little "high" by dinner time. However all that was Dawn's problem and I guessed she could handle it. Anyway I wasn't sure my thoughts were entirely

clear of a tinge of envy and I'd always sworn both to Dawn and myself that there would never be any resentment of her popularity as a party attraction. So far there never had been and living together would have been pretty impossible if there had.

I went into the bar poured two more Martinis, put an olive in Dawn's and drained mine at one go in a most un-ladylike fashion. When I went back to the bed-room she wasn't there so I wandered into the perfumed cloud that by now enshrouded the bathroom. She was luxuriating in a welter of foam and, as usual, doing nothing about getting bathed. "Time's getting on!" I reminded her and set to work on her with a king-size loofah while she went into action with a pearl-handled nailbrush. She stepped out of the bath and I handed her a large turkish towel which she tossed aside and stood there on the white sheep-skin bath rug - a glistening, golden Aphrodite. I took the oil bottle from the shelf and slowly anointed her sun-tanned body while she sipped her martini and munched contentedly at the olive.

"Mm!" she said, either at the drink or the massage and then went on ruminatively "So I'm walking out on my devoted sister - to say nothing of Lobster Thermidor and Chablis - hope you don't mind darling!"

I said I didn't and that I was sure the evening would be lovely. I meant it. I thought it would be productive for her too. My mind went back to her first similar night out after we set up house together in Johannesburg. She had gone off to the old Carlton Hotel to dine and dance with an American visitor who had been given her number by a mutual friend in New York and badly wanted what he called "real beautiful company" for the evening. It had indeed been a long evening and when I fell asleep at two o'clock the other bed was still empty. She later was reticent about her evening but from that occasion onward I became only too well aware of the expensive gifts - furs, jewellery, perfume and such-

that on every occasion either heralded or followed such expeditions. She insisted I share in them. My mink, two of my best gowns and a lot of my costume baubles and accessories were all tributes to the excellence of her company. Of course I had my own companions and amusing occasions too, but somehow I always seemed to get a bigger and specially vicarious enjoyment from Dawn's glamourous adventures.

She stepped into her slippers, went into the bedroom and lay down - on her back - on the gilt chaise longue. She reached for a cigarette lit it and said "Do the necessary for me will you please darling?" I went to the bathroom cabinet, came back and did what she had asked. "Time for me to call your cab I think." I said and went out to the telephone in the hall. The number was engaged and I came back to find Dawn nude save for her gold sandals stepping into her dress. "Nothing else?" I asked.

"To coin a phrase - NO!" she replied pointedly.

I left it at that and went back to the telephone and called the cab company again, this time successfully. "Radio link, please," I asked, and then told the radio operator to get Maurice in his cab for me. Maurice is Dawn's favourite taxi-driver - he owns the company but prefers driving to sitting in the office. "Maurice", I said when we were connected, "Dawn's got a date at Mario's place this evening - can you come round in a quarter of an hour and I'll have her out at the curb-side for you." His voice crackled back at me over the radio.

"So the older glamour-puss is going to have the place to herself tonight. Guess I might drop around for a drink later on."

"Do that Maurice," I said "but not so much of the 'older' - there's only five years in it!"

He laughed and said, "yes and about 25 pounds."

and went off the air.

I hung up and returned to the bedroom to find Dawn made-up as if for a modeling engagement and just settling an ash-blonde wig over her own short curls. She patted it here and there, gave the wig a few short bursts from a perfume spray and turned towards me wide-eyed and lips parted, inviting my approval. "Fabulous!" I said with sincerity and added "wouldn't be surprised if Mario has a little difficulty with one or more of his guest concerning the lovely Dawn!"

"Just leave that to me." was her laughing reply and pulling on her gold gloves she picked up handbag and wrap and was suddenly gone in a cloud of "Miss Dior".

I felt, immediately, a little deflated. I poured a long iced drink, went out again on to the patio and looked down ten floors to the quiet square below. Maurice's cab, a fair head just discernible through the rear window was disappearing towards the area of the concrete jungle of Hillbrow that was graced by Mario's pent-house apartment.

The Lobster and Chablis behind or rather inside me I made my face up again with some care and awaited Maurice's arrival. When he showed-up around nine, my indigo mood was quickly dispelled by his racy account of the day's passengers - not excluding Dawn. "Holy Mother, Doll!" he said. "Whats got into that girl these days? Every time I drive her anywhere you can see in her face she's heading for the hay - is she nympho or something?"

I didn't want to answer that question - I wasn't even sure I knew - and talked rapidly about something else. The evening wore on pleasantly. About ten, Maurice suggested a cruise round town in his cab and I eagerly gathered up my furs and went down with him to the pavement where he shrouded the meter-flag with his glove, helped me into the back seat and

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lowered the glass screen so that we could talk as we went. Five minutes later we were cruising through the summer evening in the maze of traffic lights and neon signs of downtown Johannesburg.

We stopped for a while and drank lager in the open at what seemed to be an almost exclusively German beer-hall and where no-one seemed to find Maurice's driver's cap and my long dress and mink stole and odd combination. At eleven, climbing back up the hill out of town I said "Maurice, drive round past Mario's place - do you mind?"

He turned his head and gave a little laugh "Don't tell me you're worried about Dawn with Mario - surely not after all her other adventures!"

"No" I said, "nothing like that - I just felt I'd like to speculate on how the evening's going for her." Maurice parked at the curb-side opposite Mario's apartment block and we looked up to the roof garden silhouetted against the purple night sky. The ornamental lamps were all out except the big central one at the foot of which was what Mario called his "Conversation Piece", a leopard-skin covered divan with a canopy and masses of cushions. I knew this meant that dinner was long over and the other guests would have been tactfully chased away to their hotel. Mario was a past-master at making it clear when the time had arrived when he intended to be alone with his lady of the evening. I should know - I've been among the "chased-away"! By now Dawn would probably have discarded her white chiffon gown for one of Sophia's lounging robes and they would be reclining there looking up at the stars - Dawn would be anyway! I envied her but was in no way jealous. My mind was quite clear on that point.

Maurice looked at his watch and said with mild cynicism "Good old Dawn - right up to schedule. Can we go now, Doll?" We drove back to my place and I said goodnight and went up alone. As I put my key

in the door I wished I'd asked Maurice to come up for a night cap and toyed with the idea of calling him over the radio and asking him to come back. I decided against it and twenty minutes later, bathed, powdered, a box of chocolates at my elbow and the "Tatler" propped against my knees, I was in bed. Very soon the inane junkettings of The Establishment palled and I laid aside the glossy magazine and fell asleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight and Dawn was sleeping quietly in the other bed. She didn't wake as I padded around in negligee and slippers preparing myself for the new day. I could hear Mary our daily girl preparing breakfast in the kitchen and alongside my place in the breakfast-nook when I went in was an envelope addressed to me in Dawn's dramatic scrawl. I didn't get an immediate chance to open it as Mary started to discuss with me some domestic triviality which seemed to her all important. In fact I didn't get around to opening it until I was out of the apartment and on my way to my daily round at the advertising agency where I handle the perfume and cosmetics accounts. The lift was a long time coming up to the tenth floor.

Inside the envelope were two dressmakers' bills which had a note attached; it said "Last night was fabulous - ask Ella to please pay these horrors for me today, darling" (Ella Murray is my personal assistant).

The lift arrived and as I stepped inside; the lift-boy shrilled his usual "Nice morning, sir." I stuffed the letter in my jacket pocket, straightened my tie in the mirror and we went down to another day of pretence.

ARTICLE

Sauce for the Gander

by Inez (5-H-13) FPE

It's no longer just the perfumes labled "shave lotions" that are borrowed from the girls - it's the whole works. The boys have taken over the female costume, and coined a new word - the skirtsuit-for the result. Skirts have been around, and admired by men for some time and now that skirts have disappeared and been replaced by pantsuits, men have adopted skirts to prevent this type of attire from going into the limbo with the Dodo bird.

This season's total coordination of skirt and blouse have made skirtsuits the most popular urban look. Worn with heels, makeup and proper wig the skirtsuit goes everywhere - except to church. The women's-wear trade, meanwhile, is not unaffected. Some stores have put in men's fitting rooms in the ladies -wear departments for men shoppers on the prowl for new fem-outfits in these once feminine retreats.

Finding that 20% of their feminine Molly line was being sold to men, one manufacturer of women's-wear forthwith added his now popular Molly Dolly.

True? Well it's possible. The reverse certainly is true as reported by Life Magazine (Oct. 7, '66.)

It's no longer just the shirt off his back this fall. It's the whole works. The girls have taken over the male costume, shoe tops to shoulders, and coined a new word - the pantsuit - for the result.

Trousers in one form or another have been seen around for some time. But this season's total coordination of pants, jacket, shirt and tie have made trousered outfits the most popular young urban look. Worn with sturdy shoes and lots of long hair, the suits go everywhere - except to church. The men's-wear trade, meanwhile, is not unaffected. Some stores have put in ladies' fitting rooms in the men's-wear departments for feminine shoppers on the prowl for new outfits in these once masculine retreats. Finding that 20% of their mod-inspired Brolly line (Life, May 13) was being sold to girls, McGregor-Doniger, the men's-wear manufacturer, forthwith added a Brolly Dolly.

"GOOD IDEA, THEN
YOU CAN WEAR IT
NEXT WEEK WHEN
YOU ARE DRESSED!"



"I KNEW YOU WOULD
LIKE IT, DADDY!"



Brendalyn (47-B-3) FPE
Jennifer (37-M-1) FPE



Lynn (32-C-2) FPE



Paula (54-M-2) FPE



Janine (56-D-2) FPE

Letters to the Editor

Dear Virginia,

My first recollection of dressing was at age nine or ten with my mothers dresses, high heels and stockings. While my parents found this amusing at first it soon became a source of irritation to my father, who after a half dozen such incidents, forbade any further "nonsense". That first stern reprimand left a feeling of shame especially as I wanted to continue dressing as a girl. This feeling of shame grew in the years that followed until as a teen-ager I could not bear to see my reflection in mirrors or store windows. Afraid to make friends who might discover my terrible secret, I kept to myself but still dressed in my sisters clothing at every opportunity, although despising myself for it.

At age 15 my parents found me semi conscious on the kitchen floor in great pain. From that time on for a period of over thirty years I suffered from migraine headaches, some so severe as to distort my vision and because of a roaring sound in my head my hearing also grew dim or faded completely. Over the years I saw many doctors, had complete examinations, was x-rayed, given injections, short wave therapy, massage and drugs that kept me in a half awake and oftentimes indifferent attitude towards my surroundings. The severe attacks as described above were spaced at intervals of four or five per week, and lasted six to ten days. The lesser variety (bad enough) allowed me to carry on everyday activities but always with a pounding in my head that made my disposition anything but sweet. As I

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grew older the ability to bounce back after these attacks became more difficult and I could only look to the future with more apprehension than hope. Still when my wife and my two daughters were at a movie or shopping I would take a box of clothing from the car trunk and for a few hours I could dress simply and remember how it felt to be contented. I still longed to dress completely, wig, make-up and all but as the periods for dressing were spaced a month or two apart I didn't attempt to accumulate a wardrobe.

Then last spring I heard the last five minutes of the Jerry Williams radio program with Virginia as guest. Having heard enough to start my heart thumping, I wrote to Chevalier Publications and you can guess the rest. The introduction to TRANSVESTIA, application and acceptance into FPE. Dating from the day of my first letter to Virginia, the migraines ceased. What this means to me and my family can not be put into words. Following my membership in FPE I told my GG of my past TVism, TRANSVESTIA, the whole bit. She turned out to be an A+ and insists on helping me in every possible way. After telling our family M.D. of my cure of migraine he advised they may return at any time, but my GG and I know differently.

Sincerely,

Cheryl

Dear Virginia,

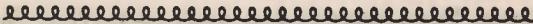
My husband and I have been married for fifteen years, or perhaps I should say I have put up with him for fifteen years because that would be a more accurate description of our life together. His disposition because of constant headaches was so bad that my two daughters and I were glad when he left

for work. I dreaded week-ends because he was usually home which put everyone on edge. My doctor prescribed nerve medicine for me and couldn't understand what lead to my Nervous Condition.

Now that Len has found FPE his headaches have disappeared and the improvement in his temperament has greatly changed our lives as well as his.

Sincerely,

Cheryl's GG, Wilma



The following letters are a few that have come from some understanding GGs....Ed.

Dear Virginia:

One day when I was cleaning our apartment I happened to be cleaning my husband's section of the dresser and I found a dress. It was a pink shirt-waist with a full skirt and white buttons and belt. I asked my husband what this dress was doing in his dresser and he proceeded to tell me it belonged to one of his girlfriend's. (It seems she had forgotten it.) That same day I found a coat but I didn't bother to let it worry me (too naive).

Then I found a pair of shoes not very attractive but they had heels on them. I wouldn't have thought anything about it but they were size 12! This to me seemed a little far out for the size of a girl's foot.

So I told my husband about my discovery and he then began to realize that he had better tell the truth.

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When I first heard the story I could hardly believe my ears, because you see Virginia, to tell the truth, my mother never bothered to tell me anything about sex, only that a girl begins to menstruate when she is in her early teens, and very basic facts of feminine hygiene. I wasn't even very upset because I just did not know or understand.

A few months later my husband put on those shoes and the real pink dress. I was a little shocked but I didn't want to hurt his feelings so I did not bother to tell him how I felt.

We have been married a year and four months and I have learned a lot from my husband. You see, little by little he tried on things and had me buy panties, bra with padding, slip, stockings, garter belt, a dress and a skirt and blouse. Oh, I made him get rid of those terrible shoes and bought him a pair of black patent leather spike heels.

I think it was good for him to realize that he should tell me as soon as he did instead of my being so totally shocked like some of the women you describe and have letters from in your book. I don't believe I could have been so hard because I feel that my husband and I love each other very much and keep no secrets from each other.

When we started hunting for any type of literature on the subject of TVism we realized that we were not the only people with this same problem to solve. One day we happened to buy the INSIDER newspaper in which your article was published. Therefore we immediately sent for the book. We are both very happy with it and I know I understand my husband much better.

Would you please let us know if there are any other couples in the area of a hundred miles. What I mean is that I have found that by having my husband with other people he begins to relax and maybe if he found people like us he would be even happier.

I have found that by helping my husband in this matter instead of degrading him, it has made us much closer together and we have a happier life together, both in and out of the bedroom.

What I mean is that I have found that by having my husband become my girlfriend when at home, he is more loving to me and he seems to be in pure ecstasy.

Very truly yours,

Edith (Mrs.)

Editors Note: The following letter is reprinted here to do honor to the young lady who wrote it. I was so impressed with the fact that she loves her man so much that what makes him happy is more important to her than images, expectations and all the social baloney that motivates and controls so many people. My congratulations to her. Virginia

Dear Virginia,

Sometime ago I heard of your new book entitled "The Transvestite and His Wife". I am to become married to a transvestite very shortly and I do want to read this. However I have been unable to find it anywhere.

Would it be possible for you to send me a copy C.O.D. or to let me know the cost, so that I may order it.

I would also appreciate the names and authors of any other books, or any other information that you feel will help me to understand more of what is expected of me - so that I may in turn, help someone who means the world to me.

Sincerely, Janet

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Dear Virginia,

Just about 2 months after we'd been married my husband brought home a pair of high heeled shoes and told me he intended to wear them. He couldn't understand why I didn't object and said he'd expected me to. I explained that my father always had an extra pair of rubber heels added to the leather heels on a new pair of shoes as the higher heels rested his feet. And besides that, I couldn't see anything wrong with it, so there was nothing to object to. Then I found my husband enjoyed wearing dresses along with his high heels and he was surprised again that I had no objections. After all, I know how nice it feels to dress up and if a man happens to enjoy it it seems more or less natural to do so.

But there were problems connected with cross-dressing that we had not considered. Problems such as the reason, what to tell the neighbors, and a myriad of others. So we decided to keep it a secret until we learned what we were dealing with and we set out to learn all we could on the subject. There followed a long series of experiences with friends and neighbors that might have been comical had we not been afraid of the consequences of discovery. And our researches had led us up all sorts of blind alleys. My husband paid big prices for books, magazines, etc. that purported to be informative but, when unwrapped, only added to the confusion. At times my husband even suggested divorce as a way out of the dilemma for me. I told him it was as much a part of my life as it was his and we would find the answer together.

Then, several years ago, he found the answer to all our questions in the publication called TRANS-VESTIA. And new questions arose as the old ones were answered. Now he knew he was not alone, but where were the others? He was not "queer", as he'd thought he might be, but what would others think? Those and other questions have been answered since

Linda Jean became a member of the family. More and more people are learning about her, and it is a real pleasure to see her eyes sparkle and the flush of pleasure on her cheeks when someone compliments her on her appearance and dress. The pleasure is two-fold when she is wearing something she has made herself. She's quite proud of her ability as a seamstress.

To those who may think, from the statements I have made that it has been easy for us, I must say that in some ways it has not. My husband used to be irritable and nervous and at times I had to bear the brunt of his anger. He always apologized afterward and I could understand his reasons for being upset, but it hurt nevertheless. I thought many times that if he did not change I could not go on living with him. We have Linda to thank for giving him a new outlook on life. And now he understands better than most husbands the reasons behind feminine behavior. In my opinion transvestism has been a Godsend for us. And one of the most surprising aspects of it has been in the field of public relations. Linda used to feel she'd be persecuted by anyone who found out about her. But she began telling about herself and those she told were only concerned that others would misunderstand.

I don't know that what I have said here will be of any help, but I sincerely hope it will. There is enough misunderstanding in the world and it would make me quite happy to think that my statements have helped someone to peace of mind. There are people in this world who care. It's up to each of us to find them. To those who fear the unknown, all I can say is take courage and face it. You may like what you find. And to other wives may I say that you can't realize how much more your feminine life can mean to you if you are willing to share it with your husband. His feminine self is probably a sweet, gentle person you'd be proud to know. I am.

Sincerely,

Linda Jean's wife, Juanita

Transcript

Hello Virginia:

First I will tell you I am a wife of a TV in central New York.

My husband has been dressing since he was a boy, but I didn't know about it at the time we married nor for some time after that. One day while going thru the file cabinet for my daughter's birth certificate, I came across some slides. Knowing that we kept all slides and films in a certain cabinet, I became curious as to why slides would be in the file cabinet.

Being a woman, my curiosity got the best of me so I came back upstairs and got the view finder. Well believe me, what I saw was enough to put me in shock for some time.

When I got hold of myself, I told my husband we had to sit down and talk, which of course we did.

I realized how my husband has felt about feminine clothing and he really enjoys wearing them, so how could I deny him that bit of pleasure and relaxation when he works hard and is such a good provider for both my daughter and I.

When my daughter was home my husband was careful when he dressed, as my daughter didn't understand and only wanted her father as a man, so we let it go at that.

My husbands name was William so he picked Wilma as his feminine name. Well Wilma wrote to quite a few TVs and exchanged pictures and letters, which I enjoyed reading myself and looking at their pictures. Occasionally I wrote them a few pages on woman talk and found they accepted me as a friend also.

When Wilma and I sat down on week ends, I used to make the remark that it was too bad there weren't more TVs around so they could have a small group to gather once or twice a month to talk and dress.

I had mentioned to Wilma that after our daughter was married we could use our home for the gathering. In the meantime when Wilma wrote to her TV friends here in central New York, she talked about forming a chapter here and their response was wonderful. Of course some of them aren't as lucky as Wilma, as their wives don't take the same view as I do about TVs.

I am happy to say my daughter did get married. We had a beautiful wedding for her, and at the same time it became a new life for Wilma. It meant when Wilma dressed she didn't have to hide because our daughter would be coming home.

Well it's just about a month now and I am very happy to say that Wilma and her TV friends did get the chance to get together for a week end here in our home. They have a possible 10 TVs from Central New York.

This past week end I cooked a ham dinner for Wilma, Elaine, Betty, Rita, Linda and Irene. They dressed, etc. and talked and they were all enthused about forming their new chapter.

I myself enjoyed talking with them and am glad to be a part of their group.

They stayed at a local Motel near our home and had their Sunday turkey dinner here also. I certainly don't mind cooking for them, and I am going to make my daughter's room over into a dressing room with a full length mirror on the wall and a vanity table so they will have a room to change in and a mirror big enough to see what they look like. I'll also put in

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a rack where they can hang their clothes and keep everything together.

It has only been a week since they have been here, and I have already received letters and phone calls telling me how much they enjoyed themselves. I certainly did my best to make them feel at ease.

Linda was the newest TV to join the group. I went shopping with her and she had a complete outfit when we got back home. I helped her with her make-up and let her use one of Wilma's wigs. Of course like all other TVs after she got the feel of the soft feminine clothing, she day dreamed all the way back home Sunday evening. She would like so much for her wife to understand her desires as Linda, but can't seem to break through. I only wish there was some way that I could help her, but I myself don't think any amount of letter writing would help. I know I couldn't express my feelings on paper as well as I could talk.

I am normal in every respect as a woman, I work hard, keep a clean home and enjoy my sports and dancing like all other women. I get so much pleasure out of seeing my husband do what he likes and enjoys in TV life and yet know he is very much a man in our love life, and sex. I am very close to my husband in both respects, as his wife and as his TV sister.

There is a group of 10 TVs and their wives here in our city who meet once a month taking turns in their homes. It is quite an exclusive group and they are not open for any new TVs. They consist of Postal employee's, Bankers, and some of them are in politics. I know about them thru the one TV as I used to go with him 20 some years ago, before I met and married Wilma. The funny part is I didn't know he was a TV then. I asked him if they ever had an opening in their group to get Wilma in. They have a lot of fun, they drink, eat, talk etc. Sometimes they play card games such as Michigan Rummy. Since their positions

are in the higher ranks, I can see why they are careful whom they have in their group. Well, maybe some day we will be in that group.

Knowing the fun they have I am most anxious for Wilma and her RV friends to make up a good chapter, although none of the other TV's wives will let them dress at home as I do Wilma.

The girls took quite a few pictures here over the week end. Changed from one outfit to another and you could see from the gleam in their eyes, that they were really enjoying themselves.

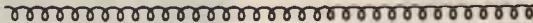
I really don't know if it is right for me to write you, but I felt perhaps you could help some other TVs come out of hiding and do what they have been longing to do but couldn't find the right time or place to do it. I think these gals deserve a break and you are the one who could help them by giving them a write up in your magazine so other TVs from our Central New York area can read about them and perhaps some day join them.

They would be able to stay at a local motel and then come here for meals and dressing. The chapter will make up a chart as to what it would cost a TV for a week end and hope to meet at least once a month.

If you can find room in one of your issues to print this, I would appreciate it very much. Any TV here in Central New York who would like to join us in fun and frolicking can contact my Wilma 32-T-6 in Contact.

Sincerely

Mrs. Wilma



"I want to buy a size 7½ brassiere for my wife," announced the man to the lingerie saleslady.

"I'm sorry, sir," answered the saleslady, "there is no such size."

"That's impossible!" cried the man, "I measured the size myself."

"What did you use to take the measurements?" asked the lady.

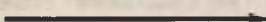
"My hat."



Denise - Mass.



This Doll didn't
put her name
on her picture



Book Review

by Sheila (30-B-2) FPE



ABNORMAL SEXUAL DEVELOPMENT,
A Genetic and Endocrine Approach
to Differential Diagnosis, by
Daniel D. Federman, M.D.; W.B.
Saunders Co., Philadelphia &
London; 197 pp + 8 index; Ill.
by S.J. Rosenthal; \$8.75 (1967).

While this book was written primarily for physicians, the author has done such a splendid job of defining and illustrating the indispensable

technical terms that any technically trained person can get the vital parts of his message with only a moderate amount of dictionary work. The message is definitely NOT concerned with transvestism (we are mentioned only on page 196), but it is of great interest to see all the things we are not. Many of the abnormalities described here have been seriously considered in the past to explain TV, and only reluctantly put aside.

The author opens with a few pages on how normal sexual differentiation takes place - a fine, clear description of the process by which the rudimentary parts shape up into their male or female configuration. (At last, I understand where the male's "vagina" is.) Then a good section on the four chief tools of the researcher and diagnostician of sex. These are:

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- 1- Nuclear chromatin, the one test which can provide a clear-cut "he or she" answer in most, but not all cases.
- 2- Cytogenetics, the study of chromosomes, which was once looked to for all the answers, but which has proved to report anomalies in quite normal people. It is still the tool of choice for studying intersexes formed at conception.
- 3- Embryology, experimentation on barely developed fetuses which has revealed a second stage at which abnormality can develop. (This was discussed in TVia 44; here the emphasis is on the body effects produced by a shift in timing of arrival of hormones at the critical tissues).
- 4- Endocrinology, the hormone story with which some of us are all too familiar. This relates to puberty, the third point in life where things can go astray.

Next, a further section on the chromosomal mechanism; then, a long look at the results of the various mishaps which can take place at conception, during the embryo stage and at puberty. There are SO many possibilities for slips at each stage that it is a wonder anyone grows up "normal" - if, indeed, they do!

The show-piece of the chromosomal problems is, of course, Klinefelter's Syndrome. Here the patient has chromosomes in excess of the normal 46 (up to 49) and is anatomically an underdeveloped male, infertile, with some eunuch-like details. They are subnormal in intelligence, anti-social in attitude, abnormally talkative (without saying much), and they almost all test "female" by the chromatin-positive standard. Six or seven subgroups have been indentified, which may lack one of these characteristics. They have no feeling of femininity. The most startling finding is that they constitute 1/400 of the male population! (The incidence is much higher among convicts).

Corresponding roughly to this group are those who are classed "female" by anatomy, but lack all or part of a chromosome (Turner's Syndrome). The incidence is 1/7000, of whom about half are chromatin negative ("male"), though they feel and act feminine in an underdeveloped sort of way. They have more than their share of color-blindness, plus many minor physical defects, but normal intelligence.

Next the true hermaphrodites, who have the gonadal tissue of BOTH sexes. This was the first group to be recognized, in some fine poetry by Ovid, but has still some mysterious features about it. There seem to be several subgroups, some of which are more male on one side than the other (the circus "half and half"). Most are classed as males at birth, but are female by chromatin test and breast development. If you feel any sense of envy, forget it; these are NOT happy people! However, they are "potentially the closest to a normal sex role" and can be brought, by surgery, to conformity with their chosen gender role. If diagnosed in time, this would most easily be female.

The pseudohermaphrodites come next; this is a catch-all group including both genetic and embryonic accidents, and need not be covered here with one exception. This is the embryonic disorder known as "testicular feminization" in which a male (by chromatin test) is born and raised as a nearly perfect "female". They feel feminine, too; their big problem is a tendency toward malignant tumors, besides the usual lack of fertility. This disorder runs in families, and tends to link with color-blindness. With a little surgery, they do quite well.

The disorders arising at puberty are another story, and if we skip the females and the genetic and fetal defects already covered, a fairly simple one. It is a delay or imbalance in the normal male-female hormone secretion. (But, there ARE puzzling non-endocrine disorders, usually related to tumors).

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The most common symptom is gynecomastia, or excessive breast development. Up to 75% of all boys between 13 and 16 show it! Most lose this spontaneously, but some require surgery - and the most masculine boys sometimes have the most bust development.

Do you think you menstruate? Unless you have a functioning ovary, forget it; and if you DO, go see Dr. Federman RIGHT AWAY, because you are a true hermaphrodite or close to it. (Not that we TVs don't have a lunar cycle of sorts; some of us do - but not to THAT extent, not even the transexuals.)

The author winds up with an excellent chapter on "The Nature of Sex". (Even if you can't read the parts in between, Chapters I, II and XV are worth the price). He lists nine components, any one or more of which may be discordant with the others:

- 1- External genital appearance is usually a 2-second decision by someone, who may be all too wrong - with devastating results later.
- 2- Internal ductal differentiation is not readily observed, but is important in true hermaphroditism.
- 3- Identity of the gonads may seem obvious but can be very deceptive - as in testicular feminization.
- 4- Endocrinological sex has a confusing overlap which makes it nearly useless.
- 5- Genetic sex is legally acceptable, but medically ambiguous.
- 6-Nuclear sex by the chromatin test is perfect for normal people, but has multiple meanings in others.
- 7- Chromosomal sex has the limitations discussed above under Klinefelter.
- 8- Psychological sex relates to the way one feels.

The author equates this with conditions of up-bringing, a highly controversial matter.

9- Social sex is what society expects of the individual, and is usually based on that 2-second examination at birth. (We would class 8 and 9 as "genderal" rather than "sexual" in nature.)

It is at this point that the author makes his sole reference to transvestism; while it has shown no definite correlation with biology, he has seen cases where he feels such factors might be operative. While he does not cite any of the neurological articles to which I have referred in the past, he seems to be thinking along the same lines. On the physical side, most of us who know a lot of TVs have come to feel, I think, that many but not all show some trace of non-male about us; in some the bust, others the hips, failure to develop baldness or even more subtle things - and this without taking hormones. This was cited by Benjamin for his transsexuals.

And now that you've seen the whole show, girls, aren't you glad to be JUST transvestites? We have our problems, but when I think of the biological roulette-wheel that I came out of, I feel I was plenty lucky only to wind up with two heads!

Sheila

INEZSQUIB:

TV Mary, quite contrary,
How does your wardrobe grow?
I've golden tresses
And beautiful dresses,
But only one lousey falsie!

Electrolysis

The persons advertising below are all competent electrologists who are well acquainted with TVs and their problems and who have worked on many of us. All have private facilities. Call the one closest to you for an appointment...Mention TVia or Virginia.

=====

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=====

Susanna Says . . .



Hello everybody:

Cold enough this Winter? Nothing like panty-hose to beat the frost. Had a couple of fun-filled gettogethers recently, one at Sheila's and the other at Kathey's. Fiercely cold nights. But wonderful opportunities to wear my black seal coat. (Still beautiful after ten years! Shhh! don't tell anybody. Of course I've had it

shortened to meet the call of fashion.) Shocked everybody at Kathey's by wearing a grey dress with bright orange panty-hose. One way not to attract attention. Did you hear about Erica's accident? It happened the night of Sheila's party. It was snowing and on her way back home, driving dressed, she slammed her little car into a tow truck. The car was ruined. Erica hurt both knees and forehead, fortunately not seriously. The police arrived. Erica of course showed her driver's license (it reads: male). The police then drove her to a spot where she could catch a taxi and go home. AND NOT A WORD WAS SAID ABOUT HER BEING DRESSED! She could not believe it. The police acted as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a guy to be dressed as a woman from head to toe. And this happened in little old New York! Could it be that the TV climate is improving more than we think?

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Parties are a wonderful hunting preserve for a gossip columnist. You see TV's in action, you hear them talk and all the time you are gathering tid-bits for a future column. It usually gives me a thrill when something I said in this column has hit home. For instance, I complained some time ago about TV's who wear lingerie under their male uniform (this I did not criticize) but go one step too far in filling the bra with falsies so that the bust is quite prominent under their shirt. Ugh! At Kathey's party a very dear friend of mine who happens to enjoy the above concoction approached me with a hurt look under his mascara...."did you have me in mind when you wrote that, Sue?" Of course I put on an innocent act: "how can you think such a thing, darling!" I don't think she believed me. Fortunately we are still friends because she knows I am right in my criticism. She knows she is doing wrong but she can't help it. We might perhaps forgive her if we consider that the job "he" has prevents her from being herself for long periods of time and when she gets home, she could care less as to what the neighbors may think and lets her hair down no matter what.

At a party one can also appreciate the full impact of certain fashions. For instance: the tent style. It does absolutely nothing for most TV's. It makes them look twice as big as they are. And that's saying plenty. And then we have the boots! Forget them! A TV in boots somehow always manages to look like a storm trooper who's being punished with KP duty. Unless your foot size is around 7 or 8, boots bring forth the clomp-clomp of hidden masculinity, particularly with TV's who don't walk girlishly even on pencil thin high heels. If boots must be worn, let's try to buy the slender, tight fitting ones with a bit of a heel.

I was also pleased to obtain some favorable reactions regarding my "voice" campaign. The most common objection is "but I feel like an idiot trying

to talk like a GG." My answer is, stop feeling like an idiot and try to imagine the impression your femme-image makes on other people every time you boom forth with your basso resonances! Don't try to "falsetto", just soften your tone, don't project, and enunciate more precisely, more crisply by moving your lips like GG's do. Have you ever noticed how many men hardly move their lips when they talk? May be you are one of them. Do not carry that trait into your girl-image.

And speaking of TV parties, something has to be done to put more "zing" into them. The impression--at times--is that you are attending a wake. TV timidity? Shyness? Oh, come on girls! How about preparing a few jokes--or maybe some social games. Sheila's GG has the right idea!--or how about a little entertainment: a monologue, card tricks, a dance maybe...or why not an impromptu skit in which everybody is assigned a part...the field is wide open for ideas. Let us not just sit in a corner with a sickly grin on our made-up faces while we imbibe beer after beer after beer!! Ugh! Please don't misunderstand me. I'm not against drinks, but I hate to see drinks become the only activity that stimulates a TV at a party.

I received a very nice letter from a new TV from Brazil. Name is Rita. Writes in very good English and has been getting a few TVias. She says she likes this column, although she does not always agree with me. Heavens forbid! She says in part: "I don't quite understand why Virginia had to give her opposing point of view directly after your script." - What's wrong with that, Rita? To me it makes a lot of sense. If Virginia - or any TVia reader - wishes to express her viewpoint about something I'm saying here, the place to say it is right after this column! This way the readers have a better chance to see the two sides of the coin and draw their own conclusions. This is particularly desirable inasmuch as a good many things I say are slightly

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exaggerated, overdone. I've discovered that by going way out with a position, one does stimulate one's readers and it forces them into a reaction. But let's hear some more from our Brazilian Rita. "I wonder --she says--if other readers feel the same way, but I get a little tired of too prolonged and searching arguments about TV as a problem, trying to find out why and how. I guess one who has found out that he is a TV rather likes to read and hear how to live best with it. The cover stories are a fine way and your articles the next best. (Gee thanks!) The cover story, because in it I can see how someone does it with different dresses, shoes, make-up, so to say: the technical aspect of TV. And as a relatively uncertain newcomer, this is grand to see."

I can sympathize with Rita when she gets a bit tired of too much exploratory activity into the why of TVism. Sure it's more exciting to read about somebody's real adventures and mis-adventures. Still since TVism is a human phenomenon, it will always be subjected to scrutiny. The more we dig into it, the better we'll be able to cope with it.

Rita also disagrees with me with regard to my advice to TV's "don't get married!" - She says: "In issue 43 you had an impressive list of failures of TV marriages. Don't you think that this happens just as well with husbands that are totally dedicated to fishing, baseball or what have you and where their wives can't or won't tolerate the extent their hobby takes? Is it not basic in any marriage that the main problem is the adjustment of two personalities with different backgrounds and experiences, to mould into a new unity? I can't quite accept your argument that TV is outside these problems and much harder to lick than all the others. I would feel that any hobby that gets the husband in its grip makes it much harder to live together if the wife can't share the excitement. I imagine that a man who takes up cooking and achieves a certain perfection in it, will create just as much difficulties for his wife

as the TV that successfully changes into a lady once a week." - So writes Rita from Brazil.

Just to save 15 cents in postage, I'd like to answer right here. How can you possibly classify TVism as a hobby? Let's go to the dictionary. "Hobby - an occupation or interest to which one devotes spare time." I admit that for some TV's this definition will fit. But for others it just won't do. And most certainly it won't do for most wives. The husband whose hobby--let's say--is stamp collecting, is always Joe whether he is admiring his beloved stamps under a magnifying glass or not. If guests should arrive unexpectedly, it does not matter. The wife can proudly say: Joe is in his study with his stamp collection. Would you like to see it? He has a fabulous Egyptian stamp that dates... etc...etc...She can be proud of her husband's spare time activity. But if he is a TV. Wow! "Hello folks. Oh, Joe? He's not Joe right now. He has changed into Josephine. He is trying on a new frock I bought for him this afternoon. Would you like to see his wardrobe? Just make yourselves at home. Josephine will be right out."--- How would you like to hear your wife saying the above to her guests?--- The trouble with TVism, from a wife's standpoint is that Joe ceases to be Joe as far as the rest of the world is concerned. If outsiders see him, they don't see Joe, but Josephine. And if the wife should go out with Josephine shopping or whatnot, during that time she does not have a husband at her side. Instead, she feels she's walking on a barrel of dynamite, for the simple reason that she worries. What if he should be "read" - what if some of my friends or the people at the office should find out....? The wife trembles security-wise - social standing-wise. And you cannot blame her. You cannot blame her as long as society withholds its approval regarding this "hobby", which is not a hobby but a way of life against which there is arrayed an impressive barrier of social taboos. So, Rita, dear, how can you equate fishing and baseball with TVism? Moreover,

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you talk of a man who changes into a lady once a week. Let me ask you this question: what about a TV who changes into a lady EVERY EVENING? You will probably say: well, that's overdoing it! And I will answer: there are many TV's who would do just that IF THEY COULD GET AWAY WITH IT. The desire to dress is not identical in all TV's. Some are satisfied with dressing once or twice a year. Others more often..others weekly..and others daily. Of course there are wives and wives....I graded them once from A-plus to F from the standpoint of tolerance and acceptance. Believe me, there are very few who'll proudly face the world holding hands with Josephine.

Before I forget. There's a movie doing the rounds on television entitled Ski Party. I am sorry I missed it. Here's what TV Guide had to say about it. "Frankie Avalon and his beach buddies do not make youth more palatable in "Ski Party", what with the boys masquerading as girls to learn about sex appeal. It is, as they say, a drag." Obviously the movie critic is not exactly an admirer of cross-dressers.

And now, THINGS I COULD DO WITHOUT..... the TV who says he is dying to dress but somehow never seems to get around to buying any clothes and hints that maybe you should lend him clothes and wig...phooey!the TV who (and this is the honest truth s'help me) heard that in NY you could not get arrested if you wore trousers, and so proceeded to show up at a TV party wearing his trousers rolled up under his dress!, and, upon leaving, he walked down the street in wig and dress with the trousers DOWN! showing below the hem of his skirt!....the TV wife who thinks TVism is wonderful, as long as it is practiced by someone else--not her husband.....TV's who are convinced they look like Hollywood starlets and insist on dropping into bars with the hope that they may fool some guy into buying them a drink..(how crazy can you get!).....(The only time I've known this to happen, the guy at the bar who bought the drink was

drunk).....TV's who still can't manage to hide that black shadow despite the million and one cosmetic preparations on the market....I guess that's enough sweetness for now....will save some sugar for my next column.....

love?

Susanna

Comment from Virginia: Thanks, Susanna for giving me your O.K. to follow your column with comments. In this case it isn't to disagree with you but to say something further on the matter of voice. I too, as you know, have long been campaigning against the masculine voice coming from a "girl". I'd like to comment on those who say they feel foolish trying to talk like a GG. This is understandable if you come forth with a pseudo girlish, simpering, squeaky falsetto. But why should you feel foolish to simply sound natural in accordance with how you look. I'm strongly persuaded that such persons are not really TVs (certainly not femme-personators, FPs), but... rather are enjoying what Sheila aptly termed "whole girl fetishism". That is they don't really have any sense of a femme self but are really only men wearing dresses etc. The fact that they wear the whole outfit from heels to hair only puts such people one cut above the guy who has a "thing" for panties, heels or corsets. Their "thing" just encompasses the whole femme wardrobe instead of one item. but it is still fetishism - though of a super degree - as long as there is no feeling of the "girl within". If she is truly there she would feel even more foolish talking with a deep coarse voice than "he" would with a shrill soprano. So step back and do a little personal assessing. "Are you or ain't you" - only your heart knows for sure.

Virginia

Virgin Views

*"What is the Goal of it All"
or
"Unfolding the Anima"*

by Virginia



Some of you will recall that Carl Jung, who was a contemporary (and sometime both colleague and antagonist of Freud) brought forward the conception of the presence in each sex of a complex of patterns and feelings more generally characteristic of the opposite sex. He named the masculine in the female the "Animus" and the feminine in the male the Anima."

This conception was accepted by

some psychoanalysts and rejected by others. Thus the idea has lain sort of untended for some years. I have often said that those of us promoting the idea of the Dual Personality have taken up where Jung left off. Up till the last few months it was an interesting theory that seemed to fit the observations but one could not be any more concrete about it than being aware that one felt different as the femme self than as the man self and considering that this was an indication of the validity of the theory.

Why do I say "up until the last few months" (I guess I should really say the last 6 weeks)? It is because of what has happened to me during this period. Before I go into this I think I should make the same sort of explanation that I have made prior to describing one of my trips; namely that I am not writing this down to brag, to lord it over those less fortunate or to try to set myself up as some-

thing special. No, I have no need to descend to such levels. But when I write of something that I have done or something that has happened to me or some conception I have come up with it is to stimulate the rest of you to think about the concept, evaluate the experience or just to live it with me vicariously. That is about the situation this time, for I want to try to say something in this column that may have general significance. I'm not sure that I'll be successful in putting my own feelings on paper but I'm going to give it a whirl. To the extent that I can, perhaps you can, in imagination, put yourself in my shoes (high heels of course) and see if you would feel much the same.

So what happened? Well since the time of my separation and divorce 3 years ago, I have been living in a small house in one of the canyons in the Hollywood Hills. It was handy, convenient and compact and with some care Virginia could come and go as well as Charles. But this particular street became a haven for Hippies with their thumping music, the sports cars and cycles that buzzed up the hills with the cutouts open, etc. More and more I got bugged by the noise, the neighbors and the proximity of everything. Finally one day I just in effect said (in an unladylike manner because it was Charles who said it) "the hell with this, I'm going to find a bigger, quieter, more private place where I wont be bugged by anybody or anything". I started to look and shortly discovered the place. I bought it and moved about Dec. 8th. Because it was some distance from my previous quarters I also had to move Chevalier. This moving is what made #48 late and the catching up I have had to do is what has made this issue late too.

But I did get moved in and then began the business of finding a stove, refrigerator, drapes, curtains, rugs and all the rest. Most of this is behind me now but the process of it is what began the awareness of what I'm going to try to explain to you. The house is large--3 bedrooms--one of which

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I've made into Chevalier's office. The second has become the guest room (and at the moment catch all of things not yet sorted out). The third which WAS the master bedroom has become the "Mistress's" bedroom. Picture wall to wall beige carpeting, white with gold trim French Provincial furniture with a corner desk that becomes a knee hole vanity; a double bed with a lovely bedspread; a 6 foot horizontal mirror over the long chest of drawers plus a full length verticle one; a walk-in wardrobe closet with clothes poles on each side and cupboards above, plus a verticle cupboard about 2 feet wide and deep with adjustable shelves in which can be kept wigs, pads, hats, etc. This then is Virginia's room, and it is lovely. The rest of the house is all carpeted too and my furniture, tho sparse, manages to make it look filled up.

There is a lot of garden front and back which needs all manner of work. The house is right on a canyon street but has only one neighbor behind a high fence and hedge. Geography precludes any other neighbors ever. The situation therefore is that I, Virginia can come and go big as life, work in a sun dress on the front lawn or the side lot, clipping hedges, pulling dandelions, planting petunias or whatever-. I am just a woman working in her garden. Inside of the house I can and do dust, vacuum, iron, mop up, cook, clean up, sew, paint and whatever else a woman needs to do. If Charles needs to come to life as he does part of most every week, he does so with no confusion for either me or anyone else. This therefore is OUR house tho primarily Virginia's.

It is amazing to realize that only 18 months ago I was going thru hell with the divorce and today I am happier than I have ever been before in my life. This happiness has set me to thinking as to how come. It is much more than just having a nice place to live etc. I am at last FREE of all the problems that have bugged me most of my life (and which unfortunately bug most of you). I don't have to answer to wife, husband, parents, employer, neighbors or

anyone else as long as I obey the law and pay my taxes. But more than freedom from these things I sense that I am more real than ever before. Virginia has long been a truly separate personality from Charles, not only to me but to most everyone who has occasion to meet them both. But this personality was manifested in relation to other people primarily. But now I am a housewife - literally. I have the job to do and I become the person who does the job. Think on that for a moment. It has become evident to me that in many ways the job to be done--and I mean "job" in the sense of the position to be occupied not in the sense of a task to be performed -- determines the nature of the person doing it.

Let me explain. I find myself doing all manner of things in MY house that any woman would do and doing them without any feeling of "now I am a woman so I must do this and I should do that" and all such artificiality. I simply find myself doing them and enjoying the doing. I stop to ask myself -- "Do women do these particular things in these ways because they are females or because they were taught as little girls to do so? Are these feminine interests, attitudes, and feelings about the house and home inherent in the woman because she is a female? If they are then how can I have the same feelings and attitudes when I am not a female? Further, if they are learned by virtue of having been a little girl at home with mother, how could I have them since I was never a little girl (worse luck)? I therefore arrived at the idea that the job, the position, the circumstance, if you will, determines the reaction. I am a housewife, Mrs. Jones is a housewife etc. and being in the job or position of housewife brings forth the appropriate response and feelings in both of us. Thus these things arise primarily out of the position a woman finds herself in and not out of herself. Put more broadly (pun is acknowledged), a large part of femininity is a social response to a social set up (whether housewifery or just being a female in a male dominated society) rather than an

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external manifestation of inherent differences from the male.

Now one has to hasten to add, before somebody else raises the point, that all housewives are not equally interested, proficient or effective in the art, and neither are all women equally feminine in their appearances, interests, abilities etc. Granted. But this only proves the point. All females are not alike in anything other than their femaleness any more than all males are alike except in their maleness. Now taking a lot of differing females and put them in one common situation and obviously you add a more or less equal situational quantity to a number of unequal individual quantities. Naturally you come up with unequal totals. From your high school geometry you may recall that, "If equal quantities are added to unequal quantities the results are unequal". But this unequal final result does not invalidate the conception that the requirements of the job act more or less equally on all those holding the job and change the individuals behavior patterns accordingly. When the rug is dirty and needs vacuuming one does it because the rug in effect asks to be cleaned rather than because one suddenly gets an urge to vacuum. Thus the behavior is appropriate to the stimulus.

Well, all of this may seem very abstract and hardly worth wasting valuable TVia pages on. But for th more thoughtful and insightful of you it may stimulate some interesting thoughts. I titled this article "Unfolding the Anima" because I feel that is what has been happening to me since moving into this house. Surely whatever the "anima" actually is has been with me in some degree and condition for years. But all of a sudden I find myself IN the "job" that calls for an anima reaction and presto it seems to unfold and open up inside me and I find abilities, interests, fascinations and satisfactions that I didn't know were there. This really letting the "girl within" not only come to

life in the sense I've defined before in coining the word "femme-personator", but to BE in the situation where a woman normally finds herself and then finding that womanly interests and satisfactions come forth, has been a fascinating thing to watch as an observer even if it is happening to oneself as the subject.

Unfolding the "anima" within myself has been something akin to the butterfly emerging from its cocoon. Its wings are wrapped around the body and are damp, soft and of no use for flying. Gradually in the warmth of the sun they unfold, spread out, dry, harden and become functional flying appendages. They incidentally are revealed as objects not only of utility but of beauty with all their dainty and delicate markings, iridescent colors, etc. This is about what has happened to me. The cocoon I was in was the little, crowded, uncomfortable house in which I passed my "pupal" stage last 3 years. I move to a bigger, better, more beautiful and more demanding world of a new home and I shed my cocoon and begin to unfold. Various necessities of decoration, alteration, cleaning, repairing, painting, gardening and general sprucing up provided the stimulus to unfold the Virginia butterfly to a much greater extent than ever before. As she settles into her new role as owner, housewife, woman in (not of) the world, her wings (her anima) unfold, dry, harden and become capable of sustaining her in flight thru the rest of her life. The "anima" in the whole Charles-Virginia being unfolding in the sunshine of opportunity as well as necessity, hardens and firms up as a total human being and makes Virginia a more real, self-confidant and socially functional person. This new creature is found to be beautiful too, even as the butterflys wings are beautiful--not beautiful in the external face, figure, and hairdo sense but beautiful inwardly as a person, free to be, free to do, no longer afraid, no longer fighting, - mistress of her own fate and fully aware of herself and her capabilities etc. That beauty is evident to me my-

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self in the form of complete happiness. Not a giggling, gushing kind of pleasure, but a deep down awareness of having come home to being at last and truly me, Me, ME!

- - - - -

This leads to consideration of the second part of the title; "What is the Goal?" I might have called it "Whither are we drifting?" More than once the question has been asked of me, "Where does TV lead, what is the end result"? Several years ago I got into some pretty long and involved discussions with one of my older readers and friends (and when she reads this she'll know I mean her) who took the position that the only logical end of TV development was either homosexuality or transexuality. Consulting myself as an example as I always do, I just knew that wasn't so and had great arguments with her about it. However, I could only assert that it wasn't so and try to support this position in every way I could. I was not able, though, to put up any very clear cut alternative goal or end point. I felt my friends points were wrong but I couldn't produce a very satisfying alternative other than to contend that one could just go on being a TV indefinitely without falling off of the track to either the right or the left.

Now, however, I do have the alternative in what I have described to you above. Very unfortunately and unhappily, very few TVs will achieve this goal. This is not a way of saying that I am special and better etc. etc. because I've made it and you wont. No, it is not that I as a person have any better qualifications than the next TV, but we are so surrounded by limitations, complications, inhibitions, antagonisms, fears, responsibilities, penalties, and on and on, you all know what I mean, that the chances for anyone pulling through that morass are not very great. I've been through the pain of exposure twice and suffered considerably but also freeing myself of

the bugaboo that starts with the question, "What would happen to me if people knew----?" Tempered by this fire I started Transvestia, tempered by the fears, costs, and pains of my fight with the postal authorities I went to Washington and put my head in the lions mouth. I was fortunate in being able to pull it out again (he has awful halitosis) and made some strides in the process. Also due to that matter I began to give the lectures which led to radio and TV appearances, etc. My second wife was understanding and helped me grow further in personal development. My economic position developed in such a way that once I was single, Charles could afford to sell out his business and retire. My scientific training gave me contacts with Drs. etc. and provided me with a research point of view. The concatenation of all of these circumstances got me to my present status. The point I am trying to make is that I am where I am not so much because of any personal efforts or abilities but just because things developed that way. But being where I am regardless of how I got there or anyone else getting to the same place, I now know the answer to the arguments my friend raised.

I have literally gone as far as a TV can go and remain a TV. If I were to have surgery that would obviously disqualify me as a TV and I have no desire for it and would refuse it if the opportunity was offered free because I am very strongly aware of the inadequacy of that solution to lifes problems for all but a very few really truly transsexuals and I dont believe there are nearly as many of these as one would think from reading various articles and books. It would be just a matter of getting out of the frying pan of one gender into the fire of the other. Its only merit would be the legalization of cross dressing but at a terrible price. This would have no merit in California incidentally as there is no law against cross dressing.

If one went the homosexual route he would do so because he wished to emphasize the sexual side of

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the female-feminine complex. For me this would not do. I, as Virginia, like masculine company since masculinity complements femininity, but I have no desire whatever for male company by which I mean descending to the sexual level. This is just not my "Thing" to use a hippy expression, and it too would disqualify me as a TV. Finally I could take the route of living as Virginia 100% of the time. This would give plenty of opportunity to dress, but then it would not be in contrast to masculinity but would become a matter of necessity and necessities are seldom joyous matters. To take this step puts all the emphasis on gender just as surgery puts all the emphasis on sex. In both cases I feel that I need both not just a lot of one. Sexually speaking I enjoy being a male. Genderally speaking I enjoy being both Charles and Virginia because I realize that each provides a contrast to the other and lends depth and perspective to the total life. I probably enjoy Virginia more and spend more time as Virginia, but after all Charles is way ahead on total time lived and experiences enjoyed so Virginia has much catching up to do. Nevertheless Charles has his place and that role is enjoyed too. Thus as I say I've come to the end of the line of development of the TV and what do I find it to be? Why am I satisfied to say I have arrived, I have no need to travel more except in time and experience?

I guess it is because I am so very content with things as they are now. I feel no need, no drive to "try something else", to go just a little further to see what it's like. After a long journey arriving home is a very satisfying thing, bringing peace, contentment and a willingness to leave all the pushing and shoving to others. "Home" in the sense I'm thinking of in regard to TV is not a place, nor a level of accomplishment TV-wise (this may very well differ from one TV to another). It is rather a sense that there is no longer any frustration over goals and desires unattained, because there are no more goals to be yearned for. I've long talked about

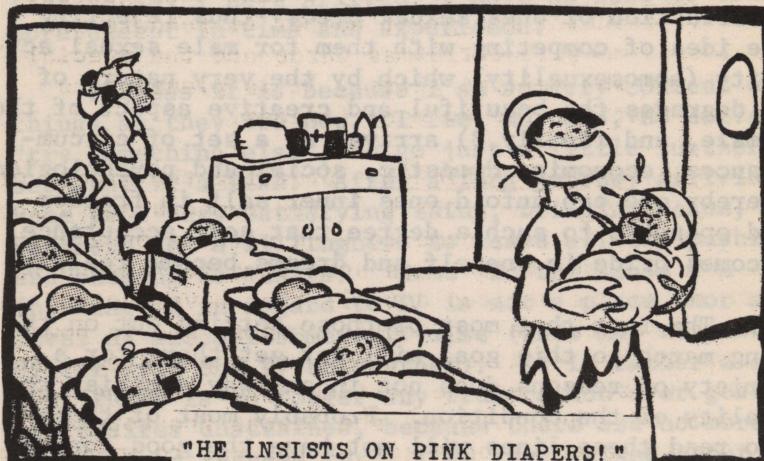
Peace of Mind, but now I know what it really is. I know now that my total human self encompasses both Charles and Virginia, that both can and must live not just in the mind but in the flesh, in communication and interchange with other humans. Moreover, I have found that there are more people than you might suspect who are willing to accept me as a human being whether I appear before them as a man or as a woman. This, of course, greatly fortifies my sense of my own totality and erases the feeling of playing a "role" be it a masculine or feminine one. This, combined with my awareness of the value of contrast of the masculine and feminine elements and the unwillingness to commit myself 100% to either plus the opportunity that my new home affords me to really unfold my "anima", --that aspect of my total self which though very much a part of me (and all men) has been inhibited and supressed in varying degrees all of Charles life, -- makes me very much aware that the goal, the end point of TVism is just these things. 1) awareness of the need for expression of ones total self thus rejecting both surgery and full time dedication to the feminine side, 2) awareness that one continues to maintain a real enjoyment of and appreciation for womankind as people personifying one of the two prime aspects of existence and not merely as objects to be used for the satisfaction of ones sexual needs--thus rejecting the idea of competing with them for male sexual activity (homosexuality) which by the very nature of it degrades the beautiful and creative aspect of the female, and finally 3) arrival at a set of circumstances, economic, domestic, social and psychological whereby one can unfold ones inner self in freedom and openness to such a degree that self acceptance becomes pride in oneself and dreams become reality.

The fact that most of those setting out on the long march to this goal will not get there for a variety of reasons does not in any way diminish the reality of the condition. Probably most of those who read these lines will not have the good fortune

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to achieve this goal at least to the degree that I have described it, but I have elected to discuss it to the degree that I have as a means of reassuring those who may still harbor some inner doubts as to what lies at the end of the road they are treading. I just want you to know that the goal is safe and good and peaceful and attainable and that whether you attain it or not, you can reject any secret doubts you might have had that TVism by "all logical reasoning" can only lead to surgery or the gay life. I'm not saying that it wont for some who, not knowing better, get off of the direct path. I am saying that it need not and that any who worry about it should stop worrying and keep on the same path they have been on. Complete awareness of ones complete self and the expression of it is not bad or undesirable. It is, in fact, the goal of many religions and psycho therapeutic techniques. We TVs have, through some quirk in our makeup or history, simply developed a new road leading toward the same ultimate goal. So think of the butterfly, and unfold your wings in the sunlight--let your "anima" become real, live and beautiful.

Virginia



Editorial Emanations

I. AGAIN DELAYS: I warned everyone in #47 that #48 would be delayed because of my moving and of course it was. As those of you who have moved know, all the problems dont end the day you are sleeping in the new house. Thus although I got into the present quarters about the middle of Dec. the problems of getting organized, Christmas and many other matters hung on so that this issue is delayed too. Hopefully the next one will be more on time. But dont be surprised if there is a surplus of pictures and cartoons in #50 which will take less time to put together and give me a chance to catch up. I must also apologize for delays in shipping merchandise, particularly the bra and jelly orders. It took me about $2\frac{1}{2}$ months to get delivery on the bras from the factory and if I cant get them I cant ship them. I hope you understand and will forgive. But they have come in now and all back orders are filled I think.

II. XMAS CARDS AND GIFTS: May I take this general means of thanking the great number of readers who remembered me with Christmas Cards and the special few of you who sent me gifts. It is pleasant to realize that one has so many friends.

III. MUCH NEEDED ASSISTANCE: Starting the middle of January, Mary, one of our L.A. FPE members and a long time friend of mine, came to work with me on a part time basis. While it takes some time for anyone to catch on to the various details that have evolved in my system of checks and double checks, she is now getting rather well acquainted with the system. So in the future you may be getting notes from her and not from me. Her help, as she learns the ropes, will free me to catch up on a lot of things, to write some

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articles, several of which are "on order" so to speak, and to be away from L.A. and know that the mail will be processed as usual. My thanks to her for her help.

IV. ANOTHER TRIP: In May the Amer. Psychiatric Assn. is having a convention in Boston. Many of the important people in the field of TV-TS will be there. I plan to be there too to hold up our end of things. I wont be on the program but I will have opportunities to button-hole some of the M.D.s. I say "I plan to be there" because I do plan, but whether I will make it or not is a question. It takes considerable loot to finance a trip, hotels, food, taxis etc. to Boston and way stations. I can't stand this all alone. I am therefore trying to do three things; 1) I'm trying to persuade the publisher of "The Transvestite and His Wife" to foot some of the bill and to arrange some radio and TV appearances across the country. I can get repeat appearances in Chicago I'm sure, and Cleveland and Minneapolis have already indicated that they will take me. I'm sure WBZ in Boston will do a repeat too. I want other stations in other large cities and one national TV show such as the Allen Burke show out of New York. You could help by making contact with shows in your city and asking if they are interested. If so let me know and I can take it from there. Specifically you might write the Allen Burke show in N.Y. and tell them that since they did a show on TS it would be a good idea and only fair to do one on TV and that you'd suggest that they contact Virginia Prince to do it. This might help urge them on. 2) I'm also asking the Foundation to make a donation toward the expense. But FPE dues are not sufficient to provide loose cash to be thrown around, so there cant be too much help from that quarter. Therefore, 3) I'm boldly and straightforwardly asking some of those of you who can afford it to make a donation toward this trip. I hope you understand that I'm not trying to promote a vacation at your expense, but if I can get on radio and/or TV in 8 or 10 cities I'm sure you will agree that this will do a lot of good for the "cause".

It will also uncover a lot of new people who in due course will become available to you as potential friends and FPE members. So if you think you could spare a few bucks toward these travel expenses I think it will be a worthy contribution, and I will certainly do my best to make it so. I will make a full accounting to all who do help out on this.

V. CONTACT ADDRESS: May I remind you again that the Contact address is now the Chevalier address. Please do not any longer address mail to the former Contact address. Please also remember to leave all letters unsealed (otherwise I just have to open them) and include the \$1 fee. I'm sorry that I have to read everything that goes thru Contact, but I can't take a chance on jeopardizing the whole operation by someones thoughtless mailing of questionable material.

VI. PLEA TO CANADIAN READERS: Please remember that there is a value difference between U.S. and Canadian dollars. The latter is worth about 92¢ U.S. Please remember this when making payment. Please also make payments if you can with brown (U.S.\$) postal money orders instead of Canadian cash or personal Canadian checks. The former has to be exchanged which is time consuming, and the latter causes charge backs against my account for handling them. This is not only costly in money but fouls up my financial records too. The brown money orders go right thru without any trouble so I'd appreciate your using them.

VII. REPRINTINGS: Although the "TV and Wife", Male Actress and Pink Mirror have been out of stock in the recent past, all are now available and back orders are being filled, so if you ordered any of them and got a credit slip back or were told they were out, you can now reorder. Also CLIPSHEET #25 is now available and #26 will be printed shortly after this issue is completed, probably in late Feb.



Person to Person

FPE OR CONTACT MEMBERS ONLY



NOTICE: Use of the "Person to Person" column is limited to FPE members or to those who have filled out a personal information form to join "CONTACT". This will be sent on request after reader has received 5 issues of TRANSVESTIA. Address all answers to ads appearing here to CONTACT Box 36091 L.A. 90036, Calif. Send answers in unsealed but stamped envelope and enclose \$1 per answer unless this has been prepaid.

+++++
32-V-2 FPE Married TV, 51 would like to exchange TV stories, amateur and professional to complete my collection. All letters answered promptly. CONNY

+++++
38-M-3 FPE Married TV, 50 would like to meet or correspond with other FPEs in or around the Philadelphia area VIOLA

+++++

SERVICE NOTE ON LARGE SIZE SHOES!

I have an ad from the shoe store below that advertises ladies shoes in sizes 9 to 13 in widths 6A to C with no extra charges for larger sizes. They offer a free catalog. Perhaps this is an answer for some of you girls with more turned up at the bottom, try them.

TALL-EEZ Shoe Co. 41 John R. St. Detroit, Mich.

PRICE LIST

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

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

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

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

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

PERSON TO PERSON ADS AND REPLIES

To protect the magazine and its subscribers from the careless, thoughtless or foolish acts of a few it is necessary to limit correspondence service to those who have been on the subscription list for at least 5 issues and who have been screened. If you wish to use this service ask for the personal information form. Return it with the \$5 registration fee. If accepted this \$5 becomes advance payment for ads (\$2) or answers (\$1) at regular rates.

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

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

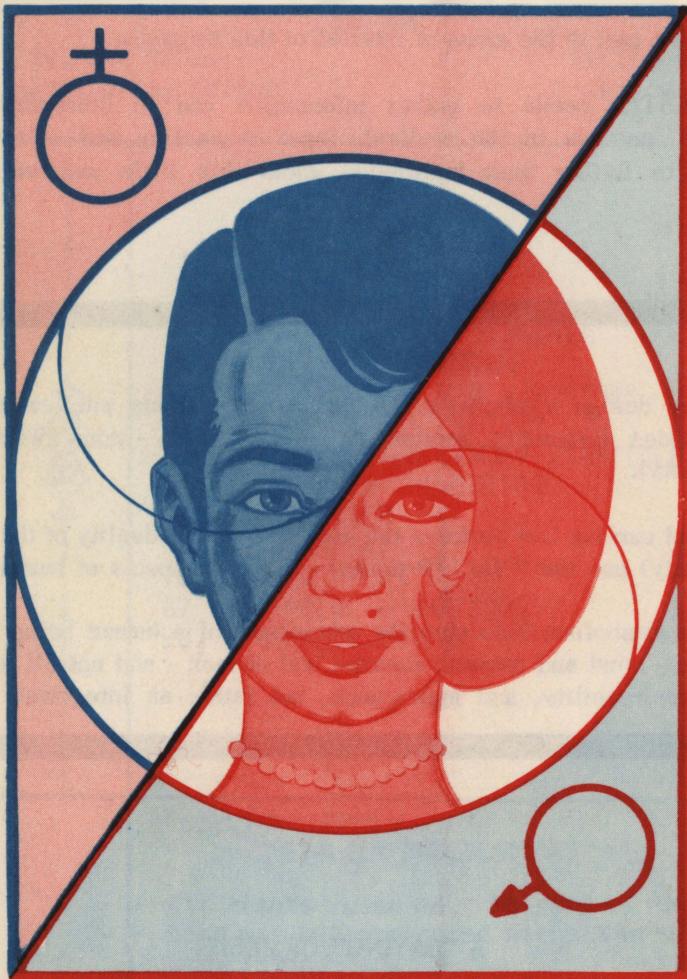


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