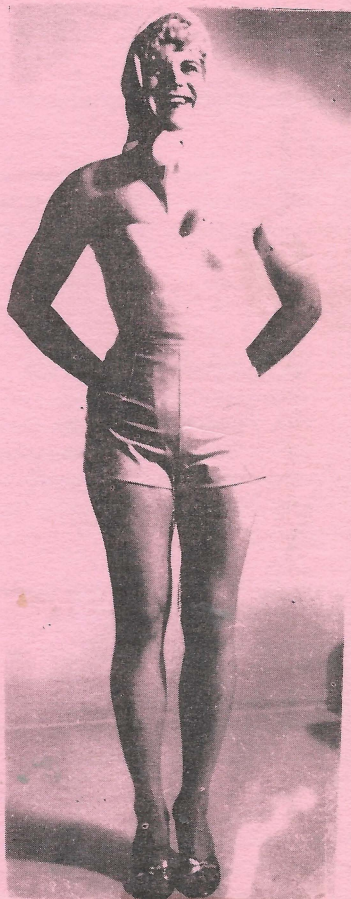


the
JOURNAL of
MALE
FEMINISM
(Formerly HOSE & HEEL)

VOL. 77, No. 3



\$5.00 Per Issue





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This is the bi-monthly publication of The International Alliance For Male Feminism, a non-profit organization with chapters in major North American cities. Membership is open to feminists of both sexes and active social and educational programs are pursued on all levels. A 24-hour International Male Feminist Helpline (with help of telephone answering machine when womanpower is temporarily unavailable) is maintained — (301) 776-8832. The Journal Of Male Feminism serves as the communications link of the movement. Linda Ann Stephens is our editor.

Mailing address and telephone number of the International Office and of the Journal Editorial Office:

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P.O. Box 623
Laurel, Md. 20810
(301) 776-TVDC



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Cover Portrait: Genevieve Features, our active Dallas-Fort Worth chapter leader graces a second cover in a row. How about some cover portraits from some of you other gals. Texas has beautiful women but they are not the only state that does. Who will be our next cover woman?

Annual International Membership Dues — \$20. Dues cover two women, provided at least one is female. An application from each is required. Membership includes *Journal of Male Feminism* subscription, copy of *The International Alliance Membership Directory*, copy of all *Supplements to the Annual International Alliance Membership Directory*, and all other rights and privileges.

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Checks and other monetary instruments should be made payable to "The International Alliance".



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Tom Mazur, Ph.D.
Research Psychologist and Instructor
The Johns Hopkins University

Linda E. Spencer, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Speech Pathology
Loyola College





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If it is to be . . . it is up to me.

NO ONE ever SAID it would be EASY!

An Egalitarian Alliance Open To Feminists Of Both Sexes



In Sisterhood For Universal Feminism

THE INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE FOR MALE FEMINISM

World's Largest Non-profit Social and Educational Organization
Promoting Female and Male Womanhood and Feminism
Publishers of The Journal of Male Feminism



24 hour Male Feminophile Helpline: (301) 776-8832
Pride in Female and Male Womanhood and Feminism

Mailing Address: The International Alliance
P.O. Box 623
Lannet, Maryland 20810

June 21, 1977

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Ms. Rosalynn Carter
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Ms. Carter:

American members of the International Alliance For Male Feminism, and male women everywhere for that matter, have followed with deep interest your concern for improving the mental health of Americans. We have your interest in this field extends beyond the conventional mental health concerns to what are more common, albeit often more controversial problems such as those confronting genderal and sexual minorities.

Information on male womanhood and on the International Alliance For Male Feminism is enclosed for your review. Our male members live, on at least a part-time basis, in the feminine gender role. For some of our members, both male and female, this lifestyle results in significant emotional and mental stresses. In a marital relationship, the wife as well as the husband, can be affected. Guilt and shame feelings, induced by perceived social expectations are primarily responsible. The International Alliance For Male Feminism is the largest and most important of a number of support organizations assisting Americans in dealing with this lifestyle and in fully accepting male femininity and assisting males in giving expression thereto.

Will our Federal Government, under your impetus and influence, devote significant resources to the fields popularly referred to as "transvestism" and "transsexualism"? If so, we hope such an effort will not be limited to so-called "experts" but, rather; will involve a major role for the actual male women practioners. In this regard, our Alliance stands ready to work with anyone you designate.

The Baltimore-DC Alliance For Male Feminism, our local chapter, would be honored to have you attend one of their meetings. That would give you a better feel for our work as well as for our lifestyle and its attendant problems.

Once again, thank you for your interest and efforts in the mental health field. Please let us know if you desire additional information and who you would like us to work with in helping to redirect Federal resources to this important area.

On Behalf of Your Male American Sisters,

Linda Ann Stephens

The I. A. M. F. Board of Directors Chairperson
An Egalitarian Alliance of Female and Male Feminists



ANITA BRYANT'S ASSAULT: A TIME FOR GREATER COOPERATION BETWEEN THE MALE WOMEN'S LIBERATION AND THE GAY LIBERATION MOVEMENT?

No doubt, most of us had a sad feeling about the Dade County, Florida vote. No doubt, also, we have wondered about and given some thought to where this will all go and how it might impact on us. This issue of the JOURNAL has reprinted some media reaction to the vote.

Members of our community and "movement," such as it is, will certainly have varied reactions as each woman deems best. Although only a small minority of us are homosexually oriented, we clearly have a stake in what Anita Bryant and company are doing. If we stand silently aside while they go after the gays, who can we turn to for assistance if they go after us next?

In the past, we have had many divisions (and the concomittant and resultant waste of scarce resources and energy) in our own community as well as between our movement and the gay movement. Many gays, in a mis-directed effort to avoid or overcome the false popular sterotype of gay men as effete, effeminate sissies, have gone to great lengths to separate and disassociate themselves from male women (popularly lumped together as transvestites and transsexuals) of whatever sexual orientation. As most male women are heterosexually oriented (the best estimates indicate the incidence of homosexuality among male women is approximately what it is for the general public as a whole), we have tended to keep our distance from the Gay Liberation Movement. After all, most of us are not gay. What direct benefits did Gay Lib have for us? We generally admired their "coming out of the closet" and asserting their basic human rights as Americans. Furthermore, we did see some indirect benefits to us as a fallout from the success of Gay Lib. On their side, as might be expected and even wise and prudent, the gays focused on purely gay objectives and played down (and sometimes ran down, occasionally even brutally) any cries for assertion for freedom of gender orientation or "cross-dressing". After all, most gays are not "transvestites" so why should they be concerned about freedom for gender orientation or crossdressing? Besides, haven't the transvestites and drag queens given "gay" a bad image with the general public they are trying to win support and acceptance from?

This period of assault by Annita Bryant raises the question of whether or not it is time for greater cooperation between the Male Women's Liberation and the Gay Liberation movements. As Anita Bryant wins, we both loose. Cooperation between our two movements does not mean we have to become gay, nor does it mean they have to become "transvestites". It does mean we should unashamedly explore all areas of joint cooperation in pursuit of mutually beneficial objectives. One place to start might be to add "discrimination based on general orientation" to various enacted and proposed ordinances and laws outlawing discrimination

based on sexual orientation. We would then have a significant and direct stake in laws making it illegal to discriminate because of an individual's general or sexual orientation.

This would seem like a reasonable proposal which the Gay community can support. Can you help us explore viable avenues of cooperation and mutual support between our two communities in your local area?

Each of us has to decide where we stand on various issues of public policy. "Not taking a stand" is, in a very significant sense, "taking a stand". Hopefully, your stand will be positive and as active and involved as your circum stances permit. Even those who for security and other reasons prefer to remain "in the closet" can offer considerable support "from the closet". Societal attitudes do change! The direction of the change is determined, in part, by your actions or lack thereof. What is your responsibility and how well are you carrying it out? *



Micheline Johnson
(2-ON-K1G)

Our active Canadian Alliance gal. A penny for your thoughts. They seem serious.

WRONG

By JEAN O'LEARY AND BRUCE VOELLER

ANITA BRYANT and her Save Our Children, Inc. are doing the 20 million lesbians and gay men in America an enormous favor: They are focusing on the public nature of the prejudice and discrimination we face.

Homosexuals, the Save Our Children folks said in a recent full-page ad in the Miami Herald, used to be stoned to death. But nowadays, they said there's developed "an attitude of tolerance based on the understanding that homosexuals will keep their deviant activity to themselves, will not flaunt their lifestyles, will not be allowed to preach their sexual standards to, or otherwise influence, impressionable young people."

Anita Bryant herself said it even more clearly on a recent network television show: "We're not going after their jobs, as long as they do their jobs and do not want to come out of the closet."

What this means should be abundantly clear: gay women and men in this country have been required to join a conspiracy to pretend we don't exist, so that other people can lie to children.

All of us millions of lesbians and gay men were once American children. And the first lie most of us were told about homosexuality is that it didn't have anything to do with anyone we knew. It certainly wasn't about anyone we loved or respected. It wasn't about Uncle Jim and that nice friend he lived with, or Great-Aunt Sally, who'd been sharing an apartment with her friend "Aunt Jennie" for the last 40 years. It certainly wasn't about any of our teachers.

If we heard words like "queer" and wanted to know what they meant, our parents told us that it wasn't something for children to talk about, but to be sure to stay away from strangers with candy, since "those people" wanted to hurt little children.

So what we learned about gay people we had to find out from our friends. What they were, we discovered, were funny men who wanted to be women and talked with a lisp. Most of our friends didn't think there were any women who were "that way," but some of them suspected there were some and that they all wore leather jackets and beat up people with chains.

So we learned all these lies, like everybody else, and from them we derived the biggest lie of all about homosexuality: that it couldn't possibly have anything to do with us. Those loving feelings we had for members of our own sex were just a "childish stage" we were going through. As we grew up, we were told, we'd see that we'd be able to repress such feelings or pretend to ourselves we didn't have them.

Even later, when we knew we couldn't do that, and weren't prepared to lie to ourselves, we still weren't ready to believe that we were "homosexuals." After all, we didn't want to hurt children, or brandish chains, or talk with a lisp.

It took many of us a long time to realize that these stereotypes were lies, and that there were so many healthy, happy, productive, responsible human beings in this world who had refused to deny or repress their capacity to love members of their own sex.

We are not the only ones who suffered. Our parents suffered. Our parents suffered from the lie that they were somehow "responsible for making us" "queer." Everyone who cared for us suffered, believing the lie that we were sick. And every child in America who has learned the lies has suffered from the dehumanizing experience of learning to hate.

So we believe that Anita Bryant is correct to put the focus right where it belongs: on children. And on morality.

We believe it is immoral to lie to children. We believe it is immoral to teach them to hate people whom they choose to love. We believe it is immoral to pretend to children that they don't have a variety of loving options in their own lives, or to force them to believe that they are the only ones in the world to have loving or sexual feelings for their own sex.

We think it is immoral to foster prejudice and discrimination by pretending to children that there are no real people who are gay.

Along with a great many people in the churches these days, we believe that these are where the real moral issues lie, not in the sort of selective "fundamentalism" that allows people like Anita Bryant to quote St. Paul's injunction against homosexuality while sensibly disobeying his rule against women's speaking in church. We choose another passage from St. Paul: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Love therefore is the fulfillment of the law."

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Ms. O'Leary and Mr. Voeller are co-executive directors of the National Gay Task Force.

New York Times News Service

RIGHT

By WILLIAM SAFIRE

MILITANT leaders of the gay rights "movement" cannot minimize the defeat they suffered at the polls in Miami last week.

The gays wanted national publicity on this and got it: they wanted a big turnout at the polls and got it. As a result, Dale County — ordinarily the most liberal bastion in Florida — voted better than two to one against the gays and in favor of Anita Bryant's "crusade" against sexual permissiveness.

Homosexuals have the issue as civil rights versus outright bigotry. The overwhelming majority did not see it that way at all.

Nor was the majority vote a demonstration of redneck power, or machomania, or the unreasoning fear of child molestation by hated "queers," or a wave of fundamentalist hostility — although a little of each appeared.

Most of the voters framed the issue, as I did, between tacit toleration and outright approval of homosexuality. Most Americans are inclined to let consenting adults do what they like, short of injury, in private, but the gay activists wanted more: the basic "right" they sought was that the assertion by society that what they were doing was right.

But they are wrong in the eyes of the vast majority, homosexuality is an abnormality, a mental illness, even — to use an old-fashioned word — a sin. Homosexuality is not the "alternative lifestyle" the gay activists profess. It may be tolerable, even acceptable — but not approvable.

This don't-ask-for-respectability judgment is not limited to homosexuality. Adultery is gleefully if guiltily practiced by — who knows? — perhaps a majority of married persons, but if an approving statute were proposed by Activist Adults for Adultery, voters on their way home from trysts would vote it down overwhelmingly.

Hypocrisy? No, civilization — the understanding that certain moral standards are worth recognizing and perhaps even striving for, even in the knowledge that most people, one time or another, fall short.

Gay activists want more than this: they want the seal on their housekeeping to say "good." That is a moral judgment they have the right to make but not to insist upon from the rest of society, which has the right to make its own contrary judgment and to persuade its children of its value.

Part of that persuasion by society takes place in school. Many of us think that gays should be permitted to teach, provided they do not advocate their homosexuality. Gay activists counter by asking "Why lie to the children?" One reason is so that private homosexuals can have jobs if allowed: gays were to be teachers, the example they would set to children might induce some toward emulation, which society wants to discourage.

But the gay militants did not want privacy, they wanted

publicity, not content with toleration, they wanted approval. And so the voters reacted the way most of us do — as when war resisters refuse pardons until the U.S. Government admits it was wrong — by digging in our heels.

The trouble with Miss Bryant's victory is that she now intends to treat the Miami landslide as a cue to launch a vast national crusade. That means that the ringing answer given to the activists' demand for moral legitimacy might lash back into an invasion of their legitimate civil rights.

No bluntness moralizer should have the power to tell consenting adults of the same sex they cannot live together in public housing. Gays pay taxes; if they want to love each other, society should get away from the keyhole, if they want to profess their love, that's their free speech. As long as "straights" are not forced to underwrite a homosexual sales message in the classroom, the straights have no right to penalize private citizens for their personal behavior.

Let Miss Bryant and her own militant crusaders not misinterpret their victory. No mandate has been given to put the gays on the run, or to repress their right of free expression. She has turned back a danger posed by wrongheaded gay activists, and deserves credit for that, she does not deserve to be the matriarch of a new movement that would pose a new danger to those homosexuals who want only to be left alone.

That new danger would be the justification of the issue as the gay activists originally (and wrongly) framed it: civil rights versus bigotry. If Miss Bryant's nationalized crusade were to take on the trappings of a political party there comes the federal funding, and if private homosexuals were intimidated to pay for gay militant demands, martyrdom would be theirs, and libertarians would be forced to their defense.

So ease up, Anita Bryant: You were given a vote of confidence, not a flaming sword. Most people do not want to be pushed too strongly in either direction. A significant part of your support was resistance to gay extremism, and is ready to switch to resist any manifestation of extremism on the part of the straights.

New York Times News Service

Carl T. Rowan

Wednesday, June 15, 1977

The Washington Star A-23

Anita's the real threat, not the gay community

Of all the appeals to bigotry still virulent in America, the one that shames me most is the newest: Anita Bryant's crusade against homosexuals.

She quotes her version of the Bible to tell us that homosexuals will "have no place in the Kingdom of God," and in doing so the lady gives religion a bad name.

Yes, as she roams the country, fresh from her triumph over the gays in Miami, the media are glued to her. Television purms her into our homes at dinner-time, weeping because she feels homosexuals don't understand that she wants them to be "washed and clean."

Because she has become a fanatic, it will never occur to Anita Bryant that murderers have rights under the Eighth Amendment; peddlers of smut have rights under the First Amendment; assorted crooks have rights under the Fifth Amendment; drunks and drug addicts have rights under HEW guidelines — thus only a morbid, stone-age bigotry would embrace the notion that homosexuals do not have basic rights.

Anita Bryant exploits the deepest hopes and fears of parents. Dad wants son to be a lady-killing stud; it would devastate Dad to have the word go out that son prefers other males.

Mom has dreamed for years of a gala wedding where she weeps as daughter

er races off in the arms of a rich and handsome Prince Charming. Mother would be shattered to learn that daughter is a psychological wreck in a bedroom with a man, but a warm, glowing homosexual, Bryant has another emotional approach: She wants to keep gays out of jobs as teachers, librarians, etc., so as to protect our children from homosexual advances.

None of us wants gays abusing our children, emotionally or in any other way. We've passed laws against it. But are Bryant and her disciples aware of the terrible number of incidents in which heterosexuals ("normal" people) molest children, introduce them to drugs, otherwise

debate them? It has become easy to attack homosexuals, to deprive them of basic rights, because they are now visible; they have walked out of the shadows. But the heterosexual rapists, molesters and other child defilers go on enjoying all the constitutional and legislative rights because they can hide in Anita Bryant's world of self-righteous heterosexuals.

I watch and hear this woman, and I know that the greater threat to this society, which struggles toward justice for all, is not the ordinary homosexual; it is the Anita Bryants who catch up so many glib and unsophisticated Americans in their messianic madness.

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Free to be . . .



Cathy P (8-MD-21225)

All dressed up and no where to go.

IN MEMORIAM - JODY S. FORD

Murder charged in shooting

BY HAROLD KENNEDY
News staff writer

A Vestavia Hills motel manager was charged with first degree murder Tuesday in the shooting death of Birmingham beautician Jody Susan Ford and was released under \$5,000 bond.

Larry Clifford Maddox, 26, of the Travel Lodge Motel on Highway 31 South, is charged with shooting Ford, who underwent a sex change operation several years ago, said Lt. Joe Stewart, Vestavia Police Department.

The shooting, said Stewart, apparently evolved from a dispute which started in the parking lot of the Brookwood Theater near Brookwood Mall.

"A statement seems to have been made in the theater parking lot that was taken offense to," said Stewart.

There was an argument there, and further argument as they in separate cars to Vestavia Hills, Stewart said.

"THE ARGUMENT resumed when both cars pulled into the Travel Lodge Motel parking lot, and some blows apparently were thrown," added Stewart. "A gun was brought into the dispute and Ford was killed by a single blast to the chest." Stewart said a 16-gauge shotgun was used.

As far as can be determined, Ford and Maddox never had seen each other prior to this encounter," Stewart said.

Ford, who was 41 years old, came into the news in 1972 when he made public through a Birmingham News article that he intended to undergo a sex change operation. He owned at the time a beauty shop in Five Points South called "Mr. Sid's".

The shop was renamed "Ms. Sid's" following the sex change operation a year or so later, and eventually Ford's name was changed to Jody Susan Ford.

In an interview with The News, Ford said he had wanted to be a woman since old enough to remember.

Ford said he had been arrested more than a dozen times for being dressed like a woman, but that the cases had been thrown out of court because there is no law against it.

A Nashville, Tenn. native, Ford played basketball at David Lipscomb College in Nashville and later played semi-professional football with a Miami, Fla. team. He had been married several times and was the father of a son.

Editor's note: The senseless and brutal murder of Jody Ford occurred in Birmingham, AL on April 4, 1977. Jody was well-loved and respected by TV's in the Southeast and her beauty shop was used by many of us. It was reported that Jody had dined and attended the theater with her ex-wife on the night she was killed. When crude remarks and physical abuse were aimed at her ex-wife, Jody went to her defense and was fatally shot.

Maddox bound over in slaying of Ms. Sid

Larry Clifford Maddox, 26, charged with the April 4 shotgun slaying of Jody Susanne Ford (also known as Ms. Sid), was bound over to the grand jury Wednesday after a preliminary hearing.

District Judge W.W. Stewart continued his bond at \$5,000.

At the hearing, Deputy Dist. Atty. Ken Goman called two eye-witnesses to the shooting which took place in the parking area in front of the Travelodge in Vestavia Hills.

Mrs. Jean Reid, manager of the lounge at the motel, said she saw Maddox aiming a shotgun about a foot away from a woman standing by a car door with her hands in the air.

She said she yelled, "No, Larry, no," at Maddox, manager of the motel, but he pulled the trigger and the woman fell backwards to the paving.

Mrs. Reid said she had known the victim several years ago as Mr. Sid—that she'd gone to his Southside beauty shop to have her hair done.

Reports and interviews with Mr. Sid about his sex change operation and transformation to Ms. Sid or Miss Ford appeared in the news media a few years ago.

Mrs. Myra Caldwell, a waitress at Constantine's Restaurant in the Travelodge, gave testimony similar to that of Mrs. Reid about the shooting.

Vestavia Policeman E.D. Self said that when he arrested Maddox about midnight April 4,

the defendant stated, "I don't know why I did that."

The preliminary hearing before Judge Stewart was to determine whether there was probable cause to hold Maddox for action by the Jefferson County Grand Jury.

Defense lawyers Russell McDonald, Roger Brown and Milton Carrett questioned the state's witnesses but presented no testimony at the hearing.

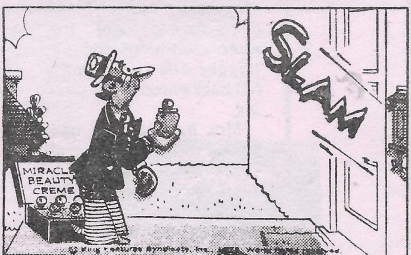
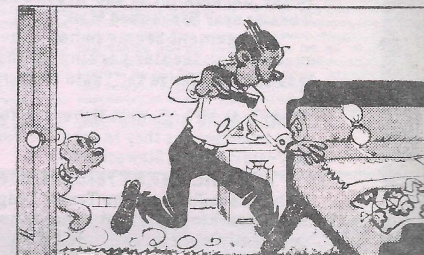
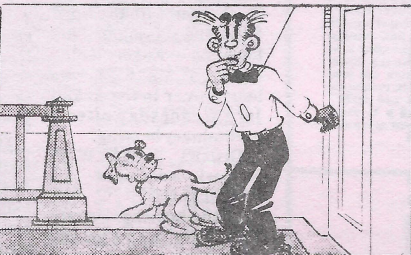
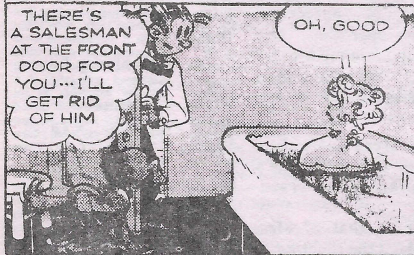
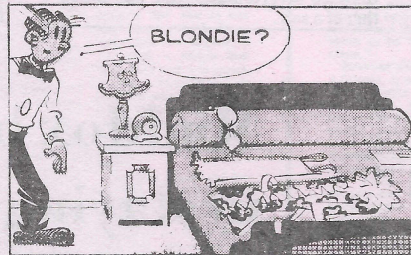
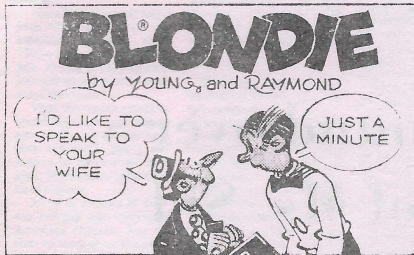


THE LATE JODY FORD

BALTIMORE-DC'S SPEAKER'S BUREAU CONTINUES TO BE ACTIVE

The Baltimore-DC Chapter's Speakers Bureau continued to be active through the Spring. Lori Jean Rohrbach and Sandie Buel talked to a group of psychiatric interns at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center. Barbara B spoke to an enthusiastic group of college students at Catonsville Community College. Linda Ann Stephens discussed the subject and answered questions at Northwestern High School and at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

How about our other chapters? What are you doing in the area of public education? How about writing it up and sending it in to our editorial office? *



The two articles below show a significant moderation in Ann Landers' hard line negative attitude toward cross-dressing. Even if she cannot yet be said to be totally accepting, the second article indicates: [1] A recognition of how widespread this lifestyle is, [2] a recognition that it may not be so bad (it is doubtful that she will again recommend divorce, e.g., telling the wife to "grab her hat and run"), and [3] a recognition that most transvestites (the 80% figure was quoted) are neither homosexually nor bisexually oriented.

After publication of her first article on the subject, numerous Alliance members wrote to her in protest. The resulting change in this nationally read column is another indication of what positive results can come from our "political activism". A big "thank you", on behalf of us all, is extended to those who wrote to Ann.

When was the last time you took action to assist our Alliance and your male feminist sisters? An altruistic attitude of caring about, being concerned about, and helping others is a feminist trait. Are you doing your part to help your sisters? *

Free to be...

Liberated
Men
Are
Better

STEREOTYPES
ARE A
BORE

Transvestites Demand Redress

Dear Readers: Recently I printed a letter from a woman whose husband enjoyed dressing up in her clothes. I said, "Some psychiatrists say all transvestites are either homosexual or bisexual."

That sentence unleashed a flood of angry responses from hundreds of transvestites, their wives and sweethearts. I was told in no uncertain terms (and unprintable language) that I am "off my nut," "crazy as a loon," "ill-informed," "living in the Dark Ages," and to "crawl back under that rock."

From Tucson, Ariz.: Take it back. You made an awful lot of trouble for me. I enjoy dressing up in women's clothes — have for years. My wife loves to see me put on a fashion show. I am neither bisexual nor am I homosexual. Our sex life is great. After your column appeared, my wife kept me up half the night insisting that I tell her what guy I am seeing on the side. Please print this letter so she will get off my back. I swear I am straight.

From Louisville, Ky.: Listen, you creep, I have been cross-dressing for 20 years and anyone who calls me a homo gets a fat lip. It's a great way to relax and have a little fun. No one has seen me in my outfits but my wife. She thinks it's O.K. and it's nobody else's business.



Ann Landers

Ask Ann

From Orlando, Fla.: My wife and I have been married 12 years and I have never looked at another woman — or a man. I resent your statement that just because I enjoy dressing in ladies' gowns and slippers that I am a homosexual. We play these little games about once a week in the privacy of our home. Once in a while we invite another couple in who enjoy the same thing. But we never swap partners and I have no desire to make love to a man. Please get your facts straight.

From Berwyn, Ill.: My boyfriend is beautiful. I wish I were half as good-looking. He surprised me one day by bringing a complete female wardrobe along on a weekend trip. The two of us decided to go to a first-class restaurant for dinner with him wearing his



ANN LANDERS

DEAR ANN LANDERS: My husband and I have been married for two years. He seemed normal is every way and I never had any reason to question his masculinity. Our sex life is good but I never had any experience before I met him so maybe I'm not much of a judge.

About six months ago, B asked me to make up his face "just to see what he'd look like if he were a woman." I thought it was a big joke and did it. I must say he looked beautiful.

A few weeks later, B asked me to make up his face again. This

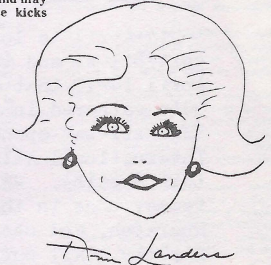
time I was uneasy and told him it was the last time I'd play the game. An hour later he came into the living room wearing my best housecoat and a wig, which he must have purchased himself. I was so upset I couldn't look at him.

Now I know what has been happening to my "missing" bras and pantyhose. I am just sick. Is this a hormone deficiency, a mental illness or what? I need some answers before I go crazy. — MORRISTOWN, N.J.

Dear N.J.: Your husband may be a transvestite whose kicks

end with the dressing up. Some psychiatrists say all transvestites are either homosexual or bisexual.

Please discuss this problem with a counselor. Your letter raises many questions which I cannot answer. Since you've been married only two years, it may be that the way to fight this situation is with your hat. Grab it and run.



ANN LANDERS

best dress. It thrilled me when heads turned to look at the gorgeous "gal" — not ME — him. He is straight as a rail and is a fantastic lover. If a man makes a pass at him when he is dressed up he becomes very indignant. I can't speak for the others, but I can tell you my guy is no homo. Run a retraction, Kiddo.

So now, Dear Readers, I will repeat my original statement: "Some psychiatrists say all transvestites are either homosexual or bisexual." Please note the word "Some."

I have checked further and have additional opinions from two of Chicago's most distinguished psychiatrists. Both Dr. George Pollock, Director of the Institute of Psychoanalysis in Chicago, and Dr. Harold Visotsky, Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Northwestern University Medical School and Northwestern Memorial Hospital, said as follows: Approximately 20 per cent of the cross-dressers are either homosexual or bisexual, but the majority are heterosexual and have no interest in other males. They get their jolies dressing up and that's as far as they go. When I asked Dr. Pollock if such behavior was "normal" (a word most psychiatrists deplore) he replied, "Not if the cross-dressing produces an orgasm."

So — now you have an idea of what my week has been like. How was yours?

We Are Proud We Are Friends Of Male Femmiphiles

Ms. Alice Millard
P. O. Box 855
Gulf Breeze, Florida 32561



Gulf Coast Chapter

June 1977

Reporter: Connie Millard

GULF COAST SHANGRI-LA A SMASHING SUCCESS!

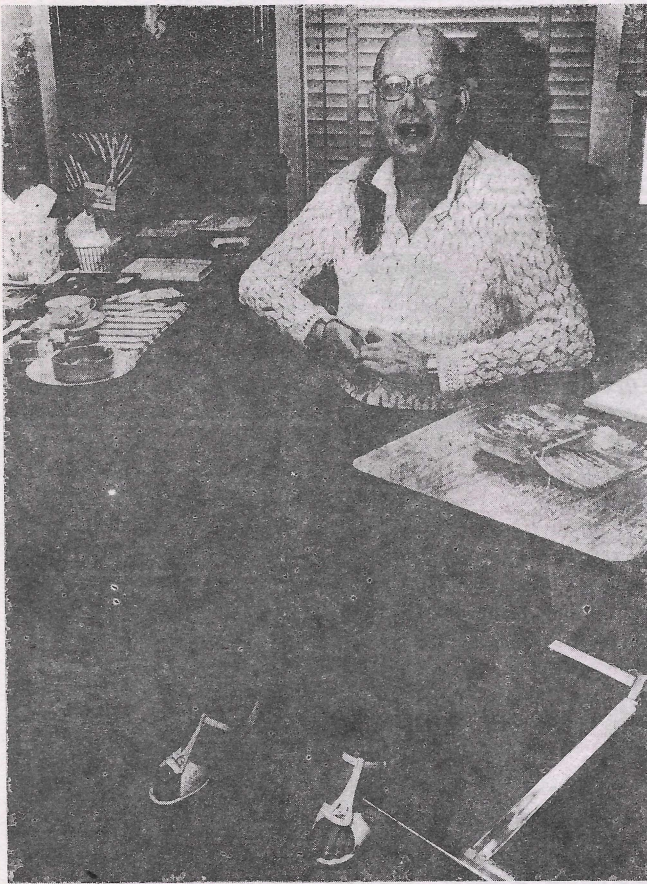
Mid-April is lovely on the Gulf Coast at Gulfport/Piloxi and it was there, on the weekend of April 14-17, that sixteen TV "lovelies" and five GG's gathered in their happy clothing for another "Shangri-La" sponsored by the Gulf Coast Chapter, International Alliance. Everything was roses for this meeting. We all sparkled at two banquets en femme: One in the Empire Room at the elegant new Sheraton, and one in a cozy alcove at the Sea 'n Sirloln. All our girls were simply dazzling in new hairdo's, new outfits and cheery countenances. We discovered a fabulous dress shop with an empathetic owner-operator. Her unique clothes and jewelry are of the Frederick's variety--chic, glamorous and sexy yet in good taste. No need for after-hours arrangement for TV's here--our gals shopped and tried on clothes along with the regular customers. No problem. Next door is a schrazy shoe store that will order any size and style and will permit TV's to try on. In between is a hair stylist and beauty salon run by people who understand us and are willing to help. What more do we need to make a gathering successful? These shops were within 200 feet of our motel, which was across the road from a wide sand beach where our people roamed at will. We are seeking acceptance, and this is what we find in abundance on the Gulf Coast. That is why we return again and again for our own special brand of fun in the sun.

The party started Thursday when Alice and Connie arrived from Pensacola, along with Julia (who had flown down from Ohio), Clare (enroute from South Florida to her home in Indiana), Julie (GG friend of Millards), and Renee from near Knoxville, TN. That first night we ate in our small and friendly Cajun restaurant, Broussard's, where the owner, James, welcomed us en femme (he is from New Orleans and the TV scene is not new to him!). After dinner a visit to Casa Blanca, local FP club. Next day TV's flocked in from everywhere: Dianne, Dusty, Lynda, and Andrea from Atlanta; Geraldine and wife June from Arkansas; Linda and wife Bobbie from Mississippi; Nancy from San Diego, California;

Kathleen from New Orleans; Trina from San Antonio (another GG friend of Millards); Dianna from Houston; Sunny from Montgomery; Samantha from Memphis; and Sheila from Atlanta arrived near midnight Saturday--in time to greet everyone but no time for her to dress. We were 21 in all, from 11 states--a congenial and joyful crowd of girls who relished every minute of shopping and camaraderie. Unbeknownst to us in pre-planning, this was the weekend that a femme impersonator contest was being held at Casa Blanca, so who else could better represent us than our girl, Dusty? She quickly worked up a talent routine and Lynda helped with her costumes. Renee was appointed one of the judges, and practically our entire retinue of TV's sat in a front row to cheer Dusty on. She was terrific! She came in 4th, but we all knew she should have been first. Her act, poise and classy appearance were far above other contestants; local politics altered the outcome. Nevertheless we had a great evening. Some of the gals--still not ready to call it quits--sashayed back to the posh supper club at the top of the Sheraton where they were treated "like ladies." Each morn, small groups of us ate breakfast or brunch en femme at the Cajun place which was most enjoyable. Dianna from Houston was a great (and new) addition. Her big talent is voice control. To hear Dianna speak one cannot detect any trace of male-ness. She passed along tips to the other girls on the art of femme speaking, and our TV's were no doubt practicing their femme voice all the way home!

Alice and Connie will be in Washington, DC in July, in England for August, and wandering around NY and New England until mid-September. Then with Fantasia Fair coming up in October, there is not time to plan another Gulf Coast soiree--but we do hope to sponsor a "Shangri-La" in January, either in New Orleans or Gulfport. We will keep you informed. Meantime, y'all stay as sweet as you are! We luvs y'all.

Alice and Connie



By Linda Wheeler—The Washington Post

Faye Cannon relaxes at his home near Dupont Circle and explains why he changed his name from Walter.

'Male Woman' Finds New Self

Smithsonian Curator, 51, Comes Out of the Closet

By Robert F. Levey
Washington Post Staff Writer

The application for a change of name was filed in D.C. Superior Court on Jan. 13, 1976. When no creditors, heirs or ex-spouses came forward to protest, it was routinely approved. Walter Faw Cannon, the judge decreed, would henceforth be known as Faye Cannon.

Why would a 51-year-old man change his name? "For reasons of family tradition," Cannon's application said. "The applicant wishes to assume the name of his maternal family as his first name. . . . Faye is a modern-day variation of the applicant's maternal surname, Faw."

But that wasn't the reason at all. The reason was that Faye Cannon had decided to come all the way out of the closet.

Cannon wears women's clothing. For more than a year, he has worn women's clothes every business day to his job as curator of the history of classical physics and geosciences at the Smithsonian Institution's Museum of History and Technology.

"I don't classify myself as gay, because I don't know what the word means," said Faye Cannon, who

also calls himself Susan. "I define myself as a male woman. There I know what the words mean."

Cannon, a tall, balding, broad-shouldered baritone, said he has been teased only once in the 15 months since he hung up his men's suits forever. He insisted that relations with his museum coworkers are better, not worse. He knows that historical groups may now blackball him from opportunities to lecture and write, but he said that has not yet happened and may never. "The psychological impact has been stronger than I expected," Cannon said. "I have known about myself for years. But I didn't know how satisfying it would be."

"I feel I'm dressing up as a clown when I wear men's clothes."

Cannon wore men's clothes throughout an academic career that could not have been much more illustrious. The son of the former dean of the Duke University Divinity School, he received a B.A. degree from Princeton, and an M.A. and a Ph.D. from Harvard. He was on the history faculties of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of California at Berkeley before coming to the Smithsonian 13 years ago.

Cannon lives alone in a small apartment near Dupont Circle. His parents and his only brother are dead. He has never married.

Cannon has no glib or simple explanation for the way he is. "One would have to be a superpsychologist to understand the balance of forces," he said. One thing he is sure of is that he will not tamper with his male body. "No sex change, no hormones, no self-psychiatry," he said.

Cannon ascribed the timing of his decision to come out of the closet to job security. It was not until July 3, 1975, that the Civil Service Commission barred discrimination against homosexuals. Soon after that, Cannon began going to work in women's clothes—usually skirts and blouses, with some jewelry.

He still runs a considerable risk, however. Civil Service employees are supposed to avoid "infamous or notoriously disgraceful conduct." Violators are those "whose social behavior is so bizarre or so clearly aberrant that the conduct in itself evidences depravity."

Firing is warranted "only when the notoriety accompanying the conduct can reasonably be expected to adversely affect the person's ability to perform his or her job or the agency's ability to carry out its responsibilities."

Cannon's responsibility at History and Technology is to choose and collect all the museum's exhibits that touch on his field. He is also responsible for providing further information, in person, to museum visitors who ask.

That might be expected to stun a few folks now and then, but Cannon claimed that it has not. Nor, he added, has office life been harder or less productive since he "came out."

Rather, he said, it is more honest. Otto Mayr, chairman of the department of science and technology at the museum, said Cannon's choice of dress has produced "a lot of mumbly" among fellow staff members, but no complaints from the public.

"We like to think of the Smithsonian as a liberal place," Mayr said. "This is not anything we're going to attack him on. We decided we would not pay a lot of attention to this. Honestly, personally, it doesn't bother me."

Mayr said, however, that two civil service actions, neither connected with his change of name and dress, are pending against Cannon: one concerning overuse of sick leave, the other "job performance." Mayr would not speculate on the outcome of the two actions.

He did say that Cannon is "a born rebel" who would "provoke people in the past." His mode of dress "is, obviously, the ultimate provocation," Mayr said.

Cannon said his basic motive for dressing as a woman is not to shock, but to allow "everybody to know you

as you are. Other people had to make an adjustment. I didn't."

Cannon said he formally changed his name to make things official and simpler now that he wears women's clothes in public. "How do I prove I'm who I say I am at a new bank?" he asked. "They're obsessed with driver's licenses and I don't drive." He said he has not encountered any credit difficulty since the name change was approved.

Cannon stressed that his conversion could not have been so easy if he lived anywhere else. District of Columbia law forbids discrimination against homosexuals, and it is not violation of the law in Washington for a man to wear women's clothing.

Because this is not the case in Maryland, Virginia or about 40 other states, Cannon rarely ventures outside Washington. "I don't have a very wide range of places I want to go," he said. "I'm going to the same places I always went."

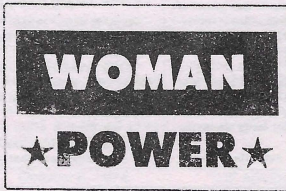
Cannon has a ready explanation for the tolerance he said he has found here. "Washington is a majority made up of minorities and I've come out as one of the minority people too."

That accounts for the especially good reception Cannon said he receives from black and female coworkers. "I'm no longer one of the upper middle class," he said. "People who are nobody special recognize the I'm nobody special, too."

His most awkward times occur when children approach him in stores to ask if he is a man or a woman Cannon said. But the awkwardness he insisted, is on their part, not his. He said he answers "both," and let it go at that.

Cannon said he has had little contact with Washington-area gay organizations. "I'm not a meetings type," he said.

In all, Cannon seems as content as could be expected. "It's been a very fine thing," he said. "I can't imagine going back to the old way."



On the surface, it would be enough to say that this is the story of "Kim," a stocky young man who dresses like a high school debutant and wants to open a suburban sporting goods store. Or "David," an androgynous-looking woman of 21 with visions of appearing like a steak Colt model she once saw in *Mandate* magazine.

It would be enough to relate the story of a successful corporate businessman who, at 63, chucks it all away to be reborn as "Nancy." Or the tales of a wise-cracking, sophisticated woman with the figure of an annotated Mae West and the salty vocabulary of the career sailor she once was, to match.

On the surface it would be easy. But not enough. For these individuals are transsexuals. Like a latter-day Alice in a directionless Wonderland, they step into the looking-glass seeking an honest reflection and discover that things seldom appear the same from the other side.

Any life might seem a little unreal when prefaced by newspaper headlines. But the pain which can be read between those lines is often not, as the most reported, speculated and talked about—but least understood—of sexual minorities struggles to come to terms with what is.

• A Detroit truckdriver undergoing a sex change from male to female says she will file a sex discrimination suit against the road commission that suspended her for refusing to wear a man's uniform.

• A former women's physical education instructor and "Teacher of the Year" in Emeryville, California, fights to remain teaching in what is now his district after changing sex. He is soon arrested by the school superintendent for "willful disturbance" and charged with a misdemeanor.

• Renee Richards, once a prominent, male eye-surgeon, competes in a \$60,000 women's tennis match in South Orange, New Jersey, and proclaims in a circus-like atmosphere of television cameras and international press that "I just want to prove that I'm human." Later, she loses a game and headlines banner "A Tennis First: Transsexual Tears."

The question of what is and what isn't remains the central issue for those born into an identity they cannot claim to be their own.

There does exist for them, of course, the ubiquitous volumes of plastic-encased snapshots to be produced at the slightest provocation, documenting complex routes of identity changes, gender transformations and attendant guises. And there are thick piles of magazines, newspaper clippings and "confidential" interviews barely beginning to yellow with age before being reopened again for fresh infusions of sometime fact and ofttime fantasy.

Still, when peering into a looking glass, one cannot forget that what is reflected can be an illusion. What you see is not necessarily what is. And in a world where everyone is clearly destined to be "something," being not what you are can be the most bitter reflection of all.

Such parabolic word-play may not be necessary to describe the lives of individuals caught in a conflict of gender identity. Still, it is not too direct to say that for those born into such confusion, the answer to the most basic question of "Who Am I?" remains very much imprisoned by that image in the mirror.

The social worker, the psychiatrist, the gender counselor interviewed here are looking onto one surface of that image. The transsexuals, being that image, are speaking out from the other. It is indeed a two-way looking glass, caught, in the words of one transsexual interviewed, "in a subterranean world of half-light."

Marti Norberg epitomizes a look that could best be described as "California." Tanned, with a shock of long blond hair, she flashes an even, white smile when she wants to—which is often.

Her casual, unstudied naturalness belies

the fact that every day she must impart in some way a little bit of these qualities.

As coordinator of Stanford University's Gender Dysphoria Program she must not only perform as a seasoned professional counselor, but sometimes as best friend and guiding light to the nearly 150 individuals a year who come to her office seeking help and information.

(Gender Dysphoria is the most popular term now being used in the scientific community to describe the transsexual phenomenon after a long string of such labels as "eonism," "psychopatia transsexualis" and "contra-sexism." Transsexualism is not to be confused in any way with transvestism, which is dressing in the clothing of the opposite sex for erotic or psychologically gratifying reasons.)

Established within the campus medical

lifestyle and that you as a person are happy in the role of choice.

"When I tell them that," Norberg said, after a wistful shake of her head, "I can see them visibly cringe. I guess they have to latch on to the idea that they are transsexuals to give validity and a direction to their lives."

Only a quarter of those who initially come to Stanford will go through the final operation. For some it becomes a question of time, since the program requires that all participants live a full two years as their desired gender before the actual sex reassignment operation takes place.

For others it becomes an issue of money. A male to female operation, complete with hospitalization and check-ups, will run close to \$5,000 with a female to male operation sometimes costing double that. All

operation in this country in 1968. A gender clinic was established, and soon the operation was being developed and performed at university hospitals across the country.

While Johns Hopkins will now consider only "six to eight candidates" a year for its program, there exist about a dozen other reputable clinics and hospitals (Stanford included) where the operation will be performed, but only after a year or two of rigid screening, psychological testing and hormonal treatments. (There are doctors and "clinics" who will perform the operation, a major one, on demand, but often the results are less than satisfactory, with conditions often comparable to the backroom "abortion shops" of too few years ago.)

"However, the operation is not a cure," cautioned Money, "but a rehabilitation."

"Everyone is looking for their magic feather," said Norberg, "and for most it's the operation. It represents a promise that can't really be fulfilled."

"They are always aware that they have not been turned into what they think they are," admitted Money.

What is it about an operation that takes months, if not years of preparation, thousands of dollars and many grueling hours on the operating table, yet offers no "cure" other than the certain "promise" that it will leave those who undergo it neither one sex nor the other?

Technologically, the operation has come a long way since the first modern medically supervised sex change took place in Europe in 1930.

Sociologically, the operation has become much more accepted than in 1952, when a former American G.I. named George Jorgensen transformed himself in Denmark into Christine and created a public furor. She is now living comfortably in Laguna Niguel, California, and occasionally hits the college lecture circuit.

Recently, so rightly noted a man as British journalist James Morris could comfortably tread across the boundaries of his gender without raising public consternation, only the sales figures for his frank auto-biography.

Basically, it is not so much a question of what the operation does as what it represents. What the operation does is explained simply enough:

For men, hormones are prescribed at least a full year in advance of the operation to enlarge the breasts, soften the skin, redistribute weight and effect other changes to which each individual reacts differently.

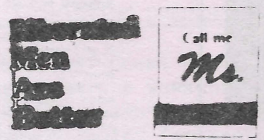
Electrolysis, a tedious and painful method of hair removal at best, is usually begun at this time.

The operation itself takes about three hours. The penis and testicles are amputated, the urethra rerouted, and an artificial vagina is created using scrotal and penile tissues with skin grafts from the thigh or hip. Because the penile tissue is still sensitive and the interior wall of the new vagina is in direct contact with an erogenous nerve network, male to female transsexuals can be sexually stimulated to orgasm.

For women the procedure is somewhat more complicated. Where with males the surgeon is basically taking away, for females a whole new organ must be created from tissue not previously there. In some operations, after the breasts have been removed and a hysterectomy performed, a miniature penis is created by freeing the clitoris from its connective tissue. In other, more lifelike, procedures, skin grafts, flaps and silicone forms are used to create a penis that has no real sensation within itself but can bring a partner to sexual orgasm, often through the use of a prosthetic device.

(At Stanford, Dr. Donald Laub has perfected what appears to be the most satisfactory result of all through a "tubed-flap" method, in which a penis is created by the artful grafting together of tissues from the abdomen.)

Still, for many women transsexuals, the psychological gratification of being able to urinate while standing up is often all that is



What I See Is Not What I Think Is Me.



TRANSSEXUALS LOOKING FOR AN HONEST REFLECTION

By Mark Thompson

center's Division of Plastic Surgery, Norberg's program offers workshops, information and direction for transsexuals. Sometimes alternative routes for an integrated lifestyle are offered as well.

"The 'classic' transsexual is pretty much asexual when I see them," she explained. "They don't know what they are." Where most of her work lies, however, is with those who think they do.

"About 20 per cent of those I see could be considered true transsexuals; the others are already on that conveyor belt to the operating table. Surgery is what they're after."

Many of those "others" are homosexuals, said Norberg, who have forgone other alternatives.

"Their sexuality exists at such an unconscious level, with so much guilt, they're immune to the changes that are taking place in our society," she said.

"I tell them it doesn't matter what you are, what form your sexuality might take; it's only important that you find a stable

operations must be paid for in advance, and money is also needed for time spent recuperating.

The high drop-out rate could also be partly attributed to Norberg's careful and sensitive posing of some very basic and crucial questions.

"Sometimes my questioning serves as a catalyst to internal changes. People drop out of the program to admit that their supposed transsexualism was a 'stage' they had to go through." But for most, she said, the surgeon's knife falls deftly to its task, leaving them all to say that "this is the best thing that ever happened to me."

"All it leaves me," she continued, "is the question of how external their sense of gender is. How integrated is it into their person? They lose sight of personhood. Gender overwhelms everything."

"Metaphorically they might think that they've been reborn, but basically, they are the same as before," said John Money of Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital. Money pioneered the first complete sex change

really desired, according to some experts in the field.

For both men and women, the complications that can occur are a constant danger. Special forms to keep the vaginal cavity open are required long after surgery, as are "touch-up" operations. Hormones must also be taken for the remainder of the transsexual's life.

In both cases, surgery techniques have improved to the point where the finished results are often cosmetically undetectable from the real thing, although the male to female operation far outnumbers the two in actual numbers performed.

While medical science has caught up with the wish fulfillments of transsexuals to match body with mind, what the operation represents in terms of actually understanding this phenomenon is a completely different matter.

Countless theories have been ventured as to the causes of transsexualism. Genetic, endocrine and psychological factors have all been considered within a complex web of pre- and postnatal influences. In the early 1950s, Dr. Harry Benjamin, a pioneer in the study of transsexuals, introduced a seven-category continuum of sex and gender role orientation.

Whatever reasons and explanations have been offered seem insignificant so far when pitted against the most inward questions that gender-confused individuals must ask themselves.

While there is little doubt that "true" or, according to Benjamin's scale, "high intensity" transsexuals exist, the most important question being asked by Norberg, Money and others is whether most individuals seeking a claim to this title can justify its application to themselves.

"They use the operation as a crutch," said Norberg. "They think that the big change in their life is going to be done for them rather than having to make the change themselves."

Miriam Oles-Willems is a gender identity counselor at San Francisco's Center for Special Problems, a community mental health clinic. Like Norberg, she admits that few of her patients really know "where they are."

"It's an uncomfortable place to be in," she said. "Some people are really searching for something and they cling to the idea of being a woman. Being a transsexual is somewhat of a relief. It's a place to belong." Ninety-eight per cent of her clients are male to female candidates.

"They don't want a vagina as much as they want their penis cut off. They can't handle their disgust towards their homosexuality," he critically stated one California physician who has done extensive work with transsexuals and asked that his name not be used, fearing loss of trust from many of his transsexual patients.

While all three are concerned professionals and sound considerably less vehement in their views than when set in type, they nevertheless express considerable frustration over the fact that most men seeking their aid are all too willing to step from a point of no returnable gender orientation to a gender extreme bound by stereotypical behavior.

"Look what's going on," admonished Norberg. "Women's Liberation, the whole human potential movement! Still, they granite towards the image of Miss America waiting for the knight in shining armor to come sweep them off into the night."

"You have these people coming to you with symptoms gleaned from a textbook and saying that 'I am a woman because I like to cry, faint and have feminine things,'" said the physician. "They think that the vagina will give them security, someone to look after them."

It's interesting to note that many of my patients come from Latin American countries and the deep South—a more significant number than you would suspect. Both areas have rigid ideas of what men and women should be.

"Many exhibit hysteria" (a medical term

not to be confused with hysterical). "They are people who constantly need support, reassurance and are overly dramatic and superficial emotionally."

"It's no wonder," he concluded. "We have made effeminate such a stigma we have internalized homophobia."

Nancy Wright stood on the edge of her chair and addressed the sea of blond and brunette wigs with the careful, measured tones of one who had earned a right to take her time.

She was perfectly coiffed, expertly dressed and was now bestowing upon this attentive group the "secrets" of her success.

"Study," she said, "and keep every sense honed. Remember to shorten your steps in

Sandy Dunnet (right), and David Fairchild (below).

Being Not What You Are Can Be The Most Bitter Reflection Of All.

PHOTOS: CRAWFORD BARTON



half. Be aware of shifting body emphasis."

The group was Salmatrix, an organization of transsexuals and transvestites who often meet in San Francisco's downtown YMCA. If Nancy was sounding a little smug, that was O.K., for she had earned a right to that, too.

Less than a year before she had been a successful businessman and 63-year-old executive in a leading corporation, as well as attentive husband and father to seven children.

Now she was just Nancy, standing on the edge of a chair and dispensing glamour tips with the ease of a polished veteran. But glamour can be found in magazines, not at the YMCA. What she was really offering lessons in could not be found on any page.

"Read," she said. "Read." Not lessons in how to, but rather how not to be. It all became very clear when one member of the audience turned to another and said in an ill-concealed whisper, "Those who pass think they're such members of the elite."

So the evening wasn't about glamour after all; it was how to "pass," like soldiers caught behind enemy lines. The finer arts of camouflage, and how one person got through those lines. Safe.

Nancy Wright said that from a distance she looks like Katherine Hepburn—which is true, even without imagining too hard—and that she was a product of the Depression—which there is no reason to doubt.

As a child he went to 13 different public schools and from foster home to foster home. "I had to fight to be a man," she said.

At six years old he ran into his first problems of identity. It was this frustration that inexplicably led to sports. As he approached his teens he started to develop into a championship swimmer. He also stole women's

day a corporate executive, by night "Nancy."

By 1974 he gave it all up. "I tried to perform in this society, but it was impossible." He said goodbye to the job, to the wife, and to the child. He left everything to them and walked into a nightmare ordeal of countless operations completely redensifying every plane of his body. He was on the electrolysis table alone nearly 800 hours.

It all cost over \$20,000 and nearly a lifetime, but here she was at last, just getting down from her chair, the lesson on how to "pass" completed at last.

"Watch out before you start on that roller-coaster," she had said earlier, "when it comes time to put the jigsaw together. The surgeon's knife alone won't make life any more complete."

Everyone in the room had shaken their heads in agreement at that, and now she was saying "I can hold myself up. I love life for the first time. I can wake up in the morning and I'm ready for the day. I would never go back for all the money in the world. "I would make a good wife," she said, and then paused. "And I'm trying to be a good woman."

Sandy Dionne is a fighter and always has been. As a male he was in the Naval Air Rescue for 23 years and there "weren't a man I couldn't beat." Now, as a self-proclaimed woman, he boasts a 36 double "D."

He left the service in 1966 as a Master Chief and crack navy inventor with the idea of finding himself. "I finally reached my higher self," he said. "The power beyond is the power within."

Unlike many other men who become women, Dionne has not submitted to the idea that to be a woman necessarily means having to become a caricature of one. "I know I'll never really be a woman," Dionne softly said. "There is no point in fooling myself."

He differs from other transsexuals, especially those on "uncontrollable ego-trips," in that he has not undergone surgery. He has no intentions of submitting himself to the operation, either. "Society will not castrate me," he firmly stated.

The most crucial change that a male to female transsexual can undertake is beard removal, he said. When Dionne began his transformation, he discovered that existing processes were far from being perfect. Putting his inventor's aptitude to work, he invented an improved system that inserts a chemical compound into each hair follicle using a microscope and a special stylus. He has since started a business based on this technique, which, according to Dionne, leaves no trace of the beard remaining.

It is really a question of appearances and inward attitudes that determines the successful transformation of a transsexual, said Dionne. "If you feel right about yourself, and carry yourself appropriately, no one will ever give you a second, or doubtful, look."

"But so many have other types of problems, they're on a self-destruction trip," Dionne continued. "Fifty per cent of them don't even use their glorified bode."

Dionne is firmly rooted in the self-assurance of his own identity, and finds the "miracle" offered by modern medicine superfluous to a meaningful lifestyle.

"All my life I was a social puppet," he said, "but no more. I am the me I was born to be."

David Fairchild has large, hazel eyes that can't help but betray the vulnerable, soulful look of someone who has done a lot of living.

At age 15 there were suicide attempts. At 16, serious bouts with alcohol. By 17, mental health wards. But now, at age 21, life is coming into focus at last.

"I'm a gay male trapped in a woman's body," Fairchild announced. She paused to roll a cigarette out of "top" tobacco. Holding the drawstrings of the pouch in her teeth, she rolled the thin, white cylinder with time-tested deftness. A large whistle somewhere in the Haight Street neighborhood shrieked out a mid-day signal and ev-

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Institute of Social and Behavioral Sciences
885-3566

International Alliance
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Laurel, Maryland 20810

Dear Male Feminists:

I received the new JOURNAL OF MALE FEMINISM and found it very informative. I am happy to be an advisory board member. I noted as I perused the journal that some of your members occasionally offered back copies of various magazines and other pertinent material. The Center has a library devoted to TV and has considerable material (including a complete run of Transvestia) but there are many things we do not have. If any of your readers care to donate material we can send a letter of thank you, and the materials donated could be deducted from their income tax. In the case of large donations we could formally have them assessed, and this information could be transmitted to your for tax purposes.

Best


Vern L. Bullough
Director

(Editor's Note: We thank Dr. Bullough for his favorable comments about our JOURNAL and for his service as a member of our International Alliance Board of Advisors. You are encouraged to contribute directly to his CSU Northridge Center For Sex Research library. Along these lines, however, please do not overlook contributions to our own Alliance lending library.) *

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Tanya Gray
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I like to take pictures for our Journal.

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DO THE BORDOR POLICE HARRAS MALE WOMEN?

By Micheline Johnson, 2-ON-K1G

For some time now I have travelled around Canada (Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto) as Micheline quite freely, without any hassle from the law, and practically none from the public. But I was wary of travelling thus into the United States, through their customs, for fear of breaking some law, and getting arrested by American officialdom at the border. This summer, I was determined to test it out, to see if any such laws (if they exist) were enforced by US or Canadian custom officials. For many weeks I kept putting it off. Then, late in the summer, in the last few weeks, I plucked up courage and drove down to the border with a friend, saying to myself that the worst they could do to me was to deport me back to Canada. I was dressed in a short plain green skirt, a flowery green matching top, white high-heeled shoes, and a large white purse.

We crossed into the USA at the Ogdensburg bridge. The Customs officer was polite and asked the standard questions ("What is your name? Where were you born? Where do you live? Where are you going? Are you leaving anything in the USA?"). We answered truthfully and showed our (Male) identification. No reference was made to my voice pitch and identification not corresponding to my mode of dress. We were welcomed into the United States as tourists and wished Bon Voyage. No hassle, no bust.

Just in case we had been unusually lucky with the official at that particular crossing on that particular day, we decided to repeat the test at another crossing. We drove down the St. Lawrence on the New York side, past Alexandria Bay to the Thousand Islands bridge (Interstate 81), did a U-turn in the no-persons-land between border posts, and back into the USA through their customs. Again the same questions, the same responses, the lack of references to cross-dressing or any other kind of hassle. We were through again with no problems.

We returned to Canada over the same bridge and went through Canadian Customs. The lady Customs official asked a few questions and soon smiled us through. She must have read me, but gave no indication of it.

More recently I wanted to show my girl-friend Ausable Chasm (near Keesville, NY). I went as Micheline again. We crossed over at the Cornwall bridge. Again, no problems no comments. After spending a beautiful day driving down through the scenic Adirondacs and seeing the river at the chasm, we returned to Montreal via the border crossing at Blackpool (PQ)/Champlain (NY). Again there was no hassle or comment at the Canadian Customs.

This last weekend, Micheline and her friend drove to Montreal, were stopped at two OPP road-blocks (without any problems), and on the next day from Montreal down to Albany (NY). In both directions at the border we were not even asked for identification, and were whisked speedily through.

My only conclusion to all this is that the supposed danger and obstacles to international TV travel are greatly over-rated.

NOW Challenges Catholic Bishops

By William Willoughby
Washington Star Staff Writer

The Roman Catholic bishops of the United States today received a taste of the kind of admonition they will be receiving in the months to come on questions of equality and sexuality. A task force of the National Organization for Women issued a statement in Detroit demanding ordination of women and a concession that they have the controlling say in matters of birth control.

The statement precedes by one week the annual spring conference of the American bishops scheduled for Chicago. It is then that the bishops are expected collectively to react to various demands made of them and the church during a lay-oriented Liberty and Justice Conference held last fall in Detroit.

"DETROIT WAS a time of promise and courage, expectation and renewed commitment," the statement directed to the bishops said. "But since Detroit your behavior has caused great concern to those who had been filled with hope.

"Most alarming have been the various pronouncements which indicate your fail-

ure to hear the messages from Detroit affirming the full spiritual rights and dignity of women. Recent statements by several of you on the subject of women in the church can at best be characterized as exhibiting gross illogic and a great capacity for double thinking."

The statement was the strongest to date since Catholic women picked up the challenge to go full steam ahead on women's ordination immediately after the Episcopal Church broke the barrier last year.

The women went further than did the document which came out of the Detroit conclave. They denounced one of the recommendations on birth control which they said "reflects the false teachings of the church concerning the point at which life begins, and takes a patently unjust position with respect to the rights of women to control their reproductive lives."

THE DOCUMENT flies squarely in the face of "Humanae Vitae" (Of Human Life) issued by the Vatican 10 years ago. That document argues that any form of birth control other than the rhythm or

temperature method is sinful and, therefore, prohibited.

The NOW statement said, "We are confident that as the church slowly purges itself from its long history of false teaching on sexuality, its people will come to understand that the notion that life begins at the point of conception is in fact a racist, sexist and classist lie, and that it is not pro-life, but anti-life, anti-freedom and anti-justice. Indeed, we are comforted by the fact that large numbers of Roman Catholics in the United States already understand this."

They admonished the bishops to turn away from what they termed "false teachings based on a pathological fear of sexuality by the Church Fathers."

The earlier Detroit conference did direct the bishops to clarify the right and responsibility of marriage partners to form their own consciences concerning contraception, "bearing in mind church teachings, contemporary theological reflection, scientific knowledge and the circumstances of the specific family."

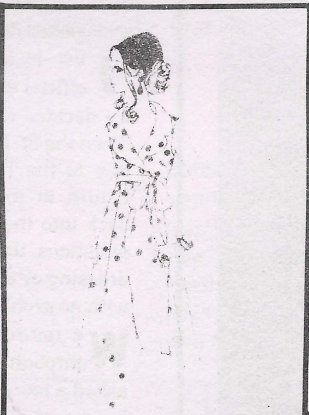
THE NOW MEETING made a number of demands concerning the diaconate and the priesthood, to which they want women ordained. They also want the church to declare that marriage is no bar to the ordained ministries of the church.

They admonished the bishops to petition the Pope "to authorize the ordination to the diaconate and priesthood of qualified candidates who publicly own their homosexuality."

The women told the bishops that if they fail to heed the admonitions of their group, based for the most part on the earlier Detroit conclave, "you will precipitate a crisis of faith and credibility."

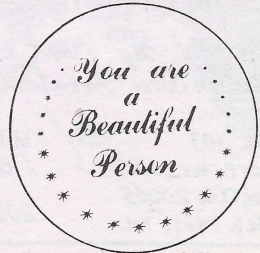
They said: "The hour is late. If the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States cannot purge itself of sexism and related forms of idolatry, the church will become increasingly unable to mediate the love of God in American society, and will forfeit its right to a serious hearing on the great social and moral issues of our day."

ALL LITTLE BOYS START LIFE by wishing they were little girls, says a University of California psychoanalyst. This thesis, voiced by Dr. Robert Stollar, contradicts the theory of Sigmund Freud who concluded that all little girls subconsciously wished they were little boys. Dr. Stollar told the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Denver that it was "only natural" all babies would want to be girls because the mother, not the father, is the parent with whom they identify first. Dr. Stollar says he has treated hundreds of male patients who had trouble switching their "gender identity" as they grew older. Earlier in life they had all wanted to be girls, he said.



Minds Are Like Parachutes
They Function Only When Open

TRUST IN GOD
She Will Provide



THE BALTIMORE-DC ALLIANCE'S SPRING HAPPENINGS

Spring activities were fast paced as two get-togethers were held in April. The April 16th meeting featured a demonstration by Jean and Lexie Angersbach representing Fashion Two-Twenty Dosmetics. Assisting and sponsoring this meeting was our own Sandie Buel.

Jean, Lexie and Sandie are from Maryland as were the following additional attendees: Cindy Powers, Diane B, Lorie Jean Rohrsbach, Linda Ann Stephens, Julie Kelly, Sandra Jenkins, Phyllis and Marilyn D., Sally Ann and Louise K, Donna T., Vicki E, Carrie W, Phyllis Anne E, Barbara Joan G and Susan. From the District we had Denise Cook. From Virginia came Linda Marie A, Debbie R and Linda Martin. From Pennsylvania came Rene C and Jean R. Altogether, 18 male women and 7 female women.

Jean and Lexie put on a great demo. Rene C. (9-PA-17602) was the lucky subject. Lori Jean Rohrbach and Sandie Buel handled our food arrangements and served as hostesses.

Our second April meeting, on the 30th, featured a talk by Dr. Tom Mazur, a member of our International Advisory Board, on male and female sexual differentiation and basic structures. As Tom and Jeri Mazur are regular attendees of our group, most of our Maryland, DC and Virginia members know them well. Dr. Mazur is associated with Dr. John Money at the Johns Hopkins Gender Identity Clinic.

Special guests at this meeting were a group of five students (Cheryl, Tony, Judy, Gayle and Cindy) from Catonsville Community College. They were doing a special project on the Male Womanhood Movement. Barbara B, 23-MD-21037, later went to their class (see article on Speakers Bureau elsewhere in this issue) to discuss the subject. We are pleased to report all these students received A's for this project.

Other Maryland members attending were: Julie Kelly, Phyllis E., Flo Ward, Linda Ann Stephens, Joanne and Helen S, Barbara B, Phyllis and Marilyn D, Kathy and Sue C. From Virginia came Linda Martin, Linda Marie A and Debbie R, Fran G, Brenda S, Georgette C, Donna J and Micki F. Denise Cook from DC also made it.

Additional special guests were Sister Jeannine Gramick with two of her friends, Theresa Madden and Sister Cita Lamb; also Earline Budd and Eugene Baker from DC.

Altogether 16 male women, 11 female women, 1 male-to-female TS and 2 men attended.

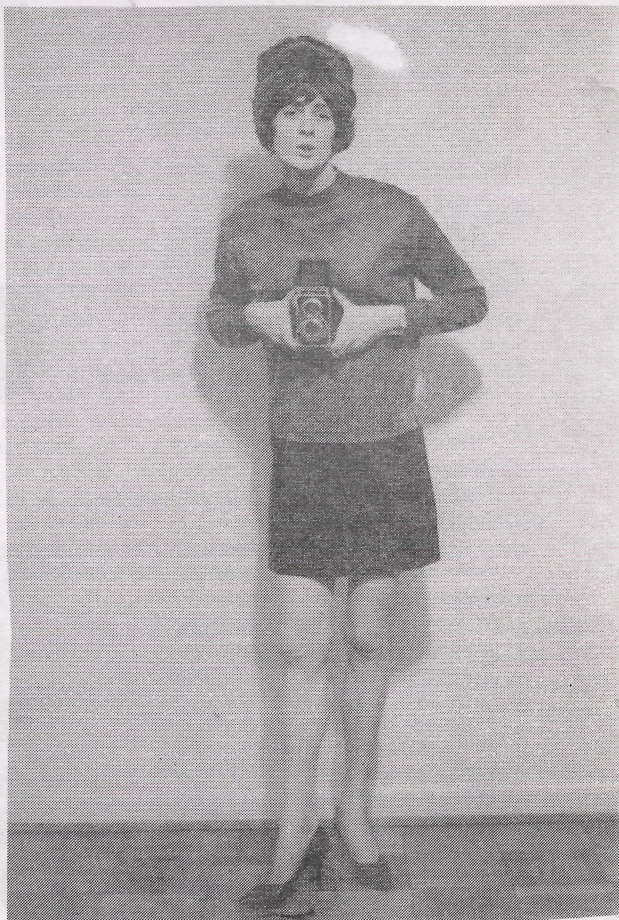
On May 21, two representatives (April and Michael) of April Adams Fashions in Philadelphia gave a program on their products and services. A new Virginia member, Lori M, was the subject of a complete makeup demonstration.

Other Virginia members in attendance were Linda Martin, Michelle West and Linda. From the District came Jackie J. Two gals came from Ohio, Clara and Julia L. Julia is our Pittsburgh—Cleveland Alliance Chapter leader. Coming from Pennsylvania were Rene C and Jean R. and Debbie Felt. Our big Maryland contingent included: Fran and Lynn B, Julie Kelly, Lori Jean Rohrbach, Linda Ann Stephens, Phyllis D., Terry M., Sandra Jenkins, Sandie and Peggy Buel,

and Cathy P. Altogether 18 male women and 5 female women. It was a diverse but amiable and interested group. Food and socializing, as usual, was enjoyed both before and after the program.

Our end of Spring/School social was held in the Middleburg, Virginia hunt country at the home of two of our charter members—Michelle West and Linda. They really had a delicious spread of food and their gracious early 19th century home was almost as interesting as the company.

Other Virginia gals there included Nicki M, Lucy J., and Danielle and Judy K. Even in Virginia though, the Maryland gals still dominated with Barbara B, Jennifer W, Helena and Patricia L, Sally Ann K., Phyllis and Marilyn D., Kathy and Sue C, Irene and NellR, Joanne and Helen S, Linda Ann and Ginnie Stephens, and Phyllis E. Altogether 13 male women, 8 female women and 1 male-to-female TS.



Denise Cook
(3-DC-20009)

I like to take pictures too and I, also, send them in for Journal publication. What about the rest of you gals?

THE REUNION



Barbara B.
3-PA-15003

The sidewalk is silent, and shadows run deep
In a once friendly town, now derelict.
Overhead, a mysterious, troubled sky
Half hides the pale face of a misty moon.
I walk over shards of dusty glass
And pause beneath a burnt-out lamp
Where I stare with respect at a time-worn slab.
Sons of Lithuania
Are etched upon the marble face.
They died to serve their rightful cause;
I smartly salute though I knew them not,
Has it been fifty years?

The cold, damp wind, it shudders my back,
What a haunted town I've wandered to!
I move quickly on with a cigarette lit;
Past the cracked windows of vacant shops
And rotting billboards, faded and warped.
I see a hotel, decaying with age
With dark, gray rooms of memories
And I feel cold, alone, and lost;
As my footsteps echo on grimy bricks,
As I stroll this stark and darksome street.

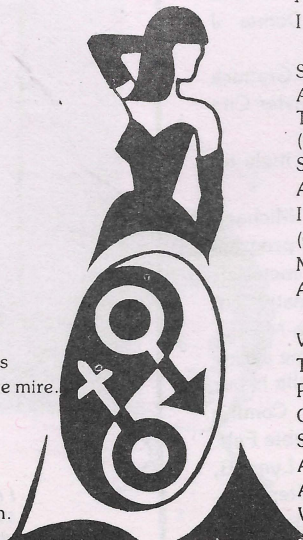
I pause in a hallway to rest from the wind
And the darkness grips me, causing fear
But I breathe deeply — I am a soldier!
The paper has peeled from the walls in scrolls
And the soot of countless windy days
Augments the stench of rotting wood.
The hallway is faded and laden with dust
While the eyes of rats gleam through the dark.
I see the staircase plainly now.
There's a dimly-lit hallway just beyond
And a figure stands softly in the glow
Of a small, smiling man who's white with years.
My fear is gone as he speaks to me:

"Come, my friend," he beckons me.
"The night is unfriendly and causes ill,
And no friends walk the streets these times
For the happy taverns have all closed down,
And the stores sell no more goods."

I climb the steps in wonderment
And clasp his hand, he's old and frail
With snow-flowing hair and knowing eyes.
I reflect; in my many soldiering days,
In strange and distant foreign streets
I've never been welcomed as on this night.

We enter. We sit in embroidered chairs;
Marie and Johann, my strange new hosts
And I, excited and moved with intrigue;
Enjoying the light and warmth I've found.
We sit in the parlor, becoming friends,
And speak of the lives we've lived thus far.

Johann had been a soldier once,
He flew through the turbulent, roaring skies
While below, proud Europe convulsed in the mire.
He had married his Marie.
Together they sought long days of peace,
Until the columns had marched again
And armies contested for global domain;
Their loving son, Fritz, was slain on a beach.



"We had a daughter," Joann says,
"Our Frieda, she too was lost in war.
You see? Her portrait on the wall?
I can speak no more of her."

Marie now sheds a silent tear.
I offer the comfort that I can
But Johann stands and smiles at us.
He bids that we take our dining place
While Marie serves the food of nobility's taste
And as I eat, I feel a scene
Of times long generations past.
Of castles, banners, and gladed woods.

Our meal completed, we rest again.
Johann produces an ancient flask
Of fiery brandy, and he pours;
We drink.
My spirit leaps in excitement now
For I long to speak of her within.
I ache, that I must keep her walled
Within the corridors of myself.
And so I speak thusly to my hosts:

"For ten years now I've soldiered well.
I've earned awards in combat's hell
But please, I do not seek to boast.
I have my female, as many do
Without whose comfort I'd lie with the dead.
When I'm at leisure in a town
We meet in hotels of luxury
And how can I say what she means to me?
The grief that she has wrought in me.
Or do I fully comprehend
The ethereal joy she causes me?
For I am her, and she is me,
And we are together within my soul!"
I gulp my liquor. I stare at the glass.

Marie has led me within the room,
She has dressed me in clothes that ladies once wore
And the mirror mesmerizes me.
Through the curtain, the dead street stretches beneath,
(But do I hear a footstep, faint?)
She arranges long tresses upon my head
As I gasp with feelings I've seldom known;
I've taken swift flight into womanhood!
(Outside, in the hall, does a floorboard creak?)
Marie throws a shawl around my frame
And she pulls at my hand for Papa awaits.

She leads me back to the sofa now
Where I sit with my parents. I have been found.
There is a knocking at the door,
Papa swings open, and there she stands
Our Frieda! My sister! She's home tonight!
She enters and we four embrace —
A family triumphant. Inseparable.
As cold skies slowly grow pink with dawn
We plan our voyage to the Motherland.

Trans-sexual Surgery Being Re-examined

BY AL ROSSITER JR.

Washington—There is growing concern that the sex change pendulum may be swinging the other way and once-rare surgery now may be undertaken too quickly on people who think they should be the opposite sex.

The results, psychiatrists say, can be emotionally devastating for a man who mistakenly believes he would be happier with the body of a female or vice versa.

The problem is in determining who is a true transsexual, and who is an emotionally confused homosexual or transvestite for whom gender change is not a solution to their difficulties.

Doctors say true transsexuals have had a lifelong sense of being a member of the other sex.

Even for the bona fide transsexual, surgery may not be a cure.

"It is rehabilitating a condition for which there is no other treatment at the moment," said Dr. John Money, Johns Hopkins University psychologist and pioneer in the gender identity field.

No Count

There is no accurate count of transsexuals in the U.S. but estimates run anywhere from a few thousand to tens of thousands.

Transsexualism first came to public attention 25 years ago when a one-time American GI left a hospital in Denmark as Christine Jorgensen. The most recent spotlight to fall on a gender switch came when Dr. Renee Richards, a nationally ranked amateur tennis player as a man, tried unsuccessfully to enter the U. S. Open tennis tournament as a woman last August.

Since then, Dr. Richards told an interviewer from American Medical News, a publication of the American Medical Association, she plans to keep transsexualism in the news.

Sexual reassignment in the operating room has become increasingly common in the past 10 years in the United States and other countries. How many have undergone sex changes surgically is unknown. But the number of recognized American medical centers which perform sex changes has gone from none in the early 1960s to at least 19 today.

Most medical centers take careful pains to be sure surgery is the best thing to do. But some specialists believe there are other surgeons performing sex changes privately without patient screening.

"If you're just going to do the surgery and run, it's a quick way to make a lot of money because you charge whatever the traffic will bear," said Dr. Ira M. Dushoff, a plastic surgeon and chief of the Gender Identity Association in Jacksonville, Fla. "I am contemptuous of surgeons doing it. From all the information we've got, it's an increasing problem."

Money, at Johns Hopkins, favors what he calls "a two-year real life test in delaying surgery.

"It's a very difficult test and the greatest difficulty is to be able to live with your anatomy contradicting your social presentation.

"When patients have gone through the two-year real life test, then I think you can say sex reassignment is justified as a rehabilitative procedure," Money said.

Drs. Martha Kirkpatrick and Claude Friedmann of UCLA said in a report in a recent issue of the

American Journal of Psychiatry that many patients who seek sex-change surgery are not really transsexuals and can benefit from psychotherapy.

Surgery is generally considered irrevocable. Money, however, reported seeing one successful reversion.

Before genitals are changed surgically to that of the opposite sex, a male transsexual undergoing a gender change usually is given female hormones to encourage breast development and soften the skin.

Male to female surgery is much more common and is generally considered easier than converting a female to a male, but Dushoff said his team in Jacksonville has developed female to male techniques that produce generally successful results.

Costs

Dushoff said the average surgery and hospitalization cost for a male to female operation is \$5,000 with the opposite procedure costing \$6,000.

For a male to female operation, doctors remove the testicles, take the skin of the penis and place the tissue in a newly created opening to serve as a vagina. The urethral tube is shortened and placed in the feminine position. Skin from the scrotum is used to create labia.

In a female to male operation, the breasts, ovaries and the uterus are removed. Dushoff and some other clinics also fashion a penis.

Once transsexuals have undergone the sex change, Dushoff said most individuals want to go "back into the woodwork" and live a new private life as a person of the different sex. Page 17

LOCAL AREA NEWS AND PHOTOS: HOW TO OBTAIN MORE AND BETTER JOURNAL COVERAGE

Most of us enjoy reading about Alliance chapter activities and other happenings on the local scene in various cities. We can only continue to do this as long as people report them. Unfortunately, for one reason or another, most of our chapters have not designated anyone as Journal Correspondent. As a result, most of our activities are not reported. This does not serve us well! In addition to enjoying the vicarious experiences, our Alliance sisters & friends can often learn much from them.

Photos - photos - photos are urgently solicited and should be sent in both singly and in conjunction with articles about local activities. "One picture is worth a thousand words." One might think that saying would be especially true in our subculture. The absence of cameras at so many of our gatherings is, therefore, puzzling. Even when some gals do bring cameras and do take pictures, they often seem to be thinking only of themselves. The idea of taking at least some for sharing with 2,000 plus sisters through JOURNAL publication, perhaps with an accompanying article as a picture story, never seems to enter their mind. Modern feminist women do think, are rational, do have presence of mind and do care about others!

What we really need are good photo stories. Our last JMF issue carried a photoless article about fifty people attending the annual Baltimore-DC Alliance Cocktail Party & Banquet in a public restaurant. How much better would this article have been if we could only have had 3 or 4 or 6 or 8 for that matter, photos to go with it? This was quite an event and could have made a much more interesting photo story! The most tragic thing about it was that there were a number of people there who did have cameras and who did take pictures which we could have used. The thought of providing us with the negatives apparently never even occurred to them. A story on the affair, albeit without any pictures, has now been published and the event is now old, dated and already covered.

Once again, in that same JMF issue, the write-up on page 7 about the January 8th meeting during a frigid snowstorm would have been far more interesting if it had been illustrated with some pictures. Maybe a humorous shot of a group all decked out in their feminine finery pushing an auto out of a snow drift. Or, for a more serious shot, a group in their winter coats. What may have been a pain for some of the people attending, could have been made into a far more interesting and eye-catching story than the non-photo narrative we ran.

Let's have some well written, well illustrated articles showing female and male feminists going about their normal daily lives as women, unafraid and "out of the closet." Notice we said "female" feminists also. We still have female members who have essentially the same fear and guilt feelings as some of our male members have. They are embarrassed

about being the wife or girlfriend of a male woman and do not wish their friends, neighbors, family and, in some cases, even children to know. Our female members need to develop pride in male feminism and to play a major role in our Alliance, holding office and helping other female and male members. That, in itself, is another story.

What we do not want to publish are: (1) Only pictures of people standing by a motel door, (2) pornography, and (3) gaudy cheesecake and flashy drag-queen crap. We simply wish to depict our female and male women in everyday situations having a good time in a proud and unashamed manner.

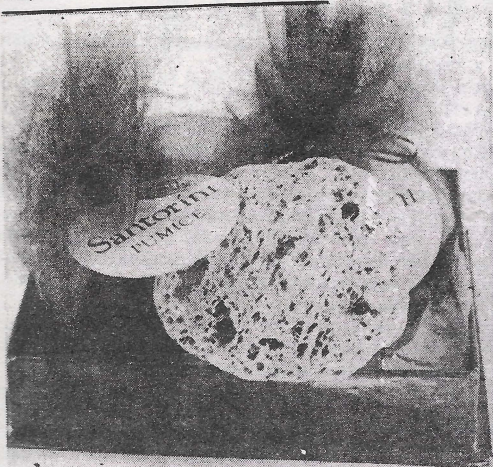
Is a request for such photos and photo-stories too much to ask of you? Dare we say no?

What type of photos work best? Good clear contrasty ones. Black and white and color prints and negatives and color slides can all meet that definition. Polaroid black & white only reproduces "fair" at best. Polaroid color prints are usually quite dark and reproduce somewhere between marginally acceptable and hideous. If possible, use an alternative to Polaroids.

Now that we have a better idea of the type of photo stories we are looking for, will we have any more unreported Alliance meetings? The chapters and individuals who submit will get the coverage. Try to do your part to help all of us. Don't be left out. Send those photo articles in on a regular and timely basis. Items on future planned events can also be used. *



*In an art gallery
Sandy Dionne
San Francisco Salmacis Alliance
appreciates all the finer things in life.*



Pumice stones from Santorini.

Beauty  Memo

Gift From a Volcano

In 1500 B.C. a volcano erupted in ancient Thera, now known as Santorini, the white-washed Aegean island whose top is reached today by tourists via donkey.

Several years ago, on one side of the island, several buildings, still intact, were discovered, which created a different kind of archeological eruption felt throughout the world. Today the digs are considered a true Greek treasure. Thera is believed by many to be the ancient site of the fabled Atlantis, though Jacques Costeau, the famed underwater explorer discounts this.

BUT SANTORINI is on the map today for still another reason.

Because two young men from Atlanta, Ga. not only listened to Mother, they discovered that she had also come up with a good idea **THEY** could use to make a good living for their families.

For years Manita Gerakitis would cart back natural pumice stones from Santorini, when they would visit their parents' homeland, and give away the natural porous, uneven stones to friends. Some recognized the value of the pumice stone in a beauty ritual. Others knew nothing about the way the gray lightweight pumice stone could smooth elbows, feet and go over rough spots so easily without injuring the skin.

She and husband George Sr. endured the shrugs, the laughter behind their backs, and were also amused when everyone thought she was wacky for carting back all those "old funny looking stones."

TODAY the pumice stones are shipped from Santorini in Greece, by her sons, George Jr., 33, and Charles, 26, who have created a business and supply leading stores in the United States with the pumice stones from the volcanic ash of that ancient eruption.

At first they worked from the basement of their parents' home. Now there's an office, and they help provide work for mentally retarded youngsters who are with the Retardation Center of the Georgia Mental Health Association. The children tie and box them, and "our associates," as George Jr. calls them, are as excited as they can be with the way the idea has taken off in the last year and a half.

The \$5 item is packaged in terracotta colored net and tied with silver



One way to beautiful feet.

cord, in the same way Jordan almonds are traditionally given by Greeks at weddings.

THE BOUYANT pumice stone can be used for years as part of the bathing ritual. In their beauty book Vidal and Beverly Sassoon sing the praises of using pumice stone. They say, "It's the volcano's gift to the world and one of the most valuable additions to the bathroom since electric light. Elbows, knees, feet are all better for a flick of the pumice."

Santorini pumice stones are available in the Washington area at Garfinkel's, Jelleff's and Hecht's. Unlike heavier, processed stones, they will not irritate the skin if too much pressure is applied. The old-new natural product is gentle and lightweight.

So if openwork sandals, sheer hoisery and pretty feet are on your summer "most desired list" remember, there's really nothing very new under the sun.

The world's finest pumice, the result of the volcanic ash that drifts in the Aegean waters of Santorini and is pulled in by nets, is now floating in some of the fanciest baths in America.

— Eleni

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Tanya Gray
(13-CA-94112)

Here's Tanya taking pictures again. This is the last one we have though Tanya, so send some more in. Where is this picture taken? At our new Bay Area Alliance headquarters?



**WHEN
ALL IS SAID
AND
DONE,
IT'S EASIER
TO BE
A FELLA
ARTICLE BY
DAVID
DALTON**

Walk walk walk Pivot! You hear that kick-boom kick-boom?" asks Ms. Traum, referring to a recording of what sounds like the sultry chanting of temple maidens from a Maria Montez movie.

Kick that dress away from you. Very nice that was done very naturally. Dusty.

During a lull in the chanting, she checks to see if her 12-year-old daughter is still watching TV in the other room. We wouldn't want her to come in unexpectedly and catch sight of this reporter in his pink bikini panties and garter belt practicing the Powers Glide Walk up and down the hallway to the tune of *Ann Band Live at the Howard Buresque*, would we?

Here at the Feminization School, I am Dusty. In her Cinderella trance, Traum actually cannot remember my real name. "Isn't that absurd?" she says coyly.

And what is a more or less normal male doing here?

It wasn't the fashionable talk about bisexuality. It wasn't the proliferation of drag queen shows and transvestite (hereafter, tv) taxi dance halls. It wasn't the "Dear Abby" letter from a six-foot ex-Green Beret with a penchant for frothy undergarments. It wasn't the glittering disco-scene where it has become fashionable to appear bisexual. It wasn't Betty Midler. It wasn't Jan Morris chattering on national TV. It wasn't the fight that broke out at the annual A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention over the International Ladies Garment Workers Union muscling in on the men's garment industry. It wasn't even Nixon's plucked eyebrows and Pan Cake make-up.

It was all of this and more—a real trend, blatant in New York and Los Angeles and storming out of the closet every where in between. Decadence had entered the mainstream. Something was going on, even though we didn't know precisely what, and from its radiant surface, it appeared to be a national gender shift.

It was the trail of this gender shift that led me to the door of Manhattan's Feminization School, where Traum teaches tvs and would-be transsexuals how to walk, talk and behave just like women. I had heard about the Feminization School from an editor who had asked George Plimpton to enroll there. Plimpton decided that this was not a ball he could run with, and he declined the assignment. When it was offered to me, I realized that there was an element of risk, but the prospect of viewing the very heart of the national gender shift firsthand was too much to refuse. I thought I might also gain some insight into the anima lurking inside me.

I had to enroll in the Feminization School under cover, so I paid a visit to the Erickson Foundation, a referral service for transsexuals or people thinking about becoming transsexuals. The Erickson Foundation offers information on operations, psychiatric help, legal counsel and hormone shots. It also funds John Money's research in gender identity at Johns Hopkins University.

The Foundation's Miss Suplee helpfully explained the purpose of the organization: the aid of those possessed of limited human potential—and that the namesake of the foundation, Reed Erickson, is a philanthropist in the process of building a transsexual consciousness-raising Xanadu somewhere in Mexico. Suplee sighed with relief when I

assured her that the purpose of my visit is not to inquire about a sex change. I said that I was acting in a women's lib movie about the Profumo affair in which all of the men are played by women and vice versa. Without batting an eyelash, she put me on the phone with Ms. Traum and we made a date for my first \$50 feminization session.

Ms. Traum greets me at the door with charm-school gloss. A smart-looking ex-model, she is wearing an oversized straw hat, sunglasses and a pants suit with an astrological sign on the belt. For my first lesson, she has outfitted an easel with a giant drugstore-display card for a perfume. On it is the face of a beautiful blonde. Some say the woman has the most beautiful face in the world—doelike innocence with a hint of danger, skin like porcelain. "When you saw this in the drugstore," says Ms. Traum, "I bet you said 'Boy, is she natural!' Well, there's at least two hours of make-up on this face. She's used Negro make-up for contour; then she's obviously used a light-bronze-coated-with-pink lip gloss. See how she cuts down the puffiness? You'll never see this gal full face—her face is too round. She wants to have plastic surgery on one of her upper lids, which you'll notice is drooping a bit."

I have almost recovered from the disillusionment of this cosmetological dissection when Ms. Traum "reads" me. (Being "read" is the opposite of "passing" in tv talk.) "You're really into it, aren't you?" she says coyly. "You don't have to pretend with me, dear." And so I confess my secret desire to dress as a woman. I ask why men such as I are driven to this secret vice.

"A man has so many pressures in his life," Ms. Traum says philosophically. "Earning a living, daily competition around the office, all that weight on his shoulders. Besides, there are rigid codes to which men must conform. A man can't wear a dress on the street, but I can smoke a cigar if I want."

Most of her clients are sedate businessmen, she continues. Some are grandfathers. She's been coaching one 63-year-old who has just graduated from silver wigs to strawberry blond. "There's nothing wrong with wanting to put on women's clothes," Ms. Traum declares. "If you're not a sports-minded person, it's sort of like a hobby."

Ms. Traum's approach is scientific. "I once spotted a transsexual by her tongue," she says. "Did you know that women have pointed tongues? A man's

is usually round. His lips are flat and stringy."

Ms. Traum—who also gives voice therapy to children with dental problems—explains that talking like a woman requires "extremely fine muscle coordination." It has little to do with lisping or speaking in a high voice. "Think of Lauren Bacall," she says. "Does she talk like Minnie Mouse? It's more a question of inflection. Your Ts, Ds, Ns and Ls are dead giveaways," Ms. Traum warns.

"Not a single U.S. vehicle ever got into space that did not pass through the hands of a transvestite." I read this thought-provoking sentence in one of the many magazines devoted to cross-dressing in Michael Salem's TV and Erotic Boutique on East 57th. "Possibly no weapon, tank, plane or electronic instrument used in Vietnam was not in part designed by a transvestite," the article went on, "since engineers constitute the largest proportion of any occupation among transvestites."

The store is obviously special. The window display features rubber bloomers, size 40 baby-doll pajamas with open-crotch panties and a flesh-colored breastplate with red latex nipples.

Predictably, the biggest part of the store's business is mail order. Salem has a mailing list of some 60,000 names in his vault (there are an estimated 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 transvestites in America). He will send, on special order, a pair of expensive, wet-look Gothic boots with six-inch steel heels or a custom-made black-and-white satin French maid's uniform, with white frills and cap, for only \$125, both in extralarge sizes. The tv specialty that uses these uniforms is commonly called "petticoat punishment" and it's a big favorite among middle-aged execs who, after a hard day at the office, like to crawl across cold white tiles while some woman pussy-whips them.

From an editorial in *Transvestia*, the oldest of the publications in the tv field (founded in the Fifties by the *grande dame* of transvestism Virginia—actually, Charles—Prince), I learned one of the basic tenets of transvestism: that the average tv is heterosexual. "Our brothers of other sexual persuasions," noted Prince's editorial, can be distinguished from transvestites thusly:

Tvs are father haters. Homosexuals are mother haters. Transvestism is an individual personality expression, while homosexuality requires a partner. Tvs, therefore, don't solicit; homosexuals must. A homo-

**BIOLOGY IS NOT
DESTINY**

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SEX EQUALITY NOW

sexual is always a homosexual; tvs alternate their roles. Homosexuals often display effeminate characteristics; a tv is all man in the bedroom.

According to the predominant tv theory, most cross dressers are happily married doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers and, of course, engineers. A typical tv's history begins with an aggressive mother and a withdrawn father. Children's dress-up becomes fetishism during adolescence, thanks to family tension. But transvestism usually remains latent well into adult life, until a crisis—often so-called male menopause—arises, and pressure is released through role change.

One of the things I am beginning to find out is how time consuming it is to be a woman. My girlfriend says even a normal girl spends at least one night a week working on herself—shaving her legs, shampooing, rinsing, tinting—not to mention shopping. I learned about shopping first.

After four hours of shopping for women's shoes, my feet are killing me. I have been to at least a dozen shoe stores. My girlfriend, a Polish giantess whose foot size is the same as mine, has accompanied me. Finally I abandon my vision of Carmen Miranda platforms and settle for a simple pair of low heels in a tall-gal shop.

Another afternoon I spent looking for a dress, garter belt, stockings with seams and make-up. Aurora Beige is "my color," so I buy a tube of it, along with lipstick, rouge, blusher, eye shadow and mascara. It's not easy—there are 225 shades of lipstick alone.

At home in front of the mirror, the satisfaction of trying on my outfit for tonight's class has not allayed certain anxieties that have been developing over the past week. I have learned that friends who encouraged me in this clownish adventure would never dream of dressing up themselves. One said, "It sounds more dangerous than going to Cuba." I am also tired of the jokes and being asked out on dates. Even after I have given them my now-tedious explanation that tvs are not gay, they remain incredulous. Gay friends, it turns out, are supercilious. At dinner, an old friend propositions me. "It would be my first heterosexual experience," he says.

I begin dressing for class. I slip into my garter belt and nylons. While there is something sexually arousing about getting into the clothes, when I see myself standing

fully dressed in front of the full-length mirror I realize that this is not funny. I cancel my class and go out drinking with a couple of buddies.

A week later, I begin again. I follow instructions, diagrams and rituals. Getting ready for class, I draw a bath, following instructions in Salem's book *How to Impersonate a Woman*. I put in some salts and get in to luxuriate. After ten minutes, I am shriveled like a mummy. The next step is shaving my legs, but my TRAC II will not penetrate the thick, wiry growth. I get out of the tub, put on some clothes, trot to the drugstore and buy an old-fashioned safety razor. It seems to work. About 20 minutes later, one leg is shaved. I inspect its satiny, smooth sheen and find myself actually aroused by this unfamiliar, shapely thing. By comparison with its hairy mate, it is—yes—sexy. By the time I have shaved both legs, one hour after I started, I have cut myself nine times. Then, to my chagrin, I notice that my toes are covered with wild tufts that spoil the whole effect. Shaving a toe is like shaving an okra. I skip my underarms, but the arms themselves have to be shaved—that takes 20 minutes—and my nails have to be filed, which takes ten more. Before departing, I contemplate what name I'll use for my transformed self. I settle on Dusty in honor of my disintegrating bathroom plaster—and because it has a kind of gun-moll ring.

On the way to my second session, I run through my exercise list of pronunciations. When I arrive, I tell Ms. Traum I've been having a little trouble with my dead-giveaway Ts, Ds, Ns and Ls. When I pronounce them clearly, I fall back into a British accent that I have spent ten years erasing.

"There's nothing more feminine than a British accent, Dusty," she assures me. When I ask her to zip me into the pink sheath I've brought along, she notices a bruise on my arm. Without losing a lilt, she asks, "Are you into B&D or S&M?"

"What's B&D?"

"Bondage and discipline, dear"

I explain that the demon who took a bite out of my arm earlier that morning is only a friend. She gives me a knowing smile. What if this class is just a sophisticated cover? Would she, if I implored her, tie my hands and feet to her Louis XIV chair? After all, for \$50 a shot, one might expect something more than a make-up lesson. But the next two hours turn out to be a little more than that.

We start my face with foundation: It's an absolute necessity for tvs to cover beard and rough skin. But once put on—using only our ring fingers, of course, so as to spread it delicately—it looks ghastly, like corpse coating. "Every woman gets frightened when she looks at herself in foundation," Ms. Traum reassures me in her purring, you-are-not-weird voice. Then my nose is straightened with clown white, a scar is erased and my eyes "corrected"—I have fleshy lids. Despite the expert application of paints, I see a mummy in the mirror. At best, I look like an ugly girl.

By the time my third class rolls around, my nails have grown to late-Mandarin length; they grate on plates, clack like claws on the keys of my typewriter, make zippers awkward and masturbation precarious. I've also noticed that my recent attention to detail has brought out a certain slave mentality. I am making hospital corners on my bed, sweeping, washing the dishes after every meal, lining up cups and saucers and emptying ashtrays.

When I arrive for class, Ms. Traum is just finishing up with another tv. He is in his mid-20s, shy and balding—not in the least effeminate. After he leaves, Ms. Traum announces, "Jane has got to go!" She explains that after a year of feminization, the boy who just left us had developed his female twin so successfully that she had begun slipping out in his place, showing up unexpectedly at board meetings and business lunches. Now she has to de-train him. Suddenly Dusty begins to alarm me.

I emerge from the bathroom wearing pink bikini pants and a garter belt. Today I am learning to walk. The Powers Glide Walk and the Seductive Walk. Ms. Traum does a slow-burn Jane Russell trampy bump-and-grind stroll, while great movie themes play in the background.

"Just try it yourself, one time now," she says with a naughty smile. "Walk-twist-walk-twist-hip-hip-hip-shift-shift-shift." I feel as if I am seducing myself as I walk this sweet gauntlet under her titillating gaze. "Basketball!" shouts Ms. Traum, pulling me back from the edge. "You've played basketball. Do that twist the way you'd do a pivot shot. You know, turn on your heel, slowly now." The thought of Keds and the Knicks has saved me from my shady reverie. But it begins again. "Once more, Dusty dear, now hold it on the pivot. Chest out. Head back and slightly down, pouty. Good. Turn slowly and catch a look at yourself in the mirror." I hardly dare

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ERA spells EQUALITY

MY LIFE AS A WOMAN Eddie hoists up his mini. He has rigged a G string with a net that holds his plumbing.

look; the words alone are getting me hot.

"Now, dear," she says, "you can imagine the line of the black hose, can't you?" There's no question about it—I do look gorgeous. The wig, the heels, the nylons, the haughty turn of the head. I have passed without realizing it from terror to boredom to vanity to actual enthusiasm for the way I look.

Stella (nee Stanley) and I are talking over drinks. She is showing me "before" photographs. I find it hard to believe that the nebbish pre-law student with glasses and mustache in the picture is also the gaunt blonde across the table from me, flirting distractedly with the air. After seven years of being a tv, Stanley sold his motorbike last year to pay for the operation that made him Stella.

I've been thinking about going out in drag, so I tell Stella about my apprehensions. "My secrecy about dressing up was torture," she says. "My greatest desire was to be seen in women's clothes. The first time I dressed and went out I felt a tremendous relief. I had planned it for three or four years—waiting to get up the nerve. One night I decided that it was time. There was an old lady who always sat on the steps of my building. I was afraid she would recognize me and I waited for her to go home. I thought she would never leave. Finally she went away. I slipped out and went around the corner to buy a newspaper. Two guys passed me on the street and one of them said, 'What a doll, huh?' and I felt better."

Stella told me about Stefan, who holds tv socials at his house. They're no longer as common as they were in the Fifties and early Sixties when it was necessary for tvs to meet in secret. There were secret tv conventions, tv Odd Fellows halls, tv sororities and even weekend retreats with cabins and masked balls.

In a thick middle-European accent, Stefan puts me off at first on the phone. When I ask if I could come by with my girlfriend, his tone changes instantly. "Perhaps tonight?" We settle for the weekend.

"Stefan will be with you shortly," his delicate wife announces as I enter the apartment. "He's dressing." As we wait in the quaint room, decorated in red and white with touches of ethnic crafts, I imagine a Hungarian dwarf with tassel boots, lace shawl, pleated blouse and castanets.

Stefan strides into the room with an absurd march. His long hair is lightly

frosted and he wears slacks and a string of pearls. He looks like an attractive woman in her late 30s. There is only the slightest hint of embarrassment. After a little chitchat, he fixes me with a stare. "Why don't you get dressed?" he asks. "What are you so shy about?"

With false modesty, I retire to the bathroom and begin to apply the layers of cosmetics in their cabalistic order so painstakingly learned at Ms. Traum's academy. What other tvs have had such elaborate training? I feel a flush of vanity that debutantes in *couturier* gowns must feel.

When I slip into the room with my Powers Glide Walk, Stefan looks up, almost amused: "Why do you want to put all of that junk on? You look like a hooker. What woman in her right mind wears that much make-up today? Anyway, it's too hot. Don't you feel uncomfortable in all that? Why don't you just wear slacks like a girl your age?"

An hour later, another guest arrives with a suitcase. Under the dark shades he has worn on the subway from Brooklyn, his lashes are coated with gluey mascara and blue shadow. He's over six feet tall and is built like a giant teardrop. "Hi, I'm Eddie," he says heartily, and retires to the bathroom. In a few minutes, Eddie reappears, posing in the doorway in a red micro miniskirt that barely covers his crotch, matching patent-leather pumps, Dynel curls and screaming-pink lipstick and rouge. I have to bite my hand to stifle a laugh, but no one else gives it a thought. Eddie's red delirium is taken for granted, whereas I am put down because I am trying to impersonate a genetic girl.

Talk turns casually to sales of tv clothing. Stefan recalls seeing peasant women dressed in their traditional garb as they went to Mass on Sunday. "As a little boy, I would stand at the garden gate and watch them pass. The women's skirts were made of beautiful velvet, either red or green and very full. They would wear about eight starched crinolines. They wore stockings with gold spangles and soft white blouses that were very sexy. That was when I began to envy them because of the clothes they could wear. What can men do? They match their socks with their hankies."

It's a steaming, hot midsummer night—not tv weather. Eddie uses this as an excuse to change. "I have a few tricks under here," he says, pointing to his miniskirt. "I always believe girls should share their secrets, don't you? Would you like to see how I create the effect of a vagina, so that nothing pops out when I'm squatting with the girls?

Do you like to go into ladies' rooms? I think it's the greatest thrill."

Eddie hoists up his mini. He has rigged up a G string with a net that holds his external plumbing and tucks it away. With his huge pot belly rolling down to a little fake *mons Veneris*, the effect is like something out of *Satyricon*. "I may have a spare one here," he says as he rummages through a suitcase packed with panties, stockings, corsets and even a douche bag; but the spare G string doesn't turn up.

Dr. Leo Wollman, who holds teas on alternate Sundays and has performed a number of sex-change operations, functions these days more as a counselor than as a surgeon. One associates this sort of surgeon with sanitariums in Switzerland, but Dr. Wollman's clinic is situated in the rather seedy Mermaid Avenue area of Coney Island, among juju shops and languid Puerto Rican hookers in pink Afros, lolling against the walls of sleazy hotels.

Wollman's walls are dripping with testimonials, garish photos, news clippings, Polaroids of grateful patients and degrees in sexology. The doctor is only too delighted to take me on a brisk tour of his bizarre picture gallery. The subjects are about equally divided between black, white and Hispanic, and—not surprisingly, considering the neighborhood—most are plainly *not* professional people. In fact, when I mentioned the "harassed-professional" theory of Ms. Traum and the magazines, Wollman scoffed. "You find these people in every walk of life," he says. "You're only going to hear about the more literate, educated types, naturally. But I run across all kinds: barbers, dockworkers—" He produces a photo of a husky teamster, who keeps his breasts bandaged to his chest while driving a semi. Other photos show elegant transsexuals in Givency scarves. One he is especially proud of is an ex-New York City cop, now an airline stewardess, with legs erotically splayed, split-beaver fashion, to show the successful outcome of her operation. "Cute, huh?" asks Wollman, with a disturbingly unprofessional wink.

Wollman, who began his practice as a gynecologist, leans toward an endocrinological explanation of tvs and ts's, dismissing the classic Freudian interpretation of sexual role changing as the fantasy of "a neurologist who couldn't bear to look his patients in the eye."

A few days later, I visit Dr. Lee Steiner, a psychiatrist who treats the problems of tvs and would-be ts's. Dr. Steiner is a forthright old girl, and when



SEXISM
is a
SOCIAL
DISEASE

Call me 974.

I ask her if she went along with the theory that the operation released "the girl within" she lets me know in no uncertain terms.

"No, sir. We don't take much stock in those calcified notions. Ts's come in here, suicidal and depressed, thinking the operation is going to solve all their problems. You see, it's just another form of suicide. They want to destroy this life and become another person. They come here saying they feel like a woman, but let me ask you what in the hell does it feel like to feel like a woman? Most of the people in this field are men, and they don't know. They're so caught up in the technical side of these operations that they forget what a sex-changed person is going to do with his life or where he's going to fit in.

"A heterosexual doesn't want him—you can't tell me a heterosexual man with an ounce of experience can't tell the difference between the perineal muscles of a vagina and a hole, for God's sake—or between real breasts and silicone. A homosexual doesn't want him sexually, either. He wants a man. And women won't have anything to do with him; they feel that ts's are just parodying them."

One thing both Steiner and Wollman agree on, however, is Freud. Steiner says, "We've inherited this crappy notion from upper-class Vienna—that boys are tough and aggressive and little girls are all sugar and spice. We're living in a world populated with Freudian clichés. This is unquestionably harder on men. Girls don't have to be good in sports; they don't have to get jobs; they don't have to be good at anything. Somebody takes care of them. Nobody really cares what a woman does because it doesn't matter. If you're a girl, you're nothing; all you have to do is stay home and cuddle.

"I think that's what the tv and the t want: a smaller, simpler life."

Ms. Traum asks me to bring leotards. Instead, I wear a pair of wine-colored panty hose, a red bikini and a blue-and-white Quaalude T-shirt. The effect is Clark-Kent-out-of-the-closet. This is my last class. I am to be initiated into the ultimate mysteries of feminine postures and movements. "The only women who are truly feminine are the ones who've taken lessons," Ms. Traum assures me. "Girls learn how to be girls. It isn't something they're born with. The glow that comes from a truly feminine woman starts in her appearance, her gestures, what she's wearing."

She proceeds to show me the correct

deployment of various bodily parts.

Head: "If we want to know how to coordinate our entire bodies in a feminine way, we have to start at the top. If there's something I can't stand, it's a woman who walks around with a bobbing head. Actually a woman is very subtle—never jerky or obvious. If you were sitting in a chair, for instance, there would be, oh, just the *slightest* tilt of the head."

Hands: "We put our hands together in the yoga mudra position, thumb and middle finger together, something like a flower's petals. If we put our wrists together, we make a flower."

After we have reviewed posture, we move on to some more-complicated maneuvers: dinner by candlelight. We sit down at the table with two place settings to rehearse the logistics of intimacy. I ask Ms. Traum if it's going to be a TV dinner. She's heard it before. I learn how to open a napkin, pick up the wineglass with two fingers and drink like a doe, smoke a cigarette, wipe my mouth, pick my teeth with discretion and go to the ladies' room. Then we flirt. "Flirting is fun, fun, fun!" Ms. Traum explodes. "You can't do it with dry lipstick. Your lipstick should be very, very moist with a coat of lip gloss over it to get the utmost flexibility from your lips."

Then we exercise our orifices, saying "oooooh" and concentrating on making the hole as small as possible. "Make sure," she says with an almost obscene wink, "that a coffee cup or glass never goes in your mouth farther than a half inch. This way you create the puckering effect you want." Ms. Traum says she could go on teaching me facial tricks for three hours—and she nearly does.

The course is over. I have opened the doors of many musty closets and let loose a host of my own latent demons. I have endured the discipline of the tongue, run the gauntlet of the Powers Glide Walk, scrutinized my awful face under layers of Maybelline, Estee Lauder and Clinique; I have eaten a dinner in full drag, in the company of phallic females. I have closely observed the mysteries of monstrous machines of sexuality, tvs careening deliriously toward mumlike lacy locomotives. I have offered my innocence on altars of paint

and powder, sacrificed my dignity to the thousand shocks flesh is heir to, rendered up my *machismo* and dreamed awful dreams of nights in pink panty hose. I have undergone all these humiliations, terrors and titillations, but not, like some, to progress on the path toward the light, or to gain admittance to a tribe, or even the Elks Club. I did it for a fucking article. Then I received this note from my editor:

Dear David,

There are two things you still haven't dealt with in this piece.

1. The idea of men coming on to you.
2. Passing.

Soon writers will be asked to undergo mutation to fulfill the appetite of journalism. Hasn't my editor already suggested I take a few hormone shots?

I devise an ingenious plan. I will make the run on Halloween. That way I'm covered: If discovered, I can simply say "It's just a costume, man. If you can't tell the difference that's your problem, not mine." I don't have to worry about my street, because just down the block is the infamous Eighty-Two Club, New York's premier drag show for more than 20 years. The real problem is making it to the street. Even on Halloween, my outfit will be hard to explain to Carlos, all-seeing Selnia or Tony the Giant who works in the minideli downstairs. Not to mention the people I don't know who live in my building. I'm already conspicuous enough as the resident honkie. The *señora* in the tent dress, the balloon girl who never sleeps: Until the middle of November, the street is their home.

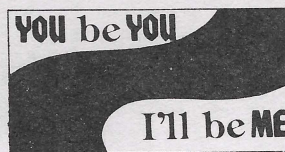
Halloween night. At 8:30, they'll head upstairs to watch *The Iris Chacon Show* on the tube. I keep going up to the roof to look down and see if they've gone in. One thing tv life has taught me is incredible patience: It's already taken an hour and a half of primping to complete my drag. I creep furtively out of my door and tiptoe down the hall, past the misspelled graffito *RAMON IS A FAGET* on the first landing. *ostume* rubs along the wall like nails on a blackboard. I feel like a species of crustacean in a coral cave, slowly oozing toward I know not what. I am torn between the terror that I might not pass and the terror that I might.

As soon as I hit the street, I realize that I have miscalculated. I will be less visible under the cover of darkness. Then I realize that I am a woman, and a woman alone on this street at night is prey. A bum from the men's shelter reels

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Women
Hold Up
Half
The Sky!



diagonally across the street. "Hey, baby, didn't I see you in church?" In church? I am getting confused.

A guy screeches into the service station in a purple Barracuda and leans out of the window. He's going to say something; I hold my breath. He and his buddy watch me, leering, for what seems like an eternity. I am alone and defenseless, without a genetic woman's experience of how to deal with these morons. I am being examined like a Waring blender, like a V8 engine—like, yes, like a sex object. I am about ten feet from the car and my hearing has grown paranoically acute. He says something like "Cute doll!" to his buddy, and they laugh. Finally a cab rescues me. I am sweating. I wonder whether my mascara is running. I keep telling myself to relax. It's Halloween. I'm on assignment. If those Ivy League bruisers in the CIA can do it, so can I.

I know almost everybody at the party, so it isn't exactly an ordeal. In fact, the brother of a girl I know starts coming on to me and asks me for a date. Only one other person is in drag—somewhat clunkily. He came as Carmen Miranda. He thinks my costume is a bit "too good." Petty jealousy.

Afterward, as I am waiting for a cab, a well-dressed man in his late 40s walks over to me. I cross the street as the light changes, and he follows. "I noticed you at the party," he says calmly. "You did?" I answer, my voice thin and terrified. I don't look at his face. Why don't I just tell him it's a costume and have a good hearty male laugh, "Fooled ya, eh? Getting past it, buddy? Heh, heh?" One reason I don't say this is that I am unable to speak. He asks me where I live and I manage to tell him, thinking he can't live that far downtown. It turns out that he's meeting a friend at a bar on West Broadway and it's not out of his way. He'll drop me off.

He's pretty loaded and horny or myopic enough not to notice that my tongue isn't pointed. After about 20 blocks, he casually slings his arm around me. I lurch away. He gives me a pat.

For the time being, he conceals his ardor with eloquence, charming me with his voice as he tells his tale. He's a lawyer, it turns out, and he represents a number of artists. Conceptual artists. "Do you know what conceptual art is?" he asks patronizingly. But I've gone mute, despite what I'd like to tell him. He is interested in forming some sort of commune that would help artists and

left-wing causes and wolves in Minnesota. The more apprehensive I become, the more enthusiastically he sprinkles me with his cherished illusions. His clichés are as bad as my Dynel wig. Much as he loves art, his real love is words. Just had something published in the *SoHo News*. Just happened to have it with him. Would I like to see it? I long to reveal my identity—undercover writer—and arrest him in the name of grammar. Instead, I say nothing and he continues to beguile me with his flautient fantasies as we hurtle down Broadway in this golden coach of dreams and desires. I am ashamed for my entire sex, for the impotent ideals of the West, for the ludicrous sham of mating calis based on record albums, even, perhaps for primates.

When we reach my street, he tells the driver to go on. Desperately I attempt to protest, but only a shrill, desiccated croak erupts from my larynx. I am overpowered. When we get out, I tell him sheepishly but firmly that I don't want to have a drink with his friend in the bar. To my delight, he concedes. But again I am checked. He's got the keys to the friend's loft. We can go have a drink there alone, put on some records, look at some paintings and talk. I shake my head violently. "Aw, c'mon," he says, almost whining. "Just for a few minutes. Don't say no." It's a very bad line. I don't want to get into a scene on the street. The cab ride has numbed me, but once inside, I think, I will just come out and tell him.

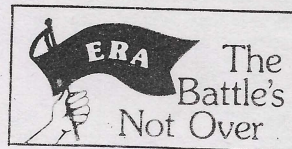
He pours a couple of drinks and puts on a Joni Mitchell album. He comes up behind me, coils his arm around me and feels around. My heart goes into my mouth as I teeter on my heels. I scan his face a bit guiltily. "You—you're a guy?"

He is in shock. Disenchanted and angry. Then he glowers and shrugs: "Well, are you going to give me a blow job?" he demands.

I tell him that isn't my scene. "I'm straight, man!" I say. How can I explain? Should I make him take a semester at John Money's gender-identity clinic, treat him to an introductory lesson at Ms. Traum's academy, or set him up with Eddie, the salacious teardrop in red? He's in a rage. He just doesn't understand.

"Well, you don't expect me to blow you, do you?" He demands to know why I have led him on. I haven't led him anywhere, but I have tricked him. Why? I am about to tell him, when I decide that one trick is enough for Halloween. ■

oui



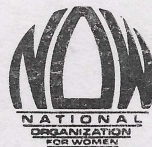
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1st Woman Firefighter Finds Reception Warm

BY WALTER MARTIN

Evanston, Ill.—When she was a girl, Miriam Boyle thought climbing on fire engines at a fire house was great fun.

She managed a tropical fish shop and found that to be fun, too, but not something she wanted for the rest of her life. So she went back to climbing on big red fire engines.

When the fire department in the Chicago suburb of Evanston opened the list for firefighters, Miriam, age 22, applied and got the job.

Now she is bunking with 12 firemen in the same room—like any other member of the fire department.

There was mixed reaction from the rest of her family when the 5-6, 135-pounder announced that

she planned to take the firefighter's exam. She is youngest in a family of 13.

Her mother was her biggest booster. "Mothers assume you can do anything," she said. "So if I had to carry someone on a ladder, she naturally figured I could do it."

Five women entered training. Four failed to make it to the top of the 28-foot ladder the required four times.

Miss Boyle completed three turns on the ladder and was standing at the bottom, nervous and exhausted, when Capt. Harold Cowell asked, "What's the matter?"

"I can't make it," she replied. "Of course you can," he said. "Be positive. There's no time limit. When you're ready, go on up." She did: She was the only wom-

an to pass the ladder test and she finished second overall during her training period.

Miss Boyle has worked on the tiller of a hook-and-ladder and is taking paramedics' training.

On a recent day, her station responded to three fires, the last in a paint factory.

"She was on the hose line with us and did a great job," a fireman said. Several times the firefighters had to back off because of flames.

Miss Boyle was asked to accompany acting Capt. John Wilkenson up a back stairway.

"I remember how good it felt to be asked," she said. "I had been accepted."

With a firefighter's schedule of 24 hours on, and 48 off duty, she has plenty of time for hobbies such as pottery, ceramics and macrame.

"At 22, it's hard to say how I'll feel after five years on the job," she said. "It's exciting now, a challenge. But I feel there's still plenty of room for me to grow in the job. I have a lot to learn."



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14

The Washington Star

Sunday, April 24, 1977

Homosexual Upheld On Offspring Visits

MORRISTOWN, N.J. (UPI) — A judge has ruled that a man cannot refuse to allow his former wife to visit their children simply because she is homosexual.

Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court Judge Donald Collester ruled Friday that the rights of homosexual parents are "the same as those of heterosexual parents" and that the woman may visit her four children one weekend each month.

Love is ... making marriage
an equal partnership

Editors Mailbag

Dear Editor:

In a recent phone conversation you suggested I write about some of my experiences as a FP in hopes that I might help other fledgling FPs come "out of their closet". I am not too sharp at writing about such experiences but sincerely hope I can help.

As a teenager I developed a tendency for feminine things and would sneak on any feminine things whenever I could. And for a short time I would be feminine. Such times were few and short lived.

It wasn't until after I grew up and married that my urge to go en femme surfaced again. The urge had been dormant and I had set it aside and not paid much attention to it. The more I was around my wife and observed her ways and her pretty feminine clothes and things I could feel my own feminine urge becoming stronger and stronger. It wasn't long before I began buying feminine things and began dressing in private.

As it was bound to happen, she found out about it and was furious. When I was at work she would burn my feminine clothes. I told her it was foolish since I would buy more. And I did. It took a lot of convincing but eventually she did acquiesce.

Her giving in turned out to be good for both of us. She helped me build up a good, well fitting wardrobe. She taught me what to wear with what, how to buy feminine clothes, the best buys, how to sit and walk femininely, how to hem a dress, make up tips, etc. As we became more compatible femininely, I began buying her more feminine things. I got so I enjoyed helping her with her feminine chores. My wife and I were always borrowing each others things.

When our children, four daughters, were gone for any length of time, I would dress and we would go for a drive or walk. I was always careful around our children since they talked too much and were great mimics.

As my daughters grew up I talked to them about my FPism. Two of them have accepted it and have been downright wonderful about it. The other two have not and I don't dress around them but do talk to them occasionally about it. One of my two sons-in-law accepted Karen. The other one didn't, but he is getting used to seeing her.

As a novice FP I, too, thought I was unusual and different. I was frustrated and lonely. One day I bought a weekly newspaper from a newsstand and happened to come across an article on FPism by a FP from Detroit. His article was very interesting and he gave his name, box #, and address and invited anyone to write him. I wrote to him. In reply he told me about some of his experiences. He also told me about Virginia Prince's organization, Phi Pi Epsilon, and her address. I was a member for 10 years before finally dropping out in 1976.

I have attended several FP meetings. You will never experience anything like it until you go to one. Everything and everyone was so nice and so wonderful. And the GGs they brought with them were just jewels.

We had one Saturday meeting on the north edge of town. I invited them to my home for coffee and doughnuts Sunday morning. 12 showed up including two GGs. We had a warm friendly visit until they left about 1:00 PM.

In 1963 I retired on total disability - arthritis of the spine. I go to the doctor regularly. I am ambulatory and quite active.

In 1968 my wife of 22 years died. Having more time on my hands, I had more opportunity to exercise the pleasures of FPism. It is a rare day when I don't dress en femme.

It is a bunch of baloney when you think you have to dress in your best feminine frills and finery to feel truly feminine. I'm sure it brings out the best of femininity in each of us. But there is a lot of femininity in putting on feminine work clothes and doing feminine chores around the house, i.e., make beds, wash, sew, clean house. Did you ever put on an old sleeveless dress and beat up work shoes to paint a room? I can assure you still feel plenty feminine.

I do go out regularly dressed up en femme. I love it.

My former mother-in-law absolutely does not want to see me in a dress. Yet, she oftentimes borrows my best dresses and outfits. We both wear the same size dress, 24½ - Naughty naughty but your outfits are darling!

About your Lane Bryant ad for large and half size women. I buy a lot of my feminine clothes from them and have for years. I have had an active account with them for a long time. Their huge warehouse and sales room is only 55 miles from here at Indianapolis and I have gone there for their sales. Their clothes and accessories are very, very good. And they live up to their guarantees.

Roaman's, Saddle Brook, New Jersey 07662 is also a mail order house for large and half sizes. I receive their catalog regularly and buy from them occasionally. Why not write them and find out for yourself?

I have been a FP long enough that it has become an integral part of my life. I look forward to the challenges of FP in the future.

Karen H.
2-IN-46952



Dear Editor:

Please forgive my long delay. It's been a hectic winter. I am happy to offer this application for acceptance into your organization. I will do all I can to help our cause. Dariene and I wish best success to the organization, and especially you and Alice M.

Sincerely,
Julie M.
(Tower Hill, IL)



Dear Editor:

I feel elated and yet depressed as a result of this weekend's (April 16-17) trip to Albany. Elated because of the pleasure of the trip and the company; yet depressed, because I feel alone.....Many of the people I met this weekend were saying: "This was their last TV fling of the season, and were giving it up until September". For me, summer is the most beautiful time for a femmiphile, when one can get out in the beautiful weather and express one's femininity in lighter and prettier clothes. Is there nobody out there who thinks as I do? If there is, please write me, so that I do not feel so alone.

Pleasant (& other) memories of the trip include: the beautiful spring weather driving down (from Ottawa) and on the way back, the lovely scenery going through the Adirondac mountains (the mountain streams and rivers were high and spectacularly rough and white), the 'springtime' bumps and pot-holes on the mountain roads, the NY State Troopers and their speed traps out in force on Interstate-87, the length of the drive (being still somewhat exhausted from the Easter weekend's 1200 mile trip to Provincetown, Cape Cod), and stopping the car to make these notes, and passers-by stopping repeatedly to see if they could offer mechanical or navigational help.

I enjoyed meeting our hostesses, Crystal, Germaine, Chris, Sharon, Elanda, Lucy, Paula and the others. I apologise... for staying later than my welcome, but I discovered later that my watch had stopped at 12 o'clock, and I was thinking that everyone else was leaving early.

After I did leave, I changed into my dancing shoes, and spent a pleasant couple of hours in a nice discoteque (9 miles north on Rt. 9). The music was good, and the people friendly. A good-looking fellow asked me to dance (which we did). But being more of a 'Lesbian' than a 'straight' girl, I preferred to dance with the girls there.

On the trip back, being alone in the car, and up in the mountains being out of range of all radio stations, I had plenty of time (about 6 hours) to think - hence this letter. The whole day (Sunday) was very pleasurable - the aesthetic pleasure of nature at its best, and the relaxed feeling of being my natural self (Micheline). Due to fatigue, I stopped at most villages, on the way, for coffee, and chatted to the friendly local people there.

I thought back to what had been said at the meeting - how many had said that as TVs they still feel masculine on the inside, while trying to look as close to their ideal of a woman as possible on the outside; and how they were content to live as the average male (married, kids, house, job, social life etc.) for 97% of the time, and for only 3% (once a month) become their feminine self.

In contrast, I thought, when I am dressed, I feel like a woman on the inside, but am conscious of my masculine external characteristics as seen by others. (Does this make me a Trans-genderist, Elanda, rather than a TV? Or possibly a 'male woman', to use the terminology of FPE and the International Alliance...?)

Having the opportunity, now, to become Micheline every evening after work, and most weekends, I guess I have become addicted to cross-dressing regularly, and would find it very hard to restrict it to once a month, and then only at meetings instead of through the whole weekend as I do now. The satisfaction and pleasure of cross-dressing has now become so important in my life that I would like to be able to do it for as large a percentage of the time as possible. This is not to say that I would ever seek "sex re-assignment", since I do not think in my case that I could ever be accepted as a "female". But being accepted as a male woman is another thing, and entirely possible in many situations and environments.

Many of my Albany sisters have expressed concern about the desires and motivation of those of us who like to go out in public. For me, it is not in order to get 'laid' (though I admit to enjoying the touch of a close-by companion, when the occasion arises). Like everyone else, I like compliments on my appearance or about my clothes. (At the disco after Saturday's meeting, it made my evening when a young man said how pretty my dress was.) Going to the Opera for a concert, or to a fancy restaurant is an opportunity to get dressed up in one's finest. Going to a dance or disco offers an opportunity to dress up in a different sort of way. It also provides an outlet of self-expression that as a man one is usually too up-tight to show. I find dancing in a pretty dress so much more pleasurable than doing the same in conventional male clothing.

We seek reinforcement from others, and indications that our efforts are appreciated. At work, I try my best to "do a good job" or make a good design, not only for the self satisfaction involved, but also in order to seek appreciation of my skills from my peers and my boss (*whose opinion I value more). Similarly with dressing, we do our best to produce the most pleasing external effect. It is nice when this is pleasing to ourselves, but even nicer if appreciated by others. Please excuse this outpouring of personal thoughts, but I think it would be healthy for our community if more of us did, so that we can compare our thinking with that of others, and see how we differ or are similar.

Micheline Johnson

Box 9155, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1G 3T9

(Editor's Note: We will be pleased to print any comments on Micheline's thoughts. Send them to our editorial office. Personally, Micheline, I would like to live and work 100% of the time as a male woman. Hopefully, circumstances will someday permit this. In the meantime, I could never be satisfied with only 3% of the time for Linda Ann. As you know, the Alliance encourages and fosters the full development of femininity in males on an open and full-time basis as our members' individual circumstances permit. As our slogan goes, "We are working toward universal feminism.")

cont to next page

Dear Editor:

I just want to express the joy in my heart, for such a beautiful occasion such as the Baltimore-DC Alliance Dinner Party held at the Corner Station Inn on Saturday, March 12, it was in effect my first meeting and my first dinner party as an Alliance member. I thought everything was put together nicely and the people were just beautiful, to me I would call Saturday night dinner party a happening in which everyone felt and thought very much alive. For me, it was a reawakening. It was the first time I had ever met as many people with the same inclinations as mine, and I love them all, for what they brought to me Saturday, was something that money can't buy and that is happiness. For me it was a beautiful and fulfilling evening, which I believe ended many years of loneliness that I have known. For now I have inner peace, knowing that there are many people of all races and religions, just like myself, and it makes me feel truly beautiful inside.

The dinner Saturday night was my first public appearance. And the evening for me whirled by very fast, leaving me with many happy memories, which I will cherish forever. It also left me with a real sense of acceptance, for probably the first time in my life and as I write this I wonder how many male women have yet to venture outside, and to be able to feel all these beautiful and wonderful feelings that I felt Saturday night.

I hope this dinner party brings a greater awareness of what we are all about. I hope the group grows and grows. I found acceptance and love, and I am truly sorry I had missed previous get-togethers. Saturday night was a growing experience.

When I thought my personality truly took shape, I was the femme name Natalie, but Saturday, I emerged as Gypsy, and I love her.

The next morning after everyone had gone I ventured into the dining room, where it all took place. And it all seemed strangely different, gone was the excitement, joy, and laughter of the previous evening. I wondered to myself and almost had to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming that all this really did happen. Being the last one left, I slowly packed my bags and took one more last look at my motel room and at the dining room filling me with many happy thoughts and feelings. For me this was truly a happening which I believe is the first of many more to come.

In closing I would like to say, when I drove away I was left with one thought that the motel we all gathered at wasn't that much different from any other motel that I had ever seen, but what made it different and wonderful to me were my Alliance sisters and friends, the people who made it up, that made that place come alive, and I will always love them all for it.

Warmest regards,
Gypsy (Formerly known as Natalie)
37-MD-21231

(Editor's Note: The following letter is typical of a large number of comments received by our International Office since the change from a newsletter to a journal format. As the Journal is considerably more costly, we hope you will do your part to help and to show your appreciation by soliciting new Alliance members and Journal subscribers and advertizers. Contributions of all types to our Journal are also welcome.)

Dear Editor:

I was pleasantly surprised at the new format of the Journal. I really think it's a vast improvement over the newsletter form.....Keep up the good work!

Best ever,
Rhonda E. Jones
7-NC-28213



You have my permission to
publish this picture of
Genevieve F. (Dallas-Ft. Worth
Alliance For Male Feminism)

Transsexual fired from Salisbury job files bias suit

A young man who has lived as a woman for two years and now is awaiting a sex change operation filed suit yesterday in United States District Court here, claiming she was dismissed from her job because of sex discrimination.

In their complaint, attorneys for Sharon M. Powell, of Salisbury, said their client was discharged from a job as a waitress at the Read's drugstore lunch counter in the Salisbury Mall after several customers, who had known her as a man, recognized her.

After her first day on the job, the supervisor at the store dismissed Miss Powell with the explanation that the woman she had been hired to replace planned to return to work, the complaint said.

The store continued to advertise for a position for a waitress in a local newspaper after Miss Powell was discharged, the complaint said.

John C. Love, an attorney in Bel Air who is representing Miss Powell, said the suit is the first sex discrimination case involving a transsexual "as far as my research has been able to determine." An at-

torney from the Maryland chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union also is representing Miss Powell.

Miss Powell, who Mr. Love said was in her early twenties, is asking that she be given back her job and be awarded pay she has lost since she was dismissed September 10, 1976.

She filed a complaint with the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, but the agency declined jurisdiction on the grounds that persons undergoing "sex reassignment" were not covered by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the complaint said.

Mr. Love said Miss Powell is "indistinguishable from another female" in her appearance and now is saving money to pay for sex change surgery at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. A long-time resident of Salisbury, she has lived as a woman for about two years—the length of time required by physicians before the operation is performed, he said. As a man, she was known as Michael D. Powell.

The assistant manager of the drugstore would not comment on the suit.

Old Will didn't do 'Oserro'

By MATTHEW SEIDEN
Sun Staff Correspondent

Tokyo—Lovely Desdemona is a 26-year-old man who tries not to tower over her murderer when she pleads in a husky falsetto, "Kill me tomorrow, but let me live tonight."

The murderer, of course, is her husband, "Oserro," who has been driven nearly mad by the evil scheming of Iago, who is actually portrayed by Oserro's son.

They are all Kabuki actors collaborating at Tokyo's Shimbashi Kabuki Theater in what is surely a unique performance of Shakespeare's "Oserro."

Better known in the Western world as "Othello," the tragedy of the Moor of Venice is the most recent of a growing number of "red-haired pieces," or Western plays, being produced by traditional Japanese Kabuki players here.

The Japanese Othello combines traditional Western costumes and sets, with colloquial, modern Japanese dialogue delivered with the slow, stylized cadence and exaggerated mannerisms of classical Japanese theater.

The unique production also mixes the conventions of classical Kabuki with sound effects usually associated with TV soap operas and lighting reminiscent of Hollywood movies.

Thus, crews of black-hooded Kabuki-style stage hands move props on stage in full view of the audience while recorded background music draws out Shakespeare's great soliloquies.

And Desdemona floats on and off stage like a parade queen in a boat pushed by four stage hands up and down the Kabuki theater's "hana-michi," or flower ramp, which cuts through the audience.

The result of the cross between East and West and modern and traditional is sometimes jarring, rarely pleasing, but always extraordinary.

Nevertheless, "Oserro" was 90 per cent sold out before it opened for its limited three-week run that is expected to gross \$740,000 for the Shochiku Production Company.

Its main drawing card is Tomasaburo Bando, the 26-year-old male Kabuki star who plays Desdemona in an Elizabethan gown that cost \$9,000, according to a Shochiku spokesman.

"If I don't convince myself that I am beautiful, I cannot act," said Mr. Bando, who plays only female roles in Japanese Kabuki as well.

"I am very much used to the way Japanese women behave and move, but it is hard for me to play a Western woman since I have only been exposed to their feelings and behavior through the movies," Mr. Bando said.

Although he says he has tried temporarily to overcome the effects of a lifetime of training as a Kabuki female impersonator, Mr. Bando's Desdemona moves more with the poise and posture of a Japanese geisha than a Venetian aristocrat.

Last year, Mr. Bando was Lady Macbeth, a part he says he found easier to portray.

"Lady Macbeth is a strong woman with a personality that is easy for a man to understand," he said. "But Desdemona is more gentle and kind-hearted than a man can ever feel."

Mr. Bando speaks and gestures like a Japanese woman even when he is off-stage.

Mr. Bando is popular among women, who made up at least 90 per cent of the "Othello" opening night audience.

Man Mugged; Purse Stolen

An 18-year-old Roanoke youth has told police he was knocked to the ground late Monday by a man who stole his purse.

That's right—his purse.

Police said James Murphy of the 700 block of Third Street SW told them he was walking in the 100 block of East Salem Avenue when he got a ride with a man to another section of the city.

The man, he said, took his purse, which contained \$5 and some makeup. Murphy was not seriously injured.

TRY THE
RAPIST
NOT
the
victim



Tomasaburo Bando plays Desdemona and Shoroku Onoe plays Othello in Japanese "Oserro."

Beauty Journal

BEAM-IN ON BRUSHING

Shampoos, conditioners and treatments all play a role, but the essence of happy hair is correct brushing. Brushing maintains the ring and the bounce, counteracts lifelessness . . . but caution is advised. Know your hair before planning a daily brushing routine. Is your hair fine and delicate or coarse and curly? Does it break easily or have great elasticity? Is it dry or greasy? Some people have combination hair, so if in doubt, consult a hairdresser. Good stylists analyze without charge and their expertise prevents errors.

Ready advice

Thin, Dry or Brittle

Hair: Handle with care. Comb out angles first with wide-toothed comb before gently brushing. Use only soft bristled brushes. **Colored, Permed or Chemically**

Straightened Hair:

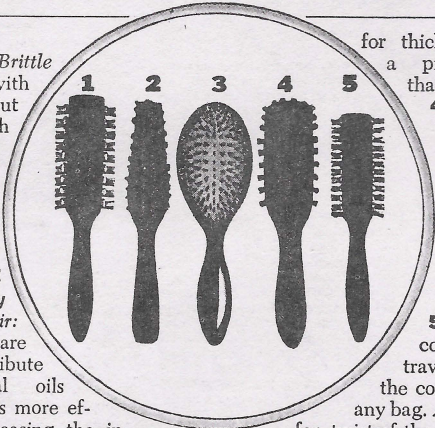
Boar bristles are best. They distribute needed natural oils along hair shafts more effectively, thus easing the inevitable dryness. **Thick Curly Hair:** Select a brush with long, stiff bristles; then start your brushing close to the head. Work outward toward hair ends. This stimulates the scalps and makes hair more manageable. **Thick Short Hair:** Brush! Brush! More is never enough.

Which brush?

Experts agree that natural bristles are superior, but there are also some excellent brushes of mixed natural and synthetic bristles. Make sure if you are buying the latter, you examine the synthetic filaments to see that they are as smoothly contoured as the natural bristles. Sharp ends tear hair. Faced with checking out dozens of brushes, we found the final selection difficult. Eventually we settled on five from Pantene, typical of the basic types generally available at drug and department stores.

Left to right:

1. Hairbrush in the round designed for blow-drying of normal to fine hair.
2. Slim, contoured but still full-sized. Good for the no-wrist-twist method of styling on normal to fine hair.
3. A solid oval shape and rubber-cushioned base makes this perfect



for thick hair. Provides a pneumatic effect that penetrates.

4. We suspect that the slim, rectangular shape is the reason why professionals favor this one. The medium-stiff bristles suit most types of hair.
5. Destined to become a much-loved travel companion . . . the compact design fits any bag. Also a great brush for twist-of-the-wrist touch ups.

Beauty brush up—when?

- Always before shampooing . . . surface dirt is removed and hair strands separated.
- Stiff or flat hair can be fluffed up with a few light strokes.
- Don't be afraid of energetic brushing after setting or styling. This adds to a natural look and increases luster.
- Rule of thumb for normal hair . . . twice a day brushing.

When not to brush

- Never when wet. That's a golden rule. Wet hair loses elasticity and is quickly damaged by breakage. If you want to style-blow, towel dry first.
- Treat fine hair with respect. Brush softly and not too frequently.
- Oily hair should have a "go-easy" approach, too. Over-stimulating glands increases oil output.

Maintenance memo:

Brushes deserve washing as much as hair does. Using lukewarm soapy water, clean brush first by running a comb or another brush through the bristles to remove hairs. • Never immerse wooden-backed or rubber-cushioned brushes. • Heat damages bristles, so don't dry on radiators, in direct sunlight or with a blow-dryer.

I WOULD RATHER BE . . .

I was born a little boy

grew up to be a man

but I would rather be a lovely lady than have to be a man.

It is more comfortable dressed as a lady

than it is as a man

and that's why I like being a woman better than a man.

Rosemarie E.

(1-WA-98617)



DON'T GET SO HUNGUP BY YOUR HANGUPS that you can't do your thing

BOOK REVIEW
UNDERSTANDING CROSS DRESSING

by Virginia Prince Ph.D.
Chevalier Publications, 1976.

Dr. Prince, one of the TV-TS subculture's best known personalities, has dedicated her life to relieving the pain and guilt felt by most cross dressers, and to helping them build happier and more productive lives. She has always conducted herself with an attitude of maturity, dignity, and above all, pride. 'Understanding Cross Dressing' is a product of that dedication, and a reflection of her attitude.

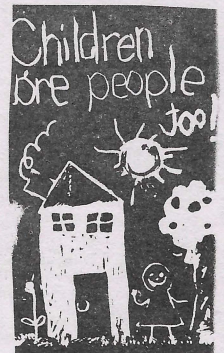
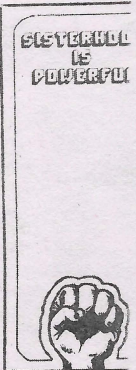
Understanding Cross Dressing' is intended for two groups, those that cross dress, in order to help them understand themselves, and those that don't cross dress, to help them understand the nature of a wide spread behavior pattern. The book is divided into three sections. The first section is a brief examination of the cross dressing phenomena, and the second and third are a collection of relevant articles from Virginia's own Transvestia magazine dealing first with the heterosexual male femmiphile, and second with sexual and general identity.

In the first section Virginia briefly takes a look at the overall phenomena, including the homosexual and erotic elements. She then quickly passes on to the meat of the section which is an examination of our total humanness, the masculine and feminine 'selves' that exist within us all, how the socialization process segregates our 'selves' and the psychological consequences, and how we can cope. In the second section Virginia reverts back to her old Transvestia editorials to make several points centered on the proposition that the person you are originates in the head, not in your biological make-up. Her purpose is to help people recognize and accept their own 'girl within', to stop playing damaging and suppressive masculine-feminine games, and to deal with those mechanisms which create guilt and fear. Then in two important articles, Virginia addresses herself to the TV and his wife, and how they can overcome conflicts and achieve happiness and mutual understanding.

In the final section Virginia talks of hormones (types available, expected results, and the hazards involved) and of the transexual phenomena. When it comes to transexuals Virginia takes a rather conservative position, and to support her argument she uses several guest editorials. To her a person qualifies as a transexual only if he is completely inadequate in both the sociological masculine role or the biological male role. No exceptions. Her solution — save the money, avoid the pain, learn self-acceptance and live in the feminine role.

To Virginia's faithful followers 'Understanding Cross Dressing' will be old hat, filled with old ideas and familiar articles. However, if anyone not so familiar with Virginia, and that includes cross dressers, non-cross dressers, and professionals who have cross dressers as clients, want to better understand this phenomena, a careful reading of 'Understanding Cross Dressing' is a must. *

Melissa Sherrill Lynn



THE TRANSSEXUAL RIDDLE:

Naturalistic research and psychoanalysis offer clues to the family dynamics involved in transsexualism and gender identity

BY ROBERT J. TROTTER

And please, God, let me be a girl. Amen.

I was three or perhaps four years old when I realized that I had been born into the wrong body, and should really be a girl. I remember the moment well, and it was the earliest memory of my life.

It was also worrying to me, for though my body often yearned to give, to yield, to open itself, the machine was wrong.

It was a marriage that had no right to work, yet it worked like a dream. Living testimony, one might say, to the power of mind over matter—or of love in its purest sense over everything else. . . . We produce five children, three boys, two girls, but by the very nature of things sex was subsidiary in our marriage.

But it could not work forever. . . . My manhood was meaningless. With Elizabeth's loving help I abandoned the attempt to live as a male and took the first steps toward a physical change of sex. . . . a slow-motion Jekyll and Hyde.

But I do not for a moment regret the act of change. I could see no other way, and it has made me happy. . . . I would search the earth for surgeons; I would bribe barbers or abortionists; I would take a knife and do it myself, without qualms, without a second thought.

*These are the words of Jan Morris, a well-known British journalist who was born a male but who remembers always wanting to be a female. In *Conundrum* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1974), Morris tells the story of her confusing life. As a young man James Morris served in the army and then began a successful career as a foreign correspondent. In 1953, at the age of 26, he achieved worldwide fame as a reporter on an expedition up Mt. Everest. James Morris married, fathered five children and lived as a male; throughout all of this he remained convinced that he should really be a female. Eventually he decided to do something about that conviction. In 1964 Morris began eight years of hormone treatments. During this time he took almost 12,000 pills that gradually changed his body chemistry and gave him the outward appearance of a woman. He began*



dressing as a woman, and in 1972 went to Casablanca, Morocco, to have a sex-change operation. Since that time Jan Morris has been living as a woman in all ways.

What causes the transsexual urge? What forces are at work in the life of someone like Jan Morris? Fifteen years ago Freudian theory had all the answers. The central features in personality development were said to be castration anxiety in males and penis envy in females. Inability to overcome these primordial conflicts was thought to be the root of almost all psychopathology, sexual or otherwise. Psychoanalytic theory, however, has proved to be inadequate and has since had to be updated. During a session on the methodology of psychoanalytic research at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Denver, psychiatrist Robert J. Stoller of the University of California at Los Angeles School of Medicine described his ongoing research on gender identity. The results help explain the transsexual phenomenon, suggest need for a modification of Freudian theory and shed light on the development of gender identity, normal as well as abnormal.

Stoller's interest in gender identity began 20 years ago when a colleague asked him to talk to a female transsexual (a woman who acted and dressed like a man). Expecting to meet a "very butch homosexual," he was astonished to meet a person who appeared to be very much a man, a quite ordinary man. This person eventually referred a friend, and within several years Stoller was seeing more and more people with confused- or cross-gender identity.

As a young analyst Stoller held firmly to the Freudian tradition. He believed that the evidence on gender identity was in that the theory confirmed and that there was little in this area needing more study. "I had no plans," he says, "to do research on masculinity and femininity; if, over 20 years ago, I saw a person with a disturbance in masculinity or femininity, such as homosexual or transvestite, there was no challenge, no therapeutic impulse, no interest; because there were no questions." After being confronted with the natural maleness of the female transsex-

ual, Stoller's attitude changed: "Generalizations on oedipal conflict and metapsychological descriptions relying on 'ego,' 'superego,' 'id,' 'cathexis,' 'libido,' 'instincts' and the like, had, I felt, to give way to data—the realities of this patient's presence. (And some years later I came to think that our metapsychology worked no better to describe anyone else, not just someone as aberrant as a transsexual.)" After working with several more gender-confused individuals, he says, "I knew there was no shortage of questions: my patients were all confusing me."

Stoller set out to find some of the answers. With the entry into treatment of the family of a very feminine boy, he decided to focus on gender identity as a research topic. The child in question was an anatomically normal four-and-a-half year old boy who wanted to be a girl. Graceful, charming and feminine in appearance and carriage, he liked to dress all day in girls' clothes, to play exclusively with girls and wanted his body changed to female. The boy's parents said he had been this way since the beginning of any behavior one could judge as masculine or feminine, starting around a year of age. Having seen by then a number of adult males requesting sex change, and being unsure of how much of their histories could be believed, Stoller decided it would be interesting to study the child with his family in order to find clues to his behavior. Mother, father and son were scheduled for treatment, each with an analyst. The father, who was not interested, never got started. The boy was treated by Stoller's colleague, R.R. Greeson, and the mother by Stoller.

The analytic treatment was effective. The boy became masculine and has remained so to the present. The mother's analysis had equally important results. It gave Stoller an explanation for the boy's femininity and provided a base from which to develop an hypothesis concerning transsexualism. "I like to think it was analytic technique and an analytic perspective toward the data that made this possible," says Stoller. "I suppose it was; yet now I am sure anyone can find these factors without using analysis. More than that, although the full array of influences surfaced in this treatment, I did not know

AN HYPOTHESIS



Anna Ursinford

that for a few years. Although some factors struck me immediately, it was only after seeing three more families that I decided others were true findings and neither coincidental nor artifacts." The findings from the first family studied have since been confirmed in 15 additional families.

What were the factors involved? Stoller explains that one must study three generations in order to understand the process. The mother's mother, the transsexual boy's grandmother, is a cold, harsh woman who has no love for her daughter. The girl is made to feel from birth that being female is worthless. She is treated with no affection or respect by her mother but serves simply as a slave to do the household tasks. On the other hand, her father loves her and they remain close for a few years. Unfortunately for her femininity, however, the attachment is one in which the father has his daughter join him in his masculine interests, encouraging her to be like him. Then sometime between the age of six and puberty he abandons her. (Death, separation, divorce and entering the service are among the reasons for abandonment.) In the first case studied, when the girl was six a new daughter was born and the father instantly turned his love and attention exclusively to the newborn.

With father's desertion, sometimes within days, the girl begins acting like a boy. She refuses to wear girls' clothes, insisting on dressing only in boys' clothes from underwear out. She cuts her hair short, refuses to play with girls and will only play with boys, in exclusively boys' games. She becomes a fine athlete, better than most of the boys. Even more, she wants to become a male, talks of sex change and prays to God for a penis. Up to this point, the story sounds like that found in females who grow up to be transsexuals, says Stoller. But, with the changes of puberty and evidence of oncoming adult femaleness, these girls stop waiting for maleness, become manifestly depressed and put on a feminine facade. In time, without romance, heterosexual fantasies or premarital sexual enthusiasms for men, they marry. They have pushed themselves into marriage, says Stoller, but their wish to be males, although con-

sciously renounced, and their hatred and envy because they are not, persist.

The men they marry are chosen by them to fulfill their own unhappy needs. These men are not effeminate, but they are distant and passive. They are not involved with their families, not respected by their wives and not physically present most of the time, leaving the young transsexual-to-be without much of a masculine model. One of these men, for instance, worked all weekend in a photographic darkroom; another drank beer and watched football all weekend, with the children instructed not to disturb him; another was a painter isolated in his studio. None could be induced to undergo therapy. They just weren't interested or involved with their sons.

Contrary to what one might expect before analysis revealed differently, the mothers were happy to give birth to a son. As had others, Stoller admits he thought very feminine boys were the result of a mother who was disappointed not to have had a girl. But these mothers were overjoyed, so overjoyed that they set up an excessively intimate symbiosis with their sons. "This intimacy," explains Stoller, "more complete than any I have seen under other circumstances or ever found reported, is set off by the infant's perceived beauty and gracefulness. If this mother finds the baby to be ideal—beautiful, cuddly, responsive to mother—he becomes the beautiful phallus for which she has yearned since her sad, hopeless girlhood. . . . Because her other sons are not considered beautiful and graceful, they are spared this intense symbiosis and are not feminized." (All the families studied had only one transsexual son, even when there were other sons in the family.)

When one hears of a mother and infant in a blissful relationship in the first months of life, one thinks only that this is normal, even ideal. One does not, however, expect it to go on day and night (up to 16 hours a day in some cases) with the mother trying to keep it from being interrupted, and especially, one does not expect it to persist for years. But Stoller has observed this type of intimacy to be still active when the children are brought to him around age four or five. By this age the boys act and look like beautiful girls, but

the mothers refuse to recognize this. They consciously cannot understand how anyone could mistake their child for a girl, so they do not spontaneously bring their boys for evaluation but are driven to, usually after their sons begin moving out into the world, especially to school. Then pressure builds up for the mother to consider her child abnormal and to get help.

At some point, one would expect the father to interrupt the process, but he was already chosen as a person who is not there, and he is not. With the fathers absent or uninterested, the mother is free to continue the symbiosis uninterrupted; no one moves in as a shield between mother and son. The father's second main function, to serve as a model for his son's masculinity, is also not possible. He simply is not present, and additionally, masculinity is so constantly disparaged in the family by the mother's remarks about his weak and absent father, that the boy is never encouraged to look on masculinity as a state he would admire and wish to identify with. Once the femininity begins to appear, somewhere around one or two years, the mother is thrilled to see it, all the while denying that it is strange behavior for her unquestionably male son. Instead, she defines it as lovely, fine, adorable and creative, and so encourages him to continue.

The story so far comes from the mothers, fathers, grandparents and neighbors, and is confirmed, says Stoller, by observations of the family when the boys are four or five. "These are not my fantasies of what is going on," he emphasizes. In addition to collecting data during treatment, he consults with the families of patients. Snapshots, movies, diaries, drawings, written stories and letters are studied, and Stoller tape-records every encounter, consultation or treatment, unless there is some reason not to do so. Even with all of this data, crucial information is still missing: Never observed by an outsider and not articulated by mothers or their transsexual sons is the process by which, within the first year or so of life, the little boy draws forth his femininity. So far, Stoller has only a clue. All the mothers mention that these sons' eyes are large and beautiful, which draws the mothers to look constantly into the babies' eyes. This is a powerful process, suggests Stoller, so intense that few individuals persist in it for more than moments. Yet these mothers keep it up as long as possible. Perhaps in this way, especially, the boys "drink in," merge with and sense they are part of their mothers' femaleness. Although this suggestion has not been confirmed, Stoller's data have been useful in the formulation of a workable hypothesis (of which there are very few in psychoanalysis).

Hypothesis: If a woman like this marries a man like this and has a beautiful, graceful son, she will create the above-

Sex
Equal
Now



WOMEN
make
POLICY
not
COFFEE



... Transsexual

described symbiosis, making her son feminine by a year or so of age. She will then encourage the femininity, and the father will fail to intervene, so that the boy (in the absence of treatment or other circumstances that disrupt these family dynamics) will continue to develop in a feminine way. He will be feminine throughout his life, never having episodes of natural-appearing masculinity; he will not dress, walk or talk like a man, want sexual relations with women, desire to be a father, seek out a masculine profession or otherwise live in roles his society defines as masculine. No exigencies of life will get him to turn from his femininity. In time he will try to change his sex.

Corollary: To the extent that any element in this constellation is less strong or absent, the femininity will be lessened.

Corollary: The less these family dynamics are at work, the more likely masculinity will occur.

So far, says Stoller, "keeping in mind that the number of cases seen are too few [his emphasis]—the hypothesis and its corollaries have been confirmed." This may do more than help explain transsexualism. A study of extreme cases can teach one about mechanisms of similar nature but lesser degree. In other words, one begins to make sense of ordinary behavior. Freud, in his theory of normal masculine and feminine development, stated that maleness and masculinity were superior to femaleness and femininity. In addition to their inferior position, Freud suggested that women get off to a bad start because their first love relationship—with the mother—is homosexual. Males, from the very first, are heterosexual and have only to preserve this in order to become masculine. Females must make a great shift and somehow find a way to commit their affection and eroticism to a profoundly different sort of object—their father. Femininity, then, is a secondary, defensive state, acquired rather late in development. Stoller's data suggest that Freud's ideas should be modified. First, he says, it seems sure that maleness is not the primary or superior state, femaleness is. More to the point for the present-day analyst, says Stoller, "we are no longer sure that masculinity is the superior and more stable state. The evidence from feminine males suggests that we look, in all boys, to see if the earliest stage of gender development is the heterosexual one Freud postulated; rather, I think, there is an earlier stage wherein the boy is merged with his mother. Only gradually, and with his parents' help, will he separate from her, in time to know her as a separate, desired, opposite-sexed person. But in the earliest stage, he is in danger of femininity. The same merging with the mother will make the first stage of gender development a protofeminine one in girls as well; a powerful start if one is to grow up feminine." □

Crochet A Cap And Vest For Fall

Thinking about knitting or crocheting your fall fashions early? Try this carousel cap and matching closely cropped vest. The vest is buttoned at the shoulder with a neckline that's rounded in front and squared off in back. Diagonal ribs add a real touch of pizzazz.



Begin your fall wardrobe early with a crocheted carousel cap and matching vest.

A bulky tweed yarn is used with a large size hook for this jiffy crochet fashion. Instructions are for sizes small (8-10), medium (12-14) and large (16-18).

To obtain directions for making this vest

and cap, send your request for Leaflet No. B-738 with 50 cts and a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Pat Trexler, The Washington Star, P.O. Box 810, North Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29582.

Dear Pat: As a self-taught crocheter, I have successfully made a number of things that have brought me compliments galore.

So far, so good. All turned out well until my last project. The directions at one point read: "Work a long treble around single crochet two rows below." What is a long treble, and how do I work around a stitch two rows below? My usually reliable how-to-crochet book makes no reference to anything like this, and I don't know where to begin. — Agnes G., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Let's start with an explanation of the treble crochet stitch (abbreviated as "tr" in most crochet instructions). To work this stitch, the yarn is wrapped twice around the hook before inserting the hook into the next stitch.

After inserting the hook in the proper place, yarn over, and draw the yarn through, giving you four loops on the hook. Three times yarn over, and draw the yarn through two loops at a time.

To work around a stitch two or more rows below, skip down to the designated row, and after making the double wrap for the treble, insert the hook into the space to the right of the specified single crochet. Then pass behind that stitch, and bring the hook out to the left of that stitch.

Now, wrap the yarn once around the hook, and pull the hook to front of the work, passing behind the single crochet. Pull the yarn loop up so that it is at the proper height for working the treble on the row you are on.

Pulling up this longer loop is what makes it a long treble instead of a plain treble. The balance of the stitch is worked as described before. — Pat Trexler

Due to the volume of mail she receives, Pat can't answer letters personally. Questions and hints of general interest will be used in the column whenever possible.



SEWING

Keep Those Letters Coming

Dear Lucille: Could you please tell me if there are any patterns for girl's skating dresses other than Simplicity's cheerleader costume patterns with separate panty tights? I need a Junior Miss size 9-10. — B.H.R.

The only place that may have what you want is Dazian's Inc. This company has theatrical fabrics, supplies and patterns. The address is 2014 Commerce St., Dallas, Tex. 75210.

Dear Lucille: I would like to know how to adjust a jumpsuit for a man. It fits well, but seems to pull at the armholes when he raises his arms. Any help or advice would be greatly appreciated. —H.S.

I'm assuming the jumpsuit is ready-made. There are several places to check. If the back shoulders are too narrow, or the armholes too deep, the armholes pull. Strange as it may seem, if the crotch is too high, this

could also cause discomfort.

When making jumpsuits for any one, there are certain places where you must be sure the fit is right, like the crotch and waist lengths.

You might be interested to know that a new book on tailoring for men shows an easy way to measure the crotch length. It's the same way I have been showing for women in my pamphlet, "Fitting Women's Slacks." It is available for 35 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. If you are a purist and think you need special instructions for men's pants, we can take care of that, too. The pamphlet, "Making Men's Slacks," is also available for 35 cents, plus a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

— Lucille Rivers

Due to the volume of mail she receives, Miss Rivers is unable to answer individual letters. Questions and hints of general interest will be used in the column whenever possible.

"The question of what is and what isn't remains the central issue for those born into an identity they cannot claim to be their own."

ery dog within its range howled out in pained response.

Fairchild grew up in San Francisco's Tenderloin district a tough neighborhood of petty thieves, hookers, senior citizens marking time in cheap hotels—abandonment.

At four years old she was already dressing like a boy and "sticking broomhandles into passing bicycles." Only a few years later, she knew she wanted to "stand up and pee like by brother."

She has pretty much been living as a man for the last couple of years. With a bunch of keys dangling down one side of her Levis, and an underdeveloped bust thoroughly disguised within the folds of her flannel shirt, she can easily pass for one of the many androgynous-looking young men who live in the area.

She is completely accepted in her male image by her circle of friends, and during a recent gay pride parade she marched with her shirt off, "not as a liberated female but as a gay man."

"What I really want," she confessed, "is a sexual relationship with a gay man, as a gay man, to fulfill my emotional wants and needs."

She will soon start hormone treatments, and in a couple of years, "when I get the money together," she will undergo surgery.

But between now and that time the mere image of what she wants

to become will suffice. She pulled a large photo of a naked Colt model from her bedroom wall and held it up.

"This is what I really want," she said, outlining the model's fashionably cropped beard.

"But what about the bottom half of the picture?" she was asked.

"Yea," said David Fairchild, lowering her eyes, "I guess that'll come in time too."

Looking into a mirror long enough, one is apt to discover many things previously undiscovered. And if the stare is long and deep enough, that attachment to the image in the glass becomes less personal until the realization dawns that it is only a face—a face that can be stubbled or plucked, made-up or scrubbed, a face that can be cut out and applied on any number of forms.

But for most, staring too long or too hard isn't necessary at all. "That face is my face," we say. "That face is me."

A comfortable black and white niche has been found on the long, gray continuum of human sexual expression. The face is a form—a gender—that we can agree upon.

But for those who stare into the mirror and see that such a pact has not—cannot—be made, for whatever reasons that may or may not exist, that looking-glass reflection tells them only one thing:

Find the real face and survive. ●

Her Transsexual Husband's the Problem

Female GI Fights Discharge

By Vernon A. Guldry Jr.

Washington Star Staff Writer

An Army enlisted woman is fighting an attempt by the service to discharge her for "homosexual tendencies" because she married a former WAC.

Spec. 4 Marie Sode VonHoffburg takes the position that she is not living with a woman, but with her husband, Khristian VonHoffburg, who is a transsexual undergoing the long process of changing her sexual identity to that of a man.

"My husband is a male," VonHoffburg said yesterday in a telephone interview from Daleville, Ala., a town at the gates of the Army's big aviation center at Fort Rucker. "He's pursuing the change and has been for quite a while. We got married. I believe he's a man. I don't see why the Army is making such a thing about it."

But the Army is. The service has set a hearing for June 6 on its attempt to discharge VonHoffburg.

The Army says through a spokesman at Fort Rucker that it isn't accusing VonHoffburg of any overt homosexuality. Rather, the service intends to prove she is unfit for duty because of her cohabitation with a former member of the Women's Army Corps, Linda Louise Bowers, which was the name under which Khristian VonHoffburg served in the Army.

THE ARMY POSITION is that Bowers-VonHoffburg was demonstrably a woman. That will be sufficient, the Army believes, to make its case for the "homosexual tendencies" of which it accuses Marie VonHoffburg. No mention is made of the couple's contention that the relationship is now and will be heterosexual. In the meantime, she continues in her administrative job at Ft. Rucker.

VonHoffburg has rejected offers from the Army for a quick and quiet discharge. Why? "I've made

a commitment," she said. "I don't want to leave. I couldn't live with my own ideals if I didn't stay and fight it."

One of the side effects of the controversy has been to leave civilian authorities all af flutter in the neighboring Alabama community where Marie L. Sode, 22, and Khristian VonHoffburg, 30, applied for and received a license, and where they were married on Nov. 11.

The Coffee County probate judge who issued the license and performed the ceremony, Judge James L. Sawyer, says as far as he knew, the couple was the traditional man and woman.

"We don't show on our application whether they are male or female," Sawyer said on the telephone. "We do have on our application and license a side for the bride and a side for the groom. It's always been assumed the bride was a female and the groom a male."

"You used to be able to tell," Sawyer continued. "Now, with this change in dress and hair mode, it's hard to tell the males from the females."

THE FIRST SAWYER knew of any controversy involving the sex of the people he'd married was a call he'd received from Army lawyers at Ft. Rucker.

According to the Army, Khristian VonHoffburg made application at the post for an identification card as a military dependent and was recognized by someone as a former WAC.

That prompted the inquiries that reached the local officials. Sawyer and Asst. Dist. Atty. Dale Marsh say the Army lawyers were interested in consulting them about the validity of the marriage.

Sawyer and Marsh, along with other officials, say they believe the marriage is not valid if the partners prove to be of the same sex. But the state and county officials don't feel they have any cause of action against the couple.

"As far as I am concerned, they are not legally married," says Sawyer, "but I don't intend to do anything." Neither does Marsh.

The Army has taken action other than its attempt to discharge Marie VonHoffburg. The basic quarters allowance that had been granted for off-base living since the marriage was revoked and the service is demanding that she return the \$690.20 she received.

The ground for that action was the informal opinion of the local officials that the couple wasn't legally married after all.

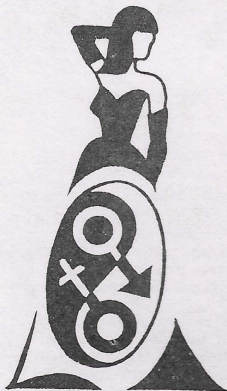
THE LEGAL STATUS of a self-proclaimed transsexual is a thorny question. The Army has answered it by responding with the adamant position of all the armed services that homosexuality is not to be tolerated regardless of the claims of sexual identity.

Marie VonHoffburg won't say what point her husband has reached in making the change. "I'm not going to go into detail about it. He is pursuing it and has been," she says in response to a specific question.

She does say they were trying to live their lives without bothering anyone or deceiving anyone. But even if she wins her fight with the Army, other problems are waiting.

On April 1, they were arrested at home by Daleville police. The charge was possession of hashish. They are scheduled for trial June 3. In the meantime, they are free on \$1,000 bond.

I'M NOT A ~~Housewife~~ ARE YOU A ~~Househusband~~?



SECRETARIES
are more than
TYPEWRITERS!



SEX IN THE DAYTIME

If the crowd at yesterday's Town Meeting at the Kennedy Center came to hear straight talk on the chosen subject — "Female Sexuality: Feminism's Last Frontier?" — they got it by the earful; the two guest speakers gumbled a few ideas, but they didn't mince words.

The speakers were Wardell Pomeroy, the white haired co-author of the Kinsey Reports on sexual behavior that sent shock waves through Eisenhower's America 25 years ago, and Shere Hite, the 33-year-old graduate student who parlayed a Columbia University master's thesis on sexual attitudes into a blockbusting bestseller called "The Hite Report" last fall.

Hite, the new guru of let-it-all-hang-out vernacular and tell-it-like-it-is candor caused a small flurry in the audience when she drifted onstage in a frilly pink frock, golden high-heeled mules, cascades of curly red hair tumbling down her back, and that spacey, wistful look that Marilyn Monroe used to wear in her earliest pin-up photos. Since when did crusading feminists look like this?

Moderator Judy Bachrach, striking continual starchy poses of her own, briefed the crowd and told them to keep on the subject. She shouldn't have worried. Even the Town Meeting regular who manages to slip heated queries about the nuclear arms race into every session was strangely silent yesterday.

HITE GOT RIGHT to the point in her introductory manifesto by declaring that "certainly, sex as we define it, is political" — a sequence of activities arranged to guarantee the male his cherished orgasm. She accused the American adult of equating affection with sex on every occasion: "Even cuddle leads to the big clinch."

"Why is it considered strange in our society to sit close together on a couch watching TV

with a member of the opposite sex, or even a member of your own sex?" Hite said.

Pomeroy was not inclined to argue with this or anything else Hite said yesterday. He suggested that the more the sexes learn about each other, the better off everybody will be.

Considering the blandness of this line of reasoning, no one seemed to object a few minutes later when the discussion turned blunt and clinical. The speakers casually tossed out such phrases as "masturbation to orgasm" and "manual clitoral stimulation" as if the Eisenhower Theater crowd was all one big happy sex-therapy group.

HITE REMARKED about the dubious sex-wisdom we all got handed by our mothers: "We were always told, 'Just wait until you're older. Things will be fine. Sex will take care of itself as long as you marry a man you can love and trust.' Now we find that was bad advice."

The largely female audience laughed and clapped heartily at that one.

But when it came to posing questions, they shied off a bit. The ratio of anonymous-scribbled-on-postcards questions to the bolder verbal-with-microphone kind was running about six to one.

"Do you have any suggestions about making a man feel less threatened and embarrassed by the female body?" one timid male wanted to know.

"Get nude and fondle each other" was a typical homework assignment in his psychotherapy classes, Pomeroy said.

And then it was off to a long series of questions on orgasm.

AS THE HOUR DREW to a close, the moderator held up a pack of postcards with



Shere Hite

questions about the use of fantasies as a stimulus for terrific sex.

Pomeroy pointed out one way such fantasies work: "When you start to 'spectator' during the sex act, by which we mean stand off in the corner and watch yourself in action, it inhibits pleasure. Fantasies take you out of the spectator role and put you right into the action."



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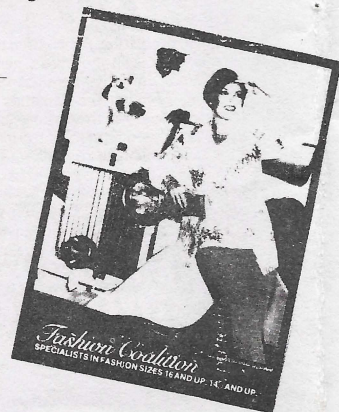
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Transsexuals Embrace Stricter Sex Morality

BY RICHARD NEWCOMBE

Baltimore—Men and women who desire sex change operations are considerably more conservative about sex than the average person, according to the first comprehensive study of this group.

The study, recently completed by a medical team at Johns Hopkins University, also showed that women who want to become men often exaggerate their masculine characteristics to the point of looking ridiculous.

Psychological assessments of 31 men and 20 women who sought sex change operations were compared with those of 200 men and 200 women considered normal in their sex habits.

Dr. Leonard Derogatis, research director for Hopkins' sexual be-

havior consultation unit, said most persons seeking the operation were single while most considered normal were married.

For those with preconceived notions about transsexuals, the team's report offered some startling conclusions.

"When asked about their attitude on things like group sex and swinging, they have a conservative attitude, more so than the normal group," Derogatis said.

For instance, only 21 per cent of the normal males agreed with the statement that "group sex is a bizarre and disgusting idea," while 39 per cent of the transsexual males said they think it is.

Only 42 per cent of the transsexual males felt that "viewing erotic films is enjoyable and stimulating behavior," while 74 per

cent of the normal males agreed with the statement.

And Derogatis said his survey showed that men who want sex change operations are less experienced and less knowledgeable about sex than normal males.

The same was true for female transsexuals, Derogatis said.

"But I think the most striking difference between female transsexuals and normal females—and normal males—is their perception of the gender role," he said. "They are much more masculine than the average male."

Similarly, transsexual males are more feminine than most females.

"Here's where you get the stereotypes—the swishy drag queen.

"They present themselves in a hyperfeminine role which appears ludicrous," he said. "In cases of both male and female transsexuals, they have not assimilated their role behaviors."

Derogatis also said transsexuals tend to be more depressed and have stronger feelings of inferiority than normal people.

Q and A

Clothes That Flatter, Make Sense

Diane von Furstenberg, a New York socialite who parlayed a \$20,000 loan into a \$20 million fashion conglomerate, has recently published "Diana von Furstenberg's Book of Beauty: How to Become a More Attractive, Confident and Sensual Woman." She was interviewed for the Washington Star by Maurine Dowd.

Question: What are women looking for today in terms of beauty and fashion?

Von Furstenberg: They really are looking for things that would flatter them, that would make them look better—but also things that make sense. Most women today work, and even if they don't work they travel they move around. It's not just that you spend the whole day looking pretty and looking for things to wear. Today's woman is a little more active, and has a little more brain than just looking pretty.

Q: Is that the philosophy behind your products—flattering but functional?

A: Everything that I do, I try to do following that. I try to do things that make sense. When I first went into fashion in 1969 I thought there was a need for easy simple little dresses that everybody could wear that would fit well, that would feel good because of the fabric and would be flattering to people without overpowering them. You're not supposed to notice clothes that much, they're just supposed to make your body look good and help you be aware of your body.

Q: Is the influence of Paris couturiers and fashion publications like Women's Wear Daily and Vogue substantial less than it used to be?

A: Oh yes, definitely, because it doesn't relate with anybody's life anymore. Nobody goes out that much and even if you do go out, even to the fanciest thing you possibly could pick, you don't dress anymore, you really don't. And I think it's better, really do. It's nicer to be pretty and to dress well but not to disguise your self.

Q: Is there anyone who really dictates fashion anymore?

A: I think it's more the customer. I think the customer knows more or less what she wants, and there are plenty of things in the stores for her to pick and choose. And you know if she wants a dress, she'll get a dress. If she wants a blouse, she goes for a blouse and there are plenty of nice things around.

Q: Your name carries a cachet of glamor and jet set society. To what extent does that image sell your products?

A: It's difficult, because it could go both ways. The image could look very nice and incite people to buy a thing, but it can also go against you. I don't know what my image is, I only know the way I am and the way people who know me, know me. But would assume that sometimes this

Boy Impersonates Mother To Gain Brother's Freedom

DALLAS, July 14 (AP)—A 15-year-old dressed in a blonde wig and fur coat gained the release of his 13-year-old brother from the Dallas County juvenile detention home by posing as his mother, officials say.

Embarrassed officials admitted the recent episode Wednesday and reported that the 13-year-old was back at the home.

Feminism, Then and NOW

THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, MAY 3, 1977

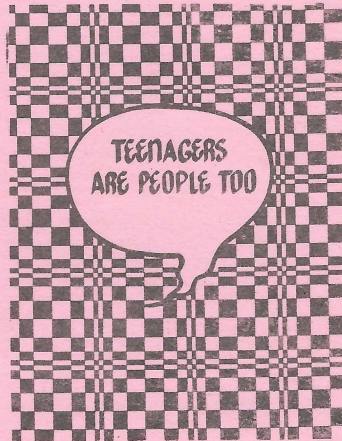
The quiet passage of the tenth anniversary of the National Organization for Women belies the profound change in America's consciousness generated by the women's movement. Initially, feminist claims were jarring, even enraging. Though the demands were not, in retrospect, so exceptional—mainly those of college-trained women to be integrated equally into the work force—they posed startling challenges to conventional attitudes.

In a decade, the country has changed. The women's movement has unleashed a new literature, new social criticism, new talent. Few men would now be insensitive enough to sum up the movement's appeal the way one comedian did a few years ago: "Sure, my wife joined the feminists. Why not? They all want somebody to help with the dishes." Solid gains in legislation, business, labor and government clearly have been made.

Meanwhile, the movement has broadened and deepened—and so has the opposition. The change is best symbolized by the fact that NOW's new president,

Eleanor C. Smeal, bills herself as a housewife, a description any good feminist would have disdained seven years ago. Mrs. Smeal's view, which is emerging in the organization, is that the work women do, whatever it is and wherever it is done, has value that must be recognized; and that most women are still in "women's jobs" as housewives, secretaries, clerks. Bringing dignity and appropriate compensation to such jobs, NOW believes, will be harder than gaining entrance at glamour levels to previously male precincts. That problem is exemplified by the trouble NOW and its allies are having in mustering the last three states needed to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution.

The women's movement is learning, as the civil rights movement did before it, that beyond the heady early victories lies the hard-scrabble of institutional reality. The contributions of the women's movement have already been enormous and it appears that NOW is prepared to lead the movement down the harder roads ahead.



VON FURSTENBERG

Image I reflect would be very harsh, almost too much. Sometimes when people introduce me in fashion shows or on television, they go on talking about all the things I'm involved with and it's almost too much. You want to say 'cut it short' because it looks like it's not possible that I'm involved with so many things. But yet I really am, I'm involved with every part of my business. It's hard because the point is, I don't want to sell myself. I don't want to talk about what I do well. And yet you know that there are certain times when you have to.

Q: It seems to be a fad now for socially prominent women to go into business — Charlotte Ford and Lee Radziwill, for example. Do you ever have any difficulty with people who don't take you as seriously as you would like, who say, 'Oh, she's just trading on the name and social position'?

A: Yes, I used to, but not that much at this point. I think just the name could not have done it and I think people somehow have admitted that. In the beginning it's difficult because you are a young girl and you are supposed to be this social butterfly or whatever and people don't take you seriously. But then, that increases the challenge, it makes you want to do it even more.

Q: Jane Doe from Minneapolis could have accomplished as much with the same idea?

A: Of course, some contacts I had did help, but somehow when you want to succeed and you have a product that there is room for in the market, success always comes.



Q: Did the women's liberation movement have a strong influence on fashion?

A: Yes, for a while everything was pants. But being liberated and being a feminist, which I am, doesn't mean that you have to look like a truck driver. It's almost putting you down as a woman and I don't think you want to do that.

Q: You were instrumental in getting women out of pants suits and back into dresses. Why was such a simple design so successful?

A: Because it's more flattering. There's no question — the less complicated it is, the better off you are. There's nothing prettier than just the basic shirt and my first dress was just a basic shirt but longer. When I started nobody was wearing dresses anymore, it was all pants suits. I knew I had a good concept, but the stores weren't quite ready to follow me or to go in depth in what I was doing so they just had to find their way around. But I like dresses because I think a woman in a dress walks differently, sits differently and acts differently. And then if you wanted a dress it was either a very expensive designer dress or a very matronly drip dry polyester. There was nothing in the middle. I felt there was a need for little things in the middle that were inexpensive but pretty. Of course there's nothing more comfortable than the blue jean and the shirt — then the next most comfortable thing is either a baby pajama or one of my dresses. Men like the dresses, too. Most American men don't care about fashion, they don't even look. But for my dresses they say, "Oh, well, this is nice," because it makes the woman come out. It doesn't attract the attention on the dress; it attracts the attention on the woman.

Q: Are women still craving femininity in fashion?

A: Every woman is interested in being a woman. Feminine doesn't mean ruffles and silly. Feminine is an attitude about being a woman and liking being a woman and wanting to show being a woman without extravagant décolleté.



DIANE von FURSTENBERG
No truck driver image

have very short skirts in their spring and summer collections. Is the miniskirt due for a comeback this year?

A: As the spring comes and after having been a little depressing in the look and a little folkloric in the look, I guess the designers had to break the monotony of it. As far as I'm concerned, I think it's all right. And I think it's all right if you're very young and you have beautiful legs. But it's all right also to wear long skirts. I don't believe in fashion with a capital F. I don't believe in drastic changes, in gimmicky looks. I just don't think it applies with people's lifestyles today and what they want.

Q: What is the fashion

forecast for the next few years?

A: I don't think very much is going to happen. No one is going to revolutionize anything because in the last 10 years we've experimented with almost everything. It's hard to think of anything that could revolutionize fashion. We're going more into classics.

Q: How do American women compare to European women in terms of fashion savvy?

A: I was born in Belgium and I came here in 1969 and I've stayed here. I really don't make that much difference between Americans and others — I think a woman is a woman. American women are probably stronger in what they want. European women are more gimmicky in the sense that they change fashions often. But I like the Washington women. Washington is nice because the women here are very aware and I like them.

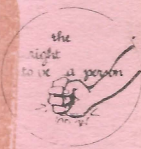
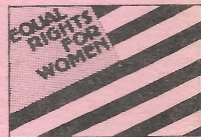
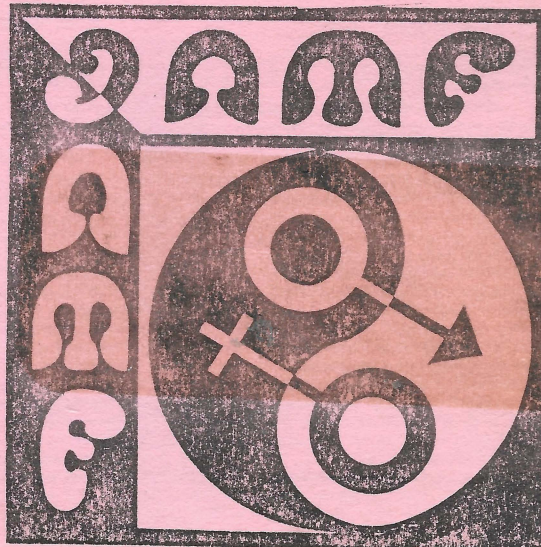
Q: Why is it that very few women seem unable to successfully juggle marriage and a high-powered career?

A: It's difficult for a man who has been trained one way to sometimes accept a woman that's successful. But it's too bad. It's just too bad. When the man doesn't want you to grow, then it's not a right relationship. There are men that don't mind, there are. I don't know if it's getting better. When you love somebody it's a different story. And

you can't be loved by too many people. But there are men that accept it very well and that's a proof of strength. That means that they are strong. I think it's very important for a woman to have a career. But I also don't think that, because they have a career, they have to put on an attitude of saying, it's all work, because life isn't all work. Even if it's a great part of our lives, it's important to be able to draw the line and once you're not working to go back and be a real woman. And it's a lot easier when you have achieved somehow, or you have a position somewhere, it doesn't matter, it's a lot easier than to play a woman, to play a little dumb woman. Because then to stay with somebody is your own choice. You're not doing it just because he pays the bills.

Q: Has success spoiled Diane von Furstenberg?

A: Well, it's always difficult to handle success. It's difficult for yourself, it's difficult for a relationship, it's difficult for your children, it's difficult for everybody. But then, the best way to approach it is not to take it seriously. It's very important not take yourself seriously. All you have to do in order not to take yourself too seriously is to think that any minute you can die. That helps. When your responsibilities grow, it's not so much what you want more responsibilities, but you have to hold on to them because if the business doesn't grow you go backwards.



Women Hold Up Half The Sky