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The Cross-Dresser

No. 3

Letters
--- Photographs
---- True Experiences
---- and many Short Stories
about the TRANSVESTITE

Classifieds with addresses



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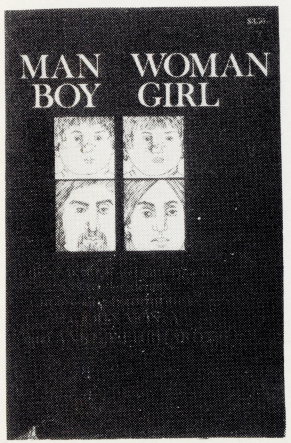
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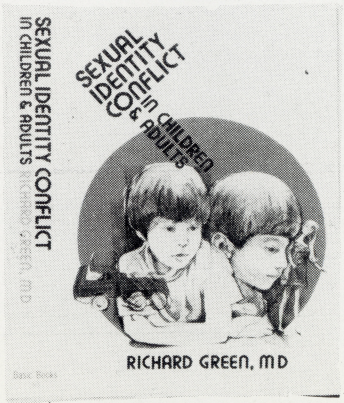
Photographs by **GEORGE ALPERT**

All of the people photographed in this book — without exception — are men. They are transvestites or, in the language of their cultural underworld, "queens." The nine sequences which comprise George Alpert's photographic essay capture the transformation of ten such men into sometimes bizarre, sometimes hauntingly beautiful women. Theirs is a world of make-up and wigs, of glitter and fashion, of gay clubs and well-cruised streets.

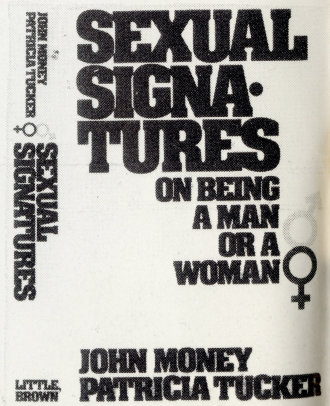
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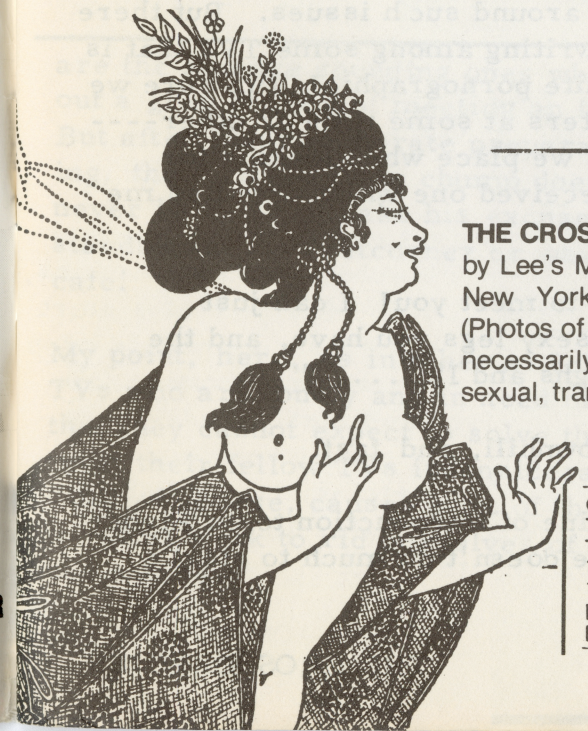
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The Cross-Dresser

vol. 1 no. 3

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THE CROSSDRESSER is published quarterly by Lee's Mardi Gras Ent., Inc., P.O. Box 1271, New York, N.Y. 10009.

Copyright © 1975 (Photos of men/women in this magazine do not necessarily imply that the individual is a homosexual, transvestite or transsexual.

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BY: Laura McAllister



"Tattler's Views"

TV LETTERS FROM FANTASYLAND

One of the more recognizable aspects of transvestite culture is the astonishing energy that TVs have for corresponding with one another--especially with those they have never met.

On the face of it, the purpose given for wanting to write to other TVs is to make contacts, trade information, and learn answers to many problems. And in fact much correspondence does revolve around such issues. But there is another type of letter-writing among some TVs that is more fantastic--in fact quite pornographic! I'm sure we have all received such letters at some time or other---- usually in response to ads we place when looking for friendships. I recently received one which appalled me with this opening:

> "Hi Doll,
>
> I'd really like to meet you! I can just imagine what long, sexy legs you have, and the soft skin of your thighs and I'd....."

From there things went downhill, and fast.

Now that's a pretty good line of introduction to an Eighth Avenue hooker, but it sure doesn't do much to start a friendship!

Other letters have informed me (unasked for, mind you) of all the details of the writer's TV sex life and the "thrills of wearing pink nylon panties." Some of my letter collections from this group would make an excellent novel if I wanted to turn out pornography.

Then there are my pen pals who somehow get the idea that I live as a girl 24 hours a day and are greatly disappointed when upon meeting they find that I'm a male just like them and not at least some androgyneous, Jaggeresque from the latest record jacket.

I don't fault my letter-writing friends too much for these things because I know how important fantasy is to this whole way of life. The letters that do upset me, however,

> "I CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT LONG, SEXY LEGS YOU HAVE, AND THE SOFT SKIN OF YOUR THIGHS....." From there it goes downhill"

are the sincere sounding ones which seem to hold out a good chance of meeting an interesting person. But after many elaborate preparations for a meeting, the inconsiderate chump doesn't show up and never bothers to make his excuses, thus leaving you standing on a streetcorner or waiting in vain in a cafe!

My point, here, as in other articles, is to remind TVs who are lonely and in need of advice or company that they cannot expect to solve their problems if they treat their fellow TVs inconsiderately and rudely. Guilt, of course, causes a lot of this behavior, but we must work to rid ourselves of it in dealing with one another.



BOSTON'S CHERRYSTONE

CHERRYSTONE is a social organization for crossdressers and all who are interested in the TV subculture. It's members include TV and TS people. The weekly meetings start about 7:30 PM and go on til midnight or later as people drop in and out to the accompaniment of a busy telephone. The form of these meetings has evolved and elaborated--there usually is a hot prepared snack, and recent special events have included hair stylists and cosmetologists, and slide shows from previous events such as Galas and recent conferences sponsored by co-ordinator of the group.

CHERRYSTONE is also a PLACE!!! It is a private apartment where people meet or simply go for a change in scenery or social atmosphere. You're welcome as a serious visitor or as a member, but there's a catch! Expect to make a small contribution toward keeping up Cherrystone.

The organization also publishes a Bi-weekly newsletter of news and gossip about happenings of interest to its members. Also, members of the group are responsible for the up-coming FANTASIA FAIR in Provincetown, Mass this coming October. This fair will include seminars, workshops, fashion and film shows, drag balls for ten days!

Ariadne Kane

Ariadne Kane, is the aggressive, energetic force behind the CHERRYSTONE group and organizes, lectures, parties as well as conferences to expose the transvestite/transexual subculture to the TV community as well as to Society in general...Keep up the work Ariadne!!



It will take place at the Gifford House, a resort hotel at the intersection of Bradford and Carver Sts., and on one of the highest hills in Provincetown. The hotel offers Deluxe with double or twin beds or First Class for double or triple occupancy rooms. Three accomodation plans are priced from $185 minimum for seven





days, to $285 maximum for nine days.

First come first served! For more information about the Fair and Cherrystone call Linda Franklin answering service on this schedule:

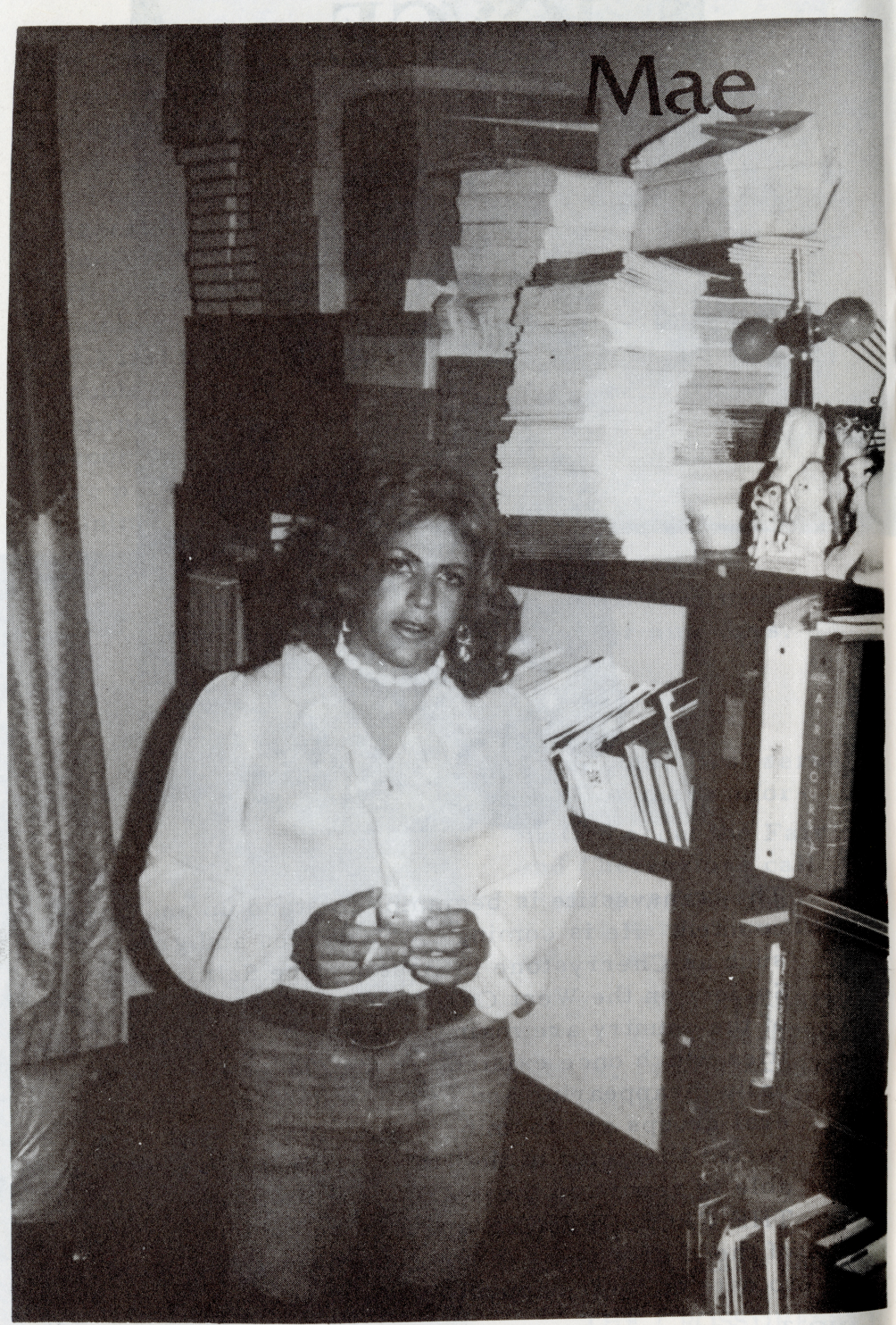
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THUR. (401) 934-0572
(7:30 to 10:30 PM)

or write:
Ariadne Kane
Box 161
Cambridge, Mass 02140

JOYCE



The transvestite is beginning to stand up and be counted. He is coming out in droves and groups such as Cherrystone in Boston, The Salmacis Society on the West Coast and TVIC in other parts of the country are mainly responsible. The Sororities which once existed for the closet TV are gradually disappearing and newer, more open and liberal groups are forming, welcoming the many-varied lifestyles of the transvestite. We hope to be able to report on these groups from time to time in THE CROSSDRESSER and feature photos of members of these groups. I do hope that they will keep us up to date on their happenings.....







Miss Joyce on the previous page and Mae, Dianne and Lynn are just a few of the TVs who have come out in the New York City area via Lee Brewster's TV parties.





SHARON and Chris

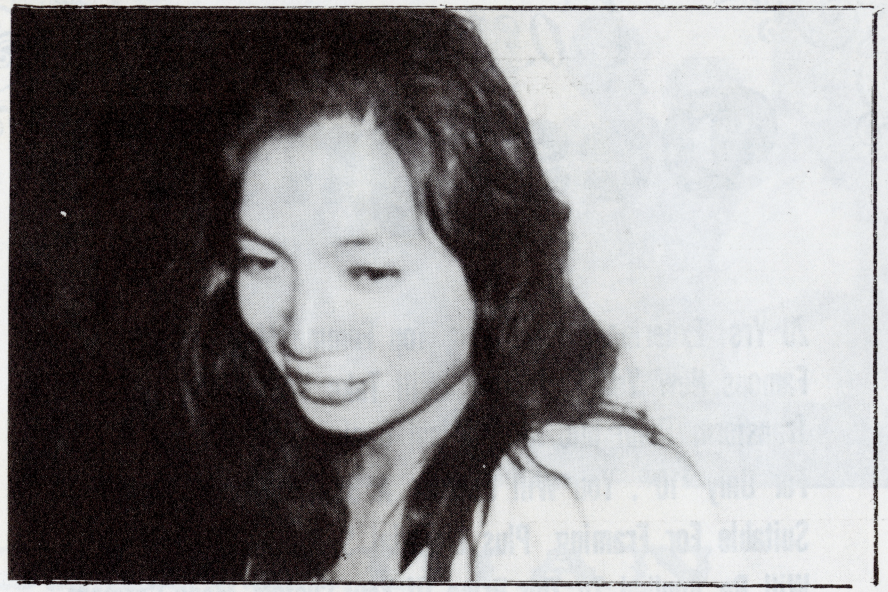
are regulars at Lee's Parties and like so many of the others radiate with happiness when showing off their finery to others and advising the newcomers into the lifestyle!



CHRIS



KIM



Kim came to the parties a shy business-man with attache case and left as a lovely lady... Kim is now in the mid-west working as a woman full-time. Below: Miss Joyce and Mamma Wilma drinking and enjoying the buffet....



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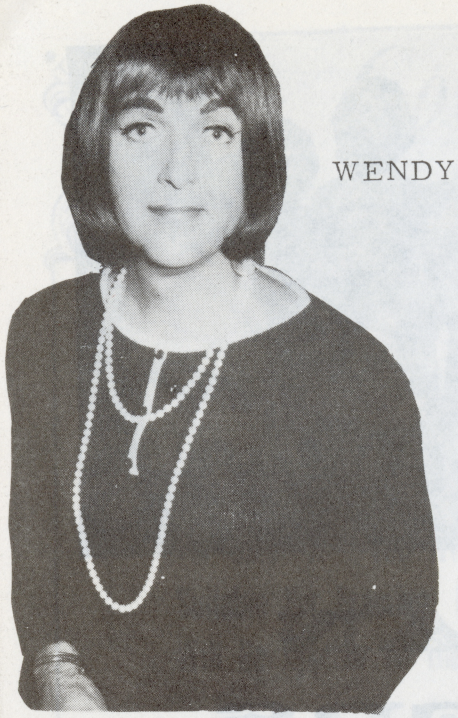


CANADIAN SISTERS

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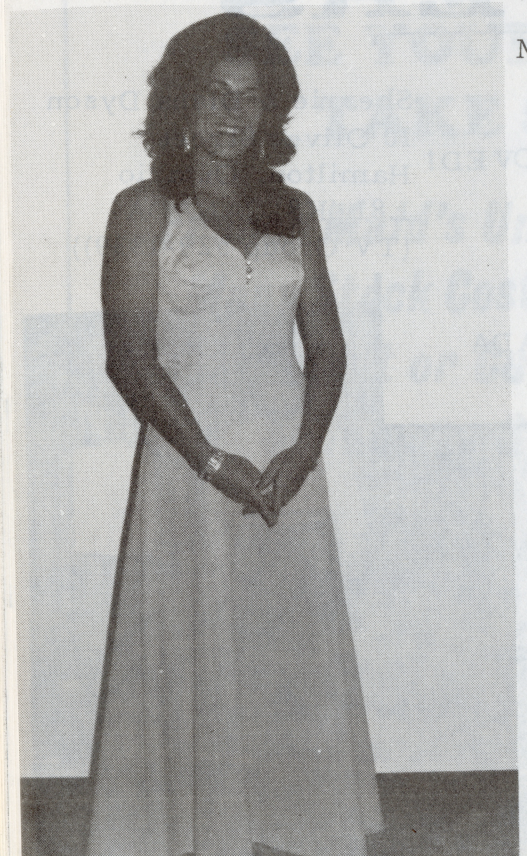
Sherrie & Diana Dyson
[redacted]
Hamilton, Ontario
L8L4K8, CANADA
(TV Group [redacted])





WENDY - Calif





Mary Jane

June - Calif





JUDY

SHOPPING IN Drag

I have been out dressed as a girl often enough, but I normally simply confine myself to walks--usually early on a Sunday morning, when there are few people around and one is not likely to attract too much attention. I have been into a few shops, but normally just for a quick look-round, or for buying a newspaper or magazine without exchanging any words with the shop assistant.

When I went down to London for a Drag Ball this autumn, though, I thought I would break out. After all, I was away from home: if I was ever going to do it, now was the time. I plucked up my courage, got into my car, and drove off to a luxury lingerie shop into whose windows I have often gazed longingly, and whose glamorous catalogues I have collected assiduously.

It was a rainy bleak afternoon, and much to my relief the shop was empty--apart from three shop assistants lurking at the back of the shop. The youngest and prettiest came forward, and asked if she could help. I asked softly whether she had any satin slips or cami-knickers in my size. If she realized that I was a TV--and modestly I refuse to convince myself that she didn't--she certainly did not show it.

She brought out a beautiful light blue slip and a set of cherry-red cami-knickers, and I took them over to the mirror and held each of them in turn against my body. She said how beautiful they were, and how lovely to wear. I asked her whether she wore satin lingerie herself, and she said that she did whenever she could.

We talked a little longer about the relative merits of satin and nylon--including the practical issues of washing and ironing--and then I had to admit to her that much as I would love to have bought the lingerie she had shown me, I did not have the money on me at the time. So I simply bought a pair of pink satin

lace-trimmed French knickers, and left.

All through this I had had a few enquiring glances from the two women at the back of the room, and at one point I heard them giggling. Whether it was about me I don't know: there could have been a thousand other things that might have caused them to giggle at that moment. But even if it was directed at me, I didn't care: the girl's matter-of-fact manner and helpfulness had made me feel very relaxed, and when I got outside I suddenly realised how absolutely normal everything seemed--the people passing by without a second glance at me, the news-stand at the corner. Here I was in the middle of London, dressed as a girl from the skin out, with my nylon-clad legs stepping out from beneath my grey fur coat. And I was part of this world, not cut off from it.

I felt so confident now that I couldn't be satisfied just with the experience: I had to go into at least one other shop. I remembered that I desparately needed a pair of shoes, and that this was in many ways the most difficult article for me to buy en homme: my feet are rather large, and I am never confident that shoes will fit me properly unless I am able to try them on. I decided to go to Tall Girls in Grosvenor Street, which I knew specialised in large shoes.

I parked my car in Grosvenor Square, pulled my fur coat tight around me, opened my umbrella--it was now beginning to rain more heavily--and walked the 150 yards or so to the shop. The shoe department is at the back of the shop, and there was only one other customer there, who left as I arrived. I sat down and asked the sho-girl softly if she would mind measuring my foot to make sure of the size. The sensation of her hands against my nylon-clad foot and ankle as she lifted the foot on to the scale excited me: she was

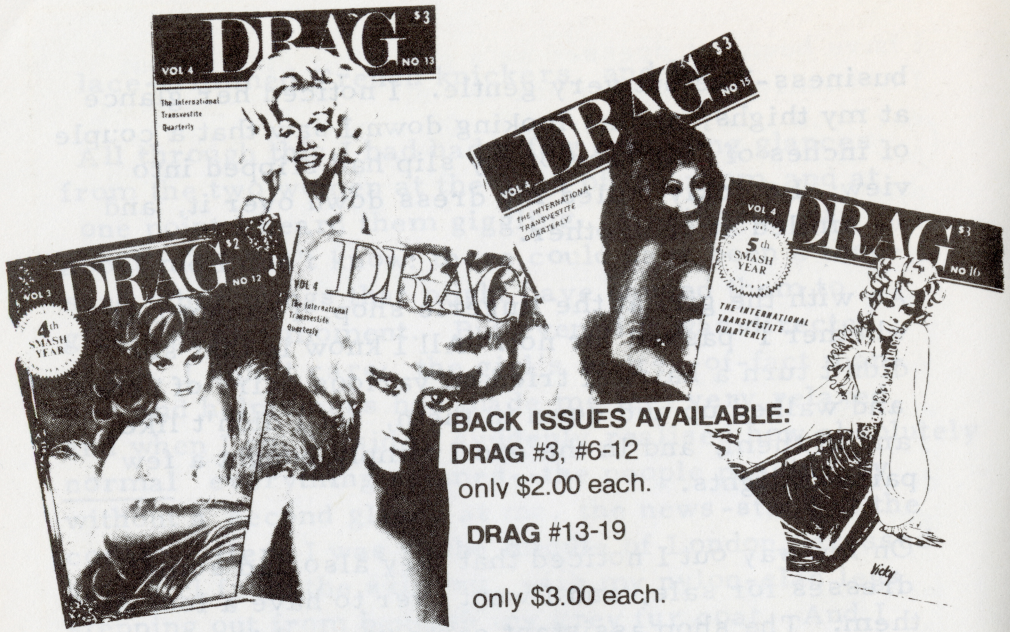
business-like but very gentle. I noticed her glance at my thighs, and as looking down I saw that a couple of inches of pink lace of my slip had slipped into view: I quickly pulled my dress down over it, and we smiled at each other.

As with the girl at the lingerie shop, I cannot tell whether I 'passed' or not. All I know is that she didn't turn a hair. I tried on various pairs of shoes, and walked up and down in them, but I didn't like any of them, and in the end I simply bought a few pairs of tights.

On my way out I noticed that they also had some dresses for sale, and I went over to have a look at them. The shop assistant came up, and to my surprise and excitement asked if I'd like to try any of them on. I nodded, and went off into the cubicle with a couple of dresses. I spent the next 15 minutes trying various dresses on, and walking up and down the shop in front of the mirror to see how they looked. For two or three I had to ask the shop-girl to come and zip me up, and she commented on how pretty my pink slip was (it is!).

Again I didn't buy anything, because none of the dresses that I tried on really seemed to suit me. But my half-hour or so in that shop were among the best I have spent as a TV. To be treated by a pretty girl assistant as another girl, and to be able to try on dresses and shoes like a real girl would, made me feel more feminine than I think I have ever felt before.

And it is, I suppose, this feeling of confidence which matters. As long as one feels confident, one is less likely to attract attention or awkward questions. Whether I would have been as lucky if I had gone into another shop, and at a busier time, I don't know. But I intend to find out!



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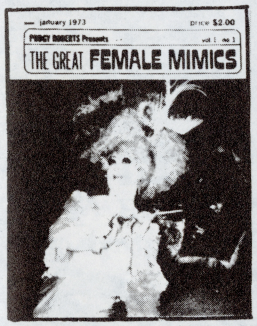
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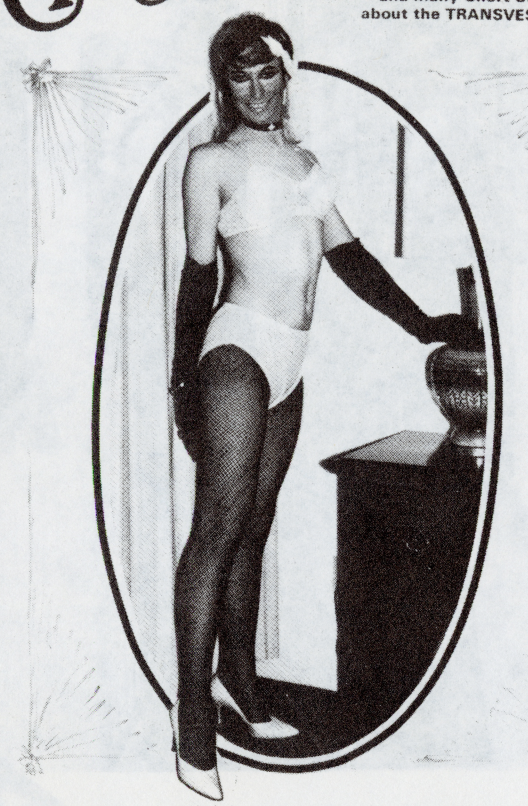
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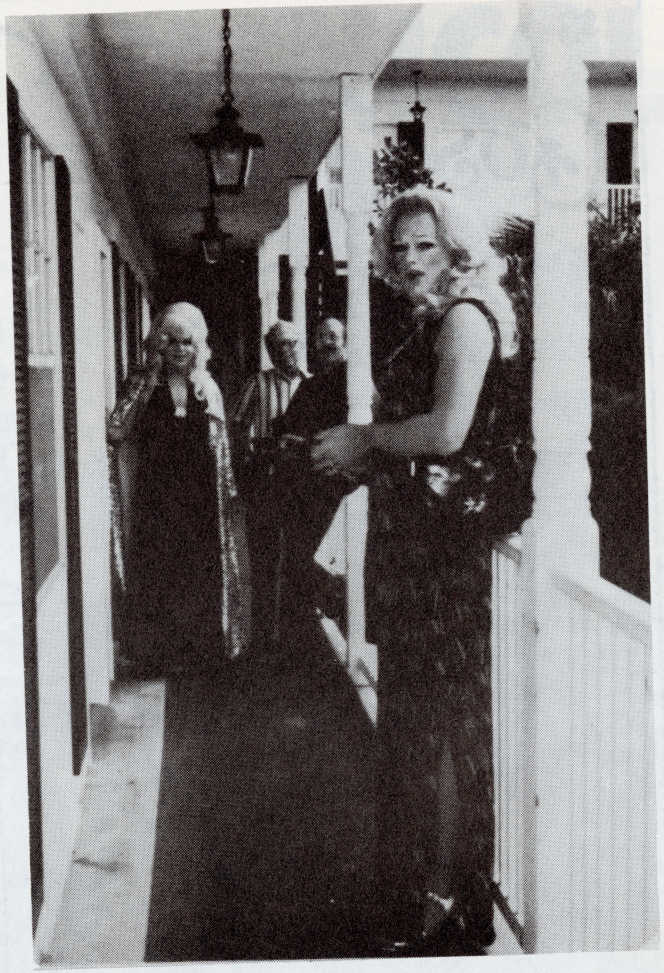
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Lee G. Brewster (in background) with Michelle (foreground) ready to go walking the streets on Mardi Gras Day in New Orleans. Lee takes his tour each year to this fun city and invites you all to participate.

The 6th Annual Tour, 1976, Feb 28-March 3rd appears to be the BIGGEST and THE BEST based on such early interest. Lee warns that if you want to go along this year you had better get your reservations in early. Call [redacted] for details on the tour.



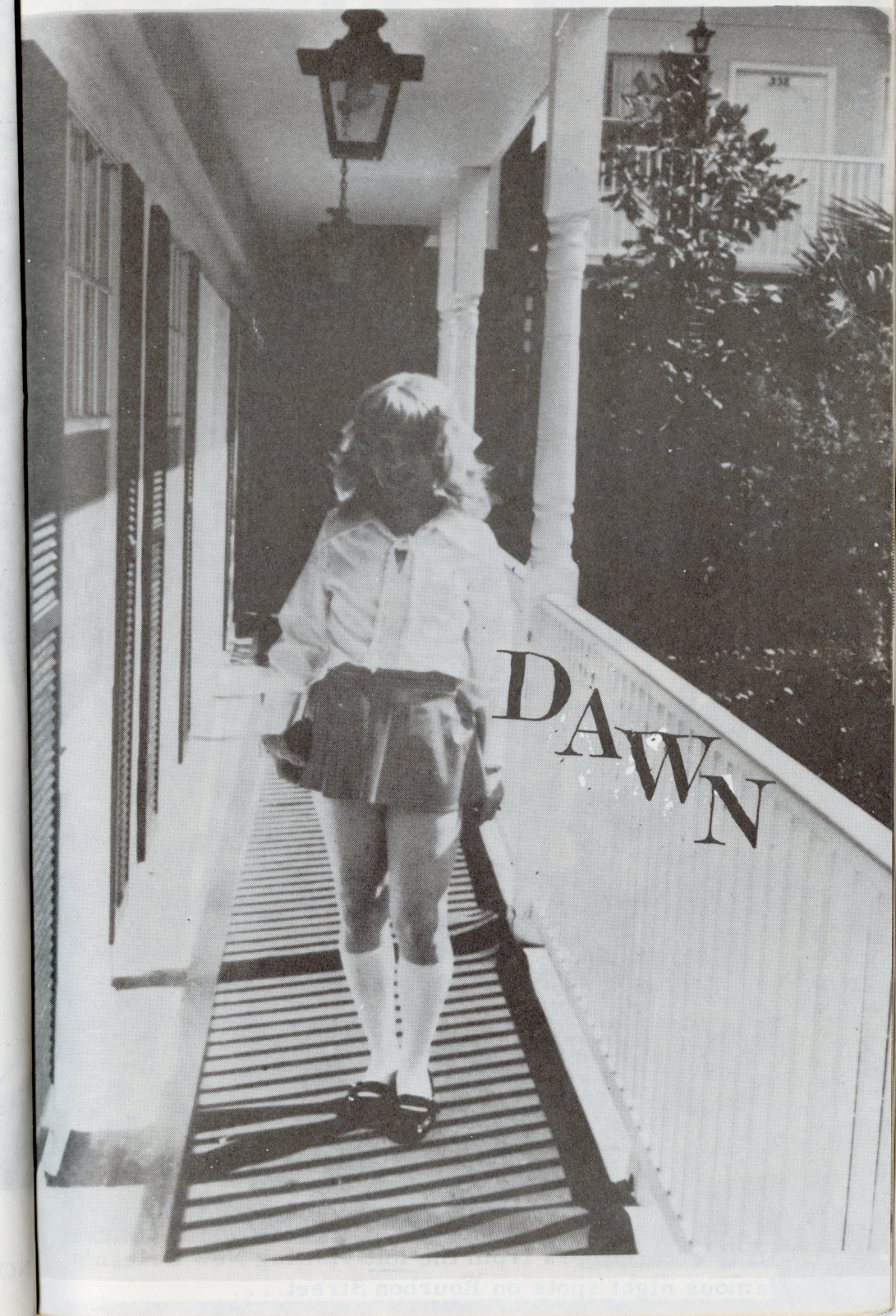
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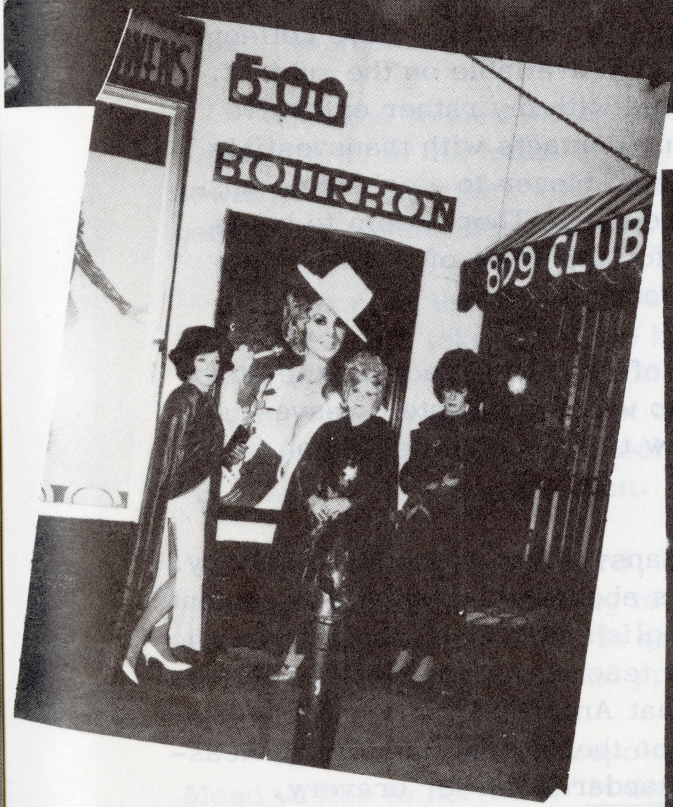














Drag entertainers from the loft visiting New Orlean's famous night spots on Bourbon Street....

by Bobbie Wilson

Introduction to Petticoats

Why transvestites become attracted to the clothing of the opposite sex is a constant mystery to psychiatric experts. Each has his own theory, and each disagrees with all others.

For the past five years, I have collected all the information available on the subject, and this, coupled with my rather extensive files of personal contacts with transvestites has brought me no closer to an absolute answer than anyone else. There seem to be as many reasons for the onset of transvestism as there are transvestites.

Every so often, I come across the story of a person who was forced into transvestism for the first few times, and later began to enjoy it.

Forced transvestism has quite a history. Everyone knows about the petticoat punishment practiced in English schools on those boys who displease their teachers. What is not common knowledge is that American Indians also forced girl's clothes on their boys who did not measure up to the standards set for bravery.

In the Souix, Mohave, Navaho, Pueblo, and Plains Indian cultures, the rule was: "If you can not be a brave, you will have to live like a woman."

Upon determination that a young boy was not measuring up to his companions in hunting, fighting and learning war, the men of the tribe would reject him. He would have to stay behind when the men and boys went off to hunt, and would be assigned women's work to do. During the first few weeks, he was on probation. If he seemed to do well at women's work, he could stay in the tribe. If not, he was banished to starve on the plain.

When the women were satisfied that he was adapting to his tasks of cooking, washing, sewing and such, they would call the tribe together for a special ceremony.

In front of the whole tribe, the women and girls would take all of the hapless young man's clothing off, and once satisfied that he was really a male, and not a girl wearing boy's clothing, they would declare him a "Berdache", or feminine man.

From that time forward, he would be given only women's clothing to wear, and would enter a special role in society. That of storyteller, historian and preist.

The celebrated anthropologist Margret Mead writes in her book "Male and Female"

(Wm, Morrow & Co. New York, 1949) of having met such a person on one of her research trips to an Indian reservation.

He wore female clothing all the time, and was completely accepted by his tribe. Everyone thought that it was completely natural for him to wear the frilliest lingerie and dresses available. It is unfortunate that present day society can not be so tolerant of the few who deviate from their so called "normal" behavior.

Less than three months ago, I was asked to counsel a young man of nineteen who was dressed as a girl by his father's order, as a punishment for his inability to learn to fight well enough to please his father.

This happened in a suburb of Richmond, Virginia, in 1968, when he was twelve years old, just after he had reached puberty.

Time and time again, William was beater up by the neighborhood boys, and ran home for comforting. Instead of sympathy, his father would take him down to the basement for a boxing lesson. When he finally refused to cooperate with his father and learn to box, his father got very angry with him and warned William that he had better not lose any more

fights. Soon, he began to run from fights, and developed the reputation of a coward.

This just served to make his father more angry, as he was teased about his son's cowardice at the factory where he worked. One of his friends suggested that his son should have been born a girl, and this gave him an idea as to how to control his son's behavior. He would make his son wear girl's clothes until he agreed to act in a manner which his father found acceptable.

That evening when he came home from work, the boy's father enlisted the help of his wife and William's older and younger sisters. Together they removed all of the boy's clothing from his room while he was at a movie, and substituted a wardrobe of girl's clothing and lingerie borrowed from his older sister's friends.

When William came home that evening, his father was waiting for him. Grabbing the boy's arm, he propelled him into his room where his mother and older sister were waiting.

"I'm sick of you, boy." his father shouted. "You've been acting like a coward and a sissy! Men don't run from fights,

only girls do that. You are a pantywaist, boy and now I'm going to show you how a panty-waist is supposed to behave. Get out of your clothes!"

As the boy removed his clothing, his mother and sister advenced on him, carrying panties and bra. With the threat of his father's belt hanging over his head, he gave little resistance, and soon was attired in the soft, feminine, nylon lingerie his sister had borrowed. A blouse, skirt and stockings were put on him, and then his father told him of his fate.

"William, we have taken all your male clothing away for a while, and you're going to have to wear feminine clothes like a girl until you get yourself squared away and make up your mind whether you are going to be a man or a sissy."

"I'm going to call your school and tell them you broke your leg, so you won't have to be seen in public and recognised for the pantywaist you really are, and you stay home and do women's work. Your mother will tell you what she wants done."

"In the meantime, you think about this business of acting like a coward, and when

you think you are ready to be a man again, we will take you down to the boy's club and get you some professional boxing lessons. Until that time, you keep wearing these sissy girl's clothes."

After the first day or so, William found the girls clothes quite pleasant. He didn't dare tell his father, but he felt much more comfortable in skirts and stockings than he had in men's clothing. Soon he began to cherish the soft silky carress of his nylon panties and slips.

Women's work was reasonably easy, and not at all challenging like the more competitive school subjects and sports that he hated. By the end of the week he was quite adjusted to his new role, and content to remain a "girl" indefinately.

His father was not at all satisfied. He threatened to beat the boy sensless, but William's mother stuck up for him. She insisted that, since the boy had been given a choice as to how he wanted to live, that choice must be respected. His father grudgingly allowed him to remain at home until he was eighteen, then gave him five hundred dollars and kicked him out. His attempts to succeed in life as a girl led him to counseling at my office.

CLASSIFIEDS



GARY, IND. Hi! My name is Darlene and I live in the Chicago area. I'm an underground movie star and would enjoy exchanging X-Rated photos with others who have good ones that they have taken. DARLENE c/o [redacted] Gary, Indiana 46407.



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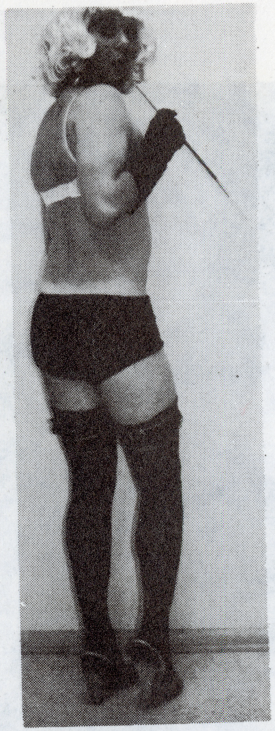
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NO 3



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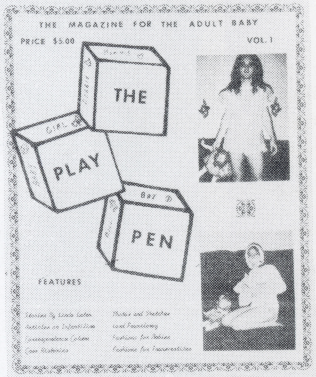
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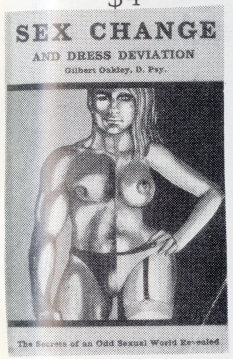
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