

femme mirror

Reflecting the Feminine



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CAROL BEECROFT, Editor



Now, don't panick, George, I'll have you looking like
Georgette in no time!"

DON'T SAY VIRGINIA SENT ME



Like any other pendulum, the TV pendulum is inclined to swing from one extreme to another, and this rather worries me. I have written about wisdom, moderation and perspective, but I feel inclined to say a word here somewhat along the same lines. The readers of the *Femme Mirror* are predominantly those who are most interested in the subject. It is for this reason that a few words here may get directly to those most in need of them.

When I first published *Transvestia*, it was, as you know, with the idea of helping readers to understand themselves, accept themselves and to stop feeling guilty and alone. I did not realize at the time that I was cutting the string holding a pendulum rather than just a suspended weight. By this analogy I mean that a weight that is held by a cord which is cut simply falls from its previous position to a new one on the ground and stays there, but a pendulum swings — from one extreme to the other. I have found that many TVs are making this swing. In other words, from the extreme of isolation, fear, guilt, and loneliness some of them are going too far and too fast. Perhaps I should not say too far, maybe it would be more correct to say that they are inclined to do things that they would not do if they thought a little more about them, that is — use wisdom. In freeing people from the self-imposed restraints of fear, guilt, and loneliness, I don't want to feel responsible for propelling them out in the world unprepared and thus possibly into the arms of trouble.

I can well understand everyone's desire to go out. I do it all the time myself, but I'd like to feel that those who do decide to venture out on their own do so with a great deal of thought about consequences. One's desire in this direction can overwhelm one's good sense and lead one to do things for which he is un-

clothes selection and walking in heels that you feel that you would not attract any undue attention in a crowd. That is fine and an obvious prerequisite but it is not the whole thing. One must also be prepared to cope with the world that lives outside your locked door. True, you can go out at night and walk around the block and this is the way most of us begin. But soon you become bolder, walk further, stay longer, go out earlier or go to some special place, like a theater or shopping. This is great too and none of us can blame you for wanting to do so. However, you must be aware that as you do get bolder you must also be better prepared, and this time not in appearance but in ability to cope with the world you will find out there.

Someone speaks to you with a simple request for directions, or the time, or asks for a match, etc. Can you answer in a voice that does not betray you? Suppose, following my suggestions about the voice last time, that you have mastered this pretty well so that you can talk satisfactorily as far as the sound is concerned. Can you say the right things in the right way? Are you able to think on your feet (heels) fast enough without getting butterflies and stuttering or hemming and hawing so that you can answer back the proper thing in the property way, or are you going to be so taken by surprise every time someone speaks to you that you will be unable to answer properly? If you have mastered the surprise bit are you still able to carry on whatever conversation is necessary in an intelligent and friendly way? In short, can you *live* the part convincingly as well as *look* it? Lastly, suppose by some stroke of misfortune you are read by someone and are faced with the accusation that you are not what you appear to be? Or, in the worse case, suppose you get involved with the police even in some innocent way and are subsequently exposed. Are you prepared to explain your actions with sufficient self confidence, dignity and clarity that you do not project guilt and shame to all who may hear to see you?

This last kind of psychological preparation is more important than you think. To be caught without it in a tight spot will be something like going out all gussied up in all respects but finding out as you board the bus that you somehow have forgotten your wig and your crew cut dues feel kind of cool in the evening air. What to do? Be nonchalant, of course, light a Murad. But seriously, give some thought to the psychological as well as the appearance side of the femininity you wish to portray. Because it

Femme Mirror should, as a result of the publication, decide that he must go out like some of the other he reads about and then runs into trouble of some kind. I'm proud to know that efforts have helped many of you to the chains of loneliness, non-understanding and built, but I won't be proud to learn that such freedom has been because you went out into the cold, tolerant world inadequately prepared to hold your own. Don't say or "well if it hadn't been for Virginia I never have gotten into this mess." I remember that the *Femme Mirror* not be interpreted as encouraging one to either become a TV or to do things as a TV just because other people are or do certain things. In other words we are not playing follow the leader. It comes to tangling with the repressive laws of our intolerant society. If you do these things, you do them on your own and I'm not encouraging you. But if you must do them, then think the situation well through and don't stop with a final glance to see if your seams are straight and your lipstick unsmudged. Have your answers ready and your explanations worked out in advance so you will be prepared for all events both pleasant and unpleasant. Have a good time but don't say "Virginia Sent Me."

Virginia Prince

**Countess
TOROK**

HUNGARIAN
WIFE OF
ABBAS
HILMI,
WHO RULED
EGYPT
FROM 1892
TO 1914.
BECAUSE
OF HER
HUSBAND'S
INTENSE
JEALOUSY
WAS
REQUIRED
TO WEAR
MEN'S
CLOTHING
WHENEVER
SHE LEFT
THE
PALACE



WIVES TALK BACK

WITH BERNADINE



French nationality. Those are the ones that I have met; and I'm sure that it would hold true all over the world.

What makes a man volunteer to fight for his country in time of war, even though he prefers the gentler forms of sports? I believe the answer is very significant to understanding our TV. He wants to do the honorable thing — the thing that he was taught as "right conduct." Otherwise he would feel that he had let himself down; because he holds himself to a much higher standard than the average person. I have come to this conclusion because there are other things I have observed about our Tri-Sig members. Practically all of them are well-educated men, good citizens in every sense of the word. What does it take to get a good education? First of all, it takes a degree of scholarship that had to begin in elementary school. These men were conscientious about doing their homework, probably because they didn't want to let their parents down. They learned early to enjoy the feeling of surpassing their classmates in tests. They also learned early the fear of humiliation that comes to the person who is unprepared when the teacher asks them to answer a pertinent question about the daily lesson. I will even surmise further that our own dear TV was his parent's "good boy" and he tried hard to measure up to his parents' expectations of him. One thing leads to another, so later he was an "A" student in high school, he followed the school nurse's admonishments about alcohol and toothpaste, he tried his best to live by the religion that was taught to him; and by the time he entered college, although no one else suspected it of him, he considered that he was a "scholar."

He was also a perfectionist, and that is a very hard role to play. The perfectionist holds himself to impossible standards. This is where we came in, and one of the things that drew us to our mate. I believe it is due to this intense drive to be perfect that our man fell into crossdressing. He had to be the best little boy as a small child — he had to be the best student as an adolescent — and then he had to be the best man as an adult. His rigid code of what it takes to be a male, and especially a perfect male, leaves no room for this other gentle, soft, feminine, wishy-washy, girlish behavior, that lurks in every man's personality. Our TV was simply unable to "let his hair down and cry" — but his own mental health demanded that he relax from the rigid, demanding male role, and in meeting that demand, he discovered that he could escape into a day-dream world of sheer femininity, much like an actor who escapes into a character.

In previous issues we have discussed the foibles and failings of our dear husbands and boyfriends in order that they would have a better understanding of our problems in coping with their Second Self. Now, I think the time has come when we should look at the nicer things about their personalities, the qualities that made us fall in love with them in the first place. Because if they didn't appeal to us more than any other guy we surely would not have wound up with these wedding rings on our fingers.

Although none of your letters to me have mentioned what made you choose to marry, every single letter has assured me that, although there were some things you would like to change, none of you could even stand the thought of living without your own dear TV husband.

I'm wondering if the most important things about their personalities may stem from the fact that they were psychological transvestites. I have attended dozens of meetings with Tri-Sig members, and I'm more than a casual observer of personality. Psychology has been one of my main interests ever since I was a high school girl. Practically every TV in my acquaintance is refined and gentlemanly toward women. They are considerate of each other, also. They enjoy the finer things in life: music, art, dancing, education, religion, patriotism, and good conversation in pleasant company. Also they enjoy the feel of cool wind, fine cloth and the taste of well-cooked food. More than other men, they truly enjoy the gentle emotions — yet, practically every member of Tri-Sig has served his country in time of war; ninety-nine times out of a hundred your own husband has been in either the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps, unless there was some exceptionally good reason for him not to have served. This holds true for all of our

male role without having altered iota. Most of our members began "sing" when they were very young. There was something very deep that made want to have the nice clothes that belonged to the feminine world. It has been the fact that little girl's clothes are quite pretty, and our boy had a lot for beauty, as well as for good grades. Also was human, and the fun of "singing" to do this very harmless and undetectable mischief satisfied his need to be naughty. It did not have the same connotations as stealing, or overt misbehavior — and seldom brought on punishment from anyone in authority.

I think it is good for us to speculate about this problem, and I would like to hear our members and their wives to write me about what you believe regarding cross-dressing. I really look forward to your letters, and try to work them into this column without hurting anyone.

Ode To a TV's Dream

*What starts a dream I'll never know,
But I was at a fashion show.
And on the stage what did I see?
A dozen models. All were me!*

*To the ladies of the town
First I showed an evening gown.
What a thrill to hear one say,
"Just a bit decollete."*

*The "Oh's" and "Ah's" as I came on
In filmy, swirling blue chiffon,
And then (I know I looked real cute,
In hat and gloves and a mink trimmed
suit.*

*And then with all my female guile
Paraded up and the down the aisle
In six inch heels (a bit unstable)
In a thirty thousand dollar sable.*

*Showing off those sexy scanties,
Lacy bras and lacy panties.
Bitchy bras, so all could see
What they did for a Forty D.*

*In a mini-skirt, high heels and hose
I had it made, as the saying goes,
When all the males in a body rose
Crying, "Mama, buy me one of those"*

*The alarm went off and that damned
clock
Awakened me, and with a shock
I had to quit my modelling job.
I was back in life, a working slob.*

P.S.

*Of course there had to be one guy
With monkey business in his eye.
"My apartment, dear, you'll simply
fit."*

To which I replied, "Shove it."



THE TRANSVESTIC COMEDY OF LAUREL AND HARDY by Karen CA-30-G

An in-depth study of American comedians would surely turn up movie stills of virtually every great or near-great male funny-man engaged in the hilarious schtick of putting on a dress. The psychological basis for the laugh response to public cross-dressing would make a very interesting master's thesis for some student.

Cross-dressing for laughs has been a part of human recreation for as long as man has existed. Those of us who care have found references to it in history and literature nearly everywhere we have looked. Shakespeare began his play *Taming of the Shrew* with a transvestic subterfuge to make a fool out of a tinker. Benvenuto Cellini played a similar trick among the Italians in the middle 1500's.

In our time many comedians have used cross-dressing as a tool of comedy. Charlie Chaplin made one transvestic film. Milton Berle is known for his cross-cavorting. Everyone, of course, knows Geraldine's famous excuse (which I use on occasion), "the Devil made me buy this dress!" The famous Julian Eltinge did female dressing so well that there was actually a fashion magazine produced monthly under his name and, as far as is known, he is the only female impersonator to have a theater named after him.

The regularity with which some comedians used the female role for a gag makes many of us wonder if humor was their only motive.

Neither Laurel nor Hardy is known to have been a transvestite and while this article recalls several of their films that contain cross-dressing, it should be mentioned that together they made 105 movies. Each made many movies separately. Of the Laurel and Hardy films, only eight have cross-dressing scenes.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. dedicated his novel, *Slapstick*, to Laurel and Hardy. He said that the slapstick comedies produced by these men portray what life *felt like* to him. The part of Laurel and Hardy which enriched and fascinated people, and produced laughter at the same time, was their ability to accept all of the trials, adversities and tests of life and do their best to survive them. The more ridiculous the situation, the harder they worked to succeed, thus getting into more hilariously embarrassing straits.

asking "Why? Why? Why?" The circumstances in which we find ourselves are just there. Like Laurel and Hardy, we should gain strength and survive.

Biographer John McCabe said that "Laurel and Hardy were joined by accident and grew by indirection" They first worked together in *Lucky Dog* in 1917, later joining the Hal Roach studios as a team in 1926. Their backgrounds were dissimilar.

Arthur Stanley Jefferson (Laurel) was born in Ulverston, England in 1890, the son of a successful showman. His mother was a distinguished actress. By 1910 he was doing comedy with another unknown — Charles Spencer Chaplin. He settled in Los Angeles in 1926.

"Babe" Norwell Hardy (Oliver) was added later) was born in Georgia in 1892, son of a politician. Upon the death of his father his mother bought a hotel. Ollie always claimed his character studies came from hours of watching people in the lobby of that hotel. He joined a troupe of minstrels at the age of eight as a boy soprano, later turned to the study of law at the University of Georgia, but lost interest and entered movies at age 18.

By 1927, the boys had made four movies together. Their fifth, *Why Girls Love Sailors*, was the first to feature cross-dressing. The plot surrounds the kidnapping of Stan's girlfriend by a rough sea captain (Ollie). To get his girl back Stan dons women's clothes and goes aboard ship to vamp Ollie. Ollie's wife comes aboard unannounced, thereby giving Stan and his girl a chance to escape.

This film is no longer available and only a few stills exist to show what Stan looked like in early drag.

Later that year they made *Sugar Babies* in which Stan again cross-dressed to help someone escape through a hotel lobby. The attempt, of course, ended in complete confusions and disarray in a spinning barrel in a fun house. A policeman in pursuit lifts up a woman's dress (it just happens to be the same as the one Stan is wearing) and the woman knocks him flat.

Another 1927 film, *Putting Pants on Philip*, is not transvestic but the dialogue tends toward it. Here Stan appears as the Scottish nephew of Ollie. Stan has an overactive libido and wears kilts throughout the production. Ollie tries to keep him from leering at women on the street. His kilts draw attention and a crowd gathers. He walks over a ventilator grate and his kilt flies up, two girls faint and a cop yells, "This dame ain't got no lining on!" So Ollie extracts Stan from the scene to a tailor to get pants made. Stan is adamant that no obscene tailor is going to measure his inseam. He is mortally affronted by the handling. He cries, "I never wore a set of pants in my life!" and a struggle to subdue him to get measurement ensues. Finally, the umphant tailor yells "Thirty-three!" Stan cries as if his virginity has been taken, "the Bide-a-Wee Club shall have this!" Stan again begins to chase the tailor; he sees and rips off his kilt to cover the mud puddle for her in gallant style. Stan steps on the kilt and sinks to his arse.



Women especially seem to enjoy the visual hilarity of a man in skirts. Julia Julian Eltinge's most avid fans were women. Women also enjoyed the frilly antics of the Laurel and Hardy films.

Their Purple Moment was screened in 1928. It was "Dedicated to husbands who 'hold out' part of the pay envelope on their wives — and live to tell about it." Through a series of misdeeds in a restaurant the film ends in a pie-throwing melee of grand proportions. Stan had suggested a different ending to this film, which probably would have been funnier. The boys, in fleeing their wives, were to tumble into a midget's dressing room and dress up as midget women in 1890's garb and escape out of the cafe on their knees.

The 1929 film, *That's My Wife*, features a plot in which Ollie's wife leaves him despite the fact that his rich Uncle Bernal will disinherit him if his wife leaves him. Bernal has never met Ollie's wife, so Stan is conscripted to masquerade as the wife. Stan dresses from the skin out in the wife's clothes and a large doll's wig is placed on his head. Ollie decides he needs more contour and hands him a small dumbell to give him busts.

When Uncle Bernal arrives Ollie prepares him by saying she isn't much to look at but she's a real clown. Stan falls down the stairs proving Ollie right. This also gives the audience a chance to see Stan's pretty silk lingerie. The women in the movie theater went wild.

The story progresses to a local cafe for dinner and dancing. At the cafe, several pratfalls occur and the dumbell falls out, Stan trips on it and falls on the table. A waiter slips and falls into a large cake he is carrying. A drunk shamefully flirts with Stan and a struggle ensues. The waiter is tripped anew into another cake and Ollie dumps a bowl of soup over the drunk's head.

The embarrassing but screamingly funny circumstances grow when Stan and Ollie are dancing as a thieving waiter drops a stolen necklace down Stan's dress. The headwaiter announces everyone will have to be searched. Ollie panics and thrusts his hand down inside Stan's dress to extricate the necklace. Stan's nylons fall down, more groping, feeling. Other dancers are shocked by the lewd scene. Stan and Ollie go behind a screen to search further, but a waiter takes the screen away. They retire to a phone booth but have to leave it disgracefully to allow someone a call.

The necklace has dropped out and been found, but not knowing it the pawing and groping continues between the "couple."

The scene ends on the floor in a shameful and hilarious tangle of satin dress, pearls, Stan and Ollie, to the delight of the spectators.

Stan and Ollie surreptitiously take charge of renting a palatial residence which boasts a butler and maid, find the servants have left, necessitating the dressing of Stan in corsets, classic black silk maid's uniform and white ruffled apron. This charade develops into many funny moments in this film.

The classic cross-dressing film of American comedy has to be the 1933 offering *Twice Two* in which Stan plays himself and Ollie's wife, and Ollie plays himself and Stan's wife. These are not disguises, but presented as characters in this film. The audience found fun not only in the canny and satiric patter between the couples, but in the impersonations and clever double-camera tricks. The feminine finery is luscious and the boys revel in the parts. I remember, as a child, watching every moment with nervous wide eyes!

The unforgettable fantasy *Babes In Toyland* (1934) featured material lifted fully out of Disney's *Snow White*. The song "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" is actually used, as are the three pigs, etc., etc. The plot involves a mortgage held by the wicked Barnaby who wants to marry Bo-Peep. He forces her into marriage but the boys have a plan. Stan is dressed up as the bride and "marries" Barnaby, who finds he has married a man only when he raises the veil for a kiss. With the mortgage destroyed all rejoice except Stan. Ollie tells him he is now married to Barnaby and will have to live with him. Stan cries, "I don't want to stay here with him." Ollie asks why. Stan replies, "I don't love him!"

After a kind of open war it all ends happily with toy soldiers routing the enemy and Bo-Peep getting the boy she



It all started when I

Jitterbugs of 1943 features Stan Ollie as a desert-stranded two-man jit bug band. A girl they meet is conned of \$10,000 in a land deal which allows Stan another opportunity to use women's clothing to become the "wacky aunt" of the girl and eventually cover the girl's money.

Though not a major part of the Laurel and Hardy success story, cross-dressing did have importance in their appeal to the public. These creative men were the bearers of comedy to the world and they gave us a little something special.

When the circumstances in life tend to overwhelm me and I start to question who and what I am, I remember Barnaby's exasperated intonation, "this is another fine mess you've gotten me into," and smile and try to survive the tests.

Thanks Stan. Thanks Ollie. Stan died in 1968, Ollie in 1957. I miss 'em.

POET'S CORNER



An Easter Girl

I often dream night and day of being the beautiful girl in the Easter Parade, so delightfully feminine, in a white cotton dress with tiers of delicate lace on my lovely full skirt, and billowing sleeves that narrow to laced frothy, lacey cuffs, and pretty lace adorns my bosom and high open collar. My dreamy skirt floats above my taffeta white lacey petticoats just below my knees. In open-toed white high heels with thin straps and red toenails I stroll down the street twirling my sweet sissy parasol over my wide brim, floppy white hat tied over my long, soft hair with a wide white ribbon under my chin in a bow. My darling GG girl and I would be dressed as lilac perfumed girlish twins, I all in white and she all in soft blue. As the photographers snap us, our skirts swirl and swish about our legs and our long, soft, scented hair about our faces in the nice, cool, brisk breeze, and we are judged the most lovely two girls in that darling Easter Parade. What a joyful, divine dream, which could come true. Oh, I so wish that it would.

NEW ORLEANS

FOUR WONDERFUL DAYS AS YOUR FEMININE SELF IN THE FALL OF 1979

Your Editor and Virginia have recognized the need for our sisters to get together on more than a local basis. Having friends nearby can be very satisfying but meeting people from 3000 miles away can be very inspiring and motivating. Then, too, being around many sisters and being able to go out en-femme "on-the-town" makes the total experience most worthwhile. Then, to put icing on the cake, to have informative and interesting seminars about our favorite subject allows the individual to return home truly informed and motivated to help others.

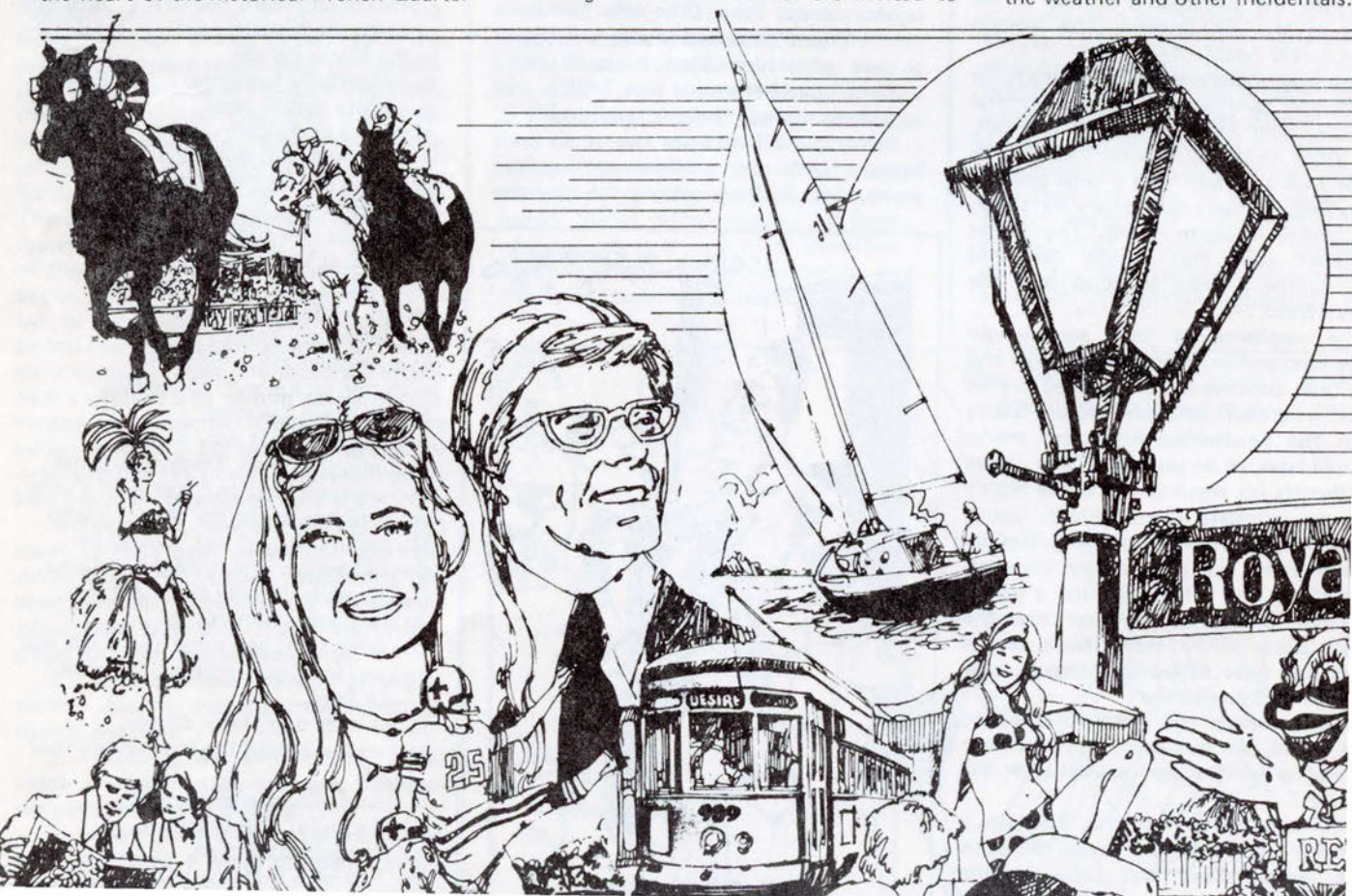
In this light we have decided to have a four-day convention in hisotrical NEW ORLEANS. The festive air and charm of this exciting city is like Mardi-Gras all year 'round. Our convention will be in the heart of the historical French Quarter

where Jazz was born. Al Hirt, Pete Fountain and other famous entertainers still perform there. Many famous restaurants dot the scene including Antoinnes, Brosards, Brennans and Delmonicos. There are the Bayous, Pirate's Alley, which was the haunt of pirates and smugglers, southern plantations, horse-driven carriages, sternwheelers along the banks of the Missipssippi River, Superdome, Drag Shows at the "Post Office" and "Cabaret," Bourbon Street, lace-work balconies and countless other interesting sites. The "magic" of New Orleans is like no other city in the world.

The convention will begin on a Thursday and end on Sunday. It will blend a combination of get-togethers, demonstrations and social activities. You can dress en femme all the time. All members of Tri-Sigma and their wives are invited to

attend. It was also decided to allow non-member TVs to attend, so they might get to know us better. Mails will be given each time the *Mirror* is printed.

We have selected NANCY (CA) our Western Division Leader, to nate this activity. She has considerable experience in arranging such events notably the Shangra-la weekend in port, Mississippi. She has also a Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Plans several guest speakers, shopping trips, special meetings for tours, demonstrations, and even to a beauty parlor en femme. So making plans to attend this convention this fall. Drop a note to your Editor let her know that you plan to. You will be informed at a later date the weather and other incidentals.



HERE AND THERE

Catherine (FAU-1-P) goes the extra mile for her sisters in Australia. She recently wrote to the state library and asked if they would accept as a donation the book *Understanding Crossdressing*. She explained that the contents of the book could save someone from the sexual reassignment operation. Soon after she received a letter from the Senior Adult Lending Librarian of the State Library in South Australia who wrote: "Thank you for your letter regarding the book *Understanding Crossdressing*. We would be pleased to accept your kind offer to donate a copy of the above book." So Catherine sent them a copy of the book and we hope that it helps Tvs in many ways. But her activity on behalf of her Tv sisters everywhere should encourage many of you gals out there to copy her and donate a copy of Virginia's book to the library in YOUR area.

We here at headquarters are sorry that Charlene CA-64-P has been under the weather with a stroke. Under Doctor's orders she has not been able to do any writing, although Carol has been able to pick up her tasks so things still run smoothly. We hope that Charlene will be feeling better soon.

ALL TV.S IN THE HOSPITAL AREN'T TRANSISTORIZED

By Betty Jo (CA-2-G)

I think the question most frequently asked of Tvs (after "Which bathroom do you use?") is "what would you do if you had to be taken to the hospital when dressed?"

Well, here is my experience. First let me explain that I live full time as a woman. I have been living this way for several years and I do not have any male clothes to wear even if I wanted to.

It all started one morning when I had a terrible pain in my chest. I suffered with the pain for about two and a half hours with no sign of it diminishing. It was about 5 a.m. when I finally called the paramedics. When they arrived they gave me some first aid and rushed me to the hospital.

After I get to the emergency room in the hospital is when they found out I was not what I first appeared. Although my identification (social security, medicare, etc.) is in my femme name, when they had to undress me and put on one of those ugly hospital gowns my true sex was revealed.

They put me intensive care for four days where nobody was concerned about sex or gender. When I was able to get out

three beds in each room and they had to keep the same sex in each room.

Finally, they solved the problem by moving me to what appeared to be the executive suite. It had panelled walls, a private shower, and a patio. I was kept there until I was finally discharged. During this period I was worried who was going to pay for this obviously expensive room. I was finally relieved to find out that my medicare insurance would take care of the cost. When I asked my nurse why I was given such a nice room, she explained that they couldn't put me in with either the men or the women. So a private room was the obvious solution.

During my stay I was visited by some of the nurses who were interested in learning about "girls" like me. I told them that as long as it wasn't just idle curiosity I would be glad to discuss transvestism with them. They were very attentive and thanked me for my frank discussion about our life style.

I questioned my doctor about how he felt about treating a TV. He said that he didn't care I was still just a patient in need of medical care. One thing, I couldn't get him to spell my name JO. He always spelled it JOE. Habits are hard to break.

So, that's my story. If for some reason you have to go to the hospital when you are dressed in femme attire do not be overly concerned as to how you will be treated. They are more concerned with matters of life or death and a person's life style is of secondary importance.

Your editor has received complaints from time to time from those sisters who send out letters and then receive few, if any, replies. In all fairness, sisters, since most of you have indicated in the Directory that you will answer letters, you should have the courtesy to at least drop the writer a letter indicating that you are unable to write at this time. To help eliminate some of the disappointments, your editor has discussed with Virginia the "opening" of a column for sisters who want to write (or receive) letters. This column will list the sisters by femme name and code number and indicated whether they are looking for correspondents or will answer letters directed to them. (or both). This way we will take the gamble out of our sisters directing a letter to a certain sister, not knowing whether that sister will reply. And those sisters who receive little mail, but who are interested in receiving such, will have an opportunity to let others know their wishes. And we will remove names from the list if we get complaints that such sisters are not responding to letters sent to them. All sisters who seriously desire to correspond with others should drop



PHOTOS FROM THE PAST

Sally Ann (MD-7-K) enjoys an evening in San Francisco in 1949.

The above photo was taken in San Francisco many years ago at the home of a relative. Sally Ann says that this was weekend "game" for her relatives and little did they know "how much I loved that Saturday night, strolling down the city streets with my skirts about my legs and carrying a purse. I was 18 then. Not that even under that bulky coat I was a slender girl. I tell you that when she put that bra on me and gave me the pantie and garter belt to put on, and then her long, lovely satin black slip with lace, almost melted. I had on a Mexican blouse and skirt and those slippers were the only shoes she had that I could fit into. She did my eyebrows, my eyes, makeup, lipstick and painted my nails. She lent me gloves and tiny pearl earrings. This started in the middle of a Saturday afternoon on a chilly summer day. "Let me dress Karl up as a girl and go shopping in the evening," my aunt said. She thought it was cute. So I became a girl and hated to take her clothes off in the late evening. I felt just like an 18 year old girl. That evening is still vivid in my mind as my aunt kept telling me how beautiful I was and that I should have been a girl. I could not tell her that I loved it since the whole thing was supposed to be a joke. But my aunt realized that there was more than appeared on the surface because she gave me a package to take home with me — which, as I discovered later on, was a beautiful nightgown. She had the insight and compassion to see that in reality, at least for that evening, she had a girl for the first time.

TRANSVESTISM & TRANSEXUALISM IN THE CLASSICAL WORLD

Cont'd from previous issue

Transvestism has been the subject of scholarly discussion only a few decades longer than that of transsexualism. The phenomenon was described in some detail in the book *Die Transvestiten* by Magnus Hirschfeld who also coined the term and distinguished it from homosexuality. Hirschfeld was not entirely satisfied with this Latin term meaning cross-dressing but concluded that it best described the phenomenon. He later described some five types:

1. The heterosexual variety.
2. The Bixexual variety with an attraction to virile women and feminine men.
3. The homosexual variety.
4. The Narcissistic variety, in which the feminine component of the subject's nature gave satisfaction to his masculine components.
5. The asexual variety in which the subject is often impotent and finds full satisfaction in some feminine occupation, such as that of domestic servant.

P. Nacke, Edward Carpenter, and Havelock Ellis, among others, were also pioneering investigators into the subject. Ellis coined the term "Eonism" based on the career of the Chevalier d'Eon, an eighteenth century male who lived much of his life as a woman. It is Hirschfeld's term, however, which has survived. There has been an increasing amount of research into the subject but discussion of this research will be confined to a later paper. Hirschfeld also collected a number of incidents of cross-dressing in historical literature. Unfortunately, it is next to impossible from the historical literature to follow any of the categories advanced by Hirschfeld. Occasionally there might be some hints as to the reasons for cross-dressing, but mostly all that can be said is that cross-dressing took place.

Transvestism, however defined, would seem to have been dependent upon the development of clothes. Numerous reasons have been advanced for the wearing of clothes but they might be broken down into five general categories:

1. Man invented clothing as a protection against the elements, especially against the cold.
2. Clothing was invented for social reasons to distinguish the class status of various members of a group.
3. Clothes were worn for moral reasons, primarily a sense of shame at the

cation or to appeal to the opposite sex.
5. Clothes were originally apotropaic, designed to avert or turn away the effects of magic, sorcery, the evil eye, and hostile spirits. At the same time they allowed the wearer to conserve or contain his or her own power.

In the light of current scholarship, some of these reasons would seem to have greater validity than others. There is, for example, only the roughest kind of relationship between clothing and climatic conditions. The effect of environment upon clothing has been a matter of controversy at least since Charles Darwin reported that the natives of Tierra del Fuego at the tip of South America wore no clothing. Darwin stated that after seeing such men,

one can hardly make one's self believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. It is a common subject of conjecture what pleasures in life some of the lower animals can enjoy: how much more reasonably the same question may be asked with respect to these barbarians! At night, five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground coiled up like animals.

In general the human body has considerable ability to adjust to varied climates, although there are obviously limits to the length of time and to the extremes that a person can endure. Modesty has also been challenged as a prime reason for wearing clothes since if modesty was innate it would seem it would be the same the world over. This is just not the case although most cultures have some portion of the human body which is usually not exposed. Status differentiation has been observed in even the most primitive of tribes and it can be indicated by an article of clothing, a feather, a piece

of jewelry, or even paint. Decoration or clothing can also serve aesthetic or sexual purposes and it is sometimes difficult to distinguish status reasons from aesthetic ones. Bright colors, glitter, painted symbols, earrings, even teeth filed to a point have been held by various societies to be effective ways of frightening away evil influences. Not so surprisingly status differentiation, aesthetic-sexual appearance, and magical-religious reasons have also been advanced as possible explanations for transvestism. This might indicate that transvestism has existed as long as clothes have existed.

Magical Religious Transvestism

In many parts of the Middle East today boy babies are often disguised as girls during their infancy in order that they not attract the attention of the evil eye which much prefers boys to girls. There is also considerable disguise at other crucial periods such as marriage or during pregnancy.

Sir James Frazer in his *Golden Bough* reported several instances of magical-religious transvestism. Tammuz, a male, who was chosen by a goddess as her minister or mouthpiece, assumed female attire, and was then forth regarded and treated as a woman. Transvestism in such cases was accepted as a supernatural command. Mircea Eliade held that transvestism shamans were exemplars of early beliefs in feminine magic and magical archaic mythology. The person who dressed as a woman was looked upon as combining both sexes in his person and thus was able to serve as an effective intermediary between the terrestrial and cosmological planes, the feminine earth, and the masculine heaven. This kind of transvestism apparently



which begins to approach it as well as that of Tiresias, who after being temporarily converted into a woman, received the gift of prophecy. Some elements of earlier magical beliefs in transvestism, nonetheless, probably existed in the Greek stories of the Scythians. Among the Scythians were a group known as *Enarees* who dressed as females and had the gift of divination. Herodotus explained that these men were descendants of those who had been cursed with the "feminine disease" by Aphrodite for pillaging her temple at Ascalon in Palestine. Hippocrates who called such individual *Anarieis* claimed that they were honored by the Scythians who attributed their condition to divinity. He reported that these men were impotent, did woman's work, and spoke like women, but nonetheless other men prostrated themselves before them for fear that the gods might similarly punish them. Hippocrates, however, rejected the supernatural explanation but claimed that the condition was due to the fact that the Scythians were always on horseback. This caused many men to become temporarily impotent and, if impotency continued, some came to believe they had committed a sin against the gods, put on women's clothing, and devoted themselves to feminine occupations. Hippocrates also emphasized that the illness usually attacked only the most powerful and richest men who then became powerful shamans. Aristotle described the disease as being hereditary among the Scythian kings. Both Hippocrates and Aristotle imply that there was considerable ambiguity towards those *Enarees* who were both respected and feared.

Though transvestistic shamans were lacking in classical Greece, it seems clear that wearing the clothes of the opposite sex often had magical connotations. In Sparta, for example, it was the custom for the young bride's head to be shaved by the woman in charge of her who then dressed her in male clothing. The bride then laid down on the bed alone until her husband secretly came to her. She apparently did not resume her place among the women until she was pregnant. At Argos, the bride wore a false beard on the wedding night. In Cos, the husband put on the dress of a woman to receive his new bride. There are many similar instances.

In general, however, there are far more cases of men dressed as women than women as men. The reasons for this discrepancy are not entirely clear. Female transvestism might be under-reported simply because the sources were written by men who normally

male permitted him to do things which men might not otherwise have been allowed to do. Plutarch, for example, reported that the Lycians wore women's clothing in mourning in order to remind them to cut short the kind of lamentations in which women alone should indulge. The obvious difficulty with this explanation is that the lives of women were far more circumscribed than men. Why did not more women disguise themselves as warriors? It is true that male clothing, particularly of the soldier, was more revealing than that of the female, and this meant that women would have had more difficulty in passing as men but there would still be a large number who physiologically would have found it possible. The answer might well be psychological, that men were much more sexually aroused by cross-dressing than women were. Women might disguise themselves to achieve a particular end but men might enjoy the experience more. There is some evidence for this kind of explanation in classical literature since so many of the male transvestistic episodes are linked with heterosexual union. The answer might also be sociological, that men with the higher status could for temporary reasons assume the dress of the lower status sex without threatening their own image, but for women to dress as men was much too serious a challenge to male supremacy to leave unpunished.

Disguise

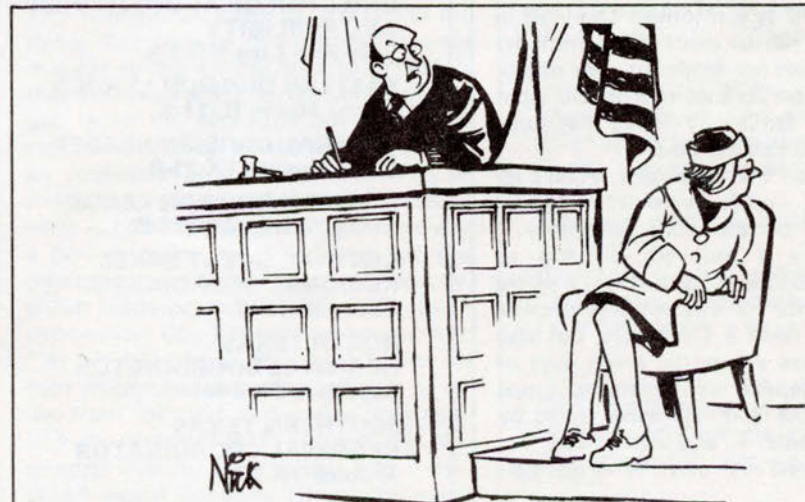
Disguising oneself as a girl or woman allowed a boy or man to approach the female in whom he was interested without passing through all the obstacles which the Greeks had erected to protect the fairer sex or which women set up to protect themselves. There are several examples of such cross-dressing in Greek and Latin literature. The story of Hymenaeus is a typical case. In the Attic version of the story Hymenaeus, a youth from

self as a girl in order to follow the young Athenian maiden whom he loved. His disguise was necessitated by the fact that her parents disapproved of the courtship. While attending a feast in disguise Hymenaeus and some of the maid were carried off by pirates. Later, Hymenaeus, with his "superior" masculine strength, managed to kill the pirates in their sleep, marry his beloved, and become the champion of all women's girls. In art, he is represented as a beautifully winged youth, similar to Eros, only with a more serious expression, carrying in his hand the marriage torch and nuptial veil.

Leucippus of Ellis (who also appears in a transsexual episode) is a variant of the same theme. Leucippus fell in love with the fair Daphne who hated men enough to desire to remain a virgin. Disguising himself as a girl, he managed to ingratiate himself with Daphne so successfully that she could not bear to quit caressing him. Apollo, knowing of his disguise, and desirous of the fair Daphne for himself, advised her and her girl companions to bathe in the nude to make certain that everyone in their company was a woman. Leucippus, after being discovered, was killed.

There is another version of the Leucippus story with the sex roles reversed. In the variant version Leucippe (feminine) set out to find her sister, Theonoe who had been captured by the pirates and her father who disappeared while hunting for his daughter. After consulting the god Apollo, Leucippe disguised herself as a priest. Theonoe, who had become the concubine of King Icarus saw the young priest and fell in love with him. Leucippe who apparently failed to recognize her sister, refused to respond whereupon Theonoe gave orders that she be executed. Inevitably the person sent to execute her was her own father who had

Cont'd in next issue.



I don't care if your son is gay the law says he's a man.

PATRICIA AIRS VIEWS ON THE GIRL WITHIN

Dear Virginia:

I agree with you entirely! I don't think that the clothing in and of itself has any significance to a real, deep down TV. Sure, there are some of us who do get/obtain some form of excitement by touching certain feminine garments or from having a soft undergarment next to our skin. However, it is the totality of being dressed up en femme, with makeup and jewelry, etc., that brings about a synergy that overcomes our maleness (both physical and psychological) and frees the girl within us — which, I feel, is simply expressing our femininity. That's what I like about dressing up — I become, I am, Patricia Louise.

Right now — at this very minute — I'm wearing femme clothing which other TVs might find repulsive or butch. I am wearing a beautiful pair of navy blue slacks (casual type), a beautiful pink shirt blouse with knotted bow, under a blue/tan/pink V-neck sweater — all of which came from the Misses section of various stores in the Pittsburgh/Greensburg area. I'm also wearing light blue matching panties and bra, thigh highs and women's shoes and all the makeup, nail polish and jewelry a normal woman would wear when dressed casually.

While I cannot help but feel the tightness of the elastic top of my thigh-highs or the pressure of the earrings on my earlobes, my nylon undies have lost their softness and have become what they really are — undergarments. But putting it all together brings about a change in me — she is called Patricia — I am Patricia.

But you have to put my attire ("uniform") in its proper perspective. It's Sunday and a cool, rainy day so Patricia's activities were doing the laundry (some of which belong to her brother), cleaning house, etc. So — blacks, blouse and sweater would seem appropriate. Isn't that what most girls would wear for that occasion? (I just looked at myself in a full length mirror and I don't think the slacks diminish my femininity one microbit. What I see in that mirror and what I feel is my femininity — and that turns me on — I see Patricia Louise.)

As I reread the pages and articles referred to by Teddie in her letter to you and focused on the word femininity, I realized why I enjoyed DREAM so much this past September. It was a whole new experience for me, not only because I had never seen a TV before, but also because it was a fantastic seven days of seeing my femme self emerging. I was Patricia Louise and was never called by my male name — and even more important, no one even cared what my male name is.

meeting, or spent a weekend en femme along with a bunch of "girls". I was seen and treated like a woman — even by the real girls who were there: the GG's, the instructors of the Charm School, the girls in the boutique shop, beauty parlor, etc. Even we TVs treated each other as femmes. I quickly lost my fears and apprehension and I didn't feel silly or guilty about being constantly en femme. I just felt good, happy, at ease, at peace, etc. I felt that I was Patricia Louise — that I was a woman and forgot that I was just dressed as one.

In conclusion, I think that the clothing, cosmetics, jewelry, wigs or hairstyling, etc. by themselves are just objects. It is when their sum is greater than their total that a synergy occurs and something different is created. That, I believe, is the resultant femininity to which you referred.

Virginia, please forgive me, but even though this is already a long letter, I feel a need to add another thought. Now that I have attended my first DREAM and met other TVs (and have since attended a meeting of the Pittsburgh/Cleveland chapter of Paradise), I have firmed up a thought I developed while reading *Understanding Cross Dressing, Transvestia* and other TV publications. That thought is that if we TVs get too engrossed in our

femme side, our performance in our various male roles can be impacted negatively. I think you have to have a good dle on yourself — your whole self, feminine and masculine — if you function as a male part of the time in "real" world. The nicest, most interesting and most helpful "girls" I have through Tri-Sigma and DREAM are sons who are capable and successful in their on-the-job roles and have developed a proper balance between their selves and their relationship with their spouses. Even those who have been forced and who have a good self-awareness have a "healthy" attitude about their excursions into the femme world.

Frankly, I believe that one of the sons I have so much pleasure in being Patricia is because I get so much pleasure from my various male roles in my to-day life. I gain/grow through Patricia, and, I believe, now that she has been free, Patricia is gaining/growing through Paul.

Oh! One last message for Teddie. Patricia has a full indoor-outdoor and under the covers wardrobe and much (most) real feminine — pretty, that is — and is looking for opportunities to display (after she builds up her courage).

Patricia Louise (PA-4)

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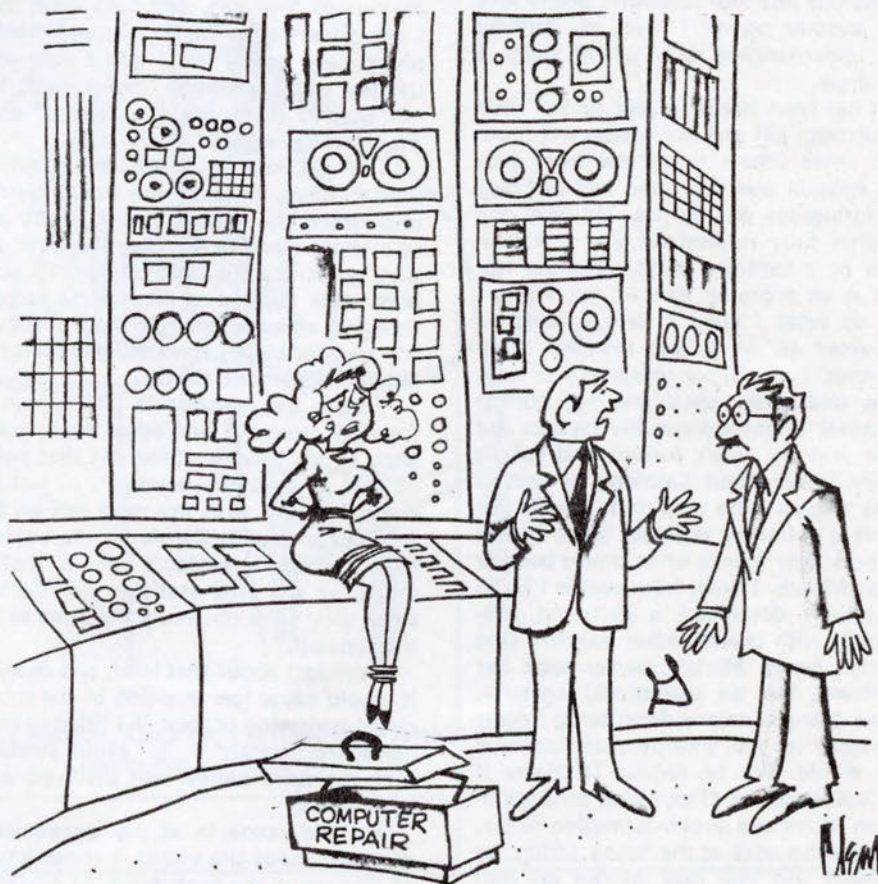
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He fed the statistics he wanted into the computer... It worked, and we have to

The Editor's Mailbag

CATHY AVOIDS MISTAKE

Dear Carol:

My name is Cathleen. At the time of the merger I didn't renew my membership. It was not because of the merger but because, at the time, I had convinced myself I was transexual and, under the direction of Dr. Irving Bush in Chicago, I had begun a hormone therapy program and psychological evaluation under Dr. Carol Sodugi. Dr. Sodugi's evaluation was not conclusive regarding my being a transexual, but in view of an extremely strong feminine identity she authorized my sex reassignment and sponsored my application for sex change surgery at Cook County Hospital. After two years of estrogen treatment I was scheduled for the operation. However, all this time Virginia's persistent attitudes about not changing sex for gender reasons plagued me, and once all the obstacles were removed and there was nothing to do but wait, I realized I would not only gain a vagina but lose four children I dearly love and another person I love, my faithful and understanding wife of 12 years. I withdrew.

It has been almost a year since I took an estrogen pill and my breasts will probably never return to normal male size. The episode was traumatic and had lasting influences on my life. My wife and children fully understand that I will always be a feminine person and the woman is an accepted part of me. While I can do what I want I have voluntarily restrained to an almost tolerable level. However, I absolutely refuse to ever wear mens underwear again and my normal sleepwear is nightgowns. My parents and sister and my wife's parents and sister's family know about Cathleen, as well as many friends. The relationship with our sisters is definitely strained. Some friends are no longer friends while others became closer friends. I have, from people I knew previously, developed a girlfriend relationship with several other women. One of my closest, Maria's, career took her to Hawaii but we correspond regularly. I have changed careers from being a plant manager, to the employment business.

I would like to re-join Tri-Sigma if you will have me. If so, please send application forms and dues information to me. I do receive mail at my home address as Cathleen and you may address my correspondence accordingly. I will probably not join a local chapter as I think this previous membership created my original



that none of the other girls in the chapter felt anywhere near as strong needs for feminine expression. However, I would enjoy meeting and corresponding with sisters who feel as strongly as I do.

Cathy

CREDIT CARD CAPER

Just have time to tell you about the credit card caper. On my way to our September 21 meeting I stopped off at my bank, which handles all the Master Charge matters in this area, and told them that I often traveled as Carole (showed them a photo) and didn't feel I could very well use my existing Master Charge card, for motels and stuff. It's the kind of card that includes a photo on the back.

The girl had to re-ask the question several times, because she could hardly understand the situation, but finally she said she'd have to see the Manager. At that point she disappeared for 10 minutes while I began to have some second thoughts about the whole deal! (Perhaps it's appropriate to have second thoughts about one's second self!)

Finally the manager (a young man in training) came out, and asked me to come back to his private office. At that point he said it was easily handled . . . just fill out this form, with my male self on the top half and with Carole on the bottom half. In fact, I wouldn't have to put in much of the vital statistics for Carole, since they were obviously the same as for the top half.

I thought about that later, and decided it would cause less question in the subsequent reviewing process if I filled in both halves completely — to avoid stressing that the same person was involved with both names.

He said come in at my convenience and he'd shoot the photo. I chose a time of day when the probability of encountering my acquaintances would be minimal — that was about 9 p.m. — and went

best, left the Tri Sigma meeting and back to the bank, phoning ahead to make sure they were still expecting me. I did want to have to explain the whole situation to different people. By that time the Manager had gone home, but the Treasurer of the entire chain of banks was prepared to handle my case. It turned out to be a very charming gal who just said "Fine! We're expecting you! Come over here and we'll shoot the identification photos, and you can be on your way."

In a nutshell, I now have a separate ident card with Carole's photo and name, nature, and no reference to my male self. It has the bank's full blessing. I asked the Manager later if the application caused much stir, and he said, "It was routine. In fact, we approved it right here in the branch, without sending it up to Headquarters."

I asked him if he had encountered similar situations before, and he said, "There's one other case here in town. The guy's rather wealthy and both his sons have very substantial credit establishments. The first time I encountered his situation it completely blew my mind, but he's become accustomed to the idea by now and it doesn't seem to pose any problems."

I've heard reference to this "other case in town" from the local police chief, whom I visited to see if he would have an issue of encountering any cross-dressers. It seems the chief was called over by the cashier at the town hall, who believed the woman paying her taxes was a man. The chief talked with the woman and determined that it was a matter of personal preference — and as long as no fraud or larceny were involved, the son could continue to do her thing.

Best ever!

Carole (MA)

