

PRES: William M. [redacted]  
[redacted]  
Albany, New York

M E M B E R S H I P

\$ 1 2 P E R Y E A R .

NEWSLETTER EDITORS  
Helen  
and  
Wilma [redacted]

PHONE: [redacted]

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Hi Friends and Sisters:

Tonight was the last meeting for the Summer, do hope all the girls keep their powder dry during the hot days ahead in the next two months.

A nice group tonight not to big , so we were able to talk with all. Kathy and Dennie were calling Michelle Ann and Myself chicken because we didn't have our ears pærced, but come Sept. we will have them done. I will let Michelle Ann go first.

Tonight at the meeting we had a Happy Birthday for Pat, I've seen a lot of people who were surprized, but Pat was really beside herself that she had tears in her eyes, that's what I really call being surprized. Manx, many more happy days Pat.

The girls who made the meeting were: Joan from Colonie, N.Y., Joyce, Cynthia, and Sonya from Conn., Gail and Joan from Granvelle, Dennie from Peekskill, Elanda from Rome, Kathy from Syracuse, Francis from Henrietta, Michelle Ann from Mass., Deana and Gloria from Mass., Paula from Mass., Jean from Peru, Susanna from Clifton Park, Pat and Karen from N. J., Sharron from N. J., Christine from Saratoga, Crystal from Menands, Wilma , and I.

The meal tonight was mostly a cold supper. Potatoe salad, cole slaw, cottage cheese, roast beef, meat balls with gravy, cold cuts, bread and butter. We had a special Birthday cake and coffee.

The night rolled along smoothly, the girls were taking pictures of each other. Francis and Elanda put on their waitress uniform that Michelle had made for them. You know I think pretty soon Michelle will have made most of the girls a Waitress uniform.

Michelle had on another one of her pretty costumes on that she had made, a red satin outfit with black lace trim, and a few ruffled slips.

Michelle came down Friday night helped Bill to try and put up a bell in the back so I can hear it ring, when every body is here. Yew we had our Pizza and talked untill midnight,

My thanks to all the girls for helping me getting the food out on the table, and then cleaning up. With supper over and cleaning done we sat down to watch some slides that Joan had taken from the last two meetings.

I think the next meeting, Wilma and I will have to get to go to break fast with Kathy, Francis, Elanda, and Michelle, they seem to have a great time at Dennie's, teasing the customers when they talk about their T.V. life.

What's this I hear about you Paula, your not afraid of our Albany Poopers are you? I heard they were parked up at the motel and paraded right behind you all, just to see if you had rooms there. Nothing serious.

Micheale and Dennie spent the day Sunday with us, we talked and I made a light lunch for them before they went home.

This year has been a wonderful year for both Wilma and I. We enjoyed being able to meet all the girls each month and to all the new gals I hope they found all the girls friendly and their coming out of the closet a pleasant one. I know it takes a lot of courage to make it for the first time , but with the group og girls that come here I know they would make all the girls feel comfprtable.

I don't know of any better way to meet and have so many friends, then those that I have met since we have had this club. I am not sorry that I have found out that my Bill was a T. V. I will admit I was shocked at first but as time went by I learned that there could be things much worse that he could have done, besides dressing. The last few months have been a treat for me, as I found so much fun with Michelle bringing her costumes her and me clowning around. Michelle, and I seem to use our sleeping time thinking of what we can do for the next meeting to entertain the girls.

Well we hopeno to see some of the girls up on the Island if they are out riding around. Jean said she would come up and help us get rid of a big rock we have in the cellar.

Have a good summer all you cute lovelies, keep your powder dry, the mascara from running, and we'll hope to see you all in Sept.

Batty and Sue we'll see you then, you know we can't celebrate our 30th. anniversary without you, it has become a habit you started.

Untill September I'll say bye for now stay happy, healthy and peace to all

In front of a tavern: "If your wife drives you to drink, park here".

LOVE  
HELEN

"Socialized medicine," the youngster answered to a question on his test, "is when grownups get together and talk about their operations."

### Why Men Dress As Woman: Part 3

Transvestism can be a form of fetishism. If a man, for instance, wears under his suit a feminine corset, or panties or long stockings, he may just want to be close to his beloved fetish. In another cases, however, such action may be a compromise for the transvestite because he might entail social, sometimes marital complications or it may involve legal risk to dress completely as a woman and appear as such in public. The transvestite wants to be accepted in society as a member of the opposite sex: he or she wants to play the role as completely and as successfully as possible.

An unusual situation is often responsible for introducing feminine frilly clothes to a man. For example one of our members (Ray) was terribly shy during his college years; he hardly went to social affairs and just buried himself in school work and books. He took an ocean voyage around the world. As you may know crossing the Equator is usually an opportunity for holding a celebration on board ship. Father Jupiter holds court and pronounced initiation rites to those who never crossed the Equator. The ship members had been drinking and were very festive and Roy's clothing was literally torn off from his back as part of the initiation rites. And there he was standing nude. A thoughtful girl tossed him her long silken kerchief, a bright red with a pink designs. Roy seized the soft silken scarf and bound it around his torso as a sort of diaper. He received exhilarating sensations when the smooth silk caressed his waist. It aroused latent desires that he never thought could be possible.

Ray became so attached to the silk scarf because it awakened a new world of ecstasy, that he refused to surrender it. He gradually acquired more silken items which aroused the same ardor when he wore it close to his body. In a short time, he found satisfaction and self confidence in women's clothing. And that is how Roy became a transvestite.

Now here is another case- Victor or Vickie as his friends call him, was raised by his widowed Mother who was very aggressively inclined. She completely dominated young Vickie and would dress him in a Typical Fountlerly outfit - suits and knickers (more like knee breeches or bloomers) made of silk or velvet collars of imported Belgian lace, sashes around the waste that frequently matched the color of the ribbon in his long, dark brown hair. Vickie reports that when he grew into a young manhood, the influence of his mother was so strong that he willingly agreed to let her put face powder all over his face and throat because a stubble of a ~~beard~~ beard was beginning to mar the picture of a perfectly dresses young lady.

In a little time, he wore seegreen skirts, taffeta slips that made whispering sounds as he walked; the slips were edged in lace that peeked delightfully beneath the hem of the seagreen skirt. "Your slip is showing" was a common remark made by his mother. Even his long nylon stockings, sheer or often black mesh or stage hose, had a ribbon garter that matched the ribbon in his hair. Cut in a boyish bob, he did not attract much attention in public where he went dressed as a man, but in the house he grew so expectant to put on feminine clothing, that years later he found himself frustrated, confused and bewildered if he had to wear mannish garments.

Vickie permitted his ears to be pierced so that glittering gems could be worn, dangling with his head motion. Vickie said that he had difficulty with the corset. His mother said his posture was poor and his shoulders slumped. To correct his habit, she laced him up very tightly in a satin ribbed corset that was exceptionally firm around the waist. But when Vickie was fully dressed like a lady, his mother lavished her love upon him. He never was able to feel comfortable in mannish clothing and looked forward to frilly garments.

This concludes my story why men dress as women. Now send me in your experience into crossdressing so others can read it in our Journal.

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At one time, there was a common misconception that all transvestites were homosexuals. Although that is still common though, more and more people are beginning to realize that a man who likes to wear women's clothes may still harbor sexual feelings toward women, without having any inclinations toward homosexuality. Infact, current research is beginning to show that many cross dresser's fall into the category of the heterosexual transvestite.

Another finding that surprises many people is the fact that many transvestites are happily married, their wives accepting or at least tolerating their husbands crossdressing activities. It should be noted that there are very few woman looking for transvestites to marry but once married, many women have come to understand and accept their husbands problem.

W I L M A

If you listen to the loan company commercials, you'll almost believe you can borrow yourself out of debt.

Bumper Sticker: Avoid Having In-Laws! Marry an orphan who was an only child!

Then it  
com

Then there was the young bride who complained: "My husband simply can't bear children."  
 "Oh, well," a friend soothed her, "you can't expect men to do everything."

# Presidents Pen .....

"Oh, by the way, Bessie," the lady of the house said at 5 PM to her maid, "my husband's bringing five gentlemen home from the office for dinner. Are you prepared?"  
 "Not quite, mum," replied Bessie, "but it never takes me long to pack."

NEW MEMBERS WELCOMED :

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of ~~three~~ <sup>four</sup> new member this month.

- |                     |                     |             |              |       |
|---------------------|---------------------|-------------|--------------|-------|
| Sally S. [redacted] | Box 1573            | Passaic     | N.J.         | 07055 |
| Grace B. [redacted] | % Cross Roads Group | P O B 3013, | Flint, Mich. | 48502 |
| James S. [redacted] | [redacted]          | Buffalo,    | N.Y.         | 14213 |
| Don S. [redacted]   | Box 1604,           | Bellevue    | Was.         | 98009 |

We all here at TVIC hope to see you in the coming months in person and may you find many friends among us. These girls have asked that I list there adresses. So lets all drop them a little note to say hello and welcome.

OUR NEXT TWO GATHERINGS :

September 17, and October 15th. This will be your only notice of the September party. So mark it on your calander now. Have a lovely summer and I hope to see you all September 17th.

LETTERS :

I have received many lovely letters this past month. I am sorry if I did not publish yours . But those I've missed will be in the September Journal.

OVERSEAS :

One of our long time members has been transfered to IRAN. He says its very lonsome over there and would be happy to hear from any of you members who would like to drop him a line. He will be in Iran for the next 2 years. Write to- A.B. JACKSON, % FLUOR & THYSSEN JOINT VENTURE, ESFAHAN PROJECT, P.O.BOX 69 - 219, ESFAHAN, IRAN.

BOOKS :

We have over 500 books in our library that I will let go at 10 for \$11 in order to make room for a new order coming in. If interested let me know. These books are TV books, TV magazines, Bondage books, Gay books.

PICTURES :

I have been sending out pictures of TVs in each of our monthly Journals. These picture were sent to me to remail to our members. If you would like your TV photo sent to other members just send them to me with your name and adresson the back so the member can write to you. You can send one to 200 copies of each print and I'll see that they get into the male. NO CHARGE.

AFTER THE WHISTLE

by Barbara B. (3-ta-15003)

# JEST IN FUN

I've no desire for dimly-lit bars  
 Where bearded toughs wash liquor down  
 And boast, to hide their shallow lives.  
 They hurl abuse through the smoky air  
 By an angry punch, or a cutting word--  
 Emptiness.  
 I quickly flee to my private place  
 Where I dress to express my worthy traits,  
 For tonight I wish to be her again!  
 I cast away helmet and safety shoes,  
 And don my skirts and auburn wig.  
 I strive for a realm of feminine mood  
 Where thought and feeling are pleasant and soft;  
 Seeking for a time so brief  
 This lovely delight called womanhood.

REDEEMABLE AT ANY DEPARTMENT STORE

Gift Certificate

GOOD FOR ONE PAIR OF LADIES

# SPACEPANTIES

FOR THE GIRL WHO THINKS HER ASS IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

# letters to the editor

1977-04-17

Letter to the Editor of TVIC Journal

Dear Wilma,

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 and not one of you. 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 Troupers 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, Wilma, 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 male on the inside, while trying to look as close to their ideal of a female 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.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

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 (TV) 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*

MICHELINE [REDACTED], Box 9155, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, K1G 3T9

A wife who had joined a bowling league returned from her first attempt at the new sport and was asked by her golfing husband: "How did you do?" Replied his wife airily, "Well, at least I didn't lose any balls!"

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Dear WILMA:

Let me explain. My wife and I have separated, and I think it's for the best. I'm not quite used to doing all the household chores after I've put in my 8 at the company store, but I guess I better get used to it.

I am a truck driver by profession (~~5 years over-the-road~~), so it was good surprise that I see that you had just recently retired as a bus driver. I am sure we ~~XXX~~ could swap many a story.

Before I become engrossed in my life story, let me express my sincere appreciation for <sup>you</sup> being there. I really had a terrific time, and I don't know; from talking with and attending other TV meetings, of any place that has to offer what you have. Everyone was friendly and just wanted to have a great time being their femme-selves. It was great! You should give yourself credit, along with Helen, for being two ~~s~~ super hosts.

Michelle Anne dropped by, and we had a lovely evening. She has just become a bona-fide representative for Holiday Cosmetics. (I'm sure she will tell you about it, if she hasn't already done so.) She really knows her stuff when it come to cosmetics. I hope the other girls enjoy this exclusive TV service as much as I have. Just like Avon Via TV calling!

As a trucker, I've owned my own rig and have traveled thru and visited all the major cities in the U. S. and have been in every state except Oregon. I have hauled everything from crushed cars into Canada (~~XXX~~ Regina, Sask.) to Fuel oil in Florida.

I hauled out Livingston, Montana, the Waggoners, (lumber, grain, steel, trip leasing, etc.). I owned my own with North American Van Lines, New Preeds. Div Over-the-road a year and a half Allied Van Lines out of Chicago, pulled tankers, (fuel prods. ai. jet fuel gasokine, chem. etc.), went to Florida and did the same thing, fuel prods. etc., and wound up back in Bostno pulling furniture again.

North American put me into bankruptcy and I've been playing Hell trying to get ahead since. Before I went with N. A. V. L. I was pulling tanks for Ruan, bringing hme 3 to 4 bills a week clear. I had to own my own so I found out the hard way.

Other than being bi-sexual, I guess that's all there is. ~~XXX~~ Sad when you can put your life on two pieces of paper.

Things will get better I'm ~~X~~ ~~in~~ sure. Being TV, and really wanting to be a girl (~~sex-change~~\*) dont' help that situation when your trying to convince everyone of what a regular guy you are.

*Mal* Maybe this is where my problem is; trying to convince;. It just is hard for me to be 100% ~~male~~ all the time. Since I was a kid, I have always had effeminate ways. But being raised in the big city, Boston, you have to ~~g~~ ~~XXX~~ fight your way out of a lot of ~~s~~ situations. Kids are hard to understand someone being differnt.

After the Navy sent me to Music School in Washington, D. C. I thought me problems were over. But being the way I am, (~~having homo tendencies~~), I only got more confused, especially after living aboard ship with musicians for three years.

Since I am on the subject of Music, I ~~XXX~~ read in one of your back issues of a trombonist who wanted to get together with other T ~~B~~ Musician's. I still have my baritone saxophone, and I also know how to play the clarinet and flute. My tenor sax is at my nephews house and my alto sax is in one of the many hock shops in Miami, Fla., along with my flute.

If this person is still active, (~~I want to get this letter off so I won't take the time to read thru the back issues's to find the identity.~~ Let him have this information, and eventhough it has been some years, I still blow a pretty good sax, bari that is. Most important; I am a reader not too much on blowing commercial gigs requirging a whole bunch of memorizing. I am strictly a Big Band Man.

Besides that, and spending two years at agriculture ~~XXX~~ school learnig how to be a florist and raising crops of flowers commercially, it just about covers it except for being a bartender at Breezy Point Officers Club in Norfolk, Va.

Let me close in saying if it wasn't for your and your lovely wife Helen, people like me wouldn't have any place to visit or write to.

• • •  
A guy at the bar ordered a beer and downed it as soon as the beer hit the bar. He ordered another and downed it as the bartender let it out of his hand... then he ordered another.

Bartender: Hey, how long have you been drinking beer like that?

Drunk: Ever since my accident.

Bartender: Accident? When was that?

Drunk: About two years ago. I ordered a glass of beer and some drunk standing next to me knocked it over before I could drink it.

Thanks and and may peace and happiness be yours,

*Wilma*  
[Redacted signature]

Sto [Redacted] s. 02180

Dear Wilma:

Why do men dress as women? Psychiatrists tell us we're mentally maladjusted. The public at large tell us we're sick. Obviously neither of these opinions are worth a pair of hose with runs in them. There is not pat, sure-fire answer because the hallmark of the TV is that she is completely unique, both in her image and in her reasons for arriving at it. The reasons differ as widely as the images, ranging from a complex arrangement of genes to pure fetishism...and all the shades and subtleties in between. There is only one common denominator and that is that we achieve an enormous inner satisfaction from what we do. It is a self-pleasing, self-serving practice, whether we be in the innermost seclusion of the closet, or whether we are able to go out in public without detection.

Transvestism is in my opinion a bad and inadequate word. Anyone can change clothing for a prank, to gross-out someone perhaps. What we do goes much further than that because there is (or should be) a subtle psychological change as well. I prefer to use the term transgenderist. And I think it is a very definite art-form. Consider the painter. Unless he is commissioned to paint a portrait or some specific subject, he will paint pictures that please him and in the idiom that he does best. In many ways we are like painters. The female images that we present and project to others and into the mirror are the expressions of our own particular, individual art-form. Some are more expert than others and thus look more authentic. But we cannot all be Goyas or Van Goghs, but nevertheless, what we do pleases us and in so doing we seek to please others to whom we choose to display ourselves. The painter uses color and canvas. We clothe and adorn our bodies to achieve a pleasing appearance.

We are also actors - perhaps I should say actresses - inasmuch as we assume a role for which most of us have studied, some with more care than others. We cannot all be Oscar-winners, but if we have done our homework with any diligence and take a pride in what we do, we can often be more feminine than many GGs that we see in our daily lives.

Why do I dress? I can answer that with some authority. I freely admit to strong elements of fetishism, but it goes much deeper than that. What does a good-looking, provocatively-dressed woman usually get? Admiration. Attention. Perhaps a little notoriety...and just about anything she wants! For years I was (and still am to some extent) attracted to, and very often put-down by such capricious creatures with their super-egos. One day I thought how great it would be if I could try to copy them in some way. At school and subsequently at college, despite being above average at track and soccer, I used to get kidded about having "girl's legs." And despite having later worked variously as a seaman and a coal miner, I never managed to acquire a very muscular body. What if these shortcomings could now work for me instead of against me?

I used greatly to admire nylon hose, high heels, long hair and "look-at-me" makeup and I began to wonder what it would be like to wear them myself. It didn't take very long to find out! And the more I worked at it the more proficient I became. Today I can put on a pair of false eyelashes with far less trouble than most women. Most girls today have never even owned a pair of spike heels, let alone know how to walk in them.

I count myself very fortunate indeed in being what I am. In a little less than an hour I can become an entirely different person, of a different gender and having a

very clearly-defined alter ego. This is the ultimate in what I consider a change of pace.

Look around at other members of our own exclusive sorority and what do you see? Sprightly, effervescent young women who, with the aid of some paint, powder, some well-chosen clothing and a wig, have clipped off not mere years, but perhaps an entire decade from their everyday male selves. Nor is the transformation exclusively outward - we feel the same age as we look and isn't it nice to be able to feel and act younger almost at will?

Let me quote from a recent letter I received from one of my dearest friends, who puts it all so well and so succinctly:

"I was just thinking what a remarkable and wonderful thing it is to be a TV... what an amazing thing it is that we do. To have the desire and the skill to slip back and forth across a boundary that so many others find imposing. They don't know what they're missing.

"I was thinking how it might be called mystical and I thought of all those 'primitive' societies where those who do as we do are thought to be magic and empowered with great wisdom and knowledge. My God! What a thing it is that we do. I never thought that a desire that caused me such self-hate and fear when I was younger could come to be such a source of peace - such an island of calm in my life.

"This business (of transvestism) is my answer to drugs, meditation and Scientology. If we could patent it, we'd make a mint. It is magic - magic in a very real sense. Perhaps there will never be time travel, but right now, this second we have it in our power to pick up an eyeliner and know how to use it. Gender Travel. If what we do is sick, then the whole world should be this sick."

To add to that would be entirely superfluous. All that I can say is that I have the distinct honor and privilege of being

Stewardess to passengers

"Come on, now! Sombdoy does'nt have his seat belt fastened and the captain can't start his engines!"

J.E.E.

Paula D.

Box 99  
Lanesborough MA 01237

Dear Wilma;

Attended another fabulous gala party at Betsy's in Providence, R.I. the 4/5 june. As usual I made a quick side trip to Boston to see how the girls at Sherrystone are doing. From the look of it just fine, since they got a new apartment. A lovely lay out with guest bedrooms, lots of make-up lights, big mirrors and nicely furnished. Since Ariadne had planned to give a presentation at Boston U. sociology class she invited me to go with her Monday Eve. This turned out to be a graet experence for Elanda. Well, first the gentleman who had arranged the whole thing took Ariadne and myself to the Holiday Inn for a quick dinner. He took the whole thing - chaperoning two & lovely TV's to dinner in stride. However I knew that he felt a little uneasy even so ther was no reaction shown bt the other guest present. Any how things just went great, afterwards as we joined the class made up of adults of all ways of life there were housewives, law enforsement people, engineers, doctors etc. As usual Ariadne gave a fine presentation about our subculture the ups the downs, what makes us tick. Mean while I was siting with the students ready for the question and anawer session afterward. Well you all probably know what the ordenary citizen wants to know about us. Anything what can clear up their minds help us in the long run. I found this encounter truly stimulating to myself & well (I know) it was for the class. Love, Elanda.

H A N S [REDACTED] P O B 1155 Branch office, Rome, N.Y. 13440

Dera Wilma;

I am 56. Sence very small I had this interest in wigs & gloves but wasn't untill I was 27, I started having my own things for myown reward & enjoyment. I am only a part time TV since, living in a small town, its difficulty to go out. But it is enough for relaxation & forgetting everthing when in our hobby. I like women & the way they dress, thats all there is to it. I would say that is my reason for crossdressing. ANAMARIE, OHIO.

Definition of the meanest man in the world: That's the man who didn't tell his wife he was sterile until after she was pregnant! *in Paper-*

MARRIAGE is an institution held together by two books - cook and check.

# '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 no-

toriously 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."

museum, said Cannon's choice of dress has produced "a lot of mumbling" 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 a 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," he said. "I 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 ruling class," he said. "People who are nobody special recognize that 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 lets 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."

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

NOTE:

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## Angela Douglas Is All Woman

Alternative press writer Angela Douglas underwent the final stage of the sex-change operation on April 12 at the Los Angeles clinic of Dr. John R. Brown.

Douglas said the experience was "ghastly" but that she is recuperating rapidly. Douglas lived as a woman for almost eight years before having the operation.

## 2 Missouri U. Surgeons Report a Medical First In Transsexual Operation

Surgeons at the University of Missouri reported Monday that they had performed the first female-to-male transsexual operation in which the patient was given a penis capable of erection.

Until now, doctors performing such operations had either not attempted to construct a penis, limiting the surgical procedures to mastectomies and removal of the hormone-producing ovaries, or had given the patient a penis kept in a permanent state of semierection by an implanted rod.

In this new case, reported in Kansas City before a urology seminar sponsored by the University of Missouri and its affiliated Columbia Medical Center, the doctors said that the penis contained

tiny hydraulic system that permitted it fluid to be pumped from a reservoir in the abdomen into the penis to cause erection. This procedure has been used before for men suffering from incurable impotence.

The report was made by Dr. Josep Montie, a urologist, and Dr. Charles Puckett, a plastic surgeon, both at the University of Missouri.

The patient, whose identity was not disclosed, was said to be about 30 years old and to have been living for four years as a male, having previously had surgery to remove the breasts and ovaries.

The patient, described as bearded and broad-shouldered, was quoted as saying that he had thought of himself as a man since birth. Unlike homosexuals, who accept and prefer the sex corresponding to their anatomy, transsexuals grow up with self-images appropriate to the opposite sex anatomically.

In the surgery reported in Kansas City, a penis and scrotum were fashioned of skin removed from the patient's thigh. The patient is sterile.

A MAN rarely succeeds at anything unless he has fun doing it.