

Journal of
Male Feminism



Double Issue
1979, Nos. 1-2

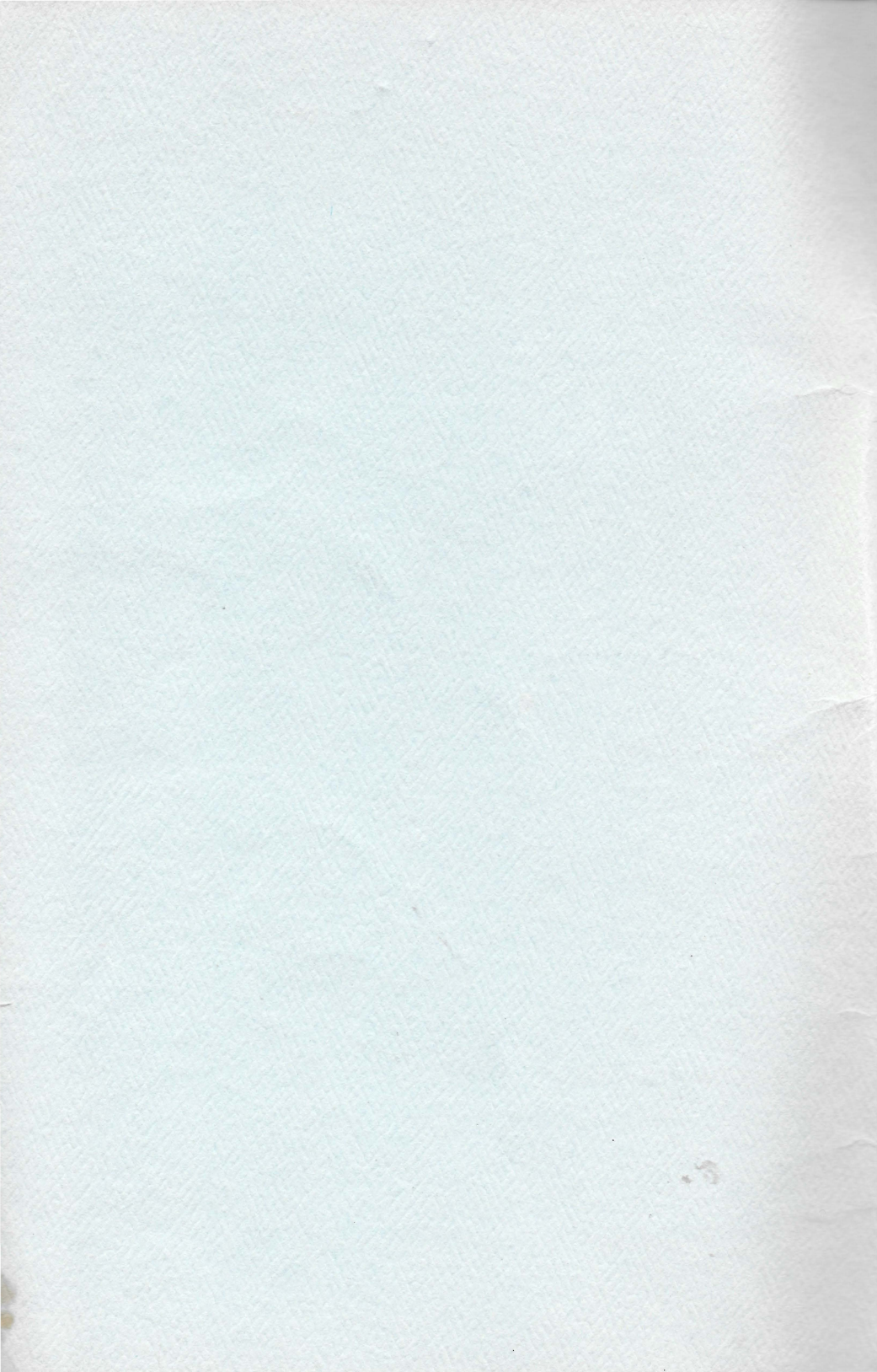




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The *Journal of Male Feminism*, © pending, is the organ of the International Alliance for Male Feminism, P.O. Box 623, Laurel, Md. 20810. Annual subscription: \$18.00; distributed free to all members of the Alliance. Editor, Susan Cannon; Design and Production, Denise Cook. Opinions expressed are those of the individual authors and not necessarily those of the International Alliance. Articles are solicited from members and non-members, typed, double-spaced, on unlined white 8½ x 11" paper, with 1½" margins on all sides, but their returns cannot be guaranteed unless they are accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage (typed material is first-class mail). No payment is made to authors. All submissions may be edited to conform to *Journal* style and for reasons of length.

Feminism an Editorial

Feminism: An Editorial

On my first trip to an Alliance meeting, the driver tried to tell me about the different kinds of people to be met, TS's and TV's and so forth. After five minutes I said I had forgotten which was which. "Don't worry," she said, "they're all nice people."

So let us not worry too much about labels, or categorizing ourselves into four or five distinct subvarieties. I use "male woman" simply as a comprehensive term which tends to divide us least, but don't use even that if it restricts you psychologically. The sociological truth is that we are not a collection of little minorities; we are part of the most widespread movement in the human world today: the movement to cope with the excessive masculinism that has characterized the dominant class in modern civilization for the past several centuries. So we in the suburbs of Washington or Minneapolis have the same kinds of problems as the nationalist female reformer in Indonesia.

We "minorities" are, of course, the majority taken nation-wide, or taken world-wide. But it is up to us to take ourselves as a unity, not as ourselves alone. There is no doubt in my mind that the other groups which can make up the total majority will accept us male feminists. On coming out, I was immediately popular with females, blacks, and the young. And, I may add, equally acceptable to my scholarly colleagues in the university world.

Feminism is not a given set of reform goals. It is the insistence on your right to be as feminine as your psyche directs, and to have people around you equally free. This latter freedom may

make some of them more masculine than before! Well, why not? I love masculine creatures. Indeed I help make persons more masculine by my feminine presence.

Feminism in itself has no new basic tactic of "how to be feminine." Many of the good old ways are good. We may sometimes, indeed, be accused of being old-fashioned, of reviving feminine submissiveness or whatever. I myself have been gently lectured by a female for wearing nail polish; for women workers, she claimed, do not keep their hands neat and out of the grease and travail of farm and machine-shop work. Women must, say such friendly critics, exercise our rights to be *equal*, must get out of the kitchen or out from under in bed, and so on.

Nonsense. The kitchen is a creative action center, and one of social power over the family group, too. Under is the best position in bed. We have a right to be feminine in any of the ways there are, traditional or modern.

We male feminists then: "male" because males are the ones who have been most suppressed: need a special organization and vehicle of expression now. We welcome female feminists in our sisterhood, and indeed are already indebted to a number of them, and learn much from them and their fellowship with the males.

As feminists, we claim the right to be whole human beings in public as well as in private, according to the psyches we have, not partial psyches cut back to fit old dominant-class biases. Some of us will show more femininity than others. If we go far enough, do we go over the line into being women?

The question is nonsense. It is not a matter of trying this and that and gradually drifting over an invisible line. If we are women, it will come forth, and we exercise the right to implement it in womanly ways. If we are not women, we will not become such by expressions of such feminine psychic traits as we have, we will reach the right balance of masculine and feminine for us.

If we use the term "male woman", do not let it become another prejudice, another restriction. A woman is a woman. None is "free" in the sense of not being conditioned by body and past history; none is "free" to express femininity except in cultural forms available at present. (Fingernail polish is not inherent to womanliness in all cultures and all ages; but it is a mode of feminine expression available just today - maybe, even, if my friend succeeds in her reform, not available tomorrow). A woman with male sexual organs is conditioned in some ways in her womanliness; but so too is a woman 4 ft.0 in. in height. And both can be more womanly than a handsome female 5 ft. 10 in. who has a dull face and no energy or enthusiasm.

No one, in my thinking, is a "trans". That is an unfortunate medical prefix. We are what we are, and attempts to fit us into medical categories or even biological ones are so misleading that even the Federal Courts have wisely given up on it. Does one count genitals, hormones, chromosomes, or forces inflicted on the embryo in the second month of pregnancy? The truth is that persons pressing such questions are always ones who want to make sure that you are *not* accepted as a woman, do not get into the women's tennis tournament. Beware all such attempts, however "scientific" or "impartial" they claim to be. The power to define is the

power to abolish your existence by fiat. I do not need to know what happened in my embryo in its second month of existence. I need to know how to express my womanliness here and now.

So I am not a trans-woman, or an off-brand woman, or a chromosome-went-wrong woman, or anything but a woman; and I am fairly sure that my most basic conduct-forming biological feature is the fact that I am over six feet tall and have been since I was 14. People this large live, I am convinced, in a different physical and emotional world from those who are five feet and under. One of my cousins is under five feet; it is only our common womanliness that makes me capable of understanding her actions at all.

* * * * *

In the world of feminism, we of the Alliance are of special interest because we are right in the midst of the masculinist culture of the dominant minority. Indeed, most of us have lived as apparent members of it. We are living in the very den of the tiger. Each psyche freed here is of extra value to the rest of the world, even though as individuals we are of no more value than someone in Indonesia.

Our *Journal*, then, is in a position to be the leading journal of opinion on our subjects and that is the commission from the Alliance to the current editorial staff. Bear with us while we experiment with ways to become this. One thing is clear: we must have input, a direct input of experiences, from the membership. We cannot be factual, authoritative, believable, on the basis of what poorly-briefed reporters and psychologists say about us. We must go back to the sources again and again; and on most of our subjects, our sources are

not Freud or Kinsey or Johns Hopkins or the nearby Gender Orientation enthusiast. The sources of knowledge about ourselves are ourselves.

We will need to develop a valid sociological analysis of male feminism without relinquishing an interest in biology and individual psychology. Frankly, to a senior scholar such as myself, most current studies on individual psychology show such simplistic, hidden sociological assumptions that they are of very little worth. Middle-class masculinist professionals generalize about us on the basis of their own class dogmas without realizing they are doing it. As in the study of "gays" in which the subjects were located exclusively in large city bars, and the results were released under the title of "*The Gay Male*"! "All About Urban Sophisticated Bar-Flies" would have been more like it.

Frankly, we will have to straighten out all of this ourselves, and the *Journal* is available as a forum in which to do it. By "we" I mean those of us who live the sociology, the culture. There are no professionals who can do the job for us, no mail-order sources of analysis and advice. Recently I have talked with some MD's and some PhD's, psychiatrist and psychologist and therapist and counsellor among them. *Every one* of them had different names for the different parts of my experience; everyone classified me differently and judged every activity on a different basis. Parts that I thought were womanly (being like my mother's actions) came out as masculine! and vice versa, depending on the priorities of the classifier. What was clear was that each had a painfully narrow band of acceptance as to what really "feminine" conduct or attire was; so there is much educational work for feminists to do among the so-called "experts."

This issue of the *Journal* has a number of articles in diverse directions, to indicate some of the emphases we think are needed. But what is needed most are authors, and, although we cannot offer you money, we can promise you that your experience will be taken seriously, as primary data about ourselves.

* * * * *

By and large, we of the Alliance have found female women to be our greatest supporters, with more cordiality than we probably deserve and with a good bit of shrewd criticism too. As a feminist, one is not alone, special, isolated. One finds oneself afloat in an ocean full of fellow creatures, helpful, friendly, warm. The ocean of half of humanity. Walk out the door, onto the street, into the store, onto the bus, and you are among them: people like you, some a bit shy at first until they are sure that *you* accept *them* as equals; then interested, and accepting. *It is not necessary to be alone again.*

Susan Cannon, Editor

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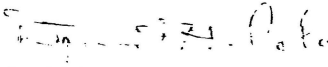
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is hereby issued to the THE INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE FOR MALE
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as of the date hereinafter mentioned.

Date July 7, 1978

PETER S. RIDLEY,
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The Alliance

FROM THE SECRETARY'S DESK:

To All Alliance Sisters,

Major steps are being taken at this time to reorganize the International Alliance and most of the effort concerns Alliance publications and membership records. One of the major objectives of the International Alliance is to encourage and facilitate contact between members. More often than not, such contact must be through the mail due to the diversity of the membership.

The International Alliance can and will assist its members in establishing communications with others who share an interest in cross-dressing. You can help us and yourself at the same time by taking a few minutes to write down (in your neatest printing or typing) information about yourself that you would like to share with others.

A new edition of the Alliance *Non-Confidential* International Membership Directory is in the works but to make it worth the effort and expense, it should contain only current and accurate information. So even if you have previously submitted a Directory Listing Form, if you will send a *brief* description of yourself (and a good quality, black and white photo if possible) to: The International Alliance, P.O. Box 623, Laurel, MD 20810, you can be sure that you will be in the directory and the facts, as you want them, will be listed. (All listings must include your Membership Code Number.)

This directory will be widely distributed. There is no feasible method to

control access. As a result, even though we urge discretion in its disclosure, it must be considered strictly NON-confidential. With that in mind, you are urged to be as open and detailed (do not exceed ½ page in length, however) as possible considering your own individual circumstances. We hope most sisters will list a mailing address and, if possible, a telephone number so they may be contacted directly. Other suggested items frequently of interest are: sex, age, height, weight, marital status, experience in feminist activity, education, religion, hobbies, local Alliance chapter membership and activity, travel, and any special desires, interests, or objectives with reference to membership and/or correspondence. Let's "get to know" your Alliance sisters and allow them to "get to know" you. Real sisterhood is a central objective of our Alliance. (Entrees are subject to editing)

ALLIANCE SUPPORTS STUDY OF CROSS DRESSERS' CHILDRENS

Are children affected by their fathers' cross-dressing (whether they have or have not been "told about it")? If they are affected, specifically how and to what degree? This will be the focus of a research study conducted by Richard Green, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry, and David Beatty, Ph.D., a post-doctoral fellow, of the Department of Psychiatry at the State University of

New York at Stony Brook (SUNY-Stony Brook). They requested the International Alliance for Male Feminism (I.A.M.F.) to assist them by providing subjects meeting the study's criteria. After meeting with Drs. Green and Beatty and having a full review and discussion of the research proposal, the I.A.M.F. Executive Committee voted unanimously to recommend that Alliance members and friends volunteer as subjects for the study. Rachel Everly, speaking for the Alliance Board, stated, "We believe the results of this research study should be extremely useful in helping our male women deal with their concerns about the effect of fathers' cross-dressing on the psychosexual and psychosocial development of their children." "It should also be a long needed and very useful addition to public knowledge and understanding about this relatively common yet little studied family lifestyle," added Phyllis Dexter, International Alliance Treasurer and Board Member.

There has been a long-standing "concern" in the public and especially in the mental health professions that the children of transsexual and homosexual parents may experience problems in sexual or gender identity and psychosocial development resulting from their parent's atypical sexuality. Research conducted by Dr. Green and his staff which has focused on psychosocial issues indicates, however, that these children do not experience developmental and identity problems any different from those problems most children encounter. In other words, the sexual identity and orientation of the homosexual or transsexual parent does not appear to affect the sexual identity of their children.

There has been no research directed to answering these same ques-

tions about the children of cross-dressers, unfortunately, yet the cross-dresser and his wife may be worried about the short-term and long-term effects on their children. Many parents, therefore, try to keep this a secret from their children and other parents tell their children only when: 1) they feel that the children will be able to "keep the family secret," and 2) they believe the children have matured sufficiently to enable them to deal with their father's cross-dressing.

Since the onset of the Gay Liberation Movement, and the increased willingness of homosexual men and women to come out of the closet, the homosexual parent is more accepted by society. Transsexuals undergo the medical procedure of sex-reassignment and because of this they have to inform their family, at least, of their change in sex. Consequently, transsexual and homosexual parents are more likely to be out of the closet and their children are much more likely to be actively aware of their parents' sexual identity and preference.

The cross-dresser, on the other hand, does not have to let anyone know (including partners or parents) about his cross-dressing. The cross-dresser who is attentive and careful can continue to dress en femme, alone at home; with only select adults; or in anonymous out-of-town situations. Since medical attention is not necessary (as with the transsexual) and since the activities and implications of cross-dressing have not been as publicized and to some extent tolerated (as with homosexuals), the cross-dresser may experience additional pressure to maintain secrecy. As a result, little has been done to establish the facts and eliminate the myths associated with cross-dressing. No one knows how a father's cross-dressing may contribute

to his children's psychosocial development and many families with a cross-dressing father are troubled by this lack of information.

In order to begin to answer these questions and to provide information to fathers who cross-dress and their wives, Drs. Green and Beatty would like to interview heterosexual fathers who at the very least occasionally cross-dress, and if willing, their children, and wives. The interviews with each family member will be strictly confidential and private, and takes approximately three hours, including completion of several paper and pencil inventories. Since the focus is primarily on the children and their development, each child is interviewed in one or two sessions, for a total of 3 to 5 hours. The children are

asked questions dealing with their preference for toys, friends, and activities, and are asked to participate in games and tasks appropriate to their age.

The interview with the children is designed so that *the topic of the father's cross-dressing can be completely avoided*. Prior to the interview with the children, parents are asked about the extent of information the children may have about the father's cross-dressing. *Both parents must give permission for any questions to be asked of the children about cross-dressing*. This means, therefore, that children who are not aware of their father's cross-dressing can be interviewed without the risk of sharing this information. However, families with children who *do know* of their fathers' cross-dressing are especially

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sought as subjects.

If you are a father who enjoys cross-dressing, at least on occasion, have at least one three-to-sixteen year old child, and are interested in participating in or learning more about the study, please write David Beatty at the Department of Psychiatry, Lab Office Building, SUNY - Stony Brook, N.Y. 11794, or call collect 516-444-2220. The study will begin in the Fall of 1978 and extend through the next Spring. All letters and/or calls are treated as confidential material which is not available to anyone but Drs. Green and Beatty

Participants in the study will be reimbursed for thier inconvenience.

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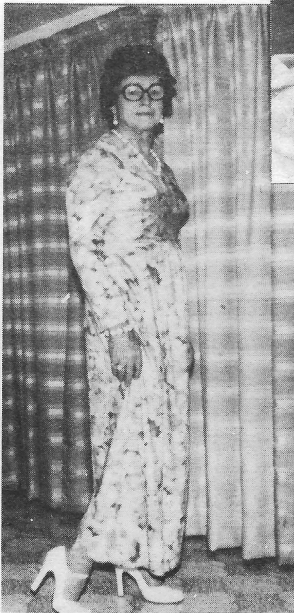
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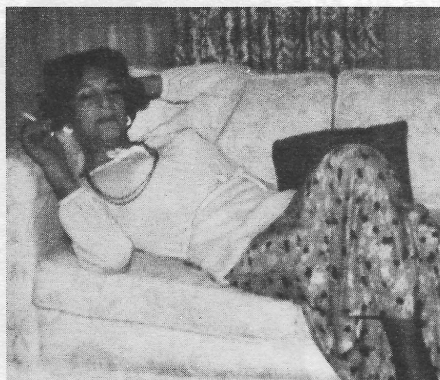


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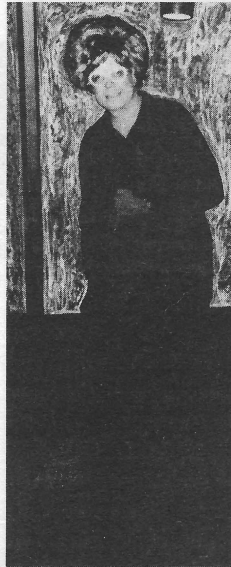
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Patti Fail, 1-MN-55165, is anxious to get a Minneapolis-St. Paul Alliance going. Drop her a line today.



Teddie C., 1-MT-R3C, from Winnipeg, Canada. Teddie's wife is fully supportive.

Commentators

SUSAN'S CORNER

by Susan C.

These are not remarks of the Editor, this is not a place for editorials on the sly. This is for Susan Herself. Whether it is in conformity with the attitudes of the *Journal* and the Alliance or not. Mostly, here I don't have to pretend to be significant and relevant. Anything goes that is on Susan C's platter.

Today, for example, it is the face. The face, and an infected cyst thereon, and penicillin, and hot compresses, and water dripping onto my lap, and then neat little bandages on my face while I feel drained of energy and take another penicillin pill. I don't look very feminine and I can't keep on shopping for a new wig and I don't feel womanly. I don't feel manly either, so here is the crux: is womanly something super-added to the basic biological gunk as an extra attribute that goes away in time of stress?

If so, I can't fight in womanly fashion; I can only fight in gunk fashion so that the possibility of womanliness may be restored. Since, when I fight, I am in stress.

* * * * *

Well, if you have ever felt that way, don't worry. It is just subjective. You don't feel frilly-feminine, fun-and-girlish; but what outsiders see is a hard-nosed, hard-rock woman buckled up for survival.

They never believe in Susan so much at the office as when I arrive in closed flat shoes and pants and a jacket and no lipstick and neglected hair with a deep voice from a cold and under too much stress to walk "right" and talk "right" and plunge right into doing the things a dominant woman does in the way a dominant woman does them. No female woman then harbors the idea she is superior to me because my womanliness is "put on". Mostly I scold them, and they take it as from a woman who has that right.

So there is no neuter part of the psyche. If you are not all woman, then the rest is something else, not something neuter. My other part is boy, since I never was a man, and being a girl was not done for males in my grammar school. Boy is not very large and not very strong, so it is he who is put down by stress. Women at the office like it much better when stress is removed and boy can come out and add a little verbal word-play and joking to the woman's decisions and lecturing.

He likes fun games with words, and making fun of deadly seriousness, especially adult seriousness.

I have actually taken votes to determine how old boy is. One group decided 17, which startled me for very good reasons. So I asked them the characteristics of 17. One was the facility with words. Well, that was just their

limited contact with high IQ's; I was facile at 12. The other was—get this—“the lack of responsibility that marks the adult”! You see how social groups differ. In mine, we were set to exploring responsibility at 13, and into it willy-nilly at 14. We were upper middle-class; the group I asked to vote on boy was middle-middle-class. So much difference does social stratification make! Our normality was their teenage scandal.

The chronology is important to me because it was at 14, reinforced at 15, that I took the responsibility for determining my future education and subsequent career; and I am still in the career. Was the choice that of a boy who is no longer an important part of me, or was it that of the young woman who has developed into the woman now feeling grumpy with a swollen cheek and a penicillin pill? Is history (I am a historian) the way my woman's intellect functions, or is it one of the boy's hobbies I picked upon so as to attach myself to a masculine bunch? (for most historians and most history is masculinist).

Well, my voters may have been right. Boy may have survived to 17 anyway, and that helps explain his verbal facility, as I was on the debate team at 15 and 16. And, really, I chose history itself a bit later yet; it was only the scholarly life I chose at 14. I know that history is the way my woman's intellect functions for a very good reason: I chose it after I first fell in love.

Still, the result is the same. What is not boy is woman, even if the two may have divided the field from 13 to 17 or so. There is no man part of my psyche; more important, there is no neuter part. Which is what I wanted to reassure myself about. And reassure you about, if you have neuter-feeling times.

That is one thing Susan's Corner is for: shots of aqua vitae to make me feel, in spite of an infected cheek on a blistering hot polluted Thursday, “I'm OK, Jack.”

EMOTIONAL DIARY

by Betty R.

Emotions are things to have, not to enjoy. When they start to hurt, don't try to freeze—go ahead and let them hurt. Cry if you like. Dunk yourself in self-pity. Most humans rate a lot more pity than they get.

Here are some emotions to expect, on the way to more open womanliness.

- Reluctance
- Active Dislike
- Humiliation
- Anger
- Self-doubt
- Despair
- Total Indifference

All have the effect of *making you quit*. That is why indifference is the last. What difference does it make, really, if you don't break that next social tabu? So you don't, and lo! you are stuck right there and everything unravels.

What is good is that you have a dynamic that is not an emotion which keeps pushing you on through the emotions (there are nice emotions too, but they are not what pushes you) and lo! on the other side of Total Indifference you find Acceptance—and it all pulls together. Acceptance; and also self-acceptance.

For that phase; and then it starts over again. That was wearing a skirt to church; this is wearing a man to . . . well, you see what I mean.

An emotional diary will show this sequence of emotions, or something like

it. What it shows is that the obstacles to expressing your femininity are not in the external significances of the actions. It is as hard to wear a woman's blouse, which no one will notice as such, for the beginner, as it is later on to put on a dress to go to the office. The emotional significance for you is very different from the sociological significance for others.

But the real significance is not in the emotional intensities for you either. It is in that dynamic which keeps pushing you on. Psychiatrists have given up on it and will testify in court that, legally, it is irresistible. My idea is that it is irresistible in the way that a return to good health is. It is just natural for a person to be herself regardless of the social forces distorting her, so the natural healing power of the psyche is always at work to return you to your normal. Which, for most of us, is considerably more feminine than we have been able to express. A return to physical health exposes you to stronger emotions both painful and pleasurable; and so does a return to better feminine health.

VIEWPOINTS:

"I AM IN FAVOR OF MASCULINISM"

by Sherry T.

The last editor of this *Journal* as good as said that feminism should take over the world. (76-3). Everything I read denounces masculinism and dominance and tells me not to be submissive and not to want bisexual clothes since unisexual ones are the ones of the future. Well, I bought a pair of Hush Puppies and they *hurt my feet!* Do you know that working like a woman is a more efficient way of using energy? A

physicist analyzed it and told me so. I love to submit, to someone worth submitting to. I don't understand how you form couples if both persons are the same—who does what? Who starts something? The female women's movement is insisting on equality of *jobs and money* because so many of them have to support themselves nowadays. I'm all for that, but why make me wear *tweed vests!* (Yes, that's what's in the catalogues this fall.) It is exactly in freedom from the stuffy ole male conformity uniforms that women have enjoyed their way of life!

I *like* tweedy men. I don't want to *be* one. I like men who make advances, to which I may submit and may not.

There are two different things here that seem to be getting confused. If a person is, say 75% masculine and 25% feminine, he may be quite masculine three-quarters of the time, and quite feminine one-quarter of the time. That is what I thought it was all about, and I say that is perfectly valid. Or, he just may never be as masculine; he may have his masculinism watered down. At 50-50 I suppose he would be unisexual, or as it used to be called, effeminate.

Now maybe this second is OK. I condemn nobody. I just hold out for validity of the first way. I think a lot of us do. Frankly, I think we need more freedom for real masculinism, a lot of which is tied down now by apron-strings and job-security, and insurance policies. My femininity does not resound to a promise that my man has carefully paid all the premiums for old age already. Let the uni-sex people settle down together with matching pension plans and grow old soon and gracefully. I want to grow young, *now*.



STRAIGHT TALK

by Polly W.

This is a column in which anything can be discussed. Yep, bowels or prostrate glands, if that is what is relevant. The editors say I have to steer clear of pornographic words but I can make my meaning as clear as crystal.

To ease into it, let's talk about your period. You probably have one, you know. Probably about 22-23 days; it's shorter for males than females. Probably you repress it, too, "sit on it" as lots of working females do with theirs. Don't. Swing with it; it's a normal physiological thing. It is not just more emotionality at one part of the cycle than another. It is different emotionalities because the physiology is different.

The prelude is a high tense period of almost aggressive desire. Then everything seems to sort of collapse: drive, desires, bowels, whatever—a slump. Some depression. Recovery, then, to a state of coquettishness, revived interest in things feminine rather than things sexual. The "maiden" stage. Then onto "woman", maturity, meeting men as an equal adult. Then the aggressive stage,

no girlishness or delight in frippery at all, harsh thoughts and sexual fantasies, leading on to: the collapse again.

To even out these variations more than is absolutely necessary to keep your job or your friends is like every other suppression of yourself: it dulls you. *Let yourself be different* over the period; don't worry about losing control; the same phases will come around again. People learn to adjust to your variations of personality; that is part of their considering you to be a woman.

A question: does the intensity of the period have anything to do with hormones? Apparently not; it has to do with you and how you accept your body. If you go with the cycle, "swing" with the body, the period will be pronounced but smooth and predictably cyclic. If you fight the body's swings, you can blot it out altogether—but be subject to less graceful ups and downs, perhaps even "depressions". You can't beat Mother Nature, but you can certainly play some fantastic tricks on yourself.

Features

POLICY STATEMENT:

ON MORALITY

by the Editorial Board

Some articles in the *Journal* may appear to present practices contrary to received opinions of moral conduct. And, although the *Journal* will not print pornography, it does allow the use of commonly understandable words for common things. We do not require the use of Latin or medieval terminology.

Does this mean that the *Journal* is in a sly way allied with the immoralists whom conservatives fear? We think not.

Remember that an article describes a process, and a result. If you do so and so, the results will be. . . let us say, pleasant. This does not assert that you should do that which is pleasant. If you do, that is your morality, not our's or the author's. Most moralities forbid specified pleasant activities in specified circumstances.

We cannot, further, make an author describe an actual process only to lament that it exists. An author often makes out a decent case for what she is describing, since detractors will usually single out the individual instance in which the process leads to suffering. Thus we have, in the past, described some of the transsexual medical procedures at Stanford and elsewhere. As a *Journal*, we neither approve nor disapprove of them; they are an actuality of our time and are of interest to our membership.

The *Journal* does have a morality, and a very positive one. We believe that knowing the actually existing, and

showing it in the light, is moral. We believe that concealment and hushing things up is less moral. Those who have to, do; but this is no excuse for the ones who make it necessary for them to do so. We believe in the virtue of public knowledge of alternatives; we think it immoral to force the next person to be just as ignorant as the last one was.

Second, we believe that femininity *as it exists* is of high moral worth. We do not content that if the feminine were perfected, raised, rewarded economically, and so forth, it would then be the equal of the masculine. We take femininity as it is, along with the forces which have created it, as a human good to be expressed, used, enjoyed.

Third, the *Journal* is a one-orientation vehicle. We do not attach ourselves to any external reform movement, politics, creed, organization, or leader. We defend the right of any person to be as feminine as she needs to be, regardless of any other connection the person may have. Persons wanting us to favor the mostly liberal or the mostly conservative, to be mostly for equal job rights or mostly for unisex, mostly for operations or mostly for propriety, will have to realize that we are not available for that extra limitation. We will work with such movements and through them when their needs overlap with ours. As the most oppressed group of feminists, the male feminists cannot afford to reject a help-

ing hand anywhere. But we will not limit ourselves to the approved standards of any other group.

Finally, our morality is not to yield to fear. Naturally we yield to coercion. That is what coercion is: that which cannot be resisted. But there is a "moral" teaching abroad which says that one *ought* to be rendered inactive by a scowl, that it is *bad* to act if it would disturb The Man's equilibrium. This pervasive feeling does more to keep feminists from being themselves than any other thing. It translates itself into such utterly common fears as "Will the shop-clerk snub me if I try to buy a skirt"! Just remember that *every* off-brand group is kept down the same way. Blacks should not be so uppity. Women should not express themselves so forcefully. Gays are OK *if* they stay in certain areas (where the prices are higher). What if a shop-clerk *is* snippy to you? She is snippy to lots of others too when it is 4 p.m. and her feet hurt. Stores are there to sell clothes and you are there to buy some, and that is *all* the American way has to say about it. There is enough for any rational person to fear in the modern world as it is; we need not load our psyches down with extra fears of this kind, fears designed to keep us away from femininity indefinitely. That is what THEY want: to delay it, and delay it, until (hopefully) you die without expressing it.

IS THERE A CAUSE OF BEING NORMAL?

by Margot C.

There are five million or more male women in the United States, according to my recent estimates. This does not include gay consorts who are

masculine but less masculine than their partners. It does include the minority of such consorts who are male women but keep it hidden lest it offend their men.

It is not necessary to determine a cause of feminization on this scale. It is simply a regularly occurring phenomenon in our society, as well as in others we have records of. My own opinion is that it is a social force rather than a biological or a genetic one that is at work; but it makes no difference whether this is true or not. Whatever the force, the results are irreversible, are not "curable" by any psychiatric or physiological means, and cannot be prevented by any morality or moral pressure. The feminine will be; and no society has found a way to stop it.

Investigations sooner or later seem to come back to the age period 13-17, after excursions into the embryo, into early childhood, into disappointment with marriage, or even with trauma at the death of one's mother. So if the "cause" is not located in this period (what is the "cause" of arthritis? my grandfather's chromosomes? my mother's wrists? my own tennis-playing? they are all causes), what happens in that period has a strong shaping action, even if overt awareness comes into full consciousness or leads to social action later. One can relate to everything and everybody social as a woman does it without being very aware of it, and, of course, without any feminine display. I know of one bright person who was doing well in physics courses but abandoned them for more humanistic subjects. The action has an obvious explanation. Physics is basically men trying to intuit what a woman (the world) is like. So it is a quite masculinist subject. As this male became womanized, he lost interest in the physicists' problems. Developing his woman's intuition was more interesting, and it

could then go to work on studying social relations and the relations of individuals to society.

* * * * *

What do those of us who wind up with a goodly bit of womanliness do about it?

First, we do not lament it or seek for a "cure." We deny that there is such a thing as too much womanliness. If it is good on that female, it is good on me too. Am I not a free American citizen with equal rights? Any attempt to make a person ashamed of what is in principle good is a wicked attempt, and should be rejected outright.

Second, we relax and explore it. Imagine: holding a book as a female does is *good* for my arthritis!

Third, we forget to worry about it. If you are going to come out 20% feminine, that is what will happen, since the "causes" have already done their work. Or, if you are to be womanly all the way, holding back will do no good; it is determined already. You already are a woman, just one wearing scratchy clothes and perhaps a beard.

Now I am not especially "feminine" in appearance or mannerisms. But as a normally produced member of a normally occurring group in society, this does not worry me too much either. I find that when I don't feel especially feminine, friends tell me I am most characteristically "that woman who. . .": who does something, not always nicely (feminine is not always nice) but, I imagine, with my mother's glint in my eye (my mother suffered fools, but not gladly).

I hope that this *Journal* is for normal people to talk to other normal people and communicate all the varieties and ranges of being normal. For humans are very varied, and it is part of

the human ecological adjustment power that we can vary in many details and yet fit into social groups; indeed the variations mean that more individuals can fit into one group. Emotional variations, variations in self-consciousness, are especially common. I have not yet met two women who felt just the same way about any situation. I think every woman is mentally different, in significant ways, from every other one. This is the despair of office managers, who wish all typists were alike, and docile; but it is the delight of one who works alongside and with them. Women, indeed, can be used in these routine situations because they do *not* coalesce into one amorphous blob of typicality, but remain sharp, individual, and interesting.

* * * * *

As a part of normal femininity, let me make it clear, I include having what might seem to some to be "extreme" fantasies. Actually I once tried to have *really* extreme fantasies for a book I was writing, but found that all of them had been well worked over, in actuality, by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Anything I fantize, it seems, will come out to some conformity or another. So I fantize less now, and mingle with other women more. I can fantize an ideal woman, but she has no extremes as surprising as those of Betty, whom I met last week.

So one need not worry about proposed actions being "fantasies." If they are, they will be pretty routine and get rather dull after a while. Putting on a panty girdle is not a fantastic adventure. It is something you do to hold your stockings up.

Whereas being feminine is not a fantasy. After all, half the human race is. So there is an even chance that you

are, too. If you are, it is no fantasy; it is a normal way to be. You may add lipstick if you want to, but that does not make you feminine; that makes you modern. Your great-grandmother would have been horrified by the idea: "most unfeminine!" she would have said. Greasepaint was for actors, that is to say, illusionists; and being feminine is not an act or an illusion. It is you, part-way or all the way, or whatever has already been determined for you.



Seeking Treasures in Bins of 'Vintage' Duds

By Nina S. Hyde

Nothing is more in style than vintage clothing that went out of style years ago. It is not only the cut of the clothes but the cut-rate prices for high quality garments that have caused a boom in "old" clothing in Washington and elsewhere.

To meet the growing demand, many vintage clothing stores have opened here in the last year or so including Geraldine's (4015 Wisconsin Ave.), Second Hand Rose (1516 Wisconsin Ave.) Repeat Performance Resale Shop (Rockville) and Twice but Nice (Gaithersburg). Sophisticated boutiques like Exit in Georgetown have brought in old things to sell along with the new. "The tailoring and the bias cuts are so great I can't resist," says Anne Bradshaw, owner of Exit. "Besides the clothes are soft while the new clothes have a hardness to them."

But the heart of the old clothing business locally is a three-story warehouse full of used clothes housed in a pre-Civil War slaughterhouse in Northeast Washington. Called Classic Clothing (3701 Benning Rd. NE), it sells wholesale to stores all over the

world as well as to individual customers here.

"I was in Paris and saw these bowling shirts. We were selling them for \$3 but in Paris they were selling like mad for \$20, says Brian Streidel, 24, who was two credit courses away from an accounting degree when he dropped out to find customers in Europe, particularly France, England and Holland, for the used clothing for his family's business.

Second-hand clothing has always been the cheapest way to acquire things to wear. Since the late 1960s, used cloth-



By Bob Burchette—The Washington Post

A pink and black crepe dress, top, from Classic Clothing, and Classic's Brian Streidel with bales of used clothing for export.

ing stores that traditionally catered to the poor became the hunting ground for others, particularly the young, looking for something nostalgic, even funky, to wear. The price tag was the clincher.

Today, shopping the second-hand stores is a way of life for many seeking a way to cope with increasing clothing costs as well as adding individuality to their current wardrobe. The quality of workmanship in many of the earlier styles, the use of natural fiber fabrics, particularly silk and wool, and the uniqueness of the styling, are the bonuses for those willing to scout the market.

"Old clothes have a special sense of style, and far more individuality than clothes mass produced today," says Joan Danziger, a sculptress. "It's a collective way of dressing, like a contemporary house with old furniture."

In New York this summer, crepe de chine-like print dresses from vintage clothing shops were the hot weather uniforms for some of the best-dressed young women who never bothered to have them altered to fit perfectly but wore them loose and oversized, often pulled in at the waist with a narrow belt.

The sport of recycling old clothes, as well as the necessity, has boosted the number of classes in clothing alterations in Washington and inspired several new books, among them Gloria Mosesson's "New Clothes from Old" (Bobbs Merrill.)

"I've been wearing old clothes for five or six years," says Richard Mauro, manager of Nathan's I and II. "I like them better and I don't end up looking like everyone else. Most of the new clothes don't excite me like the old ones do, particularly the trousers and bow ties."

Brian Streidel's parents started in the used clothing business in the 1950s with a retail store, Like-Nu Clothing

on 7th Street and an export business, sending cheap used clothing to India, the Philippines and Hong Kong for resale. They closed the store after the disruptions that came with the Martin Luther King assassination and focused on their wholesale business at the North-east warehouse.

Streidel found in Paris that the "kids wanted the unconventional items like Boy Scout shirts, Army uniforms, vests, printed dresses, bowling shirts and university sweaters," he says. Now he bales these up, 250 at a clip, and ships them to shops all over this country and abroad.

When Streidel talks about Classic Clothing as the rag business, it isn't just trade lingo. Bundles of clothing are purchased by the company's agents and shipped to them in crates, bins, bales and barrels. It is sorted by quality, the best of it cleaned, pressed, repaired, scaled down to a typical size and sold as nostalgic gear. What is unwearable because of rips and tears is turned into rags and sold to institutions for wiping cloths.

The warehouse itself is divided by quality of clothes. On the top floor are the unsorted items in barrels, boxes and bins—what Streidel calls the "treasure hunt" area, and few things have a price tag over \$10. The second floor holds racks of vests, pleated trousers, dresses, bowling shirts, bomber jackets, sweaters and the like with slightly higher prices.

The real treasures, including the best of the crepe de chine dresses, shawls, blazers, kimonos, even wedding dresses and furs, are in a separate room on the first floor. Classic Clothing includes alterations with the cost of these items.

"Look at this dress for \$25," says Jan Hall, holding a draped crepe dress in pink and black. "It's not possible to find this kind of quality and style at almost any price today," says Hall, who first started wearing old blouses and bed



By Gerald Martineau—The Washington Post

Customers wade into Classic's cluttered treasure trove.

jackets with jeans three years ago and now is "hooked" on old jewelry as well as clothes.

"I'd rather spend most of my money on good shoes and bags," says Charlotte Fleming, a teacher. "Few people know that a lot of my clothes are second-hand.

For himself, Streidel often picks up a flannel shirt or sweater from a bin, he says. Leaning over the nearest box, he plucks out a Rogers Peet cutaway and laughs, "Well, that's not quite my style."

Streidel's been told that some of his

clothes were used in the movie "Annie Hall." Classic Clothing has the vests, the pleated pants, the shirts, even the hats to make up the look, but Streidel is skeptical.

"This is much more fun than being an accountant" says Streidel. But what gripes him are the high prices he sees on the old clothes in some stores. "Some are almost as high as new clothing," he says with astonishment. "That takes all the fun away. Old clothes should really be a treasure hunt."

THEN AND NOW

by Linda B.

This article was suggested by a discussion with some of my friends in which we were lamenting the lack of reading material describing one particular kind of male woman and how this type had existed in the recent past. One gets the idea from current literature that the whole tradition has been a Variety of Gay, plus several transvestite groups of staid heterosexual dignity, with a sudden spurt of spectacular operative transexuals quite recently. As "old-timers" (past 40), my friends and I knew of another track which was well established thirty years ago, and at that time it seemed the major deviant track in our localities. And it seemed to have been in being for some time before that. We are mostly from the heart of the middle classes, but looking to what we could glean about the working classes, it did not seem any different there. In particular, one at that time tended to look with sympathy on the problems of what are now called gay people, as they were less well accepted.

What this shows, I think, is that "what is" depends on the awareness of who is reporting; and most reporting on gender-sex deviations has been for the purpose of locating good stories, in the newspaper reporters' sense of the word. Then sociologists and "gender orientation" people follow up along lines of what they have been told exists; and so a spurious over-all picture is formed. And this tends to be self-confirming, as young persons not related to a tradition look for descriptions of persons like themselves and find only these other types described in the literature. So they squeeze themselves into one of the described categories, doubting that they

as they feel themselves to be can actually exist. The deviant believes that her difference from the "normal" deviant pattern is itself a "fantasy" to be suppressed! This is quite obvious among male women who have tried to be accepted as effeminate gay; they try to be as feminine as is allowed while claiming that they are not really women after all.

For what my judgment is worth, I will say that all reputable books and articles I have read on such matters are in error to the point that one wonders if sociologists and psychologists falsify deliberately. The answer is, no they don't, but the results are as if they did.

It is not possible for me to go back thirty years and gather all the data between and now to show a continually existing active track of significant magnitude for males as women in our society. What I can do is describe some of the characteristics as known to me—not autobiographical incident, but what I knew about or reliably heard about—and see if others will agree that some such thing has been in existence.

* * * * *

In our schools then, dominated by the middle class ethos even in some factory towns, 13 was the age at which one became eligible for looking over for socio-sexual relations. Middle class propriety frowned very much on earlier connections. And even most 13's did not plunge into the swim; indecisiveness was expected that year, or at any rate toe-testing experimentation to see how hot or cold the water was. Regular affairs were not until 14 or 15, and

often temporary then. One reason was that boys were unsure of themselves and wanted to get a year's age difference on girls before they committed themselves. So the effect was that of young men of 14 and 15 inspecting the crop of 13's and 14's and picking out desirable ones to work on.

The relevant point for this article is that in addition to girls, they also picked out a number of the boys, whom they then treated just as though they were girls.

Now none of the current literature I have read understands how this worked. The boys so picked were not especially girlish in looks, or effeminate, or small, and were not given to girlish display or to flocking with girls in their activities. On the whole they were above average in vitality, boyish appearance, and general competence. One such I knew was larger than any of the young men and was known to be an eager football blocker, usually at guard or tackle. The best boys, it was thought, make the best women.

Nor was this a gay impulse on the part of the young men choosing. Such impulses were known; they had their own customs; and they were recognized as man-boy or man-man affairs. Whereas this was young men choosing some males to be their young women thereafter. A definite conversion to womanly status had to be accomplished.

(This raises an interesting question. What is it that young men look for in a young woman? Obviously not merely the best sexual organs. How about alertness? None of the boys I knew who were converted into women were sad sacks.)

It is important to note that there was no especial desire among the chosen males to be so chosen. Many took evasive action and, if that failed, took consolation in the belief that this was a

juvenile scene which would not have lasting results. The young men choosing seemed to enjoy overcoming such resistances.

Do not envisage numerous scandalous incidents at 13 and 14. As a matter of fact, boys are not so physically attractive at those ages. But a boy could be defined as a young woman, and thereafter be treated as one, without a specific sexual action. One, for example, was taken on a camping trip and kept in a tent overnight by a young man at 13. The young man decided not to force the issue, and then had a young woman on his hands who did not appreciate even the rudiments of camping. For his mates thereafter treated the boy as a young woman, and did so thereafter in school as well. So that it became apparent that she could not go out for the football team, could not belong to one of the fraternities, could not be a class officer, could be Secretary of the student council, could be on the yearbook and be its editor, could be on the debate team if paired with a man, could go on a historic sites tour for women students. So it was definite enough sociologically which males were women, regardless of whether one knew of any specific sexual activity that might have taken place.

Let me make it clear that there was no feminine display in clothes or details of mannerism for these women, and nothing like "effeminate" actions. Once the male accepted the status of young woman, she might indeed envy some of the gay "boys" who were allowed more freedom in this respect. The value of the male woman was precisely in being overtly masculine in appearance so that no parent, principal, college entrance officer, dean, Navy admissions chief, or hotel proprietor could find anything by way of evidence to make a fuss about.

These young women were kept to

a fairly strictly controlled course of conduct. There was no question of strict equality with their men. Often the youth who submitted developed a strong emotional attachment to the young man. After that, the youth was almost fiercely woman, and possessive about her man. This could, indeed, be too strong a jealousy for everyone's good; and the young woman was then often directed to a more numerous set of relationships with several young men.

Because, you see, a pairing could not be permanent. The man's graduation came; and he would not take this young woman with him to his next environment.

I am not sure what happened to most of these young women who did not go to college. I imagine that some merged into a nearby gay scene and tried to be manly enough to pass as gay. For those who went to college, the benefits were just opening out. One case I knew was taken over her first term in college and promptly fell in love. She lived for him for two years, went into the Navy to "gain experience," and lived with him as his campus wife for his final two years at that college. Then he married a female, and she went on to a group of students at another university.

This track can be seen to have been early in the field with what is a modern trend in marriage, that is, one serious partner for several years, followed by another, and then another, as the change in status of the man makes a change in partners advisable. Love can flourish in such a system, but it does not guarantee continuing security.

I was not aware enough in high school to try to estimate how many or what percentage of males were taken for this track. I did pay some attention to the matter later on, in various environments. My conclusion is that given any six or seven young men, they will turn

one of themselves into a woman or gay boy for their purposes. This is even when females are readily available and marriage is not required for access to them. In the environments I have known, the choice was usually woman, not gay boy. In the Navy, I would estimate that the ratio is about two women and one gay boy for a total group of 20 males: a little less than 6 to 1.

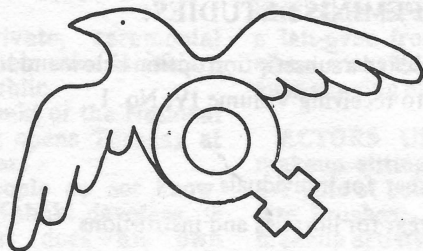
From the perspective of this account, let me comment on the current scene. First, there is the current attack on dominance-submissiveness. This I think is a mistake in understanding. "Dominance" and "submissiveness" are social cues for indicating who takes the initiative and who plays coy. It is the older way, of men chasing nymphs, and nymphs running away but not too fast. It is not a wicked way simply because it is old and has served well in the past. It does not determine who, ultimately, is in control.

Second, what is happening now is that some male youths are not waiting to be chosen and submitting to it. They are coming forward and proclaiming themselves women on their own say-so.

This is admirable. But it does not ensure that there will be some young men there to make use of them in socio-sexual ways. So they are taking greater chances than the male women in the track I have described were exposed to. These latter were sure of acceptance as they lost their masculinity.

Third, the great heresy is to *proclaim* that femininity may be preferable to masculinity; it is the saying, not merely the doing, that causes more resistance now. Without proclamation, the track I have described went along smoothly under everyone's eyes with no one drawing attention to it or giving it unwanted publicity.

FS FEMINIST STUDIES



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Kubuki Makeup

Several years ago dancer Martha Graham was in Japan on a cultural mission, and was accorded the honor of going backstage to see the famed Kabuki artists applying their makeup.

This very private, ceremonial preparation for their roles is seldom observed by the public.

The Grand Kabuki of the National Theater of Japan opens Tuesday at the Kennedy Center.

What many people do not know, unless they are Kabuki devotees, is that each artist does his own makeup. Monnosuke Ichikawa VII (seven generations of his family have been in the Kabuki), for example, is a famed onnagata or "female impersonator" and it takes him about one hour to apply his makeup for the role of Shizuka Gozen, the mistress in the play "Yoshitsune Senbon Zakura," one of the two plays being presented here. All female roles are played by men in Kabuki, and this is a very famous one.

OVER THE CENTURIES little has changed in the highly stylized makeups used in the dance-drama pieces. The art of kabuki makeup is called "kesho" and begins with actors donning silk skull caps called the *habutae*. These fit the forehead tightly.

The most dramatic makeup is that used to depict demons, whereas makeup for the onnagata, according to a book on Kabuki, "portrays a symbolic ideal of a woman's beauty and facial appearance. In the case of young maidens, princesses and other roles, the convention aimed at is that of 'urizane gao,' the oval-shaped face with a small mouth, named after its supposed resemblance to a melon seed."

Often, roles a player will get depend a great deal on his facial contours. A large, broad face would be a handicap for one aspiring to play one

of the major feminine roles that are so highly regarded.

It is customary for actors to authentically depict customs of the past. One will see women portrayed with blackened teeth, because this is a left-over from a Japanese period when married women did so, and even shaving off their eyebrows.

ACTORS USUALLY apply their makeup sitting on the floor. Nearby are pots of color and lots of different size brushes. This is where today's makeup artists derived the idea.

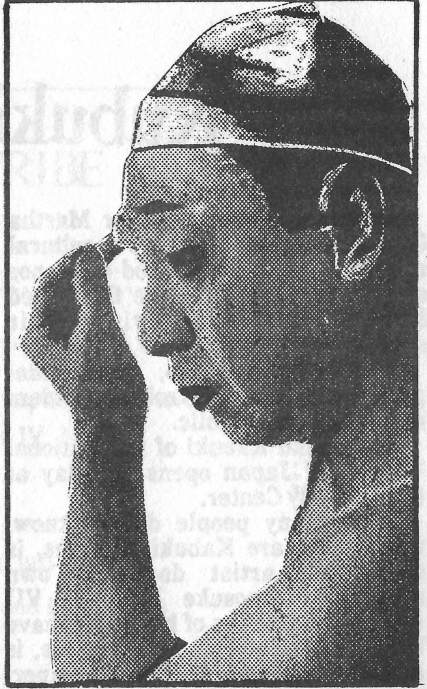
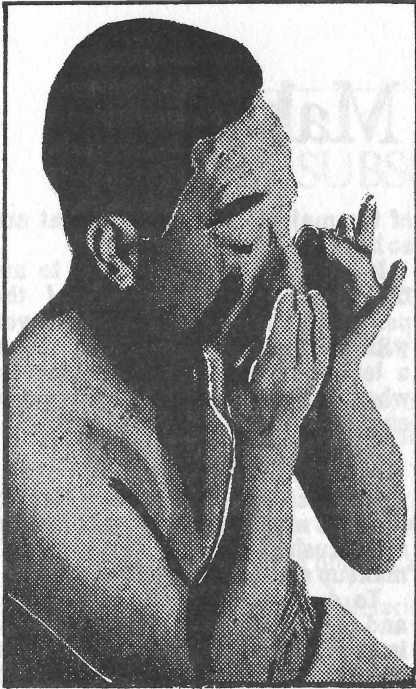
To darken the teeth, black sugar and resin of pine cones is used. This is called "ohaguro." Young maidens, courtesans, children and even handsome young heroes will have the dead, flat white foundation makeup called "oshiro." Eyebrows are first penciled in with "beni," a rouge. Lips are painted with "kuchi beni," and the black outline is called "sumi." In all foundation makeup, the actor's own eyebrows are obliterated, the book points out.

The onnagata's white mask-like makeup is delicate with a pale tint given cheeks and the area around the eyes. It is an 18th-century ideal of the Japanese woman that one sees on stage, according to a book on Kabuki, "one seen time and time again in the prints of Utamaro," an artist who lived between 1753 and 1806.

A much more dramatic Kabuki makeup, one that is truly riveting, has fierce lines drawn in with red and black on a white background. Sometimes brown is also used for this makeup called "kumadori" or a variation, "aiguma," that male roles call for.

Often makeup techniques are passed down from father to son in the Kabuki, for a memorable makeup is as much to be admired as a great performance.

— Eleni



Baiko, another leading onnagata (female impersonator); begins his makeup (above left). A silk skull cap is donned. Then he applies the white mask-like makeup with brushes (above right). Next, he binds a s head before the wig and its accessories are put on by a helper (below).



Monnosuke Ichikawa VII, costumed and madeup for his role as Shizuka Gozen, a mistress, in a Kubuki play.

Fiction

It is not clear what feminist fiction is; it is not merely fiction by women, for that can be as conformable to masculinist values and themes as any story by a man. Nor is feminist fiction that which praises women, or complains about their current status, or pretends that they are better or nobler than they are, or advocates more equality according to our current standards of equality. Perhaps at the present day truly feminist writing always has an air of fantasy, for looking at things solely from a womanly point of view is so contrary to plain

common sense (all common sense being the result of centuries of masculine assertion) that even the woman who achieves it can hardly believe that it is real.

Not knowing all the answers, the Editorial Board has nevertheless decided to present some examples of what feels to us to be feminist writings, whether by male or female. What follows is from the beginning of a larger work, in which the Woman and the Realm will undergo further experiences, taking the situation arrived at in this excerpt as the basis.

* * * * *

TO BE A DEVISER IS THIS KIND OF THING

by Margaret Jameson

Our Realm is the earth. Below, where blackness and heat abound, is not our realm. Above, where liquids evaporate and white blinds one to look at it, is not our realm. We are of the earth, cherish it, water it, fertilize it, tend it; and it gives us vitality, nourishment, shade, warmth, life. Women favor red earth; men favor brown earth; but we are together in the Realm. We permit no waste, no spillages. Every body returns its fertile parts to the earth; every drop is handled carefully. As long as that is, the Realm will be.

We permit no sin in the Realm. If a man wishes to do a great new thing, he calls upon the Scribes for a Ritual of Purification, and, if there is none, they call upon a Deviser to prepare a new one. Thus each new action comes into being with a proper purification which

makes it no sin, and so we are a guilt-free people. In wanting is no guilt, it is in acting that guilt may arise.

In killing is no sin. Power rules, and takes what it desires. If you kill, to that extent you have power. But it may be his friends will kill you, so you do not really have so much power. Men will fight; let them do so, then, without guilt but with judicious estimate of the consequences. Let Sir John fight the Earl, and if Sir John wins, he may become the Earl. Thus authority is always based on power.

In the Realm men are free, walk upright, wield power or yield to power, dress decorously, use swords and javelins, possess the land and from it bring forth bread and green food and flowers, take counsel, carry out the Rituals, possess houses, live in courts or villages

or towns or in one dwelling set apart in the countryside, fertilize women, form families, make a continuity, direct children as seems best, dwell where their fathers did, explore the arts and the mysteries of music, learn to write so as to be able to set down contracts, wills, and Rituals, and compete in the Five Contests of Manliness.

In the Realm women are possessed by men, adapt to circumstances, are mobile, provide experiences for men, obey the pelvis, can bear a child to any man, have feminine occupations such as drawing a plough, drawing a cart, blacksmithing, collecting garbage and dung, cleaning floors and walls, picking vegetables, mining coal and iron, tending cattle, butchering, and providing copulation for men. Women are restless, often move from town to town, and are sent from man to man. Women may not be hit, or whipped above the waist. Women eat bread, and vegetables grown on red earth, and the entrails of animals. A person may be forced to be feminine; then she has the right to remain so. Women have influence, not power.

These ways are natural, and in conformity with human nature, the earth and its products, and the fruitfulness of the Realm. We never forget that we are animals, only blessed with the advantages of the Realm to set us apart. We have no Wise Men to mislead us with imaginings, no Central Lord to place his desire above the good of the Realm. We do have Women of Influence, whose counsel may be sought by Notables if they desire, and among these are the Devisers of Purification. A Deviser may be known far and wide across the Realm.

* * * * *

Our men are diverse, all individuals, how can they be classified? Here is Tom, son of Tom, producing grain and children and flowers on the same fields his father and grandfather did. A "farmer", you say? Yet Tom has been in the hills, fighting the Count's raiders sword to sword. He has been to My Lady's Court as one of Sir John's retinue and has fathered his share of future plough girls in the women's stables. He has sung in the Dale competition and done well in the martial airs but not so well in the far-seeing melodies. And he has actually taken his rose arrangement to the Artists' Show, where it survived to the end. (No work is judged best, lest it lead to fights, but the poorer ones are removed before the end.)

His neighbor has fought, of course, but only in local skirmishes, and has no artistic accomplishments at all. Nevertheless his baking is the finest in the district; and after all is that not what manliness is ultimately about? to provide, year after year, the most and best sustenance for the Realm? At least he says so, and quite strongly when his flowers are seen at the village councilhouse alongside Tom's.

So to describe our men in their variety, only a complete set of biographies would do. Obviously the town artisans and merchants would have even more widely different experiences; as well as men dwelling near the demon Baron; or one in the Count's well-forested domains. For men raise trees and forests as well as grain. In the rich Dales is no problem; grain is on the richest land, woods on the less rich. In the hills is a running feud between the foresters and the Daughters of Anna, whose cattle may invade the woods. The cow women (most of them are nubile youths under 25) ride their little ponies

(too small for any man) recklessly among the hills, have no fixed abode and sleep beside the ponies, have no semblance of an orderly life; and wore practically no clothes until recently, when all were put into girdles. But they do produce the milk and flesh men want, and they usually come back to the civilized parts of the Realm and settle down as quite docile women as they grow older. Many a sturdy cart woman tells fond stories of her wild days as a Daughter of Anna but admits it would be too active a life for her now.

In the Realm a man has no rights. He is free, and as powerful as he is. He may even be forced to do something feminine, and if he does not kill you, so.

In the Realm a woman has rights. For example, a woman cannot be forced to learn to write. Even a Count's daughter was rescued and sent to the plough, when it was discovered her father was training her like a Scribe in secret. His defense was that she liked it, but that is no valid defense, it could be used by a man who induced his enemy's woman to break her contract and let him enter her.

A woman has a right to an active exercising job and not to be kept in idleness. A woman has a right not to wear fancy clothes that would interfere with any kind of work. A woman has a right to sleep apart with other women so that she can rise and harness up for work without worrying about waking a man. A woman cannot be forced to wear long or frilly hair; nor to attend art, music, and artisan shows; nor listen to music or lectures by the Scribes; nor attend Councils; nor fight; nor wield a stabbing weapon; nor take care of an oven. It is not right for a woman to kill herself, or be mutilated above the waist, or killed by a possessor. A woman may not be sold when she is not satisfactory but only given away or traded; and she

cannot be judged guilty of another person's conduct unless the other person be a girl under twelve years of age. This last is most important, as it means no woman can be held guilty by virtue of any action of another which she may be said to have influenced. Influence is not action, and a man is responsible if he acts under a woman's influence.

Words, for a man, are as deeds; for if he speaks words that anger his lord, and his lord kills him, then, so. Power has shown itself. A man is free: for his words he is responsible.

* * * * *

There is a reason for such and such details about women, which would otherwise be superfluous. And it is this. We said men are individuals; there is no way to describe the men of the Realm except to narrate the biographies of all. And this, in essence, is what the bards do in their songs.

But women fall into types, for all tend to become more feminine, and as they do, differences due to background and upbringing fall away. One plough woman is as feminine as another; and that becomes the lasting part of her present. So women can be grouped as plough women, cart women, garbage women, construction women, cleaning women, craft women, mine women, butchers, blacksmiths, cow women, round heels—are there any other major types? Of course the names are sketchy. Plough women weed fields and pick crops as well as draw ploughs (O yes, the ditching women are a group among themselves. They make routes as well as dig ditches.)

Thus it makes no difference where the women came from or how they were brought up. The Count's daughter was feminized to the same extent by becoming a plough woman as any other

in the stables. As women fit more and more into their feminine roles and occupations, their pasts become more and more irrelevant. All women have the same basic potentialities; only their sizes and intensities differ.

So it is easy to tell about women, for you only need to tell the characteristics of the type, what the role or occupation is, and then, with a few physical matters such as height, color of hair, etc., you have described all one needs to know about a woman in order to follow a story. And at the same time the hearer is learning about all women of that class, so if these particular incidents are of no importance, nevertheless the general knowledge may be useful. As the saying is, "Whoever expects a woman to act other than just like a woman?"

* * * * *

Let the story be about a Deviser, then. This Woman, one might say, lives in the Realm. But that would be an odd thing to say, and is not easily understood. This Woman is not apart from the Realm. It flows out from her and all of her is in it; being is not seperable from the Realm.

Away from the town the Realm flows, on routes dusty but firmly packed for a woman's voyages; no need of clogs or sandals once a woman reaches the town border and leaves the town ways. It flows with fields and gardens, villages, My Lady's Court, Vales of Merit, shade forests, more towns, more courts, more fields, and up toward the northwest and with hills and vallies and ravines and crags and the pass of the demon Baron and the high lands beyond where herds and goats and cow women roam and then crags are all and the desolation is peopled by the animal

women and the ruinous height of Most High is said to be beyond, and is so, for this Woman has been there.

It is said that to the north the Realm's uplands eventually go down in great sweeping slopes, down and down to nothing but flatland this side of a Great Water, that flows and flows and, far distant, has desert on the opposite side. So it is said.

But northeast is no idle talk. The land goes up more swiftly and then in roughs and turns goes on and on with foresters and game and farms, and this is not town-full, and the Count of the Eastern Marches tries to extend his power over all. Beyond his holdings, even rougher lands have in them the hill tribes that fight the Count, each other, and whatever lurks beyond them in precipice, marsh, or other strange place as the Realm goes precipitously and unpredictably down from the hills. These creatures of the beyond are not persons, strictly speaking, and even a hill tribe needs a Purification if it deals with them at all. These creatures may have demons of their own among them, but the Woman does not believe these demons are powerful over persons of the Realm.

To the south and southeast are the best of the swells and Dales and Hollows and shade forests and meadows and fields, and then Downs, and then the strip of the Strangers, who possess the beach and all that comes onto it, material or organic. This is their Contract, that they come no farther north than the first strip of fertile land beyond the dunes, but may take any woman on the beach to mate with. And some young women are known to lose their way and stray onto the beach by mistake, for to tell the truth the Strangers are personable in appearance, some say handsome, and eat well of fish and other creatures which, it is said, they not only find on

the beach but also venture out onto the water to secure. So they leave the Realm altogether at times, and are as persons yet not quite persons, hence Strangers seems right.

Well to the southwest is the long rocky finger into the sea where the Great Purification for the Realm takes place, and only Scribes and such-like (along with a guard force) go, for ordinary folk stay fast by home until the peninsula is sealed by barricade, and fires are lighted so that the guards can see, and the news is brought that the Ritual is complete, and what will be will be. Then there is rejoicing and merry-making for one and all, for this Purification covers all, and it is old, so that no one knows its Deviser, and so long as it is carried out, the Realm lives. No wars or upheavals can end the Realm, say the believers, if the Great Purification continues; and few there are who can be found to be sceptical.

Beyond that peninsula the west goes on and on in upland and hill and ridge and peak, and persons grow scanty and feet grow sore. The Woman does not know if it ever ends. After some distance there are no purifications, and people grow stranger and stranger.

To the East is not spoken of. Few go East from the Woman's town, lest something end. The Woman climbs up to a point above the town to sit and look, but no further East.

* * * * *

And so when the Woman set out walking from her quarters in the town, there was no new stimulus with new textures of experience to be noted, no new sights and sounds, new events to be recorded. It was simply the Realm in early morning, and the town ways were a bustle, for the feminine occupations begin without lagging or delay, as suits

the feminine temperament. Cart girls trotted down the ways pulling their two-wheel carts with light early morning deliveries, for the four-wheel carts for a team of two women had to wait for a late-rising man to act as driver. Garbage and dung women were going into cellars and emerging with their precious loads, careful to spill nothing. Blacksmith and metal shops were open, and women were working the treadmills for heating their forges or spinning their lathes. Here were made the finest blades for fighting purposes. Every sword must be tested in the blood of a woman, it was said, and here it was so, for Agatha Fine-Tempered drew each across the soft part of her belly, and if it drew more than a clean line of blood, she judged it as jagged and unfit and discarded it to try again. Her major outlet, however, was not the fighters but the butchers, whose shops were adjacent. Their occupation was feminine but their appearance was less so. With smooth muscled bodies, graceful fingers, short hair, wearing smocks that covered even the breasts, there was something almost boyish about them. It was said, too, that few wore girdles. Butchers cherished their old connection with the cow women in the hills, who until recently had not worn girdles. Nor did they need to do so now for the purposes of their occupation; they were required to do so to promote feminine solidarity. Viewing all women as sturdy work animals fit for harnessing to any physical task was what made all women equal and equally feminine, and the girdle was that to which the various kinds of harness or tackle or scoops or rotary machinery was attached.

The Woman came to the end of the town's ways, and stopped to take off her sandals and walked on, striding along on the hard-packed dirt as so many women had strode before in all

the years women had traveled along the routes of the Realm. A woman walking in the familiar texture of packed earth along familiar kinds of routes to provide men with a new experience, nothing more feminine than that. She came to the path, and turned down it to go down and across and up and on to My Lady's Court. Narrower; not so heavily packed, for the path was for feet only, not cart wheels. And so down and across and up around a bend there was My Lady's Court and the postern gate was open, for she had been seen from afar when she turned onto the path. And so the Woman went in as she was wont to do, for My Lady was often glad to speak with the Woman, openly but with a certain heightened tension too. For the Woman is of Influence, whereas My Lady has to do with Power. And while persons of Power may respect those who are mediators of Influence, they do not intend to lose Power in the interchange. And of this there is a story of old. Not so old, for it was the same Lady and the same Woman, but old as that which has established the given things of our day is old.

* * * * *

Once upon a time there came Strangers in a large host from the north, and they came through the Realm without stopping, and then they stopped. And with them was no contact. And here, where they stopped, the Elders met in council and agreed that the Strangers must be purified. But, except for blood slaughter, the Scribes could find no Ritual of Purification for Strangers and My Lady forbade the ritual of blood slaughter. For, she said, "They must have a Protector if they have come so far. And we must not commit sacrilege against their Protector." There was a silence, and an impasse. For the

Elders would not be silenced. They ceased to talk, but they shifted from foot to foot. An ominous sound. Of men not willing to do nothing.

So My Lady said, "Send me the Woman of the town." There was a soft sound from the men, then the shuffling ceased. And the Woman came, over the route and down and up the path and into the postern gate, and stood before My Lady. My Lady was direct: "Go and purify the Strangers, that they may be received of our people." The Woman replied, "What is available for the Ritual?" "Your own arts, and such persons as you designate," replied My Lady. "Then give me ten nubile girls and six ripe male youths," replied the Woman, "ones available for wasting."

There was another soft murmur in the room, for this was more than any ordinary purification took, and indeed more than My Lady had of her own, since specimens for rituals had to be not only well formed in body but also tried out and certified as of good performance. Nevertheless My Lady did not hesitate but said, "Done. See to it, Seneschal. By gloaming today."

So, whether My Lady had the overlordship of the vicinity and especially of the town or not, the vicinity and the town were levied on, and not the most recalcitrant burgher could save his ripe youth from the levy. Sir Joachim had been training a youth for the June Contests, and thought he had a winner, but the Seneschal had heard of it, and the youth was taken, in spite of Sir Joachim's offer to fight in single combat, which the Seneschal, with a troop of riders, ignored completely, and had the youth dug out from the cellar where he was hidden, and tossed across a horse to be delivered naked to the Woman. He made the sixth youth. The Woman gave him a short jacket, and her contingent was complete.

Under the moonlight the party went across the fields. The Woman went in front and did not look back to see if the others followed. All did, indeed edged up to get closer and closer behind her. The girls, in smocks, came first after the Woman, the youths, in jackets to the waist, came afterwards. The smocks were the color of deep red earth; the jackets, of dead leaves and bark.

The camp of the Strangers was still as they approached: too still, for there was no sound of camp movements, nor of field or forest creatures nearby. The camp was alert, and all creatures were hushed, waiting. A triangle, as it were, pushed forward from the perimeter; it was soon seen as men in 1-2-3 array, all covered, all standing sturdy as if in no trepidation.

"Who are you?" a male voice challenged clearly.

"I am the Woman come to test you," the Woman answered as clearly, "and these are my resources for the Test."

"What is the purpose of your Test?" asked the voice.

"To render you acceptable to our Realm. See, our only material is women's bodies."

"Do we not clearly see six male bodies in your retinue?" said the voice.

"They will be women's bodies by the time the Test is over," said the Woman.

"This is an odd Test," the voice said.

"You are odd Strangers. We have no Ritual of Purification for such as you. Hence I, the Woman, have agreed to provide one. Will you be purified, or will you continue as unhallowed creatures whom all our people will curse and despise?"

"We will consult," said the voice; and the triangle fell back into the

perimeter of the camp.

Assuming these were reasonable men, the outcome was not much in doubt. The Woman's alternative to Purification would seem to be fierce unrelenting attack by every person of the Realm. Few groups that consulted would invite that, regardless of their relish for the nature of the Ritual. They were probably consulting to see if the prudish and weak-stomached would agree to stay in their tents while the Purification went on.

"Approach and enter." The voice had returned to the perimeter, where now the men stood as guards to form an entrance. The Woman and her followers entered their camp at their own request.

Towards dawn, the girls and youths had all been disposed of. The Woman remained, at the center, and it was not the least of the Strangers who came to use her there. At dawn, she arose and told their leaders to prepare to move on to My Lady's Court. "You will introduce us?" they asked. "No," said the Woman, "they will know you are Purified. I go my way." and she strode down a little path that went away from the camp and from the Court too, going along the edge of the fields near an extent of woodland.

And so it was. The Strangers went without incident to the Court and were received by My Lady. No one was hostile or even prying, although all were clearly politely curious. The spokesman of the Strangers went apart with My Lady, to her private audience chamber. "What is your Intent?" she asked. "We intend to bathe in the South Sea until we find mountains of crystal floating in it," said the spokesman. "It is well you have been purified," said My Lady, "this is a strange Intent indeed. Without the evidence of submission to a proper Ritual, you would have been thought mad."

The spokesman grinned. "Our Protector may be mad for all we know. He dreamed a dream, and here we are. Many of us, I fear, will bathe in the sea forever before we find the floating mountains. But what can be dreamed, men can do."

"You will need mates, then for so long a stay."

"We will need mates," the spokesman agreed.

"The sea beaches are not under our sway. What you can take on them you may keep. You may have land along the shore for yourselves."

"Agreed," said the spokesman. "But tell me, why are you so acquiescent? What do you ask in return?"

"That you respect our customs and for yourselves seek always outwards. We do not love the sea; we welcome a buffer against its alieness. Outward, do as you will; inward and on the long promontory, our rituals prevail."

And so it was; and the Woman was thenceforward known far and wide as the ablest Deviser of Purifications. Some individuals even sought her out to ask for charms and spells, but these she rebuffed, saying, "Go away, you seekers after personal advantage. It is only rituals for the people I devise." She would serve a particular group only if it were in the general interest that that group thrive. Thus along the Count's borders an alien tribe could be made suitable for dealing with in merchant-fashion, haggling and the like all day long, with the use of only one slave girl in the morning. And the trade goods then followed by exchange into other parts of the Realm. Only for a major market was it necessary to hang up a male youth.

Thus My Lady's Intent was fostered, and dealings with Strangers did not lead to dilution of the ways of the

Realm. Even among themselves, for a major transaction or change one of the Powers would send to the Woman for a Ritual of Purification. When the demon Earl at last acquired Castle Rock, for example, he impaled his two favorite youths on stakes before the pass that was its entrance for three days before he took up residence in it. After the bodies were picked away by the birds, the same stakes were mounted solidly as the uprights of a yoke through which all visitors to the Castle passed. This was one of the Woman's most successful Rituals, and it influenced men of Power everywhere throughout the Realm. Power without Ritual thereafter felt somewhat less than manly, somewhat less than fully consonant with the Realm.



Experiences

Contributions to "Experiences" are solicited. All are subject to editing in conformity with *Journal* standards and to fit available space. If possible, please type double-spaced on 8½" x 11"

paper, leaving margins of 1½" on three sides and a full 2" at the top. Leave the space at the top completely empty. Omit salutation ("Dear Editor").

* * * * *

Letter: from Cathy Roberts
5-CO-83645

As a new member of the Alliance I've been encouraged to finally come out of the closet. One of my most exciting dreams came true last February while visiting in Seattle. I was staying by myself in a house where normally three women live. I had several glorious days borrowing their clothes to try on and wear around the house. They were almost my size. Even the shoes fit. After two days I removed all the hair from my once man's body and became the feminine Cathy that dwells inside me. Having gone this far I went out shopping for my own clothes. I would have never dreamt that I could publicly try on wigs and dresses. The help I got from my female sisters was great. I set up an appointment to have my hair and make-up done by a professional beautician. She was great, and very encouraging.

After I was set, I went out "to pass" while walking around the downtown section. I ended up in a bar where "women dance with women". I love the feeling of having women look at me with eyes of loving sisterhood. Having just received my *Journal*, I was pleased to read about Sally's Gemini-Register and the Seahorse Collective. I consider myself to be bi-sexually oriented, and as a male woman I prefer male lesbians to homosexuality from a man who loves me as woman. A woman, I've found, has

a much greater capacity to give and receive love and affection.

[Sorry, Cathy, your pictures weren't contrasty enough to reproduce. See general advice comments in "Alliance" section, above. —Ed note].

Letter: from Patricia Louise
32-PA-15626

Perhaps I expected too much too soon, but when you finally recognize and accept what you are and who you are and decide to act positively to that new impact, I guess you get a little anxious when forward progress doesn't continue. Like—I'm beginning to take little steps forward on my own but I'm sure that my new association with the Alliance and with Tri Sigma will open up new experiences and new horizons which will help me to grow at a greater rate. If nothing else, I will, at least, be able to communicate and associate with people who care and share and accept me as I am. But we are doing a few things on our own, like having the courage to ask a sales clerk if she/he has a white summer wedge in size 11½ AAAAA while wearing male clothes. I did. . .he did. . .and he suggested I be placed on their mailing address. . .to which I agreed. . .but which caused me a little bit of embarrassment when I received a post card addressed to Mr. Paul J. M. . .though a very small-town

rinky-dink post office. I also receive unsolicited catalogs and mail clearly identifiable as female in nature. I'm beginning to suspect that the employees of the D. . . Post Office suspect that Paul is a TV, but right now I haven't decided whether that is good or bad.

Oh, I took another step forward two months ago. I was getting a haircut at a local beauty salon. I was the last customer of the evening. I mustered up my courage and asked if she could cut and style my hair so that it could be converted to a female style. At first she thought I was a Gay, but after a short explanation of cross-dressing we had a very nice woman-to-woman conversation. She even showed my how to set a female style by combing, brushing, with a blow dryer and with a curling iron. On Saturday I had my second masculine/feminine cut, and after my discussion of the trouble I was having with setting my straight hair in curlers, she recommended a body permanent with my next haircut. She was very reassuring that my hair would have a very masculine look for office hours.

Oh, I also had the courage to buy a separate pair of feminine prescription glasses when Paul James needed a new pair of glasses. To my pleasant surprise the technician was very helpful in both the selection and fitting process.

It's so delightful, so much fun in being—becoming—a woman. It's a feeling—a state of being—a condition which a non-caring, non-understanding person (male or female; family or stranger) can't comprehend. I can understand and accept why they cannot understand and accept why/how a male person can enjoy being a woman while at the same time being totally capable of and enjoying relating to a female in all respects as a male. I need to reach out, to be reached out to—to touch and be touched—to talk with someone who

cares—while still being very happy, comfortable and successful (both technically and financially) as a traditional male-type business executive as Paul James. To me there is no incongruity—Patricia and Paul are part of a single entity—and that is why (I believe) I have been so successful as a Personal Relations Manager. I have been able to integrate the need for discipline and performance with the requirement of caring enough about employees that I want them to succeed and not to be fired as failures or incorruptibles.

Letter: FROM Dee Dee Watson
2-CT-06114

The mail I have received has been just wonderful, courteous, literary, and best of all, friendly. If we are a sub-culture, then [it's one in which] the best travel. You will be happy to know that I am now quite the social butterfly, and having at long last heard my own heels clicking on the sidewalk and meeting with several of my sisters—dressed to the nines, of course—Dee Dee has come into her own. All this, of course, due to an amazing about-face on the part of my wife. I now have a cosmetician, photographer, critic, and chaffeur all combined into one package of this girl who consented to marry me a long time ago. Who could ask for anything more? All correspondence between your good offices and myself may now be sent to my home address. I have no more secrets from my wife.

*A Sexuality Day Workshop On
Gender Orientation*

By Melissa Sherrill Lynn, 1-NH-03862

Last March first, at the University of New Hampshire I conducted a TV-TS subculture workshop. Ariadne Kane

of the TV Outreach Foundation asked me to speak briefly on the success of this workshop, which I will gladly do, but in the light of the overall program with which I was involved.

The program was 'Sexuality Day' sponsored by Anne Dubois of the UNH Human Sexuality Center. Anne's purpose was not only to educate, but to help people become more aware of themselves as feeling human beings. To do this she coordinated nearly twenty workshops concerning human biology, sexuality, and awareness, sponsored movies that examined masculinity, femininity, and roles, built displays and distributed literature. The result was a long, tiring, but very successful day.

In my workshop, in keeping with Anne's overall goals, I not only tried to give my audience a basic understanding of the nature of the TV-TS subculture, but point out the existence of both masculine and feminine characteristics in all human beings, and how this might affect us as we undergo the socialization process. After my brief lecture I turned the workshop over to open discussion with this statement, "It took me a long time and cost me pain to know myself as well as I know myself, and I still remain ignorant. But I can say this: I now like me. I'm glad I am who I am, and I am what I prefer to be; a transgenderal person. Are you what you prefer to be? How do you know? How well do you really know yourself? How do you feel about your 'self'? Good? Angry? Incomplete? Incompetent? Ignorant? What have you done to examine your complete self? For instance, how do you feel right now about my presence, talking about your own masculinity and femininity with me and among all these people? Why do you feel this way, and most importantly,

how do you propose to cope with these feelings?" The response to the statement was incredible. The thirty or so people in the room, and the additional thirty or so who drifted in and out, were so enthusiastic that they kept the workshop going until the next scheduled workshop moved in some four hours later. And it didn't stop there, for the conversations spilled over through lunch and into the other workshops.

During my workshop listening to people talk about their 'selves' was exciting, but the conversation got political as I knew it would, and that's when the fun began. The questions came. Are the masculine qualities such as strength, aggressiveness and courage innate, or do they evolve from the animal will to survive? Are feminine qualities such as sensitivity, delicate beauty, compassion and gentleness a matter of biology, or did they evolve from man's own ability to mentally elaborate on sensual input? In other words, do masculine qualities evolve from animal instinct, and feminine qualities from the human mind? To what extent are these masculine and feminine qualities in each of us, and can we legitimately give these qualities a sexual identity? If these qualities are in each of us, to what extent do we express or suppress them? How much of that expression and suppression is due to the socialization process, and what are the sociological and psychological effects of it? What are you going to do about it?

Up to sixty people visited my workshop and took the time to ask themselves, and try to answer some of these very important questions. I could not have been more pleased with the results. On behalf of myself and the hundreds of people who benefited from

her effort, I would like to say 'thank you Anne Dubois', for in such projects is the key to human understanding, acceptance, and personal self-respect.

BROODING: GENDER

[Other Broodings about particular experiences are solicited from the readership. All should be short; they will be presented anonymously.]

What does one do with one's gender, alone at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning? It is not very exciting to go to bed with. Is there any point in keeping it awake? Does it sink down gradually to about calf-length? Will it be revived by a bout with fingernail polish? It is not a comforting friend to have around;

it is not company, nor is it cute, like a wooly dog. It does nothing, says nothing, tells me no stories.

You see what I mean. Gender is not a part of me, something I have, a possession I can use.

Look at it this way. I light a cigarette. The book says women light it that way. I light it this way. So the book is off, by one. This woman lights it this way.

So the question should be: what does this woman do alone at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning? Find out, and you will have one example of what women do alone at 2 a.m. on Sunday morning.

That is what gender is. Not something you imitate. It is Equality. Your vote counts.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

[This article is reprinted from 51% Female, No. 2, in memory of Pam Nolan who was killed in an auto accident a year ago. Whether you knew her or not you will enjoy the personality portrait reflected in this Eve Browne interview. Many may recall the custody suit Pamela won when her ex-wife tried to take her children away because Pam was a cross-dresser. Pam would probably be pleased if reading this article helps you develop, refine & perfect your feminine personality. How does the effort you put into being a woman compare with Pam's? Will you resolve to try harder? Pam would be pleased.]

Pam Nolan - The Woman She Was

Among the many beautiful things of life are peace, health and the pursuit of happiness. To the individual, all of these take on a significant meaning in their own personal way. With "peace" we find solitude in our environment. In "health" we preserve the well-being of our bodies, and in the "pursuit of happiness" we exhaust ourselves in that endeavor, both mentally, physically and socially. Such as, and is, the case of Pam.

For many years, she had been patiently awaiting, in silent frustration, the liberation of her soul and body, to join forces with her mind and spirit. She felt like the "Genie," who, for centuries, was captured in Aladdin's Lamp, anxiously anticipating her release so that she, too, could bellow and scream acknowledgements to the World her total freedom and fulfillment as a woman.

As far back as her sensitive memory will permit, she was of strong feminine gender. In childhood, she took on all the attributes of a girl, not only in games appropos of that sex, but, in the behavioral attitude, the demeanor and the desires. Hop-sotch and rope-skipping were as much a part of her everyday life as the love she extracted from her dolls. Play acting, too, was as much a part of her real life as was the feminine role she bubbled with enthusiasm to control in school plays. In fact, so well did she perform the tender art of acting in the girl-child role that her personage was already an accepted fact by those sponsors. However, the Sickles of Time could not swing fast enough.

At the appreciative age of fourteen, she began her self-made modeling career with not only her mother's clothing, but performed some of the greatest disappearing acts with her neighbors' clothes as well. She was also active in school plays — playing feminine roles, of course. Dazzled by the array of cosmetics and the ingenious transition of the magic it held, she then experimented laboriously to the point of perfection until, at the age of seventeen, she was dressing completely and already going out in public. To this day, a feat mastered by few, and enviously dared by many. "Here, then was a whole new World. The doors of excitement thrown open to her, exposing her to the vastness of what Life was all about."

During those long, hot summer nights, she would lie on a carpet of grass, looking at the various cloud formations, while the evening breeze, like an Army of Strength, would charge over, around and between her nylon legs, cooling and drying the now tightly clung silk to her body. The buttons of her blouse opened, as if with invitation, while her bra was dangerously suggestive. The air became intoxicated with her sweet smelling fragrance and the static, electrifying from the movement of her panties against her half-slip would cause "fire-flies" to scurry in fear. In essence, she felt every bit a woman.

But, nevertheless, there was a lack of true feminine ecstasy. A void which had to be filled. Unknown, bewildered and somewhat confused, she would often look to the celestial heaven as if it, too, held the answer. "I used to watch those 'Heavenly Sentries,' the Sun and the Moon, as they would relieve each other in the responsibility of their own Tour-of-Duty. I would ask the 'Gods of the Day' to give me solace to seek my solution, while the 'Gods of the Night,' I prayed that I would find it."

Loneliness and despair set in hardening her personality as the chemistry of wet cement becomes concrete and time began to take its toll. And in an attempt to salvage her sanity, she married. Blessed with two children, she was still saddened and, in the end divorced.

With deep compassion, the Angel of Darkness slowly began to lift his mantle and, once again, a spark of the "newborn" began. With uncontrolled frenzy and determination, she threw herself into her natural role, the woman that she was, and wanted so much to be. Faced with the ti-

dal wave of realization, she then proceeded to reshape her destiny. Psychologically, she knew she was "already adjusted," and medically, she was prepared. Science and the skills of man began to shape her mold. The introduction of hormones which would give life and fullness and roundness to her busts became a reality and the continuation of those hormones added luster and beauty. Her physical figure slendered her to that of a breath-taking sensuous creature of love, while her skin took on a smoothness of forbidden touch.

However, it wasn't enough just to be a woman, or to feel like a woman. More importantly, she wanted to "look" every bit the woman and this entailed hours of painstaking practice, blended with endless moments of torturous patience, and a steady and schooled hand in the art of makeup, which finally produced the perfection she strived for both in the makeup and the right application for the plucking of the eyebrows. As Pam tells me, "this is the first thing that anyone notices."

Her approach to makeup is very sensible and subtle. She uses very little foundation. A dash of cheek color mascara and at times, the assistance of false eyelashes. A bit of eye shadow, topped off with lipstick that must blend with her hair color and accentuate her clothing attire, and above all, nail polish.

Pam's hair style is a potpourri of multiple changes for she is a girl of many, many moods. In our "thrown-together" type society of today, she has mastered the approach of impulse recognition through the use of "wig" expertise.

Nor would it be uncommon to run into her, in a busy downtown department store, wearing a blond wig with long straight hair. Or, later that evening, while sipping cocktails, she would stand out looking every bit the Princess, arrayed in elegance, convincing you that she was a brunette. Still further, and much later, while enjoying dinner for two, overlooking the city's silhouetted architecture, she would tease you with her Pixie. You look at this exciting, yet radiant creature in awe, wondering, is she fickle? Insecure? Of course not. Is there a method to her feminine madness? Certainly.

Determined to find out, and with the keenness of a razor's edge, and the cunning-of a diplomat, I approached the subject like the Great Inquisitor. Surely, I thought, there had to be an explanation that would satisfy the patience of any licensed psychiatrist. To this, she replied: "Most T.V.'s enjoy one image. I enjoy many. I don't know if it is an endless search for identity or just the plain fact that I enjoy being able to be a different girl for a different moment. I enjoy the fact that I can be different as I choose it." To such simple philosophy, and logic, I bowed in complete acceptance and appreciation.

I began to query Pam, further, about her cosmetic "facial tricks," to which she replied that since she has already exposed herself to electrolysis and hormones, that she is not bothered with the problem of the

“beard,” which gives her greater latitude to challenge those multi and various brand products of cosmetics, which continually flow in from here and abroad. Add to that the fact that she, too, sells a particular cover makeup which she refers to as “Old Reliable,” stating that it “never fails to perform at its best.”

Taking leave of the facial issues, I then approached her on the subject of shoes and handbags. Here, Pam went into great length and detail about the selection of purchasing these items with a most particular care to see that they should harmonize well with other accessory clothing and outfits she now possesses, and the opportunity for the interchangeability of them for sports attire. In other words, she said, “it’s not so much what I have, but how I can get the fullest use out of my leather goods to the best interest of myself, the occasion it calls for, and the person whom I’m with. It’s a question of taste, style and further opportunity.”

Insofar as Pam’s jewelry is concerned, I can tell you from personal inspection (and although I’m not an authority by any stretch of the imagination), that her selection was certainly one of care in terms of its longevity of usefulness and, again, of occasion. Whether a cocktail ring, for instance, would be accentuate her intent of the design, whether it be a Tiara, or Moonstone, or a fifteen-stone gold setting for a necklace. You may be sure that when Pam wears her rings, they are not only dainty, but extremely feminine. Attention is well attracted.

Like every woman, she, too, has her preferences for particular likenesses for jewelry, and she quickly informed me that she enjoys a strong flair for antiques. Whether she is actually wearing it, or it is encased in her jewelry box, she states that it must meet the rigid test of elegance and beauty, without being “gaudy.” If it’s attractive to observe, then it must be even more beautiful to wear, for this is what feminine jewelry is all about. She also expressed a strong interest in the Victorian jewelry, the Art Nouveau Era which has taken her by storm, perhaps a search for the past!

Finally, and with excited anticipation, I broached on the subject of clothes, which I’m sure is the most important to everyone, since this is what outward dressing is all about. It’s a combination of facial makeup, nail polish, hair style, shoes and bag, but, most importantly, “man’s first impression on woman.” As in almost every case, this, then, becomes the acid test of all of your feminine skills and your ability to “put it all together.”

Let me tell you, looking at Pam’s wardrobe is equivalent to standing in the women’s section of Lord & Taylor’s. Her love of clothes knows no bounds. It runs from the unusually bizarre all the way to the wet look, jumpsuits, and even patent leather skirts. Yet, on the more conservative side, you scan the racks of her very tailored attire of dresses, two and three piece suits, skirts, blouses, and an envious selection of

the "Tweedy Look." Her gowns, whether cocktail, evening social or the call of retirement, like reserved minutemen, stand in their own quiet way, ready for her beck and pleasure.

Breath-taking (and I did lose my breath just looking at them), she hastened to state that "since I'm out in regular society so often, I must be very conscious of fashions and to wear the proper clothes at the proper place." She further advised that "there are many aspects of being feminine that make you feel every bit the woman and while your wardrobe may be your fortune, unless you're conscious of fashions and selective of the proper clothes, you could end up looking like a tulip in an onion patch." She also confessed that she watches for sales at the elegant shops and even purchased clothes at discount stores with the attitude that "the woman makes the clothes." Also, besides the known cliché "clothes make the woman."

Last, but certainly not least, I exuberantly (and almost literally) jumped into the conversation of perfumes and colognes. (I must admit, this is one of my favorites, as well as bath oils and salts.) She bubbled over in excitement, her selections, but, with caution that she is in the experimental stages. She states that she is still seeking that "intoxicated elixir of love potion."

We discussed such fragrances as Youth Dew, by Este Lauder, "Charlie," and of course, Time's old favorite, Chanel No. 5. She was spilling out such names, continuously, as "Flambou," "Tigress" and America's standby, Avon's "White Ginger." So rapidly was she rattling them off that I wondered how she could catch her breath in between words. But, in the final analysis, she confessed that what is sensuously stimulating to her, certainly, would not necessarily be exciting to someone else, and on that point, she said, "to each their own."

To see Pam in real life, as a young, vibrant woman, every bit involved and totally committed to femininity, is like possessing a collection of the most beautiful things in the world, whatever you may imagine them to be, all wrapped up in one priceless package. Her appearance is immaculate, certainly, flawless. Around the "Homestead," she is delicately flowerlike. Elegant at dinner, and stunning at the ballet, or casually femme while riding one of her horses in the meadows. Her walk is a stance of feminine proudness, tall, erect and every bit the matured sociable.

At this stage of the interview, my mind was already bogged with all the niceties of her person, her charisma and every bit the perfect hostess. I then entered into something of her background, but without depth. Nor was I surprised to learn that not only is she ingenious with her hands, but equally talented with her mind. She holds a Degree in Architecture and is currently working on her Master's.

But, most importantly, and in between all of this, she squeezes in time



for her one most personal craving, that of buying and selling antiques - which, she tells me, has a very high priority of interest in her life as she is working toward a full-time business for her future.

Her weekends are exclusively those of her two children, whom she adores. While her parents know of her "feminine lifestyle," they've accepted and adjusted to it. The children, meanwhile, accepted it immediately.

[The following is reprinted, with permission, from The Humanist, January/February, 1976.]

A New Bill of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities

Humanists have had an important role in the sexual revolution. Although Humanist Manifesto II contains a brief section on sexuality, we thought that a more detailed statement would be useful. It is clear that humanists are strongly in favor of the development of a sense of moral responsibility. With this in mind, we asked Lester Kirkendall, noted sexologist and professor of family life at the University of Oregon, to draft a bill of sexual rights. Dr. Kirkendall's original draft has been edited and rewritten many times during the past several months. We asked a group of humanist authors for their endorsement of the statement. Many of them are in the forefront of humanistic sexology. We are pleased to publish this statement below, along with the names of those who have endorsed it. -Eds.

Sexuality has for too long been denied its proper place among other human activities. Physical eroticism has been either shrouded in mystery and surrounded by taboos or heralded far beyond its capacity, by itself, to contribute to the fullness of life. Human sexuality grows increasingly satisfying as life itself becomes more meaningful. The time has come to enhance the quality of sexuality by emphasizing its contributions to a significant life.

For the first time in history there need be no fear of unwanted pregnancy or venereal disease, if proper precautions are taken. The limitation of sexual expression to conjugal unions or monogamous marriage was perhaps sensible so long as reproduction was still largely a matter of chance, and so long as women were subjugated to men. Although we consider marriage, where viable, a cherished human relationship, we believe that other sexual relationships also are significant. In any case, human beings should have the right to express their sexual desires and enter into relationships as they see fit, as long as they do not harm others or interfere with their rights to sexual expression. This new sense of freedom, however, should be accompanied by a sense of ethical responsibility.

Fortunately, there is now taking place a worldwide reexamination of the proper place of sexuality in human experience. We believe that the humanization of sexuality is far enough advanced to make useful a statement of rights and responsibilities of the individual to society and of society to the individual. Accordingly we wish to offer the following points for consideration.

1. *The boundaries of human sexuality need to be expanded.* Many cultures have tended to restrict sexuality to procreation. Any other purposes of sexuality were regarded as derivative, were looked at askance, or were sternly disapproved. But the need to limit population growth, the widespread use of effective contraceptives, and the developments in reproductive technology have made the procreative aspects of sex less significant today. Responsible sexuality should now be viewed as an expression of intimacy for women as well as for men, a source of enjoyment and enrichment, in addition to being a way of releasing tension, even where there is no likelihood of procreation.

This integration of sexuality with other aspects of experience will occur only as one achieves an essentially balanced life. When this happens, sexuality will take its place among other natural functions.

2. *Developing a sense of equity between the sexes is an essential feature of a sensible morality.* All legal, occupational, economic, and political discrimination against women should be removed and all traces of sexism erased. Until women have equal opportunities, they will be vulnerable to sexual exploitation by men. In particular, men must recognize the right of women to control their own bodies and determine the nature of their own sexual expression. All individuals, female or male, are entitled to equal consideration as persons.

3. *Repressive taboos should be replaced by a more balanced and objective view of sexuality based on a sensitive awareness of human behavior and needs.* Archaic taboos limit our thinking in many ways. The human person, especially the female, has been held in bondage by restrictions that prescribed when, where, with whom, and with what parts of the body the sex impulse could be satisfied. As these taboos are dispelled and an objective reappraisal ensues, numerous sexual expressions will be seen in a different light. Many that now seem unacceptable will very likely become valid in certain circumstances. Extramarital sexual relationships with the consent of one's partner is being accepted by some. Premarital sexual relationships, already accepted in some parts of the world, will become even more widely so. This will very likely also be true of homosexual and bisexual relationships. The use of

genital associations to express feelings of genuine intimacy, rather than as connections for physical pleasure or procreation alone, may then transcend barriers of age, race, or gender.

Taboos have prevented adequate examination of certain topics, especially with respect to female sexuality, thus blocking the discovery of answers to important sexual questions. Abortion is a case in point. By focusing only on the destruction of the fetus, many have avoided facing the other issues that are fundamental. They do not, for example, openly discuss ways of providing a comprehensive sex-education program for both children and adults. There has been a long struggle over the issue of providing adequate information about available contraceptive procedures for those who wish them. Likewise, taboos that cause people to feel that viewing the genitals is an obscenity or that any verbal or visual expression of the sex act is pornographic undermine objectivity and lead to demands for censorship. The oversacramentalization of sex also inhibits open discussion by not allowing people to treat sex as a natural experience.

4. *Each person has both an obligation and a right to be fully informed about the various civic and community aspects of human sexuality.* We wish to affirm and support the statement of a committee of the United Nations World Health Organization on human sexuality: "Every person has the right to receive sexual information and to consider accepting sexuality for pleasure as well as for procreation."

This need to be fully informed about sexuality is obvious in the individual's private life, but it is rarely thought to extend to one's social-civic life as well. Sexual attitudes are intimately related to many problems of public import, but again taboos inhibit free discussion. Too rapid a population growth cannot be dealt with except as individual attitudes toward sexual expression and contraception are recognized. Clearly, the social status of women is also involved here. In the rehabilitation of incarcerated criminals, establishing meaningful ties with others is important. It is inhumane and self-defeating to cut these persons off from the possibility of sexual relationships. We should extend this concern to all persons who are confined in institutions, for example, those in senior-citizens' homes. The right of the physically and mentally handicapped to be fully informed about sexuality and to have sexual outlets available should be another concern. The commercialization of sex needs careful scrutiny. Patterns in child-rearing that may result in dysfunctional sexual expressions, such as child abuse and emotional deprivation, must be studied. Sexual attitudes and lifestyles continually need to be adjusted to new technological and medical developments and

to changing cultural patterns.

5. *Potential parents have both the right and the responsibility to plan the number and time of birth of their children, taking into account both social needs and their own desires.* If family size is to be so regulated and the birth of unwanted children is to be prevented, then birth-control information and methods must be freely available to both married and unmarried couples. There must be a continuing reassessment in light of the world population situation. Involved in the right to birth control is the right to voluntary sterilization and abortion. We should especially point out that birth control should be the appropriate responsibility of men as well as women. Male contraception should be the object of further research. Contraception should not be considered the sole responsibility of females.

6. *Sexual morality should come from a sense of caring and respect for others; it cannot be legislated.* Laws can and do protect the young from exploitation and people of any age from abuse. Beyond that, forms of sexual expression should not be a matter of legal regulation. Mature individuals should be able to choose their partners and the kinds of sexual expression suited to them. Certain forms of sexual expression are limiting and confining, for example, prostitution, sadomasochism, or fetishism. However, any changes in such patterns, if they are made, should come through education and counseling, not by legal prohibition. Our overriding objective should be to help individuals live balanced and self-actualized lives. The punishing and ostracizing of those who voluntarily engage in socially disapproved forms of sexual conduct only exacerbate the problem. Sexual morality should be viewed as an inseparable part of general morality, not as a special set of rules. Sexual values and sex acts, like other human values and acts, should be evaluated by whether they frustrate or enhance human fulfillment.

7. *Physical pleasure has worth as a moral value.* Traditional religious and social views have often condemned pleasures of the body as "sinful" or "wicked." These attitudes are inhumane. They are destructive of human relationships. The findings of the behavioral sciences demonstrate that deprivation of physical pleasure, particularly during the formative periods of development, often results in family breakdown, child abuse, adolescent runaways, crime, violence, alcoholism, and other forms of dehumanizing behavior. We assert that physical pleasure within the context of meaningful human relationships is essential, both as a moral value and for its contribution to wholesome social relationships.

8. *Individuals are able to respond positively and affirmatively to sexuality throughout life; this must be acknowledged and accepted.* Childhood sexuality is expressed through genital awareness and exploration. This involves self-touching, caressing parts of the body, including the sexual organs. These are learning experiences that help the individual understand his or her body and incorporate sexuality as an integral part of his or her personality. Masturbation is a viable mode of satisfaction for many individuals, young and old, and should be fully accepted. Just as repressive attitudes have prevented us from recognizing the value of childhood sexual response, so have they prevented us from seeing the value of sexuality in the middle and later years of life. We need to appreciate the fact that older persons also have sexual needs. The joy of touching, of giving and receiving affection, and the satisfaction of intimate body responsiveness is the right of everyone throughout life.

9. *In all sexual encounters, commitment to humane and humanistic values should be present.* No person's sexual behavior should hurt or disadvantage another. This principle applies to all sexual encounters—both to the brief and casual experience and to those that are deeper and more prolonged. In any sexual encounter or relationship, freely given consent is fundamental, even in the marital relationship, where consent is often denied or taken for granted.

Perplexing questions are raised by these concepts. Those directly engaged in the encounter may hold widely differing points of view toward sexual conduct. This possibility makes necessary open, candid, and honest communication about current and future expectations. Even then, decisions are subjects of judgment and projection, and their outcomes are only slowly revealed.

No relationship occurs in a vacuum. In addition to the persons directly involved in the sexual relationship there are important others. The interests of these other persons are usually complex and diverse; no course of action will satisfy everyone. Some might prefer that no sexual involvement whatever occur and are disturbed if they are aware of it; others might be quite accepting under most circumstances. For this reason each individual must have empathy for others. One might ask oneself: "How would I want others to conduct themselves sexually toward me and others I care about?" "Am I at least as concerned for the happiness and well-being of my partner, and others involved, as for my own?"

There is also a broader consideration, namely, that each person contribute to creating a social atmosphere in which a full acceptance of responsible sexual expression will exist.

Conclusion

The realization of the points in this statement depends upon certain attributes in the individual. One needs to have autonomy and control over his or her own sexual functioning. One needs to find reasonable satisfaction in living and to accept and enjoy pleasures of the body. Furthermore, one needs to respect the rights of others to those same qualities. The society in which one lives, while it makes demands, should also be attuned to individual needs and the importance of personal freedom. Only as these conditions are met will loving and guilt-free sexuality be possible.

At this point in our history, we human beings are embarking on a wondrous adventure. For the first time we realize that we own our own bodies. Until now our bodies have been in bondage to church or state, which have dictated how we could express our sexuality. We have not been permitted to experience the pleasure and joy of the human body and our sensory nature to their full capacity.

In order to realize our potential for joyful sexual expression, we need to adopt the doctrine that actualizing pleasures are among the highest moral goods—so long as they are experienced with responsibility and mutuality.

A reciprocal and creative attitude toward sexuality can have a deep meaning, personally and socially. Each of us will know its personal meaning when we experience psychic growth and ego enhancement with others. In effect, our behavior can say to another, "I am enriched for having had this experience and for having contributed to your having had it also."

The social meaning can derive from the loving feelings engendered by a person who is experiencing guilt-free, reciprocal pleasure. The loving feelings of mental and physical well-being, the sense of completion of the self, that we can experience from freely expressed sexuality may well reach out to all humanity. It is quite impossible to have a meaningful, ecstatic sexual and sensual life and to be indifferent to or uncaring about other human beings.

We believe that freeing our sexual selves is vital if we are to reach the heights of our full humanity. But at the same time, we believe that we need to activate and nourish a sense of our responsibilities to others. ●

Signers

(affiliation given for identification only)

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