

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

PHONE: [REDACTED]

Attend Meetings! -

NEWSLETTER EDITORS

Helen
and

Wilma [REDACTED]

Hi Girls;

Thirty seems to be a magic number lately as the last 4 meetings has brought 30 gals together to join one another here at the meeting house. The gals looked lovely. One gal, Sharon was here for the first time - so relaxed looking dressed in a blouse and skirt and really looking prim and proper. The girls took to talking with Sharon all evening. It is nice to see that the older Sisters go all out in seeing that new girls are made comfortable.

Good to see Elander back from Europe, she also told us that she bought a trailer and will be in it in 2 weeks. (Elanda, let Hans, share it with you as he is your provider.)

Nice to see Karen and Pat back at a meeting, also Windy and Joan, it is always good to see the old faces - from time to time - as we know it is hard for all to make every meeting,

Jenny & Lucy made their 2nd meeting. Jenny was the Lady in Red for the evening - lovely - lovely - lovely - come again girls.

Michelle Ann stopped in Friday when she got in Albany - and we chatted away until 1 A.M. By the way girls, if you are interested in good make-up with a fine fragrance have her go out to her car for the makeup kit, shell do it gladly - the prices are reasonable. Wilma and I ordered some from her.

Say Jan! You r [REDACTED] red to Kathy when she came in with the remark "look at the Bi---h" Kathy [REDACTED] she didn't mean you were one, only that you looked so good, that she came [REDACTED] t with the remark by surprise. All in fun girls.

Frances and Kathy had a ball with Wilma and Jean over the word ETC. They laughed so much others asked if it was a special club. (How about it Jean - is it a club, or what?)

Lots of fun last night, Kathy, Paula and Michelle Ann put on their waitress outfits. Michelle Ann made me put on Wilma's wick fitme good. The 4 of us clowned around, lots of pictures taken. If theirs any way we can put them in the paper we will. It was really a riot.

It's really great when everyone can feel so relaxed and enjoy the short time we have together. It seems the evening flies by. I can say that I really enjoyed my self with Michelle, Kathy and Paula, in our outfits. Some times I let my hair down and clown with the girls, other times I'm in the kitchen most of the evening, perparing food and cleaning up. While Wilma laid on the floor trying to take a picture of the four of us., Elanda was up on a chair taking a picture of Wilma's (you know what).

Come on out girls and enjoy the hidden life you all have in common and forget the troubles for a day, you'll never regret it, even if you can never make another meeting, at least you'll have the satisfaction of saying I was there once with all my Sisters. Don't say that it is the distance that keeps you away. Look at Micheline of Ottawa, Canada. She has to travel over 800 miles round trip to get here. Happy to see you again Micheline, but sorry that Monica could not make it.

Received an Easrer Card from Betty and Sue and many others, but I guess that Sue's pen most have run out of ink. (or did you forget to write a few lines/) Just kidding, we were glad to here from you. Hope that everything is fine and that the bothe of you are in the best of health.

We want to thank Joan of Colonie for doing the plumbing in our bathroom, it sure helped. And thanks to joan of granville. Joan and gail just stopped in to say hello after shoping up in Coline Center (the week before) and yes Joan wound up helping joan and Wilma with the plumbing, other wise you girls would have been in a big predicament. Unless you would have wanted to lift your skirts in the bach yard.

Paula, from Rhode Island tols Wilma that I was lucky to have a wife who could wear her husbands dresses, but you know, I think Paula had her names

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A Charm School for Transsexuals

BY LYNDA CRAWFORD

Nancy Bernstein looked as if she had just stepped off the cover of *Cosmopolitan*. Her tall, model-like frame was outlined in a clinging, peach-colored jumpsuit with pearl-studded buttons running down the front. Her meticulously styled shoulder-length hair, her intensive makeup job, her graceful walk and gestures, all produced an effect of glamorous femininity. Nancy Bernstein was ready for work.

By day, Nancy teaches myofunctional therapy to children with tongue-thrust problems. By night, after switching into this cover-girl look, Nancy teaches male-to-female transsexuals how to speak, dress and act just like her—perfectly, comfortably feminine.

"Okay, pretend you're walking into a restaurant," Nancy instructed Roberta, a stunning 50-year-old preoperative transsexual, still physically male but dressed in female attire. "Now here you'd check your coat, or, if you were with an escort, you would have him check it for you."

"Would I ever bring it to the table with me?" Roberta asked.

"No, unless you were in a place that looked a little seedy. Then, yes, especially if you were wearing a stole or something valuable. You'd just say you felt a little chilly and take it with you."

"What about in a movie or theater?" Roberta quizzed.

"Unfortunately, in most theaters, you'd have to take it with you," Nancy explained, "and, once seated, just let it fall back behind your shoulders. A *man*, of course, would bunch it up and probably sit with it on his lap."

Roberta has been studying with Nancy Bernstein for more than six months. Every other Thursday she travels 300 miles from her New England home to Nancy's office on the Upper East Side of Manhattan for a one-hour session. They've worked on her voice, her walk, her posture, her dress, weight-loss, wig styles, makeup technique, even dancing. This particular evening the subject was feminine dining etiquette. Though the final step of surgery is still at least two years off for Roberta, she wants to be absolutely sure that when the time does come, nothing about her could be construed as masculine.

"If there is a maitre d', he will of course, pull out your seat for you. Let's try it." Nancy helped Roberta into her chair. The table had been elegantly set for two. "Perfect! Now the first thing you should do is place the napkin on your lap. Make sure the fold is towards you so that when you pick it up to wipe your mouth, it looks like so..." Nancy daintily patted first one corner of her mouth, the other, and then the middle. Roberta mimicked every move.

Nancy, who believes she is the only person in the world running such a program, has close to a hundred clients. Most of them, like Roberta, have yet to undergo the actual surgical change. Their visits to Nancy constitute one of the many

preliminary steps a transsexual may take prior to surgery in order to insure a more successful change-over. Hormone therapy is required for the formation of breasts, the redistribution of fat, and, it is hoped, the loss of body hair. Electrolysis is a must for removal of the beard, shaping of eyebrows, and, occasionally, to eliminate remaining body hair. Cosmetic surgery is sometimes sought to trim down a protruding Adam's apple, convert an enormous nose, pin back ears, alter the hairline, accentuate cheekbones, or round the chin. In the event of unsatisfactory breast development, implants are frequently inserted. But, insists Nancy, without her own contribution, much of this would be to little avail. "I don't care how much like genetic women they look," Nancy explains, "the minute they open their mouths and baritone voices come out, or they walk down the street with their pinkies extended, thinking that looks feminine, they'll be read."

Nancy started this line of work in 1959 when, as a certified speech pathologist, she was approached by a physician to help change the deep voice of a postoperative transsexual. She had never seen nor heard of such a person before in her life. Nevertheless, she decided to give it a try and, after about eight weeks, successfully managed to alter the voice to fit the subject's altered body. Still, even with the voice changed, Nancy felt the person did not come off as a real woman. The makeup was all wrong. The walk was horrible. The hand movements, the gestures, everything was completely masculine. At best, she looked like a drag-queen—quite a sorry state for someone who'd gone so far as to have the operation.

Nancy made up her mind that she would not let this person walk out of her office looking like that. For a number of years, in addition to her career in speech therapy, she had worked as a model and also taught on the staff of the John Robert Powers charm school. If anyone could help this newly made woman, Nancy felt it was she. So, after hours, in the privacy of her office, she tutored the woman for weeks in the ways of femininity, with her efforts eventually proving successful. Soon after, referrals began coming to her from all over the country. It didn't take Nancy long to realize that her work was fulfilling an essential need in the whole transsexual process.

Roberta and Nancy started sipping cocktails.

"How do I hold the glass?" Roberta asked.

"Just as you're doing," Nancy told her. "A man would hold it more like so..." She enlarged her grip and moved it up the glass a bit.

"Really?" Roberta asked. "Why, I've been holding a glass like this all my life."

"Well," Nancy smiled, "that's because you're not really a man."

As far as Nancy Bernstein is concerned, getting a sex change is nothing more than corrective sur-

gery for a transsexual. She fully subscribes to the theory now held by a number of doctors working in the field (including Harry Benjamin, MD, who coined the term transsexual; his associate, Charles Ihlenfeld, MD; and the noted psychologist, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy) that attributes transsexualism to a genetic birth defect and recognizes but one cure—surgery. She treats all of her clients, whether post- or preoperative, as women, and she does her best to reassure them that that is their true gender.

For many transsexuals, Nancy is the only person they know (with the possible exception of their doctors) who *does* accept them as women. Their parents frequently dismiss them as freaks; wives often offer little compassion; and friends, coworkers, employers, even strangers, tend to reject them altogether upon hearing of their plight. Many are forced to lead double lives—living publicly as men, privately as women—right up to the day of surgery. A few are afraid to leave their feminine garments at home, lest an unsuspecting parent or wife discover them prematurely. Nancy, understanding the situation, lets them store their clothes at her place.

Indeed, the relationship between Nancy and her clients often exceeds that which would be expected of her. She becomes their friend, their counselor, and in some cases their sole confidante. In deciding what size artificial bust to get—a B, a C, or a D cup—they will come to Nancy. If a troubled wife or parent needs someone to talk to about what's going on, Nancy is the person they're brought to. When the final date of surgery arrives, it is Nancy who's requested at their bedside.

"Nancy Bernstein is much more than just a teacher to me," Roberta explained. "She is a very dear friend, someone I can completely confide in. I trust her implicitly."

Nancy insists that she will never turn down a transsexual, no matter how impossible the overhaul job may be. One day a school teacher from Connecticut arrived at Nancy's apartment. She weighed 265 lbs, was completely bald, stood 5 feet 11 inches, and had a size 13 shoe. Unfazed, Nancy promptly put the teacher on a medically approved diet. Then they hurried off to a little

shop a few blocks from Nancy's door where the teacher was fitted with special undergarments that provided the basic female shape. A waist was created with a waist-cinch, hips were produced with the help of a padded girdle, and a bust was rendered with a padded bra. "Now she could feel like a woman from the inside out," Nancy explained. "Taking it from there was no problem at all." Two or three wigs, a visit to the Tall-Girl shop, and a few months with Nancy took care of the rest.

Roberta reached over to the basket of rolls. "Now, does the woman wait for the man to offer her one of these," she asked, "or does she just take one herself?"

"You can take one yourself," Nancy answered, "but then *you* might offer one to the man. I believe a woman should serve a man. I don't mean be subservient, but I like to cater to a man. Even in this day and age, I think a man likes a woman who acts like a woman."

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(CONT EN U E D F R O M E P A G E O N E)

Mixed up a little. Wilma's lucky shw can wear my clothes, but what the heck it's all in the family.

These are all the girls that traveld many miles to get here to-night.

KATHY G.	SYRACUSE	N.Y
FRANCES G.	"	"
Joan H.	COLINE	"
JENNY M.	LONG ISLAND	"
LUCY M.	" "	"
ELANDA M.	ROME	"
GALE E.	GR ANVILLE	"
JOAN E.	"	"
SHARON R.	FLUSHING	2
WINNIE B.	SCHENECTADY	"
WINDY B.	"	"
JOAN B.	"	"
CRYSTAL S.	MENANDS	"
TONIE M.	ALBANY	2
BEAN E.	PERU	"
KRIS M.	MOLDEN	"
MICHELINE J.	OTTAWA	CANADA
PAULA R.	PROVIDENCE	RHODE ISLA
GERMAINE H.	POULTNEY	VERMONT
DINA B.	PITTSFIELD	MASS.
GLORIA B.	"	"
PAULA D.	LANESBORO	"
MICHELL ANN B.	SOMERVILLE	M
JOYCE A.	NORWALK	CONN.
RENEE CARROL	STARTFORD	"
KAREEN L.	NEW BRUNSWICK	N.J.
PAT L.	"	"
HELEN		
WILMA		

This was a very nice turn out with 22 TV'S and TS's and 7 real GG's reprecenting seven states. More of you wives should come with your husbands. There is nothing wrong or to be ashamed of a man wearing a dress, it's better than having a husband who gets ~~ix~~ drunk and abussive and spends his time at the local bar. (WILMA)



Oh it is so good to be back and get into these lovely soft clothes and meet all them nice girls in Albany.
ELANDA M.



There is a difference

Well the clock ticks off my bedtime so I'll have to say goognight. Hope you all enjoyed reading what I try to explain in detail. Close your eyes and see if you can visualizate what went on. I would like to receive your comments in a letter. Untill next month

L O V E
H E L E N

W I L M A ' S V I E W S

W H Y M E N D R E S S A S W O M E N or Why Men Dress As Women;

What is the nature of transvestism? Is it purely psychic phenomenon? Are there material elements that incite this inclination? What is the elemental "something" that causes a man to be charmed by feminine finery that, under favorable circumstabces, his mind is thrown into a whirle and he is transposed into a state of ecstasy? Is the essence of this passion soley mental, or do physical components also play a part in its derivation?

Most such dessires have their orgins in early childhood, a period when tastes for food, colors, reading matter and other interests in life are in the stage of development.

Sometimes the seeds of tñansvestism are planted when parents desire a girl or make him feel that a daughter was much wanted than his masculine self. Transvestism can be a form of fetishesim. If a man, for instance, wears under his suit a feminine corset, or panties or long stockings, he may just want to be closeto his beloved fetish. In other cases, however, such action may be a compromise for the transvestite because it might entail social, sometimes marital complication or it may involve legal risk to dress completely as a woman and appear as such in public. The transvestite wants to be accepted in society as a member of the opposite sex; he or she wants to play the role as completely and as successfully as possible.

In pursuing the various theories that explain this mysterious proelivity, one soon becomes lost in a wilderness of ideas.

A handsome young man is seated before his dressing table mirror. He dons a powdered white wig, decked out with exquisite glitteringpearls and fiery rubies. He wears a gold brocaded jacket, a purse satin blouse with sparkling pendants. He wears white satin bloomers, tight around the knees and ruffled to expert proportions. His silken stockings, wich reach withen the enclosed bloomered knes, are either sheer orperhaps a peacock pink, often a powdered blue. His shoes are the square buckle type with a hifg heel. He will wear a monacle in his eye and before he leaves the room, he will douse

(CONT IN U E O N P A G E 4)

(C O N T I N U E D F R O M P A G E 3)

himself with imported French cologne. A spot of rouge on each cheek. Often, he will completely powder his face with flour and dab some lipatick onto his lips. This man, by to-days standards, would be considered a transvestite and even looked upon with deresion, were he to appear in public, dressed in feminine finery of satins and silks.

Yet only a centerey and a halh ago, this was a standard dress. The costume described above was the usual mode of fashon for the founding fathers of our nation! If you examine any paintings in museum's of the Continental Army military leaders, you will find that they were dressed in the latest of -- what we would call to-day "feminine" -- fashions. A matter of custom throughout the years had decreed that men confoem to certain standards of dress & woman must adhere to another form. Two decades ago, a woman who wore trousers on the street would be held up to redicule. To-day, some of our leading citizens wear slacks in public and are regarded as very feminine. Since the Second World War, the rigid pattern of monotonous blue, brown or black business suits for men has been remarkably changed. Soldiers, who travelled to all parts of the globe, discovered that men in turkey or greece, for example, wore white silk knee-length stockings, short skirts or even billowing bloomers, and it was quite as accepted in those societies as wearing of a necktie is in ours.

Gradually, tradition is given way to personal preference, Today, men may wear silken shorts, fire red skirts, generously decorated silken "sport" shirts and blouses and no one will give them a second glance. This is a partial form of transvestism. Many such men long to put on complete feminine attire, from silken bra, panties, lace-trimmed slip and a silk print dress, perhaps an evening gown, fur wrap, silken head kerchief and even wear long hair -- but regid conformity persists and men who yearn to dress as women are still restricted to the privacy of their own homes.

(I will try and follow this up in our next 2 issues if I receive enough letters that you so want it. So why not send in your comments and why you dress

Presidents Pen.....

NEW MEMBERS WELCOMED :

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of ten new members this month.

- | | | |
|------------|----------------|-------|
| Betty H. | ROCHESTER | N.Y. |
| MERILYN R. | FLORAL PARK | " |
| SUSSANE M. | AVERIL PARK | " |
| TONI M. | ALBANY | " |
| FRANCIS M. | CENTERPORT | " |
| JENNY M. | BAYSHORE | " |
| SHARON R. | FLUSHING | " |
| RONALD W. | GENESE0 | " |
| DENISE R. | COUNCIL BLUFFS | IDAHO |
| RODNA S. | STONEHAM | MASS. |



We all here at TVIC hope to see you new members in the coming months in person and may you find many friends among us.

O U R N E X T T W O G A T H E R I N G S :

~~APR~~ MAY 21st JUNE 18th There will be no gatherings July or August. All member planing on coming to any of the above gatherings, you must let us know by phone or mail at least four days in davance.

C O R E S P O N D E N C E W A N T E D :

Thesemembers of TVIC seek corespondence and promise to answer all mail. I will list three names and adresses each month, so if you wish yours listed send a letter to me so stating.

- | | | | | |
|-----------|------------|-------------|-------|-------|
| Winton B | P.O.B. 741 | Schenectady | N.Y. | 12301 |
| Dean B | | Pittsfield | Mass. | 01201 |
| Charles B | | Tulsa, | Okla | 74119 |

Have you paid your dues?

ARE YOU MISSING THE BOAT?

(Continued from page 4)

M O T E L R E S E R V A T I O N S :

How did you girls like the rooms that were reserved for you? If any member wishes to stay overnight and wants me to reserve them a room, please let me know four days in advance als if SINGLE or DOUBLE and what TIME you expect to arrive and in what NAME.

T O T O N I E M.

In the future you will have to dress at our home. You are not that good to be coming here dressed riding the bus. You are jepodizing the safty of every member in this club. Also you will have to change your cloths before you leave.the house. THIS IS A MUST. If you must parade the streets in dress or ride a bus, do it some other night in another part of the city. If it happens again you will be expelled from the club.

T V I C J O U R N A L :

As you all will notice there are two extra pages this month too the journal. If you are for it or against it, please let me know. For these extra pages will cost our treasury ten dollars a month extra.

M E M B E R S H I P D U E S :

As of September each member will pay \$5.00 at each gathering he attends. Guest will have to pay \$8.00 per gathering. A wife will be \$5.00
Yearly membership will remain \$12.00 per year. This is due to the rise in the cost of food.

S P E C I A L D E P A R T M E N T :

Phillis has been in the hospital and is very sick. Please drope her a GET WELL card. J. CATON, ██████████ ██████████ ██████████ LOCKPORT, N.Y. 14094

Rhonda would like to buy or rent a used ELCTROLYSIS machine. If you have one contact Ms RHONDA H██████████, Rt3 BOX 228, BIG RAPIDS, MICH., 49307

BIRTHDAYS: I sent out 200 request for birthdays and received 69 replies so far. My reasons were to see what month a TV would most likely be born in. So if this means anything here is the results.
JAN. 18, FEB. 16, MAR. 13, APR. 1, MAY 4, JUNE 3, JULY 3, AUG. 3, SEPT. 1, OCT. 6, NOV. 5, DEC. 3.

Looks like Jan. is in the lead with 18 and April & Sept. with only one each. I will follow this up again next month if the other 131 will send me there birthday date. So how about it? As long as I am on the Birthday deal here our the girls born in MAY.

- JOYCE A. NORWALK CONN.
- REENE C. STARTFORD CONN.
- JOANNE R. HUDSON FALLS N.Y.
- CRYSTAL S. MENANDS N.Y.
- HELEN THORSDEN ALBANY N.Y.



These girls are listed on your membership list. So if you like send them a Birthday Card. If you would like to see this monthly let me know. Please try and keep your own records, I can't do everything.

Special Thanks; SUSSANE for the books she sent als REENE for the book she left and also thanks to the girls that sent in clothes shoes and wigs that they had no use for. Our thanks to all the girls who helped Helen with the food and clean up. Special thanks to Gale for helping Helen in the Kitchen all evening. If i have left anyone out please except our thanks.



"...and make them stop calling me SIR!"



"I WON'T take off this tie, honey. How else will anybody know I'm a man!"



PAULA D.
Come dressed as I am? No, I'm afraid my fraternity brothers might not understand."

TRANSSEXUALS

Women's Liberation does not play a big part in Nancy Bernstein's feminization program. Quite obviously, a good portion of the pointers she gives her transsexual clients on how women are supposed to act deal with the very aspects of femininity that many women have long since abandoned. Brassieres, makeup, dresses, and passive "ladylike" behavior may seem quite outmoded today. But to a number of transsexuals, these traditional symbols of femininity, no matter how dated, represent just what being a woman is all about.

"I'm really at odds with the women's movement," announced Beth, a five years postoperative transsexual, married, with four adopted children. "I believe in equal pay for equal jobs, but that's about as far as it goes. I certainly disapprove of the breaking down of the male and female roles. When you start putting women in male roles you

destroy the family unit. I certainly don't want to give up *my* role as a wife and mother. Men are expected to act in a certain fashion and so are women. I personally enjoy being treated as a woman. I don't even like dressing as a man. I hate, for example, wearing pants. I feel extremely feminine and I always want to look that way, too."

Clinging to the trappings of femininity is often a necessity for the transsexual. "You've got to give all the clues that you're a woman," stressed Rose-Marie, a postoperative transsexual now studying with Nancy, "or else you won't be accepted as one." Because of a faulty electrolysis job on her beard and insufficient work on her voice, Rose-Marie feels that if she did not give all the little hints, like wearing a dress, using makeup, sitting with her legs crossed, or polishing her nails, she would still be taken for a man. Yet Rose-Marie strongly identifies with the concepts of Women's Liberation in just about every other respect. In fact, she legally fought to keep the same job she had before the operation on the basis that a woman could do the work just as well as a man—and she won.

Roberta, too, on the whole, favors the women's movement but feels that transsexuals can't always afford to give up all the feminine role-playing. As she remarked to a group of feminists criticizing her indulgence in the superficial, "If I could dress like you, in jeans and sweat-shirts, and still come off as a woman, don't you think I would?"

There are a few of Nancy's clients, however, who throw all caution to the wind and just dress as they please. Inge, a 30-year-old transsexual from Quebec who only recently underwent surgery, con-

sults Nancy for voice change and posture alone. She wears slacks all the time, doesn't use makeup, and couldn't care less whether she is sitting like a woman or a man. But her physical appearance is still definitely that of a woman, though perhaps a little more unisexual than most.

Others, like the much publicized 55-year-old schoolteacher from New Jersey, Paula Grossman, don't even bother having electrolysis or changing their voices. "I had this operation for psychic comfort alone,

Paula explained. "I always felt I was a woman and now physically I am. That's all that is important to me, not how feminine or beautiful I am. I shaved every day for 50 years, so why should it bother me now? I'm not trying to hide the fact that I was born a genetic male. I've announced what I did to the world. Everyone knows about me. So what does it matter if I have a beard or a deep voice?" Paula does, however, always wear a skirt or a dress and even requests that female visitors to her home do the same.

Nancy Bernstein's own feelings on femininity are basically that it's something that comes from within, not something painted on. But she believes that transsexuals frequently need the assurance that they possess it on the outside before they can confidently show it from within. "You've got to remember," she pointed out, "these are six-month-old women. They may have lived 40 or 50 years but they've only truly been women for a number of months. They're going through a mini-puberty just like the girl of 13 who wants a big bosom, plenty of makeup, and glamorous clothes. After a while, they'll mature as women and realize they can be just as feminine in jeans as they are in a formal gown."

A difficult moment in the training program comes the day Nancy decides her work on an individual is finished. She then must persuade

her client that she is ready to face the outside world as a woman, not always an easy task. The preoperatives, especially, often fear the mere act of walking down the street in female attire. They comfortably wear such clothes at Nancy's and frequently "dress" in the privacy of their homes, but in public? Few feel confident enough for that. Yet it is of the utmost importance that, before taking the irreversible step of surgery, they go out and live as women, in order to safeguard against any postoperative change of heart. Nancy's job is to convince them to give it a try.

First she sends them up and down in an elevator. Then she has them take a walk around the block. Next, she sends them to buy something in a five-and-dime store, then to the supermarket. Finally she puts them to the real test, a visit to a lingerie shop. As Nancy sees it, once a transsexual succeeds in looking and sounding like a real woman to eyes and ears as keen as those you'll find in a good lingerie store, she hasn't got a worry in the world.

As a kind of "graduation" exercise, Nancy occasionally takes a client out for dinner at New York's Plaza Hotel. Her last visit there was with Laura, an attractive 35-year-old transsexual who is planning surgery within the next year. When the waiter appeared at the table, he set down a vase holding two long-stemmed roses and remarked, "For two lovely ladies." Laura, incredulous, beamed. After their meal, Nancy and Laura made the rounds of several ladies' rooms in the hotel "to once again convince Laura that people were accepting her as a woman."

Laura later wrote to Nancy, "Thank you a million times over. You saw how I felt but it's almost impossible to describe. Waves of ecstasy, rapture, and a feeling of completeness, of gaining a small

foothold in the human race..."

Unfortunately, not every transsexual can afford the luxury of being taken under Nancy Bernstein's wing. Her services come high, \$50 for an hour's session (though occasionally she charges less). That by itself may not be prohibitive, but other expenses are so high that very often changing the voice or learning the little feminine niceties becomes a financial impossibility. For example, surgery and hospitalization can run anywhere from \$4,000 to \$10,000. Payment in advance is always required. Electrolysis averages about \$2,000 but has been known to cost as much as \$5,000 for a particularly resilient beard. Breast implants run about \$1,500 and hormone therapy, which is a must, costs \$400 a year for life. Combining these figure with the price of shaving down the Adam's apple (\$500), getting a nose job (\$1,000), or any of the other esthetic options often desired, it becomes obvious why, of the 10,000 transsexuals who reportedly exist in this country, only one out of ten ever makes the changeover. Of the few that do, the smallest percentage can afford to study with Nancy Bernstein.

Roberta and Nancy had finished their dessert.

"All right," Nancy tested, "when you leave the table, how would you get up?"

"Would I wait for the waiter to help me?" Roberta asked.

"No," Nancy smiled, "once he's gotten his tip, he forgets all about you. You get up yourself."

Roberta did.

"Right," Nancy commented. "Now you walk out of the restaurant first. Watch that wrist, it's bent. That's better. Well, that was just perfect."

"There's one thing you forgot to tell me," Roberta said.

"What's that?" Nancy asked.

"How do I go about getting a man who'll buy me a meal like this?" ○



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"Now, remember, Mom — not a word about this to my friends!"

letters to the editor

Dear Wilma & Helen.

Firstly, thank you so much Helen for helping me out by lending me your coat.

I got back to Ottawa, eventually, but without a few more problems.

The plane ride was very bumpy, and seemed to take for ever. It is about 1 hour flying time to Syracuse. Then there is a one hour wait until it continues on to Watertown. The hop from Watertown to Ogdensburg both take about a 1/2 hour. The plane was late, and it finally arrived at about 4 p.m., having left Albany at 12.45.

It was then that I discovered that they (Allegheny) had lost my bag. I filled in a form. They said I might have to wait a week while they put a trace on it. I said I could not wait that long, I had to get back to Ottawa. So they sent a message to Watertown, and Watertown sent one to Syracuse, and so on back to Albany.

Then after about an hour Charleston, West Va. called to say they had a bag belonging to a Ms Johnson which had been put on the plane to them instead of to Ogdensburg. I was so relieved to hear that they had found it, since I had some of my nicest clothes and shoes in it.

They agreed to send it post haste by the next plane. The label on the bag (when I finally got it) said RUSH RUSH RUSH. It had to go on three planes. Firstly on a plane to Pittsburg, then on a plane to Syracuse, then on the commuter plane via Watertown to Ogdensburg. I was lucky that there were connecting flights on a Sunday evening. The final plane was due to get in to Ogdensburg at 10.25 p.m., so I had 5 hours to kill.

(ED. NOTE: looks like that bag of yours traveled across the U. S. mileage wise)

So I drove around the town, getting to know the streets. On the way I was stopped by the city police, in a car with flashing red lights. He was kind of curious, so he asked me to follow him to the police station. There they asked me questions, including why I was dressed as a girl. They seemed satisfied with my answers. It turned out that all they had against me was that I was doing 39 mph in a 30 mph zone. They made me post a bond for \$25.

I still had some time to fill in, so I went to a bar where they had dancing to disco music. It was different there. Everybody read me, and they all thought it was a big joke to say rude things within my earshot. However, I am used to that so it did not bother me. I got to talking to a couple of women sitting next to me, who it turned out worked at the company in Brockville that I used to work for. Later a man came and sat next to me and asked me to dance with him, which I did.

It was time to go and meet the plane at the airport. The plane was a 1/2 hour late, so it did not arrive until 11 p.m. I got back to Ottawa at 2 a.m. somewhat weary, and still so today at work, since I had to get up at 6 a.m.

I enjoyed the weekend in Albany very much. It was nice to see all the old faces (and the new ones) again. The supper was super, Helen, Thanks.

LOVE, MICHELENE, OTTAWA, CANADA.

(ED. NOTE: This letter was much longer and interesting but do to lack of space I had to shorten.)

Dear Wilma:

I can not tell you how much I enjoyed seeing the Three of you, Paula, Kathy, and yourself bring my outfits to life. Also the way they were received by all present. I wish that all the people who say they are going to come but never show-up could see that kind of meeting. I wish I could say I was on Cloud 9 when I left your home. But that would not have been Hi enough. I think I was looking down at Cloud 109 as I passed into Massachusetts.

LOVE, MICHELL ANN . SOMERVILLE, MASS.

Dear Helen & Wilma:

First let me say I am a long busy girl in the TV scene, I have been to many parties and chapter meetings etc., but your gathering is one of the nicest I have attended. Your warmth and sincerity are the essence of the group you have assembled. I am quite happy to join your group as a new member and hope to attend often even though the distance is great. If I can support your efforts in any way, I'll be happy to do so. Murill, my girlfriend had a great time also. Thanks again - till next time. Cordially with love.

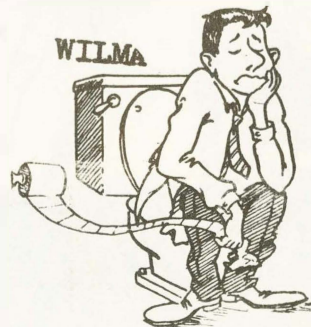
MARILYN R., FLORAL PARK, L.I., N.Y.



I just got my draft notice and won't they be surprised when JENNY shows up.



I'M MICHELL ANN, AND I THINK I'M CUTE WHERE'S MY LOLLY POP?



"The job is never finished till the paper work is done."

letters to the editor

Dear Wilma;

The other day I read a letter wich was both happy yet sad at the same time, It was from a one-time TV who wrote saying how happy he was that he had "Found Jesus" and thus had been able to "rid himself" of transvestism. That was the happy part.

The sad part, to me at least, was the fact that this person for some reason or other seemed to equate transvestism with some kind od evil, or perversion - wich it plainly is not. "The Rest (which is my own term for non-TV8s) are of course an incredibly large majority who, because they are almost entirely ignorant of the tru facts, suppose that because we like to dress in feminine clothing that we are, variously, kinky, oddball or even gay. My Dictionary of Medical Terms, compiled by people who should know better, describe transvestism as"--a morbid desire to dress in the attire of the opposite..sex.

How paradoxical, therefore is the fact that bastion of wholesome Americana-Sears Catalog currently includes convenient charts so that girls can order men's casual clothing'. In this bureoning era of Womens Lib, of unisex hairstylist, of a "His & Hers" matching outfits, how is it that female transvestites are as commonplace as hamburgers, and yet their male counterparts are still regarded as being weird by the Rest? Do all these girls who wear pant-suits and other male oriented clothing really exhibit "a morbid desire" to dress as such"? Because it is every bit as transvestite as the harmless and pleasurable pursuit which we like to follow.

My lately "reformed" friend ought never to have purchased his first pair of panties if he felt that there was something imoral about it. To compare transvestism with religious ethics is to compare apples with oranges... If there is equation of transvestism with sin or evil, then it is within the mind of a disturbed person. We are for the most part, clandestine, not because we are destined for the Abyss, but rather that we are the victims of a stupid lop-sided code of acceptable standards of living.

I consider myself to be a reasonable good Christian, being a very active church member. Idress frequently and enjoy it very much and in no way do I ever consider myself to be a hypocrtte.. why on earth should I? I cannot recall any passage in the Bible wherin cross - dressing is proscribed.

So I feel happy and sad for my friend. Happy that he has found peace with Christianity..sad that he now imagines that he was doing a moral wrong through his former innocuous transvestism..sad, too that we have lost a sister to The Rest. They are so many, and we are so few.

PAULA, D. , LANSBORO , MASS.

Dear Helen & Wilma;

Thank you for letting me attend one of your TV mettings and I must say that I had a most informative and enjoyable evening. It helps tremendously to be able to meet with other wives of TV's, and also to know that we're sharing the same hopes and problems.

I know from experience that meeting with others is the best medicine in the world. I think too many wives have a preconceived idea concerning their husbands and other TV'S in general: I know I did.

The group that my husband and I met at your gathering were inteligent, fun, loving people, with professions and families, all injoyed themselves and help each other with their problems. The girls were all dressed in their best and it made me more feminine just looking and being with them.

If any of the wives reading this letter have an oppourtunity to attend a metting and to meet with other couples, I'm sure it will be a great help in understanding the special husband they have. There are so many of us sharing the same problems that to take advantage of this could only benefit both husband and wife. I know this and I am very much looking forward to another gathering.

THE WIFE OF A TV.

