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NEWSLETTER EDITORS
Helen
and
Wilma Thordsen

Hi Girls:

Last night we were going to be a small crowd but before the evening was here we wound up with eighteen girls here. The weather was good here and no problem for the girls like they had last month. The girls here last night: Cynthia and Sonia from Ancramdale, N.Y., Yvonne and Vickie from Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Dennie and Michelle Ann from Somerville, Mass., Eileen and Pricella from Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Sheryl from Albany, N.Y., Joan from Colonie, N.Y., Winnie from Schenectady, N.Y., Muriel from Geneseo, N.Y., Elanda from Rome, N.Y., Toni from Castleton, N.Y., Suesan from Troy, N.Y., Brenda from Messina, N.Y. Wilma and I.

The meal for the girls was: Roast Beef, gravy, mashed potatoes, corn, peas, asparagus, cauliflower with cheese sauce, rolls, butter, applesauce, tossed salad. For dessert we had a birthday cake and coffee. The cake was brought by Vickie and Yvonne as they wanted to share their birthday with us. The cake was a german chocolate layer with cream frosting really delicious. We wish them many many happy returns and may they see many more.

What has happened to some of girls that were pretty regular comers here for years., would like to hear from you girls, Kathy, Jean, Frances, Sandy, Elaine and Colleen. we enjoy our new found girls but we also miss our old friends.

It has been awhile since Muriel was here so we were delighted she could make last nights meeting. Eileen from Poughkeepsie had the girls laughing at some of her stories of when she takes the children from school on her trips to Russia. Conversations ran the gamut last night, which makes for a very interesting evening. Sorry that Susan was under the weather and didn't dress, just stayed and enjoyed the company of her sisters.

One of the things I was asked was (How often should a T.V. dress.) All I can say is that it would be up to the individuals wife and how comfortable she would be with him. If there are no children in the family and you have a low social life, I suppose there is no harm in him dressing as often as he feels like, on the other hand if the wife dosen't care to see her man always in femme clothes, they should make an agreement as to how many nights he can dress. It would seem to me that three nights a week should be plenty to let hem feel some relief from the every day life as a man. Of course you will find that some of our T.V.'s are pretty self centered and selfish, feel that they should dress any time they want. Then you will find that a lot of T.V.'s are content to come home from work and if there are no other plans they will wash up and have their supper and then put on a soft nightie and robe and just sit and relax and enjoy the company of their wives. For a Transvestite to be selfish and think only of themselves are only hurting themselves and their sisters who are trying hard to be accepted not only by their wives but by the society of all people out there. Myself I feel that I want to know that I can come home from work and find my husband home in Male clothes not always in the femme clothes. Like anything else it can become very boring to find that you come home to the same thing every night. They always say variety is the spice of life. Of course if there are children they would be limited to dress when the children are in bed or maybe out for awhile with Mom doing some shopping this would give them a little time to dress. Each family has to really sit down and figure out their own rules as to how they want to deal with this situation. Myself I don't worry what Wilma does as he is not possed by his second self. Most times he cleans up after supper and then into a nightie and robe and either does some reading or answering his mail or watching the T.V. Occasionally when he's home during the day if he's in the mood to dress he will put a few things on and prepare supper and then watch T.V. I usually go to bed fairly early as I get up early for work. We have a good life no problems as to Wilmas TVing. It dosen'T really bother me as he hurts no one, we do not talk of his second life with our friends who know nothing of his cross dressing. Our life is so full of the things we do that there is limited time for her to dress. We have two homes to run at the present time and with her doing her gardening in the summer her time is full. I hope that I was of some help to some of the T.V.'s and their wives to come to some kind of agreement so that they can enjoy the rest of their lives together. When I hear of a wife that has come to accept her mate it makes me feel like singing because I know that now they will have a good life together, and be able to talk things out instead of finding an outsider to tell their problems to.

For now I think I speiled off my mouth enough to give you an idea of how I come with the problem. Every one has to find their own best way. Good Luck t to all.

Love

Hele n

WHY MUST WE GO OUT???

(ED.NOTE! Will the person who sent me this letter please stand up and be counted. The letter was not signed.)

We don't go out because we have to! Yet we have to go out, and down inside we know we're breaking a law. What drives us out? To take the risk of losing a good job, not only disgracing ourselves, but worse, our families. I've asked myself this question and I'll bet you have too: Is it the thrill that we're doing something that we're not suppose to be doing? Is it a thrill that we're putting something over on somebody?, that we're getting away with fooling people? We can't say it's being 100% TV, because hundreds of 100% TVs don't go out, but there are other hundreds of us that do. Yes, it's a "thrill"!! But what makes this a thrill, how does it start, and why is it there when we can dress up inside or around other TVs or by ourselves and still feel the same needs of being a TV. We all know that we are taking a chance. There is the possibility of an auto accident, a traffic ticket, or just spraining an ankle on the street and being rushed to the hospital, or a thousand other little things that could trip us up. If we live in a small town we might come face to face with someone who knows us. Even in the big cities there are nosey neighbors who might see us coming and going as both male and female and put two and two together and come up with one. But still we go out and everytime we do, we take a chance, I've come to the conclusion that we're all pretty much the same in certain ways. We all wish that we were prettier than we are, and most of us probably spend a lot of time hunting for new ways to get that pretty. But why are so many of us content with being pretty indoors, while there are the rest of us that have to go out to be happy. As for myself many have asked why do I go out? When I can dress at home and not worry about being caught or detected. But I'VE never been able to come up with an answer that sounded sensible. It's hard to explain the feeling when I'm out, when I pass someone on the street, when a young fellow who is looking for a girlfriend gives me the eye, or when a gentleman holds a door open for me, or when someone in a store or cafe calls me Miss, or Ma'm. Yes it's hard to explain, and I don't think there is a direct answer for the question. "Why must we go out?" But maybe if I told you how I got started, and when I got started. and how it grew and grew until the urge to go out is as strong as TVism itself, maybe this will provide the answer indirectly. As a child I never went out dressed. Even in my teens I never ventured past the door that protected my secret. In fact what I dreaded most was for anyone to see me. After joining the service one year I was going home on a vacation I stopped overnight in Reno and got a motel room. So on this night the spark was ignited that lit the flame and started my desire to go out as a woman. I thought how wonderful it would be to hear my heels on the hard pavement. For every reason I could think of for wanting to go out, there were two reasons why I shouldn't take the chance. That night I got dressed & looked at myself in the mirror, and finally decided, after talking myself out of it a dozen times, that yes, I was going out. I must have lost and regained my nerve a hundred times before I finally got on the street. First I'd turn out the lights, peek out the door and then real quietly step out, but before you could say boo, I was back inside again. Back to the door again, lights out, open the door, step outside, start to close the door, and then "Oh goodness, I'll bet every one in Reno sees me." Back inside again. Well after smoking a 1/2 pack of cigarettes I tried again. Well this time I made it all the way down stairs. My first walk in life that night, consisted of 2 blocks away and back. But it was a new thrill, and the flame started to grow. After 4 years of service I moved to Seattle in an apartment of my own. I was dressing a lot but it was all inside. I just didn't seem to want to go out. Then one day I bought a very nice wool skirt and sweater, cute little jacket and a scarf for around my head. This started the flame again and that night I took my second walk out dressed. After that I took quite a few walks, and each one a little further and longer than the one before. The further away from home I got the more little things happened to build up my confidence like passing people ~~with~~ in the street, and noticing that they didn't even give me a second glance. A police car stopped at an intersection to let me cross and drove on. A carload of young men went by whistled at me. All these little things and many more helped, and before I knew it, I was right downtown window shopping. By now I started feeling more at ease but I still dreaded thinking about having to speak to someone, sometime. Then it happened one night! I was on my way home and I had just passed a bar and a guy came out and turned and walked in the same direction. I was going. He got alongside of me and said, "Nice night isn't it." So I looked him right in the eye and said, "Yes, it's beautiful." Then I looked straight ahead and quickened my pace a little. He kept on trying to get me to go have a drink somewhere with him and after a block of this he said, "what's wrong, are you stock up?" So I said, No, but my husbands waiting for me at home, so would you please leave me alone." He dropped the subject and went on his way. Remember I said it was a little flame that started the urge to go out? Well right then that little flame became a roaring fire. From that moment on once I got dressed you couldn't have kept me in with logging chains. It wasn't the idea that a man tried to date me but it was knowing that I passed and wasn't just slipping by people and being lucky. Soon after that I took my vacation and stayed with another TV friend and lived the whole 20 days as a woman. This friend took me

(continue on page 4)

PARTY DATES :

The next 3 parties will be held on March 18, April 16 & May 21.

NEW MEMBERS :

I am pleased to announce the enrollment of
 DOTTIE W....WINFIELDPA.



"Ah! The wonders of TV! Just think, a year ago, I would have blown my top if you would have run up a bill like that in there."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO O

Charles [redacted]	March 2	Jay [redacted]	March 20
Jim [redacted]	" 3	Robert [redacted]	" 23
Elaine [redacted]	" 10	Gerold [redacted]	" 25
Rosemarie [redacted]	" 11	Stanly [redacted]	" 26
John [redacted]	" 12	Ellen [redacted]	" 30
Erin [redacted]	" 13	Joan [redacted]	" 30
George [redacted]	" 14		

QUESTION OF THE MONTH :

IF YOU COULD MOLD YOUR TV SELF INTO ANYTHING YOU WISHED, WHAT WOULD YOU LOOK LIKE? WHAT SIZE, SHAPE, HIGHT, AND WHAT PERSONALITY WOULD YOU HAVE? AND WHY DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD BE DESIRABLE?

SPECIAL THANKS

- TOO Barbra [redacted], Edith [redacted]s, Velvet [redacted], Lee [redacted] for the extra dollars sent in for postage.
- TOO Kathy [redacted], Barbra [redacted], Gale [redacted], Rosemarie [redacted] for the lovely pictures sent in for the club album.
- TOO Alice C. & Carl [redacted] for some extra printing.
- TOO Patricia [redacted]s, Rachel [redacted], Joan H., Gale [redacted], Cynthia [redacted], Joyce [redacted], Linda [redacted], Denise [redacted], Alice [redacted] for the news articles
- TOO Alicw [redacted], Edith [redacted] J. [redacted] for the front of the envelopes of mail returned from members. This helps a lot keeping the directory up to date.

ADDRESS-CHANGES :

- S. Andrus, [redacted]
- G. Evans, [redacted]

Remove these names from your directory.
 Thomas Wolf, Jannifer Barnes, Shirley Bristol, Stephen Baston & David Brown.

IN MEMORY :

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Gloria Lee, after a long illness. She was a long time member of TVIC and will be sorely missed. All of us join in extending heartfelt condolences.

TVIC 1982

In 1982 we had 194 members and 51 wives attend our monthly parties. We enrolled 36 new members to our lovely group. We had the bad fourtune of runing \$181 in the red. Our postage was over \$1,200 for the year. Leta see if we cant do better in 1983. A big help would be if some of the older members would renew their membership.

TRANSEXUAL VOICE :

A news letter written by and about transsexuals. Free personal adds - \$2 per copy - Payable to Phoebe [redacted]

NEWS :

Here is an add that was in THE LAKEVILLE JOURNAL classified section January 27 1983. "Attractive Opportunity in womens clothing - \$8 to 12 in hourly commissions plus wardrobe - Over 21 - Car - Phome necessary - Call [redacted]"

TEXAS - In Garland Texas 20,000bras went on sale and most of the buyers were men. The expensive lacey supportables made by Pennyrich International Inc., were ordered sold at public auction by Judge Elmore Whithurst, referee in bankruptcy proceedings. Five hundred of the kits, containing 32 bras each, sold for \$14,000. Thats less than one dollar each for a patented product wich retails between \$9.50 & 20.50 depending on the size.

QUESTION - Who really did envent the brassier? And when? ANS. A Lady in PARIS named Hermine Caddlle, in 1980 or so the best record at hand advise. Her corset shop is still in bussiness there.

(continued from page 2)

out on what I call my first date. We rode around and went to a few bars and had a few beers. Another time he took me out to dinner. On Sunday we went to church. The whole 20 days was wonderful. So that's my story of going out and being excepted by others as a woman. I've had a few things happen at the time made me think the chips were really down. Once I accidentally ran through a red light in my car. Just as the light turned red, and with my luck there was a police car on the corner. All they did was pull up beside me and one of them shook his finger at me like I had been a naughty girl and drove on. Another time, out on the highway I ran into a police road block, but they just looked in my car and waved me on. That was two close calls in a year, but I still go out!! So once again I ask the question "Why must we go out/" All I know is that it's wonderful to be outside with the rest of the world. Another TV friend asked me once, didnt I get scared when I thought of all the things that could happen. Scared is a mild word to use. I was more than scared the night of the road block and the night I ran the stop light, and I'm always scared, but I still go out. Even though you know you can pass, be careful of your actions, and what you might say. Just never get so confident that you let your guard down. So if you don't go out now, don't ever start, because while it's wonderful, it can also be dangerous. Don't ever let yourself be talked into going out by another TV who does.....

P. O. Box 4887
Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12602

TVIC
1104 Broadway
Albany, New York.

ATTN: William M. Thordsen, President

Dear Mr. Thordsen:

I am a PhD candidate at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. My dissertation topic is a study of women who are in relationship with a man who, sometimes, wears women's clothing.

Little is known about such women. What is known either comes from the man, or from women who are in therapy situations. I want to get information directly from the women, so that their feelings and thoughts can be expressed without being diluted. I am making a national request for women who are willing to take about an hour to fill out a detailed questionnaire. Complete anonymity is assured. The completed questionnaire will be returned in a post-paid, preaddressed envelope. While my questionnaire contains personal questions, I am not asking for any information that would identify the sender. The completed questionnaires will be seen only by myself. My final report will combine the responses in such a way that individual responses can not be identified.

There will also be an opportunity for the research participants to be interviewed directly, if they wish to do so. Such an interview will allow me to gain more insight into their feelings and situations.

My intent is only to describe and from that description, learn more about women who relate to men who cross-dress and also more about the relationship that they share. I have no intention of providing theraputic or etiological explanations about cross-dressing nor providing therapy for the respondent.

I want to gather as diverse and varied a sample as possible. Your organization, TVIC, has the potential of helping me reach many such women. I would appreciate it if you would place my request in an upcoming issue of the TVIC Journal, asking that any women who are interested in participating in this important research contact me at the above address for a copy of my questionnaire.

THANK YOU

ROGER E. PEO

PhD CANDIDATE.

(ED. NOTE: Ladies this is a good cause and I hope that you will write to Mr. Peo. Then again if you should be afraid to write directly to Mr. Peo and would still like to help you may contact me and I'll see that you get a questionnaire. To be returned to me or Mr. Peo....Wilma Thordsen.)

Dear Wilma: In answer to the question of the month. "WHAT WOULD I DO IF I FOUND OUT MY SON WANTED TO WEAR WOMANS CLOTHING?" The only thing I would do is write Wilma for a intrductory cover to TVIC that says what TVism is all about, a copy of the TVIC Journal addressed to me, and I would write on it I LOVE YOU, DAD. I would then leave it in his room. We as parents have the responsibility to others like ourselves to ~~keep~~ help each other but only when asked. I feel the greatest gift we could give our children or other TVs is there individuality, only then can they learn who they are.

JANET F....EAST ROCKAWAY...N.Y.....

NEWS: MEMPHIS, TENN. A 19yr. old F-M husband (on male hormones) was sued by his 17yr. old wife for annulment because she testified that he turned out to be a woman.....

Dear Wilma:

The past few issues of the Journal have raised some question that I would like to see addressed more fully. They are not the question of the month, nor can they be answered by the membership, but rather they seem to be questions indicated by the tone of the articles that have appeared.

First is the feeling I get that we are talking to each other about dressing, without actually receiving any new information on trends or changes on the part of the public towards us. Your editorials are superb in the range of subjects and the provocative ideas they cover on the whole area of transvestism, and I look forward to them with each issue. So this is not a criticism of real effort on your part. Rather I would term it a sensing or yearning for different perspective on who we are in 1982, and what we will become in the future? Are we going anyplace, or are we simply treading water? Where do we want to go, where should we be going, and what reasonable change can we expect for transvestism in the future? Indeed, is there a future for us, or are we condemned (Content) to remain secluded in a kind of genetic stagnation leading to retardation and death?

It makes me wonder what we are all about? There are several things that cause this. On the "outside," there have been tremendous effort to change our thinking about who we are as men and women, and most of this has been in favor of a more nurturing, feminine role for men; an attempt to lower male barriers to the female world as a natural balance to the female quest for equality. As the most obvious sign of this struggle and its attainment, women have taken to wearing men's styles, and show every indication of moving even further into male appearance, sans make up, shorter hair, gestures and language. They are against violence, yet their trousers have a fly-front which was originally intended to make rape easier. We have seen homosexuality (which includes drag) become legitimate, transsexualism become commonplace, and even portrayals of transvestism have changed from ridicule to serious consideration, and yet, this is what bothers me; transvestism is still not expressed as a viable alternative. We remain hidden, still basically thought of as deviant, still subjected to a psychological terminology that holds us firmly in society as misfits, and tacitly refuses to endorse our practice as being in any way a healthy or desirable. We in turn seem to encourage this dichotomy of thinking about the sexes, mainly by our meek acquiescence to it, and a strong desire to remain secluded as we are.

Looked at from another angle, as members of TVIC, our purpose is one of support and encouragement for each other, an effort to reduce guilt and cause happiness with our condition. Is guilt our common bond; that it will not go away because society will never accept us, and really, we don't want approval anyways, because it would remove the fun of dressing? What if we should suddenly find our practice acceptable? Would we stop dressing and turn to something else; stop meeting and disband because the clandestine aspect had been removed? There are times when I see women dressed in a blouse and skirt, and my heart literally aches to dress the same way, and be able to go public. I wonder what is meant by comments such as, "If Martians were to visit our earth and see the differences of men and women, they would be astonished to learn we were the same species," or Dustin Hoffman's more recent insight (gleaned by cross-dressing) that "Men and women of this latter half of the 20th century are leading vastly different lives." For all our efforts to establish a blending of our humanness, we are further apart than ever, and seem to be moving towards a separateness more severe than the Victorian era ever was.

The sensing and yearning I get from the Journal articles concern women more directly; a vague wishing for more openness from them; for a chance to approach them (and them us) on a different level of communication that would make our perceptions of them more accepting of us and who we are. I believe the opportunities for exploring this lie with women themselves in areas of self-perception concerning their appearance, and what it means to share this with males. I get the feeling that we want to know more, that we are searching for a different level of existence from where we are now, that perhaps we are on the threshold of some kind of newness that will affect us all. I can't explain it, but it's there.

Perhaps this is too much, but we are who we are, and I am wondering about us in the future. Are there avenues we should be moving along other than feminine perfection in ourselves? Do we remain here, or will feminine emulation become a legitimate, visible expression of the person without regard for sex? Is this a part of interpretation of proposed amendments? Were we in the mind of one public official who stated, "the (passage of) ERA would make possible all kinds of mischief." Is this why it failed?

GERMAINE [REDACTED]...WILLIAMSTOWN...VERMONT.....

ED NOTE: Now here is a letter that really needs answering. It has at least 6 good questions in it. I'll bet I can get 20 replies and their will be 20 different answers. How about it? ...WILMA)

They got a new TV deodorant called GONE - you spray it all over you and disappear then everybody stands and wonders where the smell is coming from.

Dear Helen & Wilma:

How did I get started in cross-dressing? When I was about 4/5 years old I had 2 persons appeal to my personality. My sister who was in her teens and my mother than in her early 40's... I was a quiet little boy and the kind of child who got along well with everyone. I was accepted in the female budwa & I can remember helping my sister dress, wich she never objected. I would help hook her garter belt and get her stockings, slip and shoes. I would watch her put on her make up and hand her lipstick on request. I was enjoying myself and why not, I was getting attention... Niether of them would appear naked in front of me or make any sexual jesters, so I did not feel threatened... One day while my sister was putting on her make up she looked at me and said "would you like lipstick too?" and so she put some on me. She said "you look so pretty go show mommy." I don't remember what my mother said but I honestly felt she didn't object, because this special treatment continued... My mother was not well and she would ask me to hook her garters in the back, and like my sister I would to get out her shoes and things and help out... When my sister was out I would go up in her room and put on make up and her clothes. I knew every article of clothing she had. It was great fun... I guess if my 2 brothers knew of this they would have objected, but my oldest brother had no knowledge of what was going on due to a recent phone conversation with him, he knows I'm a transvestite... This Special treatment continued on until my sister got married and moved away. I was heartbroken. My mother continued this through my teens & I would often go into the lingerie store for something she requested. I knew almost everything their was to know about lingerie and their particlar preferences and sizes. I would always be included for an opinion on style and such.. I guess this did cause me a great deal of confusion. I realize now what had happened. My father was from German background and underthings were classed as unmentionables in his house. He was always working and he was much older than me to play ball or do things. He was not a very agressive person and often my mother was the boss... Needless to say I continued to crossdress and went through the tough times as all transvestites do. Now at least I can see where it all came from. I guess it just hit my type of personalty that way. I guess it hits others in a different way... I realize this much, it has developed ~~int~~ into a behavioral patten that can never change. I am what I am, and head and my heart are not heavy anymore... JANET F... EAST ROCKAWAY... N.Y.....

Dear Wilma:

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A SON WHO CROSS-DRESSES? The very first thing that you absolutely MUST do is to REMBER THAT HE IS YOUR SON. In your marriage vow, you promised to love your spouse for better or worse in sickness and in health. I say that the vow extends to your love for your children as well. When I told my mother that I am a cross-dresser, she reacted very unfavorably - as many parents do. Now I suspect that my son may be a cross-dresser, or he may be gay. I Don't know. Nor do I know haw to ask him. I try to show that he can always come to me anytime with any question and get a fair answer. When he said that he wanted to drop out of H.S. in his senior year, we talkrd it over, and I gave my blessing to his decision. I felt that it would be in his best emotional interest to pursue a livelihood without that diploma. He knows that I am a cross-dresser. He knows that he can come to me and talk about his hopes and wishes... The one thing you must not do is play the role of the accuser. Do not condemn ot even criticize. What you should do is let him know that he is not alone. There are millions of cross-dressers. It could be helpful to point out that cross-dressers do not represent the scum of society. They are rather a cross-section of society... Do not pretend to be more of an expert on the subject than you really are, If you know nothing about it, then read about it and learn. If you know a little, don't pose as a diagnostician or counselor. If You are a reknowned authority, try to comple your training with a genuine love for your son... Naturally you can't approach a 2 year old child with the same advice that you would offer to a 20yr old man. A toddler may be just enjoying normal healthy experimentation. An adult mote likely has an incurable case of gender confusion... Don't be guided by initial reaction. an emotional response to the unexpected news is probably not wise. But do heed the signs when you see them... Consider how you found out about his cross-dressing. Was it rumor, circumstantial evidence, or self-admission? If the news was indirect, look for opportunities to get the topic into conversation objectively and impersonally. If he came to you with the news, he may well be seeking your approval. Or he may be testing you for reaction. IN SUMMARY

C onsider his age, act | D on't condemn, be
R ationally, rember to | R easonable, rember
O pen your heart to him, | E ach child is an individual
S eek more information, | b e S ensible about it and
S earch your own conscience | S ensitive to his own
| E motional needs, and
| R each an undrestanding.

JOYCE [redacted]..MANCHESTER...N.H.....

I've been told that JOYCE wanted to borrow \$10,000 for a sex-change operation As collateral, she offered to put up the family jewels. HA

A quote from comedienne "Joan Rivers". Its hard to decide what my favorite garment is on a man, but my least favorite is my dress, HA.

A Pair of Standouts on D.C. Police

By Linda Wheeler
Washington Post Staff Writer

The D.C. police department, like most other big-city police forces, is a closed world of tradition and machismo, a place where those who do not fit the mold are quickly spotted and often ostracized.

Officers Bonnie Davenport and Bobby Almstead most decidedly do not fit the mold.

Davenport, a 13-year veteran, is the department's first and only transsexual officer. Her rookie partner, Almstead, is

the department's first acknowledged male homosexual.

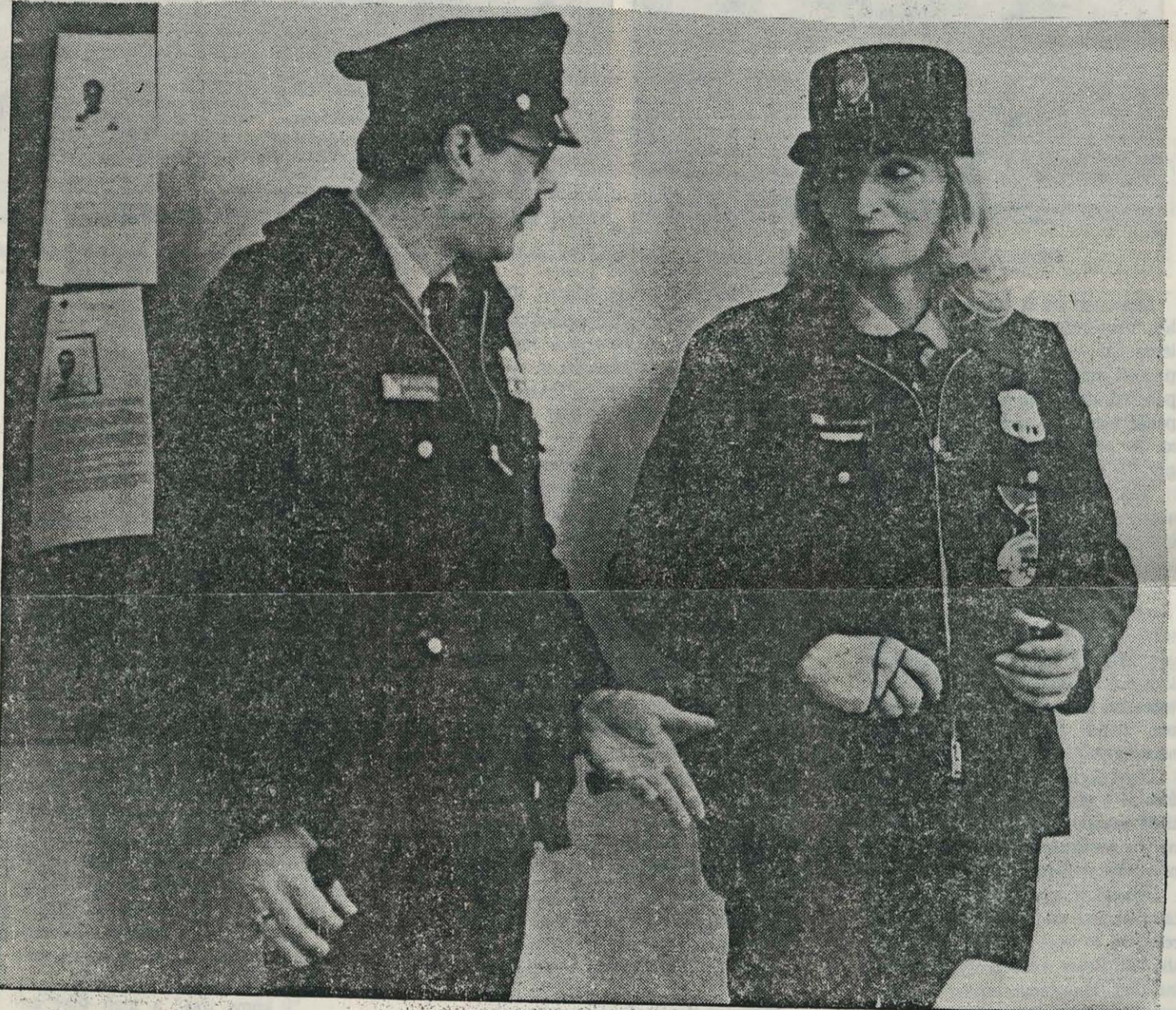
The two officers have fought through cold stares and harassment to win praise from their supervisors and even grudging acceptance from their peers for their work as a team specializing in family disputes.

Frank Weinsheimer, their supervising sergeant, says they are "more patient, more understanding, more thorough" than other officers in his squad. "They bring a special quality to the job," he says. "Bobby is Spanish speaking, and gay, and has the

eagerness of a rookie. Bonnie is a veteran and has a double perspective."

The two officers voluntarily work a permanent midnight shift in the Fourth District, a mostly residential area in Upper Northwest and Northeast Washington. That shift, known for its aggressiveness, is made up of 34 officers who make more arrests than the much larger daytime crews.

The assigning of partners is a touchy matter. Weinsheimer says Almstead and
See PARTNERS, D5, Col. 2



Bobby Almstead, left, is first acknowledged male homosexual on D.C. police force, and partner, Bonnie Davenport, right, is the only transsexual. By Linda Wheeler—The Washington Post

PARTNERS, From D1

Davenport were put together because they are an effective team. Lt. Kerry White says there is a different reason: "The [other] officers don't object to working on the street with them, but they will not work in the same car with them. It's personal, not professional."

Davenport and Almstead are regularly assigned to the "crime patrol" car, a coveted assignment because the officers are free to roam the entire area. The crime patrol car takes the time-consuming calls to handle family disputes, "disorderlies" and unknown trouble. Weinsheimer says the two officers were assigned to that beat because of their "eagerness to respond to calls and their willingness to spend the extra time to resolve the situation rather than just make an arrest."

Bonnie Davenport is the new name the officer took following her sex change operation nearly four years ago. She has requested that her former male name not be used to protect her children. Before her operation, Davenport had spent nine years on the force and had received commendations for work on the 1976 "Sting" operation, a well-known case in which police set up an undercover fencing operation and arrested numerous robbers and burglars.

Davenport, 39, says that from the time she was a child until she had the sex-change operation at age 34, she was tormented by a pounding in her head like the beating of a drum, feelings she eventually attributed to her desire to become a woman. Her confusion, feelings of guilt and pain ended only with the operation, she said. Her unpublished autobiography

is titled "The Badge and the Drum."

After what she describes as a painful year of operations, psychological adjustment to becoming a woman, and trying to care for her family while on a forced leave without pay, Davenport returned to the same district to work with the same officers.

"Police work gets into your blood. I came back because I had to decide if I would be better off returning to some of the old parts of my life. When I came back, I felt as though I had never left," she says.

Davenport is a confident, bright, carefully groomed woman who wears her shoulder-length blond hair in gentle curls. She wears dresses, worries about her makeup, fusses over her three teen-aged children and has a steady boyfriend.

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Officer Davenport, left photo, and Officer Almstead, right photo, pay attention to the announcements during roll call at the Fourth District station

Almstead, 30, is comfortable with his homosexuality. On the job he looks like a model officer with his pressed uniform, short haircut and polished shoes. He says he told the police recruiters and his classmates at the police academy that he was gay.

"In class one day we were talking about... human rights and someone said something about gays. He said he couldn't work with a homosexual. So I stood up and said, 'Look, I guess you all haven't heard this. This is the time to air this. I am gay. Let's talk about it.'" And talk they did. Almstead said the class was extended three hours so that everyone could discuss their feelings about gays.

Davenport and Almstead have formed a close friendship based on their respect for each other as well as on the sometimes subtle, sometimes overt discrimination each feels.

Davenport says she was harassed, taunted and snickered at when she returned to work in 1979. She says she still hears some nasty remarks, but that those things bother her less now.

Almstead says, "Hostility comes from fear. I am a bigger threat to [other officers] than they are to me." He adds that to deflect harassment, "All I have to do is put my arm around [the other officer] and say how are you doing, and he is shattered."

Most officers approached declined to talk publicly about Davenport or Almstead. A few spoke privately, indicating that they would not work with either officer, to whom they referred with terms like "faggots." City law forbids the police department from discriminating on the basis of sexual orientation.

A few other officers did speak for the record. Officer Robert Kelly, on the force for 11 years, says of Davenport, "When something that different comes along, people will talk. Especially the police. But now she blends in just like one of the troops."

Another 11-year veteran, Shirley Brown, says she knows some officers haven't accepted her as a black female officer, and so she is sympathetic to Davenport and Almstead, whom she thinks are both good at their jobs.

"Some people still mumble and talk," Brown said. "If people aren't going to accept blacks and females, they will never accept gays and transsexuals."

On the job, Davenport is very much the senior officer who continually advises Almstead on things like the best route to a call, how to handle an unusual situation, the importance of remaining calm. Away from the squad car, Almstead was pleased when Davenport accepted his invitation to visit his favorite gay bar. Davenport, in turn, has shown Almstead her ranch home and her horses.

Almstead, a sculptor in his off hours, seems to welcome the attention he gets. He says his gay friends are impressed that he is a police officer, and that they call him "Officer Bob" since an article about him appeared in the Blade (a newspaper for homosexuals) last summer.

Davenport shuns publicity and turns down most interview requests, including, she says, a recent one from Playboy. She says that when she first returned to work she did talk to one reporter and photographer who said the story would appear only in Europe. Then she found that a tabloid, distributed locally had picked up the story and picture.

"Everyone out here [in the community] was running around with it in their back pocket, comparing me to the picture. It caused me a lot of problems," she said.

Last Monday night, the officers got a call for their specialty—what police call a "domestic," an argument between family members or lovers. These situations are considered dangerous because the people involved in the dispute can suddenly turn on the police.

Inside the third-floor apartment just north of Howard University, the officers found a hulking man dressed in pajama bottoms. He was a Cuban refugee who, according to police, regularly forgets to take the medicine that keeps his explosive temper in check. His girlfriend was a tiny, nervous woman eager to show off her scars from their last fight.

The officers split up, Almstead talking to the man, and Davenport to the woman. Quickly, they defused the situation. The man, whom police had removed from the apartment two weeks before, got dressed and left to spend the night with a friend.

Almstead, who grew up in the Canal Zone and is fluent in Spanish, explained that in talking to the man, he "tried to turn the blame on the girlfriend. It makes him feel like a martyr. I say that she is sick and has this nervous condition. She doesn't, of course. But he likes that... He feels like he is doing the right thing. He feels big. For him it works."

Sometimes the officers are recognized on the job, as happened last Thursday morning.

"I know you," a man they encountered on a call said, peering into Davenport's face. "I know you. You're the one who used to ride the scooter. You are the one who had the sex-change operation."

Davenport didn't move a muscle, then finally smiled. "Yes, that's me."

"You're looking good, girl! What is your name?" He peered at her name tag. "Miss Bonnie. Yeah, Miss Bonnie. You're okay. You're a celebrity. I know you. But you don't know me."

You never caught me doing anything."

Last month, Almstead says, he responded to a dispute between two men.

"We made an arrest. The guy looks at me and said, 'Weren't you the guy in the Blade?' I said 'Yes,' and he said, 'Well, you can't arrest me. I'm gay.'"

"I told him to tell it to the judge."