

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

NEWSLETTER EDITORS Helen and Wilma [redacted]

Looks like another month gone by. A small gathering tonight, most of our girls went to the Valentines Ball in NJ. Do hope all you girls had a good time. We will be waiting to hear all about it. The girls who made the gathering were, Dennie & Jo from peekskill, Michelle from Saratoga, Jennifer from Solsville, Winnie from Schenectady, Joan from Col- Onie, Chris from Malden on Hudson, Car- oline from Troy, Kim from Syracuse. Kim only made a short visit as she had to get back to a meeting she was attending.

Being a small group the girls were able to all sit around the bar and talk to everyone. With a large crowd the ladies have to move from one group to another. It was a rest for me as well.

The meal tonight was, Meat loaf, baked macroni, cole slaw, pickles, olive rolls, butter and jello and coffee.

Dennie from peekskill had made up a platter of fresh vegetables with a dressing on it. We put this on the bar so they could munch on it before eating. Thanks Dennie they all seemed to enjoy the veg. plate.

I'll take this time to thank Dennie and Jo for helping Wilma clean up on Sunday morning, as I had come down with a very bad headache, also the paper being a little late getting out. I am just able to type it up today. I came from the Dr's. and found that my pressure so high I was close to a stroke.

Jo if you remember this word (whether) I spelled it right, you & Wilma were wrong. that's one for me.

I hate to have to write this, but I have been doing a deep burn for over a month. By now you will all have read the letter sent by Pam. , and the editors ans. I didn't care for the remark made about thoughtlessness or forgetfulness. I have always gone out of my way , to treat the girls good and saw that they had plenty to eat and the mix for their drinks. I treat them with respect and I feel that when they have traveled a great distance, by eight in the evening they are hungry. For three years we have always served the dinner at 8 o'clock Pam only lives 45 min. from our home so she could well be here at 8. I haven't up to now saved food for anyone, and I don't intend to start now. I believe I do enough for the girls by doing the shopping after I get done with a days work and many the times Bill and I get home we don't care to sit down and have a meal because we are so tired. Anyone who does any shopping knows how hard it is what with the price of food and try to stay within a budget. I don't like to spend their money foolishly, yet I want them to have the best cuts of meat that

I can find reasonable. Then I spend a day in the kitchen preparing it. To me I think I do plenty for these girls. I am not thoughtless, but then again I am not going to start saving food, if I do it once it will be expected of me always.

I have been making these meals for three years ,going into our fourth year and last month happened to be the first month that I was short, and for one stinking month , we receive a letter, such as the one Pam wrote.

As for you & Joel helping me, I can't ever remember you to be here to help set the table or bring the food out. Then when it came time to clean up and clean the hardware it was always one of the wives with Dennie & I . So I'm very sorry Pam but I cannot say you helped me in any way. You may have helped the club in the beginning by bringing in a few members, but then even they no longer belong. Out of all the locals we had there are only 5 or 6 left. Most of our organization consists of girls who come to us from a great distance. With out the support of these girls and those from out of the country, you wouldn't have a club going.

As for the others whom you claim feel the same as you I personally would like them to come forward and say their piece. I think that I'm being hospitable enough to open my doors to these girls who want to have a place to come to meet with their other sisters and just enjoy one another's company.

I am sorry for those of you who will be reading this journal, and be subject to my Bitchy column. I just don't feel that I had done anything wrong.

If you care to make comments, I'll gladly listen.

In the last journal on my piece about T.S.'s I'm happy to say I had received quite a few comments. This one from Switzerland: Let me congratulate Helen for her sincere, most powerful attempt, her forceful appeal to consider carefully the transexual operation! I hope that her warning, clear spoken, will save much happiness and unneeded lives! Well done. Hans [redacted]

Never cry over spilled milk- unless you're the one who has to mop it up the mess.

Middle age is when a broad mind and a narrow waist change places.

Marriageable age is any time between the Seminary and the Cemetery.

It's an unfortunate fact that most all people build and live in a fortress from an early age. Just as clothing protects us from nakedness of the body, so does our mental fortress protect us from exposing our soul. We can ill afford to let other human beings see through our fortress, for fear that we will incur their ridicule or criticism, The strange part is that these others feel exactly as we do about being exposed. Consequently when we say that we know someone, we in fact do not.

This is especially significant to us, because in most cases our interest to varying degrees in things feminine is kept protected at the very inner most part of our fortress. Given the choice most of us would rather falsely admit to being a thief than to being feminine. Of course this is a natural consequence of living in a society which would rather see a man steal then cry.

In a way we are more fortunate than most people in the world today. For those of us who can make it to a T. V. gathering, there is a unique opportunity to let down our barriers and expose our real selves to others without fear of ridicule or criticism. You might call it spiritual streaking because for a fleeting time we stand with our soul naked to view. As the human body is a thing of beauty so to us is the soul and it is a pleasure to occasionally see ones own as well as others.

A natural result of this is that very often much more of our humanity is exposed than just this one facet. Of course this only serves to add to the beauty that we behold. For a brief time we are real and reality is always more beautiful than facade.

Hear me, Feel me, See me, Touch me. Most of us crave this from our fellow man but which of dares go first. Some already have and how wonderful if each time more and more of us could share their joy. DO YOU DARE!

The above letter came to me from one of our gals and I found it worth reading, so I am passing it on to you, if any of you girls out there can put some of the feelings you feel on paper send it to me and I'll put it in the journal, I will not put any name if you so desire.

The installment plan is a dollar down and the rest in uneasy payments.

Hi Louise and Evelyn: Haven't heard a word from you in quite a while. Is there something wrong. Can we help. I do hope that neither one of you are sick. Drop us a line as the gals miss their little nurse from Conn.

Crystal: If you went to the Valentines Ball I do hope you wore that beautiful long dress that the two Freds gave you. With that gown you should have taken the first prize for best dressed.

Apartment Fun

Some of these new apartment buildings have walls so thin that when one lady peels onions the people in the next door apartment cry too.

Winnie showed some slides from dream 73 & 74. It looked like the girls were relaxed and enjoying themselves for the four and a half days they had to be themselves without caring who was going to see them.

So any of you gals who would like to go to the dream 75, start saving your money as it would run you in the neighborhood of about \$ 600.00 or a little more if you wanted to get some souvenirs. Double if you plan to take your wife. Winnie seems to enjoy them as she has been to a few, and Jean went to 74, and I even saw Wilma in the pictures way in the back, her joy was probably the best as I believe she traveled all the way as Wilma. Am I right Wilma!

An Annual Xmas Party for T.V. At the annual Xmas Party things tended to get blurrier and blurrier as the evening progressed. Next day one of the celebrants (Elanda) was nursing a mild hangover when she received a call from another T.V. Celebrant(Kathy). "I don't like to moralize," she said, and I know you don't usually drink to excess. But you over did it a bit last night, and I was quite concerned about you. Tell me frankly, How did you get home!

There was a long pause, and then Elanda said: " Kathy you drove me home".

Kathy and Elanda Im only funning with you, don't take the saying serious.

To Anna Maria of Italy:

I am glad that our journal makes you so happy. I know it must be hard for you not to be able to come to the meetings as often as some of the girls here do. This is why I try to explain what has gone on here month after month, I'm sure it must help you come out of the closet even if only in your own room. You are always asked about by the girls who look through our picture book and say that maybe some day they may be able to meet you and talk with you in person. I am so glad that you had made the one visit to us at the right time and that you were able to meet some of the girls, because now when I write in the journal about them you feel as if you were here with them. I am also grateful for your concern over my Major operation, I am well on the road to good health. Stay well, and don't give up you may still make it to the states.

To all the other girls from out of town, state , country, we always have you in our minds and thoughts. With hopes that we may some day soon see you.

Again I would like to say to the T.V.'s who are looking for help, when you send a letter please send your full name as it is kept secure with us and no one else sees it. It is hard for us to ans. mail to a first name only, for the simple reason it may get lost, and we certainly have to protect our own name as well as yours. Thank you.

I'll take this time to thank all of you for your letters and comments.

HELEN

E D I T O R I A L :

Well with our 35th gathering gone lets look forward to #36.

Some members do not understand the rules of our club or don't want too.

RULES

1. All members pay dues of \$12.00 per year- with a free subscription to our TVIC Journal plus a list of over 100 names and address of other members who seek correspondence and friendship.

2. All members are welcome to attend any of our monthly gatherings and if married there wives are most welcome to come and meet other wives.

3. All members who wish to attend a gathering must let Helen or I know of your coming at least 4 days in advance. By phone or by mail.

REASON. I must know who is coming in that front door beforhand, also food must be bought and prepared.

You can not go out and buy food for 15 people and 30 show up. Nor can you buy food for 30 people and 15 show up.

Last month 20 said they were coming so a dinner was made for 22 people, but 30 came instead and some went without food. So let us know of YOUR COMING.

4. There is a \$3.00 charge at all gatherings to cover the cost of food etc. Food will be served at 8PM. We will not hold or serve any food after 9PM.

The \$3.00 charge is payable weather one eats or not ,also weather one stays 10 min. or 10 hours.

5. Each member can bring a 6 pack of beer or 1 pint of liquor. We will not have anyone getting drunk or out of hand.

6 The gatherings are from 3PM till lam and we brake at 1AM sharp.

7. All outside guest must pay \$6.00 per visit.

If there are any questions about these rules I am open to suggestions for or against or any others you wish to add.

Also I have been asked why should we take in members outside our area. My answer to that is if we depended on our local members there would be no club, or you would be paying \$50.00 a year dues instead of the 12. Better than 90% of our membership live over 300 miles from Albany. And as long as I run this club it will be open to all, no matter what state or country.

Certainly one of the first questions that must exist in your mind is: can TVIC help me? and secondly, will it be fun.

We can give, at best MORAL SUPPORT, encouragement for self - development and acceptance and a sence of direction. We cannot make you beautiful, or guarant ee you close friendship with other TV's. But, we will do our best on a national level and local bases to help you in as many ways as possible in a true TV

: sence.

: Lets take a running look at our club itself; and think for a minute of the nature of this club-- members in every in the union and a number of foreign countries, all of which members are concealing there identities behind (false) first (feminine) names, and most breaches of security have been caused by members own carelessness or Stupidity.

: We are all here to help you, but in order to help you, YOU must learn to help yourself.

W I L M A

: AMERICANS take good care of their cars and also keep pedestrians in good running condition.

: NEXT GATHERING:

: OUR next two gatherings will be on March 15th and April 19th.

: WORRY is a thin stream of fear trickling through the mind. If encouraged, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.

: NEW MEMBERS WELCOMED:

: I am pleased to announce the enrollment of 7 new members.

- : Jennifer Solsville N.Y.
- : Chris Molden On Hudson N.Y.
- : Karen Yorkville N.Y.
- : Carol Tivoli N.Y.
- : Delilah McLean Neb.
- : Clare Richmond Ind.
- : Diane Eldorado Canada.

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

: THE threat of threats was this one overheard outside a divorce court: "If you don't make your alimony payments promptly, I'll repossess you!"

: F L Y E R :

: In case you're wondering about the extr a flyer enclosed with your Journal, its from Our friends who gave you DREAM 73 & 74. Now its dream 75.

: THE "nick of time" is an expression invented by a TV who was late for a party and had to shave in a hurry.

: THERE are two things to aim at in life: First to get what you want; and after that to enjoy it. Only the wisest achieve the second.

: AN expert makes his mistakes quietly.

: Dont forget March15th & April 19th.

STATE

letters to the editor

Dear Helen & Wilma;

I Don't usually write unless I have things to say, as you know.

I did enjoy myself (as always) at your house. But I can't help but feel upset that often MAKING RESERVATIONS as you request, to come at 9pm and find no meal to be had. Only to find out that people who WERE ALLOWED in the meeting regardless of the fact that they HAD NO reservation - ate all the food.

Just the fact that you knew you had extra unannounced guests should have clued you into controlling the food. I've been to places where they even kept some food back for additional seating.

To me it shows thoughtlessness or forgetfulness.

I've supported this club from the very beginning. There ARE only a handful of the original - but loyal to the end people still with the group. I'm sure all of us in that group have a sincere belief in the growth of the ALBANY GROUP.

And I realize that you have a huge job on your hands. I appreciate all the work and effort you both put into this. At the meeting you said no one helps. If you think a moment - Joel and I HAVE helped AND continue to support you.

Lets not get SO large that you lose perspective of the meaning of a LOCAL chapter of club for TV's - which is what we started off as. I'd rather see us concern ourselves with a workable area of people and make it strong instead of stretching out to far away places.

I may be the only one bold enough to voice some of these ideas - but believe you me, there were an AWFUL LOT of people saying these very things at the party. Most TV's will NOT express their true feelings, as you know.

If there indeed WAS no food left - THEN it was surely NOT FAIR to charge a full \$3.00 who WENT WITHOUT.

Give it some thought and you may agree. At any rate don't hate me for my opinions and feelings.

PAMELA.

(EDITORS NOTE: I believe my editorial has covered most of the answers to this letter. Anytime anyone thinks Helen & I aren't running this Club for the benefit of ALL, I will gladly step down, As I cannot get you people to talk at a meeting - meeting - maybe you can at least write me or HELEN and give us

your opinions on this letter and what we do - RIGHT OR WRONG. Reference to the AWFUL LOT of people who had so much to say to you in the way we acted I feel sorry for them if they are not man enough to come out and say what they don't like to Helen or I.

A GOOD CLUB is run only by what the largest percentage want. We can not please every one but we sure as hell try.

Reference to hating you for writing what you had in mind - I give you credit for saying your piece openly.)

Dear Wilma & Helen

Truthfully the more gatherings I attend at Albany TVIC the more fun I have. You know I feel by now like one of the family, a family of fantastically interesting and wonderful people. My God where else could you have such an opportunity to make friends up and down the east coast and in addition correspond with people from all over the country and EVEN OVERSEAS. You poor souls still in the closet come on out, this is the living end.

Anyway - Wilma & Helen thank you so very much for the opportunity to visit your home again.

Elanda.

Hans M. POB 1155 Branch office,
Rome N.Y. 13440

Dear Helen & Wilma;

Thank you for the wonderful time made possible by your generous hospitality and consideration shown this lovely TV. It was a tremendously gratifying experience just to be accepted as a human being, hungry for social contact it has given me reassurance that what ever role I might appear, the same friendly consideration - courtesy would be shown. The TVIC members are a good group of unusual perception, intelligent, literate and with a wholesome attitude about life. I have learned so much at one gathering that I'm dismayed at having lacked the wisdom of understanding before. Dear God, how can there be anything wrong in a TV when all it does is to generate an ardent desire to be better. This I do know, TVIC - Helen & Wilma have enriched my life immeasurably by their honesty in recognizing me as a complex human being and because of their efforts to resolve my TV life.

Sheila

DON'T forget that we have over 300 TV books in our library and they can be had on a \$1.00 rental bases. If interested drop me a line. Wilma.

MOTIONS: The motions & gestures of a woman are graceful & flowing & forthright, not jerky... watch this as it can be a dead give away in public.

wheels of justice grind to the last unisex

By John Forbis

WELLINGTON. New Zealand — The legal fraternity here is absolutely atwitter over what many believe to be a milestone case in jurisprudence. Milestone or not, the case of the Crown versus Rupe and de Winter is certainly a conversation piece.

It seemed to be a run-of-the-mill case of procuring a woman for immoral purposes. The fact that the "woman" turned out to be a man added a new dimension. And the further fact that the man had become a woman by virtue of surgery boggled legal minds even more.

It seems that a flamboyant Wellington nightclub owner and reputed homosexual, "Carmen" Rupe — legal name, Trevor David Rupe — who runs the busiest strip and drag joint, fell for the oldest trick in the book.

Carmen promoted illicit liaison between one Carole de Winter and an undercover vice squad member. No sooner had the cash changed hands than, flash, out comes the badge and Rupe and de Winter trundle off to jail.

All pretty routine police stuff until the records revealed that "Carole de Winter" was in fact Phillip Martin Russell, a transvestite entertainer. Russell had made the switch to womanhood through a sex-change operation in which organs are altered and the hormone system restructured.

Instantly the legal ramifications began to stack up. You can't lay charges of procuring a woman for illicit relations when the procuree turns out to be a man.

On the other hand, prostitution was surely against the law and the Crown's case was air-tight. Rupe and de Winter were clearly guilty as sin.

There was yet another complication: Homosexual acts are also illegal here, but how does one determine who's what in a case like this?

It would normally have been disposed of summarily in a lower court but, due to the curious circumstances, proceedings were elevated to a jury trial before the New Zealand Supreme Court, Chief Justice Sir Richard Wild presiding.

Sir Richard was called upon to make a decision worthy of a Solomon. He made it by splitting the difference.

Two charges were filed against the defendants: one on the assumption that de Winter was male, the other that he (or she) was female.

Most judicial experts hereabouts agree that the Carmen case was the first in history in which a jury was called upon to determine the sex of a defendant.

In short, the burden of proof fell upon the prose-

curator. His job — first prove that Carole de Winter was male in which case he would not be guilty as charged; second, convince the jury that the defendant was a female in which case she could be convicted for prostitution.

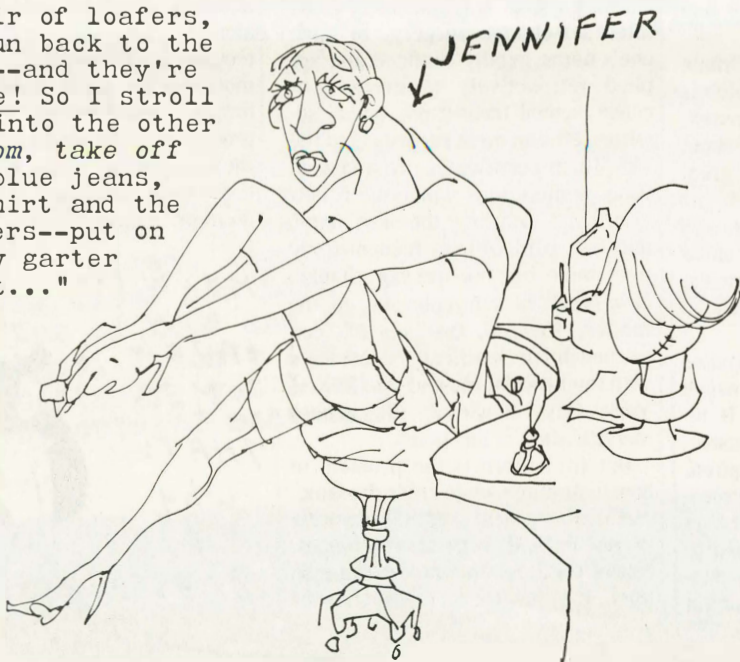
From the outset, the jury's final verdict was never in doubt but the questions of who's he and who's she consumed three days of legal wrangling and expert testimony.

Carole de Winter's chromosome sex as determined by a pathologist was male. Nevertheless, Carole's sociological and psychological sex was female. The quandary seemed insurmountable ... except perhaps to Carmen and Phillip and Trevor and Carole, who knew the answers all along.

In the end and after four hours' deliberation, the jury struck a blow for the unisex movement. Phillip Martin Russell, male, 30, was convicted as Carole de Winter, female, 30, and ordered by Sir Richard to pay a \$400 fine. Carmen (Trevor David) Rupe — whose sex was never on trial — is paying off a \$750 fine for bringing the unhappy couple together in the first place.

Chief Justice Wild's observation: "You have been convicted," he said, "of an offense said to be the most ancient trade ... but it is still against the law."

"...I'm relaxing in my cottage yesterday afternoon, when the doorbell rings--and me--thinking it's Philip, I run and put on my best cologne, I put on my garter belt, I put on my nylons and spike heels, I put on my black negligee, I put on my wig and make-up, and I run to the window and peek out--and it's my parents!! So I run back into the other room, I wipe off my make-up, pull off my wig, slip out of the negligee, kick off the heels, remove the nylons and take off the garter belt--put on a pair of blue jeans, a flannel shirt and a pair of loafers, and run back to the door--and they're gone! So I stroll back into the other room, take off the blue jeans, the shirt and the loafers--put on my garter belt..."



"Gosh, Sally, imagine finding a great-looking girl like you in a place like this!... But what do you mean, you're in drag?!"



Do you feel trapped in the wrong body?

by Helen Kruger

"If you could undress all the men in America, you'd be amazed at how many were wearing female undergarments," said Zelda, smiling her apple-cheeked smile and sipping her tea and honey.

Even in the middle of a sexual revolution, it was hardly the sort of remark one expects from a wholesome-looking silver-haired grandmother who plies visitors with nothing stronger than tea and honey. But then, Zelda Suplee is hardly your average folksy grandmother. She not only looks much younger than her years, she probably knows more about unorthodox sexuality than most swingers half her age and, in one special area—the problems of the transsexual—she may well be the

most knowledgeable person in the country.

Pouring another round of tea, Zelda elaborated on her theory about men in women's undies: "That doesn't mean they're necessarily transsexuals. Some are transvestites, either hetero- or homosexual, or they may be heterosexual fetishists. Our primary concern is with the transsexual."

By "our" she meant the Erickson Educational Foundation, of which she is the director. The Foundation supports research in such areas as parapsychology and non-drug-induced altered states of consciousness,

although its principal efforts lie in the field of sex and gender role orientation, a field that's come a long way, baby, since Christine Jorgensen returned from Denmark in lip-stick and nylons 20 years ago. And now, with the publication of "Conundrum" by British journalist Jan (nee James) Morris, transsexualism has made an imprint upon the awareness of the American public as never before.

My own initial awareness coincided with my first visit to Zelda's Greenwich Village apartment. I'd come to talk about psychic healing, of which she knows a great deal, and hypnotic relaxation exercises, which she used to teach. At the time I'd never heard of the Erickson Foundation.

When I arrived, I was introduced to another visitor, a woman in her early 20s. Her make-up was a shade too obvious and her hair was on the strident side of red, but otherwise she was quite attractive. Her voice puzzled me, though. It was of indeterminate gender, too husky for a woman, too light for a man, a quality of voice I associated with drag queens or certain butch lesbians. Then Jackie (as I'll call her) began talking enthusiastically about her coming operation.

Jackie was a male transsexual pre-op—that is, a man about to undergo a sex-change operation. In accordance with clinical practice, she had been cross-dressing for two years, living and working as a woman, all the while taking female hormones. These alter physical appearance somewhat, to the extent that breasts grow, the skin softens, and body hair is reduced. (Electrolysis is required to eliminate the beard.) Jackie had also had some speech training to feminize her voice, for women generally use a

broader octave range than men. Later, Zelda confided that Jackie still needed further vocal work. Even so, she had mastered her new life role so successfully, she was engaged to be married. That Jackie could have carried on a courtship without her fiance suspecting she was a genetic male is surely a stunning testament of some sort. Perhaps to Jackie's skill in the precarious art of virginal flirtation, or to her intended's lack of physical passion.

Or both, most likely. As a group, transsexuals have relatively low sex drives. They tend to place more importance upon emotional than physical relationships and, consequently, choose similarly inclined partners. That James Morris and his wife produced five children appears to be incidental to the spiritual side of their relationship, which Jan Morris now emphasizes. The profound bond between them has, in fact, survived James' conversion to the extent that they now regard each other as loving "sisters-in-law."

If all goes well during a one-to-three-year (two is the average) "life swap," the sex-change operation becomes merely a punctuation mark—but an irrevocable one. First the patient undergoes castration, then vaginoplasty. When the erectile tis-

sue of the penis is removed, the outer skin containing nerve endings is preserved and inverted into a surgically devised vagina. Thus, sufficient sensitivity is retained so that many patients experience orgasm. Some patients also have their Adam's apple removed. Except for an inability to bear children, the male transsexual post-op can function normally as a woman, so much so that many have delighted in telling Zelda about fooling doctors who have no inkling of their pasts. One former Navy man who thought she might as well continue hormone treatments at government expense went to a Veterans Administration hospital. The doctor, who thought he was examining a former WAVE, told the patient that there was a cyst on her ovaries. "That's impossible," the patient told the startled doctor. "I've never had ovaries. I'm a transsexual."

The change from female to male presents greater problems, which is why there are no female transsexuals in nudist camps, a subject about which Zelda also speaks with great authority. A former husband ran such a camp, and she remains a devoted nudist, as well as silent partner in two such establishments, one in Pennsylvania, the other in Florida.

Relatively few anatomic females have sex-change operations, which are, at best, a compromise. It involves breast reduction or mastectomy, hysterectomy, and, if desired, phalloplasty. The latter is a procedure in which a tubular flap of skin from the lower abdomen is used to construct an artificial penis. A urinary tract can be led through such a

phallus, but it lacks sensation and cannot become erect—or rather, it can be constructed so that it is permanently erect. Thus, the female-to-male transsexual has a problem not shared by his opposite number. There is no way he can enter into a physical relationship without his partner becoming aware that he is a transsexual.

Otherwise, male and female transsexuals have much in common, notably an early childhood feeling of being trapped inside the wrong body. Sometimes there are signs of it during infancy, but more often by age

four. Gender identity is firmly established by that time, which, coincidentally, is when James Morris recalled first wishing for a female body.

Another common denominator—one that distinguishes the transsexual from the transvestite or homosexual—is a loathing for his or her sexual organs. "The transsexual hates his body," says Zelda. "He doesn't want his genitals seen. In order to enjoy the sex act, the male will fantasize about being a woman and vice versa." Nevertheless, unlike the transvestite or fetishist, the transsexual gets no erotic kick from wearing clothing of the opposite sex, because psychically he or she is the opposite sex. By the same token, the transsexual pre-op feels as out of place in the gay world as in the heterosexual world. Thus the wish for a sex-change operation becomes an obsession which no amount of psychotherapy will deflect.

But wishing won't make it so, even with the help of hormones and surgery. The transsexual needs a lot of guidance in building a new identity. A man has to *learn* how to be a woman and vice versa. Often it's the little things most of us take for granted that can trip up the untutored transsexual. What size clothes to shop for. How to use make-up. How to shave. How to behave on a date. In particular, there is the fear

of the unknown. How do *they* behave in the washroom? ("Will they look at me and *know*?") What goes on at a stag party? At a hen party? Suppose a male transsexual is asked, "When did you first menstruate?" Or, as happened in a role-playing session at one gender identity clinic, "Do you prefer Kotex or Tampax?"

There are also legal and economic considerations. It is relatively easy, after sex-change surgery, to have one's name legally changed and applied retroactively to driver's license, school transcripts, social security, employment records, and the like. Birth certificates are a special case. Some states will issue a new certificate showing the new name and sex, while others recognize the new name but not the sex change. New York is schizophrenic on the matter. Upstate, transsexuals can get new birth certificates to coincide with their new name and sex. In New York City, however, the gender identification is left blank.

But first there is the problem of how to manage while cross-dressing, especially how to continue working in one's field without references, school records, union cards, and so forth. It helps if a current or former

employer cooperates. If not, one may have to fake a resume or try another line of work.

Among both pre-ops and post-ops, the best adjustments are made by those who have supportive families. Also those who are better educated. Still, as a rule, females-to-males make a better social adjustment. Zelda explains: "They fuse with the scenery better. They're first-class

citizens, whereas the male-to-female becomes a second-class citizen, earning less money for doing the same work as before, in many instances."

One would expect the transsexual's unique insight into both genders would lead to enlightened non-sexist attitudes. Anything but, Zelda reports. Female transsexuals generally become hard-line male chauvinists who maintain that a woman's place is in the home. This may, in part, result from taking male hormones, which, among other things, makes the patient more aggressive. But it could also result from an eagerness to enjoy the prerogatives of first-class citizenship.

The majority of male transsexuals, on the other hand, couldn't care less about women's lib. At last they're fulfilling their fantasy of being a woman, a lavender-and-lace fantasy that embodies gentleness, dependency, and being taken care of. If being a woman means letting a man appear to be smarter than you, or letting him beat you at tennis, so be it. Sic transit Billie Jean King.

It's difficult to know whether such outmoded attitudes change after the first flush of living a New Life. Specialists in gender identity problems are usually frustrated in efforts to conduct follow-up studies of patients. For one thing, post-ops don't want to be reminded of their past identities. For another, they tend to be extraordinarily self-centered. They're so filled with the struggle just to make a life for themselves, they haven't room for other people's

problems or causes—even that of transsexualism.

As for what causes transsexualism, nobody knows for certain. The prevailing theories include hormonal imbalance, chromosomal errors, and infant-parent relationships. On the latter point, a common textbook case history cites a weak, absent, abusive, or often alcoholic father, along with an aggressive, over-protective, extremely indulgent mother—the same kind of early family environment considered productive of homosexuality. Nevertheless, just as many homosexuals come from good nuclear families, so do many transsexuals.



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