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Number 2

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**The Quarterly  
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For The  
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Transvestite and  
Transsexual**

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SUMMER 1974

VOL. 1, No. 2

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IMAGE magazine is published by THIRD WORLD COMMUNICATIONS,  
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coincidental. All letters to IMAGE are assumed for publication.



# MAIL

Dear Sandy,  
I received a copy of IMAGE, and  
I should like to congratulate you  
on a very fine magazine. Indeed,  
my friends echo my views.

I used to be the Europe director  
of the TAO, but now I  
am no longer connected with  
this organization, but along with  
some friends here in England, we  
are trying to set up a similar  
group on similar grounds to TAO,  
but we hope, with a much better  
wider field of operations,  
I must say that I am glad to  
hear that you are proceeding  
along similar lines in Philly.

It would appear that TAO here  
in England is just about through,  
as many of my friends did not  
feel inclined to continue with  
them when I resigned. It is  
obvious that many of them  
need something to fill the vacuum,  
and we are trying to do this.

We are shortly opening up a  
club here in Walsall, and it is  
hoped that in the near future  
one will take effect in London,  
and Derby, and that we will go  
on from there.

I must close now, but keep up  
the good work you are doing, and  
we think about you all over there  
often.

Love and peace,  
Julia Tonner  
Walsall, England

Dear Sandy,

I think that your magazine is  
great, and superior to many that  
have tried to cover the same sub-  
jects you are. Please enter my  
subscription for the next four  
issues.

(Name withheld by request)

Dear Sandy,

Thanks for your letter. En-  
closed is a money order for the  
rest of volume no. 1 of IMAGE.  
I really loved it. The contents  
are far superior than other TV-  
TS magazines I have read.

I really feel sorry for the  
three Philadelphia girls that  
missed out on the chance for a  
fully paid sex-change operation.

Thanks for your tips on losing  
weight. I'll try them, wish me

luck. If I can lose 35 lbs. by the end of the summer, I'm going to leave this city and start my new life. I was thinking about going out to California, but I know that everything and everybody is so cold out there that it hardly seems worth it.

Love,  
C.D.  
Wisc.

Dear Sandy,

The first time that I was ever locked up in prison was when I was fourteen years old, for running away from home. I did a year and a half then. When I went in, my hair was almost down to my waist. I was dressed like a girl, and so when I first got there, everyone saw me dressed that way, and gave me a hard time. They teased me a lot, and some of them tried to get me involved in sexual acts with them, and when I wouldn't, five of them one night forced me into having sex with them. That happened every now and then, and it was like living in hell, never knowing what was going to happen next.

That was back in 1964, and when these things happened, they really screwed my mind around. Back in the 1960s, everyone thought that TVs and TSs were the same as homosexuals. I will always have a lot of bad memories from back in the 1960s.

Over the years, things have gotten better in prison, but every now and then I was teased or someone tried to mess with me, but it wasn't as bad as the first time. Now people treat TVs and TSs like everyone else.

I've been at this prison for about a year, and haven't had any

real trouble. I have had people come up to me and ask me to go down with them, and when I tell them no, they leave it at that. A few of my friends call me Misty, and some of them treat me like a woman, which kind of makes me feel good.

But the worst thing is being locked up without any friends because it makes it hard to find anyone to correspond with, or books and magazines to keep up with what is happening out there. For a TV or a TS, Prison is the worst place to be.

Sincerely,  
Misty J.

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# REVUES

## FROM ENGLAND

A new TV-TS group has formed in England, according to correspondent Julia Tonner. The name of the group is The Midland Transvestites and Transsexuals, and they publish an excellent newsletter, CHAMELEON. For further information, contact Julia, in care of Image magazine.

## HALLOWEEN BALL

There will be a gala Halloween celebration in Philadelphia, on October 31, 1974, at 9 P.M. in the main ballroom of the Warwick Hotel. The costume ball is being sponsored by Henri David, an impresario of many of the city's past drag balls. Tickets are available at the door, and everyone is encouraged to come in costume,

## THE OTHER WOMAN WAS A MAN!

A Florida waitress has filed a divorce suit against a woman who is still legally her husband and the father of her five-year-old son.

Carolyn Ann Earthorne stated that her marriage was broken up after her husband, Gordon Earthorne, went to Morocco for a sex-change operation and became Kathy Ann. Mrs. Earthorne will not grant interviews, and her attorney stated that it was the most unusual divorce suit he ever handled. Kathy said that she would not contest the divorce.

"I've felt like a girl ever since I was a child," said Kathy. "I knew that something was very different about me, but it wasn't until after I was married that I realized what it was and that something could be done about it."

"I was accepted for the operation, and had it done in September, 1972," she said. "It cost \$4,000. I couldn't afford to have it done in the states because it costs \$10,000 to \$12,000 here."

## MAN ORDERED TO ASSUME FULL FEMALE ID IN GEORGIA

Dressing as a woman periodically, led to Charles Ray Williams' arrest. Agreeing to do it all the time set him free from charges of impersonating a woman.

City Attorney Morris Shapiro agreed to drop the case against Williams, a thirty-four year old bartender, if he would assume a feminine first name, change his driver license to read 'female' and wear only women's clothes.

Williams had been arrested seven times by the police for violating an ordinance that prohibits the public concealment of identity or sex, passed after several stores had been robbed by men in women's clothing.

He appeared at the hearing wearing a wide-brimmed pink hat, and a pink and blue pantsuit, and wept during the proceedings.

Dr. James Lorig, of New Orleans described the bartender as "Without a doubt a transsexual."

Williams could have been sentenced to a 420 day jail term and fines totalling \$1400 if he had been convicted.

Judge George Fotte agreed to dismiss the charges, but warned that "This was an individual and unique case," and would not be used as a precedent in enforcing the new law.

## ZULMA

by Elaine Hollingsworth, a Warner Paperback, \$1.50

Zulma is a Mexican-American transsexual whose story must rank among the most tragic I have ever run across. All her life, Zulma felt herself to be a woman. At first, she led a homosexual lifestyle, even being seduced by a male schoolteacher while she was still a young adolescent.

After a while, she realizes that the best way for her to make money necessary for the sex change operation was to get out on the streets and hustle her body. By the time Zulma reached her teen years, she is an accomplished streetwalker.

Unfortunately, a series of unsuccessful "marriages" to various gays and pimps leaves Zulma ripped off, hardened, and even beaten. It seems that she constantly makes the same mistake twice, and even three times.

Finally, Zulma has all the money saved up, and goes to Tijuana to see the doctor. However, she is arrested after she is stopped for questioning by a couple of police officers. They steal her money, and she puts up a fight that lands her in jail. When she is stripped of her hot pants by a woman officer, the fact is revealed that Zulma is actually a male.

Zulma is sentenced to six months in a prison that is about as wild as a jungle. To survive, she sells her body to George for protection. After

a while Zulma tires of this arrangement, and she takes in laundry and does the cleaning in order to make enough money to rent her own room.

Most of the book from here on tells of the inhumanity of prison, especially for someone who is different, like Zulma. Her sentence served, Zulma is released from prison, free to continue her quest for womanhood, but.....Lets just say that the book ends on a depressing note.

## CONUNDRUM

CONUNDRUM is the latest transexual autobiography to hit the shelves. Unfortunately, it was not one of the best. The author, Jan Morris, started life 47 years ago as a boy named James. At the age of four, he was sitting under his mothers piano, when he suddenly decided that he was really a girl.

For the first fourty five years, James led a life that was as rugged as any other man's. He was educated exclusively in boy's schools and military schools. After serving a stint in the army, he became a rather successful writer and journalist.

However the feeling that he was meant to be a female plagued Morris all the time, even when he got married and fathered five children. He also scaled Mount Everest with the team that conquere d it, so one could hardly have called James a sissy.

During the course of his travels, Morris consulted Harry Benjamin, the sex change pioneer. Benjamin persuaded him to try to make a go out of being a man, with a stiff upper lip and all that. So, Morris went home and continu ed to live the male role. However, after a few more years, it proved too much for him, and he started on a course of hormone treat-ments to begin his transition to female.

The incidents which surround this point in Morris' life are perhaps the most interesting in the book. Without a doubt, they provide the only comic relief. But being mistaken for a woman when dressed as a man, and vice versa is only funny to a degree, and after a while, Morris has over-worked these incidents.

When she is ready, Morris boards a plane to Casablanca, checks into a clinic, shaves off his pubic hair, and woke up the next night as a woman. Oh, if it were only so easy! Yet Morris would have us believe it so.

One of the most disturbing features of the book is Morris' vagueness about details. She neglects to mention any specifics about the surgery, and treats her whole life as a kind of mystical experience, having crossed the gender line.

Even worse is the attitude that Morris has about what constitutes masculinity and femininity. "The more I was treated as a woman, the more woman I became," she writes. "If I was assumed to be incapable at reversing cars or opening bottles, incompetent I found myself becomong. If a case



was thought too heavy for me, inexplicably I found it so myself. I discovered even now that men prefer women to be less informed, less able, less talkative and certainly less self-centered than they are themselves; so I generally obliged them.....I did not particularly want to be good at reversing cars, and did not in the least mind being patronized by illiterate garage men, if it meant that they were going to give me some extra trading stamps."

Unfortunately, this is what Morris thinks that it is all about. For someone who was such a successful, intelligent man, these are certainly very naive remarks. One comes away feeling that Morris had a sex-change because she was bored with life, and needed something to write another book about. She should have stuck to travel journals.

Recently, Morris was interviewed on the Dick Cavet show. Before she let Cavet get too personal, she laid down the ground rules: no questions regarding sex or surgery. These topics, she felt, were too boring. Instead, the show was boring. I never saw Dick Cavet try so hard to interview someone who was so unresponsive. All I hope is that the 11 million or so viewers who saw the show do not think that all transsexuals are like Morris. If they do, don't be surprised if surgeons start performing lobotomies rather than sex-change operations.

### THE MALE TRANSVESTITE-A CONFIDE TAPE

This little tape is jam-packed full of information that could prove invaluable in explaining ones' transvestism to family, friends, wives, doctors, etc. It covers a lot of ground about TVs and their problems, fantasies, and dealings with the law and society.

Possible causes of transvestim and how it differs from homosexuality and transexualism are discussed in accurate detail. Also, advice on how to tell wives and friends is given, as well as a wealth of practical advice: how to feminize a masculine voice, how to use makeup, and how to dress in public.

Perhaps the only criticism that can be made about the tape is that at time it begins to deal with transexualism, rather than transvestism, without making the distinction. Therefore, some of the remarks made about electrolysis and hormones are a little in error.

Otherwise, there is very little that this tape neglects. It is a very valuable addition for every TV and his family.

*Liberation*

*Men's*



*Liberation*

How does one define a man or a woman? By biological accidentals-i.e. a man has a penis, and a woman a vagina? By socially accepted jargon- i.e. a man is aggressive and a woman is passive?

Social systems have been using definitions of what is masculine and what is feminine for centuries to keep men in control of property, castle and art, while women are subordinated to the ranks of housekeeper, mother and nurse. Social systems have used manhood as a criteria for waging genocidal wars: "The army builds men!" The arbitrary choosing of how to apply definitions on women and men has been the source of most of human sexual oppression.

A man is not born with the traits that he is supposed to possess: aggressiveness, valor, competitiveness, insensitivity and physical strength, nor a woman with a maternal instinct, passivity, emotionality and physical weakness. These traits are bestowed upon us through rigorous social conditioning that starts at birth. Boys are taught to be brave, strong unemotional, while girls are taught to be frail, gentle and passive. A boy is given the opportunity to become anything he chooses, from an engineer, to a scientist to a doctor, while a girl is told her fulfillment in life must come from being a mother and a housewife. The destiny of each sex is created and executed not only by the nuclear family, but by school, peer pressure and television.

If we are not born with these traits, then what are we born with? We are born with ability, all of us equally. Women and men alike, we are born with the capacity to grope with our senses until the mysteries of our universe are uncovered. It is therefore a crime to develop one sex to a higher potential than another.

We are at a point now that it is psychologically threatening for a man to concede that a woman is his equal in every sense. That a woman can just as well dig the same ditch he is digging, or operate the same computer. That a woman does not "instinctively" or in any other way want to have children, and that she does not fulfil her womanhood with children.

If a woman is born equal in every way to a man, then men have no monopoly in strength, aggressiveness, insensitivity. He too is just as emotional, just as passive as he lets himself be. This is probably where the old stereotype notion that a gay male wants to be a woman comes from. Being gay for the male is usually accompanied by a freedom from or an uncomfortableness with the male identity society forces on men, which allows him a greater degree of androgyny. Hence, the existence of camp and drag; the gay male can often laugh at the absurdity of asserting ones manhood. After all, when all else is said, masculinity and femininity are mere states of mind.

For men the liberation process is going to take a long time. The masculine ego has been built out of rock. Men are comfortable in their positions as executives, writers and presidents. They have all to gain from keeping the system the way it is. The male child is the single, most pampered object in our society; because of its biology, it has entrance into every facet of our society.

It is now somewhat acceptable for men to boast of being for women's rights, but not for male liberation, which is sad, because men control the printing processes, the churches, the governments, the families, the lands and the communication media, men who have as the basis for their sexual identities all of the arbitrary selectioning of traits and mannerisms society has given to his advantage.

All this is why I strongly feel that men should not be tolerated anymore- the time for understanding is through! I can see justification for manhaters everywhere. We have been subjected to a couple of million years of wars, poverty, plagues, witch hunts, crusades, sexual suppression all created by males. All the aggressiveness, all the competitiveness, all the insensitivity has only led to a world of destructive nations bent on cold wars and mutual hate.

The destructive venom of masculinity is everywhere: in the way an effeminate male is taunted and teased and physically abused by the more male-identified boys: by the way women

who chose not to marry are ridiculed as spinsters, as frigid, in the way men dismiss any attempt by women to be equal as the work of man-hating dykes. Masculinity must be constantly reinforced. For this reason society has instituted a system where monetary achievements and a constantly competitive life with the Joneses equals a higher degree of masculinity for the winner. Maturity into manhood is taken to mean the acquisition of property and the ability to compete on Wall Street.

The failure of a large scale male liberation movement to emerge is indicative of the stubbornness with which men are holding on to their comfortable positions. As gay males, we have one advantage: we are already outside the system, our sexual preferences exclude us from the top. For this reason, we are different from the straights, and we should rejoice in the fact that we are different.

Being gay gives us more of a chance. Instead of asking to be accepted for the same men straights are, we should be demanding that they reject their sexual role for a more humanized one. We must be in the vanguard of any male liberation movement. Without us male liberation cannot begin to question all the concepts of gender that start with a baby boy being given a blue blanket rather than a pink one. Straight men are determined to keep the sexes equal but apart. They can conceive of the sexes being equal in capability, but as for men wearing dresses, well, I don't have

to tell you how they feel about that! Until all forms of gender identification are destroyed, until both men and women are free to shape their minds and bodies just as they choose, until equality becomes not just a catchy piece of rhetoric for leftist literature but a working thesis, until women and men dig the same ditches together, can we speak of liberation.

**WOMEN COUNSELLORS URGENTLY NEEDED** by the Social Society for Equalitarian Feminists, a non-profit, co-operative service society for people of both sexes who believe in making the world a more feminine, less macho place to live. If you are a woman who is in tune to the concept of male femininity, and are willing to help male transvestites & transsexuals understand that there are some compatible women in the world, please contact us at once The Social Director, SALMACIS SOCIETY, P.O. Box 2441, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025.

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# TRANSEXUALISM

by julia tonner

*SEX.....the two divisions of...human beings respectively designated as male or female*

*GENDER...any of two or more subclasses...that are partly arbitrary but also partly based on distinguishable characteristics such as sex, (as, Masculine, Feminine)*

*SOCIETY...an enduring and cooperative social group whose members have developed organized patterns of relationship through interaction with one another...a broad grouping of people having common traditions...collective activities and interests.....*

*The above is taken from Webster's Third New International Dictionary.*

Whilst in today's society the term trans-sexual or transexual, (either one S according to Cauldwell or twoSs according to Dr. H. Benjamin, who wrote the TRANSEXUAL PHENOMENON in 1966), is accepted in general, one must still wonder how much ignorance there still remains. Does society accept the transexual because they are a TS, or because they accept them as a man or a woman, whatever the particular way the TS feels? This to a great extent differs in many instances and can only be answered by the individual concerned, and then only by doing a great deal of soul-searching. Who is to disprove whatever ideology may be put forward for one reason against another, merely the individual concerned, then again, who is really bothered?

To reach this end, however, can be added the fact that not many people really know what is entailed in the entirely (to them) new sphere of transexualism. I hope within this report to try and clear up as many misconceptions as I possibly can, in as much as I know how they appear to me and to many other TSs that I have had the honour to talk to, and get to know their point of view as well.

In today's 'New Society' it is more or less agreed that the first known 'Sex Change' took place in connection with Roberta Crowell, and this was very shortly followed by Christine Jorgenson and Coccinelle.

*Continued on page 19*

# FRAN

## Girl of the Month

All too often, change comes ever so slowly, unless, that is, a person has the drive and ambition to make things happen faster. Fran is one of these individuals who has the ability to get the ball rolling.

By the time you read this, our summer beauty will be undergoing the final steps to complete womanhood. At this point, the final surgical step is a minor one for Fran, who is just about as feminine an individual as any.

For quite awhile now, our twenty two year old beauty has been living and working in the female role. Days find our lovely styling hair, and her evenings are spent at her favorite nightspot, dancing and mingling with her friends and many admirers.

Beauty is more than skin deep, and Fran's beauty doesn't end with her gorgeous face and body. In addition to her looks, our summer centerfold is also an accomplished writer and musician. That's a lot of talent wrapped up in that small feminine frame.

After her operation, our summer lovely hopes to take up modelling, in the fashion field. I'm sure that we will all agree that Fran has got what it takes to be a success.

We thank Fran for taking the time to pose for our cameras, and wish her the best of luck in the future.





Reluctantly, we say good-bye to Fran, for this issue at least. We hope she graces the pages of a future issue, after her operation is complete







Her many moods are only one indication of Fran's hidden sensitivity, as we explore her inner and outer beauty.



What deep thoughts float through this lady's mind? Only her doctor knows these inner secrets.



Continued from page 14

All these took place in the post-war era, but up until then, very little had been known of what had been going on for years. In fact, the first recorded sex change took place in Denmark in 1931, when a painter named Einar Wegener underwent such an operation. This was considered at the time, as indeed it deserved to be, a miracle, and it is thanks to such people, the fore-runners of today's TSs, that many hundreds of people have cause to be very grateful to them for the courage that they exhibited. It would have been very nice to report here that the first operation was a complete success, but as Lili Elbe (formerly Einar Wegener) died in 1931, no body can be too sure. However, since this date, a far greater number of successful operations have been carried out, at least two hundred in America, and one hundred and thirty in Britain, and an unknown number in private clinics throughout the world, including the well-known one in Casablanca. The majority of these have been since 1969, which was the year in which many of the studies on the post-ops were published for the first time. The results of these reports were so encouraging that it helped dispel many of the doubts that had up until then prevailed on many doctors regarding the advisability of such operations. Doctors had a what they called a natural aversion to operating on living, healthy, flesh. One of the relevant tables that appeared in a book by R. Green & J. Money, and published by Dr. J.B. Randell regards the follow up on 29 post-operative patients, and is as follows:

ADJUSTMENT RATING	NUMBER OF PATIENTS	
	PREOPERATIVE	POSTOPERATIVE
Excellent	0	7
Good	4	14
Fair	13	3
Poor	12	1
Very Poor	0	4

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With these results, the medical opinion against the transexual operation is slowly but surely disintegrating. It can only be hoped that with the fuller understanding that now appears to be coming into favour, much frustration can be banished forever.

### THE HISTORY OF TRANSEXUALISM

Although there is no real definite proof of former transexualism, it can be adjudged that many well-known historical transvestites could have been, if the opportunity had been there at the time as it is today, transexuals. This conclusion can be reached by the fact that there are a few transvestites presently living in the role to which they were born, not wishing for the surgery that would enable them to be what they at least represent. However, there are not so many of these in comparison to the number of known transvestites in the world today. On the other hand, the transexual, for the most part, does not live and partake as fully as possible in the role of the gender that they feel they should belong in, and this is the same way that the famous transvestites lived. They put up with a great deal of derision and antagonism, but they knew the way they felt they should live, and proceeded to live it. This attitude is exemplified by the Chevalier DeBeaumont, and one of the early Caesars and others too numerous to mention here. Furthermore, in today's society, it has long been thought that to help the TS in the way they knew to be the right way of life would be a temptation to return to the days of Sodom and Gomorah. The thought of the 'wickedness' that pervaded that society has always decried the idea of transexualism and all that it entailed in the purely moralistic tone of supposed pious people and also on the personal view that all human beings were put on this earth to propagate the species. However, in view of the number of people that are presently seeking, and being given, and even being implored to consent to vasectomy, to use contraceptives because of the risk of overpopulating the world, there is no logical reason for this treatment to be denied to the very people to whom it may be the very last vestige of living their true lives.

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Whilst in the past, many people have decried the eunuchs of the Arabian world a century ago, there was never a great deal of confusion known amongst the eunuchs as such, apart from what has become to be known as a general cattiness, that is supposed to be the

inherent quality of all women. But this too, like many of the old myths, were invented by men, who although have very deep inhibitions about themselves, do not or cannot allow themselves to let go of themselves. This is all part of the gender role they have been brought up to respect and adhere to. Men don't cry, and they must at all times keep a stiff upper lip. This sort of behaviour pattern did not apply to the Eunuchs, as they really had no one to be jealous of, or no reason to be inhibited, as all the possibilities of proving their manhood had been denied them at birth by their masters. Many of them seemed happy on the principle of not missing something that they never had.

On another plane, it was for a long time thought that transsexualism and transvestism were pastimes known only in a 'civilized' culture, but again, this myth was destroyed as long ago as 1935 by W.W. Hill, and also by Margret Mead in 1935.

In these studies, a very detailed investigation into native habits and heredity factors have all been taken into consideration. In fact, many of the age old tribal dances involved transvestism in varying degrees. It is not unknown for certain warriors, especially in the Abelan tribe in New Guinea, to be dressed as 'wives' in many of the ritual parades. Also, it is not unknown for the older women of the tribe to mimic the menfolk, especially in regards to the many of the males way of carrying goods or chattels on the arm, unlike the women who carry the goods and chattels on their heads by means of a strap around their heads. It should also be noted that that in such societies when the young warrior reaches a certain age and is aware of himself to such an extent that he knows that his place should be amongst the women, he is allowed to join them. This is done on the condition that once he has joined them, he will in the future be treated and accepted as a woman, and in no time in the future will be allowed to change his mind.

Which then is the most civilized culture? The society of 'primitives' or more modern day mixed-up civilized cultures?

*ED' NOTE—This is the first part of a continuing series on Transsexualism by British Correspondent Julia Tonner. It will be continued in future issues of IMAGE.*

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# DRAG ROCK



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## Pop Music

*About four groupies stood huddled around the corner stage door of the concert hall. Clad in lurex tops, organdy skirts, red tights, and high heeled platform shoes, they adjusted their makeup while plotting their strategy for that night's show.*

*"Tell the guard at the door that Alice's stage manager has the backstage passes for us. When the guards not looking, we'll sneak past."*

*"I'm sure that Alice will remember me when he sees me," replies one of the groupies with pin curls, "He saw me at the Madison Square Garden gig."*

This scene has been repeated at innumerable rock concerts a number of times, but now there's a new twist- These groupies are male.

Inside the auditorium, Alice Cooper, dressed in a black tank top, black leather hot pants, black garter belt and stockings, sings, "Look at the faggots/ but now they're now not funny/ cause there goes one walking/ off with your sonny."

Rock and roll has taken a definite twist in recent years: some call it glitter rock, others call it decadent rock or even drag rock. Whatever you call it, it had its roots in the early days of rock and roll, with Little Richard primping and prancing about in unisex clothing and gobs of bright red lipstick.

Decadent Rock came of age with Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones who pirouetted around the stage in complete defiance to what people feel a man should be, wearing long scarves, lipstick, and eye makeup. Some people feel that Mick Jagger was the first truly androgenous rock star.

This androgeny was truly the first shock to society. It raised all sorts of questions: If men looked like women, could they really be attracted to women? Could a woman be attracted to a feminine man? If so, could she really be a lesbian? To the eleven and twelve year olds, it came as no shock that male rock stars could look like women. This is due to the fact that rock promoters began giving androgeny the hard sell- and it did indeed sell!

Women's lib also aided this process, by public conscious-raising regarding traditional sex roles. The logical outcome was the unisex movement, and transvestism in the concert hall soon followed.

One forerunner of stage drag was Alice Cooper, a female in name and dress, but masculinr in sex and gender. In Cooper's early days, drag was the main focus of his act, his music being secondary. In later years, Alice moved on to put on a vivid show of violence. During his stage act, he mutilates baby dolls, plays with a live boa constrictor, stages street fights, and hangs himself. He sings of homosexuality, sex, necrophillia, blood, and most of the taboos that society would rather ignore.

Many people feel that Alice Coper got many of his stage ideas from Iggy Stooze, who had a Detroit based band (The Stooges, no less) in the late 1960s. Iggy was a bit of a masochist: During his act, he would beat himself, scratch his chest until it bled, whipped his own back, and leapt into the



Decadent Rock came of age with Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones who provoked a new kind of audience response to what people had been used to. Eventually, Iggy faded into oblivion, sporting scars and missing teeth. Apparently, the public wasn't ready for Iggy Stouge.

Stouge and Cooper were followed by a large number of drag-rock acts. The most successful of these bands was the New York Dolls. With their high heels and mini-skirts, they won the hearts of the New York underground in 1972. The band usually sports wildly curled hair, heavy eye and facial makeup, satin skirts and pink tights, platform shoes, and plenty of perfume.

With the New York Dolls, the music is definitely secondary to the drag, though some critics have called the Dolls the best rock band in the world.

A recent interviewer asked David Johansen, the lead singer of the Dolls, if he was a transsexual. "My mother asked me the same thing," he replied.

"I guess she means that we know we're either boys or girls, but it doesn't make much difference to me. I thought that being a transsexual meant going out and having your whole self changed. I don't want to do that at all."

The bass player and founder of the Dolls, Arthur Kane, said in a recent interview that "The only difference between men and women is that women are softer and don't have as much hair on their bodies- and that's the only difference. Maybe their emotions are different. It doesn't matter what sex you are. I don't think of people as being of a certain sex. I want to be a free spirit, as Jackie Curtis says. All these labels just don't make it anymore, like they say someone is a transvestite or a transsexual- someone who had their body altered. We ought to tell everybody that we just got back



from Copenhagen! Say we were all chicks six months ago and decided to go butch for awhile!"

Regardless of the musical ability of the Dolls, their main influence has been on other groups. A multitude of Drag rock acts have cropped up around New York, each vying for their share of attention.

Two of the best known of these New York bands are the Harlots of 42nd St., and Wayne County, who works in full drag, and has even appeared at the Club 82, a bastion of Female Impersonation.

Unquestionably one of the best, if not most interesting, drag stars in the world is David Bowie. Proclaiming to be the first space age rock star, he descends onto the stage via a space ship. His hair is bright orange, and his wardrobe is vast. Some nights he may appear in a gown, or just a jock strap, or a fishnet jumpsuit. Many of his costumes tear away to reveal another costume underneath.

To Bowie's fans, he is much more than decadent. He is a science fiction character, a prediction of the future. He is indeed the first rock star to use the vast resources of theatre. Bowie is a dazzling performer. His music, face, costumes, and stage sets are stunning.

Bowie has also revived another decadent character, Lou Reed. Due to Bowie's backing, Reed made a comeback to the world of rock. Formerly a member of the Velvet Underground, an Andy Warhol sponsored band, he now came into the limelight as a solo performer. Reed's first hit extolled the praises of transvestite movie star, Holly Woodlawn. "Holly came from Miami Fla./ Hitchiked her way across the U.S.A./ Plucked her eye-brows on the way, shaved her legs/ and he was a she...." On the back of his album, "Transformer", we find two pictures of Lou Reed, one as a leather clad male, the other in drag. The cuts on the album sing of the joys of transvestism, including one song called "Makeup".

With all of the drag and decadent acts, rock and roll has come out of the closet. Included was a whole new attitude toward homosexuality. One might wonder about the kids growing up in the seventies. Adolescence is hard enough to face without drag rock stars flaunting homosexuality in their faces.

One observer of the music scene feels that music now is just history repeating itself. He feels that the kids now are dressing up just as they did in the sixties. Then the kids grew their hair long, and dressed funny, exactly what is happenong today, only it's a little bit different. He feels that the kids dress up to go to a concert where they can be with 20,000 dressed up kids, listening to the same music, feeling the same way.

But there are some signs that the times are already changing. Says "Barbara", a lanky, ex-glitter queen, "Decadence and glitter are all over. It died when the Daily News fashion column discovered lurex. We're all becoming conservative. It's the new rage."

# The MISTAKE

by JAN  
O'SULLIVAN



Harry morgan reclined on the hospital bed, reminiscing with his friend, Joe. The pain wasn't too bad, it seemed like he was just putting in some time until the surgeons took care of his errant liver.

"Looks like all that boozing and chasing broads finally got to you, buddy," laughed Joe.

"Don't bet on it," Harry replied with a sneer, "Two days from the day they let me out of here, I bet I'll be back at it- Look out chicks, I'm comming back to get you."

"We really had some good times, huh" mused Joe. "Remember that German whore we picked up that night?"

Harry's mind floated back to that night in Munich, when he and Joe, then army buddies, were out on leave. They had been cruising around the red light distriict, looking for a cheap piece off ass. Finally, they were hustled by an old German Hooker. She looked like her better days were over, but the price was low. She even gave the two soldiers a package deal.

The whore led them to a sleazy hotel, and they all went up to her room. Her clothes off, Joe went first, and after he got his jollies, Harry followed. When they were both finished, the hooker wanted her money. Harry and Joe didn't exactly want to cough

up the money, so they proceeded to beat the aging streetwalker senseless, and repeatedly raped her. When they had finished unloading their lust on her, they left her lying in a puddle of blood.

"Yeah, I bet she retired after us," Harry emerged from his reverie, snickering.

Harry's attitudes toward women hadn't changed much over the years. They were nothing but a bunch of stupid cunts, only good for fucking and having babies. And that's all Harry ever wanted them for; a place for him to drop his load and get his rocks off.

At the age of twenty eight, Harry's ways had finally caught up with him. Every night in the bar, drink after drink, and in no time his liver was screaming for help. Finally, he wound up here in the city hospital, to have part of it removed.

"Aw, you'll probably get out of here, get married, and settle down," Joe was playing the devil's advocate.

"You've got to be kidding!" Harry was a bachelor. He liked variety, and he had a number of affairs to prove it. It had to be a different girl every night, or he wasn't satisfied.

Every once and a while, Harry would pretend to get serious with one, until her guard was let down, and she permitted him to get in her pants. Then after the quest was over, he'd drop her like a hot potato.

"Hey Joe, how about when we get out of here, we go down to the shore and try to pick up some of the stuff on the beach. I haven't had a good fuck in a couple of weeks."

"What about Ginger?" asked Joe;

"Who?"

"You know, that redhead you had a couple of weeks ago" reminded Joe.

"Oh, her," remembered Harry. "She was strictly from hunger. She hardly had any tits, and when we screwed, she just laid there and didn't do anything. But she was a pretty good blow job, though."

Harry and Joe had often compared notes. When one of them tired of a chick that was a particularly good lay, they would arrange to let the other one try her out. They had a pretty strong rivalry and were always boasting of their sexual conquests.

"I bet she wasn't as good as Fanny." Joe challenged.

"Well, Fran was pretty good at blow jobs, but I really liked to ream her up the ass," Harry recollected.

"I never got her to do that," protested Joe.

"Well, I guess that you just don't have what it takes," said Harry, smiling devilishly.

"You mean she let you ass-fuck her?" Joe was getting excited.

"Well, lets just say that it took a bit of physical persuasion on my part," said Harry coyly.

They both laughed and understood the meaning. Harry was not opposed to using force to get what he wanted.

"Most of those stupid bitches don't even know how to please a real man, and they yell about Womens liberation." Harry was getting worked up. "All thay can do is fuck, and a lot of them can't even do that right. All they want to do is to turn men into a bunch of faggots." Harry's voice rose.

"Speaking of faggots, remember the one that you picked up in San Francisco by accident?" Joe sat back in his seat, laughing.

"Yeah, I tried to forget that incident." mused Harry.

Based in San Francisco, after returning from Viet Nam, Harry had plenty of time to explore the unfamiliar city. One night he decided to try a new bar. He was there a while when he spotted a gorgeous girl at the bar. He moved her in and bought her a couple of drinks. She was really good looking, and he was horny. She was reluctant to accept Harry's invitation to a hotel room, but he finally used the old charm to persuade her to accompany him.

Once they were both in the room, she resisted Harry's attempts to remove all of her clothing. Instead, she stripped Harry down and proceeded to give him a blow job. That was alright with Harry, but what he really wanted was a fuck.

When the girl resisted, Harry started to get tough. He literally began to rip her clothes off, and what he found didn't make him shy. The "girl" that he had picked up was really a boy.

Harry's rage had no bounds, and he began to pummel the queen until he exhausted himself. When Harry walked out of the Hotel room, the queen was lying on the floor with a bloody nose, a broken arm, and two black eyes.

"That's one queer that w on't mess around with a straight guy again," Harry said, satisfied. I hate those goddam femmes, trying to be women-they aren't women, and they aren't men, either, They ought to castrate them all." Harry was really getting riled up.

"Take it easy," came a voice from the door of Harry's room. It was his nurse, carrying a tray of medicines. "You're scheduled for surgery tomorrow, and it's not good for you to be excited." She gave Harry a couple of Pills and a glass of water. When Harry had swallowed them down, he started again.

"What are you gonna be doin when I get out of here?" he asked the petite blond nurse.

"What do you mean," she replied knowingly.

"I'm gonna need someone to look after me and make sure I get better, you know, someone to take care of my needs." Harry accented the last few words with a sly wink.

"You just look up nurses in the phone book, but I doubt if they'd give you the care that YOU would want." With that the nurse turned on her heel and stormed out of the room.

"Some girls just don't know what they're missing," Harry turned to Joe.

"Yeah, I guess it's not easy to be God's gift to women," joked Joe.

"Dammed right, replied Harry seriously. "Once they had a taste of me, no other man will do." Harry settled back on the bed, the sleeping pills beginning to take effect. "I can't wait to get out of here and jump into bed with a beautiful broad- she'll get screwed all night, whoever the lucky girl is."

Harry was an inconsistent character, being a bit of a narcissist. He was proud of his body. He lifted weights, and was pleased with his muscular build, and his nine inch penis. His body was his pride and joy, but the long hours and the heavy drinking had taken their toll.

The pills were causing Harry to become drowsy, and this was noticed by Joe.

"I'm gonna take off for now, buddy," he said, rising. I got a date with June tonight."

"okay Joe, fuck her once for me." said Harry.

"I'll see you tomorrow, lots of luck with the knife."

"Yeah, I hope they leave a little bit of my liver there- I'd hate to give up drinking," Harry laughed sleepily.

Joe disappeared into the hallway, and Harry soon drifted off into a deep, dreamless sleep.

It must have been morning when Harry was awakened by the petite blond nurse.

"Wake up- you have a busy day today." she said cheerfully.

Slowly, Harry's drugged mind began to function. He finally remembered that this was the day that he was going to go under the knife.

An orderly appeared in the room with a gurney. He steadied it as Harry rolled onto the contraption. When Harry was settled into place, the nurse came back with a hypodermic needle. Unceremoniously, she stuck it into Harry's arm.

"Ouch, that hurts!" exclaimed Harry.

"What, you mean that a little needle hurt a big boy like you?"

The orderly pulled a blanket over Harry, and strapped him into place. Soon the injection took effect, and once again, Harry began to slip into a deep sleep. He was vaguely aware of being wheeled down the hallway toward the operating room. He reached the door of the room when a voice rang out from behind them.

"Orderly, Quick get down here, we've got an emergency-leave what you're doing, a nurse will take care of that." The young orderly wheeled Harry into the preparation room, where he was in the company of another human form on another gurney.

Half awake, Harry didn't know what was going on. He just lay there looking at the room. There were two sets of doors, presumably to two different operating rooms. That was about all that Harry remembered as he succumbed to the effects of the sleeping drug.

At long last, a nurse appeared, looked at the two gurneys, and walked over to Harry. She got behind it and slowly pushed Harry into the door marked "Operating Room B"

Another orderly placed Harry's limp body on the operating table, and the nurse disappeared to scrub up.

In the scrub-up room was a distinguished, grey haired gentleman. The nurse walked over to him and said, "The next patient is ready in Room B, doctor."

"Thank you nurse," replied the surgeon, "Another one, that makes three this week," he continued.

Turning to the nurse on the way to the operating room, the doctor paused, "I wonder what makes these men want to change their sex, and be women?"

The masked nurse just shrugged.

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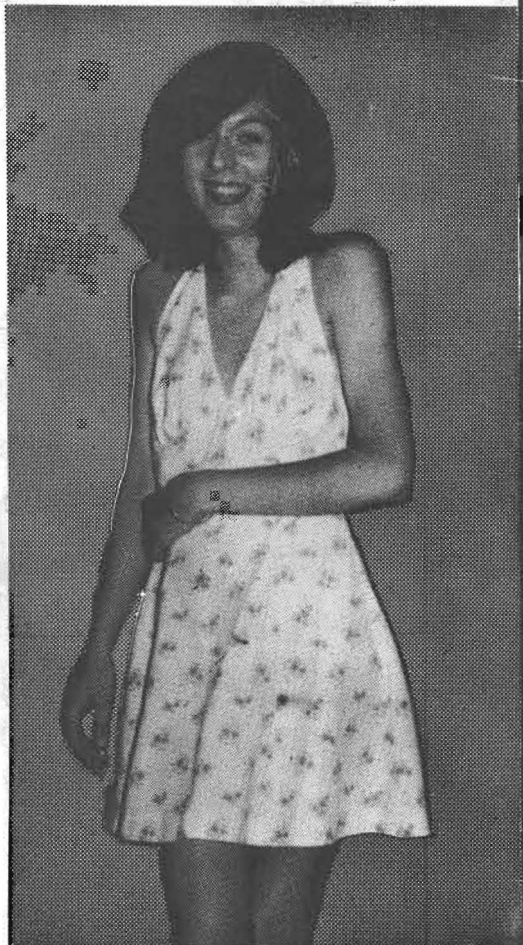
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