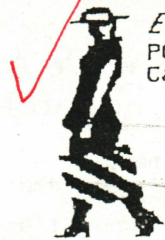


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EON (Expressing Our Nature)  
PO Box 6293  
Camillus, N.Y. 13031

# EXPRESSIONS

## THE E.O.N. NEWSLETTER



ISSUE # 7

DATE November 1990

### From The Editor

It's hard to believe that it's actually over. We worked so long and so hard to make the Autumn Accord a success and now, basking in the afterglow of that labor of love, I wish it could have gone on for longer than it did. We all had the opportunity to meet some wonderful new friends and share in an absolutely marvelous weekend. Our thanks to everyone who pitched in and gave of thier time and talents to insure that this event will be fondly remembered. Thanks to Marsha for conducting the raffle and helping out with the banquet registration. Thanks to Yvonne Cook and JoAnn Roberts for the moving speeches. Thanks to Molly for her untiring efforts with the financial headaches and the long hours at the registration table. Thanks to all the vendors who were present; Jennifer with her wigs, and Dan at the I.F.G.E. book sale; to the girls from Jumelle - Deborah, Deanna and Kelly - you made us all look and feel beautiful. A special thanks to Chris and Ted for sacrificing their reputations to make the fashion show a smashing success. Thanks also to Colleen and Gira, for their love and understanding (I didn't forget where the newsletter's new name came from Colleen!). Above all,

thank you to the members of EON for your support. We couldn't have done it with out you.

To the new members who's first experience coincided with the Autumn Accord, welcome and congratulations. We hope to see more of each and every one of you in the near future. Our hearts and love go out to all of you.

And lest I forget, to all of our models, Cathy, Colleen, Molly, Audrey, Christina, and Brittany; you all were wonderful.

To Father Avery . . . we owe you so much we can never repay the kindness you have shown to EON. God Bless You!

Your sister  
Diana Joell Askew

### An Open Letter To EON

To: My dearest friends at EON

I cannot begin to express how wonderful this past weekend was for both Betty and I. We truly enjoyed meeting and talking with everyone.

You can all be very proud of what you accomplished this weekend. You've

The E.O.N. Newsletter is a publication of E.O.N., P.O. Box 6293, Camillus, N.Y. 13031. E.O.N. is an affiliate of the International Foundation for Gender Education and the N.Y.S. Gender Coalition.

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Secretary/Treasurer ..... Molly K.  
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Publications Director ..... Diana A.

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The telephone number of the E.O.N. Hot Line is 1-716-251-2316. If you have any questions, comments or special needs and you don't know who to talk to, call the Hot Line and leave a message. Someone will be in touch with you.

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All submissions for the E.O.N. Newsletter should be sent to the editor at the following address and must be received by the 25th of the month to be included in the next newsletter issue.

Diana J. Askew  
P.O. Box 6293  
Camillus N.Y. 13031

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E.O.N. MEETING SCHEDULE

1st Sat. of each month - 8 PM  
Rap group and socialization.

3rd Sat. of each month - 8 PM  
social evening which will include a special program - programs to be announced.

strengthen the ties both within and without. Most importantly, you touched the hearts of at least four new people. One could not hope for much greater success or reward.

The lovely jewelry box was an unnecessary gift. It was my pleasure to participate with you.

I shall treasure this gift forever and remember the wonderful event that goes with it.

I'm sure that I will see you all again, from time to time, in the coming years and I am looking forward to each and every instance.

EON will forever have a special place in my heart.

Thank you,  
JoAnn Roberts



## A View From Inside of The Cocoon (Through a Tiny Hole)

What seems a century ago, a journey of self discovery began for me. I am so pleased to have found E.O.N along the way, though now it is apparent the real journey has only begun. Crossdressing has been such a lonely pursuit over the years. If only there had been groups like E.O.N and I.F.G.E. 20 years ago, what a different life I might have led! It is said that it is never too late to have a happy childhood, so maybe a "rebirth" is in order, isn't it?

About a month ago, I became quite desperate to make contact with someone..... anyone to whom I could openly express this part of myself, without being made to feel guilt and rejection. I went to an "adult" bookstore, and got one of everything that looked like it might have anything helpful for resources in it. I was reluctant to write to an unknown entity, but The Butterfly Group in Endicott listed a phone number. I worked up the courage to call up Shannon. I called her at a busy time..... she was canning tomatoes from the garden. This seemed to be a more feminine activity (and certainly less scary than some of the activities portrayed in the stack of magazines on the floor). After a brief conversation with a commitment to talk again soon, I hung up and wept like a child, mostly for the joy of finding someone to talk to. Shannon patiently nurtured my "rebirth" over the next week for hours on the phone, becoming

a mother or midwife of sorts. She encouraged me to contact E.O.N., feeling that I could be best helped there. She also recommended I.F.G.E. and Tapestry. When I received Tapestry, I was up most of the night greedily devouring it.

I was nervous going to the screening with Angela, but her openness and forthright nature soon put me at ease. I had some reservations about coming as Janis to my first E.O.N meeting (just two weeks ago), but Angela has a very persuasive way about her. Janis had never been out of the house before except for a panicky late night car ride. I was overwhelmed by the warmth and acceptance I felt almost radiating from everyone there. I was filled with admiration for the courage of the TS members, and appreciation of the helpful and gentle suggestions offered by all who helped me get myself together on my first outing. I felt real friendships developing and Janis was growing in ways I had never imagined possible.

I was excited about the Autumn Accord but everything was happening so fast, I just wasn't sure Janis was ready for Prime Time yet. A frantic order for a new wig (would it arrive in time?) and some terrible vacillation followed. Again, Angela's persuasive nature came to the rescue. Then on Saturday everything conspired to go wrong at once..... a car stuck inside a garage that wouldn't open, and car trouble, but something just snapped inside, and I was going to go, even if I was late for the banquet, just to BE THERE.

I simply was not prepared in any way for what I found at the Accord. There were just so many firsts that I lost count. I ran in heels for the first time, down the hall to Jumelle and begged them to just make me presentable. I had left at home so many necessary things. They kindly fit in "just one more" coming down late to the banquet. I felt badly about having missed the vendors who had traveled to display helps, but several took time from their socializing to help a newcomer. I had just received a "care package" of a big pile of books from I.F.G.E, including one by JoAnn Roberts. I never expected to meet such a nationally recognized figure, or representatives from I.F.G.E. I also so much looking forward to seeing Shannon in person. It really filled me with appreciation for all the hard work E.O.N. had put into preparing the gathering, and continuing it through the evening, with good humor as well. All the staff of our hosts at the Quality Inn were so helpful, too. I had just a lovely experience, and it is still hard to believe it was only my second outing. Thanks Angela, for the gentle prodding; I would have missed out on a wonderful time if you hadn't. You are so fortunate to have a wonderful supportive wife... she is so special. Thank you also to everyone who patiently put up with my ignorant questions. Thank you to those who allowed me to gawk at them for their mastery of body language and makeup - I learned a lot from just watching. Thank you also to Father Avery for providing a place of acceptance and safety for all of us. "A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert

from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as the shade of a great rock in a weary land."

It has been an eventful month for me, and the Autumn Accord a delightful culmination. Thank you all so much for making it happen, not just for me but in behalf of all the other "first timers".

Janis



## The President's Corner

### Dignity

**DIGNITY ... THE QUALITY OF BEING WORTHY OF ESTEEM OR HONOR; WORTHINESS; THE DEGREE OF REPUTE, WORTH, OR HONOR; LOFTINESS OF MANNER; PROPER PRIDE AND SELF RESPECT.**

From Webster's New World Dictionary.

As a crossdresser with strong transgenderist desires and inclinations, the issue of dignity is important to me concerning the ways in which I connect myself to the world I live in. This issue, or interest, is of ever-present importance to me as I relate to EON, the support group of which I am a member.

The success of the **AUTUMN ACCORD**, as a context in which femininity and dignity could be expressed and experienced, thrills me to no end. This success also fires my hope for similar future experiences for the members of EON, the gender community at large, and for all our helping and loving friends and partners who join hands and hearts with us on such occasions.

To bring crossdressers, transsexuals, partners and friends together for the experience of support, joy, and validation; to make possible the opportunity for all of these people to interact in such a way outside the closet, beyond the confinement of the home and the regular meeting place, and certainly beyond the limitations of the bar scene; to bring together the "teenagers" and the "adults" of our community in a public setting where interaction with the so-called "straight" population is practically unavoidable, and to bring this about in a business-like, thoughtful and creative manner; to do all this is no small feat, and we did it, EON did it!

Think about it. There is great dignity in this goal, in attempting this challenge, in living it out, each and every one of us, as we lived it out day by day over a long period of time as we put it all together. There is great dignity as we lived it out during our weekend experience of the event itself.

The goal of the **AUTUMN ACCORD** was to experience our nature, our femininity, in

a special way. It was about the experience of our individuality at the level of dignity. Those who worked so hard, and so creatively, and those who attended this event, achieved this.

Whatever our next challenge, be it a personal one or a group challenge, let us call upon the quality of this particular memory and know that it is fundamental to our calling in life. It is the quality of dignity.

Charliss

## The Pride Agenda

Molly Kennedy, Secretary & Treasurer of the EON Board of Directors has been named by the board as a candidate to sit on the board of directors of The Empire State Pride Agenda.

The Pride Agenda is a merger of the New York State Lesbian and Gay Lobby and The Friends and Advocates of Individual Rights PAC. This merger combines the Lobby's statewide grassroots network and effective political skills and the Friends' fundraising capabilities and history of supporting successful lesbian and gay political candidates and friends.

I was elated when Chris Hughes, our friendly activist, passed on the word that The Pride Agenda was willing to have us put-up a board candidate to represent the gender community. Since its beginning, EON has been wanting and willing to align itself with the rest of the alternative community so that we may all work more

effectively and powerfully toward our common goals of social dignity and rights.

The Pride Agenda will be meeting at Trinity Parish House this coming weekend, November 17th and 18th, at which time Molly's candidacy will be put forward. A dinner is planned for 7:00 PM on Saturday evening. This evening is also one of EON's meeting nights, and therefore we are invited to attend the evening dinner of The Pride Agenda. Both the Pride Agenda meeting and evening dinner will be held in Jaynes Hall, which is the chapel at the back of the Parish House. Any EON members who can't attend this dinner with our friends will still have the opportunity of our regular meeting in the front parlor of the Parish House.

However, I hope that all of us who plan on attending our regular meeting on this evening will also be able to attend this dinner beforehand. Truly, this will be yet another opportunity to express our femininity and experience our dignity by interacting with others from the alternative community on a social, and meaningful, level.

Please . . . . feel free to come as your feminine self . . . . bring your dignity and your supportive nature with you . . . .

**DDOOR** . . . . 7:30 PM Saturday the 17th

**ARRIVE IN GOOD TIME** . . . . 6:30 - 7:00 PM

**REGULAR EON MEETING** . . . . Still scheduled to begin at 8:00 PM . . . . Come earlier if

you need to make up and dress. Those of us attending the dinner will still make it back into the parlor to be with our EON sisters.

Charliss



## They Shoot Models . . . . Don't They?

The Autumn Accord is now over. It was EON's first event and all went well. Most of the guests thought the event was smooth and well organized. Let me tell you the real story. Regardless of how it appeared to our guests, we were about as well organized as a crossdresser's purse.

To give you an example, one of the highlights of the banquet program was a fashion show exhibiting dresses on loan to us by a local bridal shop. The show appeared to go well but if you knew the "behind-the-scenes" story, you'd realize that the miracle of the parting of the Red Sea was strictly minor league compared to our little fashion show.

The first step in putting the fashion show together was to get "volunteers" from the group to be models. This proved to be difficult as the girls were rather shy about having to parade in front of a room full of people (thus fashion doth make cowards of us all). This problem worsened

when an article about our group and the Accord appeared on the front page of a local paper just one week before the Accord. Some of the models got cold feet and backed out.

The owner of the shop, Doris, was counting on the smallest girls to be models as they were easy to fit. Some of the "small" girls backed out leaving an enthusiastic but large group of replacements. I had to tell Doris that we were replacing midgets with defensive linemen, she was not exactly pleased. Doris is a woman whose demeanor more resembles that of a Berlin Wall border guard than that of a bridal boutique owner. The last thing we needed was to anger a dress making storm trooper.

I did what I could to eliminate Doris' vision of torn zippers and popped buttons as I set up an appointment for the models to be fitted. On the evening of our appointment with destiny, I arrived home from work and prepared for the battle to come. The problems started right away as I couldn't find my falsies. After all, I couldn't be fitted properly with my boobs at home.

"Honey", I yelled to my fiance, "have you seen my breasts?"

"Try the dryer", she said, "or maybe the junk drawer."

"What would breasts be doing in the dryer", I thought. I searched the house but alas, no boobs.

"They didn't just walk away by themselves", commented my betrothed. I suppressed a smile as I had a vision of breasts with legs scurrying across the floor. I finally located the missing boobs behind the couch among a pile of cat toys. Evidently, our cat, Mr. Maggie, had been hanging my boobs around for his own peculiar amusement. I always thought that cat was weird. I began to calm down once my breasts were securely in place eventhough the cat was eyeing my chest with a strange curious look. Soon the rest of the troops arrived and we embarked on our invasion of the bridal boutique.

As cool as Doris was, even she was shocked as six towering models and two helpers trooped into her shop like an army of occupation. Inside of a few minutes, the place was a flurry of activity. Even Doris blushed as she watched one of the models, a six foot Peter Pan in polka dot panties, strap down and try on her first dress. Doris soon declared martial law as her assistant, Karen dodged models scurrying about the store in camisoles and tap pants.

"That's not your size", Doris told one model, "its a dress not a vice". To another model, who appeared to be either asphyxiating or doing a convincing Smurf imitation, Doris said, "Dear, that's a longline bra, it works much better around your waist than your neck."

One model kept poking me in the ribs to get my attention. I finally turned around as she said, "Excuse me, your standing on

my breast." How does one tactfully apologize for stepping on a breast? To the best of my knowledge, Miss Manners never covered this situation.

Another, model for reasons as yet unknown, was confined to what shall hereafter be known simply as "the room". "The room" was a small dressing room about the size of a gym locker. This one poor model would take a dress and crawl into the coffin like confines of "the room" only to emerge moments later looking like she had fought a losing battle with a trash compactor. Rumpled and doubled over she would ask us "Does this look stupid?" We didn't have the heart to tell her the truth.

Yet another model had a problem with her falsies constantly slipping out of her bra and tumbling to the floor. I cringed as I imagined her parading in front of an eager crowd and then doing a graceful pirouette as her boobs crashed to the floor and bounced into someone's dessert. "That's all we need" I thought, "boobs flamet."

Doris had just one simple rule upon which she based her philosophy of life. "Never step into a dress, always pull it over your head." Plato she's not but it was good advice. I realized how important this rule was to Doris when she warned me, in no uncertain terms, that if I stepped into one more dress I would no longer need a gaff.

Diana, who was helping us change as well as narrating the show, suffered more than

any of us during the fitting room blitzkrieg. Every few minutes you could here her yell "ouch!" above the fitting room din. That meant that yet again someone had elbowed her in the chest or speared her toes with a spiked heel. As Diana is a TS, we weren't bruising foam rubber, if you know what I mean. Despite Diana's travails she held up rather well, bruised boobs and all.

As the evening's craziness came to its insane conclusion, Doris began to fray at the edges. You can only squeeze so many linebackers into size 14's before the mind decides to take a vacation. The only thing that kept Doris going was my fiancee.

She was easy to fit and her breasts generally stayed in place.

Chris and Ted were also a lot of help. Although they aren't crossdressers, they are very good friends of the group. They courageously agreed to help out when the model shortage reared it's ugly head. They were both lovely (for amateurs). For those of you who missed the show, Ted looked like Shirley Temple after a night with the Seventh Fleet and Chris definitely had that "Joan Crawford on acid" look. As for myself, I was going for a look somewhere between Scarlett O'Hara and Eddy Munster. What can I say?, you use what you have.

As we left the shop, I looked back at the dressing rooms to see that we had left utter devastation in our wake. Blending right with the demolished landscape of the dressing rooms was poor Doris. She had



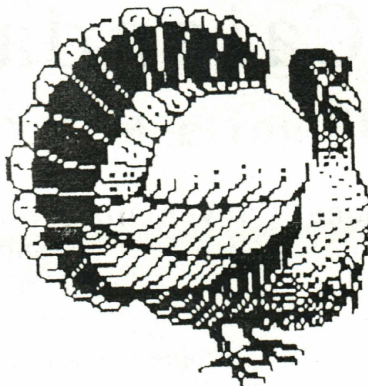
the vacant stare of a person who had just spent three hours waiting in the wrong line at the Department of Motor Vehicles. She began to mutter incoherently as we filed out of the store. As I left I could hear her regain her strength as she said to her assistant, "We can shoot models, can't we?"

The show itself went well with no major disasters. No boobs bounced into the dessert and no buttons popped or rocketed towards our unsuspecting guests. The changing room, however, was not exactly a model of organization. We were short one pair of falsies so I had to share mine with another model. As we frantically changed outfits, we tossed the bogus boobs at each other with no more warning than a tardy shout of "Incoming!" Gira, one of our attendants, tried to keep us in order as per the prearranged list she wielded like a billy club. Despite the chaos, Gira, turning into a Nazi right before our eyes, somehow managed to keep us pretty much in line.

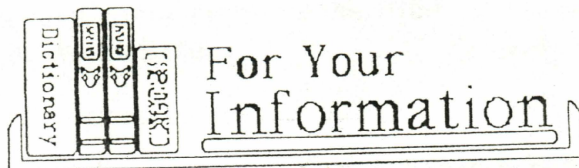
The insanity and racetrack atmosphere of the changing room soon subsided as the show drew to a close. We had the time of our lives. Though we drove people crazy enough to shoot us, the drinks were flowing and their aim was off. We all survived with only one notable casualty. In the carnage and confusion, my left breast turned up missing. I think I left it in the cash box. Anyway, if anyone should find a slightly worn boob with cat scratches on it, please mail it to me in care of EON. If you'd like to meet Doris,

she may be reached at the Benjamin Rush Psychiatric Ward where she is being treated for exhaustion while she takes a reality break.

Molly Kennedy



EON wishes everyone a very  
**Happy  
Thanksgiving**



Due to recent events involving EON and the media, if any EON member is approached by the press or contacted by any radio station, **DO NOT** answer any questions. Instruct them to either call the Hot Line or submit their questions in writing to our P.O. Box. The Board of Directors should be notified if any member is approached by the media.



# Calendar of Events

**Tri-Ess National Convention** - November 14-18, 1990

San Francisco

P.O. Box 194 Tulare, CA 93275

**IFGE,s 5th Annual Coming Together Convention** - April 8-14, 1991

Denver, Colorado

For Information and Registration  
The International Foundation for Gender Education  
P.O. Box 367, Wayland, MA 01778  
1-617-894-8340

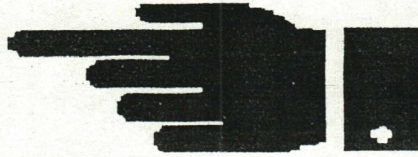
Host Organization  
Gender Indentity Center  
of Colorado  
Box 11563, 3715 32nd Ave.  
Denver, CO 80211  
1-303-458-5378

## Regular Meetings

Albany - 2nd Saturday of the Month - 145 club 8:00 PM  
4th Friday of the Month - Club Room

E.O.N. - 1st and 3rd Saturday of the Month - 8:00 PM  
Trinity Episcopal Church Parish House  
Onondaga St. & Midland Ave.

Rochester CD Network - 2nd Friday of the Month - 6:00-11:00 PM



## Directions to the New E.O.N. Meeting Place

### North Bound on I-81:

- 1.) Take Baldwinsville exit in center of city.
- 2.) Travel 3/4 mile and take West Street exit.
- 3.) Continue on West Street until it ends at Onondaga Street.
- 4.) Turn right and go to next light.
- 5.) Turn left onto Midland Ave.
- 6.) Turn right into first driveway behind funeral home on the corner of Onondaga and Midland Ave.
- 7.) Drive straight back to large yellow victorian house behind church. Entrance at handicap ramp.

### South Bound I-81:

- 1.) Take West Street exit entering the city. Bear right to the light.
- 2.) Cross intersection and go up ramp to West Street.
- 3.) Follow directions above.

### East Bound Rt. 690:

- 1.) Follow sign to 690 West Bound.
- 2.) Take West Street exit entering the city.
- 3.) Follow directions above.

### West Bound Rt. 690:

- 1.) Take exit for West Street & Genesee Street.
- 2.) Stay to your left on exit ramp to West Street.
- 3.) Follow directions above.