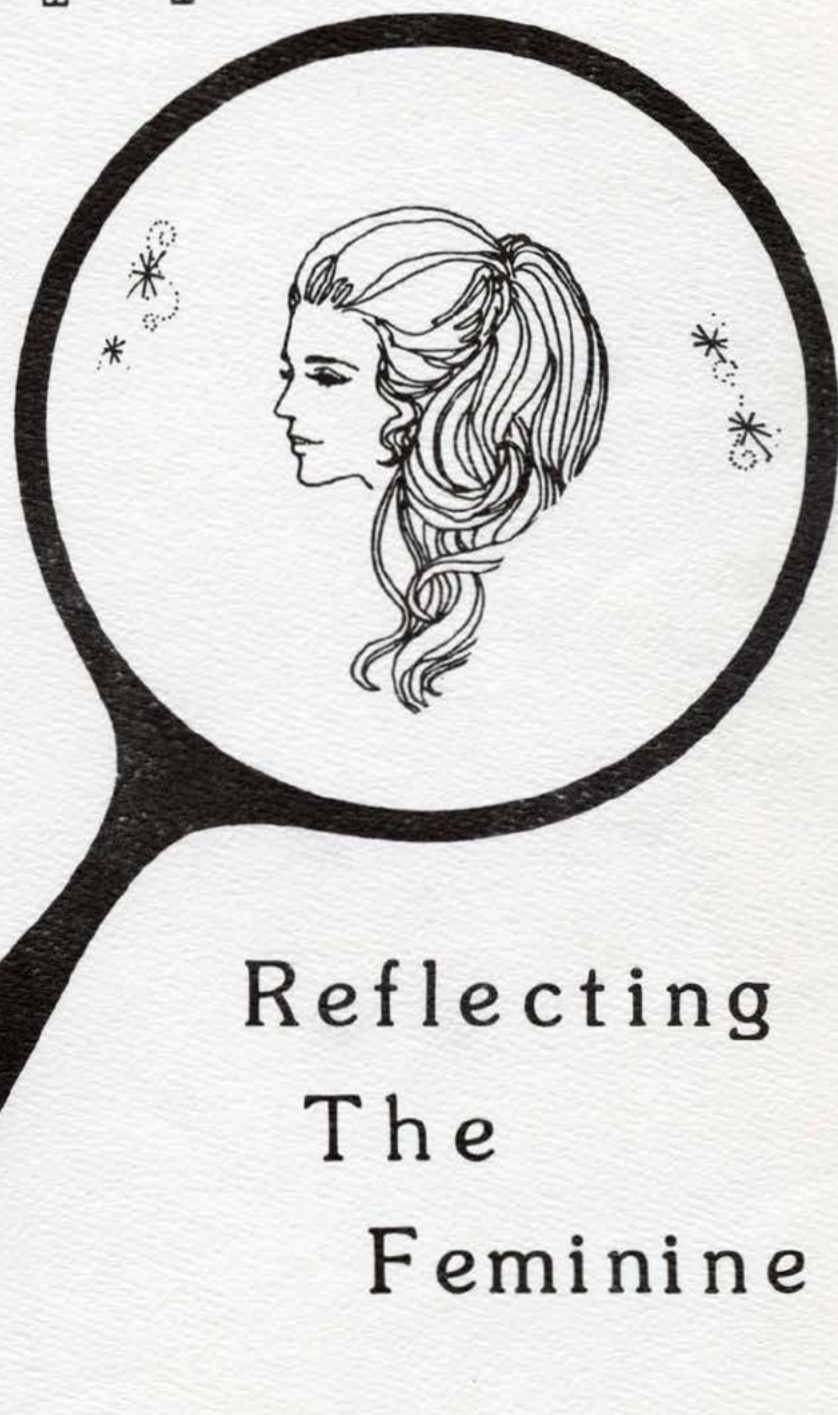


Femme Mirror



Tri-Ess Sorority



Reflecting
The
Feminine

Femme Mirror

Society for the Second Self

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The Femme Mirror is published for members of the Society For The Second Self at P.O. Box 194, Tulare, California 93275. Manuscripts and letters should be sent to the above address. Submission of letters implies the right of the Editor to edit and publish, although true names and addresses will not be used.



Speaking
Out
By
Carol



Again, we have a super large issue - actually taking the space of four issues. I am sorry that the Femme Mirror has been so erratic but please understand that I am in this office many many hours each week working on details of the sorority and it is hard to get on this typesetting machine. I am afraid that Linda, the lady who started typesetting for me, has had a number of personal problems and has not had the opportunity to do any typesetting for a long time. Maybe later.

From time to time, we are fortunate to have a sister who makes her self available to help with a certain project. These are things that are needed done but your Editor just can't get to them. So, I am now looking for several RELIABLE sisters who can undertake the task of writing to NEW members, welcoming them into the sorority and giving them some down-to-earth advice. Helping a new members get her feet on the ground is most important and one that would tend to help us keep our members longer. Such help also helps the new members to get over their shyness and tends to acclimate them in the various details of the organization. So, I am looking for several sisters who will have and take the time to write to these new sisters as they become members. If you are interested and have the time, please contact your Editor.



Debbie OH-203-H



Denise FP-1-G

Charlene Serv-108-B, writes that she is interested in getting together with service personnel and European sisters in order to plan a weekend outing in, perhaps, Switzerland. Please drop a note to Charlene so that she can know who is interested and if you can help, please tell her this.

Jana, NJ-304-T, has suggested that we put together a business service directory by and for Tri-Ess sisters only. It would list those of us who operate firms offering products or services that other sisters can use. Jana has volunteered to handle the details including that of establishing guidelines, receiving replies, compiling results and putting the whole thing together. Sounds good. If you are one who would like to participate in this new directory, please contact Jana. If this project is successful, we will be giving you more information. But do write her and not put it off.

In another matter, Jana (as above) says that she and several other sisters (Wilma, Lynda, Eileen) will be on the WOR-TV program very soon. That's channel 9 in the New York City area. There will be repeat broadcasts later. Some of the sisters expect to videotape the event.

Every so often, Tri-Ess gets mentioned in newspapers or magazines. This time it is the magazine FORUM, Sept issue, which mentions our name and address. One of our sisters from Arizona, Julie, AZ-200-M wrote a nice letter which was published on page 107. As a result we have received a number of letters of request for information about the sorority. Have you written any magazine lately?

Mary Ann, IL-203-B, was on the Hugh Donahue program recently and she says that they have received hundreds of letters from crossdressers and interested people. Already this office has heard from a number of the per-

sons who initially wrote Mary Ann and it looks like we will be receiving many new members. CHI chapter, of which Mary Ann is President, is handling the details of this publicity scope and has thus helped your Editor very much! They have written a letter to each person who wrote and then referred such parties to the national office, where your Editor sent them specific material dealing with membership. Mary Ann is also scheduled to go on television in other cities. We are truly indebted to Mary Ann and Leslie, IL-324-B, for appearing on the Donahue Show. In addition, we thank all those members of CHI chapter for helping with the details of the follow-up. You can see what happens when people want to get involved.

Vicki, UT-100-W, tells us that she was recently in a library and picked up a book on criminal justice. In the section under "deviant behavior," there are listed several categories of transvestism. The writer says that the true crossdresser dresses completely all the time and finds employment as a female. The writer also placed in another category the occasional crossdresser who supposedly dresses once or twice a month and such occasions for dressing up usually correspond to the female menstrual cycle. Really! That's the chuckle for today. So you can see that the experts are usually crazy as usual.

A project which has been needing attention for some time is that of our acquiring our own Board of Medical and Scientific Experts -- psychologists, psychiatrists, and others who would deal with crossdressing. From time to time we hear from Abbey VanBuren or Ann Landers on the subject of crossdressing. What she usually says (which is usually wrong), she backs up by referring to her "experts." Your Editor believes that if we could develop our

own experts on the subject of crossdressing, we would be able to make headway against incorrect statements about us. We need the power-punch of competent people in the field of crossdressing who will tend to back up some of the things we say and, at least, knock down what has been said by other "experts" who are not expert at all. But unless we counter what is being said, we can't gain any when the writers refer to their experts. I know that we have several psychologists and at least one psychiatrist as Tri-Ess members. Perhaps they might help. But, regardless who we end up with on the "Board," we need people to START the ball rolling. Any volunteers????

Lori OH-200-K, writes, asking that I put the following questions to our members who have taken female hormones:

1. What type of hormone preparation did they take and for how long?
2. What effects both physically and psychologically, did the hormones have on them? Was their reaction to taking hormones either positive or negative - would they recommend it to their sisters?

I think it is a good idea but rather than writing to Lori, how about writing to your Editor concerning your experiences and answers to the above questions. It would be good to show the answers to our readers. It would certainly be educational; Let's hear from you girls who have taken the hormones.

Gloria Ann VA-213-W, who heads up the "Couples Auxiliary," says that she is most grateful that Alice FL-301-M and her wife, have been most helpful in developing this auxiliary for Tri-Ess couples. Gloria Ann says that Alice has been indispensable in building up the auxiliary and that our members need to be aware of this. Thanks, Alice and Connie!!

Rec'd a letter from the Pearl River Public Library asking for literature concerning cross-

dressings. We're getting there.

Also thanks to Enid, NV-10-S, who wrote a great letter to Ann Landers, mentioning the sorority and its address. This does help. Others, including your Editor have written Ann and her sister Abby. For your information we do get letters indicating that the source of reference was "Dear Abby." This is good progress!

We received a nice letter from Mariette Pathy Allen, a commercial photographer. In her letter, she mentions that she has been the official photographer for Fantasia Fair and in 1982, in FORUM, her article appeared on wives of crossdressers. She has teamed up with a writer and they are planning to write several articles and, eventually, a book concerning crossdressing. She is looking for couples who can be photographed together and someone, or a couple, who can be photographed at home, in a candid way. She also is available for portrait sessions for our sisters. Write to Mariette at [redacted] New York City, 10024.

I have asked a sister to lead the way in developing the next annual Holiday En Femme to be held a year from this fall. The place will most likely be in Canada although the sites seem to be jumping around between Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec. Please start thinking about this Holiday in Canada. You have a year but it shouldn't be put off. I already have several letters from sisters who are interested in going. Please drop your Editor a note if you, too, are interested. When I receive word from the sister back east, who was asked to handle this project, I will have more information for you.

I still receive letters from people, asking for information and who found us through the file card we use in the index section of the library.

We note that in Lincoln,

Nebraska, four men were issued citations for being dressed as women. Dressing in clothing of the opposite sex is prohibited by an ordinance in Lincoln.

We are sorry to tell you that Frances ME-1-G, passed away in January. She was an active member of the sorority even at her advanced age. May she be permitted to wear dresses in heaven!

Another project that is certainly needed is a manual with the title, "How To Start Your Own Tri-Ess Chapter." How about some of you leaders starting something and then work on it to refine it. We have a number of sisters who ask for help in starting a chapter. Who will help?

Thanks to Cindy CT-101-V for donating crossdressing books to her public library. She says it was a good suggestion and it is effective.

Then we have a letter from Susan VA-5-R who says that she has found, through correspondence, that a number of sisters enjoy being quite boxum on occasion. She would very much enjoy writing to sisters with similar interests. She is interested in learning where such individuals buy clothes, foundations, how they accomplish the buxom effect, etc. She will respond to each letter and also exchange pictures.

I talked with the attorney who is going to incorporate the Society into a non-profit organization. Things have been going slow in this matter, but I am pushing the attorney and his secretary.

I received a letter from a nice friend of Tri-Ess who has a Tv friend who has a number of older dresses that she'd like to dispose of. Most are size 36 or so and most are silks, crinolines, taffetas, etc. There's also a number of wedding dresses. The gal has been accumulating these items for many years. There are also lots of the big, full, stiff square-dance dresses

and skirts and petticoats. This gal is getting on in age and would like to pass the things along. So, write to: P Davenport, Box 345, Bloomfield, Ca 92316. Thanks Velvet.

Beth CA-311-M is working on a leader's handbook. This might be similar to what I was describing above, but I am not sure if Beth is still working on the handbook.

Your Editor wrote to Glamour Magazine in the spring because of some misinformation about crossdressing. I received a nice letter that indicated that my letter, brochure and other items which were sent, were circulated to appropriate editors of the magazine including Glamour's Editor-in-chief. They promised to be more careful when writing about crossdressing in the future.

Mary Ann, IL-203-B, is going to start a shoe-exchange club. It will be for sizes 10½ and larger. She is going to call it Mary Ann's Shoe Exchange. She says that it will cost only if you sell or buy and that will be 50 cents per pair. She will need a black-and-white picture closeup of each pair. She will also need the color, and whether the shoes are leather, fabric or plastic and the original cost. She would also like to know what the person would like for them and what kind of treatment the shoes have had. Write to Mary Ann at: Mary Ann, Box 2055, Desplaines, Ill 60018.

I guess that all crossdressers went to see Tootsie. I did. In fact, Norma and I were late and we were roaring down Mooney Blvd on the way out of town in order to go to Visalia. Well, it was somewhat foggy and I was REALLY going fast. In fact, I was going to fast to see Tootsie that I passed a Highway Patrol car. I didn't see it until I was right up on it - in the other lane. I told him I was in a hurry to see Tootsie, but I guess he was not a crossdresser because he gave me a ticket. Nasty man!

I am happy to tell you that Donna (IL-11-S) has volunteered to take on an administrative position with National Headquarters; She will now be responsible for the general membership records, specifically dealing with taking care of renewals and new members. The task of doing all the paper work with new members is most involved and your Editor and National Leader thanks Donna for undertaking this work and also for taking a big load off of my shoulders. Donna came out to California about a week ago and worked with me in relation to her new assignment.

Donna also has volunteered to assume the permanent position of Chairwoman of a committee which will handle the National Convention each year. We have a number of sisters who have expressed a desire to assist the Chairwoman so Donna will be working with these sisters soon. We tentatively are going to either Ottawa or Toronto, Canada next fall. You girls who are interested in spending four or five days, living as girls, might drop Donna a note. Please do not put this off. The girls in the Eastern U.S. should especially consider attending this Tri-Ess event.

And talk about getting help, Marlene, who was helping about the office from time to time and who is an Administrative Assistant, has volunteered to take on the development of chapters. She is especially interested in those areas which have a sufficient number of sisters who could start a chapter. You will hear from her. Already she has purchased a large map and put pins in the map, representing our members. This gives her a picture of where our members live. She's really excited about this.

Both of these jobs, now about to be performed by other sisters, have taken much work off of my shoulders. There is still the matter of finding one to do the typesetting. The reason that I need to locate some one around here is that this IBM Composing Machine is absolutely necessary for the typesetting. Donna tried it on her computer but couldn't get much smaller type than 10 or 11 pts and the letters were too far apart. In addition, I can go down to 8 pt type, like what you see in the Directory supplements.

And that brings me to the next subject: The Directory. As soon as this issue of the Femme Mirror goes to press, I am going to start on the Directory. Sooooo, you gals who want to change pictures, your profile or whatever, should get new pictures and profiles to me. I intend to go full blast with it so if what you read or see about yourself is not what you want, please do something about it - get me new pictures and profiles. Make the profiles read similar to the samples which you see in the Directory supplements.

ATTENTION: Writers of future articles for the Femme Mirror are requested to submit a quality picture of themselves to accompany their article. Your Editor believes that a picture of the writer of a particular article enhances the article. It is not that you HAVE to submit the picture, but your article will be that much better with a picture of yourself at the start of the article.

Getting Our Story

INTO PRINT

JULIE [REDACTED] Mo-204-D

During the past year an aggressive Tri-Ess publicity campaign was started, thanks to initial efforts by Ruthann [REDACTED]z and other sisters in the upper Midwest, who developed a set of newspaper publicity materials and contacted eight daily papers in their area. From this pilot project, two stories appeared (in Green Bay, Wisconsin and Rockford, Illinois). Both of these articles were based on a sample story written by Ruthann, and a "live" interview between the newspaper reporter and a local Tri-Ess sister.

In the February, 1982, issue of Femme Mirror, Ruthann reported the results of the pilot project. She asked if another sister was willing to take it over and build a full-scale publicity program based on this successful start. In an exchange of correspondence with Ruthann and Carol Beecroft, I volunteered to become the National Publicity Director for Tri-Ess. On November 19, 1982, I submitted my first progress report to Carol and was delighted to learn that she is reproducing part of it in this issue.

WHAT IS PUBLICITY?

According to Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, publicity is

"an act or device designed to gain public attention;
specifically, information issued as a means of attracting
public interest."

Note the two words that I italicized for emphasis. Information, presented accurately and honestly, is absolutely essential to attract the public's interest in crossdressing and the plight of TV's in our society. Without accurate information, the old myths about TVism will persist. But, by openly

telling our story, we can increase general awareness of crossdressing and correct many of the misunderstandings. And, just as important, we need to get the word about Tri-Ess out to other TV's, especially those who are closeted and needing social contact with like-minded people. It's a great way to help our Sorority grow!

NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY

Ruthann's pilot project was aimed at newspaper publicity. Print media, especially newspapers, are probably the best place for us to begin bringing our story to the attention of a large audience quickly, easily, and with few complications. Why?

1. Newspapers are readily available to every Tri-Ess member and are read by more people than are magazines.
2. Newspapers, dailies in particular, have a constant need for a vast amount of new information to share with their readers. Magazines publish only a limited number of articles per year and competition for space is fierce.
3. Newspapers have a "local" clientele. Their editors are more approachable and open to suggestions or contributions from readers (Tri-Ess sisters). Magazines depend largely upon professional writers and "name" personalities.
4. Tri-Ess sisters can easily and safely participate in placing newspaper articles (personally contacting an editor or granting a private interview to a reporter). The risks to personal security and confidentiality are almost zero in comparison to working with other media (radio, television, public speaking, or personal appearances).

WHAT YOU CAN DO TO HELP

The success of this program depends on YOU, the members of Tri-Ess. Newspaper editors are much more interested in receiving the Press Packet from you, a reader and resident of the area, than from some National Tri-Ess leader hundreds of miles away. The procedure outlined for you in the "Tip Sheet" is relatively simple, requires a minimum investment of your time, and assures you maximum confidentiality and security. So -- here's what we need YOU to do!

1. ORDER PRESS PACKETS and indicate your interest in helping with the program. Use the loose "tip in" sheet in this issue of Femme Mirror. Send it to Carol. She will forward it to me and I will send you the number of packets you need.
2. Deliver Press Packets to newspapers in your area and help get a story in print, following the suggestions outlined in the "Tip Sheet" you receive.
3. If possible, make yourself available for an interview. If you are unable to be interviewed, try to locate another sister near you -- or contact me (you'll have my mailing address when you receive the Press Packets) and I'll try to help find someone for an interview. EVEN IF YOU CAN'T BE INTERVIEWED, WE NEED YOU TO MAKE CONTACT WITH NEWSPAPERS!

JUST THE BEGINNING

The words from a recent popular song seem appropriate: "We've only just begun!" Through newspapers, we have the opportunity to tell our story in every community where a Tri-Ess sister lives. But, as you can see from the progress report in this issue, we plan to develop a full-scale public relations program that will eventually include radio, television, public speaking,

and other opportunities to spread the word about Tri-Ess and create better understanding among the general public about transvestism.

I'll have more to say about these plans in the next issue of Femme Mirror. For now, please order copies of the Press Packet and help us by getting in touch with your local newspaper editors. Good luck to you -- to all of us!

JULIE [REDACTED]



PRESS PACKETS AVAILABLE

To help Tri-Ess members with contacting editors and getting newspaper articles in print, a Press Packet was originally produced by Ruthann. The packet has been expanded and refined by me, and is now available for distribution by Tri-Ess members. The Press Packet contains two kinds of materials.

1. Materials to deliver to a newspaper editor:

- * A cover letter, signed by Carol Beecroft, explaining the need for publicity about crossdressing and Tri-Ess.
- * An original feature story, written by Ruthann, including photos of three consenting Tri-Ess members. This story could be printed as is by a newspaper, but our intent is that it will be used by a reporter as background for writing his or her own story.
- * Photocopies of the two articles that have already appeared in the Green Bay and Rockford newspapers.

2. Materials for Tri-Ess members:

- * A "Tip Sheet" outlining a step-by-step approach to take in contacting editors, delivering the Press Packet, and assisting with getting the story in print. It tells you how to grant an interview, how to locate another sister to do an interview if you can't, and the key points to make in an interview.
- * An "Information Form" to be completed and returned to me. The information you provide on this form will help me keep accurate records to measure the scope and success of the program, and will assist me in helping you locate other sisters near you who are willing to be interviewed.

KATHLEEN GETS OUT IN THE SUN

By Julie [REDACTED] 1 (MO-204-D)

Exposure to the sun usually results in a beautiful golden tan or a painful red burn. But in Kathleen's case it resulted in sharing information about transvestism and the work of Tri-Ess Sorority with some 100,000 residents of Edmonton, Alberta, several of whom responded with personal letters or phone calls.

Sound confusing? Let me explain! Kathleen (FCA-2-H) is a Tri-Ess member living in Edmonton. The "sun" is the Edmonton Sun, the morning daily and Sunday paper with circulation of 100,000. Thanks to Kathleen's efforts in cooperation with our Tri-Ess Public Relations Program, not one but two articles appeared in the Sun -- January 23 and 24, 1983.

But I'm getting ahead of the story. Kathleen has shared the details of her experience in hopes of stimulating other Tri-Ess sisters to duplicate her success.

Monday, November 22

Having requested and received two press packets from Tri-Ess, Kathleen mailed them to the features editors of the Sun and the Journal (Edmonton's evening paper). Still no response from the Journal, which Kathleen describes as having "a very conservative editorial policy."

Saturday, January 3

Receiving no response from her mailing, Kathleen wrote a follow-up letter to both newspapers, enclosing a photograph of herself and offering to be available for an interview. She included her male name, address, and phone number, inviting the editors to contact her.

Thursday, January 13

Kathleen received a phone call from Lyndsay Clark, lifestyles reporter for the Sun, wanting to do a story. An interview appointment was set for the following week at the Sun office.

The friendly tone of genuine interest in Ms. Clark's voice was a welcome surprise. In Kathleen's words, "I was prepared for the worst sort of encounter with some grizzled, no-nonsense, white-haired, old editor in order to get the article published. Since this was the first interview I have ever given on TVism, I felt particularly fortunate to be interviewed by a reporter who was so sensitive and understanding."

Tuesday, January 18

Kathleen's "brother" arrived at the Sun offices shortly after work. "I was prepared beforehand to be interviewed while dressed," Kathleen admits, but there wasn't enough time to make the change.

Ms. Clark showed Kathleen into a private office where the next 90 minutes would be spent in a completely confidential interview. "I soon felt relaxed by Lyndsay's intelligent, professional approach and I enjoyed her pleasant company."

They talked about how Kathleen got started crossdressing; if there were other TVs in Edmonton; facts about job, marriage and family; the work and objectives of Tri-Ess. Ms. Clark was interested in the titles of books and other sources of information about transvestism, and Kathleen supplied them.

To enhance the interview since she couldn't be dressed, Kathleen gave Ms. Clark fifteen color photos of herself, showing her progression over the past five years. She also supplied several black and white photos for publication, two of which were printed with the articles.

Photographs add interest to an article. If at all possible, interviewees should supply several black and white photos, or arrange to have some taken by a photographer from the newspaper during the interview or at another time.

Kathleen asked that her real name, address, and place of work not be used in the article. This was honored! The paper even used a different male name and covered the eyes in the photos to protect Kathleen from being recognized.

Sunday, January 23

The first article was printed in the Sun. It treated the history and present status of Kathleen's TVism, liberally sprinkled with direct quotes. Kathleen shared how she feels when dressed, her experience shopping for her wardrobe, and getting together with TV friends from Calgary (up to this time she knew of no other TVs in Edmonton). Tri-Ess was identified as the source for additional information.

Monday, January 24

The second article featured an interview with Leonard Clemmensen, research coordinator for the Clark Institute Gender Identity Clinic in Toronto. Again, direct quotes from Kathleen were sprinkled throughout the article. Some of the points covered included:

- Society condemns men who dress in women's clothes, but not women who favor men's styles.
- Transvestism is not uncommon, and is found among every economic group and educational level.
- Transvestites differ in orientation from transsexuals; most TVs are heterosexual.

- Transvestites have difficulty sharing their "secret" with others, even their loved ones, for fear of ridicule and reprisal.
- Many complex factors are involved in triggering one's desire to crossdress.
- The staff of the Gender Identity Clinic attempts to separate the various categories of gender identity confusion for counseling.
- There are no adequate, acceptable means of therapy to stop someone from being a transvestite.

In regard to this last point, a quote from Mr. Clemmensen is enlightening: "The opinion of most people working in therapy, and the objective of that therapy, is almost always to encourage the patient to accept the condition and learn to adapt and live with it."

Results!

For Kathleen, the experience more resembled the vibrant glow of a healthy suntan, rather than the painful embarrassment of a harsh burn. The personal satisfaction of being interviewed, of helping get ^{an} article in print, and of furthering the influence of Tri-Ess has been rewarding.

Kathleen has also made contact with other TVs living in Edmonton. The Sun received about five phone calls a day the week following publication, plus several letters -- and they're still coming in! Lyndsay Clark passes these communications on to Kathleen, many containing phone numbers of people wanting more information and TVs who want to meet others like them in the community. The paper even received a call from a theater group preparing a play for late February in which one character is a TV!

Carol Beecroft reports that over a dozen inquiries have already been received at the Tri-Ess national office in response to the Edmonton articles.

A Final Touch of Class

Kathleen wrote to say, "Yesterday morning (January 24) I sent Lyndsay Clark a thank-you note and some roses in appreciation for her sensitive interview and the excellent account of our conversation." Now that is excellent public relations!

Thank you, Kathleen, for your excellent work. And thank you, Lyndsay Clark, for your interest and your sensitive writing. Let's hope that many more of our sisters have the same sweet taste of success that Kathleen did!

From The Hartford Courant , Hartford Ct.
April 10, 1983

THE DUAL LIVES OF MEN WHO DRESS AS
WOMEN By Karen Mamone, Staff Writer

The three people who sit in the small living room of this Hartford apartment introduce themselves as Debby, Veronica and Cindy.

Debby is the most flamboyant of the trio, with a blonde bouffant hairdo, slinky, pink-striped dress and black-stockinged legs in spike heels. Veronica wears a low-cut sleeveless dress that reveals both cleavage and muscular biceps. By comparison, Cindy looks like the girl next door in an Indian print blouse, ruffled cotton skirt and clogs.

But Cindy is the boy next door. He is a soft-spoken, 26 year old Hartford man named Mark. Veronica was born Arthur. Debby's driver's license reads John. The three are transvestites.

Transvestism is the act of crossdressing in which one sex wears the clothes of the other. The term, however, is almost always applied only to men who dress as women. Psychiatrists consider it a deviant psychological disorder among heterosexual men. To the transvestite himself, cross-dressing is more a way of expressing the feminine side of his personality than a source of sexual pleasure. Neither the Psychiatrist nor the transvestite really understands the why of transvestism. Attempts to "cure" it are usually unsuccessful, counsellors and researchers say.

Charles "virginia" Prince, a biochemist who started TRANSVESTIA Magazine says that there are four million male transvestites in the United States. It is impossible to say how many live in the Hartford area. Most crossdress only in private, although some transvestites, including Arthur and John, occasionally go out in public, sometimes to gay bars, where they are less likely to cause a stir. For some, succeeding in passing as a woman is their greatest challenge.

Virtually all must live a secret life to some extent. There is always the fear of rejection or harassment by an employer, a parent, a wife, a friend. For many there is little chance of finding someone who will understand or approve.

Canon Clinton Jones of Christ Church Cathedral in Hartford has been counseling sexual minorities in the Hartford area for nearly 20 years. He has a stack of index cards about 4 inches thick recording the cases of transvestites he has seen.

The transvestite, Jones says, "is a male with dual identity that is a mixture of feminine and masculine characteristics. He probably will live his whole life as male. He often functions sexually as a male. He's John, but he's also Joan. Often he has a compulsion to crossdress because Joan can best

be dealt with by cross-dressing. How well they function varies a great deal."

Mark has struggled with transvestism much of his life. He has worked for the past four years in a suburban warehouse - a job that involves mostly physical labor. When he was 3 or 4 years old, his mother dressed him as a little girl as a form of punishment. At 6 he started dressing in his sister's clothes. When he was 11, he began a pattern of periodic crossdressing that persisted for many years. After a miserable month or two of abstaining, he'd give in and then hate himself and feel guilty.

In the beginning, he says, he was sexually aroused by dressing in women's clothes, but not any longer. At first he thought he was a homosexual, but he now has decided that he isn't.

When he was 21, he lived with a woman for two years. After three months he told her that he was a transvestite. She thought his crossdressing was a phase he says, but when the relationship ended badly, she threatened to tell co-workers he was a transvestite.. He became very angry and hostile.

Mark no longer wants to change, and more and more has come to accept his transvestism. Some of his friends know, and he has two female neighbors who are not offended when he crossdresses.

For a while he wanted to figure it out.

"I thought that if I understood it, I could change it," he says. "I still don't really understand."

Cindy appeared about 1½ years ago. As Mark got more in touch with the female side of his nature, he wanted it to have a name. Cindy is happier and more understanding than Mark, he says. Mark gets outraged by things that Cindy can deal with.

Cindy wears her hair, curly hair, the same way Mark does or sometimes wears an auburn wig done in a simple pageboy. Her dress and makeup style can be seen on any college campus. Her nails are polished a dusty rose.

Clothes and makeup come from mailorder houses or from stores. Selecting clothing is more difficult if you can't try it on first. Sometimes a woman friend helps him shop.

Mark crossdresses 3 or 4 times a week -- whenever he has the hour or more it takes to get ready. It is time-consuming and sometimes painful to shave his legs and sometimes his forearms and upper chest, to pluck his eyebrows and put on makeup. It is also very pleasurable, he says. The happiness of transforming himself to his feminine side comes over him like a wave, Mark says.

Mark is angry that he's expected to conform to other people's idea of acceptable behavior. He says that when he goes a while without dressing as a woman, he feels "not himself" -- less at ease, more aloof, more impatient, harder to get along with.

To Mark, Cindy is "just another side of myself."

The cause of transvestism remains largely a mystery to the medical profession and to transvestites themselves.

Says Mark: "TV's do not fully understand why they feel the intense need to dress in feminine clothing. They only know for them it is an important aspect of being a whole person."

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders of the American Psychiatric Association, the official sourcebook for psychiatrists, classifies transvestism as a perversion -- a psycho-sexual disorder with strong fetishistic overtones. Transvestism is listed as a disorder in which "heterosexual Males, often who maintain hypermasculine characters and jobs, dress as women on a regular basis. The activity is sexual in aim, as an adjunct to masturbation or coitus."

Dr John H. Felber, a psychiatrist who serves on the screening panel of Mt. Sinai Hospital's Gender Identity Clinic, says transvestism is "an expression of immature, non-integrated sexuality which is fixated at an early level." The cause, he says, is "possibly biological."

While doctors have reported some success in using behavior modification techniques to eliminate the desire to crossdress, neither Felber nor Jones feels it is a condition they would try to cure "cure."

"It shouldn't be treated at all unless the transvestite feels anxious, or depressed or guilty about it," Felber says.

"I can see no problem, there's nothing immoral in it," Jones says. "It's no sin. Sin is separation; what we do to hurt ourselves and separate ourselves from God."

"What we are dealing with is a variant," Jones says. "It is the same as all variants in nature. Hermaphroditism is a variant. There are physical anomalies, and there are emotional anomalies. They are all children of God."

Many transvestites agree.

"Transvestites are not sick, psychologically disturbed, or morally depraved," Mark says. "They dress to experience a sense of comfort, release from tension, and inner peace."

"We're not perverts," says John, a bookish-looking 30 year old bachelor who holds a management position in a suburban construction firm. "We're harmless, not out to hurt anyone. We're not into sadism or anything. People lump all sexual abnormalities together and assume they're all mentally ill."

John's other side is Debby, a flashy seductive blonde who wears ankle bracelets and open-toe high-heels. He describes himself as a bi-sexual who is probably a latent transsexual. "I'd probably be happier as a woman. If I was 10 years younger, I might consider it (surgery) more seriously."

For Arthur, 35, the manager of a store, cross-dressing is the way "the feminine side of me is

expressing itself. I think we all have both, and I feel the need to express it."

Arthur is a tall, powerfully built man who has been married 10 years and who is the father of two children. Veronica, his other side, is a dark-haired, sultry type who has a taste for garter belts and low-cut dresses.

"As Veronica I can put on a less threatening, less destructive character," Arthur says.

In some states, although not in Connecticut, it is illegal for a man to appear in public dressed as a woman. Both Veronica and Debby like to, and have gone out in public in women's clothing.

"I like to feel accepted, without people starting at me, like I'm just a regular person," Veronica says. Debby thinks "just sitting around in a room" full of other TV's is "still hiding."

A transvestite's greatest fear is being misunderstood and ridiculed by others, especially close friends and family, Mark says. "It isn't easy for us to reveal our transvestism to others."

Because of their relative openness, Mark and his friends are atypical. The majority of transvestites are similar to a man Jones recalls counseling several years ago. He was an engineer with a degree from an Ivy League school who had been married for 25 years. He had three children and all the trappings of success - a lovely home, a summer place, two cars and a boat. Every Thursday night was "Daddy's night at home." He dressed as a woman and walked around his house alone, sometimes taking pictures of himself. No one knew. For him, being a transvestite was no great problem.

Based on those he has counseled, Jones describes a typical transvestite as a middle-class, married man with friends and position who crossdresses a few times a week. Most of these men aren't being treated for transvestism. Transvestites who seek treatment specifically for crossdressing are those who have been found out - a man whose wife has threatened divorce unless he seeks counseling.

Felber says that the rare transvestite who seeks treatment is likely to find either a psychoanalytical approach aimed at understanding the causes of the behavior; a behavior modification method of treatment, which focuses on eliminating the behavior, or a cause of therapy aimed at eliminating a transvestite's guilt. Felber favors the final category.

Felber thinks transvestites shouldn't be married because they basically are narcissistic and incapable of a mature relationship with another person. The transvestite is "endlessly in love with his own person, body and sex," he says. Jones, however, feels that a transvestite can have a happy marriage and constructive relationships.

The Society For The Second Self also known as Tri-Ess (our address) supports heterosexual male crossdressers and attempts to foster greater understanding and acceptance of them. Organizers say that members of Tri-Ess represent a cross-section

of society: all races, ages, occupations, income levels. Tri-Ess has about 600 members. Tri-Ess chapters are organized across the country. The meetings resemble a typical suburban house-party, featuring a guest speaker or demonstrations on using cosmetics, styling hair or buying clothes.

The majority of transvestites, however, will never become involved in an organization like Tri-Ess. Mt Sinai's Felber says about 85 percent of all crossdressers keep it a private matter. The transvestite who becomes involved in transvestite organizations is rare, he says.

Mark says he wants to set up a Tri-Ess chapter in the Hartford area because the organization has helped him accept himself and to share his secret with some close friends. He says he found that he has less to fear than he had expected.

Like John, Mark often wonders what it would be like to spend his whole life as a woman. "I have thought about it, it's hard to say. There really isn't a whole lot I like about being a man."

A SECRET IN THE CLOSET, Male Transvestite Longs To Meet Others In Edmonton. By Lindsay Clark, Lifestyle writer for the Edmonton Sun, January 25th, 1983.

James has a secret.

He's a \$50,000 a year professional who holds degrees in business and engineering. He's the divorced father of two young daughters, and he owns a home in an area of Edmonton where quarter-of-a-million dollar price tags on houses are not uncommon.

He's a well-groomed, good looking man in his early 40's with a charming smile and manner.

And he likes to dress up in women's clothing.

James is a heterosexual transvestite, a "Cross-dresser," and although he's never met them, he believes that there are many more men like him in Edmonton.

"I think my interest in dressing probably goes back to before school," he says. "I was about 5 years old, and I can remember getting dressed up in my mother's skirt and blouse, and putting on her nylons to parade around the house in front of my family. Of course, they all thought it was a big joke and laughed about it.

During my teenage years I remember I always admired and was interested in girl's fashions, the new hairstyles and things like that, but I never bought anything for myself. It really didn't surface until after my divorce."

James was married for nearly 11 years and is the father of two girls who are not yet in their teens. His wife left him within six weeks of confess-

ing she'd met another man, and the separation and divorce hit him hard.

The breakup of the marriage, he points out quickly, had nothing to do with his crossdressing. "I guess my wife just got bored," he said. "She was an attractive woman and I used to like to buy her clothes, although....." - he laughs - "she quite often didn't appreciate my taste. I never bought anything I could wear myself, and she never knew of my desire to dress."

James was granted custody of his daughters, but an appeal court later handed the responsibility over to his ex-wife. The girls adore their father, and spend many of their school holidays with him.

"I'd been divorced for about 18 months when I started dressing fully," he said. "I had half an empty closet, so I bought myself a women's nightgown. I will admit that when I first started dressing, it must be 5 years ago, it was sexually exciting, stimulating, to see myself that way, to feel the fabrics next to my body. But that phase passed fairly quickly.."

Initially, he harbored doubts and anxieties about what he was doing. "When I first started I thought 'Jeez, is this right? Guys don't do this.' But I felt at the time it was really a part of me. I guess the divorce really made me examine myself, my career, what I wanted out of life, and I found there really was a part of me that was feminine."

"I don't really go for all this macho stuff. I like cooking, I like looking after my girls, washing their clothes and sewing, just things you have to do with children. I like it."

James is a member of Tri-Ess, a U.S. based Society for heterosexual transvestites. Through the Society (address given later) he has made contact with four members from Calgary, all married, professional men. They get together on weekends, wives, too, and the chance to "be themselves" is great, he said.

James confines his dressing to weekends, simply because it takes him 2 or 3 hours to shave his body, dress and put on his makeup. He's not afraid of buying his clothes in stores because salesclerks tend to assume he's looking for something for his wife and their offers of help are profuse. Occasionally he will dress and go window shopping, but he generally avoids going out in public because he worries that something like his voice, the size of his hands or his facial features may give him away.

"Psychiatrists say we're not really that strange, but of course not everybody would feel that way about crossdressers," he said. "I don't expect everybody to see my point of view and know there will be those who say, 'He's some kind of queer.' Then again, there will be others who believe I have a right to a private life, whatever it involves."

Regardless, James has no intention of ever giving up his dressing.

"I often think that if I was to get married

again, I could never stop dressing. My wife would have to understand that this is a part of me. I could never get rid of all my clothes, I would just never do it. It's a part of me that's really . . . I don't know how to say it, it's just part of me. I could never put it back or repress it. I would go crazy if I could not dress.

"It's a relaxing feeling. I feel good - it's an easy, gentle, sort of feeling. For me, it's an expression of the way that I feel. It's not abnormal."

TRANVESTITE: Loneliness Is Pricetag For Escaping Masculinity

The NEWS-SUN, Lake County, Illinois, Friday, May 20, 1983, By Maryann Dadisman, Staff writer

Tonight his name is John. But that's not always the case. Every so often, when he feels the need to "escape" he calls himself Jane. And he puts on Jane's clothes, Jane's wig and Jane's makeup, and he softens his voice, crosses his legs just so and he becomes - a woman.

But tonight he's John., and as he sits at a booth in a small neighborhood restaurant in Waukegan, his hands shake so badly he nearly spills his glass of beer. "I gotta tell you I'm really scared," he says under his breath, watching the innocent diners around him as if he expects them to see his secret.

But they see only a nervous man, because to look at John you'd never guess. He gives away nothing in his walk or the way he talks or the way he dresses.

He hasn't told his parents or his friends or the people he works with. And even though he's been married for almost 10 years, not even his wife knows that John is a transvestite - a man who likes, indeed needs, to dress up in women's clothing.

While the story was his idea, he's now having second thoughts about going through with it. And if he does, nobody, he repeats, nobody must know it's him.

The natural question is, why do it? Why take the risk?

At first he gives only part of the answer. He says he wants to tell his story to let others like him know they are not alone, let them know they have friends. But the other reason comes out later.

Long after the restaurant meeting, when John is feeling more relaxed, he explained: "There's a thing about knowing I'm really good at hiding it and sometimes I get to thinking, 'Boy, I'm really cool.' I'm pulling all this off and there's nobody,

other than the people I particularly choose, that know anything about it."

So eventually it becomes clear that for John, the risk in itself is a kick.

John was 13 when he first dressed as a woman - in his mother's clothes - but he'd been thinking about it for a long time - perhaps as far back as when he was only 4 years old.

"Towards middle grade school, it kind of fades away into the background. But it's always there haunting you - the idea of experimenting with it..... About the time you start getting interested in girls, the whole thing starts coming back. You have a dual interest - you're interested in girls, but you're also interested in everything else about them."

What John claims he is not interested in - never has been interested in - is boys. His own fear of being a homosexual dogged himself throughout his early life. . It is something he now vehemently denies.

John was 16 when his mother discovered he'd been wearing her clothes and confronted him with questions about his sexual inclination.

"Even though I was always very careful putting everything back, my mother knew when something was out of place," said John. "I think I tore something and she really nailed me to the cross about it - 'Are you some kind of queer?' - really made me feel bad about it."

Later, when she found a stack of women's magazines, "which she treated as though she'd found a bunch of girlie magazine," she sent him off to see the family priest.

"The priest told me right off I was wrong. 'You're supposed to grow up and be a man and a man doesn't do this.' Of course I was very frightened and I made my confessions.....But the more I grew up and learned about gays, the more I thought, 'Hey, this doesn't fit.'

"I never heard the word transvestite until I was in the navy. I found another psych book and saw a funny, tongue-twisting word and I thought, 'My God, they're about me!' I couldn't even pronounce the word."

It was the first proof John had that he was not alone with this particular secret. "I remember I was so shocked for quite awhile that there was a label for someone like me. Every once in awhile it would pop into my mind and I would either have a feeling of fear or hysterical laughter. It just.....You think, why me? Out of all the people in the world, why me?And then, there's never really an answer for that."

At a second meeting, in a conference room at the newspaper, John is more relaxed. In his mid-40's, he looks a good 10 years younger. He is a machine repairman and has just gotten off work. His hands are still red and raw from a meticulous scrubbing.

He is dressed in blue jeans and a long-sleeved

pullover - what he calls his "liberal" look. He confides that his wife would like to see him cultivate a more masculine wardrobe, but he prefers unisex styles. "I look at what women wear casually and if it looks nice on them I'll pick that out for myself."

John wants to make it clear he has no desire to be a woman - just to dress like one. Given a choice he said, he would be born again as a man - "mainly 'cause I can't imagine myself making love to a guy. I don't understand why women do it. But if I could come back anyway I wanted I would rather have a build that's more androgynous, so I could pass either way without any problem."

Born and raised in Lake county, John's childhood was no more or less remarkable than anyone else's. He was a self-proclaimed punk in high school. He dated casually, drove a hot rod around town and wondered to himself what he should do with the rest of his life.

From all outside appearances, he led a very normal life. But secreted away in hiding places he had meticulously sculpted between the insulation and the electrical wiring beneath the walls and underneaty his bedroom floorboards, John kept the trappings of his other self. And when no one was home he surreptitiously brought it all out, and standing before his bedroom mirror he worked on improving what he now likes to call his "sister."

Among transvestites, the proper term is called "crossdressing," and John now talks about it as his hobby. In fact he belongs to a club of heterosexual crossdressers. Members refer to themselves by feminine names and call their club a sorority. It is formally known as the Society For The Second Self, or Tri-Ess. They used to call themselves Tri-Sigma until a bonafide college sorority voiced its objections.

John is a member of the local chapter headquartered in Des Plaines. Like all other club members, they pay dues and hold monthly meetings during which members can attend dressed as either male or female. They even have club magazines, one called *Femme Mirror* and another called *Transvestia*. The *Femme Mirror* featured such articles as "She Pierced Her Own Ears," "Nighttime Makeup," and "How To Be A Lady," with hints on how to sit, stand and hold your hands in a womanly fashion.

It also includes photos of the "girls" who range in age from their early 20's to well into their 70's.

John says he knows transvestites in the Chicago area who are psychologists, bankers, members of the clergy and even high-ranking military men. He writes to a transvestite in Texas who is a roustabout on a oil rig.

John attends meetings only occasionally. He doesn't want his wife to get suspicious. The meetings are the only time John allows his alter ego out of the house.

Normally John waits until he knows his wife

will be gone for at least a couple of hours. It takes an hour for him to dress and about 45 minutes to get everything put away - back in the secret hiding places he has built into his home.

Getting "dressed" is a ritual that is as much psychological as physical, according to John. "First I take a bath, a complete scrubdown," he said, "you know, with Calgon Bath Oil beads and all that." He shaves the hair from his arms and legs - something he explains to his wife as a medical condition.

After the bath he puts on the prostheses - padded forms which create a bustline and round out his hips. He buys them at places like Frederick's of Hollywood or shops that specialize in serving female impersonators. And at that point he does what he calls his "artwork" - the makeup.

The clothes he wears are his own. He says he'd never wear his wife's clothes, even if he could. He buys most of his outfits at department stores or places that specialize in larger sizes - always telling the clerk it is for his wife or his girlfriend.

Finally, he says, he puts on the wig. "And you take your time at this, just kind of flow into it, and as you do your personality just kind of softens out, and then you're all done and you inspect yourself in a full-length mirror until you're satisfied everything is done the way you want it to be. Then you go about your business or cleaning the house or watching television or reading the paper or listening to records - just relaxation sort of things, like washing the dishes.

"I can be my alter ego in just jeans and a sweat-shirt with all the prosthesis and the wig and makeup. I can do that and it's just as much an escape - in fact that's a good one if you're cleaning the house."

Escape is the catchword, Escape, John says, is what it's all about.

"I need to do it (dress.) It isn't that I feel bad about not doing it, but my mood deteriorates. I can hold off for a long time. The longest I've held off? About a year. But it can't last."

So far, John's carefulness has paid off. He has never been caught dressed. However, that does not mean he would not like to go out in public. "Passing" as transvestites call it, is the ultimate fantasy.

John recalled one incident with obvious delight. He was home, alone, dressed as Jane when two women came to the door. They were Jehovah's Witnesses. "I was really out of sight that day and I just had to do it," said John. "I put on my best voice and instead of just shooing them away like I would normally do, I invited them in to discuss the Bible.

"They bought the whole thing - for about three or four minutes, and then they knew. They knew exactly what was going on, and they were wondering what was going to happen next. Women are pretty hard to fool. Well, they lost interest real fast in discussing the Bible with me . . . And I was going to have a lot of fun discussing the Bible with them."

John, who is a regular churchgoer, has given a

lot of thought to the morality of what he does. "I've run out of ways to figure out where the immorality of it is. Just dressing, or going out in public dressed, if you're not doing it to attract what we call the wrong kind of attention, who can it hurt?"

A former military man, John said he joined the Navy after high school "to prove I was a man, I guess. . . . The military gave me a crash course in masculinity - learn to smoke, use your fists and never smile - only queers smile."

Now, he says, he has different ideas on masculinity. "What makes a real man or real woman are the same things - compassion, moral fiber, dependability. An article of clothing doesn't make a man or a woman."

If John has any major regret, it is that he never told his wife. "I wasn't sure if I should say anything or not. I was so terrified, it almost made me physically ill.

"A number of times I got very angry with myself and early on I would burn the stuff (women's clothes) or throw it in a dumpster. I went a year that I was completely clean . . . I just made myself so busy that I wouldn't have time for it."

However, he suspects there's a good possibility that had he told her, she would not have married him - "a very good possibility."

We have now arranged for our third and last meeting. This one will be different. It will be at John's home. And he has agreed to get "dressed."

The house is unremarkable. It is your basic neat, 1950's ranch-style house. The wife is gone for the evening, and only the dog is home.

Jane answers the door. She is wearing a knee-length turquoise knit dress, black pumps, pantyhose and an ash blonde wig with shoulder-length curls. No makeup. She didn't have time, she says, but that's only partly true. She is noticeably nervous again and she apologizes. With a stranger in the house, she can't quite get into her character, she says.

She sits on the edge of the couch, leaning forward. She crosses her legs and holds her hands delicately in her lap. Her voice is a modulated version of John's - softer, quieter.

The dog sniffs around a bit and then curls up on the floor. "We had another dog who did not like it at all when I got dressed," Jane says. "No, he always wanted out when I got dressed."

The dog's disapproval was a minor irritation, Jane is far more worried about what would happen if she were ever found out. Not for her own sake, but for what it would do to her job and especially her wife.

She has thought of suicide - some serious thoughts - since she was a teenager. "Whenever I get desperate I know where there's this certain bridge abutment - - -," she says; her face is smiling but her voice is not.

She has made "dry runs" and elaborate studies of accident reports. "If I do myself in, I'll make it

therapy.

Perhaps the most devastating aspect of the obsession with cross-dressing is the inherent loneliness it fosters. If the transvestite is not able to share his secret with friends or family, he usually has no one to turn to.

Among a handful of clubs that cater to cross-dressers is the Society For The Second Self, a "sorority" for heterosexual transvestites. It began in 1976 and has about 600 members with chapters nationwide.

It is a conservative organization that does not accept homosexuals, transsexuals or those obsessed with fetishes. In fact, according to one member, "The biggest things we're interested in are good family relations. We don't want to see marriages break up or see someone go off the deep end and blow their brains out. Everybody is encouraged to be good citizens and stay on the straight and narrow."

For that reason, wives and girlfriends are encouraged to attend the meetings.

Since the majority of its members are still closet dressers, security is a major factor. Most members do not give out their real names and they often use forwarding services or post office boxes for their correspondence.

For more information on the sorority, also called Tri-Ess, write to Society For The Second Self (with name of CHI chapter's president, Mary Ann in Des Plaines.)

JOURNEYING ACROSS THE GENDER LINE
At Meeting, Transvestites discuss their objectives,
By Elaine D'Aurizio, Staff Writer for The Bergen
County Record, June 14, 1983

The day Phyllis found out is indelibly etched in her mind. Ten years married, she was housecleaning when she discovered a bra and panties in the night table.

"I waited for Larry to come home, positive that there was another woman," remembers the mother of three.

"There was," admits her husband with an awkward grin.

HE was the other woman.

Shocked and confused, Phyllis ran to the library to read all she could about transvestites. "I saw the word 'homosexual' and my world caved in," she recalls. "When I found out that not all of them were gay, I still felt deceived. And it was competition. My own femininity was threatened, especially because I'm plain-looking."

At first, Larry (all names have been changed

at the request of those interviewed) assured her that it was just women's undergarments that he felt compelled to try on, but it evolved into full dress and makeup.

Twenty years later, Phyllis is now able to sit besides her husband while he is dressed at his feminine personality at the monthly meeting of the Society For The Second Self, held at the Howard Johnson Motor Lodge in Saddle Brook, N.J. Phyllis wears no makeup or jewelry, while her husband sports eye shadow, dangling earrings, spike heels, rings and bracelets.

"You try to work it out within yourself at stages," explains Phyllis. "You hide it from your children, lie, ask people not to drop in unannounced and you go for help. Finally you have to decide if you love this person enough to accept it. For me that love is there. We grew up together."

Educating wives about crossdressing is one goal of the Society For The Second Self. This particular chapter of the organization, which was formed in 1976, and has a national membership of about 400, is heterosexual. Its 28 members are from New Jersey, Connecticut, and New York. About 80% are married.

"The meetings give us a chance to let our 'femme' side come out, to dress up and be accepted, which is every TV's (transvestite's) dream," says 40 year old Ralph, hands primly folded on his blue wraparound skirt. Like several other members, Ralph is wearing high-heeled sandals that show off his toe polish.

Among themselves, the men insist on being addressed by their female names (for instance, Lynda, Marlene, and Reneta), but they don't try to mimic women's voices. "It's too difficult and serves no purpose," says Larry.

As he talks, Cameras click and makeup compact are flipped open for periodic touch-ups. "It takes a lot to turn this turkey into a swan," says Paul, a strapping 47-year-old industrial photographer who is freshening up his magenta lipstick. "There are two things a TV can't do without - a camera and a mirror."

Photos will be pasted in personal albums, the shown off like athletic trophies. "When it takes two hours to dress up, you want a picture," explains Larry, who wears heavy foundation makeup to hide his beard stubble. In group snapshots, the row of pageboy wigs, frilly blouses, high-heeled sandals look jarringly out of place on broad shoulders, thick necks and muscular legs.

Where are they to find women's clothing to fit size 11-E foot or 44 frame?

"I buy most of my 'femme' clothes at Lan Bryant," says Paul, flashing a hot-pink credit card from the women's chain that specializes in large sizes. Paul says he revealed his cross-dressing when he applied for credit: "They told me they didn't care as long as I paid my bills." The manager of his

look like an accident. Debts will all be taken care of. No loose ends. No note."

At times it has been only Jane's strong religious faith that has kept her from doing it -- that and what she calls "that final little bit of hope."

Hope for what? At one time it was "the eternal hope that I'll get over it." But now it is more likely to be the hope that with some people and in some situations, there will be an understanding of why John needs Jane, and Jane needs John.

"When I get dressed I'm somebody else," said John. "I have walked away from that guy that works all day and gets dirty and worries about paying the bills. I'm a different person to the point that once I put everything away I can't really remember what I did as that person."

"It's a tremendous diversion. It's like stepping out -- stepping out of your humdrum life, stepping away from your problems -- to be able to actually, physically step out of yourself."

And in the same issue, an accompanying article -- **CROSSDRESSING THEORIES RIFE**, By Mary Ann Dadisman.

The \$64,000 question is "Why?"

What makes an estimated 4 million American men -- 1 to 3 percent of the population -- shuck off their coats and ties and put on evening gowns and high heels?

First it's important to know what we're not talking about. These are not "drag queens" -- homosexual men who get a kick out of dressing like women in order to attract other gay men. These also are not your once-in-blue-moon males who smear lipstick on their mouths and stuff a pair of beach balls down the front of their shirts and strut around at the annual Halloween party. These are parodies of real women -- outlandish imitations of what men see as feminine.

According to Charlotte Biris, a counselor in human sexuality in St. Charles, the true transvestite is a heterosexual male who "reverses and loves and has a need to express a feminine persona."

Why they have this obsession is anybody's guess, said Biris who holds a master's degree in human sexuality and teaches at Elgin College. "It's a mystery to them (transvestites) as well as to anybody else," she said.

Several theories have been offered, including the idea that something in the male child's upbringing was responsible. There are all sorts of stories about young boys who were raised as girls or dressed

in girl's clothing by approving mothers. But Biris pointed to a recent study of transvestites which found two-thirds of them had childhoods no different than that of other young boys.

There has also been speculation that certain prenatal hormones given off by the pregnant woman while the child was still a fetus may be responsible for the odd sexual proclivity. But that, Biris said, has not been proven.

A third theory holds that because the male child, unlike the female child, must identify with the father figure, he must move away from identifying with his mother, and sometimes he can not make the break. "That too," said Biris, "is speculative."

Biris, who has worked with two groups of transvestites in the Chicago area, including the Chi chapter of the Society For The Second Self, says she thinks transvestism is almost more of a stigma than homosexuality. "Like homosexuality, I think people fear that if they say it's OK, society becomes chaotic and the institution of marriage disintegrates."

But Biris has found transvestites to be, on the whole, "very sensitive people, complicated creatures, who are more respectful of women and women's feelings than the macho type." Contrary to society's fears of what it sees as a dangerous sexual perversion, Biris claims most transvestites are "less dangerous than the average Joe-male."

The tendency among transvestite groups, she said, is to encourage members to accept their desire to dress and even share it with wives and friends. After all, Biris said, it is a compulsion -- one she added, that will "not ever go away."

It is interesting to note that there are very few cases of transvestites who are women. If they exist, said Biris, they are very, very scarce.

Dr. Allen Markle, a psychologist with the VA hospital in North Chicago, has treated five transvestite patients who wanted to give it up. According to the behavioral therapist, the number of transvestites who seek this kind of help are admittedly few. "It's not something they typically come in for help with," he said, which backs up what transvestites say themselves.

According to the co-founder of the Society For The Second Self, a transvestite named Carol Beecroft, many mental health experts do not realize that "they see only the most disturbed cross-dressers and generalize about the rest of us on that basis. Our research shows only a small minority of cross-dressers have ever sought any serious psychiatric treatment.--"

In the cases of Markle's five patients, each had been given an ultimatum by his wife -- "It goes, or I go."

Markle reported success with all of his patients, though he did only one actual follow-up study on a patient who reported no episodes of cross-dressing up to two years after he completed the

local store points him to the stockroom when he wants to try on something.

Many TV's buy their male-sized female togs from mail-order catalogues. Favorites are Lana Lobell, Sears, and Old Pueblo Traders.

Natural feminine equipment is imitated by filling brassieres with anything from chemical gel to birdseed. Some spend over \$100 for the weighed bras intended for mastectomy patients. Paul has enough excess flesh to push himself through the cut-out cups of a 42-C bra.

"We buy his-and-hers blouses and dresses," kids Nina, the recent bride of 40 year old Don, an engineer who is smoothing down the skirt of his hot-pink two-piece dress.

Two months into their courtship, Don confessed his cross-dressing. "It was the first time she was speechless," he remembers.

Says Nina: "I worried that this guy would turn into a total female, but then I saw that he was all male in the important ways. Now it's sort of fun, like getting a girlfriend and a husband at the same time." As a bonus, Nina gets plenty of clothes, because her husband loves to pick them out.

But most women aren't as adaptable as Nina. Even if they agree to cope, many nurse the hope that in time the fancy for female clothing will fade. That rarely happens.

"Wives who understand are prized," says Larry. "And infidelity is usually out of the question because where else could you find such an understanding individual?"

Ralph hasn't been so lucky - he's twice divorced. "My first wife couldn't take it, but my second wife said she accepted it before we were married," says the father of two. Ten years later, HE walked out.

"I kept the cross-dressing to a minimum because I knew it made her uncomfortable, but doing this made me miserable," he explains. "I couldn't concentrate on my work because of the enormous pressure of not being able to express that side of myself."

Ralph cross-dresses at least three times a week, but the urge to dress up can pop up anytime, depending on the man, from less than once a month to almost daily.

"I really don't have to dress very often," says Mark, a 31 year old real-estate broker who is engaged. "I look at it like another side of my personality."

Most TV's cross-dress only in the privacy of their homes. And in public, they try to blend, not stand out. "You dress up for yourself, not for other people," says Mark. "You feel people are staring at you and it's uncomfortable." But then Mark is dark, very muscular, and hairy, a masculine appearance not easily - or plausibly - disguised under his black leotard top, a black taffeta skirt, and flowing brunette wig.

"I know I'm about as sexy as a tree stump,

but I try," he said.

Jack, a 53-year-old business man, is able to make a smoother transition, with refined features, slight build, and fair coloring. "A lot of men try to pick me up," he says. He ventures out socially in full dress usually being regarded as a woman - but he has had confusing moments of being detected.

A few years back he was stopped for speeding. The officer looked at his license and asked Jack, "Is this you?" "I told him, it was," says Jack with a laugh. "He simply checked off male and female on the ticket then said: 'Drive carefully ma' am.'"

Most TV's use the women's room when they dress up in public places. "Can you imagine what would happen if we walked into a men's room dressed like this?" Jack asks.

Cross-dressing starts at an early age, and transvestites as children often have absentee fathers, says the society's newsletter. Generally by age 8 or 10, a TV finds himself fascinated with women's clothing. Most TV's simply don't know the reasons underlying their cross-dressing - and most don't care to wrestle with the whys of it. What they'll readily discuss, however, is how the inclination developed.

Paul can remember his older sister dressing him up in her clothes. His parents were separated and his mother worked. "I got to liking the feeling of silk, of feminine clothing," Paul recalls. "When I became an altar boy, I loved wearing the lace gowns, while the other boys hated it."

Mark says he started cross-dressing out of curiosity. "I thought, boy, a skirt must feel nice." So he would sneak his mother's clothes on when his parents were out. At 15, Mark ventured out dressed to a costume party on a dare from the other boys. "They thought I hated it," he remembers. When he pledged a college fraternity, part of his initiation was to dress as a woman. "Of course, I loved it!" But they never knew."

Mates of TV's know their secret, but other relatives rarely do.

Mark's parents caught him dressed up once when he was 16. "They sent me to a psychologist, but after about 8 sessions he told them I probably wasn't gay," he recalls. "They never mentioned it again."

This doesn't mean that self-acceptance comes as easily as daubing on mascara. "You wonder what's wrong with you and there's the guilt in having to keep it hidden," said Paul. It can move TV's to swear off crossdressing as if they were alcoholics going on the wagon. They surrender their 'femme' clothes to the Salvation army, usually only to go back to buying new ones.

Most of the men in this group, now middle-aged, have made peace with their dual identities. But they know the public isn't at peace with them. That's why they're so eager to set the record straight. Cross-dressing is not a life-style, not necessarily

synonymous with being homosexual or transsexual.

"With our group it's a gender thing," says Jack, who is divorced and twice a grandfather. "Gender is the way you feel in your head and sex is another thing. We know we're men and want to be men. And we're attracted to woman, not men. This is just another dimension, a hobby."

Adds Paul, a volunteer fireman, the father of three, and the director of the Boy Scout organization in his Connecticut town: "When I'm my male self, I'm very macho. I have the mannerisms of a man and I enjoy male privileges. For me, dressing is like not being macho for a day."

Clothes-obsessed TV's envy today's women, who can wear man-tailored clothing -- even tuxedos -- without attracting scorn. "It's the old 'Women can wear trousers and jeans but men can't wear skirts,'" says Paul. "But I like the breeze around my legs."

Many feel cross-dressing will grow to be more accepted as sex-role stereotyping diminishes within society.

"The clothes ARE wonderful, but it's more than that," says Ralph. "We're closer in touch with our feminine side, which all men have. You walk differently with a dress on. You're trying to express the type of woman you would be if you were a woman."

Ralph says that because they're more sensitive to their own female side, TV's make very good husbands. "It's like at the end of the film, 'Tootsie,' when Dustin Hoffman says he is a much better man as a woman," he says.

The wives aren't so sure. "They only take the nice part, the clothes, but not the problems women have," says Phyllis. Issues such as women's rights, the inequities within society, really don't touch them.

"We get the best of two worlds," agrees Paul.

Each time the curtain goes down on their "femme" world, however, a feeling of depression sets in.

"When you leave a meeting, it's pumpkin time," says Ralph. "You get so down when that make up comes off. You don't want to look in the mirror."

Meeting "en femme" is therapeutic. So is every other opportunity to pull the dress out of the closet and zip open a cosmetic bag.

Last Halloween, Don dressed up as a woman and his wife, Nina, wore men's clothes for a family costume party.

"His mother kidded me that she always wanted a daughter," says Nina. "Little does she know she's got one."

And in the same newspaper, **TRANVESTISM: THERE'S NO CONSENSUS ON THE CAUSES**

According to the professional counseling community, most men who dress up as women are heterosexual -- and most see themselves as male. The mi-

nority are transsexuals, who use surgery or hormones, or both, to change their sex, or effeminate homosexuals (commonly known as "drag queens").

"No body really knows the source of transvestism," says Dr. Garrett Oppenheim, director of Contide, a counseling, therapy and hypnotherapy service in Tappan, N.Y. "Some say it is prenatal, some say it is environmental, but probably it's both factors."

Oppenheim, who has counseled transvestites for many years, says that the environmental pressure to be a man, to get good marks and be a success, can trigger it. "So the fantasy to be a girl is a softer feeling that brings relief from that pressure to achieve," he explains.

"WE all experience fantasies of being the opposite sex and have those components in us," he adds. "It's a matter of degree."

DR. Richard M. Samuels, director of the Psychological Service Center in Teaneck, defines the tendency more distinctly as a "disturbed pathology."

"If you look at it as a fetish, it is an over-identification with the mother," he says. "It has also been identified by some psychoanalysts as a form of self-depreciation, because if you step out of a gender role, you put yourself in a position where you can be discovered. It's like a rebellion -- one with a risk involved -- against the masculine role in society or over-controlling parents."

Does transvestism have to ruin a marriage?

"The bulk of these marriages are in trouble," says Samuels. "Most heterosexual women feel threatened, rejected, and it can be extremely damaging to the children, who may feel odd themselves, confused, and ashamed."

Oppenheim is less ominous. "In most marriages there is trouble, but to say it is destructive is too grave a word," he says. "Alcohol, drugs, gambling can be far more destructive to a marriage."

He thinks much depends on the woman's willingness to adapt. "I have seen women who love the man so much that they do what it takes to understand and tolerate it."

Likewise, Oppenheim believes that children of such marriages do not have to be severely damaged. "Children can love their father in spite of this if he is kind and a good father. They can latch onto male roles elsewhere at school or with relatives and friends. What children most fear is the abandonment of a parent. The only trouble is that if other people know and the child is very young, they can have difficulty handling being ostracized."

Are transvestites troubled about their cross-dressing?

"Most of them certainly DO have a problem with it because it is something they have to hide and that's bound to lead to problems," Oppenheim says. "They usually grow up very afraid of close relationships and form guarded relationships."

They can shun treatment for the same reason.

"Usually, they tend to be shy and are afraid of rejection," Oppenheim says. "They've been told, 'You'll outgrow it' or 'I don't treat perverts.' "

But both men think the prognosis is good if the motivation for therapy is there.

"If an individual really wants to stop that behavior, we can help achieve it," says Samuels.

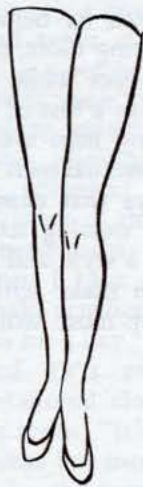
Oppenheim says the process is extremely difficult, so "enormous motivation" is needed. "I use hypnosis, which can do it," he says. "We try to attack the guilt associated with it. When that freedom is given, a lot of the compulsion goes out of it."

Do as many women cross-dress?

"It's not so common with women because they are permitted to let more of their masculine side show in clothing, such as being a tomboy," says Oppenheim. "Plus, being more male gives power to women in society's eyes while going DOWN to a female role is viewed as a loss of prestige and power, the same reason many men are frightened of and have disdain for homosexual men."

But Samuels says that comparing men's cross-dressing to women's wearing trousers is misguided. "With women, that's a style and maybe there is even a statement they can make with man-tailored clothing," he says, "but most women are not trying to be men."





How To Have Attractive Legs

HOW TO MASTER TRADITIONAL LEG TECHNIQUES FOR LONG STANDING PERIODS There is one most flattering "in view" stance for each of the following four types of legs: normal, heavy, thin and bowed.

Which is most like yours? Get an uncluttered view of your legs from the hips down. You may have what you consider a "combination" leg. If they're thin and bowed, or heavy and bowed, practice the stance for bowed legs. A bow in your thighs usually indicates lack of muscle development and weight distribution rather than actual faulty bone structure. Concentrate first here on a stance that will show your legs to advantage from the knees down. Master this first. Then get going on your thighs. Should your legs be thin below the knees and fat above them, you'll perfect a stance for thin legs first. Subsequently, begin your exercise program for distribution.

Stance for normal legs. First let's consider the normal stance position for the normal leg; Statistics do not prove that this type of leg is more common than the others. Our best known glamor girls have to have normal, or straight legs. So I say, if your legs are straight, be thank-

ful for them and get busy glamorizing them! Here is how you do it:

a. The feet should not be further apart than six inches. Four is preferable for a lady.

b. One foot should be pushed back a few inches farther than the other, so that the toe of the back foot is about even with the heel of the front foot. The back foot will carry a little more body weight than the front one. But don't settle so much on your back leg that you push your hips out of line.

c. The heel of the back foot turns slightly in towards the center of the body. For comparison put this foot back rather straight and then put it back at this suggested slight slant. See how much more flattering the second position is?

d. Both knees are slightly bent -- never held rigid.

e. The knee of the front foot should cover the inside of the back knee, so bend it a lot! The model calls this the "knee drape" and her knee may cover the back one or even two inches, depending upon her legs. The best-looking legs need the least bend. This is a beautifying trick that every actress learns. Watch, however, that the foot of the front leg from the ankle down is held firmly. Don't let the ankle

or arch drop. (See Figure 116.)

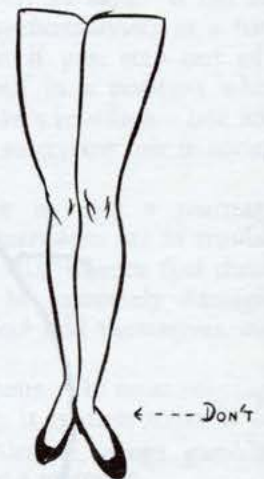


Figure 116

Your mirror will show you what a vast improvement this makes in the appearance of your legs. Practice it until you can assume it smoothly without calling anyone's attention to your footwork.

Stance for bowed legs. Of all the lessons I present, I suppose that I get the biggest thrill out of the session when I show those whose legs fall into this group how to stand so that no one can tell they are bowed. Any woman with bowed legs can, by handling them wisely, give the illusion of having normal legs. My own students fool me every day with this stance

I forget which one uses it. I can't tell, and I defy anyone to tell!! Remember, we said that if your legs do not meet at the ankles, calves, or knees, they are considered "bowed" to some extent, depending upon the distance between the calf, ankle and knee of one leg and those of the other leg.

The principle for correcting the line of the bowleg is like that involved in comparing any two objects. Suppose you have two figurines. If one has a mended bulge and you place it too near the perfect one, you will call attention to the flaw. If you arrange them with an advantageous distance between them, the defect may never be apparent. Thus with bowlegs. Never, NEVER, place them in an identical position side by side, toes pointing straight ahead parenthesis fashion, thus: (). One leg alone without another for comparison, looks perfectly normal. Often, each individual leg is beautiful ALONE. Its flaw isn't obvious until the other leg pops up beside it for emphasis! Here's how you disguise bow legs:

a. Front foot faces due front. (See figure 117).



Figure 117

b. Turn the toe to your back foot to the side, so that your back foot forms almost a right angle with the front foot. As the back foot turns to the side, the body wants to turn with it. So adjust your back foot enough to insure that your body is direct front.

c. Put most of the weight of the body on the back foot. In time you will learn to distribute your weight comfortably and won't be at ease standing any other way.

d. Have both knees bent quite a bit.

e. Bend the front knee enough so that it covers some of the back leg. It is chiefly techniques (b) and (e) which hide the unwanted bow.

f. For many years I have cautioned students not to let the heel from the back shoe show from the front. Push the whole front leg over enough to hide this back heel. Whether or not the back shoe shows is immaterial today. Take or leave rule (f) here.

After practicing, go look at your legs. It's so magical it's difficult to believe. With one week's corrective practice, you can slip into it very easily and inconspicuously.

Stance for heavy legs. Some heavy legs are found on slender bodies. They need not be too great a handicap. Many successful women have "piano legs" yet few people have ever noticed because they handle them well and dress so as not to emphasize them. And remember, there are thousands of women who have the same problem.

If your legs are heavy, here is one sure cure for diminishing their line. Strive to create one line instead of two. You do this by hiding the back leg. Notice the two sketches of fat legs. (See Figure 118) Here are the rules for imitating this foot position:

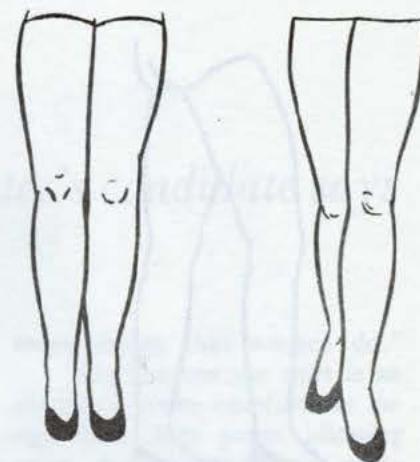


Figure 118

a. Put front leg directly in front of back leg.

b. Have a little more of your body weight on the back leg. Later you will adjust your weight where it's most comfortable for you. Your center of equilibrium must fall within your base. Otherwise you tip or lose your balance.

c. Keep both knees bent or "easy" - as the elbow falls, but put a lot of ease in your front knee.

d. Turn toe of front leg slightly away from the center of the body - about an inch.

e. Turn toe of back foot away from the body in the opposite direction from the front foot. For example, if the front foot turns to the left then turn the back foot to the right. See? This manipulated turning helps your balance.

f. Heels of both are in towards the center of the body.

g. There may be from one to three or four inches between the heel of the front foot and the toe of the back one. A taller person carries more space usually. (See Figure 119). Your equilibrium is more stable with larger base area.

Now look in the mirror. You've subtracted inches from your legs with this stance, haven't you? Personally, I think this is the most difficult of all, and I wish I could encourage

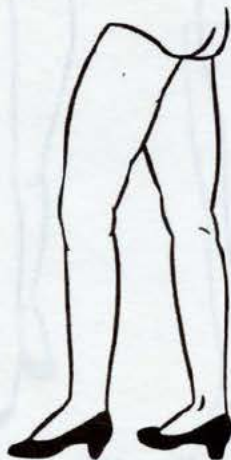


Figure 119

you by divulging the names of some mighty lovely glamour ladies you admire who use it ALL THE TIME.

Stance for thin legs. Very thin legs seem to give their owners the most worry. They complain, and rightly, that there just isn't any appeal in skinny legs. Fortunately, by handling them carefully, actual inches can seemingly be added to their size. Some of our most successful actresses have very slender legs; but they handle them so skillfully that their public is never aware of their proportions. Watch to see how they do it.

If your legs fall into this classification, your guiding law at all times is this: don't separate them so much in standing or sitting that the eye is attracted to only one. Keep them close enough so that they give a double line and therefore create the illusion of twice their inches. When you seat, you are the type who can cross her legs most gracefully; and press the calf of your top leg against the calf of the under leg to give each more width.

When you stand, here (See figures 120, 121, 122) is your most flattering stance, so practice until it's a habit:

a. Have no more than six inches between feet from toe to toe.

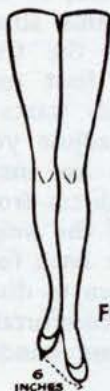


Figure 120



Figure 121



Figure 122

b. Stand so that the toe joint of the back foot is even with the heel of the front foot.

c. Put a little more body weight on the back foot than on the front foot. But don't settle on it. Your weight adjustment is individual and you will soon work out the most comfortable spacing for you.

d. Back foot is placed at an angle - heel in, toe out.

e; Bend the knee of the

front leg enough so that it just barely covers the inside line of the back knee.

f. The front leg covers only a half inch or less of the inside line of the back leg. Let no daylight show through the two legs from the calves up to the knee.

g. The front foot faces STRAIGHT AHEAD.

See what you get? A double line so curved that even an expert won't know you're worried for lo, these many years, about your "skinny" legs. And move swiftly and rhythmically! Quick, jerky movements make legs seem twice as spindly as they are.

Don't forget when you are practicing your particular stance to line up your body correctly earlier. You must look at yourself in your entirety - not piecemeal. Because that's the way that others see you. As you are from the top of your head to your toes. Therefore, each time you assume your stance, balance your pelvis over your feet, your chest over your pelvis and your head over your chest.

Practice your footwork in your High Heels. What's more ungainly than an adult woman acting as though she is wearing her first high heels?



"Who's brave enough to go out and get hamburgers?"

Hems for him

Skirts for men? They could be a liberator, master's candidate says

Dorcas Taylor won't "skirt the issue." In fact that's just one of the many puns she employs to ease into the subject of designing skirts for men.

"I'm serious about the concept, though. I want to drop a few taboos," she said as she lounged on the sunny student union plaza at North Texas State University.

Besides her stood her husband, Paul, and two professor friends, Henry, who teaches fashion design and Bill, from the advertising art faculty.

All three wore skirts. Passing students wore expressions ranging from amusement to incredulity to, as can be expected in a jaded college campus, what-else-is-new boredom.

"This is something for a typical man," Taylor continued. "I don't want them to think I'm designing tutus."

Indeed, Henry and Bill both looked very traditional in their dress shirts, ties and sweater vests. It was when the eye traveled below the waist that you could see traditional blue wool and gray tweed had been translated into pleated skirts.

Paul, whom his wife describes as a perfect 32 in a skirt, was more daring in a takeoff on the popular camouflage look -- straight skirt, olive drab T-shirt and vest complete with bogus canteen and ammo packs.

Maybe the skirt should stop above the knee so he could run faster, Paul mused, lifting it to expose muscular calves.

A student bystander in nice

white bermuda shorts and preppy-looking striped pullover shook his head when asked if he could see himself in a skirt.

"I couldn't very well walk into a board of directors meeting wearing a skirt," he said.

"Come on, now" responded Taylor. "Men originally wore pelts and drapes. I mean, you've seen Ben Hur. Caesar draped."

Her iconoclastic designs developed from her search for the perfect master's thesis project in fashion design. She wanted something unique. Henry suggested the history of skirts, kilts, etc., and Taylor was off running.

Aside from the historical research that has occupied much of her project, Taylor saw an opportunity to bring a little liberation into men's lives. After all, women can now wear pants just about anywhere.

"A man is not liberated," Taylor said. "Men don't have that freedom of choice in gar-

ment design that women do."

She believes the skirt is an obviously more comfortable design than tight pants, allowing more freedom and air circulation around the genitals. All her skirts have pockets for wallets, keys, change and anything a man now carries in his pants pockets, and all are equipped with zipper flies.

"How is a guy going to go to the toilet?" she asked, rhetorically. "Lift his skirt? No."

"Form has to follow function. If you're going to be in activities that you're going to be a little exposed you might have to design some culottes, or she said. "If you're going to climb a telephone pole, well, a woman wouldn't wear a skirt."

As for Taylor herself, she wears pants most of the time.

"I'm not a fussy, feminine-type lady," she said.



She LIKES Men Who Dress!

CORRESPONDENT SEES NOTHING WRONG WITH CROSSDRESSING
DIANA J. FROM GEORGIA IS LOOKING FOR A "SPECIAL" FRIEND

From reading your literature I learned a lot about how the straight crossdresser feels. I was surprised to find that their fears and guilt were a lot like mine, EXCEPT I'M FEMALE and had them for some time.

It's taken me a long time to feel at ease about liking men who crossdress. I suppose I'm still nervous about it. You had once asked if I'd like to write about my preferences and perhaps share it with your readers. I wrote you that letter so many times but always tore it up. So, finally, here it is. I don't know if it will be particularly noteworthy but you're welcome to publish it.

My earliest recollection of beginning to like TV'S came from watching the old re-runs of silent movies on television. The men wore makeup and I sat riveted, thinking how much better they looked than any other men that I'd seen at that point of my life. I was about 5 or 6 years of age but I knew what I thought looked appealing had to be elsewhere, also. I began to look. Again there were the old movies. Any movie that had men sporting long hair and no beards bowled me over. I thought that they were so beautiful.

My favorite picture books all contained handsome princes that looked like girls with their long hair, smooth faces and slender frames. By the time I was 8 I was always daydreaming about a best "girl friend" who was black-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful and really a boy but only I knew it. I always wished my little friend would become a reality.

High school was even more of an agony than elementary school. It was so hard to fit in and I was so ugly and skinny on top of it. And since I was in high school in the 70's, they were long haired boys all around me. It would have been a look-about heaven except for two dreadful things: Instead of being gentle, they all seemed to work at being tough, always striving to prove that they were not sissies and usually they were all so wild and un-

feeling that it always made me a little sad.

I couldn't understand why things were so confused. Why did there always have to be the iron-clad pink and blue barriers there, making girls act retarded, all fawning after some boy's attention and the boys patterning themselves after insensate clods? I hated all the game playing and longed for honesty and openness.

Since I didn't fit in well, I became a loner. I felt guilty over the way I felt and finally began to put any thought that bothered me out of mind.

We moved to a small town and my last two years of high school were so much better. I began to date, my looks had improved some and I felt happy even though I was sure that if I had that special "girl" friend, I'd be a lot happier. Eventually I moved back into the city where I was born - Atlanta.

For all the sorority sisters who have tried in vain to get a girlfriend or wife to accept their cross-dressing, I can certainly sympathize. It can't be worse than asking a man to let me make him up or would they like to wear a dress for me. Each put-down would hurt but I was determined to find someone who would enjoy playing dressup.

I did date one man for awhile who let me make him out and who would wear some of my clothes that fit him. I was ecstatic but it was only for a short time. One day he flat-out refused and confessed that he hated doing that. He felt that it was degrading to him as a man. I was morified! Out of guilt I let the whole thing drop and after a proper length of time had passed, I assured him that it was all only a passing phase. I hated myself for that one. Eventually we broke up.

I reverted back to an old past-time that I had enjoyed back in '78 and '79 - going to drag shows. Where else could I gaze to my hearts content at male crossdressers? Nowhere else that I knew of. I used to go every Saturday night, week after week. It gave me some hope. Some of the queens were

just for fun but then there were others that were almost perfection. One in particular took my breath away. "She" was dark-haired with almond shaped eyes and a dazzling smile. She was a near-perfect illusion and I was getting fond of this person. The last thing I needed was to become enamored over a gay queen so I decided I'd go once more and then not go back.

After that show, she passed by so I mustered my courage and told her that I'd enjoyed the show. She thanked me and smiled. I left and didn't go to any shows for two years.

Atlanta has several places featuring drag shows, so, around the early part of this year, I went to one and really enjoyed myself. I watched every move the queens made. I didn't feel guilty about going because I'd finally decided that I really adore men dressed up and there was no reason to feel guilty about being happy. The drag shows get old quickly but now I can go whenever I feel the urge. There's no harm in looking and one of my favorite sights is a man fashionably dressed with the right makeup, a flattering hairstyle and high heels.

I guess that I'm still looking for my "special" friend. I'm very interesting in learning about the heterosexual crossdresser. I would like to correspond with any single crossdressers and perhaps later on I might be interested in acting as an escort.

I'm sorry that so many of the wives and girlfriends of Tri-Ess sisters have difficulty in accepting the feminine side of their husbands or friends. It's so unfair to expect men to play the role of meek Melanie Hamilton. How would these females feel if there was no other option to the mold of an "ideal" woman?

I don't feel it's a threat to a woman if her husband likes to crossdress. I think it's wonderful and that she should feel flattered. In our culture it has been stressed that women are inferior to men. If a man decides he really admires the feminine side of life and enjoys the luxuries of soft, pretty clothes, perfume, makeup, wigs, etc., I commend them on their good taste. It takes a lot more courage to admit to one's self that certain non-approved things (in our culture) make them happy and willing to accept it, even if it goes against the pink and blue barriers. Better to do this than conform all the way with outdated ideas and be unhappy. I'm one woman who admires crossdressers and I hope I'm part of a growing number.

I'd like to add that I write poetry and draw.
DIANA J. from Atlanta Georgia.



"What's the matter? Never see a transvestite before?"



"No, I want auto mechanics. He gets the needlepoint!"



A Graceful Walk

I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.

- Shakespeare

Why do we associate superior qualities with those who walk well? When you read the ancient Greek legends, you learned how each Goddess looked - what distinguished her from the other goddesses. How she and how she moved. In fact, her manner of walking seemed to be one of her outstanding characteristics. Supposedly, she didn't have an earthly walk. It was as though she glided with a special tread.

Poets and writers have always been inspired by a beautiful walk. Florenz Ziegfeld was so particular how his Ziegfeld Follies walked that it was almost an obsession with him.

Do you recall the following impressive passage from Daphne Du Maurier's book, *My Cousin Rachel*?

... And then the rustle of her gown as it swept the stairs. It was, I think, the moment I loved best in the whole day. There was something in the sound that gave me such a shock of anticipation, such a tingling of expectancy, that I hardly knew what to do when she came into the room. I don't know what stuff her gowns were made of, whether of stiff silk, or satin, or brocade, but they seemed to sweep the floor, and lift, and sweep again; and whether it was the gown itself that floated, or she wearing it and moving forward with such grace, but the library, which

had seemed dark and austere before she entered, would be suddenly alive. . . whether she turned her head to speak, or moved to the bookcase to pick up a volume, or bent to pat Don as he lay stretched out before the fire, there was an easy grace in all she did which gave to every moment fascination. I wondered in these moments how I could ever have thought her unremarkable.

A woman who walks beautifully is unquestionably one of the thrills of everyday life. Yet, of all the qualities which ANY WOMAN can develop, and which pay the greatest dividends, the art of walking seems the most often neglected. In Hollywood, where glamour abounds, you find each star taking her walking very seriously.

She may insist that she "just walks naturally in front of the camera." However, her practiced and rehearsed movements, through intensive application, have become such an integrated part of her, that you're conscious only of a lovely, composite impression when you see her.

When a hostess tells me that certain stars are coming for dinner, I arrive as early as possible to see them enter a room and greet their friends. Regardless how much you enjoy these artists on the screen, you cannot appreciate the genuine joy they afford others

in their daily lives. Their movements and carriage are positive factors in their appeal.

Any Woman Can Walk With Grace!!

You owe it to yourself and those around you to be just as fastidious about your walk. Any woman can learn to walk beautifully. You may argue that you can't change your bone structure, your skin pigment, and many other qualities that you don't like. True, possibly. But you CAN learn to be graceful, and you can learn to master this art as you go about your daily schedule.

Your walk tells a great deal about you. First of all, it tells how you regard yourself in relation to others. Your walk reveals timidity, shyness, aggressiveness, even carelessness.

One of a woman's most tangible means of expressing her pride in herself is by her walk. For too many years it was almost impossible to find specific instructions on how to acquire a beautiful walk. You were told it was a talent you inherited. I hope the steps presented here are so simple that you can't help incorporating them.

The mechanics of a graceful walk. Let's pretend for this lesson that you have signed a contract at one of the move studios because of your beauty

and talent. You are being made ready for your first picture. which starts in about six weeks. The powers that be have decided that you must improve your walk. Here, then, is your walking lesson, step by step.

1. You have to walk every day so why not do it as gently and graciously as possible? It can put you in the mood of gentleness and graciousness. No one else can do your walking for you. It recognizes no limitations of size, age or class. Your carriage is your class!

Since every part of your body must coordinate with every other part of your body when you walk, there is a vast amount of information to assimilate. Do the best you can alone for a few weeks to slough off embarrassment over what you think are your most glaring faults. Then ask a sympathetic friend who has taste to help you. We can never see ourselves as others see us.

2. Should your home be so situated that there is absolutely no one to help you or should your responsibilities be such that you simply cannot spare time away from home for this study, then work alone.

You may need to concentrate a whole week on overcoming one bad walking habit, with total indifference to the rest of your body. Be patient! Don't expect perfection immediately. But after you have practiced for a number of hours, someone will say to you, "You know Susan, you get lovelier all the time." Then you will know that you have perfected your walking.

3. Practice your walking lesson in your bare feet, your stocking feet, your low-heeled shoes and your high heels. Since many of your most important moments must be spent in your high heels, it is essential that you learn to walk in them as though you live in them. I think, though, that you will feel what is taking place in your

foot movement MORE if you practice some of the time in your bare feet and stocking feet. Let your foot skin and muscles in on your new co-ordination, so that you feel a kinesthetic closeness with them.

You may interest five or six of your friends in practicing this walking lesson. I often think, in my own classes, that the student gets as much assistance from other students as she does from me. This is particularly true, I believe, because walking represents an over-all picture of everything you are or want to be. And you do learn through imitation.

WALKING RULES

Here are the rules in your walking lesson:

Line up your body in correct posture.

Your body weight carried just in front of your ankle bone and two legs carry equal share of weight.

Your feet straight ahead; your knees relaxed.

Now, tuck your buttocks under you; carry your chest high; feel that your shoulders are broad and relaxed; your head high and balanced evenly. Each time you complete alignment, relax in good position.

Walk two straight lines about two inches apart. There are many schools of thought on placement of the feet. Some authorities say, "Walk a single line." I believe that the average woman will feel more comfortable and look more natural if she adheres to the rule of one or two inches between her feet.

Of course, the size of her knees and thighs will have something to do with her foot placement. A slender woman with straight legs can glide along almost on one line without seeming theatrical; whereas a heavy woman or one with bowed legs, will have to have a broader base for stability, possibly of three inches.

The show girl often walks with an exaggerated crossing over of each leg, cross-stitch fashion, to one line. This is definitely bad taste and violates every law of sound body mechanics.

Stretch a ball of twine the length of your longest room. Make two lines two inches apart, or draw two chalk lines indoors or outdoors for practice. Walk along these two chalk lines for several minutes, for several days. The average untrained woman is amazed how much concentration it requires to coordinate her steps to two straight lines. You may find that you have been zigzagging all over the sidewalk! Feel that you can manage these two lines quite comfortably before you attempt the next rule. You learn to follow one line with one foot and to create an imaginary line paralleling it at a distance of two inches for the other foot to follow.

Point your feet straight ahead when you walk (See Figure 124). Your straight lines will help you with this. See that the line divides the length of your foot equally. Walk up and down a few times, just noticing this. The chances are that one foot, or both feet, will turn in or out. Don't let this discourage you, because with a week's practice you CAN learn to point your feet straight ahead. I have seen it happen thousands of times, even in cases where the woman was a chronic "pigeon-toe" for thirty years. You must expect, though, that the longer you have placed your feet incorrectly the more concentrated must be your efforts for correction.

Here is the best system I know for correcting foot placement: Pay no attention whatever to the rest of your body for one week. Every time you put your foot down, look at it and see if it is straight ahead. Think to yourself as you walk, - "Straight, straight, my feet must



Figure 124

be straight." When you are practicing on your two lines at home, repeat the command of "Straight" out loud. The spoken command has power to control action. That's why so much attention is given in Officer Candidate Schools to voice inflection and cadence in giving commands. So, whenever you can, control yourself with specific spoken reminders.

You may have paid good money to learn to walk with your toes pointing out. You're not alone! This not only adds ten years to your age, but makes you look awkward and is a gross violation of sound body mechanics. If you are riding a bicycle down the street and you point the front wheel to the right, your progress is somewhat curtailed, isn't it? Yet, this is exactly what you do when you turn your toes out and push steadily forward. You're working and walking against yourself. You are also straining and enlarging the big toe joint with every step.

If both your toes turn in and you have suffered all your life with being pigeon-toed, you really have a job ahead of you. In your case, if you walk towards

a full length mirror you will notice that your toe turns inward because your whole foot rotates in toward the center of your body from the ankle joint. This inward rotation has stretched the outer muscles of your legs and feet and shrunk the inside muscles. Do you see why? Your job now is to equalize the inside and outside muscles.

In other words, you must strengthen and stretch your inside foot and leg muscles. Therefore, every chance that you get, make circles with your feet, so that your toes (and of course your feet) circle first AWAY from the center of your body. (See Figure 125)



Figure 125

Relax your feet as the toe points toward the center of your body; and tense and stretch as they go away from the center of your body. Make hundreds of these circles daily. This isn't easy because you're working with a stretch of a fraction of an inch across ankle bone and instep and nature hasn't provided much movement at best here. Your best solution to stretching the inside foot is to stretch the muscles along the inside of the whole leg. Sup-

port your weight and make large slow circles with one leg at a time. Point your toe and get tension in leg as it moves. Stretch as far out as you can.

If you were a prospective screen star and the tendency to turn the toes inward was discovered, you might find yourself doing approximately five hundred of these ankle and leg circles a day. THEN, you really would improve your pigeon-toed conditions rapidly.

Your whole foot seems to contact the ground at one time. Actually, however, your heel touches the ground first. Your weight is transferred to the outside margin of your foot and thence to the ball of the foot. Think of a three-point landing: heel; outside of foot; and ball of foot. Most walking coaches speak of only the heel and the ball of the foot, because in high heeled shoes you aren't conscious of the outside border of the foot.

If the transfer from the heel to the ball of your foot is too slow, you will get a clumsy "clodhopper" movement.

Be sure that the ball of your foot does not touch the ground first. Many coaches insist that you should put the ball of the foot down first. I will grant that for aesthetic rhythmic in your bare feet, or for some special dramatic effect, this principle may have value. But try the following experiment yourself: Put on your shoes, walk towards a full length mirror, purposely walking on the ball of your foot first. Give your honest impression of the person you see there. She looks a little insincere, doesn't she? Almost like a "pussy footer!" Many actresses employ this means of walking when they are impersonating and unbalanced or deceptive character. You have enough mannerisms to overcome without adding this one. The women in the armed service are taught to walk heel first, and they were a beautiful sight

to see swinging along.

In your stocking feet, as you transfer your weight from the heel to the ball of your foot, you are conscious of a powerful upward and forward movement. The ball of your foot is a wondrously intricate machine, responsible for forward or backward locomotion. When you understand how delicate this mechanism is, and what great responsibility it has, you realize why beauty and health experts advise that "You are as young and sound as your feet are strong." Therefore, the few minutes you spend massaging and exercising them is a sound investment.

Keep your knees relaxed. Just as you have learned to stand with relaxed knees, so you will incorporate this principle in your movements. There is a caution in this respect: if your knee is bent too much as you step on it, then, before you can take another step, you must straighten it partially. Such continued straightening will give your walk a series of upward movements, or unpleasant jerks. This jerking causes the whole body to bounce up and down, and it especially affects the bustline. A lady walks so that her bust line remains firm and controlled. To avoid ungainly gyrations, have your knee reasonably firm as your heel hits the floor. On the other hand, avoid stiff knees. You have heard of "locked" knees - tense and rigid. What you are striving for is a relaxed, firm, knee movement.

Clear your knees. Have a friend listen as you walk in your stocking feet and high heels. Is there a sound? This may be due either to fat on your knees or to knock-knees. While you are correcting either your posture or your weight, be cagey about "walking around each knee." You can learn how to "clear your knees" so as to avoid this "corduroy breeches"

sound. One student told me that her husband asked her, "What have you got down there that's making such a racket?" Don't let your knees whistle while you walk!

Be sure your stride is graceful for you. Usually a shorter woman has a smaller stride than a taller one. A long stride is more trying, from a grade angle, than a short one. Some coaches say that your stride will be correct if it measures the length of one foot. That is, you have the length of one foot between the heel of the front foot and the toe of the back foot as you are walking. There is a danger in this principle, however, because many short women have long feet in proportion to the size of their bodies.

Here is the best test that I know for insuring that you have the correct stride: Line yourself up in your best posture. Then, without moving your head, glance down as you start to walk. If you can see your toes or the hem of your skirt your stride is too long. For camera technique, we warn the model, "Keep your foot within the hemline of your skirt." You may admire the long, smooth steps of a screen star. Don't forget, however, that she has spent hours practicing this technique. On the whole, remember you will be more graceful if you curtail the length of your stride.

Several typically outdoors girls I know purposely wear tight skirts to help them remember shorter, feminine, steps. If you ever have an opportunity to see an old Ingrid Bergman's picture -- *Saratoga Trunk* -- don't pass it up. She and her enticing movements were completely captivating.

Discipline your hips to eliminate hip wobble. Wobbly hips often ruin an otherwise graceful walk. I think it is more difficult to cure them than any

other walking habit. Make sure you discriminate between a lovely hip swaying and ordinary hip wobbling. Wobbles are chiefly caused by two faults: first, incorrect pelvic posture; and second, hinging at the hip joint. Approach your problem in a scientific manner. You can't do it by walking with your hands placed over your buttocks. This may smooth them down a little but not much. Nor can you accomplish results by walking with a book on your head. I have seen hula hips, whose owners could balance anything from a book to a basket of clothes on their heads and still keep their hips in unattractive motion.

Very often, hip movement is due to a lazy shifting, which means that each step there is a definite lunge on the hip joint. Instead of settling with each step to one side, move forward constantly without taking time out for repeated hinging. This is difficult to overcome. If you can find someone more or less your size, someone who has a graceful carriage, place your arm around her waist and walk with her. Concentrate on her forward movements which have no wasted motion to the side.

Contrast these movements with your habit of taking a step and hesitating long enough to settle sideways at the hip joint. She goes smoothly forward, while you take the time out to shift awkwardly from center to one side. Feel your buttocks as you settle. You take a step than you settle your buttocks rotating outward or to side. Feel it? Do you also feel your knee straighten as your buttocks settle outward?

Try this corrective movement. Step with your knee relaxed and as your weight settles in buttocks, contract your gluteal muscles. What happened to your wobble? It was defeated! Repeat this follow through control from your foot

through knee through hip with other side. A relaxed knee plus contracted buttocks equals inability for hip to settle sideways. Thus you progress smoothly forward.

Many students like to walk and walk during practice periods in their stocking feet in exaggerated posture position. This is the best cure I know for overactive "rear commotion." Walk and walk and walk thus until the wobbles gradually become disciplined.

Lead with your thighs. Since your legs are joined to your torso in front of you, your legs should precede you as you walk. So many women think of their legs as being "under" them. This idea has a tendency to push the buttocks out in back by tipping the pelvis incorrectly. When you begin to take a step, tense your gluteal muscles, raise your thigh slightly and think of it as preceding the body. You walk with your legs NOT your hips. Line yourself up against the wall with your head and shoulders, spine and buttocks touching. Now, as you walk away, notice which part of your body moves first. Usually from the habit of hurrying it is the head and shoulders. You will never have a graceful or youthful line until you learn to lead with your thigh.

There is an interesting mechanics slant on this rule for leading with the thigh, and it is this: you must establish a base from which to operate. You are moving forward an object, which is your body. By extending your leg first you establish a base on which to support the weight of your body as it moves forward from the back leg. Walking is a continuous succession of establishing bases.

There is no necessity in postponing your walking practice until you have a perfect body line-up. You will find that correct walking principles will

apprerl correct posture, and that one will help the other. Your walking is so much more fun if you have a beauty goal!

I shall never forget the day several years ago when I admired a flexible slender woman ahead of me. She reminded me of an elegant walking doll, although her clothes indicated she might be forty. Before I had followed her a block, I heard someone say, "How do you do, Lady Elsie Mendl?" I realized then that it was world-famous Lady Elsie Mendl, who was then ninety one!! She incorporated what many coaches call the "youth line." It means that if you stand or walk, you adhere to the plumb line. If anything, the body tilts a bit backward from the shoulders to the buttocks. This has been called the "Hollywood Walk," and it is a little exaggerated, but if you have been bustling around for years with your buttocks trailing your head, then this exaggerated idea may help you succeed at least in achieving a body that looks straight up and down.

Chest high. Carry your chest high -- not forward. Be sure that, as you raise it, you do not hollow your back and push out your buttocks. This is a natural tendency, so guard against it. Your best bet for a flat abdomen is to walk with your pelvis carried correctly -- or your hips tucked under you. As you raise your chest, pull in your abdomen and tuck. It's a three-way movement that makes you look ten years more slender and twenty years younger. You'll recall how quickly service men lost their bay windows during their basic training, and they constantly pull their stomach muscles up and in hard!!

Raise your chest muscles until they are tense, then gradually relax, but don't "drop" your chest. A beautiful woman must have a high, firm, chest and bustline.

Somewhere in the Roaring Twenties, women affected the debutante slouch. You've seen it -- rounded shoulders, chest dropped down. It can date you. Don't be misled into thinking that there is anything good about this practice.

Every moment that you walk with your chest carried correctly, you are helping to improve your breasts, since they get their sole support from the pectoral muscles which are actually spread fan-wise across the chest, bust, and underarm area. You will find that just as for correct standing position, the movement of your chest, shoulders, head and arms, is closely related -- so the same coordination must be maintained for walking. What happens as you move is part of your personality. Your spirit and disposition will show. Think carelessness and you appear badly. Think carefulness and dignity makes its presence felt.

Swing from your rib cage. You and I know that it's impossible for you to walk from your rib area, or rib cage since your legs are joined to the torso so, in the groin. True, you initiate movement in your hips. Yet the leg muscles, as well as all the other muscles of your body which are used when you walk, do reach the rib cage area. I have found that it helps my students to acquire a "long legged" look if they have a mental conception of moving high. Many actresses are small. Yet, as you watch them, you have a feeling of lengthy fluidity. Their stride is not necessarily long but their legs seem to swing from their ribs. Contrast this with the women you see going along as though they were on scooters, moving only from their knee joints. What's the yardstick take-off on age and a woman's walk? At 25 she walks from her heart. At 40 from her hips, at 55 from her knees, and at 75 from her ankles! Try it and get a laugh.

but absorb its lesson.

Here is a good way to get the feeling of buoyant rib-cage movement. As you are toweling after your shower or bath, support yourself by putting one hand on the wall, at arm's length. Then swing your right leg backward and forward ten times. Then swing your left leg. Feel the muscles around your ribs. This is the same muscular area you should use as you swing into a walk.

Keep the feet relaxed or "soft," and bring them down lightly. Don't clump down heavily. The combination of bringing your feet down lightly, heel first, confidently, plus feeling that you are controlling your legs from the rib cage, will give a positive "lift" to yourself and others as you enter a room. Often, before an actress says a word, you sense an exhilaration from her entrance. Her movements and walk give you a pickup. So it is with individuals. If you wish to impress others with optimism and radiance, you must produce it first with lightness and spring in your walk. It speaks well of you and for you. When you have left a room, your presence is still there.

Use your shoulders for balance. If it was important for you to have a relaxed, broad shoulder line in standing, it is even more so for walking. When you detect any tension in your shoulders, don't forget to rotate them upward toward your ears, back and down. Unloose them by shrugging. Repeat this relaxation rotation until your shoulders feel perfectly at ease. High, tense shoulders can ruin an otherwise graceful walk, and they make you see, so ill at ease. Be sure that your shoulders are even. Walk with exaggerated military shoulders. Then with confidence gentle ones. Make the distinction constantly. Where one is lower than the other, carry your small packages with the arm of the

low shoulder, pushing it up with your bent elbow. And carry your heavy packages that have handles with the arm of your high shoulder, pulling it down.

I see so many otherwise lovely women slouch in an effort to revert to their early training or ideal— to a time when they felt an affection of boredom was appealing.

Your head is high. Walk tall. Stretch up. Feel tall. Don't get the habit, however, of walking with your head always straight ahead. It's good for you to practice moving your head from side to side as you walk down the street. Move it slowly. It won't be as easy as you think, the first few times that you try it, because your head is heavy, and this movement may throw you off balance somewhat. This head technique does give you carriage distinction when you enter theaters, clubs or dining rooms. The most important rule for you to remember about your head is to keep it in line with the rest of your body. Don't lead by a nose. For a few weeks, check the position of your head and shoulder line whenever you think about it. Remember that you want the lobe of your ear to form a vertical line with the shoulder bone.

There is something lovely about the carriage of a woman's head, IF she keeps her chin up. I suppose it is possible to overdo this, and look too haughty, but I know of no such cases. I think that Aline Kilmer in her poem *Experience*, had beautiful head carriage in mind when she wrote, "She walks the way primroses grow." I emphasize this habit of walking with the head held high, because it is so easy for a woman to drop her head as she starts thinking while she walks along. Every block you walk with your head forward is adding years to your neckline. Your neck sags in front into folds.

Control your arms. Now that you have had your torso and legs working, begin to coordinate the arms movements with them. Usually, the last part of a student's technique to be mastered is the movement of arms and hands, and getting them to coordinate with the body properly. How much do you swing your hands? What should you do with them while moving? If you are out for a hike, swing them as much as you wish, and really work up some circulation. But for business or social purposes, here is the rule for them. They must be disciplined, but done so casually they seem perfectly poised.

Measuring from front to back, the distance between the largest part of your abdomen to the largest part of your buttocks is equal to the distance your arms should swing. (See figure 126.) This gives them



Figure 126

quite a bit of leeway, depending upon your proportions. Women in the service are taught to swing their arms four inches in front of the body and six inches behind it — which still isn't the wide, uncontrolled swinging so apparent among women today. You needn't be reminded that arm movements are restricted to the occasion exactly as your stride is. Usually the more reverent or formal

the occasion the more restricted are both arm swing and stride. This is not only good form or good taste but it is practical as well.

The arms hang loosely from the shoulders, elbows always held slightly bent or "easy." The whole arm should fit close to the body.

Don't carry your elbows out. Often you see a beautifully costumed and groomed woman who, when standing, is lovely. But when moving, she has tom-boy or pugilist elbows. (See Figure 127.)



Figure 127

If wide-flung arms are your problem, here is the best cure that I know: Make sure that the inside of your elbows and wrists touch your side with every swing. Sometimes the arms hang away from the body because there is a layer of fat on the arms and under the arm sockets. In this case, these areas will have to be firmed, stretched, and reduced.

Keep your arms close at your sides as you walk, palms touching thighs. Very often one arm of a woman's body will swing back and forth, and the other will swing crosswise from one side to another. Keep your arms parallel! Don't consciously swing your arms. They move, rather, because your torso moves. They help balance your body and act as levers, and

require no conscious assistance from you.

If you find your arm movements are out of line, then take a week to correct them. Every time you move or walk, check the position of your arms. It takes some time to discipline them but it is well worth it, for the ultimate success of your walk depends on how beautifully your arms coordinate with your body.

Sometimes when the arms are tense, they have a tendency to hang down stiff at the sides of the body, with the wrists pushing out. This is a dead giveaway that you are self-conscious, awkward, or nervous about thing. Others sense this quickly. The trick here is to have the inside of your wrist touch the side of your hip. It improves your line and releases tension. (See Figure 129.)



Figure 129

Natural Rhythm!!

Master rhythmical coordination of each body segment when walking.

And now we come to the quality which is the difference between gace and awkwardness. RHYTHM. You can have it in one month and fall out of it the next month.

What is rhythm? It is beauty applied which others feel about you and cannot define. You will notice that all through this instruction we have stressed

rhythmics and verbal count. That is just another way saying rhythm. Haven't noticed that you whistle you walk, or that you hum tone? That is natural rhythm asserting itself.

As you start to walk form the habit of saying slowly, audibly or inaudibly, "one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." Say the words with smooth tone. Don't count though you were marching with staccato accent, because such practice would defeat your purpose and make your walk jerky. You know that muscles have an amazing capacity for responding to quality of the spoken word. For this reason, only walks with soft voices are employed around wards where the shocked or the mentally afflicted are treated. Thus, in striving for smooth motion, dictate to your body with smooth, sustained tones. But overdoing speed cadence with almost chant-inflection is often necessary to smooth out the most frustrated appearing movements.

Count aloud whenever you are walking alone. Then when you are moving where there are others, think the count. You will catch yourself jogging along at any old gait. Pause if you can, line yourself up and start counting again. If you can't pause, slow down and think your tempo. Do this every way and always and always when ever you are walking. It may take you several weeks to analyze your walk from rhythm standpoint. You will have a friend who will criticize you. If you are nervous or abruptly or jerky in your motion then THIS is the time to practice walking with a book on your head. Because it calms down gyrations. On the other hand, your head may be of such shape that you cannot balance a book on it without pushing your head out of

In this event, the much-advertised book trick is again taboo for you.

How fast or how slow you walk depends upon your personality. Often it is devitalizing to a strong, energetic type to have to glide slowly across a room. On the whole, most walking coaches do recommend well-paced steps. These can be either fast or slow, but they must be even. It is rather amusing to read that in the 1800's Lord Chesterfield recommended in his 'Letters,' "Never walk fast in the streets, which is a mark of vulgarity. . . though it may be tolerable in a tradesman." Today the whole world likes to see a girl or woman who looks as though she knows where she is going. There is some thing downright unattractive about a slouching, idling, no-goal-in-sight gait.

To help you in acquiring an evenly paced momentum, here is one last skill: When you are walking is an ideal time to breathe correctly. Here is a simple trick that will increase your vitality. As you count one, two, three, four, inhale for four steps. Hold your breath for four steps, and then exhale for four steps.

Usually three months is required to master a beautiful walk. Think and see the ideal. Watch other women. Analyze what makes them graceful or awkward. A home movie of you walking would give you a splendid opportunity to see yourself as others see you.

How can you possibly lose by striving for beauty in movement? You improve your health - your appearance - your enjoyment in being alive - and you will especially just being a girl!

From here on out, your walking success will depend upon PRACTICE and application. Do think of every room or block you walk as an additional opportunity to incorporate all these techniques.



Reneta Likes To Dress, But...

RENETA (CT-102-W)

Reneta Appears To Have Had More Than Her Share Of Problems When It Came To Cross-dressing. Will She Find Happiness in Tri-Ess Sorority?

I cannot tell you how thrilled and surprised I was to receive the literature about Tri-Ess sorority along with the invitation to join. Frankly I did not know what, if anything, to expect in as much as the source of my information about the Society was an article written for a rather sleazy magazine. If the Society is anything like it is described in the literature, it sounds to me like the final realization of a long-awaited dream.

I have read the material several times and I can say without one moment's hesitation that ALL of the Society's beliefs and goals are in complete accord with my own, and for that reason I will have no second thoughts in submitting my application to you with the fervent hope that you will honor me by accepting it.

I will thus attempt to give you a resume of my life insofar as my crossdressing is concerned. Also, if you will forgive my enthusiasm, I would say that my future association with the sorority and its sisters will have a profoundly beneficial influence on my life. I look forward with great joy and anticipation to becoming part of a local chapter and taking an active part in their programs.

I could not have been older than 5 when I started crossdressing. I am now 40 years of age. It was all very innocent, as my paraplegic sister and I would play school and other games together. I played the part of a nun in one such game. My mother very lovingly made my habit for me out of old black-out curtains left over from the war days. This went on for several years until my early teens at which time it became somewhat of an embarrassment because of my age and also the fact that my father had gotten very heavily into home movies which were all the rage at the time, wherein I was captured many times on film which he very proudly showed to many a captive audience.

During all this time I cannot remember a single incident when any thought of sexuality or any sexual inference of my acts came to mind. I was very innocent and simply had a great love and admiration for the nuns that taught me in school.

By the time that this phase of my life came to an end, puberty was nearly upon me. One day I started experimenting with my mother's underwear, very secretly - and I do mean very secretly because I had a strict mother and father. Had I ever been caught in the act of crossdressing I know that I would have been marched off to the nearest priest and reprimanded. To put it mildly I was petrified, but, none the less, compelled to take the chance. Each time the urge to crossdress became stronger and my willingness to take a chance greater.

I did not know what made me do it nor do I this day understand the mystery. I have become over the years, much enlightened and am now completely at ease with my second self.

In any case, this secretive and rather limited dressing went on throughout high school. Because of it and the fact that I was very shy and lonely, I developed few friends and little contact with girls - which I believe made me want to be like them even more. It was not until I entered the University of Connecticut in 1958 that I finally found a nice girl and, would you believe it, I ended up marrying her two years later.

At no time during my two years at college or for the first couple years of my marriage did I do any crossdressing. It hardly entered my mind. But as the heat of courtship inevitably cools and the mind starts to wander, I don't have to tell you where mine wandered to. It was with much verbal finagling that I convinced my wife that it would be a terrific "gag," for me to dress up as a lady of the evening and she as a bum, and go out on Halloween. Mind you, that up to this time she had no idea of my secret self. The proper clothes were purchased and the gag was pulled off successfully and without incident. I really put all that I had into it and it showed. So good was I that not even the members of my immediate family know, to this day, who we were. All that I can remember of my feelings was that I was terrified and yet terribly pleased with myself. It had been several years since I had donned

about my deepest feelings, and has for the most part left me at peace with both my masculine and feminine sides.

In time I left my job of eight years as an estate caretaker for a prominent psychiatrist and moved back to Connecticut. For a short time before moving, I managed a few sessions with a psychiatrist for some counseling and a discussion of my crossdressing. Although he was a good doctor and most sympathetic and sensitive to my needs, I was quite let down by his unwillingness to talk about crossdressing. I still maintain limited contact with him but doubt that I will ever continue my therapy with him. My present situation is that of living in my mother's and sister's home and somewhat unhappily so. I have no one with whom I can discuss my feelings and not a single stitch of feminine clothing. I need a friend.

You must understand the agony that I have suffered and the joy that came to my heart at having found a home at long last. The overwhelming need that I have is to commune with my "own kind."

I am active in the landscape business and have done this sort of work for a long time, now. I love the outdoors and working with plants and gardening. I am considered quite expert in the culture of ferns. I like to read good fiction and study theology as well as making and repairing things around the house. Good classical music and opera are a joy to me. I am currently involved in advanced Bible study and Education For Ministry classes through the Episcopal Church. I have just enrolled in a seminar on the use of The Intensive Journal sponsored by Dialogue House and directed by Dr Ira Progoff in New York City.

I have an unquenchable passion for soft, beautiful feminine clothing and am a perfectionist in all that I do, which is particularly reflected in the pains that I take in the appearance of my second self. Insofar as I can determine, there has never been any question in other's minds, when I have gone out dressed, that I was a woman. That is just the way that I love to feel and to be treated as a woman when I do dress. Having read much of what Dr Carl Jung has written about the "anima-anima" together with such well thought out statements regarding the woman in every man (as your beautifully prepared material says), I can only say that I am proud and eager to become a part of such a unique group of people and will do everything in my power to enhance the Society. Indeed, I feel it is my duty to be helpful and dedicated to my sisters.

I love women. I love to commune with them - just to be with them and enjoy heterosexual relationships. But most of all, I enjoy emulating women and being like them in so many ways. I can say in all honesty that I have never considered changing my sex or any bi-sexual relationship.

One is often nearly driven to madness at times when one's crossdressing is repressed. I cannot say

what the future will bring or how my feelings may change as I come to know myself better. I am very sure that I have enjoyed the half of me that is male and it seems unlikely that I will ever relinquish that pleasure. I feel that this attitude about my maleness can only be enhanced by a complete and satisfying experience for the second-self in me by membership in the Society.

As you may have judged by now, I am a sensitive, gentle, caring and loving person. I pride myself in a humble sort of way on my personal and moral convictions. I am also a person much in need of the warmth, friendship and understanding that could be provided by a group such as Tri-Ess. It would be against everything that I believe in to violate the trust placed in me by my fellow-man and indeed by yourself and by my many Tri-Ess sisters. I look forward to a chapter near me and possibly traveling to New York City to visit CHI DELTA MU chapter.



"All I Did Was Wear A Pantsuit With A Blouse And Heels That Didn't Match To A Tri-Ess Meeting."

a pair of panties much less the full garb of a woman. Well, the experience was too much and I had to continue. I took every opportunity to dress in those same clothes, time after time, without my wife knowing it. I took some terrible chances and was nearly caught in the act several times.

Our first child was a girl and we moved to the family farm in Vermont around 1966. Gradually I managed to get my wife to allow me to crossdress in private. I had to do a great deal of talking and explaining in order for her to agree to this and, as I think back on it, I am sure that she understood none of what I was trying to tell her. I think that she must have thought me to be a bit weird.

Once given the green light I proceeded with a passion. As I mentioned, I was eventually allowed to appear dressed in private and then in front of my wife, but it was though that I was not even in the same room with her. She would not even talk to me until I had taken off my feminine clothes.

IN 1970 a son was born and I stopped dressing once again. It was not just the birth of the baby but also the space that was developing between my wife and me that made me quit. She had so many problems of her own that she could not handle any more. I thought that it was expedient at the time that I best give up my dressing. So I burned all of my prettys in a pile and resolved that this was the end of my crossdressing. Six months later my wife took up with another man and we separated and then divorced.

I came back to Connecticut and moved in with my mother and sister. It was not too long before I learned that a child can not move back into the nest once he has left of his own accord and soon took an apartment and started going out with women. I'm sure that you have heard the old adage that claims that the best way to forget an old love is to find a new one. It was not long before I did just that. I had vowed that the first thing that I would do if I met a girl who was important to me, was to level with her about my crossdressing. But this girl took it well. There was little discussion about it, and nothing more was said for three years. (We lived together for a year and all went fairly well considering that she was raising five children from two previous marriages.) We moved to Vermont and married in 1973.

After about the third year together, and after the newness of the marriage had worn off, I was surprised one evening, when out of the blue, the subject of crossdressing came up. I should have known that my wife, being a much more sensitive and methodical woman than my first wife, had not simply overlooked what I had told her about my crossdressing. But then I hadn't forgotten it either. I had simply felt that it was best to repress my second self because of the unsuccessful first marriage. But time was taking its toll. Here I was again, face to face with it and this time with a person

that I deeply loved and who seemed to love and want to understand me. So we went at it together and much to our mutual pleasure, for some time.

I dressed in the privacy of our bedroom for a year or so but then I expressed the desire to go out in public. I was very cautious about requesting this, at first - trying not to be pushy.

In the beginning I did it alone but I was petrified and felt only half-a-person without her by my side.

Eventually she decided to go with me and once again I was filled with joy. We were careful as there was always the fear that SHE would be recognized by someone that we knew and that they would make the critical association. But we were a smash together.

She was a striking woman, every bit as tall as me and a simple, but elegant, dresser. We were readily accepted in restaurants, shops, theaters and on the streets and turned many a male head. She did most of the talking, as my voice is rather deep, but it all went without a hitch. We went about this for almost a year, but then as her fear and anxiety increased, we gradually retreated back into the safety of our home.

During this time, I "gave it up" again - several times out of fear for my wife's feelings and the dreadful thought of losing her for, what I then considered to be a fairly selfish need.

Through a series of circumstances, few of which had anything to do with my second self, my wife and I separated in 1980. I took my own apartment in the same rooming house as my wife's oldest son, David. It was a sad and traumatic parting, but one which we both now recognize was a necessary one.

Once again, with the privacy of my own room, I took up crossdressing with a renewed zeal. It was partially, I think, to cover up and forget the hurt, but also because I felt that it could be done without hurting anyone.

But, alas, after my previous experience, I felt terribly alone with it. During this time, I established a very close relationship with David, my step-son. David was and still is quiet and a most sensitive boy. He absolutely and even to this day adores me as his father. To him I could do no wrong.

It was wrong of me, I suppose, to impose my personal life upon him. We went out together - he as David and I as his Aunt. Also, during this period of living alone I came to know a woman who was my neighbor across the hall and as it so she was studying psychology. I needed someone to discuss my second self with and I confided in her many of my innermost feelings, much more so than I had ever done with anyone else.

In the due course of this relationship, she introduced me to a small Roman Catholic (but very ecumenical) religious retreat community near Saratoga, New York. As the result of this introduction, I had a spiritual experience. It is one that has really sustained me and given me considerable insight

SOCIETY AND GENDER AMBIGUITY

(Writer Unknown)

The appearance and mass audience approval of several movies and plays dealing with gender ambiguity in the past year hopefully signals the beginning of an extraordinary revolution in American thinking. "Drag" has always been used as a gag in the past, from the "females" played by Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon in "Some Like It Hot," to "M.A.S.H.'s" Klinger, the characters in the series "Bosom Buddies," and the ridiculous masquerades in numerous episodes of the "Love Boat."

The most important switch pulled in "Tootsie" is not in Michael/Dorothy's progression through gender but in the assumption that for a man to dress and act realistically like a woman is not, ipso facto, absurd.

Today's audiences, representative of society, seem to do more than just accept the essentially lighthearted confusion of disguise and discovery. Blake Edwards and Sydney Pollack realized this but chose the comedic form to impart their messages in "10," "Victor/Victoria," and "Tootsie" rather than make the films heavy with obvious social message. Today's crop of heroes/heroines, whatever the motives for crossdressing, are mirroring contemporary sexual/gender conflicts and attitudes.

The recent plays and movies

raise good questions about what it means to be a woman or man with some seriousness. At last, not only the social behaviorists are asking what it means to be male or female (beyond the obvious). Is anyone wholly feminine or masculine or, are we all at different points on the same continuum?

Many magazines articles are addressing this issue. Last year, "Playboy" ran a series on "Human Sexuality;" one entire article was devoted to research into pre-natal endocrinological programming of the brain's sexual identity, with the general idea being that our gender identification may very well be determined before birth by the chemicals in the hypothalamus. Dustin Hoffman's interviews in various magazines have provided many significant insights -- including the thought that he was a better man for having been a woman. While that is something that WE have really known all along, it is refreshing and important for society to hear that from someone not associated with the transgender community.

A recent article in the New York Times went even further. Stating that "the more we know, or can bear to know, about ourselves, the less the old conventional, patriarchal strictures seem to apply." Quoting Dr. Martha Kirkpatrick, an asso-

ciate clinical professor of psychiatry at UCLA and a member of DR. Robert Stoller's gender identity research group there, the article advances the idea "that the breakdown of strict patriarchal rules is involved both in the sexual revolution and in attempts to establish a more egalitarian society." Carol Heilbrun, author of "Towards a Recognition of Androgyny" and a professor of English Literature at Columbia University, says that it is through women "that one gets at what's wrong with the world."

Interestingly, the recent crop of masquerades is balanced towards the feminine. In a world where for a man to put on a skirt is to take off authority, and for a woman to put on pants is to take on authority, men are playing women with the implication that there is an enlargement, and not a diminishment of their personalities. A man playing a woman really wants to have the experience. There may be an inherent drive in such individuals to give birth, if not in the absolute physical sense, then in the creative sense.

Considerable argument can be mustered for the concept that a significant measure of the world's creativity comes from people who are consciously or subconsciously transgender. This thesis is supported by the line of psychological thought that the creative act on invention is an attempt on the part of the inventor to redress a wrong of society -- subconsciously attacking patriarchy.

Although we may have to continue to tolerate gag "drag" episodes, serious thought may be beginning to accept transgender behavior as a contribution to society at large rather than as a freakish aberration. Television appearances, such as Elaine's, are a significant step in the right direction. Maybe there really is "light at the end of the tunnel."



JIM ...as himself

"Toot-toot-Tootsie, hello" to be the theme song of man in TOOT-SIE Look-alike contest

Jim 29, of Elyria, won a Tootsie Look-Alike contest in March, edging out 15 other "beauties" for the title.

Jim first heard of the contest, sponsored by the Lake County News-Herald and the Mentor Mall Merchant's Association, through Marianne Schutt who was a friend who lives nearby in Willoughby.

"At first I thought she was nuts. Then I figured, why not," Jim said.

With the help of Larry Williams, Ms Schutt and Sue MacDonald, "Tootsie" began to take shape.

Jim's clothes were bought at J.C. Penny in the Midway Mall and his makeup and Wig "came from the girls."

"When we went into Penny's to find clothing we told the sales clerk what we were doing, but I don't think she believed us," Jim said. "She looked at us kind of funny. I'd like to go back now that I've won the contest."

Schutt predicted that Jim would be the winner when she called the News Herald to find out if non-Lake County residents were eligible.

Jim was less confident. "At the last moment, I thought I'd back out," he said. But

his friends wouldn't let him.

After all, they'd worked hard Friday night stuffing his bra and girdle with pantyhose and rubber. "Tootsie" was ready and "Tootsie" would go.

Making sure the neighbors weren't looking, Jim snuck into his car and he and Williams took off for Mentor.

"It took me until Wednesday to realize that I'd won and that I really look like Dorothy," said Jim.

Yes, he really does. As

Tootsie Contest In Ohio

THIS GUY MUST HAVE HAD A GREAT TIME BEING DRESSED UP. YOUR EDITOR SENT HIM A TRI-ESS BROCHURE. WILL HE JOIN? WAIT AND SEE.

"Tootsie" strolled into the newspaper newsroom on Saturday, heads turned. Who was that woman? Looks like "Tootsie." Couldn't be could it?

What's next for Elyria's very own "Tootsie?"

He's thinking of entering a national "Tootsie-look-alike" contest. And as Jim sits on his new \$1,000 in patio furniture, he can dream of what might be. Perhaps there's a role in a soap opera. Perhaps a movie. Maybe even an Academy Award.



Everything Going Well In Mexico

Carolina, our sister in Mexico, and who has been enjoying the life of a housewife for sometime, now finds that she has to double as a secretary. But she still enjoys the life of a girl!

I am happy to tell you that our baby (Diana Carolina) is now one year old. Every day she looks cuter and more intelligent. She calls both Diana and myself "Mommy."

Diana and I are now receiving psychiatric help although it is not for the reason that you might first think. We are trying to reinforce our home patterns of living so that we can better accept ourselves. The doctor is marvelous -- she understands Diana as well as me.

The other reason we are attending the sessions with the psychiatrist is that we are concerned about our daughter. Since I am always dressed as a woman, and stay home all day, we are concerned about the roles we play, especially since Diana goes out to work all day long. The doctor was consulted since we were concerned about the future for the baby, Diana. We were not sure about whether we might tell her about our identities.

But the doctor says to keep the same roles we have and in the future we can tell the baby that I am her Aunt, Diana's sister and that I live with her. I am to show the baby, Diana, much love.

I have not sent you a picture of the family because the Doctor said it was not good at this time to show any such pictures to "outsiders." Sally has taken a picture of us, but the picture is in a locked closet

and I am not allowed to have a key. Outside of that little inconvenience, things are going well here,

Since the economic crises in Mexico things have gotten difficult here with our family. This will mean more work for me because, due to a budget cut-back in the petroleum company (where Diana has many contacts as a legal advisor) several good contracts have been cancelled so Diana has had to dismiss several girls. The worst came two months later, when another contract was cut in half. This time Diana had to fire two lawyers and the remaining secretary. That day, when she and Lulu came home, they were very sad and I was told that the office would have to be closed since she could not afford to pay the personnel. In addition, since she and Lulu were out most of the time, there would be no one to handle the office routine, including answering the phone.

That was where my big mouth got into action. I offered to help her by what I meant was staying home, answering the phone and doing some typing. But Diana misunderstood and said that my offer to help was accepted and that next Monday I could start helping her at the office. I said, "But who will do the housework and take care of the baby?" But Diana said that her mother

would be available (she does stay with us) and that I could come home at lunch and take care of a few things. Diana would take me to the office in the morning and her mother would pick me up at noon on time to make lunch and to do the remaining chores,

I protested but in the end I ended working as a secretary at Diana's office. I now wake up earlier, around six, to get myself ready, prepare breakfast, feed the baby and go to the office around 8:30.

What I do not like is that each night I have to sleep with rollers in my hair. It is very uncomfortable. At the office I am usually alone most of the time. I type things and answer the phone. The weird part is that when I answer the phone, the party on the other end thinks I am a male secretary. They get mixed up when I say that Miss Carolina or Miss [redacted] is calling.

At noon, Sally (Diana's mother) picks me up and I run to get lunch ready for about 2:00 when Diana gets home. We eat and then I tidy up the kitchen and do the laundry or ironing. Sally does help in the morning by taking care of Diana, the baby, and doing the bedrooms and dusting. It is not a lot of help but it is something.

As you see, Carol, I am getting deeper into the women's world now that I am a

and "mother," and also a working girl. But I am in love with my life even though I am working harder than ever before.

Right now I am writing this letter in my spare time at the office. When I first started, I thought working at the office would be boring and I would have plenty of time to polish my nails and retouching my makeup. But these scenes are for the movies and not for me. That is because when I get to the office, I first clean it, then I revise the dictation done the

afternoon before by Lulu or Diana and there are usually two or three cassettes to be typed. I also do the filing and between all this, the phone rings like crazy. I hardly have time for a cup of coffee. The good side of all this is that Diana and Lulu are pleased with my work and are planning to hire another girl to help me and be a receptionist. That is because sometimes people come to the office and my speaking is not as feminine as it should be. I try hard to improve and I speak

very little with those who come into the office. I enjoy every minute of all this. I do get tired, but when it happens, Diana, or Sally, comes to my rescue. I love to be treated as a woman. In turn, Diana and Sally encourage me in my appearance, makeup and hairdo. They tell me that I look nice all the time. I certainly do not want to look as a unisex person. I could not stand that because, as you know, we Tv's must take care of our looks so that we can look like real girls.

HARRIET'S FUTURE IS INVITING (CA-336-S)

I have two older sisters and I am sure that my parents wanted another girl. Until I was almost ready to go into first grade, I had long blonde curls. In addition, my mother dressed me in my sisters's clothes or new ones when she could afford to do so.

I was raised as a girl during this period. When I finally had my first hair cut my mother saved those beautiful blonde curls, which she still has. I did not desire any public exposure as a girl although I did occasionally wear certain lingerie -- all this as I was getting older.

However, about a year ago, the urge to appear in public, as a woman, became so strong that I could no longer resist. With encouragement from my wife, we purchased a complete wardrobe, including several wigs, shoes jewelry and then I practiced how to walk as a girl, using make-up, and so forth.

Last summer I ventured out side for the first time. It was wonderful! I still need to refine my style of walking, speech and mannerisms, but this should come with experience and practice. At the first opportunity, I plan to have portraits made of myself in my favorite blonde

wig and feminine attire. I will also have one made of my male-self in a business suit and then put both pictures in a double frame and give the pictures to my mother so that she can see what her little girl would look like today. Little did she realize what a great favor she did for me at the time. Retirement is only a few short years away and when the time comes, I plan to live full time as a woman. It should be most pleasant.

RHONDA AND FRIEND ENJOY LIFE (CA-309-S)

It was a beautiful day in the city of Boston and Rhonda couldn't resist being "Rhonda" for the day. So she called a lady friend of long standing (who only recently learned of Rhonda's crossdressing) and asked if she could use her friend's apartment for dressing.

The lady friend was most receptive to the idea and soon Rhonda was "made pretty." The act of making herself pretty caused the lady friend to constantly peek in on Rhonda to see what progress was being made. As a result, it was necessary for Rhonda to shoo her away - she could see Rhonda only when Rhonda was completely made-up.

The lady friend liked our sister so much that she made a

gift to Rhonda consisting of a blue polyester dress with red piping. Rhonda wore her pretty blonde wig and the two girls stepped into the sunshine.

They strolled the avenues of Boston and finally stopped for a snack in an ice cream parlor.

Many people noticed the couple as they walked. Some may have felt that they were mother and daughter. Others probably thought that they were sisters.

They walked some more and eventually stopped to sit down on a park bench. No sooner had they sat down then who should appear but Rhonda's girlfriend's suitor. He began to berate her for not telling him to make a date for them to get together and revealed that he was a jealous person. He did not recognize Rhonda and Rhonda's ladyfriend remained calm.

With assurances that she would call him and a scolding that "we two girls are talking, so please don't disturb us," the lady friend sent her suitor on his way.

The two friends spent the remainder of the day together but eventually it was necessary for Rhonda to change into Bill. Fond farewells were made and Bill walked away from the apartment. As Bill walked down the street, the "suitor" walked by and never realized that he had just recently been with Bill's Second Self.

Susan's Weekend

SUSAN (VA-5-R) AND HER SISTERS SPEND A WEEK-END IN THE MOUNTAINS AND COME HOME MOST SATISFIED - AT BEING ABLE TO DRESS THE WHOLE WEEKEND'



One of our crossdressing group has a vacation townhouse in the ski resort area of Virginia. It sleeps eight and comes with a sauna and jacuzzi. My spouse and I had invited the TV owner, spouse and two other cross-dressers to dinner one evening. Part way through the evening, Karen, the owner, invited all of us to a weekend gathering at the townhouse. Needless to say, we all accepted.

At the time the invitation was extended, the weekend was four weeks away. The closer the date got, the more frequent the phone calls were among us . . . what shall we bring, what clothes are appropriate, etc. I suppose that I should add that this was a gathering of four married couples who met through Tri-Ess and have become close friends.

On Friday, my spouse and I left at mid-day and were traveling very leisurely along non-turnpike roads. She was dozing at times and I really thought that she had missed the sign which said, "Clothing Outlet Store - ten miles." No such luck - I swear it to you that

she could be sound asleep, late on a rainy night, and her sixth sense would wake her saying, "Outlet - Outlet." Oh well, it wouldn't take much time.

We found the store and right next to it was a restaurant. We decided to eat first, and then, after we were finished, I inquired as to where the men's room was. I was directed OUTSIDE - "right next to the Coke machine." It was dirty, rather breezy and fronted onto the main road. I would be less candid with you if I did not admit that I wish that I had been dressed so that I could have used the ladies' room - I'm sure that it would have been cleaner.

After eating, we shopped the Outlet Store and my spouse found a lovely summer dress which was quite inexpensive. She had searched the racks to see if there was anything for me, but what was found was not really necessary.

Soon after we arrived at the townhouse - it was super! Two stories with the front part not having the second story and with the ceiling soaring

high to the roof line - about thirty-five feet high. It also contained 1½ baths, massive fireplace, lovely view, sauna and jacuzzi adjoining to the latter, having mirrors all the way around the room. Very nice!

I felt in a rather "buxom mood" and promptly changed into a flower print over blouse and a gray skirt with black pumps. It was a very comfortable outfit to wear for extended periods. Downstairs, I went into the kitchen to help our female hostess start dinner - breast of turkey and all the nice things to go with it. And, speaking of breasts, I certainly was taking a needling about the size of mine. Oh well, it is "my thing."

The other two couples soon arrived, drinks were served and then we gathered about the fireplace and chatted, where I took even more kidding about my "bust development." One of the sisters (Janice) was taking even MORE kidding because of the luggage that she brought. "Did you rent a U-Haul?" Janice had come with two massive suitcases - she likes to have a number of changes of

clothing for even the shortest of gatherings. Her spouse had come with a little bag!!

Dinner was super, and as you will soon see, our female hostess is a superb cook. We all tucked in about midnight.

The next morning Janice was up before any of us – doing her thing in the kitchen. Finally, we all gathered in the kitchen in various stages of feminine deshabille. Janice was making quiche for the lot of us, and oddly enough, there were no comments about , “Real men don’t eat quiche!” (Why did my brother-in-law give that book to me as a side Christmas present?) In any event, the quiche was superb and I “pigged out” on it. Afterwards, I changed into male clothes and my spouse and I went for a walk. The area is really lovely – an obviously tough golf course, four ski slopes, basketball courts, etc. Really lovely – everything was laid out to give maximum pleasure.

Back at the house, I found out that my three sisters had already changed into daytime dresses and were fully made-up. It was a bit warm and I was kidding the others about my changing into a “summer frock” and bemoaning the fact that I had not brought a wide-brimmed picture hat. I changed into my border print dress which is very light and comfortable. I would mention that I was rather conservatively endowed – if you understand me,

It was a very nice afternoon. We girls chatted, took pictures of each other, tried on each others clothes, etc. The spouses amused themselves by reading, talking among themselves and with us, helping we sisters with posture, combing out our wigs, and just generally relaxing.

Although this is a bit out of sequence, I suppose that I should mention that the jacuzzi really got a workout. At one point there was a couple in

there alone and we kept hearing giggles, laughter, etc. Turns out that they had found two rubber duckies, had aimed the jets so that the water was being forced in at a high rate in the same circular motion – and were watching the ducks whirl around the tub at a high rate. I wish that I’d had brought my cruiser and two destroyers.

Starting out about seven, we all disappeared at one time or another, to dress for dinner. Everyone looked absolutely super – eight nicely dressed women all ready for dinner. I wore my light blue knit dress with a very comfortable foundation underneath, my 4¼ inch black patent leather heels, and my light auburn wig. One of our sisters (who shall go nameless) drew a giggle with her comment, “With this group, I don’t want to go into the bathroom and see the seat up.” Karen looked so very nice in a skirt and blouse combination as did Michelle. Michelle seems to have a bit of a fetish for a single combination – very expensive white blouse and black skirt to go with it. She always looks very nice, but I do kid her about looking like an English lady who is a librarian. I would also add in passing that my pearls (neckless, ring and earrings which I bought in Japan) drew favorable comment – they were such a good investment! Note that I didn’t say anything about Janice’s outfit. There is a good reason for that – she changed three times during the dinner time.

A quick side story here – just before we dressed for dinner, I remarked to Janice that I wanted to try on the wig she wore (it(it was a short, darkish wig, streaked with gray). We had both gotten dressed and she came in and we decided to swap wigs. She promptly disappeared and then I heard comments from the ground floor, such as, “It makes you look 20 years younger!” And Janice responded, “You mean that I look 49!” – she

actually is about 42. In the meantime I had tried on her wig, decided that it didn’t suit me, and was patiently waiting for her to return. She didn’t! There I was, sitting on the bed, looking at myself in the mirror, fully made up, but without a wig. In any event, I soon shouted for Janice, and recovered my wig.

Dinner was excellent – tenderloin steaks from the Jen-Air, baked potatoes, wine, salad – the full bit. It was a super dinner with lovely feminine women at the table. Karen made sure that our glasses were full at all times. The spouses were carrying on, making sure that we understood that next time, they wanted a proper maidservant to wait on the table. It drew any number of volunteers!

After dinner, we gathered around in front of the fireplace and Janice continued changing outfits. She came sauntering down the stairs in one outfit and we were all admiring her when one of the spouses started laughing. She said, “It’s MY dress!” It seems that she had given Janice a full length evening gown in a silver color. Janice had taken it, cut a good deal of fabric off the bottom, turned it into a mini dress, using the excess fabric to make full length sleeves with capelets over each sleeve. Now, I have seen mini-dresses that were short, but this outfit was so short that it made most dresses look like formals. Did she ever take a kidding about it!! She certainly has more courage than do I. She had done all of the cutting and sewing by herself.

Everyone was much at ease and there was much talk, many pictures taken, a good deal of liquor consumed – until we finally decided to turn in at about two in the morning.

The next morning, it was again nightgowns and robes. The breakfast was country style with eggs, toast, bacon and juice. The day was a cold, rainy

day and the fire in the fireplace made it appear ever so cozy. Karen and I dressed fully with her wearing a skirt/blouse combination and I wore a gray skirt with a pale yellow sweater with full dolman sleeves. Janice was messing around in a house-dress and Michelle was dressed in regular clothes. I was curled up in front of the fireplace, in what had been dubbed as the "return to the womb" chair. It was a low chair with very high arms and back -- when you settle down in it, you really feel very much at peace with the world. I had a good book and was quite prepared to stay there until it was finished. And that's what I did.

There was the usual bustling around with packing. We expected to leave at noon and have a meal on the road or wait until we got home. Our female hostess struck again!! She talked us into staying and served lasagne, garlic bread, wine, etc at two in the afternoon.

The trip home was difficult due to the weather but my wife and I amused ourselves with conversation about the weekend and playing with the car stereo.

We all were grateful to the couple who invited us for the lovely weekend. We crossdressers were also grateful to our female hostess and our wives who took many pictures of us.

It was a pleasant weekend with very nice people, a **super** hostess and hostess (did anyone giggle?) and excellent surroundings. I am very fortunate in having such a lovely wife and being able to meet such fine people through TRi-Ess. We are so much at ease with each other.

Soon after that special end we had two of the couples over to the house to sort and swap pictures -- set up the albums, have drinks, and chat a bit. All three of the wives that were present read the newsletter and arrived at **the** opinion that I should include a bit

more on how they felt about the weekend!!

The major items they wanted to mention were: 1. They felt more comfortable with other wives around!! 2. That it was easier on the nerves in that all of us were away from home -- no need to worry about the next door neighbor ringing the door bell, wanting to borrow a mower or shovel. 3. They were able to totally relax and enjoy themselves -- that there were any number of people to chat with -- or they simply did what they wanted to do. 4. It was an amusing and upbeat weekend. Everything was sort of lightness

and life. No one got sloshed because all were making sure that the weekend went well.

5. They particularly wanted to emphasize the fact that a relationship which had begun on a very casual basis at Tri-Ess meetings, had become a strong friendship. They're right -- we are in frequent contact with each other and meet on a dressed and non-dressed basis. We simply enjoy each other as friends. 6. That all of them are supportive of their spouses' cross dressing to a rather high degree and have come to appreciate the benefits that they themselves derive from it.



The T.V. room in my home must be the only one in Brussels without a television, although I really wonder how many other girls there are out there. Well, I'm going to find out because in the Autumn I am going to start trying to form a chapter here in Europe's capital.....

Brussels still has a strong thread of conservatism running through it. It is somewhat behind the United Kingdom and the U.S. in acceptance of new social trends so I am not optimistic about public acceptance of crossdressing as yet. There are a number of interesting shops here -- especially those specializing in surplus products or as we say "fin de sene." (end of the series) - those items which the shops couldn't sell and had to get rid of to make way for the new season's fashions. It's not uncommon for dresses to go for \$5.00 each and I purchased a gorgeous long pile, full-length fake fur coat for about \$50.00. These are new garments! Wigs start at around \$50.00 and up so they are more expensive than in the U.S. Sometimes my spirits rise like, recently when I purchased a casual jacket for \$10.00 and the saleslady asked if I needed any dresses. I was surprised because I was not "dressed" at the time.

The highlight of the year is the annual carnival in Cologne, Germany where I can have a few days "en femme." After several visits I can report that there is widespread public acceptance of crossdressing during Carnival. Several people wanted to pose for photographs with me which was nice. Hopefully, by next year, I'll have found some girls to go with because up to now I've been there alone. German police maintain a register of known crossdressers in the big cities so that they are not harrassed or charged with other offenses. This is



Susan (Belg-1-F)

Belgium Sister Helps

encouraging and surprising because Germany, in general, is not famous for toleration of minorities. On one occasion, near Cologne cathedral, I was approached by a young man who made an offer. I smiled and said, "Ich bin ein mann." Thinking I was a crazy female, he replied, "Ein mann?????" "Ja," I said, "its Carnival, you know," and lifting my wig like a top hat, I bid him good evening and walked away. I'll never forget his face as long as I live!

London has several shops which are specifically for crossdressers. My advice is to avoid them. Shoddy merchandise at inflated prices is bad enough but when you realize that with their mail order services they get rich on the fears of our sisters, it makes you sick. A good

place for exotic garments in shiny plastic, cire nylon, stretch polyurethane is "She 'n Me." Write to me for the address. They ship overseas and their goods are well made and reasonably priced.

In general I believe Europe is more accepting of crossdressing than the U.S. but the states are rapidly catching up. The European folk-lore traditions and ceremonies going back to the Middle Ages often featured crossdressers and this heritage is still with us. Also in northern Europe at least, we never pictured the ideal male as Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds combined, so we have less distance to go to the crossover point into femininity. Well, girls, that's the end of the philosophy section of this course - just one final word: I hope that you all pass!

An Aid For Those Who Travel When Dressed



Crossdressing and Traveling

The following article is a condensation of a new booklet to be published soon by Kay CA-327-G, a Tri-Ess sister in the Sacramento area.

"Since I travel dressed to many cities on a regular basis, I decided to publish a booklet on 'how to do it' with greater comfort and safety. It is important to think the process through carefully and to keep your wits about you. In addition, I only recommend traveling while dressed for the accomplished crossdresser who regularly goes out dressed and who passes relatively easily. If you are in doubt whether you can pass easily, don't travel while dressed.

Let's assume that you can pass relatively well and are a frequent traveler, so you should know your way around airports, hotels and many cities.

ATTIRE

Plan your attire carefully and conservatively. Before you leave, pay a lot of attention to what women wear while traveling. Often it is a skirted-suit or skirt and blouse. But above all, you will note that they

never wear flashy clothing or cocktail-type clothes.

In my case I wear sling pumps in winter and slides in summer. In all cases, you should wear clothes and shoes that fit well, look modern and not out-of-date.

Carry a purse that is coordinated with your outfit and large enough to contain some emergency items, such as make-up (sufficient for a complete redo); razor; and, extra stockings. If you wear false nails, do them with Krazy glue and carry some along for repair purposes. Always wear a wedding ring while traveling as it helps prevent you from hassles.

MOTELS AND HOTELS

Make a reservation in your femme name. Have sufficient cash or femme-name credit cards to cover all expenses. If you use your own last name, have the card company issue you a new card with only your initial and last name. Then the card will be usable with your male or femme name.

Choose hotels that match your style of clothes. I dress very well with most of my clothes coming from better shops

such as Magnins, Saks, Macy's, and the like. Therefore, I look like I belong at the Century Plaza, Marriott, Hyatt Regency, and so forth. In Vegas I travel in Designer jeans, knit top or silk blouse and heels. There, I fit in with the 'strip motels.'

If you stay at a motel, ask for a room with an outside entrance. Ask for it when you make a reservation for Mrs. X.

If you expect to travel dressed on a regular basis, get yourself some hotel-motel courtesy cards in your femme name. So far I have these from the Hilton, Marriott and Holiday Inn. Such cards ease the check-in process.

FLYING

This really is the toughest test and most risky. Every factor comes into play -- attire, manner, emotional control and planning.

I order all airline tickets in my last name and initial without a Mr. or Mrs. designation. This can be done through a travel agent. He, or she, will also pre-book and do advance check-in and seat reservations

for you. This is really helpful.

The bathroom on the plane is a really safe place to use as you are not subject to any risk there. Be sure to use it before landing, thus reducing your risk in the terminal. If you do use the ladies room in the terminal, take care of your needs, check your hair, wash up and leave!

CAR RENTALS

Make advance reservations again, as in the case of flying. Last name, initial and Ms. When at the car rental counter, give them your credit card over the license. Tell the clerk, usually a woman, the following: "All the information on the license is correct and the same as the pre-application. The expiration date is *****." That's all they really want to hear. I usually do this or have someone meet me. The latter is always preferable especially if it is a man.

MAKE UP

Your makeup should be subdued and in the daytime mode. Do not go to excess or over emphasize when using make up.

Know your safe-time period for beard growth and do not exceed these times. I carry a small electric razor in my purse to use in the ladies room on the plane if I am delayed. Delays are a possibility and you should think through how you will handle an overnite or late connection. Do your nails and toes with special care. A real woman will not travel with sloppy looking nails or poorly done nails. Colors should be a little more subdued but may still be bright as in the case of the 'new wet' looks.

GENERAL

It is most critical to remember to project a feminine image. Feel it, act it, be it! You are what you project. For goodness sake, don't act or

project like a man in drag if some one looks at you.

One of the most common mistakes many new girls make is to walk with their eyes on the ground and with shoulders rather stooped. Don't do it! Put your shoulders back, bust up and hold

your head up naturally. Look at other women around you and do as they do.

All of this information and more will be included in Kay's booklet on traveling. Questions for Kay can be mailed to her through the security mailing system of Tri-Ess Sorority.



GEORGE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S YOU"

POET'S CORNER



Silent Dreams by Sharon Louise PA-219-M

Let my life a mirror be,
Where all the world will see,
The gentle loving ways,
Reflects the girl in me.

My life is an open book
For other girls to read.
The words of comfort
In their need.

Make my life a touch of truth,
Where tender hearts can feel.
And scars will anneal.

Make my life a babbling brook
Where laughter flows free.
Where all the world can see
The image of the girl in me.

A song from the 1930's musical
Bloomer Girl goes:

Is it the girl, or is it the gown?
Which of the two do you love?
Is it her hair that makes her so fair?
Is it her lips that you long to caress.....
or is it that exquisite dress?

Is she the dream of all you desire?
Or is it the frock that happens to knock you down?
or is it merely her beautiful gown?

Thanks to Paula MD-8-M

Elaine CA-329-R

A Crossdresser once made her appeal
For a world-wide Tv peace deal.
Said she: "How could war
Be fought any more
If all soldiers wore skirts and high heels?

A young man, an actor by trade,
Once tired of the parts that he played.
And so in the spring
He portrayed not the king
But drew raves by playing the maid.

Mrs Perkins said, "This is the life!
I'm free from all worry and strife.
My husband, you see,
Is a loving Tv - "
Every woman should have such a wife.



Julian Eltinge, the American transvestite entertainer of the early twentieth century, marrying himself by means of a trick photograph.



O u r

M a i l

Dear Carol: I don't go out in public but, instead, go to motels to dress. It's expensive to keep up but I presently don't have any close crossdressing friends. Part of that problem is that I am not yet shaving off my body hair with the exception of my eyebrows. Still, I have been crossdressing since age 12. Then it was in mom's clothes and seldom and then in my 20's complete dressing. I went out in public a number of times. I have many fears if my crossdressing should be found by my family and others. I intend to visit a chapter meeting but am afraid that I might create a bad image due to my body hair. But I do need sisters to talk to.

I hope to be able to visit an electrologist and gradually have the hair removed. I would also like to work to obtain more tolerance from my wife. She had been very upset the times that I had shaved off my body hair. She had even set up some mandates about not doing this. But she knows that I still do - at times. Like many sisters I have gone back and forth between my drives to become more feminine. At times I have worried that I might be becoming too feminine in my male role. I must be on my eighth wardrobe but now have made better choices in clothes and accessories as well as in makeup. I watch my weight which is about 140 pounds.

My second self wants to live but has been given little consideration until now. Your professional books have been a means for me to look inward at my self. Tammie (CA-328-K)

Dear Carol: I'd be grateful if you would publish some information on several subjects that I've never seen covered, namely electrolysis (We've done that - Editor) and sculptured nails. I've talked with electrologists and beauticians but they haven't the perspective of the male crossdresser. Questions that come to mind are numerous and although many of us can make contact with people in the beauty business (for information), I'd like to hear a crossdressers experience of the pros and cons before I embark on this myself. For instance, how can you reliably remove the sculptured nails and how many treatments might be necessary to remove all facial hair. Does the skin soften and become smooth like female hair after successful electrolysis? How much surface hair can be covered at one time?

Let me tell you about the greatest thing that can ever happen to my second self. I discovered a sympathetic woman and finally learned that I can

pass -- not like Bo Derek, but at least suitably feminine to get by all but the most severe scrutiny. Not trusting my own wishful opinion of my appearance en-femme, I've for years restricted my out-of-home wayfaring to murky fog at 4 A.M. or something similar. Now I've actually accompanied my lady friend to a downtown mall and rubbed elbows with the proletariat.

Scared? You bet! I was glad to get back into the safety of the car afterwards. But it was a worthwhile and rewarding experience and a dream come true. Whoopee! My lady friend has been a great help to me and has shown that while looks and dressing are very important, its moxie that gets you believed by the public!! Look 'em in the eye! Erin SC-201-D

Dear Carol: I am presently married and have a little boy who will be three soon as well as a little girl who is almost two. Before I got married I told Wanda, my wife, that I liked to dress in women's clothes. She thought about it and finally said that it didn't matter. But as time went on, it started to matter. One thing led to another and I was forced to make a decision --either terminate dressing altogether or face the consequences. She even threatened to tell the children.

My wife was cleaning up some old papers and came across the original information that you had sent to me. She read the brochure and other things and said that she could see the difference between Tri-Ess and some of those other hroups. She liked the idea that Tri-Ess catered only to hetero crossdressers. I had attended meetings of "open" organizations but had never felt comfortable. What I want is to belong to Tri-Ess. I miss talking with other straight crossdressers. I am not gay nor kinky. I just want to contact others like myself. Jennifer (MI)

Dear Carol: My name is Eileen T. . . I am writing in regard to my brother Garry. I had written to Dear Abby for I had no one else to turn to. Shr wrote back and told me to write to you - that you could help my brother. I will do my best to explain my brother's problem.

My brother is 37 years of age. He has had problems all of his life. It started when he was very young. He used to take my sister's (and mine) underclothes. Mom would find them under his bed and such. Mom and Dad just overlooked it and said nothing. My younger brothers would make fun of Garry and called him names. Dad also called Garry a sissy a lot. Dad always drank a lot and wasn't a very good father to us. He used to take Garry with him to steal coal for our heat. When the pop man came my Dad would tell Garry to take pop off the truck. So you can see that Garry grew up thinking that stealing was okey.

As my brother got older, life got harder for him. He broke into people's homes and took girl's and women's clothing. Then he started breaking into clothing stores. He would usually have money of his own, to buy what he wanted, but I guess that he was too embarrassed to do that.

He has been and out of jail and in prison two times. He is in jail right now. He was found inside a department store dressed in women's clothing. He knows that these stores have silent alarms. He acts as if he wanted to be caught. I believe that it was his way of asking for help. They took him to the police station dressed that way - took pictures of him. The police had a big laugh about it. My brother was so ashamed. The court-appointed attorney sent Garry to a psychiatrist to have tests made. He saw the person several times and then didn't have to go

back. The doctor's report eventually came and said that he couldn't help Garry, that Garry was not mentally ill but had a personality problem. We had hoped that the Dr could do some thing to help Garry accept his femme self. Garry's attorney said that he would not help because Garry did not have enough money to pay him . . . I just don't understand it.

Garry will have to go for a jury trial now. He faces 14 years. After that he comes back to Iowa and faces charges of breaking parole. He was on parole for doing the same thing. The parole officer he had was a very hateful person. Garry could not get a job and the parole officer told my brother to dress up in his women's clothes and sell Avon. It really hurt Garry. He feels like no one cares if he lives or dies. The last time my brother was in prison a bunch of guys raped him. He is so afraid to go back there again. The attorney said that the trial would be on the news and in the paper.

No one has really tried to help Garry. The main reason was that he had no money. He went to AA for awhile for everytime he broke into some place, he had been drinking. He has also been to mental health, but ran out of money so they quit helping him. No one had ever bothered to talk to any members of Garry's family. We may have been able to help.

My brother wrote me a few weeks ago and told me everything. He said that he can't understand why there isn't one who can help him. He said that his life has been so lonely and miserable and all he ever wanted was someone to help him understand and accept the way he is. The doctor who turned him down must not realize what he had done. Garry really opened up to him. It was hard, but he did. Garry wrote to me indicating that life

wasn't worth it. He scared me, so I went up to see him. He did not have much to say - he didn't seem like himself. I am so very much afraid of what is going through his mind.

Well I had better close for now. I know that my brother could have written himself but felt that he couldn't because if the other prisoners found out where he was writing - you never know what they would do. I will tell him that I have written to you. If there is anything at all you could do for Garry, we would be so grateful. You are our only chance. (Your Editor did indeed write to Eileen, making many suggestions and loaning her the book Transvestism by Brierly for the possible use of an attorney)

Dear Carol: I have been trying to get a chapter started in the St Louis area but the girls seem to believe that an "open" organization is the best answer since they say there is just not enough straight cross-dressers around. And the girls say that they do not want to hurt the efforts of a girl who is trying hard to revive an organization. To this I say - horsepucky! And I say it with conviction as well. You can't get wives to understand, tolerate, and accept with the spectre of homosexuality around. It just won't fly but no one wants to admit that because the unnamed person, and a few other bisexuals, gays and transsexuals are really such nice people. Wives just don't see it that way - it's a clear and present threat to them. I'm having a tough time getting that through some thick heads. Don't think that I'm quitting on the idea, though. I'm not and I won't. Like everything else, it's going to take some time. I think this is where publicity comes in. With the right kind of publicity we will get new members and a better

understanding from the general public. With enough Tri-Ess members assembled in the St Louis and Kansas City areas, we could still have a real chapter of our own without hurting the "open" organization or its members. Marilee IL-300-S

Dear Carol: I had a really fun experience in June that I'd like to tell you about. While in Minneapolis I met a hairdresser who said that while she didn't do manicures, there was a manicurist in their shop who would put on some false nails for me. I had bought a new set but couldn't get them to stick.

I made an appointment for late the next day and when I arrived I explained what I wanted and gave her the nails. But she said that she had better nails which were more flexible and fit better. I was not dressed en femme at the time. She proceeded to give me a manicure and then put on the false nails. By the time she started applying the polish the other patrons had left the shop and there was just the two of us. I thus was able to show her some of my pictures and we had a nice discussion about crossdressing. She believed that people should be able to crossdress if they chose to do so. She spent an hour and a half with me and it was great!

I then went to the hotel and dressed and went out to dinner with a Tv friend and had a delightful evening. It was with great regret that I had to take off the nails the next morning. SARA (MN-201-R)

Dear Carol: The most wonderful, beautiful, exciting experience has just happened to me. Tonight my wife just experienced the utmost closeness to me that we both have ever felt.

She came home this evening and just as you would guess, she found me in the bathroom - half made up. She asked what I was doing. Well, I guess that you can feel with me my thoughts at the moment. I wanted to hide

and even considered just telling her that I was a hetero crossdresser. She said to me, coolly, to finish and that she would be downstairs waiting!!

You can certainly understand that I was a nervous wreck by now. I couldn't even go stairs until all the lights were turned off. I felt terribly ill and I had to go back upstairs three times and collect my wits. My wife stood her ground and just waited.

We had the strangest talk at that time - with me on the stairs and my wife in the kitchen. Finally I just sat in the dark with my wife and talked. I suggested that we take a walk and talk more and we did. My high heels were killing me but I did not want to ruin a very good opportunity to discuss crossdressing with her. She asked me many questions and I let everything out of the bag and told her about my crossdressing life.

Carol, from that moment, I knew that I was ready for the coming out! I need your support and would like very much to become a member of Tri-Ess. Johanna (MI-24-S)

In a recent issue of the Femme Mirror there appeared an article entitled Sweet Memories Of Long Ago. I was surprised that someone had written up the story but the facts were correct since I was the person in the story.

On several occasions I have written to crossdresser friends about how my mother dressed me in 1911 when I was 5½ years of age - just before I had my hair cut short. Those photos that my dad took of me while dressed up had been published a long time ago in Transvestia. At any rate, I was surprised but pleased to see the article. I had always intended to write up the story but evidently you, the

Editor did it (Yes - Editor). Even the age of 5½ was correct. I must say that whoever wrote up the story did a much better job of writing than I could have done so I am happy about it. Every detail of the incident was beautifully covered. It happens that 1981 was the 70th year since the incident so I looked at the photos and got my Dad's diary out of the attic and looked up the day that the pictures of me were taken in girl's clothing. Sure enough, there in the diary was the notation of taking my picture as a girl and then taking me to the barber for a hair cut.

It is a fact that when I did re-discover the original photos in the family album at the age of 12 or 13 I was really shook and started dressing in my mother's clothing on the sly. I dressed at every opportunity after that and finally in 1961 (50 years after the photo event) I acquired a feminine sounding voice and from that time have been out in public at every opportunity, practically without restriction.

I am now 76 and very active in crossdressing, doing most of the housework and personal shopping while dressed. I go to the very same salespeople in the same stores, both in the feminine and the masculine roles and they do not recognize me as the same person at all. On New Year's eve, 1931, my mother and father had a little party in our home and I dressed up in some of my mother's clothing and came downstairs to join the party. One of the young lady guests took a special interest in me and danced with me. She told me that she had been an ardent fan of Julian Eltinge when she had been living in New York City - when he was in his heyday of acting en femme. In 1933 we were married and she cooperated with me in my dressing during our 30 years of marriage until she suddenly died in 1963. I have now been married 16 years to another wonder-

fully cooperative and ing wife. When I get dressed in the morning for the day she gives me a shopping list to fill at the markets and stores, so I do most of the shopping and errands and also some of the domestic work, in great contrast to my profession of flying. Felicity (NY-16-M)

Dear Carol: I have to do all my dressing in my van during my lunch hour. To some it might not sound very satisfying but when it is all that you've got, you make the most of it. For a while a very dear woman friend would go with me during lunch and help me apply my makeup and check to see if my dresses fit properly. That was over a year ago. We are still good friends and she still gives me advice, but prefers not to go out anymore.

Recently I was able to take some time off and I called Linda (CA-306-P) and asked if I could visit with her for a few hours. I call her whenever I get a chance and have had lunch with her several times. Carol, it was a wonderful experience and Linda was an absolute joy. I carried with me at least 3 or 4 dresses, a couple of wigs and all my makeup. Everytime I see a promotion at Robinsons or The Broadway I want to go out and buy it. Anyway, my visit with Linda was for four glorious hours. I modeled all my dresses. I like high heels and she instructed me in the proper way to walk and stand. I love to girl watch and try to remember the ways they do little things so that I can practice them and perfect my image. I have my own office and arrive at work early so that I can lock myself in and practice walking, standing and sitting. At the same time Linda helped me with my voice. My voice is naturally high and lots of time when I answer the phone am mistaken for a woman. That

really gives me a thrill. Linda says that my makeup technique is fine and that I would pass while shopping. Lorelei, (CA-232-G)

Dear Carol: Thanks for the prompt reply with information about Tri-Ess. As I read through the pages of the brochure I was really taken with the purpose and conduct of the club. I had received a similar letter from another club and had sort of been turned off by its purpose. Your organization seems to have the real feminine touch that I was looking for. I have struck up correspondence with three wonderful sisters. Your brochure has made a deep impression of what is in store for me in the beautiful Second Self organization. I was married for 29 years but my wife never was very understanding concerning my need to crossdress. I tried a number of times to win her over but no luck. Regardless of whether I join Tri-Ess or not, the Society will have a life-long friend in me. I have been crossdressing for 45 years and can tell you all about the frustrations of a crossdresser in a hostile atmosphere. I am rather prominent in the fraternal world With the encouragement of my new crossdressing friends, I hope that I soon will be able to make the solo flight and become a member of Tri-Ess. Fran (NH-1-V)

Dear Carol: I now have a woman friend who is helping me to become a better woman. My friend allows me to become Linda when we are together; We talk about clothes and other feminine things. I do want to be able to go out in public. My friend says that I can pass as a woman now but I don't feel that I could. She is helping me change my outlook about clothing and now no longer have hems above the knees. I'm 38 not a girl in her 20's. Dress my age and look like the proper woman that I

want to be, she said.

When my weight is down we will get me some new dresses, skirts and other things that a woman needs to have when she goes out. I hope that the sisters in Europe can get together and form a chapter of Tri-Ess. My girlfriend would like us to join the couples organization since she would like to meet other wives and girlfriends. Linda Kay (Serv-102-E)

Dear Carol: You probably know from the letters that you receive that your work is a real labor of love and understanding. Tri-Ess brings us together so that we can support each other and can share the good things that hapoen to us. The tone of the Femme Mirror is so up-beat and positive it encourages even me. I also like the Tri-Ess Buyers Guide. Pippin (TN-203-M)

Dear Carol: I enclose my renewal dues for the coming year. You are certainly are to be congratulated for all the hard work that you have put into the publications and general headquarters work. I hope that you do not burn out. I was in much the same position when I edited the magazine and other publications for the State School Librarian's Association. I discovered that there was very little appreciation of the hard work being done because very few readers had ever been in that situation nor could they relate to it It is discouraging but such is life (Amen - Editor) I think you are doing an outstanding job and I hope very much that it doesn't get you down. Olivia (Or-2-P).

Dear Carol: Hi! I'm back. I was really impressed with your thoughtful gesture in sending me money because I had missed the Tri-Ess Directory last year. I think you are really a very fine

person and although I don't always agree with you on matters of Tri-Ess policy, I'm sure that you are motivated solely by what you believe to be the best thing for the organization and its members. So here are my dues -- another Tv has "come home." Why am I reaffiliating with Tri-Ess at this time? I guess loneliness more than anything else. Look at me -- a pretty ordinary guy in most respects, a husband, a father, successful in my profession and active in community affairs. Except -- ah yes, that enormous 'except' -- I guard a 'terrible secret' known only to my wife and a few Tv acquaintances. Should my neighbors, colleagues, social friends, or, God forbid, my children or parents learn that I, the straightest of the straight, the squarest of the square, am a transvestite (what an awful word!), I think I'd die of shame. The social consequences of such a revelation would be too cruel to bear.

So there must always be one topic, frequently on my mind, that I dare never talk about or even allude to -- absolutely verboten! My wife, God bless her, has done her limited best to tolerate my "craziness", but let's face it, even the mention of the subject to her strains the atmosphere.

Yet Paula is part of me; Paula is out of the closet. Actually, I haven't dressed for almost a half year and at the present time am sporting a full beard (macho man). But as sure as God made little green apples, sooner or later Paula will reemerge in all her feminine glory. Let us fervently hope that the future occasion can be managed with as little familial stress as possible.

But in the meantime I am in a kind of limbo. I really do have the strongest urge to share my societally unacceptable (but nevertheless irrepressible) feelings. I mean, what is this letter about anyway? My hope is that by reaffiliating with Tri-Ess, I

can establish communication with others like myself who would be interested in writing, comparing experiences and exchanging photos.

Thanks to a slender build, I can wear size 13 or 14 dresses. I have delicate features and a natural aptitude for feminine gestures and patterns of speech. I have no difficulty passing as a woman in public when properly attired and made up. I have spent many happy hours and days in this fashion and count them among the most pleasant and memorable experiences of my life. Sometimes I think that if it were not for my obligations to my wife and children (freely accepted), I could easily abandon my masculinity altogether. But then, again, some times not. Anyway, Carol, I must thank you for being so patient with me and allowing me to bend your ear like this. You must have heard variations of this story hundreds of times from sisters with similar backgrounds and especially from sisters who have been able to successfully integrate crossdressing into a happy marriage. Paula (MD-8-M)

Dear Carol: As I am finally in a position to express the woman within, I hope to participate in many of the activities and receive from and offer to my sisters the strength and support necessary to attain fuller expression of our femme selves.

Although the urge to crossdress has been with me since childhood, only recently have I been able to emerge as a real person. In a brief three months,, due mostly to support and enthusiasm of our local chapter members, I have met many sisters, traveled three states as my femme self, eaten in a public restaurant, had a makeup lesson at a nearby Merle Norman Studio, went to a Wig Salon with one of my sisters where we purchased lovely wigs and

purchased clothing for me. This is all just magnificent. Given this newfound expression I find my work more interesting. Awakening to the new day with both selves ready to go -- how did I ever manage before? Tina, (NJ-303-E)

Dear Carol: Having received the Directory and many supplements I can understand the chore of putting it all together

After two years of letting my hair grow, I decided that a 43 year old man just wasn't cut out for it, so talking to a friend whose wife is studying to become a beautician, I asked her to cut my hair. She was glad to help and so I went to her house and she gave me a perm. I loved it. In one hour my hair was nothing but curls and waves. Unfortunately I knew that I couldn't keep it that way so she cut it and did a good job. She even gave me a can of hair-spray from the beauty shop. The change was very noticable and my friends liked it. I did receive some static but not too much. My hair grew surprisingly fast and the back was flipping up. So I asked my lady friend to cut it and went over later to have it done. She studies my hair and said that another perm would help so away we went. This one really took! So now I have curls in my hair. I use women's hair spray because the men's spray smelled like WD-40. My beautician friend, Kathy, said that a perm should be in order every three months with trims and settings in between. Already my hair is growing and flipping up. I love it.

I haven't told Kathy about my crossdressing for fear that she would not understand. She will have her license soon and says that I can come down to the shop then. To be able to walk into a beauty shop and get a shampoo and set is wonderful. Anne (Tx-306-P)

THE QUEST FOR FEMININE GLASSES

LEISA (OK-301-C) Was Determined To Get
Some Pretty Glasses And Remembered What She
Read Earlier In The Femme Mirror. Surprised
How Well She Was Accepted At The Store.

For the past year I had wanted to acquire a pair of nice feminine glasses to complete my appearance. The years had taken their toll on my vision and I was not very pleased with the thought of being completely dressed on some wonderful outfit and having to put on a pair of glasses that would look as though they should be worn by some military officer in an open top vehicle while engaged in maneuvers.

My first thought was to try some contacts but I found out from my optometrist that I was not a candidate for them. While there I did ask him for a prescription for the lenses that I would need. He did write one out but indicated that they needed to be fitted and to be sure and get someone who would repair and refit them as needed.

With my prescription in hand, I decided to send for a mail order catalog from the latest issue of the Femme Mirror. While waiting, I pondered what had been said about the glasses needing to be fitted. The thought of asking any of the local optical shops for feminine glasses was out of the

question since Leisa's brother is so security minded.

The much wanted catalog arrived and having a very understanding wife who has often helped Leisa with choosing makeup and so forth, I asked her to help me. As we looked through the many selections available in the catalog we quickly came to the conclusion that I needed to try on some frames to see which ones best complimented the shape of my face. I am not saying that mail-order glasses will not work, I just decided that it would not be the best for me. I always want to look as good as I can and I figured the glasses would be more difficult to exchange or alter than if I had bought a mail-order dress.

Several weeks later, my wife and I were shopping in a mall in the suburbs of the big city and located a very large optical shop. I was not dressed at the time and told my wife I wanted to go in and look at frames for glasses. Once inside I was like a child in a candy store. I believed that every frame there was just right for Leisa.

The store had a few customers and only one very busy

sales girl. My wife picked up a pair that were so lovely. Quickly, I took off my own glasses and on went the frames. What had at first took my fancy was not right for my face or age. I continued to try on frames until I found one that I liked and that satisfied my wife. It was about this time that the sales girl came over and asked if she could be of assistance. We said that we were just looking at the time but might come back later. I took note of the style of the frame thinking that perhaps we could find a similar style in the catalog at home. But no such luck after looking through the catalog.

A few days later I had made up my mind to take the first bold step to get those feminine glasses we had seen in the shop. I had read in the Femme Mirror that most sales people do not care to whom they sell and that most of us invite problems by being embarrassed.

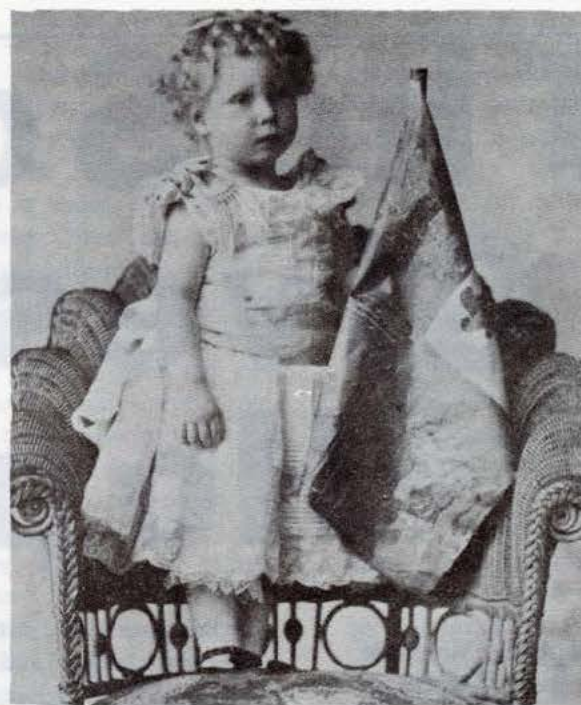
So I made up my mind that I would put this to the test. I returned to the shop we we had met the very polite salesgirl and she happened to be working at that time. It was late in the afternoon and she asked if she could help me. I told her that I wanted to purchase some feminine frames. She asked if I had a prescription and I gave it to her. She said that virtually all of the frames she had on display would adapt to the specifications and brought over three different frames for me to inspect. I told her that I already knew which frame I was interested in and gave her the name of the style. She promptly brought over the frames and placed them on me. She took a number of measurements and recorded the readings. I was then asked to select the style of lense. I was also asked if I would like any

tinting in the glass and she showed me some samples.

I was quite taken by how she had not asked me any probing questions, nor had she shown any hesitation. She was very polite and helpful. I chose a light bronze tint on the top one-third of the glass. The young lady also asked if I wanted a monogram or initials placed on the glasses. She then made up a sales ticket and I paid for the order. She indicated that she would tell me when they would be ready and that they would be fitted when I came to pick them up.

A week later notification came and again I psyched myself up and off I went to get the glasses. This time it was early evening and I had to wait for the sales girl to finish with a customer. She recognized me and she went to work fitting the frames so that they would look nice on me. She finished quickly and then put the glasses into a case. She thanked me for the business and told me to return for any adjustments that I needed.

It is true what my sisters have been stating: People do tend to see us as we see ourselves. I am so thankful that I was able to get up the nerve to ask for what I wanted and not stay in my shell. Now Leisa has a nice pair of beautiful feminine glasses and, in addition, a very rewarding experience that is surely one that will help her in the future.



The Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, at the age of two.



Julian Eltinge, as man and woman



belt. When my girlfriend is finished I can pass as a woman - a tall one but still a woman. My figure is good and because of my cinched waist, my hips and chest are rather pronounced. I feel wonderful because my dream has come true. My girl says that I am a very pretty woman and that from now on, my name is Jennifer.

She takes me into the living room, gets out a Vogue magazine, picks out about 20 pictures and poses me very carefully to match the pictures. She then says that because of the pictures that if I ever tire of being a woman she will use the pictures as evidence to insure that I stay as a woman.

For the remainder of my life I am her girlfriend, maid, lover and anything else she wants of me. And I love it all.

That's my dream! But the truth of the matter is that it is more than a dream. It is a wish, a goal - it's something I've prayed for. I would gladly serve some woman the rest of my life if she would only love me and understand my need to dress. If I fell in love with a woman who approved, I honestly believe that I would gladly spend every hour of my life as a girl.

That's the reason for this letter. It is to cry out in anguish and frustration and hopelessness. I am writing not with any hope that your society can help me. I don't want any condolences. I don't even want understanding. I know what I am and have accepted it. I feel no guilt. I do not believe that there are women around interested in meeting someone like me. No one can help me but I do need to cry out because there is no one I can turn to.

Two years ago, I confessed my desires to the woman to whom I was married. But I can not do that again. I was rejected

and made to feel like a wierdo, perverted freak. It was the hardest and most difficult thing for me to do and then I was rejected. I could never bring myself to do it again. The scar is far too deep. How can I ever have a relationship with a woman again knowing that eventually I would have the pain of wanting to tell her about myself and my need to dress. I will simply have to adapt to life without either a girl. Forgive the length of this letter but I had to unload on someone. C.K. in Utah.

(Later) A month or so ago I wrote to your Society about my problem with crossdressing. You sent me information and I am appreciative of this gesture.

I decided at that time that I wasn't ready for a sorority and threw away the pledge. I did order some books from Chevalier and enjoyed them very much. Fortunately, just like the throwing away of my pretty clothes, I find myself drawn back to the Sorority. I don't know where I fit but I want to try and tell you about how I feel. If you think that I would be a good member, send me another pledge.

I would, of course, uphold any request for privacy.

Once when my wife was out of town, I put on complete makeup, as well as her wig. I also wore her pantyhose, a body brief and short nightgown.

Those are the closest I have come to being totally dressed. I don't want to be a drag queen or female impersonator. I just want to do everything within my power to look and be like a woman. I want to walk, talk, look, etc., like a woman. But I do not want any sex change. I like being a male and I do love females.

I cannot send a picture of myself since I have never been completely dressed. And I

am embarrassed to go out and purchase woman's clothing. I just don't have the courage to go out to a woman's store to even buy a wig or makeup.

After my wife and I separated, I did work up enough courage to buy some high heels under the pretext that they were a birthday present for my wife. I also went to a lingerie shop, claiming once again that what I was buying was for my wife. I walked out with a panty and bra set. That same week my wife DID have a birthday and I managed to get her some pantyhose and a slip. That is the sum total of my wardrobe.

I simply do not have any more courage to go out and buy more clothing. It would be nice to go out in public as a woman - if I could pass. I have dreamed of doing so.

I am one of those guys who is considered a man's man. I have had many fights and won many of them. I served in the war in Viet Nam. The people that I supervise on the job respect me because I am good at what I do. I like sports and have participated in them most of my life. I especially like golf.

For most of my life I had believed that the rise up the corporate ladder was what I wanted and that sports were the things I really enjoyed. I also believed that crossdressing was simply something wrong in my makeup.

The last several years have been devoted to reading and learning about myself. I am consumed with almost a daily need to crossdress. It appears that my feminine side is very strong.

Well, now you know where I am coming from. I've told you everything without holding anything back. The Society gives me hope.

"The Society Gives Me Hope"

Utah Correspondent Miserable.
Hopes That Tri-Ess Can Help.

I am a crossdresser! If your organization truly exists, I'm sure I can't tell you anything you haven't already heard. I'm afraid to dress up because I am terrified about being discovered. As a result I am plain miserable. My desire to crossdress will not go away and though I have vowed never to put on women's clothes again, I am sure that eventually my desires will overcome me.

After five years of marriage and after mustering more pluck than I realized I had, I admitted my desire to dress to my wife. I am now divorced and paying a large sum for child support. I would agree to any terms for fear that my ex-wife would use my crossdressing to expose me to the world.

The only thing my "confession" did for me was that my wife was agreeable to my wearing some of her clothing and then acting as her maid. I was never completely dressed - never wore makeup or a wig - never shaved off my mustache. There was no sex involved. All she really wanted was someone to

do the housework until we could sell the house and afford a divorce.

I am completely heterosexual. Since this letter is really written just to get my feelings off my chest and because I probably won't mail it and because I'm drunk, I'll continue.

I am 6' 3", 225 pounds. I supervise about 200 men and am good at my work. With my size you can see why a woman might find me grotesque in her pretty things.

I do like to daydream about crossdressing. I dream that I am living with a girl who not only approves of my crossdressing but is turned on by it. She encourages me in my dressing. She puts me on a diet to get me slim. In spite of my size I do have some features that could be called feminine. I have pretty legs and my hands and feet are rather small. I can wear a size 9 in a women's shoe with relative comfort. The girl sees the potential in me as a girl. After several months of dieting she gets me down to 175 pounds. When she decides I'm slim enough she declares that it's time for my transformation.

She has me shave my legs and chest, take off my moustache and then she lotions me

all over. She announces that she wants me this way and that I might have to go to an electrologist in the future.

When she is done with me, she has carefully applied my makeup, shaped my brows, applied eyelashes and used every cosmetic trick available to help the situation.

I dream that I have a beautiful long dark wig on. My toes and fingernails are polished red. I am wearing a neckless, earrings and a watch for jewelry. The earrings are big hoops because I have always liked them. I am wearing a nice perfume.

I am given a better figure through wearing a black satin corset which is laced up the back as tight as my girlfriend is capable of lacing. The corset hurts and I can hardly breath but if it gives me a woman's body I would gladly have it tighter. I am also wearing black-seamed hose and over the corset to make me smoother I am wearing a strapless rust swimming suit. My shoes are rust pumps with 3 inch heels and a slip goes over all of this.

My pretty dress has long, loose sleeves and buttons up the front. The waist is elastized and can be work with or without a

Carol To Be On TV

HBO To Feature Unusual Lifestyles. Section Of Film To Be Devoted To Heterosexual Crossdressing. National Leader Had A Ball. Film To Be Shown By January If Not Before. Film Will Be Repeated Many Times. Carol Hopes That Many New Members Will Result.

Your Editor and National Leader had the opportunity just a few weeks ago to participate in a television movie to be shown on HBO television in a month or so.

I had been called by a lady photographer who was interested in developing a book dealing with couples - with the husband being a crossdresser. After a conversation with her, she mentioned that she knew a woman who was a producer of television movies and who was, at the time, wanting to do something regarding a hetero crossdresser, as part of a larger production dealing with unusual lifestyles. I recognized the opportunity to bring more publicity for the sorority and invited her to come to Tulare where we could meet. So she took a plane from New York and came to Fresno where I picked her up. Her name is Delores and she took the grand tour of Tulare (farms and dairies) and decided that she wanted to go ahead. She even visited several stores which were interested in participating in the movie.

Unfortunately, these stores decided at the last moment not to go ahead and so the location was changed to the Los Angeles

area. Thanks to Virginia Prince, we were able to get a nice home in the Brentwood area through a friend of hers. In addition our special friend in Brentwood helped make contact with a Boutique where we were able to visit later.

Anyway, the day came for us to be in Los Angeles. We had something very important to do in Tulare the evening before and so we were only able to start around 3:00 in the morning - with your "movie star" only getting 1½ hours sleep.

Counting a stop in Bakersfield, we arrived in Brentwood about 7:30 and were greeted by Jane, who owned the home. It was a beautiful place in a most expensive location. It was high in the hills and had a beautiful back yard. About half an hour later, the camera crew and Director, Delores, arrived and we started working.

Firstly, Norma and I appeared in the living room, in silhouette, where we talked about crossdressing - in response to questions that we were asked by Delores. This took quite awhile because of many "takes." It was just like in the movies, with a person putting the little board in front of the

camera, with a notation on it, of a scene and take number. What fun! So this went on for several hours.

Then the camera crew, composed of an excellent camera man from New York, a woman sound-person, and several other people who were assisting in many ways and the Director and Norma and I, took off for downtown Westwood, a nice area near Brentwood. We parked on the UCLA campus and walked a block to a street which had been corded off because of an art and craft show which had been set up on the street.

We were told to walk, as husband and wife, away from the camera, and down through the exhibits, where we were to stop and look at the various booths. At no time did they photograph us from the front, even when we watched a marionette show at the middle of the block. But we had to do a number of "takes" and this part of the film took at least an hour. People saw us coming up the street with a camera crew behind us and I guess that they wondered what was going on. Perhaps they thought we were stars or something. It was most

exciting and people cleared the way as we walked. Norma said she was embarrassed but it was an exciting experience for me.

After this scene, we went back to the home in Brentwood where I started dressing. They wanted me to be almost dressed, but not yet in my beautiful yellow three piece suit or shoes. So, on with my clothes ahead of the shooting and they started shooting only when I was in my slip, wig and was made up.

By the way, my makeup was done by a professional makeup artist from LA by the name of Mr. Wizard. He will be appearing at the next Alpha Chapter meeting. Anyway, what the Director wanted was for me to make believe that I was doing my makeup but all I really did was to go over what had been done by "Wizard" - it looked good but I didn't really contribute to the good work my makeup man did.

They took a number of "takes" in the bathroom where I was doing the makeup scene and then I went to the bedroom where I got into my outfit, had Norma do my little bow at the neck, tried on two pairs of shoes before choosing the ones I wanted (all pre-arranged) and then it was off to a little shopping center in Brentwood.

We arrived at the shopping center and went to the Boutique where arrangements had been made for us. I was to choose various garments off the rack and hold them up to me, and commenting on a number of the pretty items. We did a LOT of "takes" in the Boutique. Golly! that camera man was thorough and GOOD. He took so many pains to get the right angle and have the best lighting. I was having a ball and the lady from the Boutique even got in the picture. They even took pictures of me entering the place and

coming out with a package. Even this took a number of "takes." We went to the front of a flower store, where I looked and smelled various arrangements of flowers. Then we went into another area of the shopping center where we went through a number of "takes" with your Editor walking down aisles between stores, looking into shops, being told to keep my head high and so forth. We also went into an area where we could buy refreshments. I sat at a table, looking around, sipping a softdrink and the cameras rolled. Then it was back to the Brentwood home.

When we got there we met a number of sisters who had come to take part in another scene. This time it was in the backyard where a number of us sat around a table, talking. It was fun to have Donna from Chi Chapter there. She had come in to take part and then to drive back to Tulare with us so she could go over some details concerning the work she was to take over from me. And there was Pattie from Alpha Chapter, just as perky as ever. And, of course, Charlene, from Alpha Chapter graced us with her presence. We also had another person assist, a nice sister named Barbara who, although not an Alpha member, does refer people to Tri-Ess.

We did a number of "takes" in the back yard until it was too dark to do more - and that ended the shooting. My! It was a busy day! A number of us went out to dinner - all dressed after this and it was only at this time that I began to feel tired. And I do mean TIRED! Remember, I only had 1½ hours sleep the previous night and had sailed all through the next day without any feeling of being tired. But in the middle of our dinner, "it hit me." So, after dinner Donna, Norma and I got into the car, I drove us out

of the city onto Route 5 and then I turned the car over to Donna and collapsed into a light sleep most of the way home. It was rather late when we got to Tulare and we only stopped at a special rest area along the way. We were dressed at the time but Donna and I needed the rest rooms badly and so the Ladies' Room was used without any problem.

Although I was able to mention the name of the sorority on film I was not able to give the address with the exception of the town since the complete address would be considered a form of advertising. But I hope that people will see the name of the sorority and the town in the "credits" at the end of the film so some might call or write. I will be arranging with the telephone company to have my telephone listing include the name of the sorority. In addition, the people at the postoffice already know where to put mail addressed to us, even though there is no Box number listed on the envelope. Who knows how many will try to contact us. Also, I was told by the Director that she wants to get me in contact with another television executive who wants to do something concerning crossdressing. I hope that such contacts in the future will help us find others.

For those sisters who would like to participate in some research, you are advised that a Roger E. Peo, a Ph.D candidate, is working on his doctoral research project on women who are presently in a relationship with a crossdresser. He has a questionnaire that he is interested in having the women who participate fill out a questionnaire he has. His address is P.O. Box 4887 in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12602

Want HELP Starting

Locally ?

Marlene (CA-221-L), Administrative Assistant in the National office will help one and all to develop a Tri-Ess chapter in their immediate area. Write for help. Many new chapters to be started. Do your part.

Carol has asked that I assume the responsibility for developing new chapters in the sorority. I have taken the time to purchase a large map of the United States and have inserted special pins into the map, representing members. This has given me a most definite indication of where you live.

As it now stands we have active chapters in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York and Houston. If you consider a 100 mile radius a reasonable driving distance, we have at least 20 cities which could start chapters of five or more members. They are Cleveland, Cincinnati, Oak City, Portland, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Austin, Dallas, San Diego, Sacramento, Denver, Bridgeport, Washington, Sarasota, Davenport, Rockford, Kansas City, Boston, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Buffalo.

Further, there are places where smaller groups can get together.

But first we need local LEADERS. If you don't have a local chapter, than you are missing a great value. Remember, if no one volunteers, it won't be done. Why not consider doing it yourself. Here are a few suggestions which might help: Write your sisters

who live within a reasonable driving time - say, one or two hours. Or, you can write to me, Marlene in care of the national office in Tulare. I will supply you with a list of femme names and code numbers for members who live near you including new members who are not listed as yet in the supplements to the Directory. I might also be able to refer you to sisters who are also interested in developing a chapter.

In your letters to be forwarded to sisters in your area, you should ask them if they are interested in a chapter being developed nearby and if they

would be able to attend. Inquire about preferences regarding time, dates, and locations. For return mail, you can either: Have them reply through the national office forwarding system, rent a local post office box or use your own address if you do not have a security problem.

The first meeting could be very informal with no dressing. It could be at a local restaurant, a public park, etc. After discussing areas of mutual interest, decide if you want a meeting place where you can dress. Now if you are fortunate and there is a sister who has her own home and willing to hold a



occasional meeting there, you are already set for your first meeting. If such a place is not available, then you all should work together in locating a hotel that would be suitable for a meeting place. Some have conference rooms and if you get one of those, you should make sure that there is at least one rest room available for dressing. A street entrance to the conference room would also help. Otherwise, get a motel room (with an entrance from the parking lot) and have your first gathering there. It might also be important for you to consider informing the management of your activities if you wish to use the conference room on a regular basis. Then you would have no problems in the future. Regardless where you rent a room (or conference room) find out what the cost will be and everybody should contribute ahead of time for the expense. Pick up some refresh-

ments including the bringing of a coffee maker. An agenda is not essential since the main purpose of the gathering is social. This gathering will give our sisters, their wives and girlfriends, an opportunity to talk over areas of mutual interest.

Do write if you are interested in attending a sorority meeting. In addition we need more members and you can do your part if you participate in the publicity program which we have been featured in the last several issue of the *Femme Mirror*. You'd be surprised how many crossdressers write when such an article appears in a local newspaper.

You might also send our literature to mental health clinics and the nearest psychiatric association. And don't forget the

library cards that are available for you to place in the index card section of your local library. Certain newspapers, especially the "underground" type, will carry ads such as: Heterosexual men interested in crossdressing should write Society For The Second Self at Box 194, Tulare, Ca 93275.

Please understand that I am more than willing to help you in developing a chapter near you. Thus, if you have questions involving this matter please write me care of the sorority. I am going to get a P.O. Box and then you can write direct to me.

Wouldn't it be wonderful to find a crossdresser near you who could be a good friend, too. We can help you find that friend, but when is all said and done, the input must come from you.



Brian Deacon in the film version of *The Triple Echo* (1972).

One year ago I found it possible to go to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. I thought that a single person would have no difficulty in locating a place to stay but was I fooled! The nearest place that I could find was about 60 miles outside of the city. Really! I shaved my legs, etc the night before and upon rising the next morning I went to breakfast.

Being so far out I had some misgivings about changing over into Marge so when I returned from breakfast I asked the Room Clerk what he thought about my changing into a costume this far away from the city. He assured me that as long as I did not put on my masque until I was near downtown New Orleans, he didn't think that I would have any trouble. So, I went up to my room, allowed "Marge" to appear and then called the Bellboy for assistance in carrying my bags.

Marge wore a black dress with Jewelry and a bright scarf. She had on black hose and medium heels since she expected to do a lot of walking.

The Bellboy came, picked up the bags while I took my purse, wig box and followed him to the elevator. I moved to the back of the elevator and the Bellboy went to the controls and then just stood there. Shortly he looked down the hall and showed some impatience. He looked again and I asked him if he was looking for someone. He said, "Your husband must not be ready yet." I told him that I was the fellow that he had talked to earlier. Well! He turned a bright red and said, "You sure fooled me. I want the Room Clerk to see you."

I told him that I had to pay for my room so I was sure that the clerk would see me.

The Room Clerk as well as

SHE FOOLED 'EM AT MARDI GRAS

Marge (MA-1-H) Positively Glowed When People Thought She Was A Woman. Holiday In New Orleans Permits Tri-Ess Member to Join In Spirit Of Revelers.

others in the lobby could not believe that a man could make such a changeover. All of this gave me real courage for the trip to New Orleans.

The Bellboy gave me extra attention in packing the trunk of the car - he would not allow me to lift anything! He also earned a liberal tip, too.

The trip to New Orleans was uneventful except for the emotional lift that I had just experienced. I was now so brave that I stopped at a Holiday Inn to try for a reservation for that evening. The attempt failed and the Room Clerk called across the lobby, "That accomodation is not available, Mrs H. . ." I called out my thanks and checked to see if my voice might have given me away, but apparently no one noticed.

I drove down the highway until I came to a theater that I thought would be a good landmark for my return. I parked and went to a bus stop. The fellows who were waiting allowed Marge to board the bus first and I enjoyed the ride downtown.

After the bus had gone as deeply as it could into the crowds, the passengers left the bus and walked the balance of the way to Bourbon Street,

where the most exciting activities were occurring.

I, or should I say, Marge, was feeling a bit neglected until something happened that alerted me to my trouble. I was standing near a couple who were trying to guess the sex of the various people in costume. The girl was telling her husband that this one was a boy and the other was a girl. She finally got so carried away that she blurted, "I can tell them everytime."

I just had to get involved and said, "Everytime? Everytime?" Well, the girl turned around and gave me a good looking over and said, "You are a man. I just can't believe it. There isn't a single thing to give you away - you surely had me fooled - congratulations." I almost popped the headband on my wig.

I began having more fun and I'd walk more heavily on my heels or make a gesture as if my wig was too tight and those little things would get me the conversation or attention that I thought I needed to justify going to all the effort to attend the joyous affair.

Around 2:00 in the morning, I found myself quite hungry and went looking for a steakhouse. Upon my arrival I was seated by a waiter who was

quite nice and gave me every attention, even to presenting me with a medallion, saying that he did not want me to have to struggle with the crowds when it was unnecessary. When I finished eating I asked the waiter where I might find the rest rooms and was directed to the Ladies' Room with no question or prompting.

I then returned to watching the revelers. About 4:00 A.M. the streets were almost curb-to-curb with beer cans and the police were beginning to hang on to each other to buck the crowds. They were also going around in "triples" instead of pairs, so I felt it was time for Marge to depart. I went up to the Blue Room in the Roosevelt Hotel and had a lot of fun getting people to admit being fooled by my appearance. I also had an opportunity to tell people about heterosexual crossdressing.

I suppose that the waves that I made that day were mere ripples when you consider that every one was so happy. The return via the bus to my car and the subsequent trip to my hotel was fulfilling but calm. I'll always remember the trip and the total acceptance that I found there.

LAST MINUTE !!!

For those girls who are interested in the Couples Auxiliary, write directly to Gloria Ann at:
Gloria Ann [REDACTED], Virginia Beach, VA 23452

Janice, who prepared the Tri-Ess Buyers Guide is now preparing supplements — send the information relating to businesses that accept us right away to Janice c/o Carol Beecroft, Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275.

COUPLES AUXILIARY

Gloria Ann and Diane Appeal To All Tri-Ess Couples To Lend A Hand In Developing New Auxiliary.

ATTENTION - All Tri-Ess couples!

Okey, ladies, the time for all good couples to come to the aid of the Couples Auxiliary.

We have a lot to do and now that I am back in the United States, my time is yours,

I believe that the Couples Auxiliary will prosper and do a lot of good, but the one thing needed to MAKE IT WORK is YOU!! I can only do so much. Without your assistance the organization will fade away and just be a nice thought in Carol's head.

Our first year goal is to organize and work towards a possible gathering of Tri-Ess couples next summer or fall.

The objective of the organization is to provide an op-

portunity for Tri-Ess couples to gather together for self help. We want to let wives know that there are more people like them "out there."

When we get going and a regular newsletter starts we will be able to keep in touch with all couples that are isolated.

We have nothing against single sisters and I, for one, want to work with Tri-Ess and attend the regular chapter meetings as well as the Couples gatherings.

The requirement to belong to the Couples Auxiliary is that husbands or boyfriends be members of the sorority and that the wife or girlfriend be at least tolerant of crossdressing. We plan to start there and work up.

Editorial Comment: There appears to be some misunderstanding concerning the purpose and advantages of belonging to the Couples Auxiliary.

The Auxiliary is not intended to compete with any chapter. It is more of a social organization which we hope will meet several times a year in such activities as weekend retreats. The benefits that should accrue to both husbands and wives, as they gather together, should be many and the positive feelings resulting from such

end activities should help many couples handle their crossdressing problems.

It is hoped that such weekend activities can be held on a regional basis with as many as a dozen couples gathering at a resort.

Seen this way, everyone who has an understanding wife should support the new auxiliary in every way they can. The possibilities of building stronger marriages are tremendous and the social benefits should make such activities most enjoyable.

Girl Watching

The TV

Way

Our Elaine (CA-329-R) Has Had To Overcome Some Problems Of A Different Sort. Her Answers Are Most Revealing. Most Of Us Have Problems In Just Getting Understanding Wives.

There are quite a few problems that the average crossdresser confronts in pursuing her crossdressing interests. Where to shop, what to do when she's all dressed up, how to get rid of all that annoying hair? The problems are even more serious for crossdressers like myself. Try - just try - to find anyplace that sells nicely styled ladies' shoes in a size 12½, any width at all, much less E.

But let us leave this specialized type of problem and look at some of the advantages that a crossdresser has - I am fortunate to have an understanding companion in my girlfriend, Jane.

Such advantages include : empathy (a deep understanding of why she prefers to avoid high-heeled shoes whenever possible), sharing of resources (make up and so forth), and developing insight into fashion in order to be able to pick out nice gifts for each other at Christmas and birthdays.

I'd like to focus on one of the more ignored advantages of having your mate know about your crossdressing. Jane and I were walking through a shopping mall one day, just killing time before a movie date. I was not en femme at the time. As

we walked past the shops, my eyes caught sight of a shapely young girl walking past us. I watched her walk by - greatly enjoying the experience - then turned back to Jane. Her expression demanded an explanation at once.

"Did you see that dress she was wearing, honey?" I asked. Indeed, the object I'd been watching had been wearing a rather fetching, frilly outfit, with long sleeves and a flounced skirt. "I wonder if I could find that in my size anywhere?"

"You were looking at her dress, huh?" Jane asked.

"Of course," I said, feigning astonishment. "What else?"

Jane nodded without comment and we continued walking.

To my left a gorgeous redhead appeared. She was very casually dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, but her buxom figure swayed and jiggled most enticingly as she strolled along.

Jane was looking at me again. "Did you see her hair?" I asked her. "I wonder if I could style a wig like that?"

Jane ignored me.

The next girl to catch my attention was wearing a rather awful shift in a ridiculous

color and her hair was closely cropped. However, her legs were exquisite and as she walked ahead of us Jane followed my downward glance.

"I suppose you're looking at her shoes," she questioned.

"Of course, did you notice? I doubt that I could find pumps like that for me, but. . ."

I'm sure you're catching on, my sisters. Dispite our unusual taste in clothing, we all have healthy male impulses and whether we admit it to our mates or not, we all tend to watch the girls walk by. Not that we love our wives and girlfriends any the less. If they don't like what we are doing, they should stop watching Magnum, P.I.

But by cleverly making the above-type excuses for watching girls, we can do so to our heart's content and our mates can't make a legitimate protest.

You simply have to find on each girl that you scrutinize some item that arouses your interest as a crossdresser, rather than your interest as a normal male. The thing I wish to point out is that I don't feel guilty using this tactic because usually that is what I'm looking at when I watch women walk past.

As we continued through



News About Tri-Ess Chapters

CHI chapter, serving the needs of Tri-Ess sisters in the general Chicago area, has been most active since it was organized. Originally part of the defunct FPE organization, it became one of the first chapters of The Society For The Second Self when FPE and Mamselle merged.

This busy chapter has seen a number of dedicated and extremely competent leaders, the latest being Mary Ann (IL-203-B) who has followed many other devoted sisters who have served as chapter Presidents.

Assisting in many important ways have been Deanna (IL-35-B) and Donna (IL-11-S). Deanna is Vice President and Donna is Secretary. It might be mentioned that Donna has served in her position for many years. The combination of talent from these three sisters has produced a skilled team that will lead Chi Chapter most satisfactory into the rest of this decade. Each of these ladies donates many hours each month in the interest of serving her sisters and the chapter.

Attendance has been increasing each month and it was necessary to change from meeting in private homes to the conference

rooms of better hotels. Many activities have been planned for the calendar year, including the annual weekend blast in Holland Michigan. Girls from a number of states were invited and it was an opportunity to live as a girl for three days.

A successful project of the members of Chi Chapter has been gaining new business friends who, in turn, have been very helpful and understanding of the shopping needs of the members.

A "rap" session was recently held at the home of Mary Ann and it is hoped that those who attended benefited greatly. A professional therapist was in attendance to help.

But the year's most important event, from the viewpoint of growth and development of the chapter and the national sorority, was the appearance of Mary Ann and Leslie and their wives on the Phil Donahue program. Many of our national sisters saw the program and commented how well things went. Your National Leader and Editor spent the morning in court and was unable to view the program.

As a result of the television program, many inquiries have been received from interested

crossdressers. Certain individuals in the chapter have volunteered their time to write to those who have responded to the program. Our standard brochure was sent along with a welcome letter and a number of crossdressers have since approached the national headquarters with a request for further information. It is hoped that many new members, nationwide, will be the result of the television appearance of the two leaders and their wives.

As more chapters develop nationwide, they might use Chi Chapter as a model. This chapter certainly is a success from any viewpoint.



MARY ANN



DEANNA



LOIS



NAOMI



JOANN

SOME MEMBERS OF CHI CHAPTER



BETTY ANN



LESLIE



FRAN



MICKEY



GAIL



DEE



BARBARA



LIKE CORSETS?

These beautiful and shapely garmets add something to a girl's figure! In the "gaslight" period no woman would be caught without one. You, too, can capture the romance of that period through wearing the shapely corset which will add something to your girlish figure.

For those sisters who love to wear corsets, we are happy to tell you that we have received information where you can purchase Victorian corsets like the one's shown. They date from the 1880's and 1890's.

The sister who has provided us with this information is Diane from Findley, Ohio, who was formerly a member and who will be rejoining the sorority once again.

Diane says that the name of the Firm is Past Patterns and is located at 2017 Eastern, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mi 49507

This form provides a catalog called Turn Of The Century where historically detailed patterns of luxurious designs are

selected for their classic beauty and tailoring. The corset is listed as "Late Victorian corset at a sensible price." It has a "cool white cotton trimmed with lace and blue ribbon" appearance. The corset sells for \$59.95 plus \$3.00 for shipping and handling. The catalog sells for \$5.50 but, of course, you need to be able to sew well.

There is also an Edwardian Corset for \$85.00.

You can get a price list by sending a S.A.S.E.. Some of the patterns feature things like Dainty Gowns, A Gibson Ball Gown skirt, 1890's Ball Gown and various wedding gown patterns from 1893 through 1939.



CHI Chapter Leader Appears On TV

MARY ANN WOWS 'EM ON TELEVISION. WOMEN
IN AUDIENCE STAND BY OUR CHAPTER LEADER
DONAHUE VERY SYMPATHETIC. SO IS AUDIENCE
MANY LETTERS OF INQUIRY RECEIVED

In an effort to gain some publicity for Chi Chapter and for the national organization. Mary Ann, (IL-203-B), Chi Chapter President, contacted Phylis Levy who has a radio talk show in the Chicago area. Ms Levy eventually recommended to the producer of the Donahue Show that she contact Mary Ann for a possible appearance on that show.

When the producer called Mary Ann, Kathy, her wife, was at home and suggested that the producer visit the chapter in order to get to know the girls better and to understand cross-dressing more correctly. And so she did.

At the meeting of our Chi girls, the Tv Producer got to meet many sisters including Mary Ann, her wife, Kathy, and Leslie, and her wife, Linda. In addition Naomi made a very favorable impression on the guest and she was asked to appear on the show, too. But Naomi had family considerations and said that she could not appear.

Arrangements were made to appear on the show (Mary Ann, Kathy, Leslie and Linda) and the day arrived when the girls went to the studio for the taping of the Donahue Show.

After getting settled, Mary Ann and Leslie were shown to rooms where they could dress - Mary Ann got the ladies' Dressing Room and Leslie got the "Star's" room. The lady who had first shown the gals where to dress was amazed at their appearance when they exited from their respective dressing rooms. She couldn't believe how good the girls looked. The girls even had a few minutes where they could visit with Hugh Donahue himself.

As the girls prepared to go on stage, they heard the audience laughing and began to think that the laughter was directed at them. But they later learned that this was a way that the staff got the audience warmed up. About this

time the question was put to the audience, "What would you do if you came home and found your husband dressed in women's clothing?" and then the girls walked on stage.

The program was a discussion type and was a bit "stiff" at first but soon all relaxed. The girls were also favored by the appearance of a therapist, Ms Sherry Lynn Lehman, who gave the show just enough credibility. She was most knowledgeable about crossdressing and helped in many ways during the taping of the show. We are indebted to Naomi, IL-212-O, for making the arrangements for the appearance of Ms Lehman. An interesting comment from Mary Ann is that when the girls walked on stage, the mouths of the audience dropped since they evidently had been expecting to see football players in "drag".

One lady in the audience was rather bitter about cross-dressing and finally one of the other ladies in the audience told her off. The audience gradually leaned towards the Chi sisters and from then on everything was great.

After the show, most of the audience congratulated the girls for having the courage to appear on the show. The show was then aired two weeks later. Mary Ann tells us that as of the date of her letter to your Editor (8/24) about 400 letters have been received from people interested in the society. Only five letters of a negative sort were received.

Due to the success of the show, Mary Ann will appear on a television tour in October in cities like Philadelphia, Baltimore, San Francisco and Pittsburgh. She has also been invited to appear at several Hot Line radio talk shows to educate those who answer the phone about crossdressing. Mary Jane urges all who see future programs where she appears to write to Hugh Donahue and let him know how pleased you were.

Day dreaming Is Fun!

ELAINE (CA-329-R)

Last issue, I read all those wonderful stories my sisters had to tell in the *Femme Mirror*. Some of them sounded like dreams come true.

Now, I'm only just about to turn 22, and have only been really dressing for about a year, though I've loved the thought of being a girl ever since I can remember. So I don't have any really interesting stories to tell.

In more than fifteen years of daydreaming, though, I've come up with any number of stories I wish I were able to tell! Some of them may yet come true. Others are impossible, and others at least very unlikely. But in any case, I'd like to share some of my favorites with my sisters.

Though I have no desire to ever go transsexual, I have had a number of dreams in which I am a real, rather than a converted, girl. Often I imagine myself in the body of one of my female acquaintances. Sometimes I fantasize about waking up in the morning and being a lovely young girl, usually one about to have some especially feminine experience. A high school senior about to attend her senior prom is one of my favorites.

I'm over six feet tall, as it happens, and weigh over 200 pounds. So in many of my daydreams, I'm not a girl, but only a much smaller man—by coincidence, exactly the size of one of my girlfriends, who dresses me in some of her lovelier things.

My favorite fantasies involve not just dressing as a girl, but being 'made' to dress, as a joke or something, by one or more female friends.

The reasons for this is, I think, that most of us, though we aren't fetishists, have a submissive streak in us. We prefer to be old-fashioned, demure girls, rather than liberated or domineering types. If we wish to live as ladies full time, we are probably content to picture ourselves as housewives; if we prefer to see ourselves as career girls, we probably think of ourselves in traditional feminine jobs—waitresses, secretaries, airline stewardesses, retail clerks, or nurses—rather than as engineers, executives, pilots, managers or doctors. Even if we wouldn't be happy in such roles indefinitely, I think almost all of us have the desire to pamper someone now and then, or take some satisfaction in simple homemaking jobs.

In one of my more recent daydreams, for instance, I imagine I am at a science fiction convention, which I attend three or four times per year. I and a female companion have checked into a room in the convention hotel, and I decide to take a shower before going down to the convention floor. When I come out, I find that all my clothes have been removed from the room. My friend comes back with a bag of clothing and explains that she's put all my things in the car, and if I want to go down to get them, I'll have to wear the things she's brought up—which of course

consists of a pretty dress, appropriate undergarments, a wig, make-up and high heeled shoes. Of course I 'reluctantly' put the things on, letting her make up my face and shave my legs. Then we go down, only to discover she has 'accidentally' forgotten the car keys, and she makes me take lunch with her before going back to the room.

Sometimes with such daydreams, the woman (or group) is someone who knows about my crossdressing desires, is sympathetic, and knows how much I'll be delighted by the opportunity no matter how much I pretend to complain! More often, and more interesting, she's one who thinks I'll be embarrassed and frightened by the affair, and who delights in making me wear the things for as long as possible so as to tease me.

My favorite daydreams of this type, though, have me undergoing such an ordeal as a small boy, about nine to twelve years old, and being made to become a little girl for a day or two. One of my biggest regrets is the I never got the chance to crossdress when I was really young. I was afraid to take the chance, and didn't have a handy sister to borrow clothes from. The one time I timidly suggested to my mother that I dress as a girl for Halloween, she said no and I didn't press the point, since I was afraid of appearing to anxious.

As much as I enjoy pondering the impossible, or thinking about missed opportunities, it is perhaps healthier to look forward to things which might happen, even if they are very unlikely.

One of my more elaborate fantasies involves one or more sympathetic female friends, who decide that if I'm planning to be a girl part time, that they

must see to it I do it right. So they 'kidnap' me and take me to a house in a small town a few hundred miles away. There they take several months to train me in the fine art of being a woman.

After the first couple of days to get used to the surroundings, we fall into a daily routine. Every morning I get up early and pull a robe on over my nightgown. I go into the bathroom and take care of my morning needs, including getting rid of facial hair as necessary (I use waz, so that I don't have to worry about shaving often). Then I cook and serve breakfast, normally a very light meal, to my teacher. We change clothes and I put on a leotard, shorts, and sneakers for the morning exercises. We jog and do aerobics in order to improve my figure. Then we get back home, take a quick break, and I do some of the housework. Then I shower and dress for lunch.

Lunch is always somewhat formal; I have to wear a pretty outfit, stockings, nice shoes, and make myself up perfectly. I am inspected before lunch, which my teacher prepares. If I haven't done everything perfectly, I am allowed only a tiny portion of salad and water.

After lunch we have 'charm school'-my teacher instructs me in being a woman. At first we deal with walking, sitting, speaking and moving like a lady; then we graduate to more complicated subjects such as dancing, what to talk about, how to say 'no' to aggressive men, or just how to deal with almost any situation a woman might find herself in. After a month or so, when I've gotten the basics down, we supplement these lessons with trips to a nearby city; going to lunch or a movie, shopping, and so forth.

About three o'clock, I tie on a frilly apron and head into the kitchen to start dinner. Each night I am required to prepare a full-course meal and try new recipies.

After dinner, I do the dishes and any other housework that needs doing. Then we settle down for a pleasant evening as I learn other crafts-sewing, needlework or whatever - or perhaps I just read the latest magazine or romantic novel. Finally I put on a pretty nightgown and go to bed. After about four months of full-time teaching, my habits are so well taught that I find it difficult to become a man again!

Not all my fantasies are so unlikely or elaborate. Some of them are quite simple, and I have hopes of them coming true some day.

One thing I'd like to do is spend a great deal of time living as a woman. Since the longest I've managed to be dressed yet at one time was about eight hours, even a whole day or a weekend spent en femme would be paradise! A week, or even a month, might well be possible in the future, and would be heaven.

One of my fondest hopes is to someday be a bridesmaid at the wedding of a close female friend. I think the dresses that the bridesmaids wear are about the prettiest things on Earth, even nicer than the brides. Every time I go to a wedding, I almost go crazy wishing I was able to wear one of them.

If I thought I could get away with it, I'd like to get a part-time job as a woman. A salesgirl in a dress shop would be perfect. I don't think I could maintain my illusion for that long, though. A compromise might be to own my own store,

designed both for women and for cross-dressing, and in which most of the salesgirls would be fellow crossdressers.

Since at the moment I still live with my parents, and have yet to even go into public en femme, I suppose some of these daydreams sound over-ambitious. Even just going shopping one afternoon, or having the luxury to sleep in nightgowns, or living on my own so I can turn a few free hours into a chance to be my girlself, would be wonderful at the moment.

But I suppose the fondest hope-not just for me, but for all of us-would be a world where we could get up in the morning and decide what to be for the day -a man or a woman. We could go out, go to work of school, or visit friends in either person and just be accepted. An impossible dream? Perhaps. But a lovely one!



THE TRI-ESS ALBUM



KATHLEEN / FCA - 2 - H



JAMIE / OH - 214 - H



LISA / OK - 301 - C



MICHELLE / OH - 213 - J



Prince William, later Duke of Gloucester
(1743-1805), as a small boy

LORI WRITES THE ACLU

Lori, (OH-200-K) Wants Answers To Her Questions And She Goes To The Right Source For The Answers. At Least In Ohio Crossdressers Have An Easier Time.

Last fall I wrote Carol, indicating that I had just written to the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) asking for some current information as to the current laws pertaining to cross-dressing. I never did get an answer to that letter but I recently was going through a book and noted the Columbus chapter's address for the local ACLU.

This time I received an answer and would like to share that information with the readers of the Femme Mirror.

The letter was in regard to the laws in Ohio so be careful in using the material if you live in another state.

My first question had to do with our disorderly conduct law and whether a crossdresser could be arrested for that offense and whether a conviction could be gained if there were no illegal conduct involved.

Secondly, I asked whether it would be legal for a male to crossdress on the job.

Lastly I asked about the possible consequences "if the boss finds out." I also wanted to know if a crossdresser in a public service job is any more at risk than a factory worker or a truck driver.

"I will try to respond to the questions in your letter as you have presented them.

1) As long as there are laws as vague and broad as disorderly conduct and disturbing

the peace statutes tend to be, there is always the possibility of arrest by intolerant or over-zealous law enforcement personnel. Whether such an arrest would be "approved" by the courts is another matter, and depends on the totality of facts surrounding the arrests, available testimony, quality of defense, etc. But the simple answer is "yes," just as any of a number of non-violent and non-harmful activities could conceivably result in such questionable legal action.

2) The only laws prohibiting discrimination in employment are those which forbid differential treatment based on the employee's race, sex, religion, national origin or ancestry, condition of a handicap, and/or age (for those between 40 and 70 years of age). Thus sexual preference or off-the-job dress preference could result in dismissal, unless the employee is protected by a personnel policy, workplace rules and regulations, or a specific contract which stipulates that dismissal can only be based on certain job-related transgressions.

3) Public employees generally have more rights "automatically" than those in the private sector, because the government-as-employer is bound by the same constitutional principles as is the government-as-law enforcer, government-as-elections administrator, and so on.

However, it is also true that public positions bring with them more public exposure and scrutiny, and there may well be a greater chance for controversy developing over private actions of a school administrator than the same actions of a shoe salesperson, a trucker, or an architect. School personnel in particular, though still retaining procedural protections, are sometimes held accountable to stricter standards because of their professional relationship with children, and because such revelations could conceivably be demonstrated to be a cause of disruption of the academic process if the subject of such revelations continues his or her role in the schools. I cannot answer your question regarding any specific civil service provisions or rulings on cases of this nature in Ohio - I simply do not know, and to my knowledge we have not recently been involved in such a case, although we may be soon. In a local municipality, there is a firefighter who is in the beginning stages of therapy towards a male to female sex change operation, who was beginning to crossdress. She has been having problems, and the local chapter is looking into the situation. (Signed) Mark Levy, Ass. Dir.

Your Editor hopes that this information will be beneficial to all sisters, even in states other than Ohio.