

Femme Mirror



Tri-Ess Sorority



Reflecting
The
Feminine

Femme Mirror

Society for the Second Self

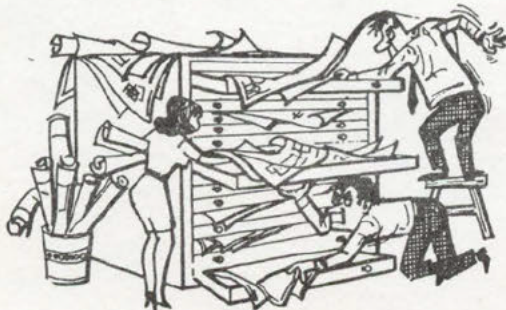
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The FEMME MIRROR is published for members of the SOCIETY FOR THE SECOND SELF at P. O. Box 194, Tulare, California 93275

Manuscripts, photographs 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



June-----August-----October-----
December-----Four issues in one-----
this time.

Well, as you can see, this issue brings me up to date with the FEMME MIRROR. About the only thing hanging is that I have to get another couple pages of Directory supplements out to you and then we will be in excellent shape.

A few words about my remarks in the last issue of the MIRROR---dealing with the direction that the sorority is to go.

Several people misread what I said about homosexuality. I indicated my views about this PRACTICE but some thought that I was attacking INDIVIDUALS. This is not so---all you have to do is re-read what I wrote. I do not knock or condemn those people who practice homosexuality, although I do condemn the practice itself. These are my private views---I can hardly say that they are the official views of the sorority at large. I certainly can't make people believe what I do. Besides, I do not have any desire to indoctrinate people into my beliefs. So individuals who disagree with me about the PRACTICE of homosexuality do not have to be concerned that I am making this personal view of mine an official doctrine of the sorority. For what it is worth, I certainly am not in the minority as to the views that I did publish. But since I have been in the forefront of treating ALL people as equals

(I was renting my apartments to "gays" long before the laws made it necessary to do so) it can hardly be said that I am prejudiced against individuals. It just happens that I do not like what they DO. 'Nuff said about that.

Janet (WI-181-L) would like to contact a sister who has some pumps for sale—she is a size 12E (women's size).

In a recent Ann Lander's column, you might have read about a man who went to work for an ambulance company and who observed that he had pulled two macho fellows out of a wreck and noted that they were wearing "ladies' underwear." He also said that a prominent lawyer had a heart attack and when they pulled up at his house, he was VERY busy trying to get out of his satin and lace nightie. Oh hum! Is there anything new?

Janice (VA-203-S) is trying to get a chapter started in the Washington, D. C. area. Write to her if you would like to join. Janice is being most helpful in developing the book at dealing with places where we can shop, etc.

We are especially sad to tell you that Shirley (CT-3-B) passed away several months ago. She was such a wonderful sister and tried to help others as she could even though she was close to 80. We'll miss you, Shirley!!

And, back to Ann Landers—Cindy (CT-101-V) recently wrote to Ann Landers with some sound advice about how to deal with a young boy who was cross-dressing. Please follow Cindy's example and write to those columnists when you disagree with them.

Lori, (OH-200-K) tells us that she is clipping articles out of papers and magazines concerning crossdressing and putting them into a scrapbook as a reference. She has 22 pages so far of such material. She should be our librarian! All

power to you, Lori!!

Chrysis (CA-314-P) is trying to get a chapter started in the Sacramento, California, area. She lives in Red Bluff and would like to hear from sisters who are interested. Along with that, we have Lisa (CA-21-P) who wants to revive the chapter in the San Francisco Bay Area that once was very large. Do write her.

Alice (KY-5-D) writes that she is interested in purchasing books on crossdressing for her library. She reminds us that she is not interested in heavy BD or SM. She prefers hetero literature.


I want to thank the many sisters who have made contributions to the purchase of some dictating equipment for the Tri-Ess office. The way things are going, it appears that Linda (more about her further on) is going to be able to not only help out by doing the typesetting, but also take the information from the dictating equipment and transcribe it onto our letters to you. I still could use some additional contributions toward the equipment. Linda, a really nice, understanding woman, (and a legal secretary) is now doing all my typesetting — for Chevalier and the Femme Mirror. We do pay her, but she is worth every penny that she receives. She makes constructive suggestions and does all kinds of things in order to make the publications more pleasing. She is very fast with my Composing Machine and I want you to know that she did the typesetting for this super-large issue of the Femme Mirror. I would never have had the time had I had to do the typesetting. With Linda doing the work, I was left free to handle the other details that need be done around here. I can spend more time with the putting together of the Femme Mirror, Transvestia and several new books that I plan to publish

under the Chevalier banner. So I am especially pleased to inform you of the addition of Linda to the staff here at the Tri-Ess office. And this important task is taken care of by your dues that are paid annually.

And, speaking of dues, most of you will be renewing your dues in MARCH and the dues at that time will be \$25.00. I have reduced the dues somewhat because of the financial situation, nationally, but we do have a heck of a lot of expenses around here and we need every cent that we can get. I remind you that I am not taking any money for myself, although I had previously decided to do so. But there really is no excess money to help pay for part of the expense of the Composing Machine or for some of the postage which I spend on a daily basis. But this is OK as long as I can handle it.

Regarding the annual HOLIDAY EN FEMME, it appears that unless we get more people financially able to attend, we will have to cancel this year's trip to New Orleans. Many write that they want to go but can't afford it this year. So, unless things change quickly, I will be returning the money to those who planned to go. We earlier mentioned going to Montreal in 1984. I would like to know how many of you would like to go then!! We would be joined by some of our Canadian sisters. But write soon and don't put it off. If enough plan to go, I can start making arrangements for 1984 in MONTREAL!

I was impressed by a publication by Cindy (CT-101-V) called A TV NETWORK (An Alternative Life Style Support System). She mentioned the many groups dealing with crossdressing and gave our sorority some especially nice references. Thanks, Cindy, for your loyalty!!





SYLVIA
FCQ-1-K



RAMONA
IL-223-S



MELANIE
TX-214-T



MURIEL
DE-1-E



The

Tri-Ess

National

Publicity

Program

Your Editor is happy to present an overview of the progress that Judy (MO-204-D) has made in the last three months. She is a very loyal Tri-Ess sister and has undertaken the task of promoting a successful Publicity Program that will reach millions of readers, viewers and listeners in the United States and Canada. We encourage all Tri-Ess sisters to consider participating, in one way or another, in this program so that we can bring the true facts about heterosexual crossdressing to the public.

Judy has a huge project to work with—one that would discourage many people from even attempting. But she BELIEVES in this project and would appreciate all the help that you can give her. Write her and tell her that you are willing to send a press packet to your local paper. Better, would be your actual participation in an interview with local newspapers. You will note that she has really organized the work and projects future “areas of exploration” dealing with radio and television, national magazines, a Speakers Bureau (see article on speaking about crossdressing in this issue) and other tolls to be used in bringing our distinctive message to the public. But she cannot do this alone and would thusly appreciate your help, be it large or small.

TO: Carol Beecroft

November 19, 1982

FROM: Julie [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: Tri-Ess National Publicity Program -- Progress Report #1

DURING THE PERIOD 9/1/82 THROUGH 11/19/82 THE FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES HAVE OCCURED!

1. PRESS PACKETS AND SUPPORTIVE PROGRAM MATERIALS HAVE BEEN MAILED to these sisters (names submitted by Carol Beecroft, Ruthann [REDACTED], and other sisters with whom I correspond).
 - 1.1 Mary Jane [REDACTED] (New York, NY) -- NY-206-M
 - 1.2 Cindy (Connecticut) -- CT-101-V
 - 1.3 Sandra Maria [REDACTED] (Bourbon, MO) -- MO-300-H
 - 1.4 Liz [REDACTED] (Powell, WY) -- WY-3-J
 - 1.5 Laura [REDACTED] (Anchorage, AK) -- AK-200-D
 - 1.5 Chrysis [REDACTED] (Red Bluff, CA) -- CA-314-R
 - 1.6 Marilee [REDACTED] (Wadsworth, IL) -- IL-300-S

 - 1.8 Phyllis [REDACTED] (Oakland, CA) -- CA-19-M
2. PROGRAM MATERIALS HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED to (1) enhance the distribution of press packets to Tri-Ess members, and (2) gather helpful information for coordinating the National Publicity Program. These materials will be sent with press packets as they are requested, and have been mailed to sisters who previously received packets.
 - 2.1 COMPUTERIZED COVER LETTER
 - 2.11 Explains the scope of the program and describes other materials enclosed with the letter.
 - 2.12 Personalized to each addressee and printed individually.
 - 2.2 INFORMATION FORM
 - 2.21 To collect basic information for administering the program.
 - 2.22 To generate names for interviews.
 - 2.23 To provide feedback for evaluating and improving the program.

2.3 "TIP SHEET"

- 2.31 To provide "how to" suggestions to sisters for contacting newspapers and magazines with our press packet.
- 2.32 Will be computerized for easy editing to update as suggestions and ideas are received from sisters.
- 2.33 Printed a few at a time to have available for distribution as needed.

3. OTHER WORK CURRENTLY IN PROGRESS BUT NOT COMPLETED.

3.1 AN ARTICLE IS BEING PREPARED FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF FEMME MIRROR to contain the following information:

- 3.11 Report of program activity (number of members working, number of packets distributed, newspapers and magazines contacted, where stories have appeared.
- 3.12 Additional ideas and suggestions from sisters who have experience in delivering press packets and working with editors.
- 3.13 Stimulate enthusiasm for the program and recruit participation from more Tri-Ess sisters.

3.2 A "LOOSE SHEET" INSERT IS BEING PREPARED TO ACCOMPANY THE ARTICLE IN FEMME MIRROR for the purpose of collecting information on a form that can be mailed directly to me without having to cut up the publication. Information asked for will include:

- 3.21 Name and address of sisters willing to contact newspapers and magazines.
- 3.22 Name and city of newspapers and magazines a sister will be willing to contact.
- 3.23 Indication of number of press packets a sister wants mailed to her.
- 3.24 Names of sisters who will give interviews to the press, and cities they are willing to go to for interviews.
- 3.25 List of stations (call letters and cities) in sister's area that broadcast radio or television talk shows.
- 3.26 Names of sisters who would give radio or television interviews, and names of stations/cities they would be willing to contact.

3.3 A FILING AND RECORD-KEEPING SYSTEM IS BEING DEVELOPED for collecting and analyzing data about the National Publicity Program. Some of this will be programmed for my micro-computer.

3.4 CONTACT IS CONTINUING WITH OTHER SISTERS WHO MAY PARTICIPATE IN THE PROJECT.

3.41 I am writing to my current Tri-Ess correspondence list.

3.42 I will write to sisters who are referred to me by Carol Beecroft and others, as names/addresses are received.

FUTURE AREAS OF EXPLORATION CONCERNING THE SCOPE AND DIRECTION OF THE NATIONAL PUBLICITY PROGRAM. These ideas are developing in my mind and will be explored in the next few months.

1. RADIO AND TELEVISION TALK SHOWS which may carry a program on cross-dressing and feature a Tri-Ess member who would be willing to be interviewed and answer questions from listeners who call in. If such an approach appears feasible, I will develop a "Tip Sheet" similar to the one created for print publications.
2. NATIONAL MAGAZINES that might carry a story on Tri-Ess. One sister has suggested Cosmopolitan, People, and Playboy. These magazines frequently carry "unusual and controversial" articles (Cosmopolitan featured an article last month on Lesbianism). It is probably best for these magazines to be approached by Carol Beecroft or Julie Daniel (representing the national Tri-Ess organization). I will consult with Carol to determine the feasibility of this idea.
3. A SPEAKER'S BUREAU comprised of Tri-Ess members who would be willing to make presentations to groups of various types. For example, a college class in the behavioral sciences might be interested in such a presentation. Another possibility might be a convention of behavioral scientists or psychologists. To implement this idea, an informational flyer should be developed and mailed to appropriate groups and organizations -- or an information kit should be developed. Support materials would need to be developed to assist sisters who might make presentations: an outline, visuals (slides?), and "hand-out" materials to leave with the audience.
4. EXPAND THE DISTRIBUTION OF LIBRARY INDEX CARDS which are currently available to members.
5. DEVELOP A PROMOTIONAL PROGRAM TO ENCOURAGE SISTERS TO PURCHASE BOOKS (i.e. The Transvestite and His Wife) AND PERIODICALS (i.e., Transvestia) FOR DONATION TO PUBLIC LIBRARIES. I think some effort has already been made in this direction, but perhaps the idea can be developed as a major component of the National Publicity Program.

-- Julie [REDACTED] 1

MO-204-D

Dear Mary Jane:

The Tri-Ess press packets you requested are enclosed. You and other sisters who are willing to contact newspapers and magazines in your area are the key to our success.

Two additional sheets are enclosed to assist both you and me in keeping this project on target:

1. An information form to be completed by you and returned to me; and
2. A "Tip Sheet" containing ideas and suggestions for contacting editors and getting our story in print.

More about the information form. It will help me keep accurate records to measure the scope and success of the Tri-Ess National Publicity Program. It also will provide me with your ideas and suggestions to pass along to others, as well as the names of sisters who may help with interviews in different cities. Be assured, Mary Jane, that any information you share will be held **STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL** and will be used only for the Tri-Ess National Publicity Program!

The questions on the information form are pretty straight-forward, but some additional explanation may be helpful.

* **INTERVIEW AVAILABLE.** Please list the name and Tri-Ess number of the sister who will grant an interview to each of the publications you have listed. If no one is available, write "None."

* **DATE ARTICLE APPEARED.** This box will be filled in later **BY ME** when you share the information and a copy of the article with me. **DON'T WAIT FOR THE ARTICLE TO APPEAR BEFORE SENDING THE FORM!**

* **OTHER CITY INTERVIEWS.** Even if you can't be available for an interview in your own city (for security reasons), would you be willing to travel up to 100 - 200 miles to be interviewed in another city? Another sister may be willing to come to your city for an interview. When needed, I will share the femme name and Tri-Ess number of any sisters who are available for interview in a particular city. **ADDRESSES WILL NOT BE GIVEN OUT BY ME UNLESS YOU INDICATE IT IS OKAY TO DO SO!** Contact between sisters can be made through the Tri-Ess forwarding service.

* **RESPONSES FROM PUBLICATIONS.** Both the positive and negative reactions you receive will help us discover the best approaches to take in the future and how to overcome any objections that may be raised by editors. This information will be used to update the "Tip Sheet."

* **IDEAS/SUGGESTIONS.** Anything that will help us improve our program will be welcome.

Well, Mary Jane, the rest is up to you! I'll be anxious to hear of your success in getting the press packets to publications in your area. If you need additional packets, please let me know. And finally—

PLEASE COMPLETE THE INFORMATION FORM AND RETURN IT TO ME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

PLEASE SEND ME A COPY OF ANY ARTICLE THAT MAKES IT INTO PRINT IN THE NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES YOU ARE MONITORING!

Good luck,

JULIE [REDACTED] (MO-204-D)
National Publicity Director

TRI-ESS NATIONAL PUBLICITY PROGRAM

"TIP SHEET"

For Getting Newspaper/Magazine Articles In Print

1. REQUEST PRESS PACKETS: The National Publicity Director will send you the number of packets you need -- one for each newspaper or magazine you will contact.
2. DELIVER PRESS PACKETS: You are the key to getting a copy of the Tri-Ess press packet in the hands of the Features Editor of each newspaper or magazine you contact. It is much more effective for an editor to receive the packet from someone who lives in his or her own town, than to receive it from the National Publicity Director.
- * Good Approach -- MAIL the press packet with a brief personal note from you.

(Sample)

Dear Editor:

As a member of Tri-Ess Sorority and a resident of Kansas City, I encourage you to publish the enclosed feature story in The Star. Better yet, assign one of your reporters to write an original story based on our article.

One of our members living in this area has agreed to be available for an interview, which could be used as the focus for your story.

I will call in a few days, when you have had opportunity to read this material, to see how I can assist you in preparing an article.

Sincerely,

- * Better Approach -- MAIL the packet with your note, and PHONE to say that it is on the way.
- * Best Approach -- Deliver the packet IN PERSON and VISIT with the editor. Unless you are very comfortable meeting the public in your feminine identity, better make this visit as a male! Showing the editor a flattering photo of yourself "dressed" may also help convince him or her that the topic has merit.
3. FOLLOW UP: This may be the MOST IMPORTANT STEP to getting a story in print! Three to four weeks after you have delivered the packet, phone (or send a note) to remind the editor of the material. Try to get a commitment from the editor to assign a writer to do the story.

4. ENCOURAGE AN ORIGINAL STORY: An original story, based on an interview with a local person, will have greater reader appeal and will be more likely to interest an editor. The article by Ruthann in the packet can be used by the writer as background for his or her own story.
5. PROVIDE AN INTERVIEW: This is VERY IMPORTANT and may mean the difference between an editor's positive or negative response! If you are unable to be interviewed yourself (for security reasons), try one of these approaches:
 - * Locate a sister in your city (or nearby) who is willing to be interviewed. Consider the Tri-Ess members you know or correspond with.
 - * Write to the National Publicity Director for the names of sisters near you who may be willing to be interviewed.
 - * If YOU are willing to be interviewed in other cities, please notify the National Publicity Director. Mutual giving and receiving of support from one another will help make this program successful!

NOTE: Where we have had stories published, the local papers have been most understanding of the security needs of our members. They are perfectly willing to use pseudonyms and will not press for personal photos.

6. POINTS TO MAKE IN AN INTERVIEW: An interviewee should, of course, tell her own personal experience of being a crossdresser. However, here are some KEY POINTS that should be made during the course of an interview:
 - * Conservative estimates place the number of transvestites in the U.S. at four-million males.
 - * Transvestism, or crossdressing, is experienced more often as a recurring need for self-expression than as a source of sexual pleasure.
 - * The sexual preference among transvestites would mirror the culture as a whole -- they are much more likely to be heterosexual than homosexual.
 - * Transvestites should be distinguished from transexuals (men who feel they are really women trapped inside the wrong body).
 - * Transvestites are not sick, psychologically disturbed, or morally depraved. They "dress" to experience a sense of comfort, release from tension, and inner peace.
 - * Most transvestites do not seek counseling to "correct" their desires, because they have accepted themselves and are happy being who and what they are.

- * We transvestites, ourselves, do not fully understand why we feel the intense need to dress in feminine clothing. We only know that for us it is an important aspect of being a whole person.
 - * Our greatest fears come from being misunderstood and ridiculed by others, especially by our closest friends and family members. It is not easy for us to reveal our transvestism to others.
 - * Some wives acknowledge their husbands' desires to crossdress, and fully encourage and support them in it.
 - * The Society For The Second Self (Tri-Ess) exists to give support to heterosexual male crossdressers and to help pave the way for greater understanding and acceptance by the public.
 - * Members of Tri-Ess represent a typical cross-section of society: all races, ages, sizes, occupations, income levels, etc.
 - * Tri-Ess has about 600 members, but is continually growing as more male crossdressers come "out of the closet."
 - * Tri-Ess chapters are organized in cities across the country. The meetings resemble a typical suburban house party, perhaps featuring a guest speaker or demonstration on use of cosmetics, hair styling, purchasing clothes, legal aspects of crossdressing, etc.
 - * Information about transvestism and Tri-Ess Sorority may be obtained by writing to: Society For The Second Self, 256 South Robertson, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.
7. MONITOR THE PUBLICATIONS: Watch the newspapers or magazines every issue to see that the story eventually does get into print.
8. CLIP THE STORY: Please remember to send a copy to the National Publicity Director. They will be kept on file and perhaps used as samples in future press packets.

Now, go to it! Get that story!
And GOOD LUCK!

Your National Publicity Director,

Julie [REDACTED]
P. O. Box 1114
Independence, MO 64051

On The Move

NICHOL (TX-303-W)



On the 3rd of April, Barbara, TX-301-S, came down to Dallas to spend the weekend "en femme" with me.

Friday night we dressed in tasteful skirt and blouse combinations, and went to a night club and stage show, and had a great time. After the show, we stopped at a MacDonalds and went in for a late snack. Although the place was busy, we had no problems with passing. On the way home, our discussion was about going to a real nice restaurant the next night. I suggested, "Antares" the revolving restaurant atop the Reunion Tower at the Hyatt Regency. Barb had a better idea, for she had heard about a Benihana of Tokyo hibachi restaurant here in Dallas. It was agreed—we would go to Benihanas.

On Saturday night, we both dressed with a great deal of care as to taste and style. I selected a white skirt and black leotard top with gold belt and jewelry, a frosted blond wig and black patent ankle strap heels.

Barb was dressed in a burgundy skirt, lilac-shade blouse, dark brown wig and heels. We examined one another for flaws and decided that we would "shoot the works" and go out in style.

On the way to the restaurant, we made a quick stop by the Valley View Mall so Barb could pick up some makeup from a Merle Norman outlet. This gave us an opportunity to see how well we would pass. The excursion through the mall was extremely successful, and I even drew a low whistle from a gentleman walking behind me as I was leaving the mall. This does not bother me, for I find it extremely flattering and a sign of approval.

While driving on to the restaurant, we noticed that every eating establishment had packed parking lots, for on weekends, everyone eats out in Dallas. When we arrived at the Benihana of Tokyo restaurant, it was no exception, for the parking lot was at over-flow capacity. We decided to go in anyway and wait our turn for we had no dinner reservations. Upon entering and placing our names on the reservations list, we were informed that it would be approximately an hour before a room and table would be available. We retired to a very large and extremely crowded cocktail lounge, where we were seated at a small table with two other couples. We ordered drinks and settled down for a long wait. Everything had

gone very smoothly so far, and everyone had addressed us as ladies, which elated us. After about 30 minutes of small talk, and glances around the lounge to see if anyone had read us, I noticed that the attractive blond seated across our table had a knowing smile on her face—so I smiled back and she whispered something to her date seated to my immediate right. He did not look up, but went right on talking to their friends. During a pause in their conversation, he opened a pack of cigarettes and leaned over to ask me if I had any matches. I replied that I was sorry, but I did not smoke. Barb also indicated that she did not smoke. His friend seated across the table produced a book of matches and their conversation resumed. I was watching very carefully now for I knew that the match request was a ploy to get Barb and me to talk. The fellow leaned over and whispered something to his girlfriend, to which she responded with an audible, "But they have to be." She gave me a big smile and I beamed right back. About this time, their reservation time had come up, so they bid farewell and left for the dining room. Barb and I chuckled over the incident but felt very secure.

The little cocktail waitress

was intrigued by us, so made it a point to talk to other waitresses about us. I watched as, one by one, the staff would smile and go about their duties. I figured that they knew but would cover it nicely. Barb had one of nature's calls and asked the cocktail waitress where the restrooms were located. I chuckled when I overheard her tell Barb that the ladies room was on the right and the "other one" on the left. She had them reversed and smiled as Barb disappeared into the ladies room. Business had been very slow around the ladies powder room when Barb entered, but as soon as she got in there, I noticed about 12 women descend on the place at the same time. I thought to myself, "Poor Barb--surrounded by a bunch of chattering females in their domain." Barb was the first to emerge from the powder room with a silly grin on her face. She almost broke up laughing over the female conversations about their dates, etc. What really cracked her up was the lady in the next stall dropped a roll of tissue which went skittering and rolling across Barb's feet and rolled into the next adjacent stall. Barb said she almost broke up in laughter right there. We had a good laugh, another drink, and then our names were called out, along with the other 14 people to be in our dinner party.

If some of you have never been to a hibachi restaurant, it is quite different from any dining experience you have ever had. Dinner is prepared on a grill built into the table by a Japanese chef. Eight people are seated on three sides of the table--two on each end and four on the outside. The room we were escorted to had four grill tables, two of which were already occupied. Since Barb and I were the single females in our group, everyone stepped aside and allowed us to lead the way. I chose, along with Barb,

a seat at the end of our table with our backs to the wall so we could see everyone in the room. This way, we had the advantage of reading any and all reactions to our presence.

The waitress came in and took our individual orders and disappeared. The two chefs, one for each grill, working back to back, appeared and started their banter and showmanship with their carving knives and fancy techniques of food preparation. We knew it would be an interesting meal when our chef went around the table announcing what everyone had ordered, for when he finished with Barb and me, he exclaimed to the group that, "These two ladies get hamburger." Everyone laughed and he began to prepare the meal.

Everyone broke out their chopsticks and began eating the salad. It was interesting to watch everyone trying to figure out how to hold them, much less pick up food. I had spent three years in the Far East and learned the hard way how to handle them. Everyone was probably aware that the tall blond at the end of the table knew her way around oriental restaurants. The meal was very good, for we had chosen the steak and lobster with all the usual trimmings. After the cooking was finished, the manager appeared, along with several waitresses and the Maitre 'd who was carrying a camera. The manager announced that the Chef was leaving to return to Japan to be married, and since it was his last meal to prepare, they would like to have a group picture as a gift to his new bride. We all agreed to the photo, so we put on our very best smiles. Barb and I were pleasantly surprised when the two Chefs stood immediately behind us for the photo. The first picture was taken at a distance, so that about half the group was included. The second one left

no doubt as to what was going on, for the Maitre 'd stepped up for a close-up of Barb, me and the two smiling Chefs standing behind us. We smiled with our very best poses and they all thanked us for the photos and departed.

Dessert was served along with a courtesy glass of Cognac as a gift from the manager in appreciation for allowing them to photograph us. During dessert, we engaged the group as a whole in conversation, a group discussion as to why different areas of Dallas County were "wet" or "dry" on the alcoholic beverage issue. A visitor to the City had asked the question and no one seemed to be giving the right answer. I volunteered an explanation that each voting precinct voted their areas wet or dry and it had nothing to do with County or City government. Barb contributed that the local option was the method of governing alcohol sales. We figured that surely if any doubt existed as to our authenticity as females, we would tell all by actually talking to the entire group. Would you believe, not one look of surprise, not one whisper, not one stare or look of curiosity. I was dumbfounded. I could not believe what was happening.

After everyone had settled their own checks, we all got up to depart. On the way out, the manager asked if we enjoyed the evening and asked us to return again to his place. We thanked him for a delicious meal and a wonderful evening and headed for the front door. The man and his wife who had been seated to my immediate left during dinner held the door open for Barb and me as we departed. We smiled and thanked him for the gesture and walked across the foot bridge over the oriental ponds out into the cool night air on feet that weren't even touching the ground.

Getting Into Dresses Was No Problem

M A R I E (I L - 2 1 4 - G)

When I entered the Seventh Grade, it meant going to another part of town and making new friends.

One of those friends, a boy, had a neighbor, a girl who spent most of her time in boy's clothes and mainly with boys. She was subected to an awful lot of jokes and criticism by those in the area. I was afraid I would receive the same treatment if my friend found out I liked to dress as a girl. He did know that my area was all girls.

One day when we knew there would be no school, we planned to spend the day together after practicing our music lessons. The night before, I told my folks about our plans and they said it was all right, but I would have to help mother after practicing before I could go. She said I could help change the beds and do some cleaning and dusting, as my sisters would not be home. I was upset and said the day would be spoiled by the time I could go—also that I should have been a girl. My father said he often helped his mother as he had no sisters and it would not hurt me.

I continued my arguing even the next morning and was told it would not change anything. While helping with breakfast dishes, as I always did, I

accidentally spilled some greasy water from the skillet down the front of me, and it soaked me to the skin. Mother said "Now you will have to take a bath when the dishes are done." I was so upset that I remarked that now I know I should have been a girl. Mother put water on the stove to heat and said she would get my clothes ready while I was bathing. When she poured the water into the tub, she added bath oil and said to use the soap in the dish. After drying myself, I asked for my clothes. She told me to put my sister's robe and come into the bedroom and she would help me get dressed. Laid out on my bed was a complete girl's outfit from the skin out. I objected and said I would probably lose my new friend, Abe, if he found out. Her reply was that it was my own fault, as I had been warned enough times about saying I should have been a girl. So today, I would be one until I went to bed. She continued, "If Abe comes or calls, you will have to tell him what happened and why you are now Marie. Also, you will have to practice one hour for yourself and one hour for Marie."

After an hour or so as Marie, I lost my hostility and got into the role of a girl help-

ing her mother. I even asked to stay up later than usual, as the next day was Saturday. Believe me, I learned how to make beds, how to clean, and also ironing. The practicing was broken up into four one-half hours. I later found out that my folks knew that Abe's folks had planned to take him away for the weekend. I was very happy that he had not learned my secret and also that I had been able to spend the day as a girl. Mother told me Abe's mother had called but that she had decided not to tell me because of the way I had acted. My father was not happy with my delight at what was supposed to be punishment and he teased me a good deal about it. Abe did not think it was too bad when I talked him into going out on Halloween with me, as two girls.

Two years later, in high school, the Freshmen had the usual party given by the Sophomores for initiation. However, the initiation for the various departments of the music division was more fun. After the tryouts, if one was to join the Boys' Glee Club, for instance, on a Monday at school you were told that on Friday you were to come to school for all day dressed as a girl. The girls joining the Girls' Glee Club had to

dress as boys on the same day. We were also told that if we did not come to classes that day, we would have to come another day and maybe be the only one dressed on that day.

The mixed chorus was on a different Friday, as was the band and orchestra. I had been asked to join all four groups, so on four different Fridays, I went to school, dressed as a girl. Mother always had me wear round garters to hold my stockings up, and I did not like them, so I started a campaign to get to wear a garter belt or girdle. Mother knew that I knew my sisters no longer used round garters, also that I had asked my cousin about it.

Mother's steel staved corset hung on the clothes line regularly and when we were doing the dishes and no one else was around, I asked her what it was like to wear it all day. I never thought I would get to try it, but was hoping to get to wear my sister's girdle. To my surprise, on Friday morning, mother said "Let's get you dressed before we do the dishes and if it is too late, I will take you to school." I had taken a bath the night before, so she took me into her bedroom and had me strip. First a bra with rags for padding as Marie was getting old enough to show a little. Next, a vest, as it was called in those days, then her back-lace corset with garters was hooked in front and the lacing tightened in back to make it fit properly. The silk stockings were put on, and the garters adjusted, then tight leg silk panties, a full slip with a double skirt, a very feminine blouse and a pleated skirt, a pair of shoes with Cuban heels, a ribbon for my hair, and Marie was ready for school.

Mother took me to school, but I had to walk home for lunch and back and again after school was over. My father really flipped when he found out I was wearing mother's

corset. When he asked her about it, she told him I had asked what it was like to wear one for a day, so she figured I should find out for myself as long as I had to go to school dressed as a girl. Believe me, I had no trouble sitting up straight that day. The biggest problem was keeping my knees together like a good girl should.

My father kept trying to discourage me from cross-dressing, but he did not spend enough time with me—he was always too busy. He seemed to be able to find time for my unmarried sister, Marion. I must admit I did not understand why I liked to dress as a girl, because I was not physically attracted to any of the boys I knew.

I had a new sweater that my sister Marion admired and when she asked me if she could wear it, I told her yes, if she would let me borrow something of hers. My father heard me and asked what I would want to wear of hers, and I answered, anything that would fit me. I knew he would not like it when I said it.

My oldest sister was married when I was fourteen, but she came home on Sundays if her husband had to work. One Sunday my sisters were using the curling iron and they said I should let them put a little wave in my hair which was very straight—pompadour style—also fairly long. I let them do it, but by the next morning it was all gone. A couple of weeks later, they really put a wave in it, and while they were doing it, my father came into the kitchen and started to make fun of me and said "I suppose you are going to let them dress you too." The way my sisters looked at each other and then at me, he knew he had said the wrong thing.

After he left, they said "Let's do it." We went upstairs to their bedroom which was next to mine, and they gave

me a girdle and panties to put on in my room and then they would do the rest. First they shaved my legs, next a bra with padding, silk stockings, a full slip, a long-sleeve, very feminine dress with a full skirt, and high heel shoes. They parted my hair in the middle so it was long on the sides, painted my nails, put on make-up, earrings, bracelets and other jewelry. When my sisters went downstairs, my folks asked where I was and they said I had left but Marie had come. I came down and my folks had to admit that my sisters had turned me into a good looking girl.

My father wanted me to change right away, but my mother and sisters voted him down. A few minutes later some friends came unexpectedly and father had to explain to them what had happened. They thought that I was a girl until they heard my voice.

My cross-dressing all but disappeared after that, because I was too busy with school and other activities, including summer work. By the time I was out of high school, my beard was so heavy that I had to shave twice a day. If I shaved in the morning and had a date in the evening, I had to shave again.

After I was out of high school, I used my father's truck to take some supplies for a week's outing at a cottage on a lake in Wisconsin, on a Saturday afternoon, for ten girls and two chaperones. I was to follow a car up there and unload and then come right back. The driver of the car made a wrong turn and got lost, so by the time we got to the cottage it was after dark. I knew my father would be looking for me to get home shortly, so I called him and told him what happened. He told me to stay all night and come home in the morning, if I could find a place to sleep. The chaperones said there was room for me to stay over-

night. I was up early the next morning so I could get out of there, but was told that everyone in the cabin had to go swimming before breakfast. I said I did not have a suit, only the clothes I had on. The girls said they would throw me in with my clothes on if I did not go swimming with them. One of the chaperones said she had an extra suit I could wear and one of the girls an extra cap I should wear to keep my head dry. I remarked that I doubted I could fill the suit, but they insisted I wear it. They all said they would not say anything about it when they got home, and none of them did for years. I put on the suit and cap and when we were down on the pier, all of the girls grabbed me and threw me in, for trying to masquerade as a girl. Of course, it was all in fun, as I had dated most of them, including one of the chaperones.

As a commuter to college, I had no extra time for cross-dressing, so I disposed of the female clothes I had acquired. I was forced to leave college in my Junior year for lack of funds and never returned.

My father bought a run-down business from an estate several miles from the one he owned, and sent me to try to build it up. In less than three years, it developed enough so he could sell the one he had that was declining, and commute to the new one.

During this period, I met the girl who would later become my wife. Being with her several times a week reawakened my desire to wear feminine clothes. Especially when she insisted furnishing my apparel when I stayed overnight at her home.

After we married, her attitude toward my wearing her things and cross-dressing changed completely. She said I had her now and did not need to have her clothes. She even insisted I go to a psychiatrist to get it

out of my head. After many sessions, it did not help, but I told her it had and knew I would have a secret wardrobe. Of course, she found out and threatened to leave me, but never did. She is still very much against it.

I continued to work with my father and cross-dressed when I was alone, which was not very often. After my father had a severe heart attack, I took the business over and did not have much time to pursue my hobby. Years later, I sold out and ended up with a job driving a big truck. My wife worked with me in the business, and after my father died, insisted I see my mother at least once a week. Her mother had died before I met her and she wanted to be sure I kept a close relationship with my mother who was living alone. My aunt also widowed still lived next to her, so I usually saw her at the same time as my cousin lived out of State.

One day at mother's, she wanted me to help her clean the light fixtures that hung down from the ceiling. Jokingly, I said she needed a hired girl, and she said she had one. I asked her who and she replied, "You." I said I did not look much like a hired girl and she agreed and I thought no more about it. Several weeks later, she asked if I would be able to stay and eat with her. I said yes and started to look through the local paper. She called to me to come help her. I went into the bedroom, and laid out on the bed was a complete female outfit—bra, girdle, panties, hose, mid-heel shoes, house dress, even a wig. I asked "Is that wig yours?" and she replied, "No, it is for you." I reminded her that Ann did not want me to cross-dress anymore. She said Ann did not need to know. She told me I had said I did not look like a hired girl, and she was taking me at my word, so I should get

into the clothes and get to work for her. Being a good son, I gladly changed when she left and became Marie, her helper. Mother told me to take the curtains down and clean the windows on the inside as she had new curtains to put up. She said, "You look just like a woman now," and laughed, saying I would have to get the step ladder from the garage as she had forgotten to bring it in. She said, "I knew you would want to go outside when you were 'all dressed up.'" I went out and unlocked the garage and brought the ladder in and started to take the curtains down. The chore did seem easier dressed as I was and I was not worried whether anyone saw me. When about half done, my aunt came over to see who mother had helping her, as she had not recognized me when she saw me get the ladder. Mother told her it was Marie helping her and that I would be available to her if she needed me sometime. I agreed.

After that, I always dressed at mother's if I had enough time to spend. My female wardrobe at mother's grew quite large and she washed my things with hers. When she wanted a secretary, I dressed as one with high heels and makeup. Several times mother even suggested we go for a walk in the evening, which we did. She said changing roles seemed to relax me—I felt the same way. That is what my wife has never been able to understand.

In 1968, I received an offer for my business I felt I could not refuse, so I sold it, including the real estate. After part-time jobs, I took a full-time position working nights a few miles from mother's. Several mornings a week, I would go to see her for breakfast, which usually resulted in my dressing and doing her housework or helping my aunt. I knew her neighbors watched for me, but did not care. Those were wonderful days. I tired of

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JANICE (VA-203-S).

the night work in a couple of years and took the truck driving job. It paid better also. That forced me to curtail my dressing up. Mother kept my feminine wardrobe together for me, so when the opportunity came, I could dress, until she could no longer live alone in her early nineties. She was able to spend the most of the rest of her life living with her children.

I disposed of most of my femme wardrobe, but kept the best, and keep it with my model railroad boxes my wife never looks at.

Mother used to live with my wife and I the first three months of the year when I was not driving because of no work. With my wife working, it seemed natural for me to dress up almost daily, as mother seemed to enjoy my doing so after I surprised her by changing one morning while she was bathing.

When I am not at work, I have always made a habit of making the beds, etc., around the house. If the cleaning lady could not make it, my wife would ask me to at least do the vacuuming, but I would usually do all the cleaning, and it has always seemed easier when I dressed for it. Over the years, I have found I can wear a fair amount of my wife's clothes, including bras and girdles. When we were married, her bras were too small, but no longer. I have always purchased my own hose and shoes, unless mother found some she thought I would like.

Now that I have retired, I can dress up every day my wife works. I always do two days a week when doing the laundry and the cleaning--It seems so natural.

I truly envy a married TV with an understanding and helpful wife. That has to be true happiness.

Lately, I have heard several reports of sisters wanting Tri-Ess to become an open group, open to all, regardless of their personal sexual preferences. This is rather disturbing to me for several reasons.

First and foremost, I joined Tri-Ess for what it offered me---it was a sorority for heterosexual male crossdressers ONLY! I do not have any problem accepting those whose practices do not fit that definition; however, there are numerous other groups available which accept these people without our having to open Tri-Ess membership to them. Tri-Ess has been successful in the past because of its policy of accepting only hetero crossdressers. I, for one, wish the organization to remain that way and to continue to be successful.

Secondly, many of us who are married to understanding wives, take our wives with us to various group functions. Given our situation in life, that is the way it should be. However, I have seen wives turned off at meetings of crossdressers by the attendance of other than hetero people. To our wives, other heterosexual crossdressers are just like us! But let a wife come face to face with a bisexual or transsexual---then that is a different matter. Of course, the first questions that pops into their minds is, "Is my husband a bisexual?"---or, "Will my husband go the transsexual route?" I believe that our wives are less likely to be threatened when faced with a group of heterosexual crossdressers than with a group which can be made

up of individuals of various sexual persuasions.

Thirdly, (and a significant matter for us crossdressers in the Washington, D.C. area) is the matter of SECURITY!! While there is no guarantee that a heterosexual crossdresser is a good security risk, I believe that a person is a far better risk if he is heterosexual than is a person who is LESS CONCERNED with his personal security.

There are many groups who openly court individuals who crossdress, regardless if they are bisexual or homosexual. But I do believe that there are a sufficient number of hetero crossdressers that Tri-Ess does not have to change its policy and join their ranks. I hope that I have not given the impression that I am behind the times or that I have anything against those who are not heterosexual. It is just that Tri-Ess, the way it stands right now, offers me and many other hetero crossdressers that I know just what we want---an organization devoted solely to us!

I would hope that those of you who believe as I do will contact me in regard to developing a chapter in this area for hetero crossdressers only---Tri-Ess members. I am interested in helping to start such a chapter of Tri-Ess and would welcome the support of those who believe as I do. I hope that I have not offended anyone by speaking out, but I want my voice to be heard! And my voice (and heart) say, "Carol, keep Tri-Ess just the way it started out---a sorority for the heterosexual male crossdresser!"



Carolyn Becomes A Housewife



As you know, I have written to you before. My long silence is because of the fact that so very many things have happened in my life that I now want to share with you.

First of all, Diana and I were married---and surely my life has changed for the better!

After we got married, I sold my Interior Decorating business, and with the money Diana opened a private office in one of the best districts of the City. She hired the necessary personnel and started to work for herself. Prior to our marriage, we had agreed that she would be the breadwinner and I would stay home and be the housekeeper---a change of roles, but each doing what we wanted.

In the beginning, I stayed home and did my chores, wearing only a little makeup and no feminine clothes. As time went on, and with Diana's encouragement, I donned feminine attire with pleasure---but only after many sacrifices. Diana put me on a strict diet---the first week only liquids, such a sugarless tea, chicken broth with no salt, natural orange juice, etc. But after that long week, I lost eight pounds. It cost me a lot of self-discipline, but I did wish to wear nice and

pretty clothes and to have them fit perfectly.

During the next month, I lost another 12 pounds. With every pound that I lost, I was happier because I was getting closer to my goal (by that time I was wearing---tightly---a size 16). One night when Diana returned from work, she brought me some beautiful clothes and underwear in size 14 to encourage me to keep on with my diet. I embraced her and kissed her and told her I'd try even harder than before to get into size 14---and, if possible, size 12!!! We had one of the most loving evenings I have ever enjoyed in my life---it was like a miracle to have married this wonderful woman! She understands me and encourages me to be happy in my life and do the things I want to do.

To go back for a moment, in the early days of my marriage, I had resisted wearing feminine clothing and I was filled with confusion. I asked myself, "Now that I have the housewife status that I've wanted, now what? I can do what I want but what is next?" A voice inside always said "Go, go. Isn't the woman's world better than the man's world? It's more comfortable

and easier"---and, believe me, that voice was right. This is heaven!

Two and a half months after my marriage, on a Saturday, Diana woke me up and said, "Sweetie-Doll" (this is what she calls me and I love it), "Let's get together our first beauty routine. I put on my lacy robe and we went to the bathroom, where she had displayed all she needed for our beauty routine. First she said she would work with my hair. You can imagine how it looked after three months of not going to get my hair cut and I usually wore it only in a plain pony tail unless I wore my Farrah styled wig. Diana shampooed my hair, cut it in a more feminine style, and proceeded to dye it in a dark red color. I hadn't noticed all that she was doing, and when I saw the empty bottles and the gloves she was wearing, I asked her why she was dying my hair. She told me that she had studied the color of my skin and that this color would be complementary to me. Then she said that while it dried, she would apply a depilatory to my legs, arms and armpits! After she finished, I took a warm bath---and when I stepped

outside the bathroom, I felt more feminine than ever because of my shiny and hairless legs and the new color of my hair.

She said, "Terrific! And now while I get my bath, you get ready to go out because we have an appointment with my hairdresser."

I said "Wh-what....."

"Yes, dear, we are going out. . . ."

"B-but. . . ."

"Yes, I know this will be your first appearance in public, but don't worry, nothing will happen to you if you behave yourself," and she went to take her bath.

I was so stunned I didn't know what to do. Finally I started to get dressed. I put on my long bra, panties, a girdle, hose, a knit sweater, blue jeans, and a pair of low heeled shoes to complete my attire. When Diana came out, she took one look and said "Do you think you are going out in that unisex outfit? No way, because like that you'll be suspicious to everybody. Change your clothes." And she gave me one of my new dresses, a pink short sleeved dress with a round collar, matching pumps, a black coral necklace and earrings of hers and she helped me arrange the padded bra. After I was dressed, she told me I looked like an authentic woman and said "Let's go," taking my arm. I stepped in the car, and still trembling, released from my clutch a mirror and my lipstick to retouch my makeup. I had on large dark sun glasses so I had no eye makeup on. Diana drove to a small mall where the beauty shop was. I had to take a deep breath before getting out of the car. Again, she took my arm and we started to walk to the beauty parlor. A couple of times during the short walk, I almost twisted my ankle because of the 5-inch pumps I was wearing. We had almost gotten to the beauty parlor

when I became most frightened--a couple of teenage boys came walking from the opposite direction, and just as they got close to us, one of them said "If I were older, I would ask the girl in PINK for a date," and the other responded, "Well, then I'd go with the beauty in green." I felt my face getting hot and turning every shade of red. Diana giggled and said "You have your very first conquest! How does it feel?" I told her not to joke with me, and she said "Oh come on, Carolina, you must realize that now you are on the other side of the table--you'll have to learn to deal with it." I knew she was right. But then she said "Remember your limits, because I still believe in your maleness and you belong to me and nobody else, especially MEN." I responded, "Of course, my lovely and understanding wife."

When we entered the beauty parlor, we were met by a young girl who asked if Diana was Miss [REDACTED]. ([REDACTED] is her maiden name). She said she was and that I was her cousin, also Miss [REDACTED]. We were then escorted inside to a very modern salon, where dozens of black and white chairs were placed in front of large mirrors. While we waited, we were offered tea, coffee and cigarettes. I took a cigarette from the crystal box and a girl lit it for me. I was smoking nervously when an operator arrived and asked Diana what type of service we wanted. She asked me if I wanted a complete service and I nodded without speaking because I was afraid of my male voice. Diana said that I should choose a hairstyle from a magazine and show the operator what I wanted. I said, very softly "OK, dear."

The operator placed a plastic apron around my neck, and another girl took my hand to proceed with the manicure. The operator asked me if I had decided on a hairstyle, so I

pointed to the photograph in the magazine. She said, "Perfect! You'll look very pretty with that type of haircut and style--but I'll have to give you a permanent." I told her that was fine, whispering. She then proceeded to apply the permanent and the rollers. While she was doing this, I closed my eyes--and I thought how lucky I was. Among my sisters, there is so much misery because they can't come outside the closet because of a misunderstanding woman or wife. I know there are hundreds of thousands of us who have this desire to wear the beautiful clothing designed for girls only--and we have to fight to be ourselves against the twisted world that rejects us. Why? Only because we are males who love to wear feminine clothing. It seems such nonsense.

The operator touched my arm and brought me back from my thoughts to ask me if I would like a pedicure. Demurely, I said "Yes, please," and she then indicated that I would have to remove my hose. The operator led me to the powder room where I took off the hose, and returned with bare feet. I sat in the chair and one of the operators started the first pedicure I had in my life. I was on cloud nine--until I realized that the other operator was starting to remove my makeup. I knew without my makeup and the "white clown" on my face my beard would appear--and no sooner had that thought occurred to me than I turned to look at the operator. I saw her face, and almost crying, said, "P-please....." She covered her mouth with her hand and said "Oooh," with comprehension dawning. She held my hand and said "As soon as I finish with your mask, I want to talk with you." She applied the mask and while I waited for the time it took, I was crying inside. After twenty long minutes, she returned and

do and attire! I'm really proud of how much you are getting into my woman's world."

It is amazing how much you care for your appearance.

The next week, I spent as a housewife; having frustrations with the mountain of clothes to be ironed, an overdone roast beef, and missing my favorite soap opera in the afternoon. All the details that bother us housewives!

The week after my first appearance in public, I ran out of food and had to go out again. I was going to have to go alone because Diana had a lot of work to do. I wore a casual dress with long sleeves, baby blue in color, with a big collar, then I added earrings, 5-inch sandals and a sweater. I prepared the grocery list and I departed. At the supermarket, all went well, and when a box-boy took the bags to my car, I gave him a tip and he said, with a wide smile, "Thank you, Lady." I 'passed' again!

Once I got home, Diana informed me that Lulu and her boyfriend would be coming to have dinner with us that evening. She said I would meet another man who was as I am, and that she wanted to impress them. I decided to cook my specialty—roast fish. Diana agreed and said she was going to take a nap.

While I was in the kitchen unpacking the food, I thought back to my previous marriage, where I would be taking the nap and my ex-wife would be doing what I was doing now—Times have changed and I wouldn't ever go back.

When I rushed into the bathroom to take a shower and do my hair to get ready for our guests, Diana said that I surprised her every day—because she thought I wanted to be nicer than she was. I said, "Dear, you have been a girl for 28 years—I have only been one for 6 months and I have a lot of catching up to do." She laughed and said that she hoped I'd never want

to go back because she loved me more this way. I embraced her and kissed her—but she stopped my games because of our guests.

Exactly at 9 o'clock, the doorbell rang. I opened the door and saw two nice girls—one was Lulu and the other was her boyfriend. I wore a pink hostess robe with gold embroidery in the skirt, and a Chinese collar. A gold pendant and my high-heeled sandals completed my outfit. Lulu was wearing a black corduroy pants suit with a white scarf on her hair and plastic earrings and necklace. Her boyfriend came dressed up in a beautiful midi-skirt in dark green, a silk cream-colored blouse, a black leather short and to complete it, an embroidered green and black clutch and matching pumps. The accent for his attire was his seamed black hose. For my taste, he was perfect that night. Diana came out wearing a Chane outfit—coat, vest and pants in lilac with a gray pearl blouse, with low matching sandals, silver necklace and earrings. She was perfect. She gracefully welcomed our guests, and mixed our drinks. Lulu's boyfriend's name is Mary, and the four of us chatted as girlfriends, very cozily and friendly. When it was time to reheat dinner, Mary came with me to the kitchen where we talked. She told me her goals and that she intended to be a girl all the way. Quickly I informed her that was not for me, and she apologized because she had thought I, was a transsexual like she was.

After Mary and I served dinner to Diana and Lulu, and they left, Diana asked me what I thought about them. I explained to her our talk in the kitchen. With tears in her eyes, Diana told me that now she knew I was worthwhile.

The days went by with me getting more and more into 'my' world and Diana becoming more successful in her business.

One evening she came home very excited and told me to put a bottle of champagne on ice to celebrate a new contract. I put the bottle on ice and returned to ask her about the celebration and the contract. She said, "With your cooperation, we'll get a very good contract as advisors to government petroleum company Pemex." I asked how I could cooperate to get this. Diana said, "Calm down, Sweetie-Doll—I'll explain it, but first let's get the champagne." "And dinner," I added. She said, "Not this time—you and me alone are going to get drunk." Sadly I went to the kitchen to turn off the oven on my Chicken A'la caserole was. I opened two cans of caviar, placed them on a cold plate and took it to the living room where Diana happily was waiting for me. After several toasts with champagne, she dared to tell me her plan:

"Sweetie-Doll, I love you and you have to help me too. The way to help me is this. I invite the Vice President and aides and wives of Pemex for dinner next Friday. I want to impress them and have them think that I'm very prosperous—so Lulu will be my secretary, and Mary and you will be my personal maids. I mean this will be ONLY for that dinner—because, as you can understand, I can't live with a "girlfriend" but I can with a maid and that's what you'll be for only that night. Lulu has already said yes, but I want your approval on this. What do you think, my Sweetie-Doll?" Diana ended.

A cold sweat went up and down my spine—because a secret 'fetish' of mine was to don a maid's uniform—and now my WIFE was asking me to wear one! After I calmed down, I asked, "And what will I wear for that special night? A pert French maid's uniform—I mean black with a white apron and white cap, seamed black hose

said, "Miss [REDACTED], please come with me." As I stood up, Diana looked at me and said, "What's wrong, dear?" Whispering, I said "Nothing, dear," and she relaxed.

I followed the girl, a native dark-skinned, black-haired girl, not very mannerly—what we call a Mexican natural girl. We stepped into the powder room and she locked the door. Very aggressively she turned and said "So! You are a TV and you want to cheat me and all of the girls here! You want to be a real one, DON'T YOU!"

Crying, I said, "P-please don't say that. My wife told me it wouldn't be a problem—that I could 'pass'." (While I was saying this, I saw myself in a mirror—proud chest in a size 36 bra, tight dress, rollers in my hair, and the mask on my face. I felt as a girl in trouble, crying and trying to calm her down.) She shouted that she wanted to know the truth about me, whether I was a TV or a Transsexual. Shouting back, I said, proudly, "I'm a TV—not EVER a Transsexual. I want to be a man in the sexual way."

The girl said, "I see—and who is this girl with you?" "IT IS MY WIFE" I shouted.

She told me to calm down—that now she understood—and that I shouldn't cry anymore. Still in the locked room, she suddenly kissed me full on the mouth. This calmed me—so I reacted as a male—I held her firmly and responded to her kiss. She looked at me and said, "You are exactly like my boyfriend is. Thank God I found you so the two of you can be friends—as well as your wife and me. Do you think so?"

I was astonished and responded, "I-I think so—by the way, what's your name?" She told me that her name was Lourdes, but her nickname was Lulu and asked me to call her by her nickname. I asked

her to tell me about her friend. She said that he was younger than I, and that she had noticed that he was always very tender with her. She was intrigued, but didn't say anything. As time went on, he quit his job and told her that he wanted to study at the Enfermery. She told him that career was all for females. He got into it anyway, and one day he told her that he was a transvestite. She had told him that she loved him, but she couldn't stand a man donning women's clothes. They had stopped seeing one another, he was in the last grade at the Enfermery, and she was working in the beauty parlor. She said, "That's why I'm pleased to meet you—what name do I call you?" I told her that my name for the last 3 months had been Carolina, that I was married to a wonderful woman named Diana.

I returned to my chair, and Diana asked me where I had been, because she had been worried. I told her, "Don't worry love, I just had a big experience—I'll explain later."

The rest of the session went quickly with no problems—I got arched, thin eyebrows, false eyelashes, placed one by one, and a professional job in makeup.

When I saw myself in the mirror, I couldn't believe what I saw! A well made up and coiffured girl—and she was ME!

I waited while Diana paid for the services. Lulu came up to her, whispered something to her, and they both returned to the parlor. Fifteen minutes later, Diana returned smiling and said, "Let's go, my pro girl." She said, "Let's go the jewelry store—I want something for you." I was walking like a zombie—and during our walk, Diana said I had been terrific at the parlor, Lulu was very impressed with me, and that I had courage. Most of the TV's in Mexico are closet TV's because they don't have the courage—and Diana told me

that I was opening a way for the TV's in Mexico.

I told her proudly that what she told me held a lot of meaning for me and I really appreciated it. I thanked her again—because she had done the encouraging and helping, and now I know how it feels to be a girl and I love it.

In the jewelry store, Diana asked for gold studs for me, as well as ordering my earlobes pierced.

With a pair of painful lobes, we went to have lunch at a restaurant. There, I got my initiation in woman's behavior under Diana's direction—how to hold my legs, the right position in the chair, smoking while holding the cigarette just right, eating small portions, almost no alcoholic drinks, and also smoking only a prudent amount of cigarettes or I could spoil my lipstick—and I had to try to remember to remain glamorous at all times.

Diana paid for the lunch with her credit card, since I couldn't use mine with a man's name on it.

On the way home, Diana told me that she knew her faith in me had been well placed because I had had enough courage to go outside, behave as a woman, work as a and besides all that, still love her as a man.

When we arrived home, I told her to relax and be comfortable and that I'd do anything that she wanted. She asked for a drink, so I promptly went to the kitchen to get one. While getting the drink, I broke one of my beautifully long, shaped, lacquered nails! I gave the drink to my spouse and said, "After all the wonderful work on my nails, I broke one of them and spoiled it, and besides, it hurts!" Diana laughed and said, "Gee, Carolina, you are more feminine than I thought you were! Now your worries will be broken nails, makeup, hair-

and black high-heeled pumps--what do you think? Can you help me this time?" Diana said, "Oh, well, if it is a favor you are asking me, I can't deny you, but only for that special night, is it clear?"

That Friday morning, I had my maid's uniform, seamed hose, and black 5-inch high heeled pumps, all that Diana had bought for me. At 10 o'clock, Mary arrived in a unisex outfit--blue jeans, tennis shoes, and a sweatshirt with 'Playgirl' across the bustline. In spite of Diana's directions and suggestions, I also put on white jeans, a checked cotton blouse and high heels. Mary and I went shopping together and both passed very well. By six o'clock, we had finished preparing dinner, so we went to the bedroom to get ready for the big night. In the bedroom on the bed was a parcel with a note from Diana. The note said "Please wear this--both of you." Very curious by now, I opened the package and found two laced corsets--one for me and one for Mary. Both were one size smaller than either of us--but if we could do it, we would, just to please our girls.

After the bath came the hardest part--getting into the damn corsets! But we did it, so we were both adorned in black corsets with pink bows and lace, as well as garters.

Then came the uniforms--black, the hem one inch above the knee--three quarter length sleeves with white lace trim, a round collar with white lace, a white apron with lace, tied in a wide bow on the back, and the skirt had three petticoats underneath. Finally, a white cap with white lace. Just before 7, Mary and I checked our appearance--especially making sure the seams were straight on our hose. By this time, we were surprised to find that walking in high heels was easier while wearing the tight corset!

At 7:30, the doorbell rang the first time. Mary opened the door, Diana greeted the guests, Lulu took the coats, and I entered with snacks and offered cocktails. By 8:30, everyone had arrived and there were 14 in all. Mary and I were very busy refreshing drinks and serving snacks. At eleven, Diana told us to get the dinner ready, so I went to prepare for serving. Mary remained to attend the guests.

At one o'clock in the morning, I was serving coffee, when suddenly I felt a hot hand touching my derriere! I turned, and saw one of the men, obviously drunk, was the one with the roaming hand--and he was sitting right next to his wife! I got so nervous that I spilled coffee all over his wife's long gown! She screamed and I mumbled, "I'm sorry madam--I'll fix it....." and almost ran to the kitchen to get a towel. When I got to the kitchen I started to cry and Mary asked me what was wrong. I explained the situation to her, and she went to try to help dry the woman's dress. I sat in a chair, still crying, and Diana came in, so I had to explain once again. She patted my shoulder and said, "Dear, you look so attractive in that maid's uniform that the guy reacted as any normal man would with an attractive woman. It's all right. Now come on, Carolina, don't spoil all you have already done--dry your tears and keep on helping me, please." So I went to the bedroom to fix my mascara and eyeshadow.

Everyone left at two in the morning, and Diana and Lulu talked over the evening's events while Mary and I did the mountain of dishes. Our feet were very sore and the restriction of the corsets pained our torsos after so many hours.

When we got into bed, Diana kissed me, thanked me

for all the help--and said that everything had been perfect--including the pinch I got!

The next month, Diana did get the contract. She hired Mary and Lulu to work with her--Mary as a receptionist and Lulu as her personal secretary.

Mary didn't remain very long because she went to the States to get her long-awaited transsexual operation.

On the night Mary left, Diana wanted to talk to me. She said "You don't want the same as Mary, do you?" I told her that I loved to wear clothing and live as a woman; that I felt more relaxed and happy in the past few months; that my alcohol consumption was down to almost nothing--and so was my smoking; that I have more energy than ever before and finally, that I have a lovely wife. I know I couldn't deal with marriage to another man--all the roughness and the uncomprehension of the woman's world and problems, such as colors in a new dress, cosmetics, domestic problems pertaining to housekeeping--but most important, I want to have normal male sexual relations with a woman, my wife.

With a big smile, Diana hugged me and said "Thank God! I was so afraid that you would want to do the same as Mary--I had done some extreme changes on you--the piercing of your ears, thinning your eyebrows and the electrolysis sessions." I told her that I do like to be this way, but I never want to change my real sex for a fake one.

FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE ABOVE COMMUNICATION, we hear again--this time from Diana!

I, too, wish to share my feelings about Carolina and our happy life as a couple.

I'm a 30-year old woman with a career in law.

When I first met my hus-

band, I was aware of his "Carolina" tendencies and it did make me uncomfortable because of the society where we live. We lived together for three months, and after that time, I knew that I wanted to marry Carolina.

I had been married once before and had gotten a divorce because my husband did not want me to work, because of his macho attitudes and his jealousy. After two years of marriage to him, we were divorced and I opened a small office in a middle class neighborhood.

After Carolina and I were married, we both continued to work for a time. Nights and weekends, we would share the chores at home. I had never been happy doing household jobs, but it was something that I had to do.

Then one of my best friends arranged for me to get a contract as a lawyer-consultant to a Mexican petroleum company. The fees would be very large, but I would have to have a bigger and better office. Since we could not afford this, I could not see how it could be done. After three days of pondering, I decided to discuss a possible solution with Carolina. We would sell his business, 'she' could stay at home and be the homemaker, I would get a larger and better office and be the breadwinner. I told her she could dress as Carolina all the time, but that I would push her very hard to obtain the perfection she would need to "pass" in public at any time. After discussing my proposal, we agreed--so we started our new lives.

I did put her on a very rigid regime--a strict diet, with classes in behavior and mannerisms in the evenings. I bought her the most delicate and feminine clothing I could find, including a maid's uniform--at first, she was reluctant to wear the uniform for fear that

she would spoil it doing chores. After I was able to convince her that she would not ruin the beautiful uniform, she wore it almost daily--and I later bought her five more in different colors! I also bought her only high heeled shoes so that she would learn to walk with a woman's posture.

After three months of "training," I forced her to go out with me in the daytime, to the beauty parlor, which Carolina has already told you about. I must add that she was in panic when I suggested having her ears pierced. After a short argument, however, she did agree--and now she confesses that she doesn't feel properly dressed without her earrings!

The outing to the supermarket was successful also. She suffered from a nervous moment in the check-out line, because she noticed a policeman in front of the cashier's booth. She fumbled in her large bag for the money until I rescued her by using my credit card, explaining to the cashier that Carolina had probably forgotten her money at home. When we had our purchases in the car, I handed the keys to Carolina to drive home--and discovered that Carolina has so developed her second self that she now even drives as a woman--slowly, carefully and courteously; not aggressively and speeding as she used to drive as a man.

Three months ago, my youngest brother got married, which left my mother living alone. I invited her to come to live with us and she accepted. On the way home from picking her up at the airport, I explained to her about our marriage and how happy we were. My mother heard my explanation with eyes wide open--and she just couldn't believe it.

My mother is 60 years old, very active, and an extreme perfectionist in the home. She

and Carolina had never gotten along very well before this and I was afraid there would be problems. Carolina was doing very well with the household chores, but a woman's touch was obviously missing in some areas that I was sure my mother would notice. My mother decided that she would give it a try for a month--but if Carolina was too odd for her to accept, she would leave. I agreed. At this point, I should probably mention that Carolina did not know as yet that my mother was going to live with us.

When we came into the house, Carolina was in the kitchen preparing dinner in her black maid's uniform. My mother also saw her, and said that she hoped she worked as good as she looked! Carolina heard my mother's voice and I could see the panic in her eyes. I kissed Carolina and whispered that she shouldn't pay attention to my mother--that she was just kidding, but by that time Carolina was crying. My mother saw that and said she didn't mean what she had said, and that Carolina shouldn't be so sensitive. My mother then said, "As I see it now, we are equals--three women living together." Then she asked Carolina to call her Sara or mom so they could be friends, which calmed Carolina down.

Carolina served our meal, but didn't eat with us. She left my mother and I alone so that we could talk. My mother didn't understand Carolina's feelings and urges, but after a long chat and explanations, she seemed to accept our arrangement and commented that Carolina looked almost real!

Now, most of the time my mother stays at home with Carolina--teaching her additional feminine tasks, such as embroidering, baking, knitting, and perfecting her crocheting, and giving her tips on better ways to do

the household chores. Carolina follows her instructions well and I know that my mother is enjoying it too—because she is finally able to teach someone the things that I never wanted to learn! I always felt those things were a little boring—but Carolina has the house looking better than ever—you can eat off the floor! Carolina looks so tender when she embroiders, watching TV and chatting with my mother about the soap opera that they love.

Carolina has taken a passive role and seems to like receiving orders in a good way—not to be forced, but instructed. After she helped serve the dinner for some important guests for me, she has now done the same for my mother. She will serve coffee and cookies in the afternoon for my mother and her friends. Also, Carolina has learned to play canasta—and once a month, seven ladies come to our apartment to play. Carolina does an excellent job as hostess and also plays a very good game of canasta—the other ladies want her as their partner and I know she loves every moment.

My Carolina is not yet a perfect woman—she must be under constant corrections for at least another year. I'm helping her because I love her. For her happiness, I want her to be the most perfect cross-dresser.

Before I met Carolina, I thought all transvestites were homosexuals or transsexuals—but I was wrong. They are a beautiful bunch of girls!

SOME MONTHS LATER, WE hear again from Carolina:

Many more things have happened in my life. Diana and I are the proud parents of a baby girl. I now have one of my biggest opportunities—to demonstrate how good I can be as a mother, raising my daughter.

My mother-in-law gave me a short training course on baby care—how to feed them, clean them and bathe them, and how to handle them. I did my practicing with a doll, baby-size. While Diana was pregnant, I knitted sweaters, baby shoes and a blanket under my mother-in-law's directions.

I have also learned baking, embroidering, sewing on the machine, and I have finished my electrolysis. I'm now a size 14 and my mother-in-law and Diana are proud of me.

When Diana and Diana-Carolina came home from the hospital, I gave them a welcome home party. Diana had been in for a week because she also had surgery on her reproductive organs after our daughter was born.

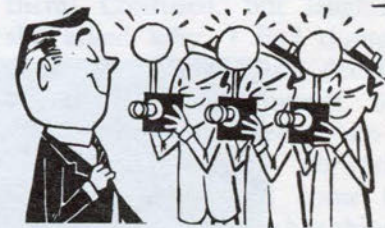
Later, I found the true reason for her desire for that surgery—SHE is a crossdresser. She had her hair cut in a unisex style, cut her fingernails, started wearing masculine underwear, and wore only pants suits in a unisex style. I was given all of her jewels, earrings and necklaces, and 'Danny' gave all of the female clothing to the Junior League. Danny wears false eyebrows and a mustache and we are both happy. My mother-in-law tells me now that when Danny was small, he liked to wear pants instead of dresses and fought with all the girls and boys in the neighborhood. I know this sounds incredible, but it's true!

Mary, Lulu's ex-boyfriend, was also at the welcome-home party. After her transsexual operation, she is now a topless dancer. She expressed disappointment with the operation, but she is happy with her status.

I will be in touch with you again later—my new mother's duties are waiting for me. I have a pile of diapers to be washed and ironed and a dozen bottles and pacifiers to be sterilized!

IN OUR MOST RECENT CORRESPONDENCE, Carolina says:

Danny apparently felt that I wished to have an operation to become a woman. I convinced her that I am a TV and have no desire to have the operation. Danny no longer is with us—Diana has decided to dress again as a woman and act as a woman. Her mother is still with us and we live as a couple of daughters with mom. Diana is still the breadwinner and I am still doing the house work and taking care of our lovely baby. We are all very happy.



I am always interested in good quality pictures from you girls. But PLEASE, try to have a very light backdrop for your indoor pictures. So many of you send me pictures where you are actually lost against a "busy" background. A white sheet is probably best. I would prefer black-and-white pictures but color is OK if you do as I ask—use a very light background. In addition, please go to pictures where you are the principal subject, not the chairs, TV set, pictures and whatnot. So many pictures arrive where YOU, the subject, are just one of the many objects in the room. Try taking pictures where the individuals are quite large in the picture—this will mean a picture from the waist up, in many cases. These look the best and print the best. In addition, PLEASE try your very best to have enough light on yourself. If you go to a motel room to dress, how about taking a light with you—one you can hook to a chair or something. OK? Carol



LORA
PA-5-W



PAULA
MD-8-M




TONI
FMA-1-M



LAURA
AK-200-D



BARBARA
FCNB-2-T



She Simply

Walked Into

The Shop.....

BARBARA NY-316-F

I would like to tell you that I have solved my problems with a girdle. I didn't know of a corset shop that would be understanding to us girls.

One night I worked late at the office and finally got up enough nerve to call some corset shops. One woman in the many I called made me feel like I was some kind of pervert that gave me a sick feeling in my heart. The last call was it! The woman listened to my plea and asked me if I would come in the first thing the next day. I said yes. That Friday, I told my boss I had to go somewhere and there was no problem as I am an officer in my bank and can do pretty much as I want. I took the bank's car to the shop and my heart was in my mouth.

I walked in and asked for Livi (she is the owner). She saw that I was nervous and took my hand and told me not to worry, that she would take care of me. She is a woman in her late fifties.

My hands were shaking—I have bought many girdles in my forty years, but never

have I gone to be fitted.

She asked if I had a girdle on that very moment. I told her I didn't, but I had two of my favorites in my car. They were both paneled with bone. She said I was behind the times and had me step into something very pretty, and I must admit, very sexy-looking.

To make a long story short, she sold me a panty girdle that fit perfectly and she added velour felt in the spots it needed to be put. She said I did not need a special fitting and would not take my money for something I did not need. She also fitted me with a matching 3/4 bra.

If any of our sisters in the New York, New Jersey and Connecticut areas need this service, I will give her a call and tell her she can expect our sisters to come in. They must understand, as I had to, that she will come in the fitting room and adjust the garment, whether it be the girdle or bra. They must wear panties and I think they should do as I did—use some toilet paper folded and placed in the panty.

Tri-Ess

Couples

Newsletter

Well, girls and wives, here we go! This is our first official couples Auxiliary Newsletter.

There will be columns in the future for the wives, a question and answer section for both TVs and wives, a news area and a meeting announcement area. If you have any ideas for columns or questions for the columns, please send them on. I plan on having a question of the month for the readers to answer. So any ideas for that, send them in. This will give you a chance to find out how other TV couples either feel about a subject or handled a problem.

I'm waiting for a couple of more people to be Regional Directors to get everything in full swing. Anyone willing to hold chapter meetings in each region please send me your name and we'll get people in your area in touch.

The time for talk is over and done—it's now time for action!

Next year at this time, hope to be at our First Annual Couples shindig.

What do you say, girls and wives?—It's for us, by us, to help us. LET'S GO!

GLORIA ANN and DIANE

SERV- 106-W



A Slow Awakening

Susan [REDACTED] VA-5-R

As Jack came home by taxi that wet, rainy London evening, he knew he had to do something to lighten the tension that he felt. His friends and co-workers took refuge in heavy drinking and looked it, but Jack had other means of relaxing.

After the taxi let him off in front of his apartment, he immediately checked the mail box and entered the apartment. Taking off his coat, he then started the bath water, putting in lots of bubble bath, then went into the bedroom taking off all his clothes and putting on the long robe part of his pegnour set. To the kitchen for a glass of wine, and then settled down in the tub. The soft smell was delightful, and the small bubbles as they covered his breasts sparkled in the light. As he lay there drinking his wine, the troubles simply seemed to float away and he started thinking about what he should wear. Having finally made up her mind, she towed off and wrapped the towel around her as a woman would.

In the bedroom, she quickly put on her bra and added padding so that the breasts were large and firm, dainty panties, panty hose, half slip and then selected a light brown nylon sweater, and an A-line skirt. Stopping only to light

a cigarette, she then put on her shoes with the 2¼ inch heels, and the inexpensive dark blond wig. No makeup since she was not going out for a walk that night. Her activities were limited to short walks and lounging around the house since no one else knew that she was a TV, and she was dreadfully afraid of someone finding out.

To the kitchen to replenish the wine glass and to enjoy that lovely feminine feeling of the arms brushing against the sides of the breasts. Going back to the living room there was the brisk click of the heels and the soft rustle of the slip to heighten the feeling of femininity. She settled down with a book and enjoyed the gentle tug of the bra straps as she reached for her drink. Friends telephoned during the evening, including Jack's girlfriend, Alice. They were very close and enjoyed making love to each other, but Jack had not told her how much he enjoyed dressing up.

Some weeks later, Alice was at Jack's apartment for dinner. Jack's day had been horrible, he was very much uptight, and since he couldn't dress, started drinking rather heavily. Alice didn't know what was wrong and pressed him for an explanation. Jack demurred, not knowing how he could

explain that he needed both her and his lovely feminine cloths. Alice continued to press and finally Jack blurted out that he was a transvestite. This took Alice by surprise, but she was quite sophisticated and after Jack talked quite earnestly to her for a length of time, she said to him very quietly, but firmly, "Go get dressed."

Jack took his drink and went to the bedroom to change, little knowing that his entire life was about to change. He didn't know what to wear, but as he started to put on the heavily padded bra, he made up his mind and felt himself becoming his true self—a woman. Panties, hose, full slip with lace at the bodice and hem, white sandal-like shoes, and a lovely print blouse with a long skirt. Makeup and wig—she was so nervous she was shaking. Did she look all right? Checking the mirror, she patted her hair into place and then walked into the living room.

Alice looked up as she walked in, told her to stop and turn slowly. She did, and Alice remarked, "By the size of those breasts, I'd say you were giving the American's Mail West a run for her money. Your drink is over here—sit down and talk to me for awhile." She sat down next to Alice on the

couch and then Alice started in—"A lady wouldn't put her arm up on the edge of the couch like that, don't cross your legs like that, cross your ankles, smooth your skirt, hold onto your cigarette while you light it." On and on it went. The two of them talked about clothes, concerts, plays, etc., when suddenly she realized that Alice had put an arm around her shoulders. They continued talking with Alice holding her and then, suddenly, they softly kissed. Alice took hold of her wrist, brought her off the couch and started toward the hallway which led to the bedroom—she resisted, being afraid, never having experienced anything like this before. Alice persisted, and soon laid her carefully on the bed. They made love—total, fulfilling love. As they lay there, Alice said, "I'm coming for dinner tomorrow night at eight—It want you suitably dressed with smaller breasts, more subdued makeup—have a nice dinner in the oven too."

The next afternoon Jack left work early, went home, put on a skirt and blouse, and then cleaned the apartment. Then bathed, shaved closely, and then dressed. Taking out the only floor-length dress she had, she then laid out a 'C' cup bra, long half-slip and the rest of her underclothing. She quickly dressed, put on an apron, then set the table with the Stewart crystal, the English bone china, and the Wedgwood candlestick holders. It looked very nice. Into the kitchen, where she put together a steak dinner. Her work being done, she looked at herself in the mirror, her hair was in place, her makeup was much less obvious, her breasts smaller, and she felt totally alive and alert.

She then fixed herself a drink and waited, rather anxiously, for Alice to arrive. The doorbell rang and she ran to it. There was Alice, tastefully dressed in a print blouse with

high waisted pants—in her hands were a small bouquet of flowers and a bottle of Pommard-69.

The dinner was quiet, pleasant and, of course, by candlelight. Alice had remarked that she did look much better this evening, and this made her glow. After dinner they talked, drank and then made love. The pressure of Alice's body on hers and the firm kisses served as a wild arousal. This happened for many nights, and soon Alice was virtually living in the apartment. The quiet night time walks were helping to build assurance.

Alice decided that before her friends had an identity crisis, she had better have a proper name—discussion followed and the name Susan was selected.

The relationship continued to grow. Alice brought home dresses, skirts, blouses, etc., for Susan to try on. The blond wig was replaced with a real hair, brown shoulder length wig. Susan became acquainted with foundation makeup, eyelashes, eye shadow, and false fingernails. Her mannerisms were corrected and polished. She became more refined in appearance. Alice was constantly there to help and to criticize. They laughed, talked, listened to enjoyed their walks, etc.

Magazines began to appear—Cosmopolitan, Vogue, Good Housekeeping, etc. Susan read them, studied the fashions and the beauty hints. All this created a greater awareness of her growing femininity. Alice had insisted that she shave her legs and then carefully plucked her eyebrows for her. Susan began wearing shorter dresses—proud of her legs and experimenting with the tall stack heel shoes that Alice had bought for her. Alice had to remind her that short dresses were fine, but to be careful how she sat. They made love frequently with Susan being passive and accepting. She quickly learned how to give as

a woman, to insure that her mate derived pleasure.

Alice required Susan to read certain books such as "The Second Sex," by duMauier, and novels by Georgette Heyer saying, "These are books that a woman would enjoy." Needlepoint appeared and Susan began to learn how to create as a woman.

Jack had to make a business trip to New York. While there, he visited a small shop that he had read about. He was enthralled—racks of dresses, blouses and nighties—all of which he could try on if he wished. Bras, girdles, hose, shoes, everything a woman could want. He spent two hours there, finally selecting a very tight waist cinch, a girdle with padded hips and derrier, a cream colored blouse and a low cut bra with half pads to uplift the small breasts.

Alice met him at the airport upon his return, and since he was so anxious to show her what he had bought, they went directly to the apartment. Alice laughed, saying, "Go put on your pretties—surprise me." Bathing and shaving quickly, Susan laid her things out on the bed. First the waist cinch—it was so firm, she wondered if she had gained weight; then the girdle with the hip pads, the bra with the inserts, her favorite half slip, and beige skirt and her new cream-colored blouse. Shoes, wig and makeup followed. She loved how she looked—the waist was smaller, the hips fuller, and when she walked, she found that her breasts had the gentle movement. Alice was fixing drinks as Susan walked into the living room. She exclaimed at how nice Susan looked and immediately started asking questions about Susan's new undergarments. Susan demurely unbuttoned her blouse, and then raised her skirt to show off her new finery. Alice said, "When I first met you as a

woman, you looked and acted like a tart and had no idea how a woman felt. You are now a lady in appearance and actions, and I think you now know how a woman actually feels." Susan glowed. This was high praise after so many weeks of subtle—and sometimes not so subtle—suggestions from Alice.

They enjoyed their drinks, and gossiped as any two women would do. During dinner, Susan remarked that the waist cinch was too tight. Alice laughed and said, "I thought you realized by now that you have to put up with such things."

After dinner, they put on light capes and picked up their purses to go for a walk. The wind was blowing and Susan revelled in how it gently pulled at her skirt and cooled the skin on her thighs. The brush of her hair against her neck, the tightness of the cinch, the gentle movement of her breasts all contributed to a feeling of well being.

Back at the apartment, Susan fixed two cups of tea and then, going into the bedroom, changed into a light pink nightie. It was floor length and she delighted in how it flowed around her legs. Alice came in—but a changed Alice!! She had no makeup on, her hair was pulled tightly back in a bun, and she was wearing Jack's pjs. Alice remarked, "Don't look so surprised—if you can enjoy my clothes, then I think that I can enjoy Jack's." With that, she knelt on the bed and softly kissed Susan. There was a total feeling of fulfillment for Susan as she reached up to put her arms around her mate's neck and received another kiss and then love. As they laid there afterwards, Alice said, "Dress carefully tomorrow night, I may have a nice surprise for you—wear that pale blue dress I bought for you."

Susan hurried home that next evening, her mind had not

been on work that day. She drew her bath and relaxed with the foamy bubbles all around her.

Into the bedroom where she quickly laid out her clothes and started dressing. First the bra with its inserts was put on and the straps were tightened, then the waist cinch (very tight—too tight—"More meat and less potatoes there, girl, and do those exercises!"), the girdle with the pads carefully in place came next and Susan enjoyed the feeling of its gentle restraint. Stopping for a drink of her wine, she then rubbed lotion on her legs and pulled on her panty hose which were light grey in color, very sheer, and had a nice sheen to them. She admired her legs and was thankful that she had not cut them while shaving, and then put on her lacey taffeta half slip.

Sitting down in front of the mirror, she put on her makeup. As always, the false eyelashes were difficult, but she soon had them in place. Her foundation layer came next, then the creamy "Cover Girl" and the rouge to accent her cheekbones. The eyeshadow, liner and mascara took more time, but did look very nice. She then put on her dress—it was pale blue print with a wide white collar—snug at the bodice with a slight flair below the waist. Powder and wig and she was then ready for her jewelry. She selected a Wedgwood ring, pin and earrings to accent the dress. Susan noticed how her high heels helped to flatter her legs and carriage. Taking her lipstick and false fingernails, she went into the living room. The lipstick went on easily, but the fingernails took time.

Finally, she was done. Patting her hair into place, she admired herself in the mirror. Pleased with the image of the young lady that appeared there, she smiled.

When Alice arrived, she

immediately remarked on how nice Susan looked. Susan fixed her a drink and Alice promptly disappeared in the direction of the bedroom. Susan amused herself by checking her appearance in the mirror, looking at her fingernails and slowly sipping her wine. She called to Alice and asked whether she should put dinner in the oven. Alice said not to bother. When Alice came out, she was dressed in a smart looking, severely cut beige trouser suit.

Looking at Susan, she said, "Come on, here is your purse, let's go." Susan didn't understand, but she took her purse—and Alice, taking her hand, guided her to the door. Susan, thinking they were going for a walk, smiled, but as soon as they were outside, Alice hailed a cab. Susan was startled, and even more so when Alice opened the door and assisted her in. Thoroughly frightened, she settled back in the seat while Alice gave an address to the driver. They went into the Kensington area where Alice, after she had paid the driver, extended a hand to Susan to help her from the cab.

As they entered a small Club, Alice asked her where she wished to sit. A small corner booth was her choice, and they sat down.

Drinks were ordered, and after they had come, Susan began to take notice of the people around her. There were many women such as herself—they were drinking, dancing, eating and chatting in a most relaxed fashion. Many of them were quite attractive. After three or four drinks, Susan definitely had to go to the bathroom and mentioned this to Alice. Alice laughed, saying, "Well, go then." This was absolutely no help since the question in Susan's mind was "Which room?" The man at the reservation desk helped by saying, "First door on your left, madame." She felt a rather nice glow as she pushed

open, for the first time in her life, the door marked "Ladies." She noted the cleanliness, the soft pastel colors, napkin dispenser, and the area with the low chairs and mirrors to freshen the makeup.

As Susan returned to the table, Alice suggested dinner and as they rose to go into the dining room, Susan slid her hand through the arm that Alice offered. They were seated and drinks ordered. When the waiter came to take the order, Susan opened her mouth to order as Jack would for Alice. To her surprise, Alice gave the order for the both of them in a crisp fashion as Jack would have.

Dinner was delightful. Susan enjoyed watching her hand as she grasped the wine glass—in particular her petite Wedgwood ring, and her long fingernails.

They finished dinner and wandered back into the lounge, sitting down where they could watch the combo and the dancers. After awhile, a man approached their table and, pardoning himself to Alice, asked Susan to dance. Susan blushed and demurred, the man persisted, and finally Alice said, "Go on—you'll enjoy it!" Susan, irritated at the pressure from two sides, agreed to. As she walked toward the dance floor, she was thinking frantically—what arm do I put up? How does he dance?? What shall I say to him??? There were no problems. At first she was a bit stiff and very much uptight, she being unaccustomed to being led instead of leading. As she relaxed her movements became more graceful and she permitted herself to be held closely.

After two dances, Susan and her partner returned to the table. He thanked Susan and withdrew. Alice immediately asked, "Did you enjoy that?" When Susan said that she had, Alice indicated that she had asked the man to dance with Susan. Although this took away

a bit of the pleasure at being asked to dance, Susan laughed and inquired with a chuckle, "Are you trying to tout me?"

The two of them started chatting with a similar couple at the next table who soon joined them. The light talk flowed and Susan totally relaxed, and soon learned that there was a formal dance the following weekend in a small hotel just off Hyde Park. Susan expressed dismay over not being able to go since she did not have anything to wear—a formal long dress. One of the girls mentioned an address of a shop that catered to girls like she and Susan. Soon the four of them agreed to meet at the dance the following weekend.

The rest of the evening went well, Susan and Alice danced and enjoyed themselves. Susan particularly enjoyed the freedom of her movements in the full skirt and high heels. She was pleased, though, that they found a cab without problems since she discovered that the combination of the first time out, the drinks, and the people around here were all a bit disconcerting. That night, when they made love, Susan gave of herself totally and completely. Alice remarked, "I'll take you out more often."

The next morning, they agreed over the Sunday papers that they would go shopping at the special boutique the following Tuesday.

That Tuesday she came home and quickly bathed and changed. For her first shopping trip, she put on her padded girdle and the C-cup bra—it had been stressed that she should wear the same underclothes that she normally wore. A brown and white print blouse with full, puffy sleeves and a flaired brown skirt. Putting on her makeup and fixing her wig, she then selected a pair of modernly styled earrings and pin to complete her outfit.

Susan was both excited

and scared. After all, this was her first shopping and her first time out during the day.

As she and Alice walked out on the street, Susan was certain that everyone was looking at her, but soon realized that if anyone was looking at her, it was as they would look at any woman.

When they arrived at the shop, she was impressed with the quiet, subdued surroundings, the nice furnishings and the piped-in music. The salesgirl inquired as to what they were interested in, and upon being told, led them to a rack of long formal dresses. After much discussion, Susan had five dresses to try on. In the dressing room she was a bit startled when the salesgirl came in and offered to zip her up. She modeled each of the dresses for Alice. After much discussion, Susan selected two long gowns, one for the dance and a second for what she hoped would be 'other occasions. The second gown was beautiful—rippled, black expanding material for the bodice and sleeves, empire waist line below which the material was a lightweight black satin. Very flattering and quite expensive. A trace of tears came to Susan's eyes as she realized what a truly wonderful time she was having.

After dinner that night Alice and Susan were relaxing with a book and needlepoint when Alice left the room for a moment. She came back in, gave Susan a kiss on the cheek, and told her, "There is something on the bed for you." Susan ran into the bedroom, looked at the bed to find a peignoir set. Both the gown and the robe were lovely—both were floor length. It was a nice soft pink nylon with a black lace overlay. Susan undressed, leaving on only her panties and bra. Putting it on, she trembled as she looked in the mirror, realizing that she looked very sexual.

After Alice had admired the set, she told Susan that she had bought it and one other gift while Susan was trying on the dresses. Susan begged and teased for the other gift—but to no avail.

The day of the dance, Susan was up and hustling. She and Alice quickly did the housework. They had a light lunch and sat down with their cups of tea to do their nails. Susan had trouble getting a smooth coat on her nails, but with Alice's help they were done. Long, tapered, and painted with a light pink polish. Susan loved the way they lengthened her fingers and made her hands appear more graceful and feminine. After that, she put on a shorty nightgown, moisturizing cream on her face, and laid down for a nap.

Alice woke her, they had dinner, and when Susan started to dress, Alice told her not to do the makeup—that she would do it. In the bedroom, she put on the waist cinch, fastening all the eyes and hooks, pulled the girdle on, enjoying its snug feeling. Her very sheer stockings were secured to the girdle, in turn followed by a floor length half slip. Her Goddard bra with its pads and lace were next, and Susan leaned forward to adjust the pads. The new gown was put on—very light orange in color above the waist with long sleeves—the same color and fabric below the waist, but with a very filmy overlay with flowers very faintly printed on it. Gold sandals and jewelry were put on. She then found Alice waiting for her in the living room—an Alice in a three-piece trouser suit!!! She did Susan's makeup for her and then presented her with a small box. Opening it, Susan found a pair of bust inserts, liquid filled. Alice said, "That is the second present for you."

They walked to the ball

since it was only two blocks away and Susan loved the soft movement of her breasts, the sound of her heels, and the soft rustle of her slip.

At the ball, they found the couple that they had gotten acquainted with the week before and were soon at a table where they were introduced to two more similar couples. Susan soon learned that the girls (TVs) were all members of the Beaumont Society and that the ball itself was being given by the Society. The evening was most pleasant, the GGs made sure that the girls had sufficient drinks and were enjoying themselves. Alice danced many times with Susan and two of the other GGs at the table also asked her to dance. Susan, of course, felt that she was the best looking woman on the floor.

As the dance was ending, Alice asked the three couples to the apartment for refreshments and they accepted. At the apartment, the GGs relaxed in the living room while the other girls went to the powder room and then to the kitchen. Susan took off her shoes since her feet were bothering her and put on a pair of low heeled slippers. She had decided to use the tea service that she had bought to send home to America. Tea and coffee were fixed and the cream and sugar filled. One of the other girls carried in the tray with the china and Susan herself carried in the tea service. The "ohs and ahs" as she set the service down on the coffee table pleased her. As she reached out, for the first time, to "pour," she realized that she was indeed in her element.

Conversations, tea, coffee and then drinks quickly passed the time. One couple left after about one and a half hours, but the other two couples stayed until nearly 5:00 a.m. Susan cleared the mess and washed the dishes, then changed into a soft nightie and jumped

into bed. Alice softly kissed her. Susan realized that this was a prelude to making love and said, "Not tonight, dear, I have a headache." Alice laughed, but kept on and they soon enjoyed each other.

That following week, Susan was surprised to receive a thank you note from each of the three girls, thanking her both for themselves and their GGs for the pleasant evening. She was even more surprised when, on Thursday, she received a phone call from one of the girls asking her if she and Alice would like to come to a gathering of the Beaumont Society that Saturday.

The weeks that followed were pleasant. The two of them went to dances, clubs, meetings of the Society, entertained in their apartment and were, in turn, entertained. Susan frequented her "shop." She bought embossed stationery for her notes to the other girls. Then disaster struck. The company that Jack worked for went into bankruptcy and Jack was out of a job. Depressed, he came home that night, dressed and started drinking rather heavily. This went on for a week, during which she left the apartment only twice—each time to meet Alice for lunch. Alice finally suggested that Susan see if her "botique" had any openings for salesgirls. Susan did, and to her surprise, was hired. The owner laid down some ground rules—full makeup at all times, wear only the very best of clothing, have a gracious manner, and be informed about the merchandise.

That Monday, she started work—very shy at first, but then gaining confidence and totally enjoyed her work. She knew what girls such as herself needed and was able to make good suggestions. She liked the atmosphere that she worked in, and soon the owner was giving her more responsibility. Susan became the buyer for the shop, and became accustomed to the

lunches with the salesmen, the paperwork, the stockchecking, etc. She had her passport modified so that she could travel to the continent. Alice went with her on many occasions to offer suggestions.

The months passed pleasantly by when one night Alice surprised Susan. They were sitting on the couch after dinner when Alice slipped a small diamond on Susan's ring finger saying, "I'm not sure how this is done, but will you marry me?" Susan started crying as most women would, and then accepted.

The turmoil started—you see, there were to be two weddings, two gowns, two ceremonies, two receptions, etc.

The first wedding came off in fine style. Both Jack's and Alice's parents were there, the ceremony was beautiful, as was Alice, and the reception lively.

A week later, in front of a minister who was a member of the society, Susan was married. Her gown was lovely—traditional white with a small train, empire waistline with a small string of pearls at the neck—her something old was her garter belt, her something new was her wig, her something blue - the wedgwood ring, and the something borrowed was a small, fragile, silver bracelet on her wrist. She had asked another girl to be her bridesmaid and the owner of the boutique escorted her down the aisle and gave her away. The ceremony went quickly, and Susan glowed as her bridesmaid raised her veil so that Susan could accept Alice's kiss.

Today, five years later, Susan and Alice are still as much in love with each other as they were that day.

As you can tell, the authoress is one girl who really likes a "and they lived happily ever after" ending.

The story is about 90% true up to the point where Jack's company went into bankruptcy. After that it is essentially fiction. There was no bankruptcy, no change of jobs, no dual wedding. There was a single wedding for Jack and Alice. During the five years that they have been married, there have been moments of dissention regarding Susan's dressing, but for the majority of the time, it has been an amicable relationship between Susan and Alice. It seems to

have become more of a sister relationship—it is no longer Susan that gets into bed at night. It is Jack. Alice is quite candid in stating that there are a number of benefits in being married to a TV—Susan helps with the housework, both she and Jack are neater people, Jack understands why it takes her so long to get ready to go out for an evening, AND, Jack totally understands (and is quite agreeable) when Alice says that she needs a new dress—did anyone chuckle? I do hope that you other girls are as fortunate as I am in finding a super G for a spouse.



ABOUT THE AUTHORESS:

MY D'RUTHERS

I don't want to be an heiress
Living in ermine and pearls
Sought by Vogue for interviews, photos
And sought by those vermin called Earts.

I don't want to be an actress,
The envy of all girls-next-door
(In my movies) in rags, bikinis and satins;
I really want so much more.

And I sniff at being Miss Apple, Miss Orange,
Miss Universe -- don't want this a bit!
Don't care what furs, what wardrobes I'd win
No matter how perfect the fit.

No, I don't want to be heiress, nor actress
Nor beauty queen.
Here's MY hoped-for fun:
To be openly, lavishly, lovingly, (Heavenly!)
—always
dressed,
treated,
as one!

Susan

It's only a cheap thing in cotton
It cost five dollars or less
Not nearly as nice as I've got on
But it was my very first dress.

It was just so lovely to wear it
My head was completely awlirl
So scared I would soil it or tear it
The first time I dressed as a girl.

By now I've got quite a collection
There'd be several dozen I guess
But still comes that sweet recollection,
The thrill of my very first dress.

F.M.R. - Australia

POET'S CORNER



My mother much preferred my sister
When she died some years ago
First she kissed me, then she dressed me
As a girl from head to toe.

She seemed much happier with a daughter
From the start she called me Merle
I'd adore her so just for her
I kept dressing as a girl.

We seemed to have much more in common
More to do and more to share
Cooking, walking, sewing, talking
Doing up each other's hair.

Girls' clothes seemed much more exciting
Nice to look at, nice to wear
So from preference, not from deference
I have worn them year by year.

Mother's helped my transformation
Through her confidence I've gained
And my figure's grown much bigger
With the tablets she's obtained.

F.M.R. - Australia

How To Look Like A Lady



STANDING

Basic Stance:

A foot and leg position is called a "stance." There are two for you to learn. One is for a pause or just a second or two, the other is a more stable foot position for those pauses that last any length of time. Both of these positions must be flattering to your legs and must also leave one leg ready for action. Practice the one for long pauses first; it is called the "basic stance." You will need a straight line on the floor and you can make this with a piece of string or with a piece of chalk. As you progress, you will often refer to "the line" during exercises in which a positioning of the feet is involved.

Place your left foot across the line pointing outward to the left at a forty-five degree angle. (This is one-eighth of a pie.) The line should run through the instep. Now place your right foot slightly in front of the left foot on the line and slide it back until the heel rests on the instep of the left foot. Very good, you have it. Then you must check on several details:

1) Is your left foot turned out at a forty-five degree angle?



The Basic Stance

2) Is your right foot on the line and pointing straight ahead?

3) Is your right knee bent over the left knee, IN not out?

4) Is your left knee also slightly flexed? It should be.

If you have a full-length mirror available, go look in it as you repeat the stance. Isn't it pretty? See how it slims your hips and flatters your legs.

The Pedestal Stance:

Your legs, if they are normal in size, will be flattered by the pedestal stance.

Assuming the stance:

1) Place the left foot across the straight line pointing outward at a forty-five degree angle.

2) Place the right foot parallel to the straight line six inches to the right.

3) Slide the right foot into position with the heel of the right foot even with the ball of the left foot. (It stands six inches to the right.)

4) Bend the right knee toward the left knee. This will rotate the body toward the left.

5) From the waistline up bring the shoulders around so that they form a right angle to the straight line.

6) Read on to see what you may do with your hands.



The Basic Hand Position:

Up to this point, what have you been doing with your hands? Have they been hanging like dead fish at your sides? No more.

Do you know that people believe what they see before they believe what they hear? They'll believe in your charm when they see it expressed with your hands. Not that you should over-gesticulate, but your hands do tell a story, let it be one of grace and poise.

It should go without saying that the basic stance with the basic hand position or whatever hand position you may choose to use should incorporate all the rules for good posture and correct body alignment.

THE BASIC HAND POSITION that goes with your basic foot position is this: When the right foot is forward, the right hand is forward with the little finger edge of the hand resting against the front of the right thigh, the palm facing the center line of the body. The wrist is relaxed backward so that the hand is perpendicular to the floor.

The **LEFT HAND** is slightly behind the body with the thumb edge resting against hip.



BOTH ELBOWS are slightly bent with space between the body and the arms. The elbows are forward rather than back so that the space between the body and the arms can be seen when the figure is viewed from the front.

This hand position is **REVERSED** when the **LEFT FOOT** is forward. In short, when the right foot is forward, the right hand is forward; when the left foot is forward, the left hand is forward.

Five Hand-Hip Positions:

Here are other hand positions that you may use with your basic stance for long pauses. Examine these five and see which ones will be most beautiful and effective for you. Some of them will add width to the hip line, one will reduce the size of the waistline, and others are emotionally expressive. Which ones are for you?

1) ADDS WEIGHT TO THE HIP LINE. The hands are placed on the hips with the fingers forward and the thumb in back. The wrists are bent backward so that the fingers point in a diagonal line upward. The fingers are unevenly spaced from one another. The elbows are held forward so that a definite silhouette of the body is seen from the front.



2) SLENDERIZES THE HIP LINE. The hands are placed on the hips with the fingers and the thumb together, pointing toward the floor. This hand-hip position is most attractive when one hand is placed somewhat higher on the hip than the other. It will be most slenderizing if the right hand is placed higher than the left when the right foot is forward in the basic stance. Be careful to place your hands on the hips so that the thumb silhouette view is seen from the front. This means that the hands must not be placed too far back nor too far forward.

This hand-hip position will tend to slenderize the hips of a really overweight person if she will place her hands on the thighs rather than on the hips.



3) MINIMIZES THE WAISTLINE. The hands are placed in the waistline with the thumbs forward, the fingers back. Because the thumbs point downward and toward the center line of the body at a forty-five degree angle, and because the palms tend to press against the waistline, this is the most slenderizing of all the hand-hip positions.

WARNING to the overweight: This particular position requires the arms to be akimbo and should, therefore, be avoided. The much overweight figure benefits most in its appearance if the hands as well as the feet are held in asymmetric positions.



4) **DENOTES DETERMINATION.** The hands are made into light fists and are placed on the hips with the backs of the hands facing forward, the wrists straight. This might be likened to punching yourself on the hips. Don't do it in a lazy or haphazard way. It is a definite, positive position and should be executed with assurance.



5) **EXPRESSES PERTNESS**
The hands are placed on the hips with the palms facing outward, the fingers relaxed and slightly curled away from the body. This is a sassy position and could be used to advantage in the right situation.



Additional Hand Positions For Everyone:

Your main concern about what to do with your hands comes when you have nothing in particular to do with them and when you are not holding anything. Consequently, the hands are empty for the Five-Hand-Hip Positions and for these that follow:

SINGER'S HAND POSITION. Place one hand on top of the other just below the waistline with both palms up.

THINKER'S HAND POSITION. Place the right hand up by the face with the palm facing toward the center line of the body. Extend the forefinger upward along the side of the jaw. Curl the remainder of the fingers and the thumb under the chin.

Place the back of the left hand against the elbow of the right hand. The palm of the left hand is facing toward the floor.

LEANER'S HAND POSITION. Place one hand on the hip in whichever one of the Hand-Hip Positions you like best; place the other hand on the top of a table or back of a chair. Don't actually lean your weight on this hand, just look as though you are.

COWBOY'S HAND POSITION. Place the thumbs of both hands in the belt; let the wrists relax and the fingers slightly curl.

TALKER'S HAND POSITION. Allow the hand by the back foot to rest slightly behind the body with the elbow relaxed. The hand by the front foot is placed just below the waistline with the palm up ready to gesticulate.

Three Rules for Beautiful Hands:

By observing these three rules, your hands will always seem lovely no matter what their size or shape.

1) The fingers should be relaxed and **UNEVENLY**

SPACED from one another. This may be achieved by doing as dancers do—place the thumb and the middle or longest finger together and then slowly open the hand keeping the middle finger in toward the palm more than the other fingers.

2) The hand should be at an **ANGLE FROM THE WRIST**. This gives the hand a relaxed "at ease" look.

3) The hand should always be seen **IN PROFILE**. Either the little finger profile or the thumb profile.



The Hands In Profile

Hand Don'ts:

Just as there are certain hand positions that will enhance your appearance and heighten your beauty, so there are things you should avoid doing with your hands, because they detract. Here are five:

1) Do not let the hands hang like dead fish at the sides. This detracts from the silhouette of the figure and looks lifeless.

2) Do not fidget. The more quiet the hands, the more poised there is expressed.

3) Do not squeeze the hands together. This screams of tension.

4) Do not hold both hands interlocked at the waistline. It adds weight to the figure.

5) Do not fold the arms and hide the hands. It drags the bustline down, makes the

shoulders sag and adds weight to the waistline.

Exception: If you are tall and thin, you may fold your arms if you keep your hands exposed and watch your posture.



"Dead Fish"

Hand Coordination With the Feet

When a step is taken with the right foot, the left hand swings forward in a slight semi-circle around the body. Simultaneously, the right hand swings backward. The more vigorous the walk, the more vigorous the hand swing. We might say that the hands swing forward to the toe and back ward to the heel.

The palms of the hands face the body so that when the figure is seen from the front, a profile view of the hands is visible. The elbows are kept relaxed and the hands swing from the shoulders, not from the elbows like a tin soldier.

It is surprising the number of women who lose all semblance of serenity by allowing their arms to become uncontrolled when they are self-

conscious. Some are so at a loss as to what to do that they fold them tightly over the chest. This might be all right for a prize fighter, but hardly for a lady. Practice now with your arms at your sides until you are sure of them and know that they will behave under any amount of social pressure.

PRACTICE HAND COORDINATION. Assume the basic stance for the feet with the right foot in front. Assume the basic hand position. Remember, your right hand will be in front on the thigh and the left hand will be slightly behind. As you take your first step with the right foot, the left hand must swing out around the body in a slight semi-circle until it is forward with the right toe, the right hand simultaneously swings back to the heel of the left foot.

If you have difficulty getting your hand forward to the opposite toe on each step, try holding a pencil in each hand and say, "Point, point, point, point, point, pivot."



Foot and Hand Coordination

Review On Walking:

QUESTION: If you have started walking the five steps with your right foot in front and you are ready to pivot after the five steps with the

right foot in front, which hand is forward?

ANSWER: The left hand is forward slightly in front of the body and even with the right toe, the right hand is back toward the heel of the left foot.

As you execute the Walking Pivot toward the left, the left hand remains in front. Upon completion of the pivot the left hand rests in front on the left thigh and the right hand is slightly in back. Now you are ready to start walking with the left foot.

You will encounter a great deal of difficulty if you fail to keep your weight on the back foot or insist on turning in the wrong direction. In this case, slow down to a "slow motion" gait so that you may analyze each action separately.

Sitting:

Practice Procedure:

- 1) Approach three steps.
- 2) Pivot, calf touches chair.
- 3) Arrange skirt.
- 4) Sit, with the body weight forward in the chair.

In order to lower the body gracefully without "fanny reaching" and not FALL into a chair, it is necessary for us to sit down in the front portion.

According to a book on charm written around the turn of the century, "a lady always sits with her hips touching the back of the chair." You may not want to be so straight-laced, there's no rule that says you must sit all the way back. But if you want to be a "lady" by nineteenth century standards, slide back in this fashion:

SLIDING TO THE BACK OF CHAIR. Place both hands on the forward edge of the chair at either side of the hips. Raise the body slightly, resting the weight on the hands. Slide back. Don't wiggle back.

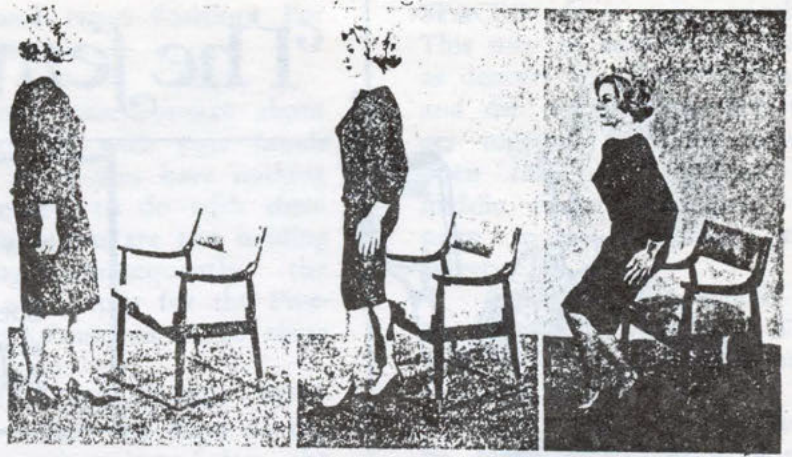
Arising From Chair:

Before arising, the torso must again be brought forward so the weight is over the feet. The same technique of raising the body to slide forward is used.

This idea of lifting the body from the chair with the hands to adjust a position is particularly useful when:

- 1) Sitting in a deep, soft chair or sofa.
- 2) Sliding over on a bench.
- 3) Arranging a comfortable position in a car.

There's one important difference between the graceful landing of a plane and your sitting. It is this. A plane makes a three point landing, you make a two--the sits bones. Sit down now and place both your hands under your hips. Feel those two bones? Those are the SITS bones.



Sitting Pretty Principles:

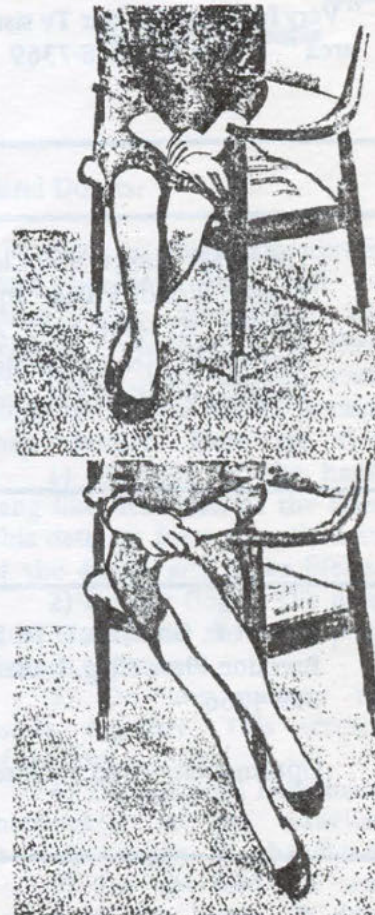
For the Feet and Legs:

CROSSING THE ANKLES. Crossing the feet at the ankles is lovely, if you allow no dropping of the arches. The ankles must be controlled so that the entire length, from toe to knee, forms a straight line. Place the left foot behind and to the right of the other foot. Slide both feet to the right side. See that the right leg is making a straight line from the toe to the knee. This is a lovely asymmetrical position and is one of the best for the being-looked-at feeling.

CROSSING LEGS ABOVE KNEE. Shall you cross your legs above the knee? This is not considered good form when applying for a job, sitting on a platform, or when riding a public conveyance. Otherwise, it depends upon the shape of your legs and how gracefully you can cross them. Those of you who are overweight can discard this position without

even giving it a try. The rest of you can try it by placing your right hand on your right knee to hold your skirt and smoothly crossing your right leg over the left. Place both feet slightly to the left. The right foot will rest by the left ankle. Remember to keep a straight line on both legs.

SITTING ON A LOW CHAIR OR STOOL. Whenever it is necessary for you to sit in a chair that is so low your knees come under your chin, it will be more flattering for you to put both feet to one side and thereby get your knees down. If you put your feet to the right, the right foot is just slightly in front of the left.



Out With Success!

.....Vikki IL-48-M



One Friday, my wife and I went on an outing as two girls. I had recently purchased a new pair of up-to-date style of female eyeglasses, plus a new outfit, consisting of a black top with white dots and pleated black skirt with lilac and white flowers around the hemline.

Our itinerary included stopping in the optical house where I had purchased my new glasses only two weeks prior as a male. The older ladies who operated the business were impressed with the way everything looked, so I can feel free to visit that establishment anytime I wish while en femme.

The next stop was a large grocery store, where I picked up a handful of items, including a package of cigars for my male self. Whenever I go out, I always wear either a skirt or dress and nothing but high heels. Maybe a little overdressed for grocery shopping, but nothing wrong with a working girl stopping in the grocery store on her way home—right?

By this time, the dinner

hour was fast approaching, so we drove across town to a nice but small restaurant adjacent to a fairly large shopping center. We had been there last year as husband and wife and were returning as Vikki and wife.

We were shown to our table by a young waitress who never gave me a second glance. Even when I talked to her when placing my order, she showed no sign of surprise. I know this is easier said than done, but the best card you can play when having to talk is to be completely calm and at ease with the other party. I have found from personal experience that this only comes with practice. For me, I think nothing of it now.

With dinner over, I decided to visit a newly completed, huge mall in search for a new pair of high heels. It is one of the totally enclosed malls and quite long, in excess of two city blocks from one end to the other. Naturally, I started at one end and walked the entire length of it in five-inch spike heels among the crowds of

people.

I expected some glances which I got, but a lot of people merely passed by without even turning their heads. I felt completely at ease, even though alone (my wife stayed in the car). Eventually, I spied a cut pair of black/copper spike-heeled sandals and asked the young salesgirl if they carried my size which is 8-½ B. Shortly she returned with them and assisted me in trying them on. She pointed to a floor mirror which I utilized to see how they fit and looked. They were beautiful so I told her I would just wear them out of the store. At the cash register, she informed me of their 20% off sale on handbags but I pleasantly refused (funds were running low after an afternoon of shopping and dinner). Again, there was no indication that anyone in the shoe store including the young lady that waited on me in any way suspected me.

I suppose the entire outing could be summed up in five words—the sweet smell of success!

The femme shopper



Shear Pleasure 410 Dauphine St
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Specializes in manicures and pedicures
as well as styling of your wigs. Good.
Ask for Ty, if he is still there.

Vanity Fair Outlet 8th and Penn Ave
West Reading, Pa. This factory outlet sells
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There are additional outlets in the vicinity,
including dresses, shoes, coats, etc, at reduced
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Wigs By Shirl 527 W. Main St
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"Very fantastic for our Tv sisters in the Florida
area " Phone 813-848-7369

Select Fashions, Inc "After 9 Shoes"
600 NW 23, Oklahoma City, Ok 73103

Large size ladies fashion footwear. No dis-
crimination concerning color or sex.

The Image Maker 930 Clock Tower Pkwy
Beacon Woods Village Sq, New Port Richey
Florida 813-868-4347. A total beauty
care center. See Lynda Barwick or Marilyn
Longworth. Highly recommended

Lingerie Lounge 1557 Polk St
San Francisco, Ca 94109 415-441-3553

Ask for Rita Max. She is there from
10 to 6 with the exception of Sunday.

Robert E. Godfrey, O.D. 5023 E. 56th St
Brendon Plaza Bldg, Indianapolis, Ind
259-4266

Optometrist - 9 to 5, closed Wed

Aries Wig Salon 6030 Mayfield Rd
Mayfield Heights, Ohio 216-473-0873

Ask for Ellie. You can go dressed and
Ellie is very understanding.

To Pierce

Or

Not

To Pierce?

.Anonymous.



On June 9, I took a big step forward and had my ears pierced. As a Tri-Ess TV with both feet only recently planted outside the closet door, I'd like to share this experience with my Sisters in hopes that it may prove helpful to some of you girls.

I can only speak from personal experience, but I'm sure that the thought of pierced ears has entered most of your minds.

Getting your ears pierced is simple enough. Merle Norman shops do it for the price of your first earrings. Usually around \$12.00. You will be asked to sign a release in the event you don't properly take care of your ears for the first six weeks. You will also be given complete instructions as to the proper care. If you follow it, you should have no problems. Get yourself a bottle of Sea Breeze and dab your lobes with it three times a day. Also turn your earrings as you'd wind a clock at least once a day. When the girl asks you which ear you want pierced, just smile and say both. In my case, she just smiled and said, "Of course."

You will have to wear your earrings for the first six weeks to keep your ears open. After that they should not be removed for over 24 hours for six months from the date you had your ears pierced.

You'll have a reasonable choice of earrings to select from. Most are quite small and not overly feminine in design. I chose a small gold star. Yes, they are obvious, but many men today wear an earring, and I found that they didn't attract nearly as much attention as I thought they would. Now, when I'm not dressed, I wear one earring in my left ear. At night I wear them both. After six months, just wearing earrings when you dress should be enough to keep your ears open.

For all of us who have shared the pain of clip-on earrings, along with the very obvious ear dents, believe me, pierced ears are a blessing. Absolute comfort, and a much wider selection of wonderfully feminine styles to choose from.

I had my ears pierced at the start of a four-week trip to the South and the Southwest. I also wore them for

the first two weeks I was back home--only taking one out during the few business hours that required it. During my entire trip, I had only one occasion where a stranger made comments to me. Mostly, the lady was curious. I did get a few stares from a very few people (the comfort was worth it), but for the most part, people simply aren't that interested.

Obviously, you can't hide the fact from your barber, but mine made no comment. It has been my experience that people who deal with me for goods or services don't really care what I wear. I guess that when we are able to accept our TVism with the joy that we should, the fears we visualize in our minds are just that. Fears in our minds.

When you reach the point where you can wear one earring during the day, you'll find that few even notice it, or consider it out of the ordinary. For those with whom I share my TVism, there is complete understanding. Others seldom comment, but for the few who ask why, I simply say it's an expression of my uniqueness. I've found that accepted without further comment. You'd be surprised how many women say it's attractive.

I was told that for the first six weeks I could get small wires that fit through the back of the lobes. That plus a dab of foundation would cover the puncture. Frankly, I don't think it would work out very well. The real choice is whether you are willing, or able, to wear your earrings the first six weeks. If you can't do that, I'd advise against having your ears pierced.

To me, crossdressing to express my feminine side is a pleasure and a joy. Having my ears pierced was just another extension of that expression. I in no way regret having it done. If your personal life and situation permits, I know that you won't regret it either.

Thanks for the dues notice. Here is my check for \$30.00. I do hope that not too many members will drop out due to the increase of \$10.00. It does seem to me that in the dues notice, it would have been a good idea to list the benefits of membership: The magazine, the mail forwarding service, the local chapters, and many other items that many members may not think about when they just let their minds concentrate on the \$30.00. You could make up a long list. Where else could such benefits be found for cross-dressers? As for me, personally, I am an advanced case, able to come and go at will in public, yet I continue to support the organization in appreciation for what it did for me in its beginning and for the contacts it gives me in the world of cross-dressing. Some of my best friendships have originated through the old FPE and now Tri-Ess. I will be forever thankful for the help and support received from Virginia twenty and more years ago, when I first came out of the closet. Incidentally, I have a complete file of TVia and I compliment you on the improved version. I just hope that you can stand up under the strain of four publications. I don't see how you do it alone.

I add my voice to those members who prefer to keep Tri-Ess for hetero C-Ds exclusively. I have no rancor against the other types. Everyone to his or her own. They have every right to their own organizations and every right to make them exclusive or not, just as they please. I want the Tri-Ess, the Chapters and the publications to be hetero. When my wife attends a party with me or reads any of the literature, I don't want her to be upset with any doubts about the inner desires of me or any of the other members. I do not qualify for the American Psychiatric Association definition of a trans-

vestite as a person who desires to wear the attire of the opposite sex due to their erotic effect. My only erotic feelings are related to my wife, not the feminine garments I wear. They are perfectly natural to me and the last thing I would want when wearing them would be to have erotic feelings of any kind.

I love the beautiful clothes and love to wear them and love to be a lady temporarily. I have no desire to BE a female or to even be a lady all of the time. I am either all boy or all girl, and do not mix the two, such as wearing feminine undergarments under my masculine clothing. I enjoy being a man too, and have no regrets about being born that way, for I have had, and am still having, a fine and adventurous life that I could never have had as a female. But I do like to change personality and be a lady now and then and to be my other self to the hilt. I have always believed that women are the superior sex, and by emulating them, I feel that I am paying homage to them, complimenting them, not belittling them. I do not feel that I am denigrating either them or myself by adopting femininity as a partial way of life. I am proud of my femininity as well as of my masculinity. For many years now, I have been able to express

either side of my gender at will and I am without a doubt, in my own mind, the happiest person in the world!

Here is a little sample of a typical day in Felicity's life. On Thursday, March 31, I had a hard day's work at my profession, flying and working on the planes. I woke up early the next morning and heard the weather forecast of a beautiful day—also the announcement that the Ringling Circus was performing at the Madison Square Garden indoor arena in New York. I decided to go, so dressed in a red plaid wool skirt suit and black Persian lamb jacket and drove to the station and took the two-hour train ride to New York, arriving there at 10:10, too late to see the 10:30 show, so decided to do some shopping before the 2:30 p.m. show. After visiting the ladies room and the ticket office, I went to two Tall Girl Shops and spent over an hour in each one, trying on one suit in one and two dresses in the other, but none of them thrilled me when I got them on, so I did not buy any of them.

It was a perfectly gorgeous day, but quite windy, though warm enough so that I carried my jacket on my arm much of the time. The sidewalks were crowded on 5th Avenue, neck

Life With Felicity

deep in women, and so were the stores, several of which I visited. I must have walked four miles altogether, from Grand Central Station up to 49th Street, then all the way down to 34th and across to 7th Avenue and down to the Garden between 32nd and 33rd, the site of the Penn Station/Madison Square Garden, doing much window shopping and store browsing on the way.

The show was 2-½ hours to 5 p.m. and I bought a ticket for the best loge seat available. It was the first circus show I had ever seen in my life, for somehow, I had never before had the opportunity to see one, except on television or motion pictures, that being the reason behind this day's excursion, and it was wonderful to see it all in real life.

After the show and a brief visit to the ladies room, I had to make a long and fast walk up to the Grand Central Station to catch the 5:39 train. 34th Street and 5th Avenue were more crowded than ever, due to so many people getting out of work, so I walked across town on 34th to Madison Avenue and went North on that street which was not so crowded. I got into the main room of the station only four minutes before departure time, read the schedule board and found that the train was leaving on Track 38 and on time, still quite a walk through the really dense crowd in the station, but I made it just before the car doors closed.

There were several cars on the train, but by that time, every seat was taken and people were standing, both men and women. I chose to stand in a vestibule of a car where it was cooler, for I was very warm after that long, fast walk. My feet were tired in my shoes with 2-½ inch heels, as you can well imagine.

Then, to my great surprise, a gentlemen spoke to

me and said that he had a seat for me. I could hardly believe it! He said to follow him, which I did. Sure enough, he had a seat with his wife, and insisted that I sit with her! Was I ever grateful! I think that he picked me out among the others, because I was obviously the eldest among the others (I am past 76). His wife and I had a pleasant conversation until they left the train about halfway on the two-hour trip, then I had the seat to myself. I could have stood up for that length of time and distance, but when a lady is offered a seat by a younger man in those circumstances, it would be impolite to refuse, wouldn't it?

Even an elderly man would be justified in accepting, so my conscience is clear. Of all the men aboard the train, that one man, who was conversing with his wife in Spanish part of the time, was the only real gentleman nearby me.

During the entire day, I had had nothing to eat but a glass of orange juice for breakfast and a Granola bar during intermission in the show, but when I arrived at home at 8 p.m., my loving wife had a delicious

dinner all ready for me!

The next day, I was up bright and early and did another day's work with memories of a happy day before.

I often wonder whether any other members of Tri-Ess keep a diary of their activities. Most of my life, I have kept a detailed daily diary of everything I have done, including every detail of my crossdressing for some 25 years past. I can look up every detail of what I wore, when and where and why, what I bought, and what I did. It is very interesting to read the events of the past, including the crossdressing activities. Important things are even indexed, so I can tell just how many days I dressed, whether part or full day, whether I went out in public and just what I did.

By the way, my wife marvels about how I can walk all day on high heels. She hates them! Well, I'm dedicated to them, and they are fun to wear! I have worn high heels for so many years in and out of the house that they are normal to me. She has rarely worn them.



"MacTavish, your conduct is becoming increasingly injurious to the fighting reputation of Her Majesty's Fusiliers!"



THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PRESENTATION ON CROSSDRESSING FOR SISTERS WHO WANT TO SPEAK BEFORE GROUPS

From: Susan, CA-88-T,

This is written to help you in getting the Tri-Ess message across to outside groups. It is based on a presentation I gave before a university class in human sexuality.

CONTACTS: Possible groups that might want to receive such a presentation include classes in human sexuality, groups of marriage counselors and/or psychologists, medical students, service clubs. You might even want to be a guest on a radio or TV talk show. To make contacts, you can phone the various groups and tell them that you have a presentation on crossdressing prepared and that you are available to present it. Then make a firm date for your talk.

THE PRESENTATION: This outline is based on my talk which I have only given once (but I've been invited back). You will see what I presented but you will have to develop your own presentation from your own experiences.

NERVOUSNESS: If you are nervous about giving your talk, tell your audience initially and indicate why. I said that a) I had never presented this before; b) I was fearful that

my second self might become disclosed to friends, neighbors, or at work—thus, I am taking you (the audience) into my confidence; c) there is a need for more public understanding and acceptance of the TV minority; d) I think I have something valuable to say; and e) the interchange among us may be a growth experience, both for you and for me. These “pluses” add up to more than the “minuses” and I am here.

WHAT WILL BE COVERED: Definitions of anthropology and history of cross-gender behavior; differences between TVism and other cross-sexual behavior; my observations of the cross-dressing scene; my own history and where I'm at.

MAIN POINTS TO MAKE: Most TVs are law-abiding, up-standing, good people; most are heterosexual (love women) and are not gay; most gays are not TVs.

Referring mainly to male cross-dressers. Women TVs may exist, but generally women can dress any way they want without being hassled.

DEFINITION OF TVism: Medical texts generally refer to a TV as one who gets sexual

pleasure from dressing as the opposite sex. While TVs may obtain such sexual release from cross-dressing, the behavior goes much further than this in that a “second-self,” a “feminine self” is developed through full cross-dressing, and possibly passing in public as a woman.

HISTORY AND ANTHROPOLOGY: Men who dress as women have been known throughout recorded history and in many cultures. Some Greek gods cross-dressed—some Roman Emperors (Nero) cross-dressed. The Jews had a law against it—see Deuteronomy. However, I believe one of the most prominent transgenders in our country today is Jewish. Some pre-revolutionary French nobility cross-dressed—Chevalier d'Eon—Eonism. An early colonial governor of New York was a cross-dresser and had his portrait painted as a woman—Lord Cornbury. Many different tribal cultures—South Pacific, India, American Indian, had transgenders. Often respected for their healing abilities or wisdom. So this minority behavior has been known throughout recorded history and among many cultures.

I should mention that men

have played women's roles on the stage often. In Shakespeare's time, all female roles were played by men. This is common in the Kabaki theater of Japan and there are various female impersonator shows in large cities—even in our city. Sometimes you can even see men in drag on TV.

TVs are a minority group such as gays, Blacks, or Chicanos. Subject to prejudice, misunderstanding, lack of acceptance, and outright hasseling by the public or police.

Women are much more accepting of TVs than men—many understand how a man might want to experience softness and the like. Men look down on it because this is a male-dominated society and a TV has, in a sense, joined the enemy. Or, at least, a TV has reduced himself to the level of women.

What about the transvestite scene today. There is a recent background starting with Christine Jorgensen's sex change in 1953 and the worldwide publicity. People became aware of gender dyphoria problems. In 1960, awareness of TVs increased dramatically through the efforts of one person—Charles Prince. She is also known as Virginia Prince and presently is a transgendevist living as a woman in L.A. She eventually got tired of living as a man, let her hair grow, and got a permanent and started taking female hormones.

What she did was start a magazine for TVs called "Transvestia." It still appears and has gone through over 100 issues. TVia contains short fictional stories about the transformation of men into women, true experience stories, advice on how to achieve the change, and, above all, the message that there is no reason to feel guilty about cross-dressing—it's not necessarily pathological—so why not accept your desires and enjoy them.

This message has had a profound effect on me—I no longer feel guilty, I have accepted this within myself, and I do enjoy dressing up.

Virginia has also written three useful books—"The Transvestite and his Wife;" "How to be a Woman Though Male;" and "Understanding Cross-Dressing." The latter is really quite good. Chevalier also sells aids for the TV-realistic jelly-filled breast forms and hip padding. It's a really up-front outfit and is now run by Carol Beecroft in Tulare, California.

Another thing Virginia did is organize heterosexual TVs into a national sorority—initially called "The Foundation for Personality Expression", FPE, and now called Tri-Ess, or "The Society For the Second Self." Tri-Ess publishes a newsletter and membership directory and provides mail forwarding services and has organized into local Chapters that meet in various cities. There are other organizations of TVs and TSs—Gateway Gender Alliance and Shangri-La.

(THE FOLLOWING IS A paragraph that is a sample, and you would change to add information on your chapter if there is one in your city:)

In our city, off and on during the last few years, some of us have met for support, dressing up and socializing. Efforts to form a group have been sporadic, but now I think we have enough regulars so that we can meet twice a month. At our recent meetings, we have had some ten people, including wives and girlfriends.

(AGAIN, in the following paragraph, you would, of course, substitute your own experience:)

What about wives. There is a continuance from A to F. "A" wives actively encourage cross-dressing and like it—they make take their dressed-up husband shopping, to movies, walking, etc.

C wives know about it,

but do not participate. My wife is a C wife—we keep the lines of communication open, but she does not want to see me dressed—to dress at home when she and the kids are not present—and at TV meetings.

F wives holler and scream at even the thought and may eventually divorce their husbands because of TVism.

Wives have real concerns: What if the kids find out, or the neighbors, or if he gets fired at work because he cross-dresses? Or if he goes out, the police pick him up? These concerns could probably be handled by the TV OK if he is self-accepting, honest, guilt-free and law abiding.

This behavior is not generally socially acceptable—except maybe on Halloween or New Years, and wives are quite aware of this.

Also, wives may feel that "I married a man, not a woman," or feel threatened because he spends so much time making himself pretty, while she doesn't have a thing to wear or is less beautiful. Also, he may be reluctant to just put on a house dress and help around the house with the vacuuming, washing, or other womanly chores. In other words, he may not realize that being a woman involves a lot more than just dressing, making up, and looking pretty.

The issue of what to do if you're a cross-dresser and have kids is a great unknown, both in the psychological literature or in the TV literature. It just hasn't been faced or discussed much. Most TVs, I guess, try to keep it from their kids as long as possible, so the fact that "Daddy wears dresses" does not get known about the neighborhood or to friends. However, eventually the problem of telling them before they catch you must be faced.

I faced this problem a few months ago myself. At one point in the summer, my son got

real mad at me and accused me of being gay. He said he could prove it in that he had overheard me threatening to shave my beard off so I could dress as a woman. I was shocked, and at the time told him I certainly was not gay, but avoided the cross-dressing issue. I knew, however, that I would have to tell him. I made arrangements with a therapist that he was seeing for the whole family to have a meeting with her. My wife already knew, but my kids did not. So I told them that my son had made this accusation and that I needed to discuss the matter further. First, I told him that being gay was not such a sin—that there were many fine people who were also gay. Then I told them that very few gays cross-dress anyway, but that there were many heterosexual men who did, and that I was one of them. I told them it had gone on for a long time, that it was my secret, and really didn't harm anyone. I told them that I mainly did it to relax and reduce tension, and that they should not discuss this with any outsiders because they might be harassed and I might be too. I told them I would not flaunt my dressing in front of them. Finally, I asked for their acceptance, understanding and love, just as I had tried to give them my understanding, acceptance and love. Their immediate reactions were surprise, but if this was my thing, that was OK. Since then, I have noticed much more closeness between all of us and a general relaxation of tension in the family. They realize that they all have their own interests and I do, too.

Now TVs come in all sizes and shapes, and run a gamut of occupations—I have known lawyers, doctors, ministers, accountants, students, military men, businessmen, truckdrivers, air controllers, and construction men who were TVs. I have

heard rumors that some really prominent local men are into TVism and that at least two Presidents were TVs. All of these people are fine, productive men—but they have this quirk in their behavior.

Most TVs tend to keep their proclivity a secret. They don't give out phone numbers readily and they correspond through a P. O. box.

Most TVs do not make very good looking women when dressed, even though the feminine figure is quite easily achieved with proper breast and hip padding. The biggest problems are the beard which can be covered up with makeup and some even have electrolysis treatments on it. Also, the male voice is a problem and speech therapy may be necessary to change it. However, most TVs look like just what they are—"Men dressed as women."

However, some pass well and go out dressed to movies, for a walk, to restaurants, shopping as women and the like. In some groups, a whole group will go out dressed for an evening.

Causes of this behavioral pattern are quite obscure though there are many psychological theories which I don't understand well—and, anyway, there seems to be no generalization about causes that can apply to everyone. For instance, very few TVs were subjected, as children, to petticoat punishment by being made to dress as a girl when they were naughty.

If you consider this a pathology, which I don't, then so-called cures, such as prolonged psychotherapy or aversion therapy are not very successful. I have tried prolonged psychotherapy myself and the therapist and I eventually gave up. I'm reminded of the cartoon of the patient on the couch saying "Doctor, I'll just stick to my fantasies until reality has something better to offer." So, the

best that the helping professional can do is to help the TV to adjust to his needs and work out compromises and ways of fulfilling them without harm to himself or to others. This seems to be a general consensus in the therapeutic community today. Most agree that TVism is not as big a problem as say, alcoholism. Also, groups of TVs can be very helpful in providing mutual support.

I'll go a little bit into my own personal history. I always had the feeling that my mother wanted a girl, not a boy. My father's masculine personality was overshadowed by that of my grandfather, whom I adored. I started dressing in my mother's and aunt's clothes in early adolescence and as soon as I tried it, mostly out of curiosity, I was hooked by the feel and beauty of the clothes. I think I also developed a strong identification with them. I was never caught and even though I wanted to discuss this with my parents, I was too afraid to do so. Generally, I dated late and was afraid of my feminine peers. I got married late and told my wife. She knows but does not want to participate and I respect her wishes. Also, I do not intend to flaunt this before my kids. I do not want to go out dressed because I don't think I would pass well without a lot of effort and I don't want to bother with it. Also, I might be caught and harassed and this could lead to professional difficulties which I think I could handle if they happened by being honest and guilt-free. However, I just don't want to take the risk.

I am able to shop for clothes easily by telling salesladies that I want the clothes for myself and often a preliminary phone call helps. I also purchase various items by mail-order.

Finally, what are the motivations, the payoff of dressing: When dressed, most adult

TVs report feeling comfortable, relaxed, at ease, and a release of stress and tension. Many are subjected to the usual "macho" demands of their work or by their family and they can relieve these demands by occasionally becoming a woman. They like the feeling and associations of becoming sensual, elegant, and beautiful in their own mind. Sexual arousal when dressed is common in adolescence, but very much less so in adult TVs.

All of these motivations apply to me. I really enjoy the feeling of beauty, the tactile feeling of the soft clothes, and the release of the tensions of being a man. This does not mean that I do not like male pursuits—I do—and I am successful as a man. It's just that becoming feminine is a great release—leads to true inner joy for me—even though my femi-

nine image in the mirror is not all that good.

MAKE THE MAIN POINTS AGAIN: That most TVs are OK people; most are heterosexual and are not gay; most gays are not cross-dressers.

All this should take a half-hour to forty-five minutes to present. Then you can open up for discussion and questions.

Some questions I remember:

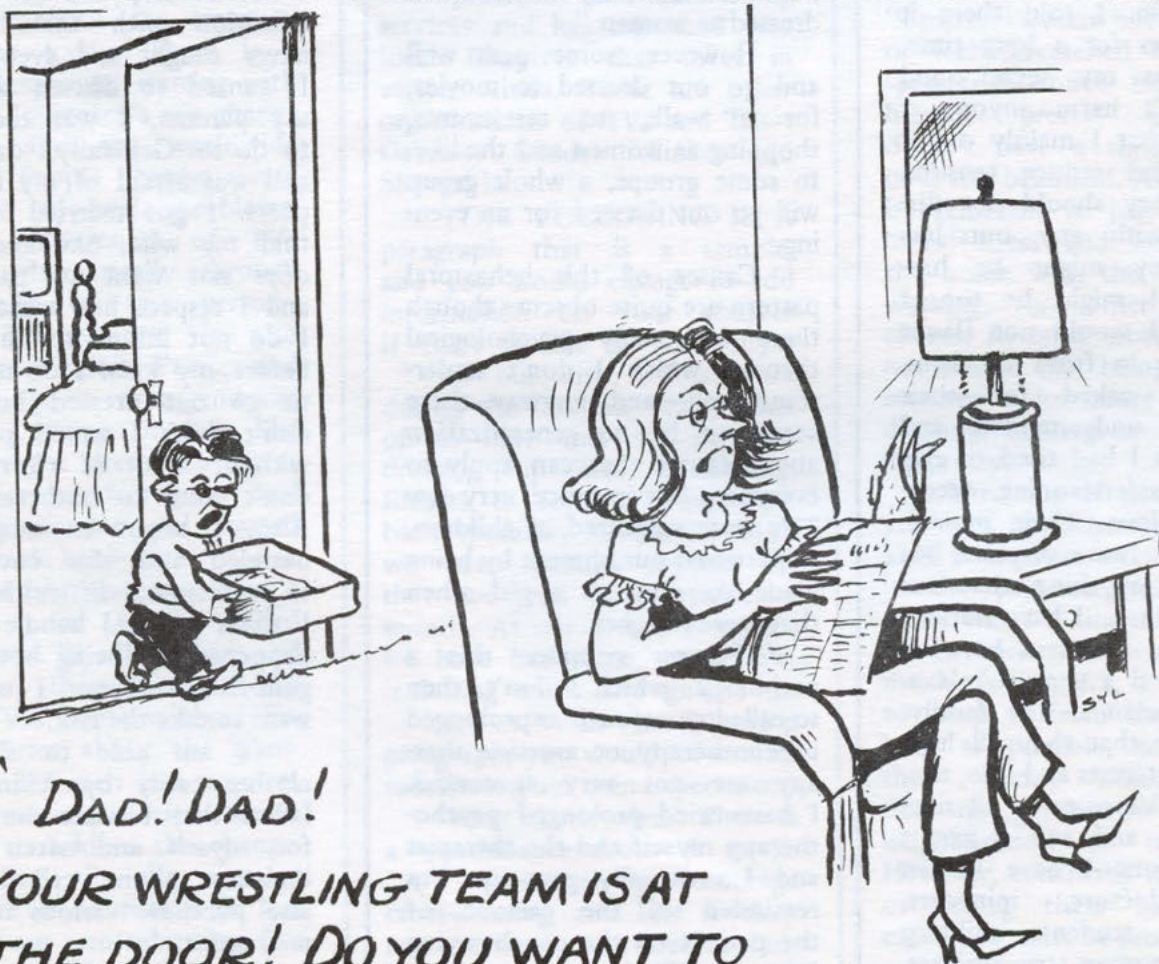
- 1) How has this affected your sexual life?
- 2) How do TVs contact each other?
- 3) Do they use makeup?
- 4) Do they feel any special "nurturing" feelings such as a mother feels?
- 5) You may have to explain further your motivation, that is, what are the payoffs for you.

For the purposes of in-

creasing awareness, understanding and acceptance by the public, I really encourage you to give talks to groups. This will also increase your acceptance of yourself.

I did not make my presentation while dressed since I do not pass. You'll have to make your own decision whether to be dressed or not.

You might close by indicating that members of your audience may, at some time in their lives, come across male cross-dressers, either among family members, friends, neighbors, or mates, and that you hope they will have a better understanding of cross-dressing and be able to accept it and deal with it without problems.



"DAD! DAD!

YOUR WRESTLING TEAM IS AT THE DOOR! DO YOU WANT TO THROW YOUR THINGS IN HERE FAST?"

Some Thoughts On Crossdressing

Erin — SC-201-D

I think most of us concentrate exclusively on the outward manifestations of transvestitism, that is, upon the actual art of crossdressing. We are, of course, aware that that is a product of our psychological makeup, that without the mental drive toward feminine as well as masculine expression, there would be no obsession to dress; but few of us try to discover more about the further potentials of transvestitism.

For my part, I don't pretend to be a trained psychologist, but that hasn't stopped me from simply observing my inward self and trying to profit from the observations. I think what I'm trying to say is that if you look at your transvestitism as an entity or force within you, you will find it has many facets to it, only one of which is the impetus to crossdress. So, instead of focusing on that alone (worthwhile and fun though it may be) let's explore a bit to see what other avenues we can find to help us express ourselves.

I find that in order to do this, I must be able to sit quietly, undisturbed and concentrate hard on those bits of my personality that seem to

be female-inspired, rather than male-inspired. All kinds of things turn up that give me an opportunity to understand myself better, to delineate between my separate selves, or to find a new means for female expression.

For example, I frequently think about the definition of femininity. What does it mean inside to be a woman; the values, the sensitivities, the fears and joys of womanhood. From that, I have found that if I can absorb or understand some little part of this, maybe even gain some real insight into it, then my own womanliness increases through understanding and, subsequently, my feminine affectations become less affected and more the real me. I'm saying that a little outreaching of ourselves to try to encompass a woman's view makes you more of a woman. The effort you must then expend to act the part of a woman "en femme" becomes easier and more natural.

One of the first realizations I had and one which should be helpful to anyone who tries to increase her awareness of womanhood's many facets is that I am a woman as well as a man. There is a difference

between a man who likes to dress up in woman's apparel and a man who recognizes that he is, in fact, partly a bona fide woman. That difference is, first, one of commitment to the path you want to follow (that of BEING a lady at the time you choose to bring these qualities to the fore); and second, the property of being able to recognize who you are and achieve the marvelous contentment that stems from this knowledge.

I want to elaborate on both these differences, but first must explain my statement that we transvestites ARE women. My answer to my reflections on what is a woman is that a woman is a person possessing the physical and mental attributes associated with femininity. Now the physical attributes are quite definite and mostly easy to recognize, but the mental side of womanhood is more elusive—yet, I feel, the more vital part of a male-female comparison. These mental characteristics are partly a result of the environment girls grow up in and partly biological. The crux of the matter is, if you share in the feminine attitudes and points of view, then you are, to that degree, a woman. The presence of breasts and a vagina are certainly more dramatic evidence of womanhood, but I cannot help but feel that they are no more important than the behavioral attributes that we TVs share in a dual personality sort of way. If this brings to mind the plight of the transsexual, a woman trapped in a man's body, it's unintentional, for I feel we are different from them (and more fortunate) because, in addition to feminine points of view, we have and enjoy full masculine personalities that co-exist more or less happily.

I believe that the road a transvestite must travel is the road to developing an actual female personality that becomes

stronger and more definitive with the type of introspection and thought that I'm advocating in this article. This growth should not supplant one's male side, but rather foster one's total being—a best of both worlds situation.

So how do we measure our growth toward this ideal? I suppose it's mostly your own subjective opinion, but a few indicators may be as follows:

1. Do you COPY stereotypical traits of women, such as being "chatty" or nonsensical, or have you been able to bring the same self-reliance into your female demeanor as you possess when you're a male?

2. Are you afraid of doing those feminine things that are not distinctly feminine? For example, most women wear slacks much of the time. Do you lose your sense of femininity by doing the same, or have you the security in your feminine self to be at home in pants?

3. Can you become a woman without any of the external trappings? Given the mood and the desire, does it matter to you that you haven't your bra and girdle?

In short, when our feminine affectations cease and instead become an alternate "real self"—then we've arrived. And please note that the above says nothing about whether you can "pass" or not. I think we can all recognize that the ability to pass is a measure of our ingenuity and our physical build, but in no way does it measure our womanliness.

I said a few paragraphs back that I wanted to elaborate on the idea of commitment, the self-recognition that you ARE a woman. If you follow and agree with what I've said so far, then you agree that you are, in certain of your views and behavioral patterns, a woman. And.....you have named that woman! She is Rhonda, or

Mary, or Alice. She is there inside you and she IS you. Make that much commitment and you've stepped across the river. Your job becomes one of being a better, more womanly woman, instead of trying to imitate a woman. Imitation chocolate, even better imitation chocolate is always recognizable for what it is. Whereas, real chocolate may be better or worse quality, but it is first and foremost, CHOCOLATE!

Are you an imitation of

a woman or are you a woman on the path to improvement?

In summary, it is through our own deliberate consideration of what we are that helps us achieve womanhood. Cross-dressing is important to all of us, but it is not the whole goal—it is just the visual goal. Attention to the mind will give us self-reliance in our female role and help us to make a more complete and convincing visual effect.



I'll Remember

The Fun

We Had

ANNE TX-306-P

How lucky are the ones who have understanding wives or girlfriends! I was lucky enough to have one for almost three years. It was my friend's wife that I talked into dressing me up for a Halloween party—she is the same size in everything that I am. At the time, they knew nothing of my TV scene, so I had to act like I never had dressed.

Three weekends before the party, I had to go over to have a rehearsal—also to learn to walk in the heels! It was great! They said I looked good and learned fast! (Ha!)

On the night of the party, which was on a Wednesday, I took off early from work and went over to get dressed. Before I took the perfumed bath, she asked me to shave my legs and also some of my chest—so I did! After the bath, I went into the bedroom where everything was laid out—panties, bra, the works! After putting on the clothes, wearing a light orange dress, white 3-½ inch sandals, I walked in the kitchen and she proceeded to make me up. She cut and plucked my eyebrows in a very feminine shape, put false lashes on me, false nails, and then came the wig. It was a little loose and we were afraid it would get pulled

off—so she pinned my hair up and pinned the wig to me. It was secure. After a thorough spraying of “Wingsong,” I was ready. Never before had I been this dressed up!

As she got ready, I admired myself in the full-length mirror—my painted nails, orange pearl-drop earrings, woman's watch and rings—it was too much! When we were ready to go, she gave me a white purse with my things in it and out the door we went!

She was dressed as a witch, but her husband didn't dress up. Once outside on the way to the car, it dawned on me—what would my friends think and say! This guy—hard as rocks—tough as nails—all dressed as a woman. I wanted to back out, but she wouldn't think of it—so we went!

At the bar, there were plenty of people dressed funny and nice. Two other guys were dressed as women—but I stole the show! The women loved it and the guys laughed it off! We had a great time.

My friends had to work the next day, so we left around 9:30. I had to go with them to get my clothes and car and was real disappointed. Once there, we got out and went in and I gathered my things and

asked if I could wear her things and to back to the party. She said okay and even touched up my makeup. She works close to where I live, so she was to come over and pick up her things and undo my wig and hair. I drove the 7 miles very carefully and went back to the party and had a ball. Using the men's room was the highlight of the evening. I scared the hell out of a drunk who thought he was in the wrong room!

I stayed until closing time and stayed up the whole night at home alone. My friend came over early expecting to pick up her things, but I was still in them! Confused, but laughing she asked why. I had thought about it all night and decided to tell her about myself. She was slightly shocked when I did and left very abruptly. She said she would come by after work to pick up her things.

I thought I blew it, so I changed to my fem things and had hers neatly stacked when she came back. She was calm and admired the dark blue dress and black four-inch heels I was wearing. I left the wig purposely on, hoping to buy time and talk to her while she took it off. Surprise time—she touched up my makeup and said “Let's go to my house and talk!”

There we were—two women leaving my apartment. The long drive was a silent one and once there, she introduced me to her husband as “Anne.” Well, we ate supper in silence and I was on edge. Then the question came. How long? When? Why and etc.! We talked for about three hours and I told most of it. Never even thinking of me to be this type, they were awestruck. Then, after believing me she said, “Why didn't you tell us 12 years ago when we met—we would have helped you then. Well, that knocked my wig off!”

It started a beautiful life for me—at first, it was every other weekend she'd pick me up

and take me to their place. After supper we would take pictures--and then that got old. To them--not me!

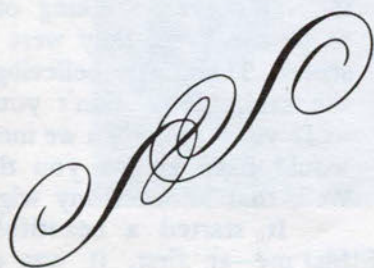
We are all beer drinkers, so to have a change, we started going to drive-in movies. The walk--across those lots--in high heels--was murder!--to the ladies room! Then we decided on a bar close to their place. It was dark and cozy and it beat staying at home. Then we started window shopping at the malls--admiring the fashions.

Then our vacation came. For almost two years, I let my hair grow and she kept it looking good. Now it was time for a perm! Well, if any TVs had a perm, they know the feeling--terrible--disgusting--but the results were beautiful!

For four days, I stayed completely dressed with them. Ah.....nighttime chats in our negligees--rollers in our hair--next day, womanly chores to be done--hanging out the wash, with shorts and heels on. I loved every minutes of it! With my own hair beautifully fixed, it was exciting going out with them. I just knew everyone was watching me.

Well, after that episode, the sessions became fewer than I hoped for. I could almost sense--female intuition, I guess--that they were becoming tired of it. We had big plans for Halloween this year, but they fell through--and another weekend plan never came through.

So, I'm sure it's finished between us--but I'll remember forever the fun and times we had!



LET'S FACE IT!



by Wendy AL-100-F

Facial Makeup Techniques

I'd like to share with all Tri-Ess sisters some makeup techniques I've discovered over the years. I used to use Panstick and a pressed powder in the initial step of my facial makeup. When I did this, the result was always a caked look which detracted from my overall appearance. After experimenting for awhile and doing some reading, I finally found a way to virtually eliminate that caked powder look. I'd like to share how I apply my powder and hope some sisters will benefit from my experience.

Step 1. Apply clarifying astringent to the face and neck area. I prefer the Elizabeth Arden brand. An 8 oz. bottle costs approximately \$8.00 but it lasts a long time. The astringent can usually be purchased at the cosmetic counter of one of the large department stores in a shopping center/mall. Moisten both sides of the cotton ball with the astringent. Wipe the entire face and neck area. This lifts the ground in impurities from the skin. Check the cotton ball as you proceed and you'll see the dirt. Continue with additional cotton balls until no trace of dirt is left. This procedure also serves a secondary purpose. The astringent tightens the pores so that the pressed powder goes on more evenly.

Step 2. Apply cream moisturizer. I prefer to use Rose Milk cream moisturizer. I'm sure any brand name moisturizer will work just as well. Rub the moisturizer on the face and neck area--to include the lips, eyelids, eyebrows, and eyelashes--then wipe off the excess with a kleenex. The moisturizer base serves two purposes also. One, it allows the pressed powder to be applied smoothly and evenly. Secondly, the moisturizer base makes it easier to remove the makeup later. If you intend to use false eyelashes, then don't apply the moisturizer near the base of the lid. The moisturizer will keep the lash from sticking.

Step 3. Apply pressed powder. Use a makeup sponge which can be purchased at the cosmetic counter in most drug or department stores. Wet the sponge and squeeze out any excess water. Apply the pressed powder with the moist sponge. Apply powder on face and neck area. Smooth powder over entire area.

Step 4. Removing makeup. I use Johnson baby lotion and apply twice--wiping off each time with kleenex. The moisturizer applied in step 2 helps loosen the powder. I finish the makeup removal process by washing the face and neck area with soap and water.

I think that my first FP experience is rather unusual. It was a dream. It happened more than once and it happened during my pre-school days. In the dream, I had some sort of a machine which would let me slip into a woman's skin and I would parade around as a beautiful woman. I have since read that some young children think that women are hollow because they can look up their skirts which seem to be hollow. Maybe that was the basis for my dream.

During my early school days, I remember reading about men dressing up for women's parts in college plays. I was very envious of how glamorous they looked in the pictures. I think the first time I ever wore a feminine garment was when we were playing house and I found a nightgown and put it on. The girl thought that it was funny, but let me keep it on anyway.

A few years later, we found an assortment of clothes in a deserted house and I invented the game of "Detective" so I could dress as a woman. We did this several times until the house was sold. Of course, I constantly envied any one who could dress up for a play or party.

In my later teens, I started wearing some of my mother's clothes on the nights when I knew that she and my father would be gone for some period of time. She is much smaller than I. So there were only a few things that I could wear. I particularly enjoyed the smooth feeling of the nightgowns. I had to keep the bedroom fairly dark, which complicated my problem of finding things and replacing them so that she would not notice that anything had been disturbed. This kept up until I joined the Navy. I did get one chance to dress up when I was in the Navy when I took part in a comical show that we put on.

My Life Story

Charlene CA-27-D

About this time, I met the girl who was eventually to be my GG. She helped to make the costume, but had no idea of my FP tendencies.

After we were married, her sisters came to visit us. They had all been out shopping and when they came back, they were going over their purchases. When I asked them, "Who did you buy the lingerie for?" My sister-in-law jokingly said, "For you." So I said, "Let me go try it on," which I did, and as I modeled it for them, they insisted on taking some photos. A few nights later, after the sisters left, I put on one of my GG's old nightgowns and told her I was ready for bed. She thought it was sort of ridiculous, but I kept it on despite her protestations. When we went to bed, we made love to let her know that nothing had changed in that department. After I had broken the ice, I told her that I was much more comfortable in a nightgown than in pajamas, and I have worn nightgowns ever since.

I still was not able to tell her about my FP desires, because I really did not understand them myself. I knew I wasn't a homosexual, but why did I get so much pleasure from wearing feminine things?

Later we had a son and I was only able to dress for brief

periods of time when they were gone from the house. Also, I had a few close calls when our son would come into our bedroom and I would have to pull the covers up around my neck or rush to the bathroom to get the nightie off.

A few years later, a group that I belonged to started putting on amateur theatricals. I took part in all of them. They were mostly comedy situations and some required female parts which I volunteered for. Later when a woman's part came up, it was automatically assumed that I would take it. Of course, I always took advantage of any chance to go to costume parties dressed up as a witch, dance hall girl, or whatever. My GG was not very enthusiastic about my dressing for these occasions and began to question why I did it. I knew what transvestitism was, but could not entirely separate it from homosexuality. So I could only tell her, "I just get a kick out of doing it."

In the late sixties, I found a book titled, "A Year Among The Girls." In it, the author described how he found and joined a group dedicated only to crossdressing. One night, after I finished the book, I had a couple of drinks to bolster my courage and I told my wife that I had found out why I liked to wear feminine clothes and I asked her to read the

and black high-heeled pumps--what do you think? Can you help me this time?" Diana said, "Oh, well, if it is a favor you are asking me, I can't deny you, but only for that special night, is it clear?"

That Friday morning, I had my maid's uniform, seamed hose, and black 5-inch high heeled pumps, all that Diana had bought for me. At 10 o'clock, Mary arrived in a unisex outfit--blue jeans, tennis shoes, and a sweatshirt with 'Playgirl' across the bustline. In spite of Diana's directions and suggestions, I also put on white jeans, a checked cotton blouse and high heels. Mary and I went shopping together and both passed very well. By six o'clock, we had finished preparing dinner, so we went to the bedroom to get ready for the big night. In the bedroom on the bed was a parcel with a note from Diana. The note said "Please wear this--both of you." Very curious by now, I opened the package and found two laced corsets--one for me and one for Mary. Both were one size smaller than either of us--but if we could do it, we would, just to please our girls.

After the bath came the hardest part--getting into the damn corsets! But we did it, so we were both adorned in black corsets with pink bows and lace, as well as garters.

Then came the uniforms--black, the hem one inch above the knee--three quarter length sleeves with white lace trim, a round collar with white lace, a white apron with lace, tied in a wide bow on the back, and the skirt had three petticoats underneath. Finally, a white cap with white lace. Just before 7, Mary and I checked our appearance--especially making sure the seams were straight on our hose. By this time, we were surprised to find that walking in high heels was easier while wearing the tight corset!

At 7:30, the doorbell rang the first time. Mary opened the door, Diana greeted the guests, Lulu took the coats, and I entered with snacks and offered cocktails. By 8:30, everyone had arrived and there were 14 in all. Mary and I were very busy refreshing drinks and serving snacks. At eleven, Diana told us to get the dinner ready, so I went to prepare for serving. Mary remained to attend the guests.

At one o'clock in the morning, I was serving coffee, when suddenly I felt a hot hand touching my derriere! I turned, and saw one of the men, obviously drunk, was the one with the roaming hand--and he was sitting right next to his wife! I got so nervous that I spilled coffee all over his wife's long gown! She screamed and I mumbled, "I'm sorry madam--I'll fix it...." and almost ran to the kitchen to get a towel. When I got to the kitchen I started to cry and Mary asked me what was wrong. I explained the situation to her, and she went to try to help dry the woman's dress. I sat in a chair, still crying, and Diana came in, so I had to explain once again. She patted my shoulder and said, "Dear, you look so attractive in that maid's uniform that the guy reacted as any normal man would with an attractive woman. It's all right. Now come on, Carolina, don't spoil all you have already done--dry your tears and keep on helping me, please." So I went to the bedroom to fix my mascara and eyeshadow.

Everyone left at two in the morning, and Diana and Lulu talked over the evening's events while Mary and I did the mountain of dishes. Our feet were very sore and the restriction of the corsets pained our torsos after so many hours.

When we got into bed, Diana kissed me, thanked me

for all the help--and said that everything had been perfect--including the pinch I got!

The next month, Diana did get the contract. She hired Mary and Lulu to work with her--Mary as a receptionist and Lulu as her personal secretary.

Mary didn't remain very long because she went to the States to get her long-awaited transsexual operation.

On the night Mary left, Diana wanted to talk to me. She said "You don't want the same as Mary, do you?" I told her that I loved to wear clothing and live as a woman; that I felt more relaxed and happy in the past few months; that my alcohol consumption was down to almost nothing--and so was my smoking; that I have more energy than ever before and finally, that I have a lovely wife. I know I couldn't deal with marriage to another man--all the roughness and the incomprehension of the woman's world and problems, such as colors in a new dress, cosmetics, domestic problems pertaining to housekeeping--but most important, I want to have normal male sexual relations with a woman, my wife.

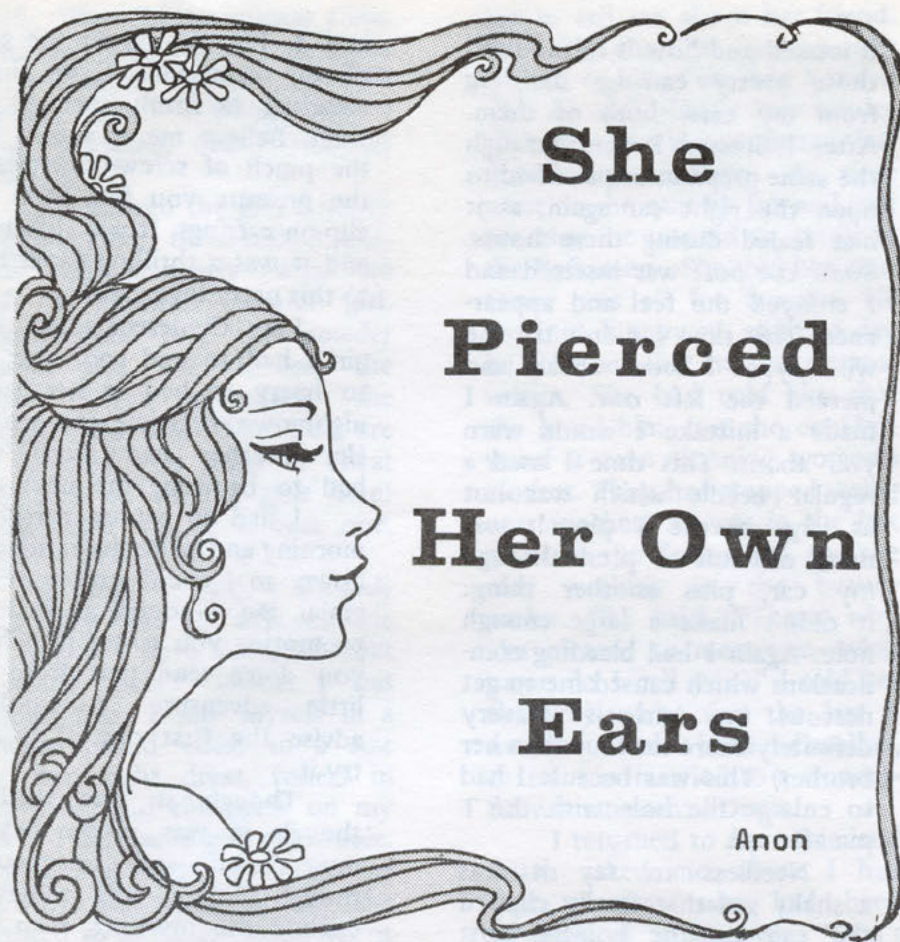
With a big smile, Diana hugged me and said "Thank God! I was so afraid that you would want to do the same as Mary--I had done some extreme changes on you--the piercing of your ears, thinning your eyebrows and the electrolysis sessions." I told her that I do like to be this way, but I never want to change my real sex for a fake one.

FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE ABOVE COMMUNICATION, we hear again--this time from Diana!

I, too, wish to share my feelings about Carolina and our happy life as a couple.

I'm a 30-year old woman with a career in law.

When I first met my hus-



She Pierced Her Own Ears

Anon

After reading the thrills and the excitement of others over THIS SUBJECT, I had many nights in which I lay and thought about doing the similar thing. Lacking the courage it became a fantasy with me and lurked in the recesses of my mind continually. I knew my wife would not merely disapprove but become adamant.

Stories that I wrote had this fantasy come to life in them, and also the stories which I read in Transvestia and elsewhere carried the point. It became an obsession. But what could I do? When you are around a wife as much as I am my own, believe me she watched you like a hawk whether you realize it or not. Any new change in your image is perceived immediately, especially where my all seeing bro's wife is concerned.

I debated trying this while away on a short trip such as my work takes me on regularly.

Again I lacked the courage. I confess girls, I'm a coward at heart. The thought of facing the wife and her perceptive vision made me back down again and again.

This week however my bro's wife and the kids were out of town and for a total of 8 days I had the run of the house, when not working or taking care of things. The first night I backed out again. It was too risky. Even as I went to bed late in the morning, I regretted my cowardice.

Oh, I could be myself without fear of being caught and I went the whole route dressing, make up etc. But this thing was bugging me badly. The next day my brother took care of his work as quickly as possible and hurried home to turn the cherished time over to me.

The evening started off the same as the night before and I

found myself at war with. The girl wanted to do it and the boy self resisted. I didn't get the pleasure from my pretty things as I had in the past. Just as the grass looks greener across the fence to an animal, the thrills that my sisters have discovered attracted me strongly that the apparel seemed commonplace and unsatisfying.

About 8:30 p.m. when I was sure I'd have no one caught (or hoped so anyway), the girl in me said "do it now". The boy in me said: "Don't, you'll get caught." It was at least 9:30 before the neversaydie feminine self won out. Like Red Skelton says: "I dood it!" Whether I get a whipping or not, I dood it.

I faced my pretty reflection in the mirror, after assembling the things I thought were essential. The girl self smiled. My bro had obeyed the command given earlier in the day while in a ten cent store. Now his purchase was going to be used. With the male self cringing in anticipation I held a piece of ice to my right earlobe.

That's right...I was about to take the plunge, even if temporary, and know how it felt and looked to have those slender golden wires penetrate my earlobes like a real GG.

Believe me girls it was a shaky hand that held the ice for the time it took to completely numb the ear. It was cool inside our home, but there in the bathroom mirror a girlish face was perspiring so that a wig had to be removed. Part of it was nervousness, and part of it was excitement over what I was doing to myself, after wanting to for a long time.

For the puncture I used a sharp "T" pin which I had sterilized (the kind you use to hold a hair piece on a block). The sound that it made after I chose the exact spot and began to apply pressure was thrilling. The sharp steel pin was forced

through the numbed fleshy part of my lobe easily enough and soon I felt the point beginning to protrude through the back of my ear. I thrust it deeply through to enlarge the hole enough for the post type earrings to be inserted (Intending to sleep in them that night); and then finally pulled it from my ear.

There was blood, but this doesn't sicken me like it does some, and I had to hold the ice to the ear until it stopped. Then I put the pretty earring through the penetrated lobe and slipped on the little cap at the back without trouble. If there was any pain at all, it escaped me in the thrill and excitement.

Then I couldn't leave well enough alone, (something I find hard to do at times) and removed the little post after admiring it for a few minutes. My bro had bought three sets (generous soul) just in case. Two were the nice dangling type and the post set for sleeping. I tried inserting the wire of the long dangling one and had difficulty finding the opened hole through the ear. I'm afraid I butchered up my ear lobe before I made it, and had to contend with bleeding some more. It looked pretty, much prettier to me than the post type.

I couldn't sleep in it however so I removed it and tried the post type again, this time having trouble again with the hole through my ear. I got it in finally but lost all my initial courage because of the trouble I had with the bleeding and finding the hole. Oh well, live and learn. That is old philosophy but it holds true. So I backed out piercing the other and even wound up removing the post from the one I had pierced.

The next day was another rush, rush, so far as my brother was concerned. He had to get out of my way and knew it. Again I waited until reasonably sure no one was going to call or

it looked and how it felt to have those pretty earrings dangling from my ears, both of them. After I dressed I went through the same preparations and had to open the right ear again, as it had sealed during these hours. Soon the post was inserted and I enjoyed the feel and appearance. This time I didn't try the wire type. I went ahead and pierced the left one. Again I made a mistake I would warn you about. This time I used a regular needle which was not as large as the T pin. It was more difficult to press through my ear, plus another thing: it didn't make a large enough hole. Again I had bleeding complications which caused me to get nervous (my girl-self is very definitely more nervous than her brother) This was because I had to enlarge the hole with the T pin after all.

Needless to say it was a shaky girl that finally clipped the cap on the pointed post and surveyed herself minutes later. Proud? Thrilled? Very! Pretty? I've never known anything like it. But! The thrill also brought some of those "guilt complexes" that I had overcome about the clothing and make up.

I knew I couldn't keep the pretty things in my ears. I knew I could not permit the holes to stay there. Not while the GG is merely tolerant. If she as an "A" or even a "B" wife, this little gal would get by with hiding the holes during the day, and wearing the lovely things at night. But...thankful that she understands enough for what can be done, I sadly extracted the earrings last night.

My ears are slightly tender this morning but with a bit of makeup on them the puncture isn't too noticeable. They will probably be signs there for a few days but I'm sure by the week end that the two part episode will remain only in my memory. I know the memory will remain. If I live to be a 100

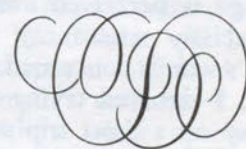
and 3, I won't forget the sight of my ears with those things attached so firmly through my flesh. Believe me it wasn't like the pinch of screw-on types or the pressure you feel from the clip-on earrings. It was different and it was a thrilling experience to this party-loving girl.

Like Cinderella's ball...the girl's had to end too. She had to hurry to bed in her pretty nightgown, brassiere and panties. Her brother had work that had to be done the next day.

I had to get up early the morning and write this experience down, so I could send it to Virginia. Do I sound as if I am prompting you to try it? I hope you don't read that from my little adventure. I wouldn't advise the first one of you to try it.

Though it was thrilling though it was pretty beyond my dream and imagination though I am still somewhat excited this morning, even with the holes beginning to close up I have a warning for you. You should not try this without proper time. Over night is not time enough. You should not try it alone either. If you must let one of the girls do it if you GG is intolerant. It isn't easy and there are problems in getting the hole in the right spot, and the puncture straight through etc. Don't try it by yours unless you are pretty brave and can stand the sight of blood. Above all, don't repeat my mistake of trying to char types. It is very hard to find the little opening in a fleshy ear lobe.

Like I said..It was thrilling and very pretty. But...not for yet. I'm just a little too chick (neither cackling or crowing



I really don't know where to start, so I may as well go from the beginning. I'm sure that my story is a familiar one to you and Transvestia's readers. As far back as I can remember I have envied girls. When I was very young, before kindergarten, I came to the conclusion that I should have been born a female (or at least I came to the decision that I wanted to be a girl). I often wished that I could have long hair to tie in a pony tail or put gloves on. One time my father threatened to put a ribbon in my hair if I didn't get my hair cut without complaining, truly I wish I did have ribbons in my hair. I was fully aware of my attraction to feminine clothing from a very early age, but I was too cautious to try anything for awhile. The first time I wore girls clothes was when I was about seven years old. At this time I did it only once however for fear of discovery. Over the next few years my appreciation and desire for feminine clothes grew enormously and became uncontrollable. During that period I was aware of my feelings but I did not understand them. More and more my admiration for femininity was rising to the surface. Finally one day I decided to do what I had wanted to do for years, I dressed completely as a girl. When I was ten years old I found myself alone in the house one day with many hours in front of me to do with what I wished. Well, without even really thinking about it I found myself looking through my sisters closet. I had a lot of adrenaline running through me and was trembling all over. First I got some panties, beautiful pink lacy ones, (I still remember them), then I took out a dark green skirt and sweater set. As I pulled on the skirt a thrill ran up my mind and body. I felt I was, at long last, coming face to face with my true self. I was so excited that I had trouble but-

LOS ANGELES

SISTER

DOES SOME

REMINISCING

toning the sweater. At this point my enthusiasm was bursting forth and I felt my outfit was very incomplete. I went down to my mother's room and borrowed one of her padded bras and a pair of pantyhose. With the bra and pantyhose on I felt almost complete, but not quite. There I was, all dressed up finally. I decided I couldn't stop there so I fully made myself up. I knew I would like it, but I never realized how much fun make-up could be. After this I put a ribbon in my hair. I examined myself in the skirt, bra, pantyhose, and make-up, dressed as a girl. I felt whole, I felt real, and truly comfortable for the first time in my whole life.

The clothes I was wearing felt so well I wondered if some of my sisters other things might fit as well. I was happy to discover almost all of her clothes fit me perfectly. From that first time I dressed up, I was hooked. For the rest of that summer, every day, I wore my sisters clothes and make-up. One thing I had always wanted to do was to be a girl on Halloween. To this day I regret my former nervousness. I never did that until some years later, and by that time I could no longer

pass. When I was younger, (before puberty), I was constantly mistaken for a girl, in person and on the phone. Of course, I had to act upset whenever this occurred, but deep inside I was overjoyed at being considered a girl, if only mistakenly and for a moment.

Up until I was about 13 I was in heaven. I had lots of time alone at home, and enough clothes to keep me busy for days at a time. At school I would daydream about the dresses I would wear when I got home. It was fantastic being able to wear girls clothes so often. Sometimes I would stay home from school "sick", and I would be a girl all day. This led to a very terrifying but also gratifying experience. One day when I had stayed home to be Lori, I was told by mother that a washing machine repairman would be coming over that afternoon since I was going to be there. Well, of course this disappointed me but I figured I still had the morning to be in skirts. Soon after my mother left for work I had finished donning a dress of my mothers. and some very nice lingerie of my sisters. It wasn't even ten o'clock yet so I figured that it would be safe enough to put

make-up on. I love putting on make-up. It adds so much to the over all picture of femininity. I always feel like I am only going half way when I dress up but can't put on make-up. I feels like wearing only one shoe. But, back to the story. About 10 minutes after I had finished my face there was a knock at the front door. I felt the panic that I'm sure many of you readers have felt. Usually what I do when someone knocks is just ignore it, pretend that no one is home, but when I looked out the window I saw that it was the repairman come two hours early! There was no way that I could not answer the door, what would I tell my mother when she came home? So I gathered my courage and opened the front door. What happened was absolutely nothing. I talked with him a little, but mainly kept quiet. I was dying of fear and excitement at the same time. When he left he said "Good-bye Miss" that made me feel great.

I feel so free, so feminine, so much like a girl when I dress up that it is unbelievable. Around the time I was 13 I became saddened because I realized I would not much longer be able to fit into my sisters frilly, comfortable clothes. I also realized that time was short if I was to fulfill a dream of mine; to go out in public as a girl.

Logistics was a large problem I had in going out in public. I needed transportation away from my neighborhood (what if someone saw me) and unfortunately could get this only from my mother (so leaving as a girl was not feasible) Sadly, I could not shave my legs because of P.E. class, so wearing a skirt was out. I wore a pair of androgenous (so I hoped) courroys, put a blouse, bra, and make-up in a plastic shopping bag, and headed off to the mall. There my mother dropped me off. At this point I was

about to back out. But I finally went through with it. The hardest part was finding somewhere for my transformation into Lori. I went to a large chain clothing store, got a pair of boys pants and went to a dressing room. There I put on the bra, blouse, and make-up, took a deep breath and walked back out into the store. I was hoping that no one had noticed me enter as a boy and leave as a girl. I walked around the mall with my heart pounding a mile a minute. I was wearing my sisters watch and someone approached me and asked for the time addressing me as "Miss." That has got to be one of the best moments of my life, not to mention how much my confidence was boosted. Later I went back to the same clothes store, grabbing a pair of girls pants this time, and reluctantly changed back into the dullness of being a boy.

For the next five years my dressing became more infrequent because of the difficulty of finding something that fit me. One time I house-sat for some neighbors and was delighted to find a closet full of girls clothes that fit perfectly. That was such a great month. I was able to be a girl everyday. I enjoyed myself so much, I even spent time in the yard while I was Lori. Was I ever disappointed when my neighbors came home.

I became acquainted with a girl, as a friend, whom I could confide in. She really got a kick out of practicing make-up on me and to have me dress in skirts. During this time I shaved my legs for the first time. I was astounded by how wonderful and smooth they felt, I loved it. Most pleasing though was the sensation of silky pantyhose on my newly shaven legs, it was nothing short of exquisite. It would make me feel so girlish to see pretty nyloned shaven legs coming out from under my dress. Unfortunately I moved

and could no longer dress up in the company of my friend.

For a couple of years I almost never dressed up at all. My only outlets were underwear and make-up. I was becoming more and more frustrated in my feminine desire. One day I found an ad for a clothing store that sells womens clothes (and among other things, Transvestia) to men. The discovery of the store, and especially of Transvestia was an important incident in my life. Needless to say, I visited this store at my first opportunity. I've been there a number of times, but I have to admit that each visit was a nerve racking experience for fear of who would see me.

About two years ago I met a fantastic girl whom I quickly fell in love with. She is very beautiful and of course I couldn't help but notice she had a beautiful wardrobe also. After I had known her a year or so I felt I could no longer lie by omission, so I told her the truth about my crossdressing. Having a loving, understanding, girlfriend help in expression of my femme self is beyond compare. Not only does she not mind, she encourages me. She lets me wear her clothes (those that fit) and has even bought me a make-up kit, a slip and a bra. Last Halloween I finally dressed as a girl and went out in public, with girlfriends encouragement. It was one of my favorite crossdressing experiences ever because of the length of time I was able to be a girl. Most of the time I must dress up, make-up, and change back into a boy within an hour or two.

I go to a large university in the Los Angeles area. Whenever I'm there I feel like I'm going to go crazy, or at least die of envy. All those lucky girls running around in bright, comfortable, feminine, beautiful skirts and dresses, and they are completely unaware how fortunate they are. Why, I keep asking

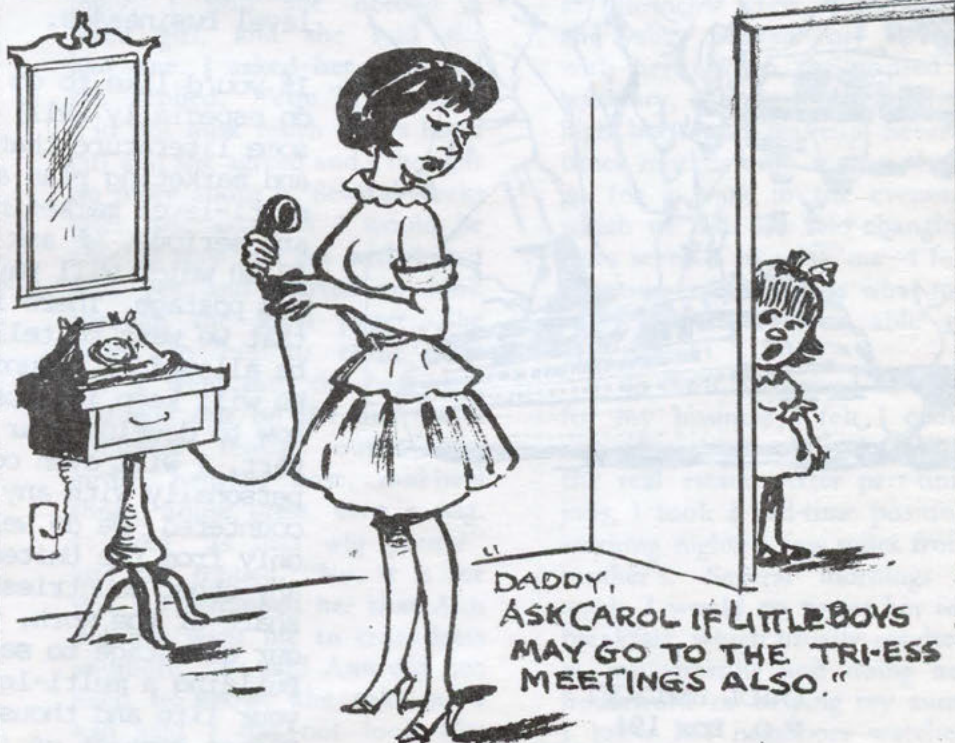
myself, can women wear skirts and not men? My inner desires for femininity and womanhood are constant and must always be forcibly quenched. If men are in charge of the world why do they deny themselves beautiful clothes, bright jewelry, and lovely fragrances? I really wish I could wear skirts all the time and was allowed to be myself all of the time.

Although I can share much with my fiancé, I really can't describe to her the exhilaration I receive from being a girl. And I find it impossible to attempt to convey the necessity of being a woman. I want her to understand that it is much more than a hobby, (although it is that also), it is a true need to become a girl in fact, not to be just a man dressing up. I feel isolated because I have no other transvestites to speak to and spend time with. I hope to join Tri-Ess, please send me information.

There is so much more I could say. This is like the emergence from a cage (closet?) This is the first time I have finally attempted to communicate with others like myself. I feel this may be a large step in my life. I could go on and on, I have 21 years of experience and emotion all bottled up, but I realize that I have already rambled on for much too long. I want to sincerely thank you Carol, Virginia, and everyone who has ever contributed to Transvestia, because you have helped me to achieve self-acceptance and understanding. You'll hear from me again.



"SAMMY, I GUESS WHAT WE WANNA KNOW IS SHOULD WE BE GETTING A REPLACEMENT FOR YOU ON THE BOWLING TEAM?"



"DADDY, ASK CAROL IF LITTLE BOYS MAY GO TO THE TRI-ESS MEETINGS ALSO."

Enjoy the Good Life NOW!



CAROL BEECROFT
P.O. Box 194
Tulare, CA 93275

I'D LIKE YOU TO GO INTO BUSINESS WITH ME

I'm VERY serious! My wife and I are developing a business which distributes cosmetics, household products and health aids. We are doing this in a number of places in the United States and Canada and have enjoyed much success in the short time that we have been active. We've been able to associate with a very young and successful firm called Care Free. We were fortunate to have known the President and Vice President from a previous association of some years ago, so we know that the company is in good hands. Norma and I find that our business grows best when we are HELPING OTHERS to build similar businesses. So we spend a lot of time with others who are serious in developing their own business organization.

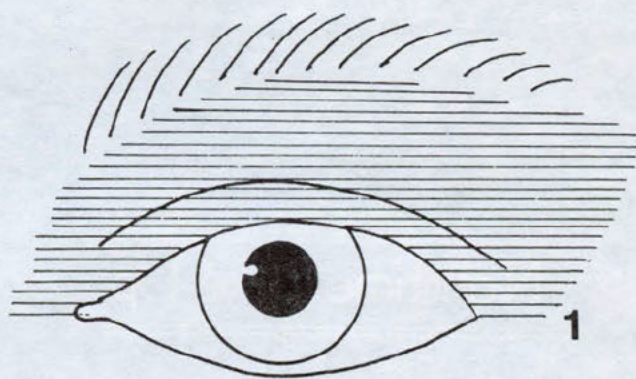
Care Free is a multi-level organization with the BEST marketing plan that we have seen - and we've seen plenty. Distributors from other ML companies have seen our marketing plan and "come over" to us. It is so much fun, introducing people to a very successful plan that can make them from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year - parttime. We've even met those who finally went fulltime and who are now making over \$100,000 a year. The Marketing Plan is very superior to marketing plans of companies like Amway and Shakley. We have little difficulty in gaining distributors to work with us in developing multi-level businesses.

If you'd like to go into business with us (couple do especially well) we'd be most happy to send you some literature that will tell you about the product and marketing plan as well as an introduction to multi-level marketing. Since we only want people who are serious, we ask that such serious people send \$2.00 which will pay for the cost of the material and postage. There is one especially IMPORTANT thing that we want to tell you at this time. You will not be allowed to flounder in developing your business. We will keep in close contact with you, showing you how to develop your organization. If you do your part, I will even come to see you and help you personally with any problems that you have encountered. We do welcome interested parties not only from the United States but such persons in any other countries, and as long as you do your share of the work, we won't let you down. It's to our advantage to see that you are successful!!! Building a multi-level business can add zest to your life and thousands of dollars to your purse. Please contact us if you are serious!

EYES

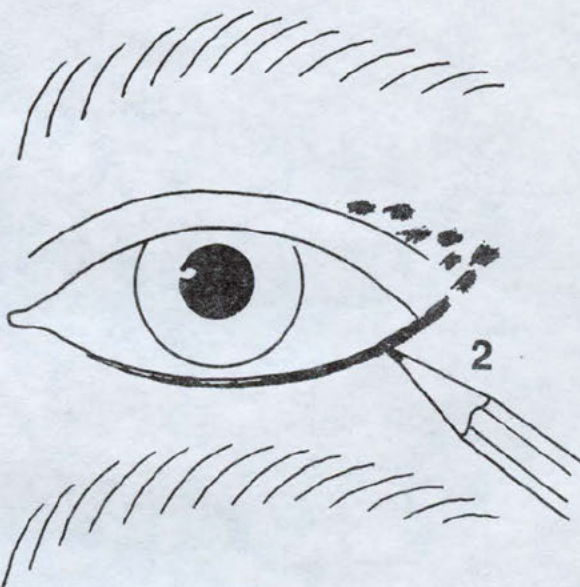
Step 1—Creme Base

Pat creme base over entire upper-eye area and next to nose with flat round sponge. Blend. The base helps make-up glide on freely. It also lightens and evens the color of your lids, minimizing discoloration, shadows or redness. The base also helps color remain true.



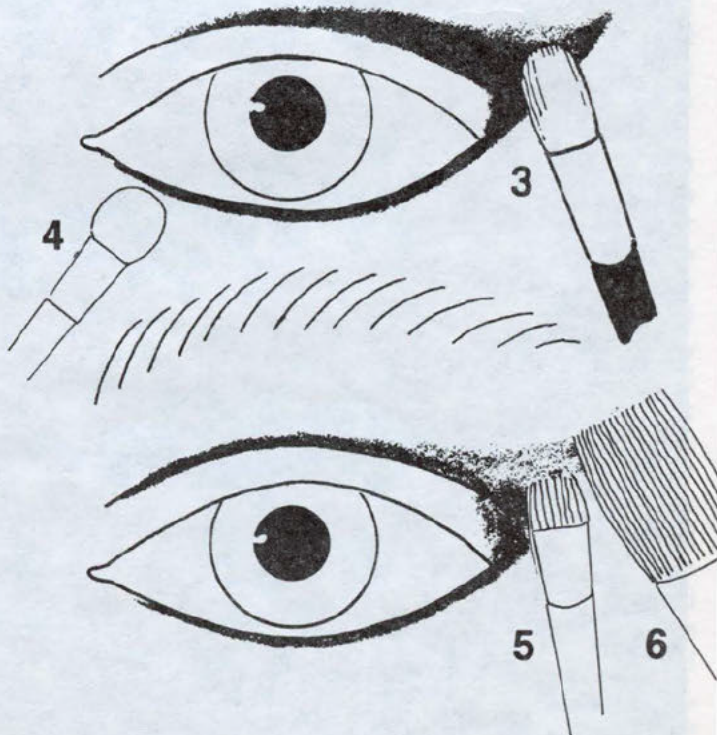
Step 2—Line Lower Lashes and Crease

Use a thin pencil to underline your lower lashes. Start a little beyond the outer corner and work toward the inner corner of the eye. As you approach the inner corner, the line gets thinner and disappears. Connect the outer corner to the outer crease with dots.



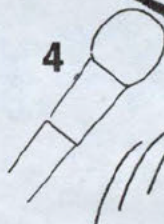
Step 3—Blend Crease

Use eyeshadow brush to blend the pencil in the crease up to tip of brow. With the same brush, blend from the crease in toward the nose.



Step 4—Blend Lower Lashes

Blend under-eye pencil with sponge-tipped applicator. Connect smoothly to crease.



Step 5—Eye Powder (Shadow)

Brush colored eye powder (shadow) over pencil using short strokes. You can use either a flat color or one of the extravagant iridescent colors. Powder not only adds color but prevents the pencil from fading.

Step 6—Blend Eye Powder

Use a brush to blend powder. Start at the tip of brow and blend toward nose. The powder softens the pencil. You don't have to blend the powder under your eye.

Nighttime Make-Up

GETTING READY

Start with a fresh, clean face. Set out all of your make-up tools. Apply the make-up in good light that suits you and the occasion. You should be very relaxed. Try to remove all pressures of time upon you and have fun. Be sure, though, to see yourself from all angles.

MOISTURIZER

Apply a creme or liquid moisturizer to your skin. Rub it in well to get the circulation going. Lightly tissue off excess, and let the moisturizer sink into your skin while you make up your eyes. The moisturizer is good for your skin and serves as a perfect smooth cushion for your foundation.

Step 7—Line Upper Lashes

Use a pencil that's darker than the powder to line upper lashes from outer corner of the eye to center of the eye. Skip to the inner corner of the eye and line with a short stroke leaving the center of the lid free of pencil. Blend with a sponge-tipped applicator. Connect the line under lower lashes to the line on upper lashes at the outer corner of eye. This is very, very important; you should never see where the pencil starts and stops.

Step 8—Accentuate Outer Crease

Apply additional pencil to the outer crease to add depth.

Step 9—Blend Outer Crease

Brush excess pencil toward nose until color fades. The concentration of color remains on the outer crease.

Step 10—Highlight

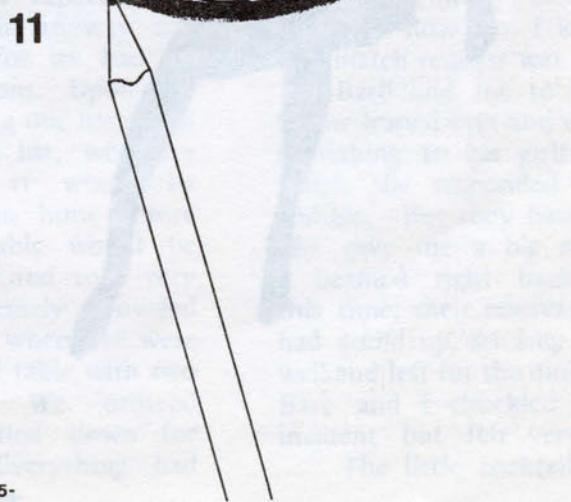
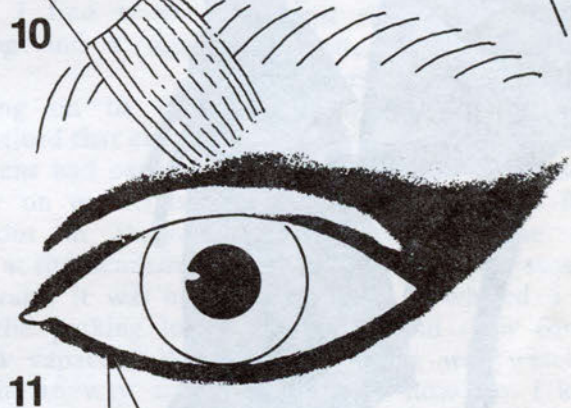
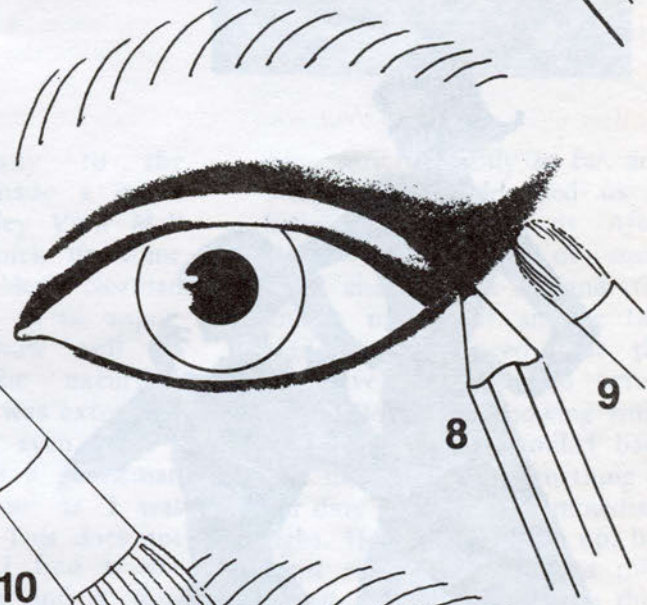
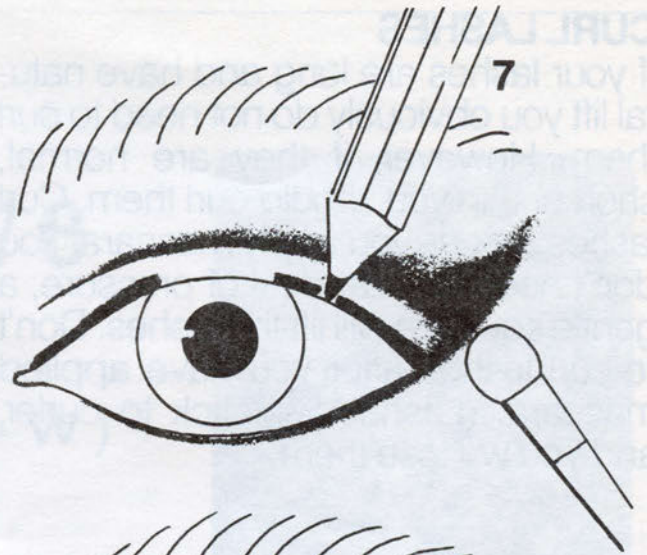
Use a powder that is lighter than anything used so far. Brush a sheer layering on upper lid and under brow (left free of color so far).

Step 11—Line Rim of Eye

If you want your eyes to appear larger, use pencil to rim lower lashes. Don't line rim unless you already lined under your lower lashes.

Tips on Eyes

1. If the finished eye looks too stark or doesn't tie into the rest of your face, dust blush across the entire upper eye. This will add warmth to your eyes.
2. To slenderize the nose, blend a little cocoa-brown contour powder just inside the nose next to the eye.



CURL LASHES

If your lashes are long and have natural lift you obviously do not need to curl them. However, if they are normal, short or thin you should curl them. Curl lashes **BEFORE** you apply mascara. You don't need a great deal of pressure; a gentle squeeze will lift the lashes. Don't re-curl lashes after you have applied mascara. (Lashes will stick to curler, and you will lose them.)

MASCARA

Apply black mascara to the upper lashes using **ONLY THE TIP** of the wand. Holding wand vertically, color each lash separately to keep lashes from sticking together. Always work from lash root to tip. Apply mascara to lower lashes by sweeping tip of wand from corner to corner, gradually working from the root of the lash to the tip. Apply a light second coat to both upper and lower lashes.

Use a mascara that does not run, especially on your lower lashes. This is important even if it means using two mascaras. If you want your lashes to look thicker or longer, use a lash thickener but only on tips of upper lashes. Lash thickeners are made of fibers that adhere to the lashes, making them appear longer and thicker.

MASCARA TIPS

1. Use a cotton swab dipped in milky cleanser to remove mascara that accidentally touches skin.
2. If mascara is still damp and you feel it is too thick, touch with tips of fingers to separate.
3. If mascara is dry and you feel it is too thick, comb lashes with lash comb. The excess will flake off and can be swept up with the tip of a cotton swab.

BROWS

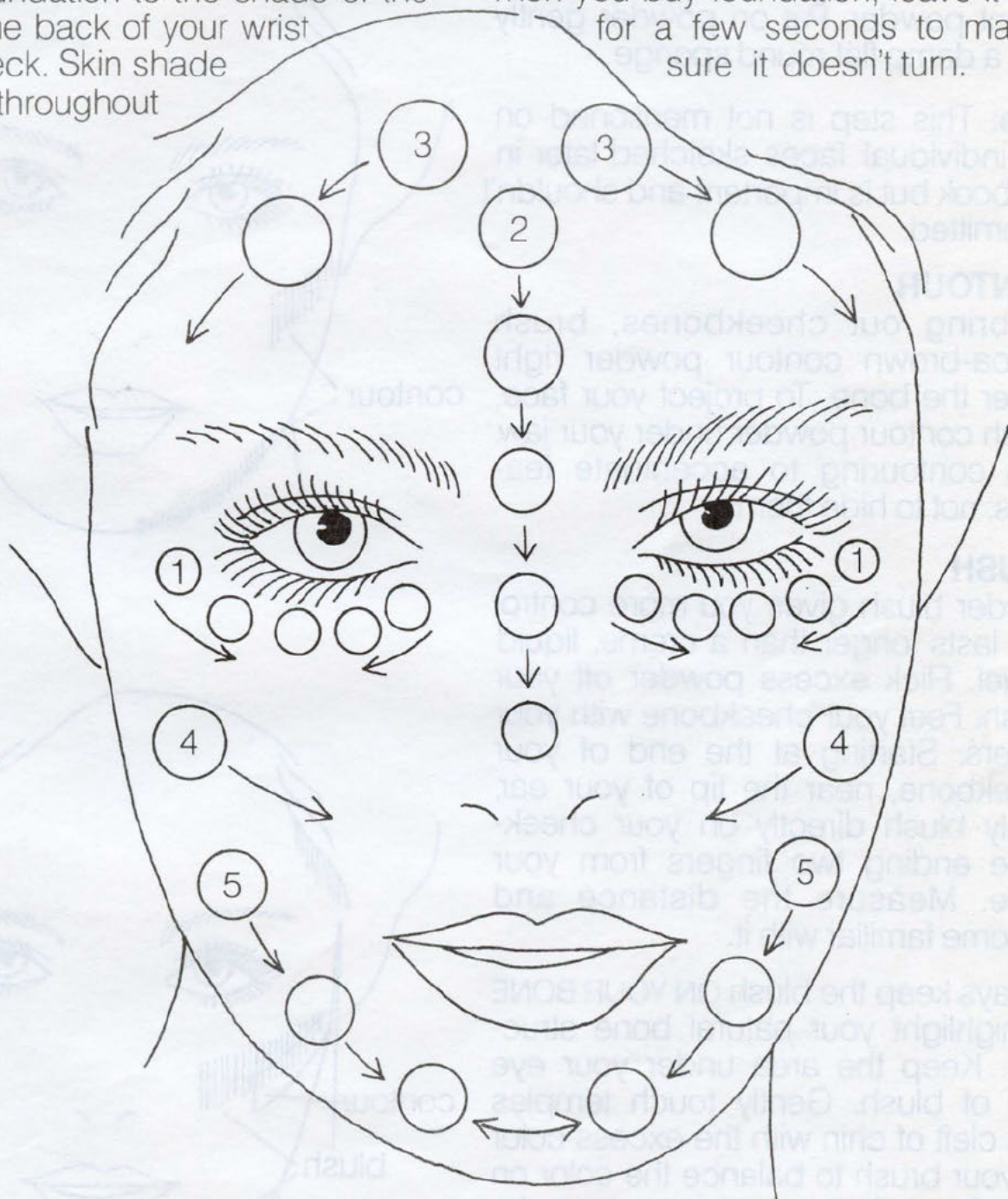
Tweeze brows so they are neat but don't alter their natural shape. Brows should start where your eye starts, peak opposite pupil and end diagonally up from the end of your eye. Don't darken brows. If you want to lighten them, use a brow brush dipped into a little gold powder. Brush brows up. To keep brows up, spray brush with hair-spray.



FOUNDATION

Foundation evens the color of your skin and makes the rest of your make-up stand out. It is not a cover-up, and should never look stiff or masklike. Match foundation to the shade of the skin on the back of your wrist or your neck. Skin shade changes throughout

the year so that you'll need a light and dark foundation. If one or the other isn't quite right, mix them in the palm of your hand until you get the perfect shade. When you buy foundation, leave it on for a few seconds to make sure it doesn't turn.



Dot on foundation. Blend smoothly and evenly under your eyes, down your nose, on forehead into hairline, onto cheeks, chin and under jaw. If you apply too much, or if the foundation looks shiny, blot with tissue. Never use

foundation on neck. If your neck needs color, dust with natural colored powder. Note: This step is not mentioned on the individual faces sketched later in this book but is important and shouldn't be omitted.

POWDER

Powder gives the skin an elegant, matte finish by making pores almost invisible. Contour and blush will go on smoother over powder and stay on better. Use a fine-textured, loose translucent powder. Pat on powder gently with a damp flat round sponge.

Note: This step is not mentioned on the individual faces sketched later in this book but is important and shouldn't be omitted.

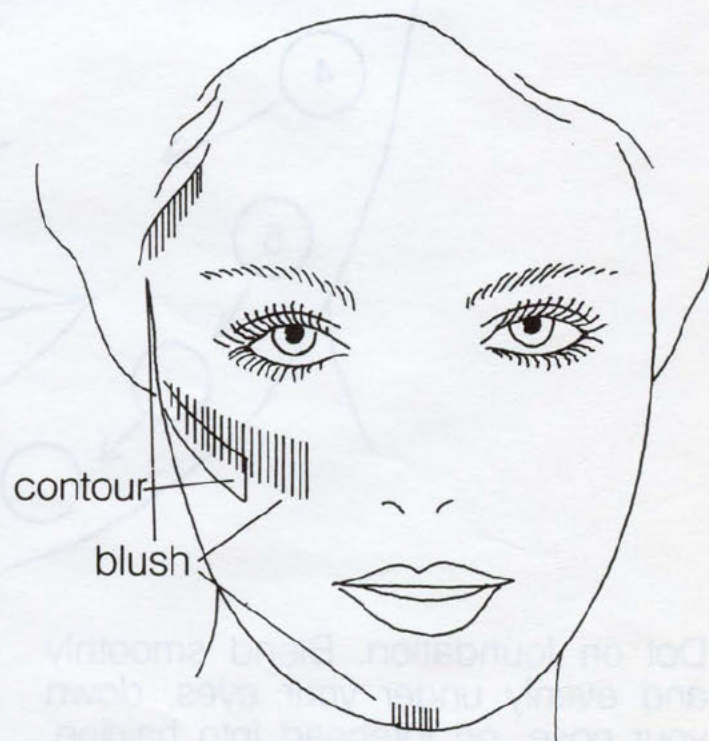
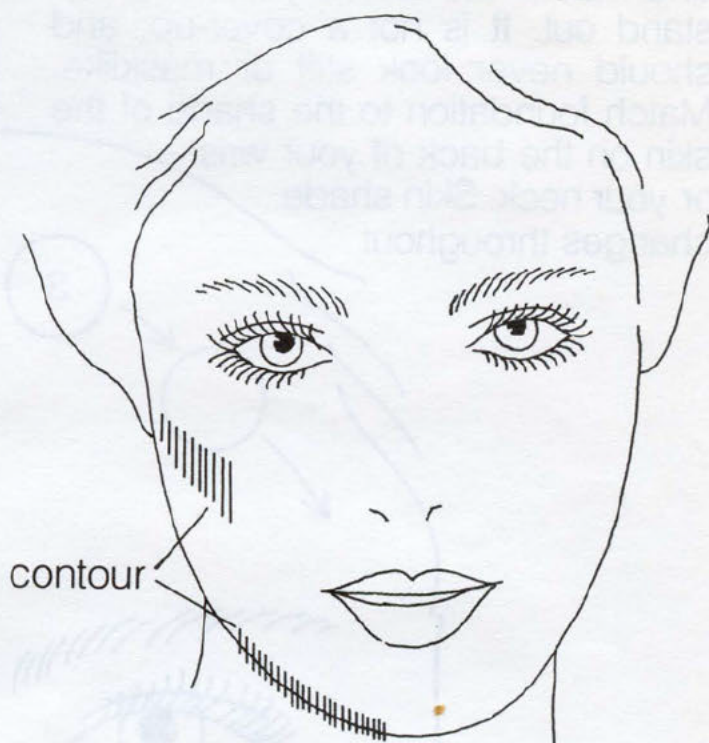
CONTOUR

To bring out cheekbones, brush cocoa-brown contour powder right under the bone. To project your face, brush contour powder under your jaw. Use contouring to accentuate features, not to hide them.

BLUSH

Powder blush gives you more control and lasts longer than a creme, liquid or gel. Flick excess powder off your brush. Feel your cheekbone with your fingers. Starting at the end of your cheekbone, near the tip of your ear, apply blush directly on your cheekbone ending two fingers from your nose. Measure the distance and become familiar with it.

Always keep the blush ON YOUR BONE to highlight your natural bone structure. Keep the area under your eye free of blush. Gently touch temples and cleft of chin with the excess color on your brush to balance the color on your face. If you use contour, make sure to blend the line where the blush stops and the contour starts. If blush looks harsh or you see the line where it ends, brush a little translucent powder or baby powder across the edges to soften.

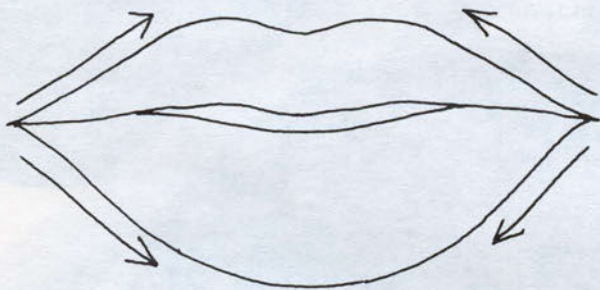


For nighttime beauty highlight blush with an iridescent powder.

LIPS

Outline your lips with a lip pencil the same color or a bit darker than your lipstick. Keep close to the natural shape of your mouth. Pencil defines the shape of your mouth and prevents lipstick from bleeding.

Line from the outer corners to the center, then blend and soften the line with a lipbrush. Always apply lipstick with a lipbrush, starting at the outer corners and working toward the center, filling in the outlined area. If you want to add lip gloss, dot gloss right in the center of your lower lip.



LIP TIPS

1. To make your lips fuller, blend the pencil a little fuller than your natural lipline. Fill in with lipstick.
2. To make your lips thinner, draw the line inside your natural lip shape. Cut corners wherever your lips are too full. Don't blend. Fill in with lipstick.
3. Pat a little translucent powder with a sponge under and above the lipline if your lipstick tends to bleed.



Brushes

(1) Small round- tipped brush for blending eye pencil and applying high lighting powder

(2) Sponge-tipped applicator for applying and blending line above and below lashes

(3) Flat square-tipped brush for blending eye powder

(4) Large brush for applying color to cheekbones.

(5) Fan-shaped brush for dusting iridescent powder (optional)

Not shown:
small round- tipped brush for applying eye powder and blending,
medium brush for applying color, contour and highlighting,
thin eyeliner brush

Powders

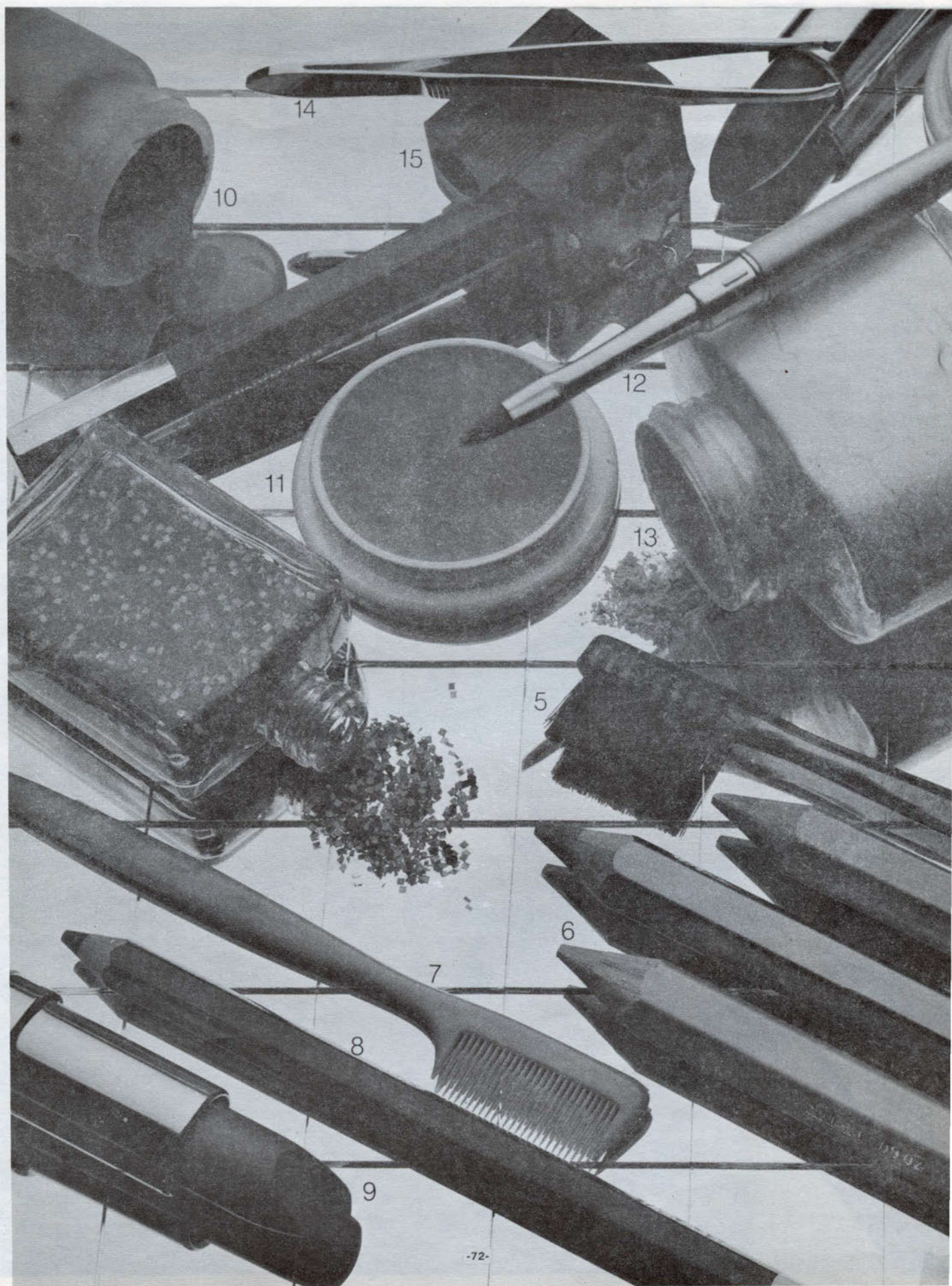
(6) Loose iridescent powders

(7) Pressed powders

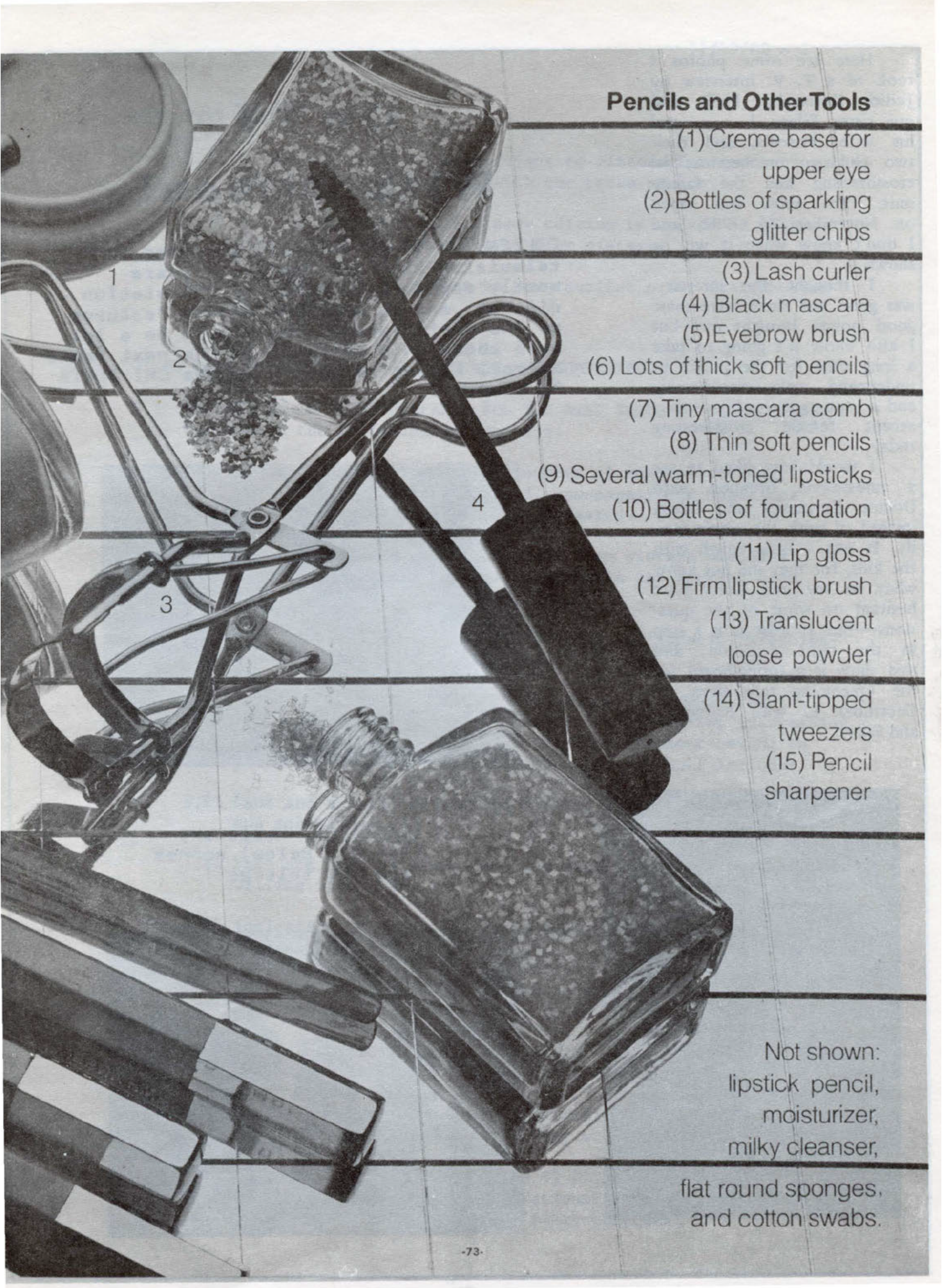
(8) Moonshine highlight that turns opalescent on your skin







Pencils and Other Tools

- 
- (1) Creme base for upper eye
(2) Bottles of sparkling glitter chips
(3) Lash curler
(4) Black mascara
(5) Eyebrow brush
(6) Lots of thick soft pencils
(7) Tiny mascara comb
(8) Thin soft pencils
(9) Several warm-toned lipsticks
(10) Bottles of foundation
(11) Lip gloss
(12) Firm lipstick brush
(13) Translucent loose powder
(14) Slant-tipped tweezers
(15) Pencil sharpener

Not shown:
lipstick pencil,
moisturizer,
milky cleanser,

flat round sponges,
and cotton swabs.

Here are some photos I took of a T. V. interview by Judith Kuriansky, Ph.D. and our sister Eileen J and his wife, Priscilla, and their two children, on heterosexual crossdressing and the family unit. (The show was taped on November 26, 1982, and I don't know when it will be shown.)

I thought the interview was good and there were some good points brought out—but I also know it's going to take a long time for the public to understand male crossdressing and accept us as readily as they accept female crossdressing today.

I would have liked to see a one-on-one situation with Doctor Kuriansky and Eileen instead of with the whole family. It was a little rough with the kids, for they did not know what to say and were quite hesitant on some of the questions—but at least it is a step in the right direction, and this show is a spring-board for the up-coming talk show on December 17 with Kuriansky and Eileen.



On TV With Eileen!

EILEEN (NY-11-J) recently appeared on television with her family. Viewers mostly saw dark outlines as the station did not want to show the actual features of the participants. There will be a lot more about this telecast in the next Femme Mirror. Eileen is active in the CHI DELTA MU chapter!



(Left) Dr. Kuriansky
(Above & Below) scenes
from the telecast!





**RANDI
IN-10-M**



**LINDA
NJ-203-C**



**MICHELLE
FL-307-J**



**VICKI
ID-200-W**



**JANICE
VA-203-S**



**RHONDA
NC-202-J**



**MARSHA, MICHELLE, JANA, DEE
IOWA GIRLS**

Dressing Up With Nancy

NANCY -- CA-80-C

I spent some time as a girl when a tot and some older. My two maiden great aunts, my mother's mother's sisters, used to enjoy dressing me as a girl and make a game out of "fooling people." This lasted off and on until I was a teenager. Even then, on visits, I put on a dress because they liked me to. When I went to college, I stayed in an apartment, renting a room with board, from a friend of my grandmother's. She was aware of my girlhood experiences.

My great aunts made me some "study dresses" to wear around the apartment, along with cotton flannel nighties and quilted house coats—all very feminine. So I dressed a bit while in college.

As time went on, I did not dress for many years, but I came out to California some 20 years ago. I could not bring my Virginia and the children with me right away. I was about four-plus months by myself in a motel apartment. The place was full of widows and other single women. I sort of got the fever again.

Two of the women got to teasing me one Saturday afternoon. I was careful not to even try to play around. They couldn't figure out someone who, 3,000 miles away, was still square enough to not try to "score" or whatever the studs do.

I was reading and studying on a balcony over the pool

and they joined me. One woman was doing some needlepoint for some chair seats—I offered to help by filling in around the pattern with plain color. We got to talking some girl talk, decided to cook some supper. I helped and cleaned up on my part. They teased me about being a good house keeper because I sort of cleaned up the kitchen. They were in caftans and we got to talking about clothes and how comfortable they were. I pointed out that their caftans were better than my pants and shirt—the next thing was that I was given one to put on with a pair of panties and sandals—From that point, Nancy sort of came out again.

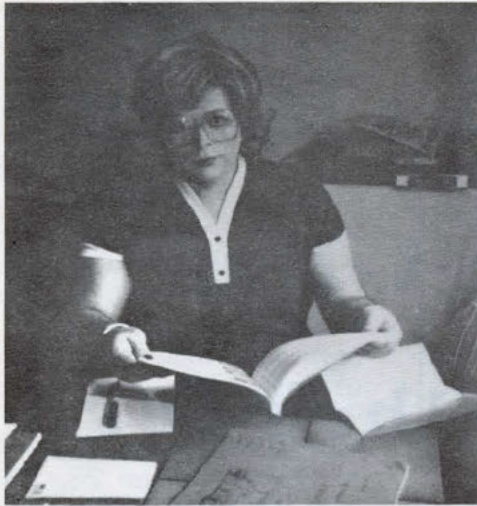
After I moved to a house and got the family out, Nancy sort of went into the closet. But several years ago, it was too much—so my Virginia and I have worked out that Nancy is now out on her own to an extent. My daughter knows about Nancy and approves—in fact, she has made Nancy a dress and is going to make her a skirt suit! My daughter makes extra money sewing for brides and other special clothing, dresses and costumes and such.

One of my daughter's girl friends also knows—I have visited her as Nancy. We enjoy some girl talk once in awhile. Some evenings when I'm dressed, I call my daughter and she and Nancy do some girl talk about dresses and recipes and needle-

work. I love to do some. I am learning to sew a bit. I made a dress for an old doll my Virginia still had that our daughter had played with. I intend to make some more clothes for the doll. My Virginia and I are working together on a bedspread. We are embroidering it over a pattern on the spread. It is a printed pattern in brown and white that we are using—some green for foliage and some other colors for flowers. My Virginia and I go shopping when we can together for her clothes as well as mine.

Bra Size Problem?

In "Hints From Heloise," we find help in determining one's correct bra size. She says, "Measure your diaphragm just under the bust. Don't pull the tape too tightly. To this measurement, add five inches. This will be your bra size. It's a bit harder to determine your cup size since most of us don't have the equipment that girls have, but the following, from Heloise, might help some. "Now measure over the fullest part of your bust. If it is one size larger than your bra size (six inches larger than your diaphragm size), you normally would wear an A cup. Two inches larger than bra size (seven inches larger than diaphragm), a B cup and three inches larger than bra (eight inches larger than diaphragm measurement), a C cup and so on." We hope that helps!!



Gloria-Ann Is Made An Official Girl!

Gloria Ann (Serv-106-W) tells about her experience as a member of an all-girl club. She REALLY had it good, didn't she?

I belong to a group called "O.A." (Overeaters Anonymous). This is a group for compulsive overeaters, based on Alcoholics Anonymous. (It works too!)

Anyhow, I'm the only man in the group, and during discussions, the references to the group came out as "we girls," as "us women," or to get the attention of the group, they would say "Ladies." Well, after five months of this, I asked them for some equality. That's how I stated it, so they got together and decided it would be easier to make me a woman officially instead of trying to say gentleman and ladies.

It was decided to hold the meeting at my house and I was to be initiated as a woman. I had to wear my all-in-one and pantyhose under my male clothing and come to the meeting that way. After the meeting was called to order, they stopped it and brought up the subject about equality that I complained about. They then had me stand up and take off my men's clothing and put on high heels, a slip and a dress. I was allowed to step behind a room screen and get the slip on and then come back. They sat me in a chair and I had four women doing my nails and makeup,

styling my wig and spraying me with perfume. Whew! I was in heaven. They were having the time of their lives too. They were putting a man through the paces of becoming a woman. After they finished, I had a certificate presented to me stating that on this day, 25th October, 1982, that (my brother's name) was now and from this time forward officially a woman and was authorized to wear the uniform of my new position and be known as Gloria Ann. (This certificate, by the way, hangs on my wall in a frame). We went ahead and, as a new woman, I had to lead the rest of the meeting. Afterwards, I was given an apron and I served coffee. After the meeting, I had to walk each woman to the door and wish her a goodnight.

I still get calls asking for Gloria Ann and I get invited (as my brother) for girls' nights out. I was in heaven. But that's my story of how I became officially a woman.

It really was fun. I've had to keep my toenails painted for a month as the final part of my initiation. They check each month, too!

**Read On For Information
About The Tri-Ess Couples
Auxiliary!**

The surveys are pouring in. I've written more letters in the past two weeks than I have in the past year. I love every minute of it.

Carol, the interest is fantastic! They all want to help and I've accepted. I've told them to form chapters and start by getting names of interested people in their areas and working from there.

One of the surveys said the idea was good as long as it caused no disunity. I've explained that our new branch was just that. An addition to—not a subtraction from—the main organization.

NOTE: Gloria Ann has divided the country into six districts, which, in turn, are subdivided into smaller sections. She is selecting Section Leaders in each of these sections. These Section Leaders will be organizing chapters and getting people together, all under the supervision of Gloria Ann. She has posed such questions as, "How do you feel now compared to when you first found out about your husband's crossdressing activities?" She's encouraging correspondence between Section Leaders. All Tri-Ess members with accepting wives should write to Gloria Ann (Serv-106W).



News About Tri-Ess Chapters

CHI Chapter

Chi Chapter's June meeting took place at our regular motel. For this meeting, Mary Ann suggested we have our meeting and get-together done on the "prairie" theme. Everyone was to come dressed in "country-style" clothing and bring an ethnic food dish reflecting their heritage. The meeting was well attended and food was sumptuous.

Mary Ann brought Polish sausage, and lovely wife Kathy brought her specialty, Swedish meatballs. Other courses ranged from Naomi's gafilta fish (hope the spelling is right!) to friend Rachel's Mexican Avacado dip, to many other foods, including dishes from Norway, Holland, Switzerland, and even a dessert from Lithuania by yours truly, Marilee.

All in all, it was a very nice evening, made even more interesting by our guest, a professional photographer who talked to us about a pictorial essay in published book form which he is doing on TVism.

Marilee - IL-300-S

CHI Chapter Yearly Calendar

JANUARY—Meeting on the 15th. Sue Storm to show lingerie and gifts for Valentine's Day.

FEBRUARY—Meeting on the 19th. Theme for the month—red or something with hearts for Valentine's get-together at Little Max's Shoes, 7:00 p.m. on Friday, the 11th, and possible get-together afterwards for dinner or drinks.

MARCH—Holland weekend on 4, 5, 6. Contact Deanna early for reservations. Meeting on 19th—Our guest will be Optive Opticians. Any orders placed at meeting can be sent. It is a good time to try on frames dressed.

APRIL—Meeting on 16th. Get-together at Custom Wigs on Milwaukee Avenue at 7:00 p.m. on the 7th.

MAY—Meeting on the 21st. Get together at Dress Shop Tall Styles in Geneva on the 29th. Annual Ethnicfest—Bring a small plate of ethnic food—Country or ethnic dress.

JUNE—Meeting on the 18th.

JULY—Meeting on the 16th. Our guest will be Kim [redacted] on Electrolysis. White month

and ice cream social.

AUGUST—No meeting. But we will have our Annual Dinner at a restaurant which will be decided on in July.

SEPTEMBER—Meeting on 10th. Shoe get-together at Little Max's on 30th.

OCTOBER—Meeting on the 8th. Optive Opticians at meeting Fantasia Fair 15-23.

NOVEMBER—Meeting on 17th. Get-together at Tall Styles in Geneva on 13th.

DECEMBER—Meeting on 17th. Custom Wigs on 2nd

Greetings to you and all our Tri-Ess Friends!

The Tri-Delta Chapter of Tri-Ess is continuing to grow. Our co-president, my wife, and I are looking forward to continued growth and some very interesting chapter activities during the coming months. Next month, we will have a beauty consultant from Merle Norman, who will do a "Make-over" of one of our members and give advice on makeup techniques. We will video-tape all members who want to see themselves as others see them.

In December, we are planning a Christmas Party at our

home.

Melanie TX-214-T

Tri-Delta Activities Report

In December, a Christmas Party on the 19th at Melanie and Peggy's house, with a gift exchange (\$5 or under). The Chapter made a contribution toward the food and drink, and a talent show was scheduled.

Our Chapter is registered with the Montrose Clinic, the Montrose Counseling Center and the Crisis Hotline. All calls to the Hotline with gender problems are referred to the Montrose Counseling Center, screened by them, and only those not needing counseling are referred to us.

We have contacted some newspapers with information on Tri-Ess and are awaiting results.

In October, we had a field trip to Galveston (en femme, of course), which included a dinner at a Greek restaurant (complete with belly dancer) followed by a visit to Lafittes, and finishing up with a visit to the Kon-Tiki, a plush bar/disco with a mixed crowd of all persuasions.



"All I told him was that he could dress up for dinner."

Our Typesetter Says "Hello"

GREETINGS and wishes for inner peace in the New Year!

Because of space problems, the section normally devoted to letters had to be left out of this issue. Being the new typographer for this publication gives me an unfair advantage---I KNOW exactly how much space is left to be filled!

Unknown to Carol, I have decided to fill that space with a letter from me to all of you!

Carol first approached me in August or September, asking if I could do some typing on my own time. I said I would love to, but didn't know when I would be able to start. Slowly, over those two months, Carol began to give me an indication of what I would be typing.

Being an open-minded person, I IMMEDIATELY told Carol she would have to go slowly and gently, since this was my first experience in this area. (By saying I'm open minded, I mean that my friends that I love can do almost ANYTHING; I can do VERY LITTLE; and my daughter can do LESS! Forget the double standard---I have TRIPLE standards!)

In October, I started to help Carol.

After proceeding slowly, learning a lot, and understanding a great deal, the only objections I can personally come up with are these:

No one ever told me life was fair---But after seeing some of you in pictures in your lovely

apparel, IT IS SIMPLY NOT FAIR that your wardrobes are more beautiful than mine!---and I must confess to feeling slightly insulted when I LEARNED make-up techniques while doing an article for Transvestia!

Carol, and her brother that I knew first, are ONE wonderful friend to me---and she has placed her trust in my discretion to the point that it is up to me to educate others of my choosing in the area of crossdressing. If it helps you at all, at least five of my most trusted friends (including my clergyman) have no problems at all accepting and understanding---with NO reservations or condemnation. (Incidentally, I have only chosen five so far---).

Unfortunately for all of I may be around for awhile! This will NOT be the last time you hear from me. I have a new (fun) idea which, hopefully, will find room in the next issue.

Being a human being, regardless of gender, I would love to receive something in my mailbox besides bills and envelopes addressed to "occupant". However, holding down two jobs at present and attempting to raise a teenager, I find myself without time to even write to my mother---a fact that I hear about at least every two weeks! I will have to correspond "en masse" whenever space permits.

I repeat---PEACE to all of you!

LINDA JONES



They Do Find Our Library Cards

Many of you have been putting our special library cards in library files throughout the country. Well, we have been getting replies from people who do find such cards and this periodical has published some of the letters. Herewith, we are publishing some of the latest letters—letters that have often resulted in not only helping bring peace to disturbed cross-dressers, but also resulted in increased membership for the sorority.

†† Thank you so much for the information concerning the Society for the Second Self. I am very interested in joining and gaining new friends who find themselves like me with the desire to express the “woman within.”

Since I did discover the society's address in the card file at the library, I am assuming that someone put it there? I hope so!

Kathy—Ft. Sill, OK

††I recently have been researching the subject of transvestism. While using the catalogue at the Denver Public Library yesterday, I came across your address. I would be very interested in any references or literature you can supply me

on this subject.

I look forward to hearing from you in the near future.
DCG—Aurora, Colorado

††Do you exist, still? I found your address on an old, yellowing index card in the San Diego Public Library. Today I tried to telephone you, but the phone company has no record of you. So, I decided to write a letter.

I would like very much to know more about the Society for the Second Self, if, in fact, it is still around. Any information you could send me would be most appreciated.

M.A.—San Diego, CA

††I was in the library the other day looking for a copy of the Transvestite and His Wife, and could not find it. But, I saw the card where I could write for information on Transvestism, and as I am very interested in it, I am writing to request information you have available.

I also request that I not be put on any mailing list but will receive any material I

personally request. I am married and my wife does not accept the fact that I derive satisfaction from being dressed in complete female attire.

But I would appreciate your help in any information you can send. Thank you and hope to hear from you soon.

J.D.—Sterling, IL

††Recently I went through the card catalogue in the Denver Public Library, looking up information on transvestites. I saw your address with a statement saying to write you for further information.

I am writing because my boyfriend (of over one year) is a transvestite. I have known this for several months. After reading the books in the library on transvestites and their women (both mothers, girlfriends and wives) I see we have some common traits with the case studies written in the books. I am concerned about all of this, since I've never faced a problem like this before. If you have any information or literature that you think might help me/us, I would like to know about it.

Thanks for any help you might be able to give me.

Marilyn—Denver, CO

femme mirror

missing pages

13, 14, ~~44, 68~~

put in digital format
for when time to process



Tri-Ess Sorority

Reflecting
The
Feminine