



Jan 1984

The Garter Press

TAM



This month....

News update
The Woman Who Lives Inside
Les prothèses
Transformation

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APPARTEMENT

Récemment nous étions tout juste sur le point de louer un logement de 4 1/2 dans l'ouest de la Ville. Malheureusement, à la dernière minute un contretemps a empêché la concrétisation de cette possibilité. Comme trop peu de personnes se sont montrées intéressées à contribuer aux dépenses de TAM (seulement 4 questionnaires nous sont parvenus...) la charge mensuelle était trop forte.

La situation n'est toutefois pas dramatique puisque nous pouvons obtenir une chambre à côté de celle que nous utilisons actuellement. Elle plus spacieuse, et elle a été fraîchement repeinte.

Au fur et à mesure que de nouveaux membres adhéreront au groupe (et contribueront financièrement), les services que nous sommes à mettre sur pied permettront de faire de cet endroit un local adapté à nos besoins.

PROCHAIN MEETING: 12 JANVIER 84
(appeler 933-2395 si la porte est fermée)

NEXT MEETING: JANUARY 12, 1984
(call 933-2395 if the door is locked.)

Update : Jan23/84 We have rented a larger space at the present location. We take possession Jan 26/84 and we will be having an open house in early February. This is a great advance for TAMs and I'm proud that we have taken this step. It's been a long time since I helped found TAMs but the satisfaction of seeing growth makes the wait all the more worthwhile. At the meeting of Jan 12, we elected a Board and an Executive and I'm on both -, so what is new. Since Christine has become our Co-ordinator we have moved fast to consolidate our new-found pride in ourselves and it's a pleasure to be associated with such a fine group of people. We have many plans for the future - including a possible weekend up north, more on that later.....

Congratulations to our new President
Christine, Danielle our new Secretary and I'm your new Treasurer.

D.ve

Here is the newsletter for January. Well things are going their way. Since the last time, Danielle and I went for some legal procedures to get TAM incorporated as a non-profitable organization. It will take about 3 months to be all completed. This will cost around \$150. The expenses are \$25 for registration of the name, \$25 for the official seal, and an other \$50 for miscellaneous expenses. Being incorporated will permit us more freedom and more protection for members.

The GARTER PRESS for this time does not have much articles from the members, but we have for you a major article that was documented during the Fantasia Fair of 1982. My personal comment about it is that it is right on...

It describes the motivations of TV's, from fetishism for some, to the personality expression for others. It must be read... Also this month, we have technical informations. By technical I don't mean "how to repair your brother's car", I think more about your sister's needs to be prettier...

I hope you like the new front page. Danielle and I will be glad to hear comments and suggestions about the format and the content.

A WEEK-END EN FEMME .

An other project that is going on is the preparation of a week-end "en-femme". This is something that organizations do frequently. It provides a place where to dress and to feel free in a "public" place. This is a very popular activity. But we understand that most of our members never attended such a function before. This is why we will have to prepare this very carefully. I guess that when someone has no experience of it, or no knowledge about such a week-end, it is difficult to make a reservation.

In fact, the problem is that one can be scared and wants to cancel at the last minute. Remember when you planned to go out in public... all set to go... becoming suddenly unable to open the door and to walk out. This is the risk in preparing that event: people may be enthusiastic, but won't come. This is why we will ask you to pay a part of the cost in advance. The cancellations will have to be delt with quite strictly as far as the refund goes.

Actually we got a place. It is a hotel in the Laurentians. The manager has been asked if he would "mind" that a TV group spend a week-end there... and he accepted. We will meet with him in the next weeks to start setting up the whole thing. We need to reserve the hotel to be the only ones in there.

It is not decided yet if it will be with guests or for members only, but I feel that it is a lot better with guests. The activities we are planning are of 3 types: One is shopping. We would have an esthetician, a clothing shop, and a shoe shop in the hotel during

the week-end. An second type is discussions groups and group lessons on make-up, gesture and technique. Finally, we have some professionnall TV's for a show...

INTERNATIONNAL

We received a letter from the Tapestry Magazine (which is associated to the Tiffany Club of Boston) to tell us that there is a change in the subscription policy. The Tapestry permitted a \$10 discount for a member of TAM. From now on, the subscriber will not receive the discount. Insead, the \$10 will be paid to TAM.

We can also get a few copies of the Tapestry to sell them ourselves, \$6 or \$8 on consignment, at a cost of \$3.60 for us. The difference is money for TAM. So we will be ordering some copies for members and to be distributed thru sex shops and some book shops.



This drawing from Danielle would be used extensively in our stationary and membership card...

In different formats, it is going to add a touch of class to our image.

It goes well with us and I want to give special credit and thanks to Danielle for such a good effort.

The Woman Who Lives Inside

by Darrell Yates-Rist
photographs by
Mariette Pathy Allen

A soft, shivery rain fell all morning across Cape Cod. In the autumn mist, white clapboard cottages blurred and teared, the vibrant colors of changing leaves paled to shades of gray, and sand dunes seemed to melt and run into the sea. By noon in Provincetown, hazy columns of sunlight filtered down from rifts in the clouds, spread out on the tight, sharp waves of the wind-scattered bay and transformed them into tiny shimmers of silver lame.

At midafternoon, the mist cleared, impulsively, and the sun played hard with dark clouds rolling across the sky. Heavy shadows cast themselves over the ground one minute, only to be followed by warm bursts of brilliant light the next.

On this afternoon of whimsical sunlight, Diane takes me to her room at Gifford House. She is what my mother, in her Southern courtesy, would call a "big girl." But she dresses for her size sensibly. The puffy sleeves and exuberant ruffles of her blouse mitigate the ample width of her shoulders. The rhythmic folds of her denim circle skirt soften her broad hips and detract from the stocky musculature of her lower legs.

Diane looks at me little, preferring the hypnosis of the full-length mirror across the room from where I stand, a lusterless product of Christopher Street—bejeaned, beplaided, and anchored in new black Patricks. Diane's image in the glass angles slightly to this side, then to the other. Her short, thick fingers hang a white one-piece tennis dress over her large bust; the skirt hits her leg somewhere about mid-femur.

"I like this look," she mused in her whispery baritone. "It's naughty. When I bend over to pick up the ball, some man gets a peek, then pretends he doesn't see when I straighten up and look at him."

She turned around abruptly and opened the closet door beside me. "Look at this." Her face broadened with her smile. "This is what I want him to see." There hung between the snaps of fifty hangers a panoply of abundantly laced silk panties.

She released one pair from the grasp of its hanger with a kind of heavy-handed grace. Then she returned to the mirror to display the panties that so compelled her titillation, suspending them delicately from the line of her waist. "They're all the best that money can buy," she said distantly.

For a moment I stayed quiet, studying her mesmerized reflection. Then, not knowing what to expect from her next, I asked, "Would you mind if we finished our talk downstairs?"

October in Provincetown is a fickle time, not a time for expected beauties. The intense and steady sun of July and August has fled south. The temperature indulges the moods of the winds. And the usual tourists, compelled by summertime's hot predictability, have all but deserted the town. The fairweather gays—the strutting exhibition of monolithic manhood, darkly tanned and finely chiseled bodies—are gone, back to Boston and New York to lay their plans for Key West.

The few tourists on Commercial Street during most of the month are mainly middle-aged—sauntering couples, clones of L.L. Bean, the fathers and mothers of the boys who people P-town in the heat. And then, in a brief, a magical, resurgence of trade in mid-October, there is Fantasia Fair and its ladies. For ten days, there are *ladies* everywhere, in a polychromic play of fashions and hairdos, speech and gestures, manners and poses—a medley of fantasies and a serious search for what it means to be a woman.

Diane is one of the gaggle. She leads me from her room to the lobby one flight below, her large hips lugging side to side, her weight on each step pressing the wood to a groan. Activity at the bottom of the banisters rumbles.

"Linda"—Paula pinches her low contralto through her nose—"let's try it again. Shoulders back... against the chair. Bust out. Turn the upper torso slightly. Keep your legs together. Slant them to the side. Cross the ankles. Good. Now, bring the ankles to the center. Linda, keep your knees together. Stand up, letting the breasts lead."

Edie, D.D., Laura, Maxime, Donna, Sandy, and Meg have mirrored Linda's careful execution of the instructions. But only Linda walks toward the video camera. Her turn to be center stage. She tediously slaps one wedge-heeled shoe in front of the other, watching her toes, forgetting to keep her eyes up and smile.

6-foot-4 Edie does circles around her chair. After sixty-five years, her boney knees seem barely to coordinate the long shafts of her upper and lower legs. The expanse of her pelvis forces her to a pregnancy walk, and each piercing step tenses her high, spiked heels precariously close to a snap.

Diane and I take a table on the veranda, within easy sound of the poise class. From the combustion of deep-chested laughter and firm-palmed applause, I gather that Linda walked well. Diane sets out an emery board, a small box of tissues, and a bottle of Revlon Super Lustrous Creme—kumquat. She lifts her fingers into a spot of sun on the table to examine her nails. Against her knuckles and the side of her hand, luxuriant patches of black hair glisten in the yellow light.

"You're absolutely immaculately dressed," I observe, "to the teeth, or the nines, or something." I try to be casual, matter-of-fact. "Your clothes suit you well, very stylish. Your hairdo is meticulous. There's not a hair out of place. The makeup is flawless. But"—I tone my voice neutrally—"what about the hair on your hands?"

She continues lapping kumquat on her nails. "That's there for a reason. Not to make any statement, but merely, when this is over, I don't want any absence of hair to be noticeable. It's something I can't give up. I absolutely like being a man. And my wife likes it that way too."

And so it is, to one degree or another, with the other ladies at Fantasia Fair—avowed heterosexual men who fore-swear their native gender for the nonce to study their roles as women.

I first heard of the Fair on a P-town weekend in September, my try to relieve the monotony of summer Saturday nights at the Village bars and Sunday afternoons at Jones Beach. Now, after a day in an ocean of tiny Speedos, I leaned against a wall of tight 50s at the A-House, indulging a mirror ball's strained caprice over competing repetitions of cropped hair, trimmed moustaches, and tanned faces. A local who liked Provincetown immeasurably had been battling the brutal beat from the DJ's cage to tell me the won-I could take it. They never touched my sister. I wanted to be like her." And Diane wonders whether dressing was her convoluted way of indulging prepubescent sexual fantasies in a rigidly religious home. "Touching women's bodies was sinful. Touching women's clothes was not." But like gays who have come to terms with themselves, many of the Fantasia ladies don't care about "causes." "I don't think anything *happened* to make me this way," said Janna. "It's just the way I am. Maybe it's biological, maybe it's genetic. Whatever. But for me, it's natural."

Linda remembers first putting on women's wear when she was four or five. "I was in the bathroom, looking for something of mine in the dirty clothes hamper. There were panties and bras in there—my mother's and my sister's. I don't know why, but I just started trying them on. I liked the feel, I liked who I was in them. So after that, I did it a lot. Sometimes I'd steal panties off the clothesline from the little girl next door."

"What did that do for you?" I asked. "What was going through your head when you were in girls' underwear?"

"I felt good. It made me feel comfortable. And of course it was sexual. Even

when I was little I'd stand in front of the mirror and masturbate. I'd pretend I was a little girl and that would turn me on."

Felicity tells a story of a different kind. In the custom of the day—she was born in 1905—her hair was in a bob until she was almost six. The day before it was to be cut short, her mother dressed her in the clothes of the girl across the street, put a big ribbon in her hair, and had her father take photographs of his ersatz daughter.

"I was humiliated," Felicity recalls. "And from the day my hair was cut, I was very proud of having short hair. I started school soon afterward and was quite an adventuresome boy. We lived on a farm, and I was rifle hunting when I was still a tyke. Before I was twelve I had built a narrow gauge railroad that the other kids and I could ride lickety-split down two steep hills. But it was always the freedom of flying that fascinated me. So between two big oak trees, I built an aerial cable we could fly across on a pulley more than a hundred feet up.

"I was somewhat of a daredevil, and that never changed right up to this day. But when I was twelve I happened across those photos my father took of me when I was five. Something in them irresistibly kindled my interest, and I started dressing secretly in my mother's clothes. That kept me until I was seventeen. I got into the aviator business, started earning money, and bought a small feminine wardrobe for myself."

Felicity crossed her legs and pushed forward her hem. The skirt gently fell over her knees, framing her legs like the curtain from a proscenium arch.

I asked if Felicity's clothes stimulated any sexual feelings.

"The clothes and cross-dressing have no erotic effect on me. They never have. They're simply a means I use to turn myself into a lady I am very pleased to be."

There is something fetishistic in the dressing for most of them, though. And masturbation as much as feminine clothes fueled the confused responses of the parents of those who got caught. When Barbara was fourteen, her father came home all too quietly from golf one day and found her with her skirts up masturbating to her image in the bedroom mirror. No sooner did she drop her sister's favorite pleats and become her

father's son again than did her father begin to vent hysterically. "Playing with yourself," he screamed. "That's what sissies do. No wonder you want to wear a dress." His father threw him on the bed and began hitting him on his now bare butt. "If you ever touch yourself again, I'll cut it off and put you in a dress for good. I'll make you into more of a girl than your sister will ever be." And like other TVs discovered too young, Barbara set off through a tortured adolescence of paddles, shrinks, and priests, and of surreptitious perseverance.

Most Fantasia Fair TVs lived through their young adulthoods creating piecemeal images of nameless women—locking themselves in bathrooms or bedrooms to slip into panties, try on skirts, or clomp around in high heels. Many wore—and still wear—women's underwear beneath their masculine clothes. But at some point, generally in his thirties and during marriage, each evolved his total woman. Wigs. Makeup. Jewelry—frequently a woman's wedding band and diamond. A full array of outer wear and underwear. Hip pads to sculpt a child-bearing pelvis. Busts—stocking-stuffed bras, birdseed-stuffed stockings, prostheses, implants, or hormonally-induced growth. And for some, Tampax or Kotex and feminine hygiene spray. A close shave and makeup, a high neckline and long sleeves—these most often do to hide unwanted hair. There are more drastic means: stripping off the beard and other masculine follicles with hot wax or burning them out barb by bitter barb in electrolysis. In these ways, a lady takes meticulous shape. And gender is transformed from the inside out.

This is the "woman" who comes to Provincetown, her car filled—or even a U-Haul loaded—with feminine clothes and accoutrements. Michelle displayed her \$5,000 assortment of high heels. Naomi modeled her favorites of 30 new dresses—designer labels she purchased herself at Carson's, Marshall Field's, and Saks in Chicago. And she uneasily confessed to buying a few small things at Lane Bryant and out of the Spiegel catalogue.

Mid-week, Betty Ann showed me her things at one of her nightly pajama parties. But her display was not all new. Her racks were hung with a fashion review dating forward from the 1950s. Her trunks were like attic chests of a mother's sartorial treasures. She quipped, tugging at a too-tight curler on the side of her head. "It wasn't principle so

much as all those skirts that pushed me out of the closet."

We talked about the TV's obsession with clothes. "That isn't being a woman," she critiqued, laughing lightly. Her bust bounced freely beneath the low cut of her nylon nighty—her handsome cleavage was real. "Clothes alone just make a satin doll. There's more to cross-dressing than that. But very few TVs get beyond it."

She elaborated on a theme I had begun to hear over and over: TVs' clothes are often the road to sexual and emotional escape. The "women" they create and wholly control are the idols before which they masturbate, the images that provide the sensory pleasures they associate with women: the unctuous movement of silk or satin undergarments against their skin, the constriction of nylon stockings on their legs, the breezy tease of the hems of skirts against their calves, the sound of high heels clacking against the floor. She infuses them with a total relaxation, a euphoria that washes over them and releases them from the heavy role of "being a man."

Betty Ann had unveiled this impulse behind cross-dressing more lucidly than the others, with a kind of maternal intuition. And she, among all the TVs I talked to, was in a unique position to do so. The aunt with whom she lived until she was twelve raised her as a girl, even sent her to an all-girls convent school, which she attended without detection throughout the elementary grades. She lived her teenage years primarily as a boy. She knew both roles well.

"Watch these guys here tonight, listen to what they say." She bent over to pick up a curler that had dropped on the floor. Her neckline bloused freely to an open view of her chest. I jerked my eyes away without a thought. "What you want to find out," she continued, "is something about the manhood these guys try to get relief from when they dress this way."

By now the chairs and beds of the small guest room were quilted with erstwhile ladies unwinding after their evening's toilette or still awkwardly enduring the tedium of bobby pins, cold cream, and fingernail files. The talk was football scores and bottom lines. There was one cigar. But a softening had taken place since registration day. They squeezed hands instead of shaking hands when someone new came in. And jocular punches on the arm had given way to hugs, sometimes a kiss on the cheek. A few even practiced that delicate, womanly pose of suspending a slipper from the ends of their toes while swinging the leg from the knee.

Aside from me, Pam alone was not dressed for bed. "A little uncomfortable, I imagine," Betty Ann had cautioned. "The Fair's her first time out like this."

I picked my way across a carpet of big, fuzzy, pastel slippers to Pam, who sat by herself. She wore a pleated skirt—a plaid of pinks and blues—and a white long-sleeved sweater whose knit drew hers of a season at the resort. The end of his precis turned my attention.

"Then every October these bizarre straight guys come here in drag," he said flippantly. "And they act so serious about the whole thing."

I knew little about transvestites—TVs, as they abbreviate it. But I did know that most TVs say they are heterosexual and that for their claim they have the support of the psychiatric pundits. I also knew that straight though most TVs indeed may be, drag queens are the most visible of the lot and nearly everyone exclusively associates transvestism with male homosexuals. When I told my father that I am gay, one of his first painful questions was "Does this mean you want to wear a dress?"

Such individual ignorance is persistently multiplied by those revered echoes of popular thought like Ann Landers, who insisted in a column not long ago that any man who wants to wear women's clothes is indisputably homosexual. This same misconception has been used in political forums as an argument against gay rights. Particularly during Anita Bryant's Dade County hysteria, editorials in major papers—I distinctly remember an avid one in the *Chicago Tribune*—posited that to ban discrimination against homosexuals was, among other horrors, to invite hitherto closeted gays to wear their dresses to work, irreparably disrupting American industry and, God forbid, American classrooms. The P-town drag event my bar acquaintance described might present, I thought, some tidy first-hand evidence against the common wisdom on the subject.

The afternoon Fantasia Fair began. I was to meet its director, Ariadne Kane, at Gifford House at 5:00. An hour early, I announced myself at the registration table, then sat on a sofa in the lobby watching the participants arrive. There was little of the startle I anticipated. Three TVs worked registration. And if their get-ups were not high fashion and their motions paradigms of

grace, the women they portrayed were not simply bad drag. They were the dowdy and socially awkward old-maid aunts that nearly every family of any size has one of. But most of the new registrants were not yet dressed—their clothing still corresponding comfortably to the deep-voiced vigor of their dialogues. And their general manner revealed them to be models of the mature male, as fine a sampling of masculinity as any suburban country club could sport.

Some made successive trips to and from their rooms to carry their hat boxes, suitcases, and train trunks in from outside. Others gathered in small huddles, reacquainting, with the uneasy enthusiasm of a college fraternity at its ten year reunion.

"You sure do look familiar," one of them called out, smiling and pointing robustly toward a fresh arrival as he walked up to the group. "Carolyn?"

"Carol Ann," the newcomer replied. "And you're . . . Ruth." He clipped the name decisively as they stretched out their arms and shook hands twice, hard.

"Right." He drew out the word. "The gold sleeveless gown in last year's fashion show." As he spoke, Ruth bobbed his head and neck affirmatively and examined Carol Ann's face. Then, as if to recall something to identify Carol Ann further, he furrowed his forehead and asked hesitantly, "The wife with you this year?"

"No, 'fraid not." Carol Ann looked away, shaking his head, his lips pressed tightly together. He jingled the change in his pocket. "Said she couldn't handle it this time. I left her pretty teary-eyed."

As they talked, a squat, heavy man had been watching the veranda door expectantly, one hand in his suit pants pocket, the other drumming four fingers on the registration table. His starched white shirt pulled across his belly and chest like a tautly stretched skin to hold his fullness in. The knot of his tie disappeared between his chins.

Now his hand shot up and his narrow squeezed mouth rounded, resonating his bass. "Ariadne. I'm so glad you've finally gotten here." His speech was clipped. British.

I looked around quickly. Ariadne strode across the room with the poised strength of an Olympian goddess. She was fully *en femme*: a gray gabardine pants suit, a white silk blouse with a collar sash tied into a big, drooping bow, pumps with two-inch heels, a shoulder purse. When she reached the man who had called to her, she firmly laid her

palm on his extended arm, bent her head over acutely—she was at least a half-foot taller—and spoke briefly into his ear. The tension left his face. Then she walked over to where I sat.

"John will *not* share a room," she said to me familiarly, as if confiding to an old friend. She sat down next to me. "He's accustomed to more exclusivity, and that carries over to his fem role too. For about 25 years, he's skippered a British merchant ship. When he's Dorothy, he becomes the Queen Mother."

"I'm Ariadne," she said, extending her hand to me. She drew one knee up on the sofa, faintly brushing my leg as she angled herself intimately toward me. Her bracelets tinkled like tiny bells as she draped her hand over the back cushion. My chest and the back of my neck tingled with warmth as she went on quietly, privately, her low, lush voice covering the space between us like black velvet.

"I'm not being at all sarcastic about Dorothy. Who she is as a man or a woman commands respect." For a few seconds, she studied a group of men standing nearby. "That's true of most of the people you'll meet here. We're all here because we like to cross-dress. I use the term '*cross-dresser*,' " she said, quickly interrupting herself as she laid her fingertips on my forearm, "*not* 'transvestite.' That word's associated with all the stereotyped sickness of *Psycho* and *Dressed to Kill*. That's not what this is about. These men are sane, successful—backbones of their communities. This year we've got corporate executives from CEOs to middle management, doctors, lawyers, politicians, military men, a commercial airline pilot, an FBI agent. I could go on. Scientists, teachers, professors. Entertainers. We've even got a very successful plumber. It's a select group, men who can afford to lay out an easy \$2,000 for less than two weeks in Provincetown, plus who knows how much for new outfits, wigs, and make-up."

Ariadne reached up with both hands, her pinkies held out, and loosened the clasp of the purple plastic hemisphere covering the lobe of her left ear. The color matched the shade on her eyes. "Most of them are married, or have been and would like to be again. They are family men who take their home life seriously. They take being a *man* seriously, and they take *this* seriously. This *isn't* drag. We're not making fun or creating satire. We do this because we respect women, we *adore* them. And

cross-dressing is a way of getting in touch with who they are and understanding those feminine qualities in ourselves. Integrating the yin with the yang, as it were." She circled her hand in the air. "But that doesn't mean we're all doing the same thing here. We're not all alike anymore than all gays are. You're going to have to talk to as many people as you can and find out what you can say about cross-dressing in general and what you can say only about each of us as an individual."

Ariadne lifted her left hand to look at her watch. "Oh, something important. Most cross-dressers keep their masculine and fem roles very separate. The fem has her own name and you refer to that role as 'she.' But if you do happen to meet any of them as men, use their masculine names. And, by the way"—she reached over and squeezed my hand gently—"most of these men are the kind who don't talk easily about their private lives and have probably never talked to an open gay. You'll have to deal with that as best you can."

I looked around the room, my knees pushed together, my shoulders hunched in. Except for Ariadne with her comforting androgyny, I was feeling as alone as an adolescent. Odd boy out. A teen-aged faggot at his Dad's Kiwanis Club.

I tried to be practical in my goals, wanting above all to put the broad brush strokes on their collective portrait. I asked predictable questions—many of the same ones well-meaning heterosexuals have asked me when they find I'll talk about being gay. "Why did it happen?" "When?" "You poor thing, wouldn't you like to change?" "My God! Which restroom do you use?" And despite my affrontive sincerity, many of them did talk candidly with me, uncovering intimate details and exposing vulnerable emotions in a way I had thought the particular province of real women and gays. In ten days, somewhat of an impressionist canvas had begun to take form.

Most of the TVs I talked to say it all began in early childhood. When Linda was three, her mother died in an auto crash. "The loss, I think," she said. "I think I tried to regain the person I lost by dressing the way she did. I guess I tried to bring her back to life, and that whole thing just got a hold on me." Pam thinks it was a reverie, a dreamed-up escape from alcoholic parents. "They got drunk and I got hit. I was the little boy.

tautly across her C-cup bust. Despite a shyness enforced by the newness of her situation, she talked with exuberance about her day at the Fair.

"I bought these today," she said giddily, examining her buxom expanse. "\$340." She grimaced. "But they feel great." The prostheses swelled sensuously in her bra as she leaned forward for intimacy as we talked. "I move and I can feel them move. I lean over to talk to somebody, and they pull on my chest. It really feels marvelous."

I indulge her for a moment, but right now I am interested in "brother," as TVs call it—the role Pam plays as a man.

"Military scholarship to college, ROTC, commander of my unit for a while. Distinguished military graduate." Pam punctuated the syllables concussively. "At graduation I got involved in an anti-Viet Nam protest—on the other side from the hippies. The head campus radical came up behind me and flipped the hat off my head, then took a swing at me—just what I wanted him to do. I wrestled the whole time I was in high school, and I flattened the sucker. I had to put up with this shit for four years in the ROTC, and I was going to get four years into this one punch." Pam's voice was constricted, her face tightly pinched into a smile.

I squirmed back. Pam's story made me uneasy—not even so much her striking a provocative adversary as the apparent pride it still summoned in her. "But how does that make you feel now—as Pam?"

"I know what being a man is all about." She doubled her hands into fists on her lap and jerked forward in her chair. "Violence. Have you ever thought about how thin civilization is? Men are full of anger just waiting to blow up. And when it happens, when there's fighting in the streets, who's got to take care of things then? Not women. I'm all for women's rights. But when the fabric of society rips open and there's blood running in the streets, it's the men—men—who have to face each other and kill to survive."

Throughout my life I have despised the view that to be a man—to live up to the honor of the organ between my legs—I had to outdo every other man, beat the other guy bitterly, relentlessly, to win at any cost. And until adulthood, when I let myself indulge the friendship of other men like myself, women had been my most constant refuge from a raw-edged standard of masculinity that was unforgiving, I felt, on every count.

Now I looked hard at Pam. Except for the pale shadow of a beard beneath her makeup, on sight she passed convincingly as a woman. But her sensibilities were all askew. The rawness of her sentiments vitiated the image she had tried to create. I turned away angry that so comforting an appearance belied a ruthless masculinity festering inside. And that night I slept fitfully, plagued by nightmares of exploding female faces and of catastrophic androgynes.

The next day I secluded myself in a gay bar, satisfying a need for the familiar. And in the evening, though still feeling tenuous, I ventured to a potluck the TVs were serving to the Universalist Church parishioners.

At a table by myself, I watched the ladies balance perilously on their heels while carrying hot casserole dishes and stacks of plates from the parish hall kitchen. I pulled at my moustache absently and rubbed the day's growth of stubble on my face, glad it was there. From behind, two firm hands on the tops of my shoulders startled me.

"So how are you doing with all this?" The question had a Brooklyn lilt. Marilyn walked around me and took a chair, folding her arms at the edge of the table. Her long neck chains fell in gentle coils across her wrists. She looked at me, smiling softly with the inviting sincerity of an understanding aunt.

"I'm coping," I laughed. "But I'd like to know how you're doing."

"I always cope." She rolled her eyes and continued nonchalantly. "This is my third year. I'm getting used to it. At least I'm getting used to being waited on." She was looking across the room. Within seconds, Linda was at our table plopping a cup of coffee in front of Marilyn.

Linda sat down heavily next to me and leaned over to undo her heel strap and rub her foot. "All right, tell me." The accent was New York tough talk. "What are you learning from a g.g.?"—that's TV code for "genuine" or "genetic girl." Marilyn is Linda's wife.

Before I could reply, Marilyn was talking to Linda. "I told you before, you can't run on the beach in heels chasing a kite without hurting your feet." Still facing Linda, she angled her eyes toward me and kept talking. "The only way to find a real woman in Provincetown during Fantasia Fair is to look for the ones in flats and slacks." She exhaled quickly, as if to put an end to a tired topic. "Lin," she said softly, "back on with the shoes. We're supposed to be milling around making the church people feel comfortable."

Later that evening, I met up again with Linda and Marilyn during the Fan Fair Follies, a revue for the townsfolk hosted by one of the gay discos. A motley parade of celebrities traipsed across the stage. Loretta Lynn at 6-foot-2 spasmodically booming her own baritone over her lip sync. "You ain't woman enough to take my man," she crooned. Shirley Temple at a rotund 180 or so galloping through "The Good Ship Lollipop." A sinewy ectomorph of Debbie Boone, eyes shut, head tossed back, moving her mouth a splintered beat behind every word of "You Light Up My Life." Every performer intermittently distracted by the lights, the applause, and the constant search across the crowd to keep her eyes on Mariette, the g.g. who shoots the official photos for the Fair. Now the clapping sharpens. Whistles pierce the room from a string of gay men posed like marionettes against the back bar. Naomi is on. Tight, frosted blond curls. A small, scarlet mouth puckered between her large cheeks. Her massive round body straining the zipper of her black lace teddy as she pounds the stage mightily with her heels. "Take back your mink. Take back your poils. What makes you think I'm one of the goats?"

A g.g. behind me, one of a bevy of locals, keeps leaning over my shoulder, cutting through the noise by projecting through her nose. "Aren't they great? Aren't they simply great?" Marilyn takes my hand and pulls me over to her. "I'm so glad Linda's not up there tonight."

On the way back to our rooms, I asked Marilyn why she felt that way.

"I don't know," she said. "They take things so seriously. If they don't think it goes so well, they get depressed for days. I guess I'd feel like a mother with her daughter in the high school musical."

"Next year I'm going to, Babe," Linda announced gingerly. "Maybe I'll do something serious like Michelle's Evita."

"A little at a time, Linda," Marilyn said slowly, putting her arm through Linda's, "a little at a time."

At the guest house, Marilyn invited me in for coffee. Linda kept redoing her hair in a mirror, now and then twirling around to demand, "How do you like this?" Marilyn and I kept talking.

"How did you end up getting into this?" I asked, trying to restrain the incredulous tone in my voice.

"Slowly." She elongated the vowel. "I'll tell you. We were married ten years. That was fifteen years ago. One day I was looking for a set of keys in the bedstand drawer. There was a pair of black lace panties stuffed in the back. And they weren't mine." She raised her eye-

brows and her shoulders simultaneously. "When Ben—that's Linda's other name—when Ben got home, I took him in the bedroom and shut the door. I held them up and kept screaming, 'Who the hell do these belong to?' And he says, 'They're mine. I'm a transvestite.' I didn't even know what that meant, and right then I didn't even care."

Linda turned around again, lightly fluffing her hair with the tips of her nails. "All right, now what do you think?"

Marilyn glanced her way and kept talking. "The next day I looked it up in one of those encyclopedias you buy at the grocery store and it said, 'See *homosexual*.' I got hysterical."

"Can you believe that?" Linda belatedly. She stopped playing with her hair and came over to us. "I'm not into guys. I'm into women. Same as these other TVs here. If I were a g.g., I'd be a lesbian. I'd like to live in a world where there are *only* women."

Marilyn twisted her mouth into a wry smile. "The other day, one of the wives—who just found out a couple months ago—asked me how I stood it. I said to her, 'Go find yourself a lesbian. Avoid all this trouble from the start.'"

"Is Linda's lesbian fantasy...? Do you and Linda...?" I stumbled, nonplussed. "Does Linda come to bed?"

"That took a long time." Marilyn said. "I learned to accept Linda sometimes dressing in front of me at home. But I somehow realized that sooner or later she'd want to sleep with me. So I went to a porno shop and bought some magazines with women making love. I wasn't comfortable with it at all, but I kept looking at the pictures for weeks until it didn't upset me any more. I just kept wondering, 'How else can I hold on to Ben?'"

Linda reached over and took Marilyn's hand. I watched them look at each other. After a moment, I said, "Does that mean you're really comfortable with the whole thing now?"

Marilyn looked away from Linda and answered quietly. "I realize how much more exciting our sex lives have become. But listen, in every way Ben's a wonderful person as a man. Linda's a little more open than Ben, more emotional, softer. She even writes poetry. She doesn't always have to be in control like Ben. Some of that has rubbed off on his male role. Linda has made Ben a better husband. More loving."

She squeezed Linda's hand tightly. "And I think I'm a better person for knowing Linda too," she continued, hushed. "But every day of my life—even though I think I'd miss her—I wake up wishing Linda wouldn't come around anymore."

I didn't see Linda and Marilyn again until the last Saturday night of the Fair. The banquet room of the Holiday Inn fluttered; the ladies were their best-dressed yet, wearing fine light wools or silks in solid colors with simple strands of pearls or tasteful rhinestones. There were a few corsages. Naomi, her voice modulating happily, had dispensed the awards that the TVs covet from year to year: Miss Best Dressed, Miss Femininity, Miss Congeniality, Miss Most Helpful. The room had gone silent, then vibrated with pleasure as Lilly was named Cinderella, the first-year participant most lively in her coming out. Now a new award: Marilyn and six other wives or girlfriends were called to the dais.

Naomi subdued the inflections of her voice, measuring her words carefully. "These are the ladies who have been behind us, supported us, who didn't leave us when we felt alone, afraid, and couldn't understand what wanting to dress like this is all about." She paused, looking long at the women standing by her. Only sounds from the busboys broke into the quiet. "These ladies deserve all the awards. They're the ones without whom all of this would be nothing."

The other ladies rose up on their heels. Their applause was long, and they kept their eyes unswervingly on the women at the front.

The next morning Fantasia Fair joined the Universalist parish for its Sunday service. I got there for the final hymn. The black folds of the pastor's robe swayed in time as he recessed past the baroque walls of the eighteenth-century church—fluted niches and white marble pilasters, all *trompe l'oeil*. I found Linda and Marilyn in the back pew, gave them each a kiss goodbye, and slipped out ahead of the pastor as the congregation sang the last verse: "For the joy of ear and eye/For the heart and mind's delight/For the mystic harmony/Linking sense to sound and sight."

Outside, Janna waited for me in her car. She and Naomi had agreed to drop me off in New York on their way back to Chicago. I squeezed into the back on the slender piece of seat left by the boxes and bags of women's clothes. In the front with Janna was a fiftyish, bald-headed man, obese and pale. He wore a cream-colored sport shirt, brown double-knit pants, and glasses with black plastic frames.

"Naomi?" I asked, not concealing my surprise.

"I'm Ned," he said, turning around. "Naomi's all packed up and in that lug-

gage next to you."

The trip home was tedious. The weather was bad, the traffic slow, and Janna stopped at every women's room along the expressway, each time she pulled it off feeling more and more elated as a lady. Ned had lost Naomi's spontaneity. His voice had flattened to something of a monotone. He was unresponsive, distant. And I irritated him continually, confusing Ned with Naomi or referring to Ned as "she."

And I was irritated too—tense from ten days of twisted perceptions, exhausted from a battered sense of reality, tired. I told myself, of trying too hard to understand a straight man's world. And as Ned and Janna left me off beneath the George Washington Bridge, I thought it unlikely that I would ever cultivate friendships among straight men like them.

But my old definitions of men, of masculinity, and straights had been torn inexorably in Provincetown. Little in my ordinary environments, gay or straight, seemed to offer much new. And when Betty Ann invited me for a TV Thanksgiving in D.C., I was ready to be around their anguished androgyny again.

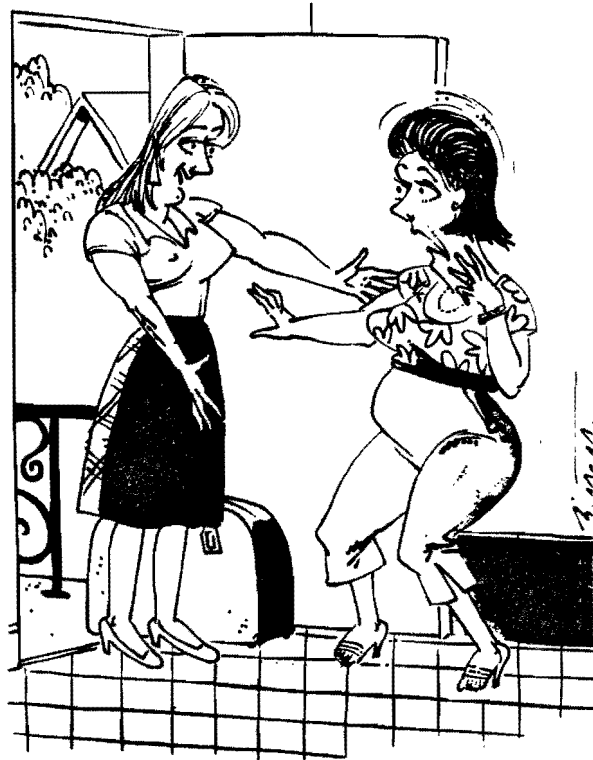
The day I left, I spent the afternoon with Larry, a friend who came out with me in Chicago in the Sixties. There were a lot more queens, it seems, then. And most of us who were out, I think, thought of ourselves as sissies. Larry went with me to make a purchase Betty Ann had requested, then walked me to the train while I told him the tale of the straight TVs.

When I had gotten my ticket, Larry gave me a hug and a kiss, then placed his arms akimbo to think for a minute. Before he spoke, he twisted his head to one side, keeping his eyes on me. "It just makes you wonder why any of us who were ladies to begin with have tried all these years to be butch."

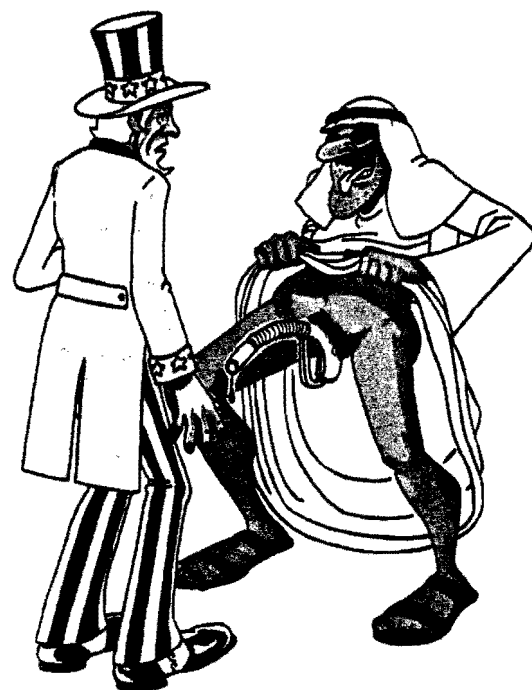
Then he left, off for a night in the Village. And I went to board the Amtrak to Washington, carrying Betty Ann's new tits in a bag. □

Writer Darrell Yates-Rist and photographer Mariette Pathy Allen live in New York City. They are currently working on a book about the kind of men they met in Provincetown.

For more information about Fantasia Fair, contact Ariadne Kane, The Outreach Institute, Kenmore Station, Box 368, Boston, MA 02215.



"Mom, it's me — Charlene, your son!"



DUANE TINE/ELQ

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LES PROTHESES ET AUTRES GADGETS

Durant la dernière rencontre, certaines conversations ont porté sur les prothèses et le camouflage de la barbe... Un des participants mentionnait avoir été bien servi par une personne qualifiée dans l'ajustement des prothèses, et j'ai contacté Dianne pour en savoir plus long...

Pour ceux qui recherchent une silhouette "de qualité" et qui peuvent y mettre le prix, Dianne nous propose les prothèses Knoché. Le modèle Melody est sûrement le plus près de la réalité. La couleur et la texture sont authentiques, et leur poids est proportionné. On peut les porter sous des vêtements très transparents et personne n'y verra la différence. Malgré le prix de \$330 pour la paire, c'est la seule façon de satisfaire celle qui vise un "look" parfait. Dianne m'a gentiment donné une brochure à ce sujet, et pour le bénéfice de ceux que ça intéresse cette brochure est reproduite ici. Vous n'avez qu'à prendre rendez-vous avec Dianne. Les gens du magasin ne vous importuneront pas. (Le samedi c'est plus simple...)

Dans le cas de ceux pour qui le coût est trop élevé, d'autres alternatives s'offrent. Mais il faut prévoir que souvent on ira acheter une autre prothèse parce que non satisfait, et très rapidement le même montant aura été dépensé, tout en étant toujours insatisfait. Aussi, la compagnie Wonder-Bra fabrique une prothèse ayant un bon effet, tout en étant d'un prix de \$200 la paire. C'est je crois le minimum auquel il faut s'attendre à payer pour des prothèses durables et fiables. J'ai été satisfait des miennes qui me durent depuis des années.

En passant, un vrai conseil... Les prothèses ne doivent pas être grosses si vous comptez sortir en public. Vous ne pourrez pas "supporter ce vous avancerez", et on vous détectera plus facilement. De plus, même pour ceux qui restent à l'intérieur, pensez à votre garde-robe. Une poitrine trop forte bousillera votre grandeur de blouse et de robe. Les gros michons... c'est un pensez-y bien ...

Un autre type de prothèses sert aux hanches et au derrière. Il existe plusieurs variations de ces prothèses, et elles consistent en général à une gaine à l'intérieur de laquelle sont cousues soit des pochettes pour y insérer des coussinets, soit les coussinets eux-mêmes. Il existe également des prothèses plus complètes (toujours en foam) qui font un effet de loin supérieur aux gaines. Elles compensent le ventre et les cuisses (elle simulent un "croupe de cheval"). La gaine a l'avantage de se porter lorsqu'il fait chaud, ou encore lorsqu'on s'habille pour la détente, à la maison. Mais lorsqu'il s'agit de sortir en public, ou encore de

maison. Mais lorsqu'il s'agit de sortir en public, ou encore de porter des vêtements ajustés, ces autres prothèses donnent un résultat plus naturel. "Ne partez pas sans elles ..."

Pour ce qui est du maquillage, plusieurs éprouvent des difficultés à bien couvrir la barbe. Les bases pour ce travail sont souvent difficiles à trouver dans les pharmacies et grands magasins. Les premiers endroits à visiter sont les magasins des costumes et d'accessoires de théâtre (comme Johnny Brown). Ils auront certains produits, mais vous devez considérer que le maquillage de théâtre ne nous convient souvent pas. En fait, il sert à un effet de loin, et les résultats pour un maquillage ordinaire sont en général plus ou moins satisfaisants. Il vous faudra faire des essais.

Une autre façon de faire les recherches est de demander à des esthéticiennes une base qui sert à couvrir les cicatrices et les taches de naissance. Ne vous laissez pas impressionner par les fonds de teint "qui couvrent tout" ou encore par le cache-cerne, CA MARCHE PAS .

Pour ce qui est du maquillage en général, une fois la barbe bien cachée, il est toujours mieux d'avoir moins de maquillage que plus... C'est surprenant de voir à quel point un maquillage léger va vous féminiser, et qu'un maquillage prononcé ne féminise pas. Souvent le maquillage prononcé fait ressortir vos traits masculins. Il faut se rappeler que les femmes qui portent de tels maquillages (et qui sont jolies) ont les traits plus durs ou plus accentués. C'est ce nous devons tenter de ne pas faire. Même avec une bonne couverture de la barbe, 6 heures après le rasage, il est temps d'aller se cacher.

Je crois bien avoir fait ma part pour le Garter Press ce mois-ci... Si vous avez de la difficulté à vous procurer certaines de ces choses, prenez la chance de me contacter. Je pourrais dans certains cas vous dépanner.



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Rupert Rai, B.A.
Executive Director

TV SWINGERS' MAKE UP HELP

For every TV who is serious about going out in public dressed, as well as those who just want to look their best during crossdressing sessions, makeup is a must. Learning how to apply it is a problem to most TVs, since few have the time and opportunity to experiment with different techniques. A lot can be learned from women's fashion magazines, but these very rarely deal with specifics which would help men to look their best, such as beard cover, or what to do about bushy eyebrows.

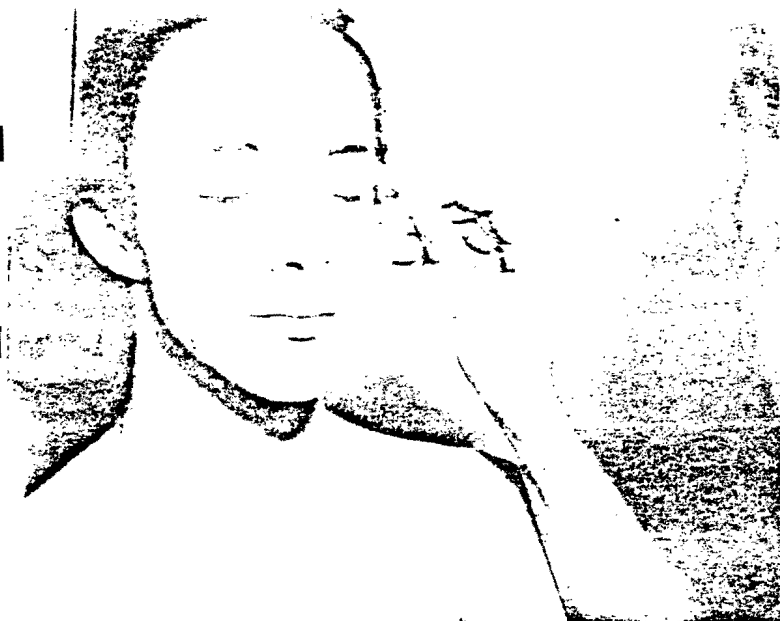
Probably the biggest problem for the TV is what to do about hiding the beard. The first step is obvious enough — a good shave. Most often, this is best accomplished by a razor, rather than an electric shaver. This should be done without nicking or scraping the skin, and an astringent should be applied after shaving. It also helps to let the skin rest for a few minutes before proceeding to apply makeup.

The type of beard cover favored by most TVs and professional female impersonators is Clown White, manufactured by Max Factor, and available in most stores or theatrical supply shops. The Clown White should be applied sparingly, and blended in well, since it tends to dry out the makeup that is applied over it. Clown White will cover all but the toughest beards. After blending it in, you are ready for your foundation.

If you have used Clown White, it may be wise to select a foundation makeup in a tone that is a bit darker than your own skin tone. This will compensate for the lightening effect of the clown white. Foundation makeup comes in different forms: liquid, cream, and grease, for example. It is best to experiment here; many TVs are happy with liquid foundations. If your skin is sensitive, it may be best to select a hypo-allergenic type of makeup. Hypo-allergenic makeup has come under a lot of fire lately as being no different from regular makeup, but from experience I have found that my face reacts better to hypo-allergenic makeup than to other types.

There are a wide variety of liquid makeups in a wide variety of prices. Recommended are Max Factor, Cover Girl, or Maybelline. The advantages of liquid makeup are that it tends to dry very slowly and a little goes a long way. However, it is best to stay away from the so-called sheer makeups. They will do nothing to help cover a beard.

After some experimenting, I have found that Max Factor's Pan Stick is an excellent makeup for the TV.

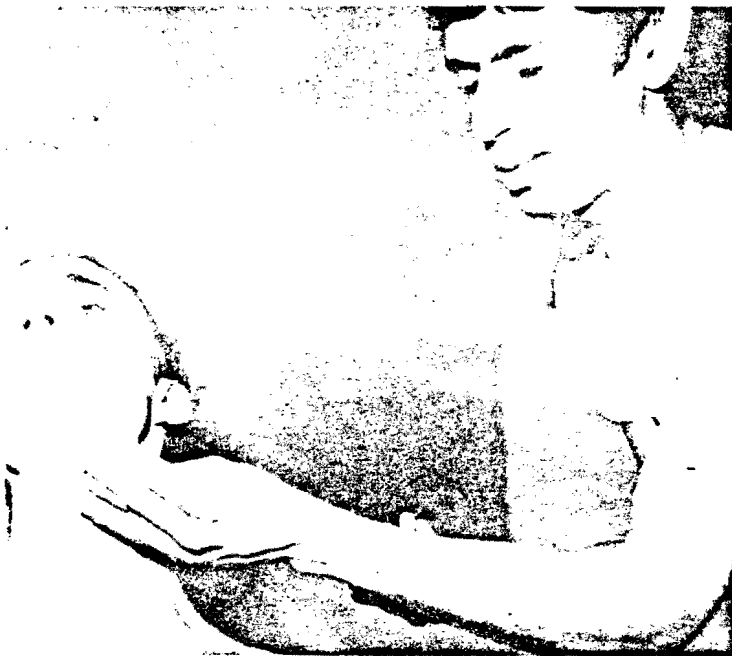


Above: Varying shades of eyeshadow give a deep look.



Above: Eyeliner is applied close to natural eyelashes.
Below: False eyelashes are the finishing touch.





Above: Ivan Ballentine demonstrates use of face powder.



Above: "Clown White" is favored beardcover among pros.
Below: Beardcover is applied sparingly to needed areas.



It comes in a stick and is a grease-based makeup. You roll it against your skin in streaks and then blend it in by hand. It is thick enough to cover small facial flaws, including remaining traces of beard, and it dries slowly without caking too much.

As with any type of makeup, use it sparingly for best results. If it is applied too thick, it will look awful. Also, do not rub the makeup into the face — that just clogs up the pores and results in uneven coverage. Rub it in gently, and do so against the grain of the beard, wiping from the chin to the ears. Don't forget the neck and any parts of the chest that will show — there's nothing worse than seeing the end of the makeup line on the neck.

Next, attention should be given to eye makeup. As a general rule, save the false eyelashes and heaviness eye makeup for evening wear. Use as little eye makeup as possible for the day time. In addition, many TV are plagued by bushy and thick eyebrows and feel that they can't pluck because it would be noticed when they are dressed as a male.

Many TVs have found that if they thin out their eyebrows, doing a few each day, it will never be noticed. The first step should be to remove any growth over the nose. Then, to arch the eyebrows, pluck from the underside only. By doing this gradually, you can get your eyebrows to the point where they will look as good when you're a boy as when you're a girl, and the change probably won't be noticed.

Eyebrow pencil should be used sparingly to fill in light areas with color. It is especially needed for those TVs with very light eyebrows, blonde or light brown. In many cases, it is not needed at all, and you may be able to save the expense by skipping this step.

Eyeshadow follows, and the color you use can be dictated by the color of your eyes, or the general color of the outfit you will be wearing. Remember, women use very little eyeshadow during the day, so use it according to the occasion. Generally, you can start by applying a natural shade of eyeshadow (flesh tone) from the eyelashes to the eyebrows. Then follow up with the colored shadow in a light tone over the eyelid. Lastly, apply a darker tone of the same color at the point where the upper end of the eyelid ends.

Eyeshadow should never be applied to the lower lashes, unless it is a white tone. This helps to eliminate the black lines that many of us have under our eyes. A good product for this is Bonnie Bell's White White, which can be used to highlight certain areas, make noses appear slimmer, etc.

Mascara and eyeliner complete the eye makeup. The best mascara I have found is Maybelline's Ultra Lash. It really makes your own lashes thicker and, in many cases, after several applications, there is no need for false eyelashes. Generally, mascara comes in black, brown and several colors. It is best to stick to the color

of your own natural lashes here. Brush the mascara on in short strokes from underneath — this will help curl your lashes upward as it colors them.

Eyeliner is next, and this can be very difficult for the beginner to master. Most likely you will blink or stab yourself in the eye while you are doing it, but don't give up. It takes a good mirror, a steady hand, and a lot of concentration. It should be applied in a thin line right above the natural eyelash, and it should extend from the inside corner of the eye to just beyond the outside corner. Make the line as thin as possible to keep it from looking overdone. After you have got it right, go back and give your lashes another coat of mascara. You can give your lower lashes a coat, too, but never apply eyeliner to the lower lashes or lids.

I am purposely going to skip false eyelashes, for several reasons. First of all, I am no expert on how to apply them, and secondly, except for evening wear, they are inappropriate. If you want to try, though, directions usually come along with the pair you buy and — lotsa luck!

Blushers come in an incredibly wide selection of colors and forms. There are liquids, gels, creams and crayons. I haven't tried them all, but in general, it is best to stay away from the gels, since they have an alcohol base, and tend to be rough on the skin. Also, they dry too quickly and unevenly. Powders have the disadvantage of not lasting too long, so I tend to use the creams and crayons. They are easy to apply, and to touch up. I have even used lip gloss, which works very well, and it looks good when the lipstick and the blusher match in color.

Generally, blusher should be applied to the cheeks in a triangular pattern, going from the nose across the cheek to the ear, then sweeping down to just below the cheekbone. It is best to keep the blusher above the beard line, since the red color in this area tends to look like the beard is growing in.

The last step in facial makeup is getting the powder on. The best type is translucent powder, put out by most makeup companies. This has the advantage of covering any shade of makeup, and you don't have to worry about the shades matching up. Powder sets the makeup and keeps it from getting shiny as your face secretes oils. Powder should be applied gently with a puff and never rubbed in.

Lipstick is the final touch and, in applying it, you should aim at creating a natural look. As with most makeup products, lipstick is available in a multitude of shapes and forms. There are lip glosses applied with the fingers, traditional lipsticks, and cream lipsticks that are applied with a brush. Professionals favor the latter, since it can be applied accurately and in good detail. Choose lipstick in subdued colors. It is good to have lipstick, blusher and nailpolish match closely, for a coordinated look.



Above: Pudgy Roberts shows how experts apply makeup.



Above: The wig is put on only after facial makeup is done.
Below: Pudgy makes final adjustments on wig.



CONTOURING FOR YOUR FACE TYPE

You can subtly change the shape of your face by using make-up to create some optical illusions

From the Textbook of Cosmetology

The purpose of corrective make-up is to minimize poor features by drawing attention away from them. By using a foundation cream or lotion that is darker or lighter than the skin color, you can produce highlights and shadows that create optical illusions. In the eye area, eyeshadow can be used to achieve the same effects.

SEVEN BASIC FACIAL SHAPES

There are seven basic facial shapes: oval, square, round, triangle (or pear), diamond, inverted triangle (or heart) and oblong. An oval face is considered to be ideal. Your facial shape is determined by your bone structure. If your face is not oval, you cannot change your bone structure to make it more oval. However, you can use make-up and hairstyling to make your face seem more oval. This is done by using the principles of optical illusion.

The measurements to determine facial shape are taken at three different places on the face:

1. Across the forehead, from hairline to hairline.
2. From cheekbone to cheekbone.
3. Across the chin line at the hinge of the jaws.

The faces of most people do not perfectly fit any one of the categories. However, a face will usually be "most like" one of the basic shapes even though it may have some of the characteristics of another shape. To determine your facial shape, read the descriptions of the various shapes and look at the illustrations that follow. Then pull your hair away from your face and look into a mirror. Your facial shape should be apparent.

OVAL

This face is considered to be perfectly proportioned (illustration 1). No corrective make-up is required but care should be taken to use make-up evenly so that no one feature of the face overpowers another.

SQUARE

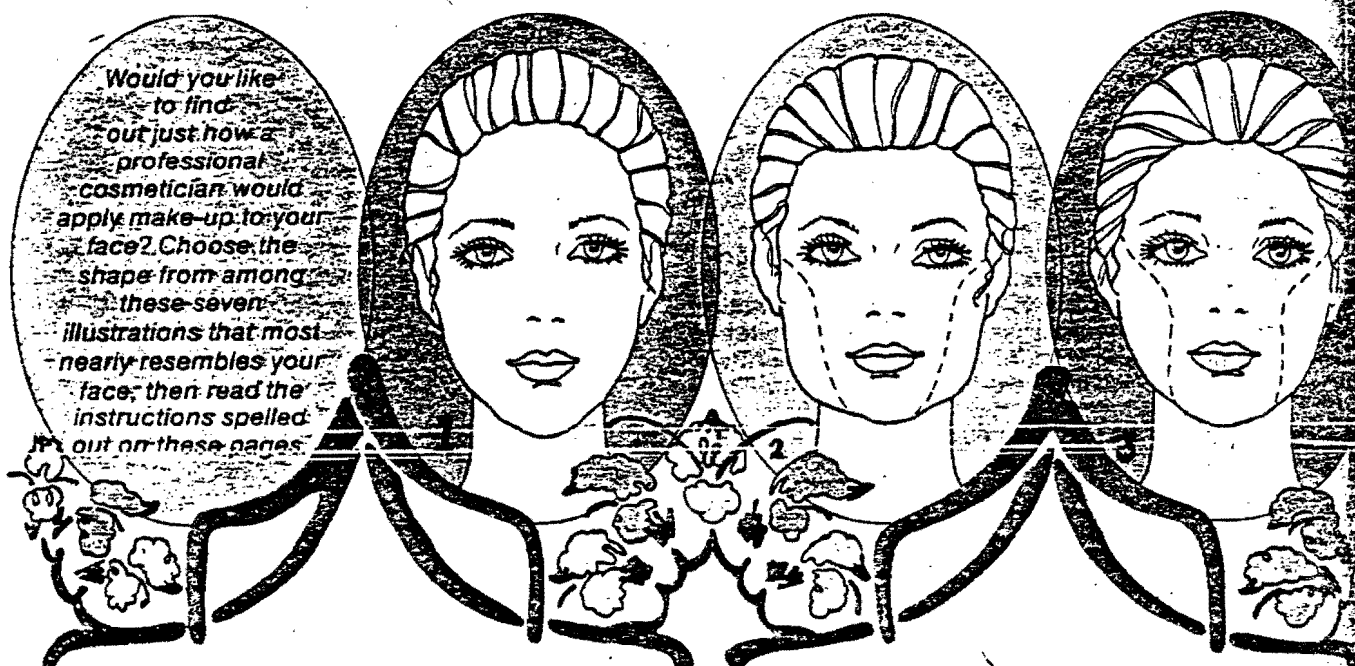
The forehead and chin line across the jaw are almost equal in width. Apply corrective make-up as follows (illustration 2):

1. To make the face seem longer, arch the eyebrows to a high, natural-looking curve.
2. Subdue the square jaw by using a darker foundation on the sides of the jaw. Make sure you blend in the foundation well.
3. Use heavier eyeliner at the center of the upper eyelids.
4. Place eyeshadow across the upper lid and blend out to the corner of the eye.

ROUND

The cheeks and jaw are wide and full (full-moon face). Apply corrective make-up as follows (illustration 3):

1. To make the face seem longer, arch the eyebrows to achieve a winged effect.
2. Reduce the roundness of the face by using a darker foundation from the temples to the jawline.
3. Keep the eyeliner as close to the upper lashes as possible. Extend the lines past the outer corners



MORE HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS ABOUT CORRECTIVE MAKE-UP USING OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Shadows are created by the use of darker colors. Darker colors give the impression of decreasing the size of facial features. Highlights are created by the use of lighter color. Lighter colors make the features seem larger. You are probably familiar with these principles with regard to clothes. A black dress makes a woman look thinner than she really is. A white dress will make the same woman look heavier.

Lines are also used to achieve optical illusions, especially in the eye area. Lines drawn with an eyebrow pencil can be used to increase or decrease the length of the eyebrow in order to achieve facial balance. Eyeliner can also be used to make the eyes seem wider or narrower.

Since eyes are the most important feature of the face, proper eye make-up is very important. When necessary, lines, shadows and highlights can be used to create optical illusions in order to achieve facial balance.

Eyes can seem farther apart when there is a greater distance between the eyebrows, and when the eyeshadow is concentrated at the outer corners of the eyes. The eyes will look closer together if the eyebrows have been drawn closer together and the eyeshadow is much heavier at the inside corners of the eyes.

CORRECTIVE NOSE MAKE-UP

1. A wide nose can be made to appear narrower by using a darker foundation on both sides of the nostrils (illustration A).
2. A thin nose can be made to appear fuller by using a lighter foundation on the sides (illustration B).

CORRECTIVE CHEEK, JAW, AND CHIN MAKE-UP

1. Large cheekbones can be subdued by using a darker foundation on them (illustration C).
2. Hollows under the cheekbones can be filled out by using a lighter foundation (illustration C).
3. Large, heavy jaws can be made less noticeable by using a darker foundation on them (illustration D).
4. Very narrow jaws can be made to seem wider by using a lighter foundation on them.

5. A double chin can be eliminated by applying a small amount of darker foundation to a triangular area directly under the chin.

CORRECTIVE LIP LINE

Changing the natural line of the lips is very difficult, and so correction of this type is not recommended. The natural outline of the lips is very definite, and the texture of the skin of the face and the skin of the lips is different. Adding color to the skin above the lips or below the lips for correction can look too obvious. The length of the lip can be altered by the use of a heavier or lighter application of color in the corners of the mouth.

To accentuate the lips try the following ideas:

1. Outline the rim of the lip with a darker shade of lipstick or lip color, using a very fine, stiff sable lip brush. Then fill in the inner part of the lip with a lighter shade.
2. Outline the outer rim of the lip with a shade of brown. Then cover the same area with a shade of red and blend this color into the full part of the lip. Finally, add a lighter shade over the full part of the lip. Wield lip brush and color gently for the prettiest look.

SOME RULES TO MAKE CONTOURING EASIER

For best results sharpen eyebrow pencils and eyeliner pencils after each use. Sharpen the pencils with a sharpener made especially for eyebrow and eyeliner pencils. Do not use an ordinary pencil sharpener.

Always clean mascara, eyebrow and lip brushes after each use.

Discard soiled sponges and powder puffs.

When using face powder, try placing some in the palm of one hand. With a cotton ball, apply powder lightly to your face. Remove any excess powder with a clean cotton ball or a clean sable brush.

Remove cream from jars with spatulas, not the fingers, to avoid possible contamination.

A toothpick or an orangewood stick is helpful in applying just a dot of make-up when that's all you need to work with.

Always apply lipstick with a lip brush for better control of color.



of the eyes, turning the lines up at the ends.

4. Place eyeshadow across the upper lid. Use more color at the inner and outer corners of the eye. Blend the shadow from outer corner of the eyelid to the brow.
5. Avoid all circular lines on this facial shape.

TRIANGLE (OR PEAR) 4 ***

The forehead is narrow and the jawline is wide. The eyes are usually close set. Apply corrective make-up as follows (illustration 4).

1. To make the forehead seem wider, move the highest part of the eyebrow arch to the outer corners of the eyes.
2. Tweeze the brows slightly so that they do not extend to the inner corners of the eyes.
3. Use a lighter foundation between the eyes and on the bones under the eyebrows. Make sure you blend well.
4. Draw a very fine line with eyeliner from the center of the eyes to the outer corners.
5. Place eyeshadow at the center of the eyelid and blend it to the outer corners of the eyes.
6. Shadow the broad jaw with a darker foundation.

DIAMOND S

The forehead and chin are narrow; the cheekbones are wide. The eyes are near the widest part of the face. Apply corrective make-up as follows (illustration 5):

1. Arch the eyebrows and gradually narrow them at the ends.
2. Subdue the wide cheekbones by shadowing them with a darker foundation.
3. Apply eyeshadow to the upper lids and blend up to the brows.
4. If eyeliner is used, make a very thin line close to the lashes. Do not extend the line.

INVERTED TRIANGLE (OR HEART) 6

The forehead is wide and the chin narrow. The eyes are often set far apart, and the cheekbones are prominent. Apply corrective make-up as follows (illustration 6):

1. To bring the eyes closer together, extend the eyebrows toward the bridge of the nose past the inner corner of the eye.
2. Eyeshadow should be heaviest from the center of the eye to the inner corner of the eye.
3. The eyebrows should just barely arch.
4. Apply eyeliner close to the lashes. Do not extend it beyond the lash line.
5. Use a lighter shade of foundation at the center of the jaws. Blend well.

OBLONG 7

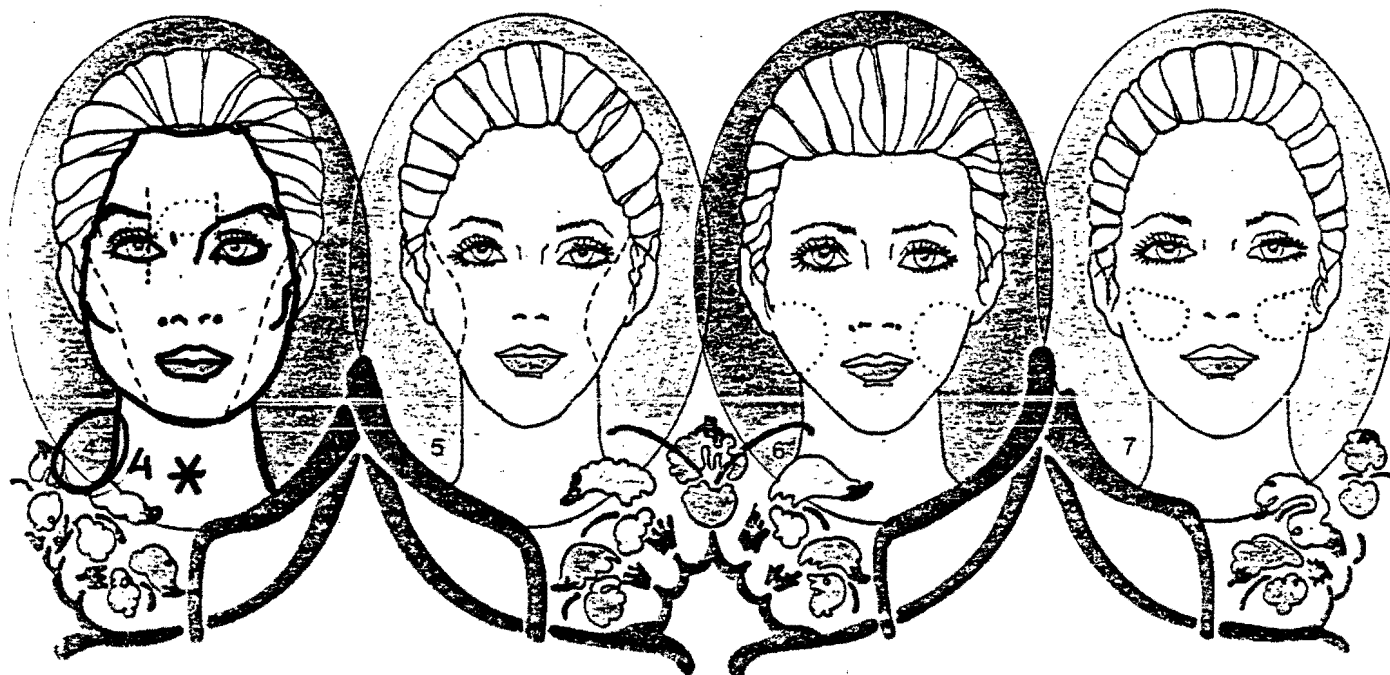
This face is usually long and angular with fairly straight lines. Apply corrective make-up as follows (illustration 7):

1. The brows should have a natural rounded arch. Avoid turning the ends down.
2. Blend eyeshadow across the eyelid.
3. Eyeliner should be heaviest in the center of the eyelid. Give the line an upward sweep at the outer corner.
4. Use a darker foundation at the tops of the cheekbones.
5. If the nose is long, apply a darker foundation along the center.
6. If the cheeks are hollow or sunken in, use a lighter foundation in the hollows of the cheeks. Blend the foundation well.

THE KEY TO SUCCESSFUL MAKE-UP APPLICATION

All make-up, especially corrective make-up, should look natural. Make-up should be applied so skillfully that it is hardly noticeable. This takes practice. When using foundation creams or lotions for correction, always make sure that you blend them in well. Corrected areas should not appear to be darker or lighter than the rest of the face. If you use a darker foundation on one area, you should blend it in so well that the tone changes very gradually. Always try to preserve a natural look.

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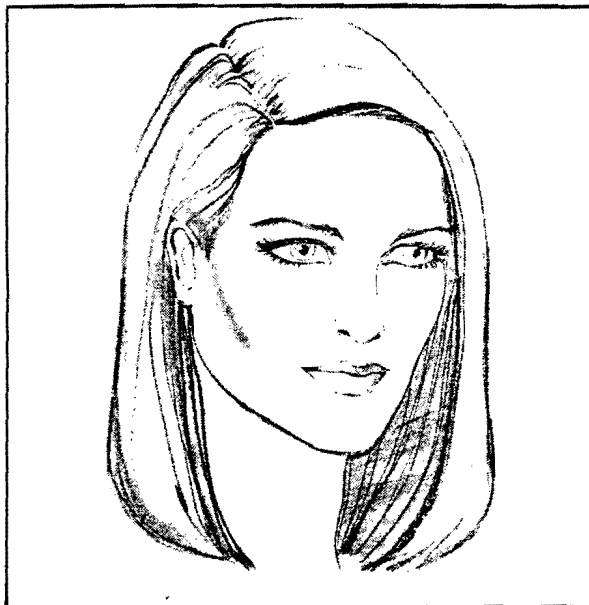
BLUSHING BEAUTY



▲ **How To Apply A Basic Blush.** The easiest way is to smile, then apply your blusher to the top of your rounded cheek. Carry color lightly over temple toward hairline.

Face Shaping. ►

To make a wide face appear narrow, float a pale highlighter shade of blush just under the hairline, across the forehead, and down the sides to the temples. Dust a tiny bit on tip of chin, too.



Special Effects. Blush applied in a horizontal line will create the illusion of width, so an oblong face will "widen" with a medium-toned blusher shade flicked across cheekbones, and pale highlighter whisked under cheekbones. ►



What's The Secret Of Shaping A Beautiful Face? The Blush—And Proper Blending—Say The Experts At Cover Girl. Here's How You Can Have A "Cover Girl" Face . . .

1. FIND YOUR FACE SHAPE

Begin with a good, honest appraisal of your face shape and determine how you'd like to change it. Start by pulling your hair away from your face and pretend you're seeing it for the first time. Try to assess it objectively. Draw your face shape on a mirror with soap if it helps. Knowing your good—and not so good—features will help you get the most from your makeup.

2. ASSEMBLE YOUR MAKEUP

To do your best job, you'll need the correct makeup and beauty tools. Here's what to have on hand:

- Foundation to match your skin color. For best results, your face makeup should also be keyed to your complexion type.
- Coordinated blush and highlighter compacts. Cover Girl BlushMates contains a lush blush shade plus coordinating, frost-touched highlighter together in one neat, carry along compact, and designed to work together in complete harmony.

- A medium-size, dome-shaped blushing brush to contour, shape, define and blend for professional-looking results.

3. FOLLOW THE CONTOURING RULES

When you contour, you really play tricks with light and dark, just as a painter might. Learn the principles before you begin:

- If you have a feature you want to emphasize, use the lighter, highlighter color—light shades will make any portion of your face seem more prominent.
- Have a feature you want to play down? A dark blush shade will make it seem smaller or less prominent.
- Whatever coordinated cheek color kit you choose to work with should blend well with your own coloring or your artwork will be too obvious.
- Always blend edges carefully so there's no "great divide".

4. FIND YOUR BLUSH AREA

For the most natural, flattering results for any face shape, cheek color should be placed within your blush area. It's the triangle bordered by these three points: your cheekbone just under the center of your eye; your cheek at the bottom of your ear and your temple at the top of your ear. Try to keep the strongest concentration of color within this area. To find your cheekbone—smile. You can feel it with your fingers.

5. IF YOUR FACE IS:

Round—Aim to slim and lengthen the face and minimize a "chunky" look. Avoid round, rosy cheeks. Choose a soft shade of coordinated color and contour kit. Brush the deepest shade just under cheekbones and apply the medium shade to cheekbones.

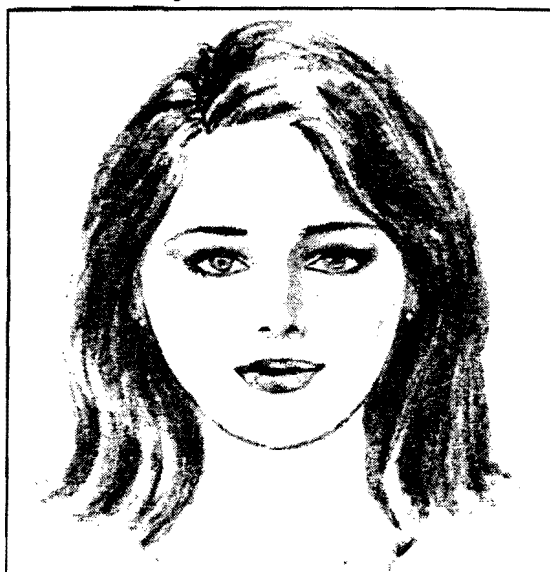
Broad And Square—Aim to soften and distract from a strong or prominent jaw. Make the most of prominent cheekbones with a burnished shade of blush. Apply the highlighter on cheekbones, extending it out toward temples. Make jaw seem to recede with contouring shade blended just at the corners.

Oblong—Aim to give a long oval shape a lift and make it appear shorter and wider. Horizontal lines give the illusion of width, so begin blusher application at the middle of cheek and extend it along the cheekbone with a final sweep toward the temple. To minimize the length of your face, apply a deep shade of blush along the hairline at the top of the forehead. Finish with a touch of contouring at the tip of the chin. □

IMAGE BRUSH UPS

The Proper Cut And Style Is The First Step To Your Perfect Look. Show Off Your Best Features With Styling Tips From The Experts At Clairol.

FACE SHAPE: ROUND. Vertical or diagonal lines such as a middle or side part will lengthen and slim a full face. Keep hair medium to long and close to the head. ▼



▲ **FACE SHAPE: THIN.** Curls and fullness at sides create horizontal lines that make a long, thin face appear wider and more oval-shaped. Try a side part with hair pulled across crown, and perm or set waves into short or mid-length mane.

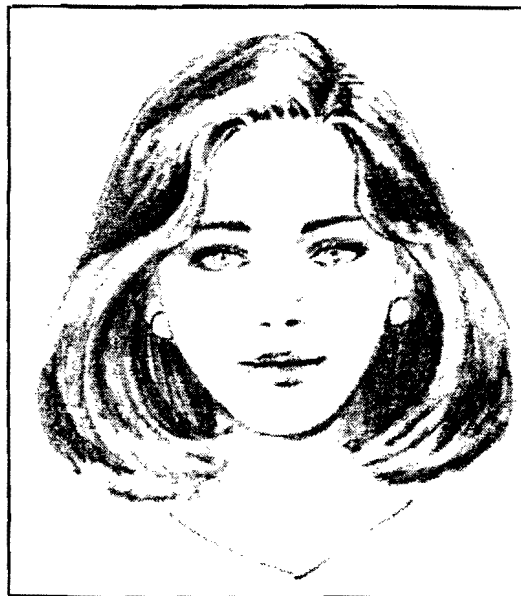


◀ **CHIN SHAPE: TOO STRONG.**

Keep your hair short and use soft curls and fullness at crown, and slight volume at sides to balance broad chinline.

CHIN SHAPE: ▶

TOO THIN. A receding or narrow chin can be balanced by bringing fullness and horizontal lines to chin level. Keep hair longer (chin-to-shoulder length) and use curl or wave to broaden base at neck. Crown and sides should be straighter and close to head.



◀ **FOREHEAD: TOO HIGH — TOO LOW.**

Bangs cut to a horizontal line will shorten a high forehead and help balance a long face. If your forehead is low, avoid bangs and use vertical lines by adding fullness at crown to open up and lengthen face.

From Clairol's
**WINNING LOOKS
FOR YOUR HAIR**