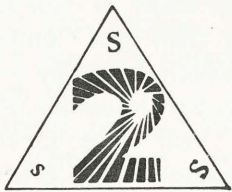


Femme Mirror



Tri-Ess Sorority



Reflecting
The
Feminine

Femme Mirror

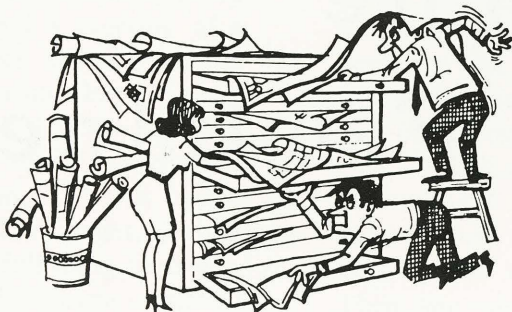
Society for the Second Self

EDITOR/ART DIRECTOR *Carol Beecroft*

STAFF:

<i>Cartoonist</i>	<i>Sylvia FCPQ-1-K</i>
<i>Director, Chapter Development</i>	<i>Marlene CA-1046-L</i>
<i>Director, National Membership</i>	<i>Donna IL-1148-S</i>
<i>Treasurer</i>	<i>Virginia Prince</i>
<i>Director, Public Relations</i>	<i>Julie MO-1269-D</i>
<i>Director, Couples Auxiliary</i>	<i>Gloria Ann VA-1474-W & Diane</i>

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



Speaking
Out
By
Carol



I wanted to get this issue of The Femme Mirror out to you to keep the channels of communication open -- while Marlene and I are working on the Directory. It has been quite complicated but we are to the point where I have started the type-setting. As many of you know, I have my own IBM Composing machine which sets type -- thus savings Tri-Ess thousands of dollars each year. The Directory will be sent out to you as soon as the printer gets it out -- but only to paid-up members.

Regarding the television appearance of Norma and your national leader, we were originally told that it would be on HBO, but, instead, we will be seen on Cinemax (HBO owns that system). The program will be part of a series called Eros America and we will appear towards the end, which means early summer.

Norma and I were also on television as part of the ON TV cable system, the show being called The Intimacy File. The program was taped in February and appeared on March 15th. We are trying to get hold of a tape of the program for loaning out.

Talking about appearances, I understand that Mary Ann IL-1160-B has been appearing on television in various parts of the country, spreading the word about crossdressing and Tri-Ess. We are grateful that Mary Ann (and, we believe, her wife) have

given up so much of their time to help others.

We get many letters of inquiry. One of the better sources has been Abby Van Buren, the collumist. After some correspondence, she has seen fit to assist us through making referrals. Thanks, Abby!

I noted in the paper where a person was asking for shoe fashions for a 12-D foot. This was from a lady. She asked if there was anyone who would custom-make shoes for less than \$100.00. The answer was: Sergio Benavides, 232 West 2nd St., in Los Angeles 90012. He can copy shoes from photographs and charges from \$45.00 to \$75 depending on the style, the size and the leather. He can custom make sizes ranging from 4 through 12.

Marlene, our national Director of Membership, says that Tri-Ess now has a group of sisters who have volunteered to write letters to our new sisters, with the intention of welcoming them to the Society and possibly striking up a continued correspondence. Many pats on the back to: Jaye, Tx1424-R; Connie, NY-1320-N; Nancy, FL-1135-N; Jessica, MN1260-H; Barbara Terri, TX-1566-F; Maureen, IL-1554-Z; Holly, NY-1313-S; Leisa, OK-1372-C; Elizabeth Ann, IL-1198-C; We are gaining about a dozen new sisters each month and that is a lot of writing that these girls are doing.

It pays to advertise! We placed the following ad in the Dec. 17th issue of The Nation as well as the April issue of Mother Jones: "Heterosexual transvestites interested in joining a local support group -- Write Tri-Ess, Box 4067, Visalia, Ca." We received five letters of inquiry from each ad. We were turned down from several publications.

Thanks, Marlene, for this information. Marlene says that you might want to run a similar ad in your local newspaper - just count on it as an investment in the possibility of finding new crossdressing friends. She tells us that Tri-Ess success depends on the active participation of its members. Some members are going to act as volunteers for hot lines of local Psychiatric Clinics -- with positive results. Marlene says that she is a great believer in the bulletin boards that you see from here to there. She also encourages the use of the library index cards. Marlene says that many members are looking for understanding wives and if you know a woman who is understanding and interested in marriage, let us know. We are also working on Dating Services in an effort to find understanding women.

Like soft furs? Of course! All of us gals do. I received a broadside entitled Furs For Femininity. "Furs give your feminine self the ultimate in sensuous enjoyment and glamorous perfection. Furs need not cost you a fortune if you know where to buy them. There is a furrier who specializes in selling new and used luxurious furs by mail, since 1967, at lowest possible prices. Mr. Murray, the owner, deals on a strictly confidential personal advice, high integrity basis. He meets your requirements with furs that are right for you! His prices on new furs are guaranteed to be at least 10% or more below the actual lowest selling price of ANY store in the U.S.A. Excellent condition used furs are only about 1/3 to 1/2 the price of new furs. All sales are satisfaction guaranteed or your money back immediately . . . at the end of a 3-day "on approval" trial in your home. For those

residing in or visiting New York City, Mr. Murray has a fur factory showroom available on West 28th Street, just off 7th Avenue, near the Pennsylvania railroad station. Here you can try on furs and compare them to any furs you may have seen elsewhere. There is no sales tax or shipping charge on furs sent to an out-of-state address. This tax saving can amount to over 8% in some states. By telephone, you can reach Mr. Murray at his suburban NYC office from 8:00 a.m.; to 9:00 p.m. seven days and evenings a week. 516-379-6421. Indicate that you want to talk to Mr. Murray personally. If his machine answers, leave your FIRST name and complete telephone number. He will return your call as soon as possible, or at any time you prefer. His information and personal advice are based upon long experience in furs of all kind. It is free for your asking. Have your fur questions jotted down in advance of making your call."

Feminine men are fine mates, at least it says that in SCIENCE DIGEST - January issue. "Men in happy marriages tend to have an unexpected quality in common with their wives: femininity."

John Antill, a psychologist at Macquarie University in Sydney, Australia, interviewed 108 married couples about their relationships. The survey included an evaluation of the "femininity" and "masculinity" of each spouse. Femininity was characterized by compassion, gentleness, sensitivity and loyalty; Masculinity by assertiveness, ambition, dominance and leadership ability.

This was compared with the rating of each couple of their marital happiness. In most marriages deemed successful, both

partners tended to be more feminine. Antill was surprised. He had expected to confirm the results of two previous studies, one of which had concluded that "masculine" men and "feminine" women were psychologically happier as individuals, and another that suggested that psychological androgyny -- the presence of equal amounts of masculine and feminine characteristics -- contributed to a person's well-being. "Instead," says Antill, "it appears that not only are feminine characteristics most beneficial to a relationship, but masculine characteristics have no bearing on its success."

Under the title of, Well, I Never. . . an article appeared in the newspaper indicating that men have worn skirts of some kind far longer than they have been wearing pants. Now designers Julia Morton and Paul Monroe are making history repeat itself with their first men's dress collection, which included a cotton jersey shown in a picture. There are also box dresses, night shirts and coat dresses in challis, silk shantung and silk crepe. The boutique where it is all sold is Einstein's located at 34 East Seventh Street in New York City. They also indicate that most men's shoes look okey with the dresses, particularly loafers, gym shoes, boots or sandals. The claim that the styling is simple, masculine, (shucks!) very comfortable and easy to understand. Prices range from \$46 to \$200. They say that only a portion of the customers are homosexual because "gay" men are terribly concerned with looking masculine -- jeans and boots. In Los Angeles, Peter Cohen and Paul Batoon are separately making skirts that appeal to those in the "gay" community.

Men Skirt Rule For Food,

read the headline of a newspaper in the East. It reported: "The Woodside Deli in Silver Spring, Md., was ordered to discontinue its Ladies Night dinner specials by the Montgomery County Human Relations Commission on grounds of discrimination against men. As a result, deli owner Gus Harris is now offering entrees at half price to patrons of either sex who come attired in a skirt or gown. The other night about 15 men showed up at the suburban Washington, D.C. restaurant wearing skirts, dresses, kilts and even a toga. All dined at half-price." Harris says that "we are skirting the ruling. We're staying within the law." "It was a lot of fun and done in good spirit," said the maitre d' who was attired in a Woodside Deli T-shirt, bow tie and floor length black skirt. The back of the T-shirt bore the slogan, "A discriminating place to dine."

Please NOTE' If you are receiving two of any publication from national headquarters, do let us know so that we can correct our mailing list.

Does anyone know where you can purchase larger sized bracelets? The regular sized ones simply are difficult, if not impossible, to get on a man's wrist.

Beard control? There is a product called Dermablend Cover Creme which is an opaque cream that works to camouflage most skin disfigurements, birthmarks, varicose veins, burns, scars, post-surgery discolorations, even tatoos. It conceals skin imperfections on the face or body with a light cover of natural color. Well, maybe it'll even work as a beard-cover. Will you gals out there make some tests and get back to us.

We have recently learned

that the owner of the Second Nature Fitting Salon in Kansas City had three customers from Tri-Ess who saw her writeup in the Shoppers Guide. Great! The owner, Joyce Sunberg, reports that the Tri-Ess customers were very polite and two of them brought their wives. Let's remember to give the same courtesy to all the places that are willing to give us extra good service.

Susan VA-1461-R asks that we insert the following: If you enjoy being buxom as a crossdresser, then please write to - Susan Reynolds, Box 11160, Alexandria, Va 22312. Susan is a long time member of Tri-Ess who is attempting to get together a group of crossdressers who enjoy being very buxom (private or public) and who would enjoy exchanging letters, pictures, ideas, sources of clothing, etc. with sisters who have similar interests. This is not a "club" and there is no cost, but rather just a sister who is trying to serve as a central "clearing house" to get together sisters of similar interest.

We are continually getting letters from crossdressers who find us through the index cards that members place in the libraries. The two I have at this moment found us through the Hartford Public Library (the ONLY entry in the catalog relating to crossdressing) and, the Salt Lake City Public Library, which also was the ONLY card dealing with crossdressing. The letter writer from Salt Lake City said, "What a good idea, and effective way to reach your target. If I am at all typical, crossdressers are as powerfully driven to research their condition as they are to crossdress." That's what your Editor has been saying for years!!

Oh! And still another letter from a sister who found us

through the New York Library. She said, "I was very relieved to find your card in the New York library tonight since the library had absolutely no literature on transvestism. Also, for your information, the librarian removed the card, which I discouraged especially since the library itself had nothing."

Comments from Lee Marvin, a great actor, in response to the question of Do you think of yourself as a tough man, a he-man? "I'd love to. I'm still trying to do it. I never succeeded. I'd like to be a lot tougher and a lot stronger and a lot "he-er" than I am. But if you are, I'm sure you end up being bad. . . The only saving grace a man has is his femininity." Amen, Lee!

Felicity, NY-1318-M, writes that she would like to see the Femme Mirror and Transvestia combined into one issue. She also wants to get rid of the term "TV" or "Transvestite." (So would your Editor) Her opinion is because of the adoption of the above expressions by non-hetero groups and the resulting connotations applied to these words and to those who use them. Her suggestion would be Heterosexual Crossdresser which could not honestly be used by homosexual or transsexual groups. She believes that Heterosexual Crossdresser would definitely classify us and definitely clear up the confusion and misunderstanding. She says that there have been so many media reports of parades and demonstrations of homosexual groups in which drag queens were called transvestites and instances of individuals of a homosexual or transsexual persuasion being called TV's that a number of people who know Felicity have erroneously classified her as either homosexual or

a transsexual and she had to correct them. Your Editor would like to have your comments, please!

Felicity added, in her letter, that she enclosed a clipping from a local paper that included her, dressed to the hilt, along side of others who took part in a survey. She said that she was shopping in a large mall when she was stopped by a news reported/photographer stopped her and interviewed her. He published her photo and statement and this was all seen by some of her friends -- and who recognized Felicity. She couldn't have cared less, she adds and even could have refused the interview. In public, Felicity goes by the name Joan Miller. The newsman did not catch on at all and thanked her for the interview and permission to publish. Felicity concluded her letter by saying that she was well dressed at the time and was even taller than the reporter.

Forgot to give the address of Dermablend, in case you can't locate the product in your area. It's Dermablend Corrective Cosmetics at Box 601, Farmingdale, N.J. 07727

Barbara Terri, Tx-1566-F, says that she realizes that there are many shops which offer our members the opportunity to buy women's clothing, but that many of us are afraid to go to these stores to make their purchases. In addition, many members live too far from such friendly stores and then, again, price may be an important factor for those who wear such clothing at home and on occasion only. She says it is all fine and dandy for those who spend time in public and have the money to spend. So, she offers a service:

"My service is simple. I have the opportunity to get over-

stocks of larger sized women's clothing, shoes, etc., at better than reasonable prices. This service will be done by mail and will help avoid the embarrassment of shopping in a women's store. She asks for \$10 for the first catalog. This money will help pay for the cost of printing, shipping and initial stock. If you are not sure of your size as a woman, her wife will convert your male size to a femme size. If you want a dress or formal or some other women's garment made special, just tell Barbara Terri and her wife will make it for you.

Barbara Terri also says that she and her wife (especially her wife) will be glad to hear from wives and girlfriends who have problems in dealing with a husband who crossdresses. Sounds like a good deal.

And, lastly, received a letter from an inquirer who says: "Thanks so much for responding to my inquiry. However, I am returning your letter (unopened) for the following reason. Now, I'm not condemning you or any of your members which I am sure are upstanding people, but I personally see how I've been deceived! Now I realize that this seemingly innocent, and seemingly harmless vicarious thrill is in truth very poisonous and destructive to my natural personality. Simply stated, it perverts the beautiful plan that God has designed through the person of a woman. Now I see why this practice was so clearly forbidden in the Bible and why God instructed us to forbid its practice. I am not trying to be self-righteous but this is just what my heart has clearly shown me. I can now say with the blind man: 'I was blind but now I see.' " Golly! Maybe I'd better pack it all in and quit!

But seriously, I do get Deuteronomy cast up to me from time to time and it is amazing

how a lot of ignorance about this biblical passage has actually confused and mislead people concerning crossdressing. I won't get into details now but if such people as the one who wrote

the above letter really understood the history of the passage in Deuteronomy quoted, we would have considerably less criticism from the religious community.

THE GIFT

Reneta CT-1116-W

Tri-Ess sister's viewpoint worth considering!
Maybe crossdressing is a special gift!

How many of us I wonder, have ever stopped to think, in a positive way, about the "woman within us". For me this mystery has been, as I am sure it has for nearly all of my "sisters of the heart", an almost never ending succession of negative thoughts from a very early age. Then about three years ago, something very special happened to me from within. I don't mean to suggest that my feelings about myself changed instantaneously. It took some time, and even to this day I am still learning. But gradually, and with much help, I began to think about my feminine side in a very gentle and open way. It wasn't an easy thing to do. All of those old negatives kept creeping in; guilt, shame, fear, hurt, confusion, rejection and the rest. My sisters know them all too well.

Much to my surprise, I found in time that there was a positive aspect for every one of those old negatives. I have long since stopped finding the bad things about my feminine self and doubt that there will ever be an end to the discovery of good thoughts about "her" for me.

And so it should be for all of us no matter what our pro-

blems may be. After all, we did not make ourselves the way that we are. In fact, it is becoming ever increasingly more evident that our families and life circumstances may have had little or nothing to do with the development of our second-selves. I am not saying that our second-self may not have been influenced to some extent by our upbringing and or childhood experiences, for, in fact, many, myself included, know very well that we may never have become consciously aware of our feelings had something in our childhood not triggered them in the first place.

For those of us who have been fortunate enough to have access to fairly up to date written material on the subject of gender identity, we are aware that there is a fair consensus among the experts in this field, that genetics may have much to do with this phenomenon that we know as transvestism.

Genetics! You say? Well I admit that possibility was a real shocker for me too! And here is where the positive thinking does come in. We know fully well that no one (so far) has any control over our individual genetic patterns. No one except God!

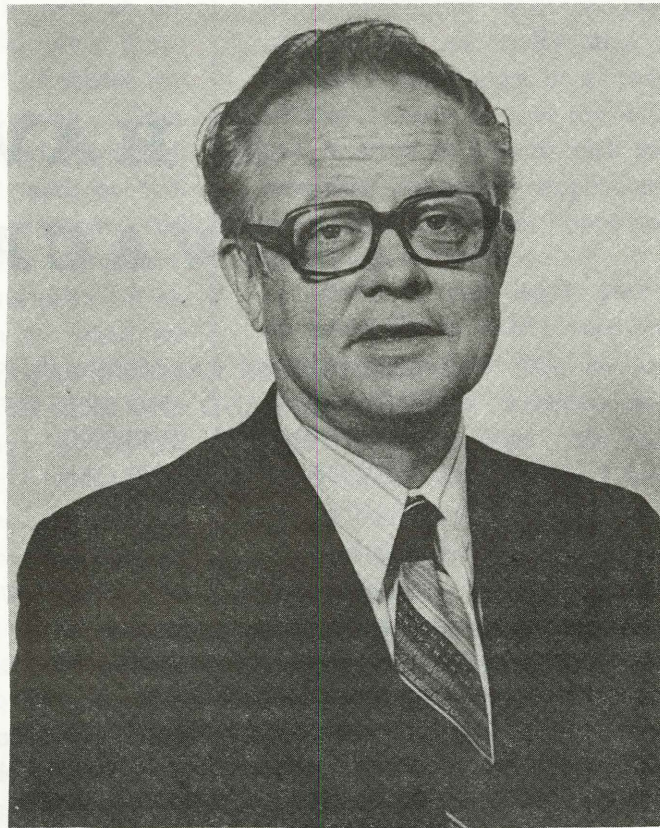
That's right dear sisters, God made us, each and every one, just exactly the way we are right now. This being the case, which it most definitely is, then what we have perhaps believed to be a "curse" or emotional disturbance, turns out to be one of the most amazing mysteries of human nature. Yes, God does work in serendipitous ways, and ours not to question why, but to accept with gratitude the gifts that have been given us and to share them.

Think about it kind and gentle sisters. Think about your feelings. Let them drift softly through you. It isn't just the lovely soft clothes that we all so adore. They are only one of the many benefits of being the way that we are. They are the outward expression of our innermost selves. The real woman within thinks and feels and loves in much the same way that our biological sisters do. Yes, oh yes! That woman within me who is no less than half of my total being, is all woman, and loves every minute of it! And what a wonderful gift we have been given! It is "our special joy". And like all of God's gifts, it is meant to be shared with one another. One of the most beautiful passages in the bible bids us share our special gifts: "No one lights a lamp to put it under a bucket, but on a lampstand where it gives light for everyone in the house". (Matt. 5:14&15)

So shine my sisters, shine! Love it! Live it! Enjoy it! And most of all share that gift! Not only with those, myself included, who love and understand but especially with those who do not understand the many, many reasons why God has given us "The best of both worlds" as a "very special" gift!

First Addition To Board

Expert On Crossdressing Happy To Assist Tri-Ess In Obtaining Goal of Educating Public About True Nature Of Crossdressing. Dr. Bullough One Of Most Competent Of Authorities Concerning Crossdressing.



If you have read the *Femme Mirror* in the past, you will perhaps remember that I spoke concerning the need for a (for want of another description) Board of Experts who would be available to assist us in working with the press and public concerning crossdressing. I have mentioned in several places that those who write about crossdressing, from a professional viewpoint, usually do not know as much as do members of the sorority. Yet, they get their views into the magazines and newspapers and just make it that much harder for us to educate people about the true nature of heterosexual crossdressing.

With that thought in mind, I have written to several professionals, who Virginia and I believe are fair and knowledgeable concerning our type of crossdressing.

I am pleased to inform all of our sisters that we have

gained a most reliable professional as the first member of our "Board of Experts."

This will introduce Dr. Vern Bullough. Dr. Bullough has been involved as a researcher concerning crossdressing for over 25 years. He is the author of approximately 25 books, 200 very scholarly articles and numerous biographies, bibliographies, et al. Eight of his books are in the sex field as well as about 50 of his scholarly articles. Much of his research has been carried out in conjunction with his wife, Bonnie. Presently Dr. Bullough is Dean at State University of New York College in Buffalo. His wife is also a Dean. He regards Virginia Prince as a personal friend and has many crossdressers as friends.

Dr. Bullough has served as President of the Society For Scientific Study of Sex between 1982 and 1983.

With this wonderful start,

let's hope that we can add a distinguished list of real (!) experts on crossdressing to our Board.

"A further problem (in dealing with crossdressing) lies in the traditional assumption of such states (crossdressing) as primarily sexual orders, an assumption which is based on very nebulous evidence. Autobiographical studies by transvestites protest their largely a-sexual nature but they seem disregarded in favor of uncertain clinical beliefs. Almost invariably, studies of transvestism play permutations with rather bizarre case studies written by zealous therapists arriving at confused and shadowy generalizations."

Taken from *TRANSVESTISM: A Handbook With Case Studies* available through Chevalier Publications, (See Carol Beecroft)

A HAWAIIAN VACATION

ANONYMOUS CALIFORNIAN SISTER PACKS HER FAMILY OFF TO THE MAINLAND AND SETS OFF TO REALIZE HER GOAL OF BEING A GIRL FOR AN EVENING — IN PUBLIC. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BEST OF INTENTIONS CAN GO WRONG — AND THEY DID.

It was one of those warm Hawaiian nights that you see on the travel posters complete with the palm trees and warm breezes. The only difference was that I could barely hear the sound of the breeze through the trees due to the pounding of my heart.

I had decided that this was the night that I was going to assert and finally come out of the closet. My wife and children were on the mainland and I was free from their questioning eyes for a week. I had been waiting for such a chance for what seemed like years and now that I had the opportunity my heart was pounding like it had never done before.

My freshly shaved legs felt wonderfully sexy encased in a brand new pair of panty hose. The breeze felt tremendous as it softly blew my skirt around. My wife's sandals were a bit tight but the higher heels made me feel even more attractive. It was so new to have the hair of my wig blowing gently into my face and made me feel even more feminine than ever. My only concern was my make-up as I wasn't very good at applying it yet.

Now came the question that many of us face even now. I was all dressed up with no place to go. I had been through a section of Honolulu that had all the topless places and there was one place that featured Female Impersonators. Since I wasn't aware of the sorority yet so I thought that I must be one of the 'girls' that I had seen walking the streets around that afore mentioned place called 'The Glade.'

After many false starts I finally made it out to the car, with my purse this time, and started off towards town and the 'Glade.' I must have circled the block a hundred times before I got the courage to park the car and get out. I felt that everyone that drove by or walked by, even if they were across the street, must be looking right at me and thinking 'there goes one of those sickies'.

After walking nearly thirty miles I finally made it the half block to the Glade bar and scooted in. The girl at the door gave me a big smile and said 'Welcome honey we're glad you could make it out tonight'. Just that little bit made me feel a little more relaxed although by

the time I sat down at the booth I realized that I hadn't been breathing for a while and I was getting a little dizzy.

When one of the waitresses came by to take my order she said to take it easy and that I wouldn't be hassled here. I must admit that I guzzled that first drink and it wasn't until I was nearly through with the second that I realized that I had better slow down or I would really be snocked. Then I started to look around a bit and relax. The floor show that they were putting on was really good with the girls doing a great job dancing and miming. There were a few guys in the place looking a bit nervous too and there were some other girls that looked like me. Looking around I wondered if I had gone a bit too far.

Pretty soon one of the girls that I had seen on the street, before I came in, came over and sat down next to me. She started to tell me about the crazy guy that had picked her up not realizing that she was really a boy and had gotten pretty upset and nearly didn't pay her for her services. I appreciated her talk but what she said

made me think about what I was doing in this place even more than I had been before.

I didn't want to be going out to attract men or have any sexual contact with them. All I wanted to do was to look pretty and dress pretty and smell pretty without someone saying that it wasn't normal for me to think that way. After my friend had left, a guy that was, by the way his hair was cut, in the military, came over and sat down next to me. I started to get really scared at this point as I had never considered the possibility that I might attract anyone. He asked me my name which I whispered out and he then asked if he could buy me a drink. I was in such a position that I couldn't get out of the booth without climbing out over the top of him so I nodded in the affirmative and reminded myself to start breathing again.

He introduced himself and asked my name. Once again I whispered it out hoping that if I ignored him he would go away. Unfortunately this plan didn't work and he kept on talking. I just smiled a little, and kept on nodding my head. I guess he was as lonely as I was scared because he had more talk in him that I could imagine but he ran out of talk and started to feel his drinks, I guess, because he put his hand on my leg. The physical contact was exciting, but very confusing to me. I wasn't looking for this kind of attention but at the same time I was very flattered with the fact that someone was paying attention to me.

When his hand started to move up from my knee toward my thigh I flat out panicked. I took his hand away and put it on

the table. He looked at me quizzically and asked in a questioning tone 'no?' I shook my head and looked away. Once again he put his hand on my leg. Again the contact made me feel good inside but confused and unsure of myself. So again, I took his hand and placed it on the table. When he asked me what was wrong I didn't know what to do or say. I could only think of getting out of the situation but fast! So I asked him to excuse me and perhaps because of my voice not being in a whisper he moved out of the booth and let me go.

My knees felt like jelly as I walked out and my ears were burning like crazy. Once again I felt like everyone was looking and laughing at me as I walked to my car. Once I got in the car and started driving I felt a little safer and so headed for home again to my closet and safety.

After that night I started to feel really depressed and lonely. Even after my family returned I felt alone. Naturally, my wife noticed my shaved legs and started to bug me about what she thought was normal and what kind of weirdo I was and I didn't love her or my family anymore and how could I do such a thing, ect.,ect.,etc., She finally convinced me that I need professional help and she made

an appointment with a psychologist for me. By now I thought I really must be a crazy because I really do love my wife and children so I went with the idea that this doctor might cure me of this 'curse' that I have had since I was a little boy.

Well, as you might guess, the good doctor didn't cure me of anything except help me understand a screwy childhood and a overbearing mother. My real help didn't come until I had moved back to the mainland and was browsing in an adult bookstore in San Diego where I noticed an issue of *Transvestia* for sale. I bought that first book and read it from cover to cover several times over. The next night I went on a concentrated search of the adult bookstores looking for more information. I eventually found the book, *How To Be A Woman Though Male*, By Virginia Prince and to be a *Woman Although Male*, read it from cover to cover. At last I had found someone who understood what I was feeling and knew what I wanted to know.

It has taken me sometime to get started in the sorority but I'm here now and I feel stronger all the time. My only concern now is to convince my wife that everything is OK and that my feelings and desires don't threaten her or the family.

"I agree with Dr. Benjamin that a transvestite 'has every right to be accepted as a woman' (or man). This is part of personal freedom in a democracy. I also agree that society should be "treated" by way of public education so that it may develop a better understanding of the

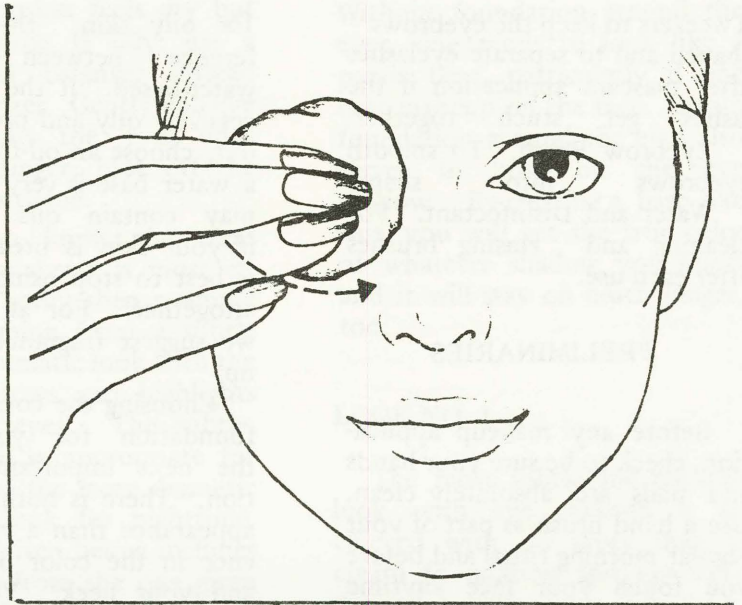
problems involved. I think, however, that to do justice to the transvestite we must also educate the patients themselves."

Taken from Emil A. Gutheil (1954) in the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*



"Last year it was backgammon."

Make Up & Skin Care



The most beautiful look in the world can be achieved with fresh, glowing skin, a little eye makeup perfectly blended and coordinated with your clothes, lipstick, and a touch of cream rouge. In the salon, we suggest that clients keep their makeup to the bare minimum. We recommend they use as little foundation as possible and, instead, concentrate on maintaining a healthy skin that does not need anything on it at all. Foundation is not good for the skin, as many advertisements proclaim. It prevents the skin from breathing freely and clogs the pores. Powders are basically colored dust that gets into the pores and takes a good deal of effort to get out.

If your skin has problems, be cautious about using any makeup at all. Never use it as a cover-up, with the very rare exception of an important meeting, appearance, or impression you have to make. When those unavoidable times come up, be sure to use a drying lotion under a foundation if your skin is broken out, or better yet, a drying lotion in place of a foundation. Skin-colored drying lotions are available. This will give the skin a smoother look and control oiliness during the day. Look for

products that contain such drying agents as zinc oxide or kaolin. Apply with a sponge, and blend in quickly, using outward movements over the problem areas. Remove all makeup as soon as you can.

HOW TO USE MAKEUP EFFECTIVELY!!

The most important factors in good makeup application are having the right light, using the proper tools, and learning to blend properly. You want to keep looking at the whole impression as you apply makeup to the parts of your face—your eyes, lips, and cheeks. This is how others will see you, so pull back from the mirror between each application to be sure it is going well.

LIGHT

The 'right' light most closely approximates the light you will be in after you put on makeup. If it is going to be daylight, use daylight for your makeup applications. If it is indoors, use incandescent.

TOOLS

Mirror. Choose a good, free-standing mirror, and be sure not to use a magnifying mirror for anything other than tweezing eyebrows or applying mascara.

Hair Clip or Band. To wear while working at the mirror. You want to keep hair well back away from your face.

Makeup Sponges. Buy round rubber-like sponges, available in pharmacies or dime stores. Cut into pie-shaped pieces while they are still in the plastic wrapper. If you unwrap them first, the scissors will stick and make cutting difficult. Use and wash a few times, and then throw out. Use the rough side of the sponge; the smooth side will just slip. A sponge is both hygienic and a good buffer for the pressure applied. You are less apt to push makeup into the skin than if you use just fingers.

Cotton Swabs are a must. For blending eye makeup, cleaning smudged areas, and makeup removal.

Shadow Brush. The best brushes are sable and should have a tapered bottom. It is difficult to use the kind that have an angled blunt cut where all bristles are the same length.

Liner Brush and /or colored pencils.

Lipstick Brush.

Tweezers to keep the eyebrows shaped and to separate eyelashes after mascara application if the lashes get stuck together.

Eyebrow Brush. To smooth eyebrows into shape.

Water and Disinfectant. For cleaning and rinsing brushes after each use.

PRELIMINARIES

Before any makeup application, check to be sure your hands and nails are absolutely clean. Use a hand brush as part of your regular morning ritual and before you touch your face anytime during the day.

Never borrow or lend your cosmetics or makeup appliances. If you do, you risk infection your skin.

FOUNDATION

Although we have said that makeup should be kept to the barest minimum and that the healthiest way to keep skin clean is to do without face makeup, many people still insist on wearing a foundation. If you must wear it, at least develop a healthy, sensible approach to the products and their application so that you will not do serious damage to your skin. Further, you must realize that removing all the foundation is crucial and that you will have to spend as much time as you need to remove all of it off your skin. We tell clients to spend at least as much time taking off makeup as they do applying it.

If you are going to use foundation, be sure it is absolutely right for your skin type. There are so many different bases that you must choose your product carefully, according to the degree of oiliness (or dryness) of your skin. Use a liquid product-oil-based or containing a moisturizer for dry skins, and water-based or oil-free

for oily skin. There is a difference between oil-free and water-based. If the skin is excessively oily and prone to break out, choose an oil-free; although a water base is very light, it still may contain oils. However, if your skin is breaking out, it is best to stop using foundation altogether. For all skin types, we suggest fragrance-free makeup.

Choosing the correct color of foundation for your skin is the next important consideration. There is nothing worse in appearance than a visible difference in the color of your face and your neck. You must be sure the makeup will look as natural as your skin, not like a mask. Most women choose foundation colors by testing them on the back of their hands without realizing that the color of the hands is rarely the same as the color of the face. The best place to test color is the jawline. The color must be that of your own skin and you cannot settle for anything else. For those with many freckles the choice of color is a bit more difficult. It is better in this case to go a bit darker since a pasty appearance can result if you match up the color with the light areas of your skin.

People often say they like a tan look, but the only way to achieve this (if at all) is with rouge. Do not attempt it with a dark foundation; your 'tan' will look painted and phony especially in daylight. If you want a tan look, apply rouge to your cheeks, around the temples, in the center or your forehead, and a dab on your chin and nose. Blend in well.

To apply foundation, the cleanest way is to use a sponge. As we said, sponges will help keep makeup from being pushed into the pores. It should just rest on the top of your skin. It is not necessary to wet the sponge, but if you desire a very sheer look, dampening it will help. Dot the liquid makeup

on your forehead, cheeks, and chin before blending. Always use outward movements.

It is a good idea to carry a mirror and check the color of your foundation at least once in daylight so you know if it really blends.

EYE MAKEUP

In using eye makeup, your main goal should be to direct attention to the eyes themselves, not to the areas around them. You want your eye makeup to enhance the color and shape of your eyes.

You can achieve this with great success if you are careful to choose shades that complement the color of your eyes and your skin tone as well and then learn to apply shadows and highlights with skill. The key is in the subtle blending of soft, muted shades—gray, browns, and natural colors blended carefully around the eye areas. The more subtle the shading, the more natural the look. On first view, your eye makeup should give the impression that you are not wearing any makeup at all. If a quick glance tells you a woman is wearing blue or green eye shadow, blue (or whatever color) eye liner, the makeup is poorly applied. Well-blended makeup is deceptive: You cannot tell exactly what has been applied. In general, bright colors will detract from the eyes, but it all depends on blending techniques. If they are skillfully done, bright colors can enhance certain eyes and complexions. Those with olive skin and small brown eyes can use bright colors successfully to bring out the face and eyes much more effectively than by using subtle shades of brown or gray. For others, bright colors are suitable for nighttime use.

Once you have practiced with the right application techniques and have a general idea of the

effects of color on your skin, try out new shadows and highlights. Apart from the fun of experimenting, you want to keep your eye makeup up-to-date with the styles and colors of clothes you wear. However, while the color of eye makeup changes with fashions, you want to be sure it will suit your own individual look before anything else.

You may have used eye makeup for years without ever thinking about the various eye areas and the kinds of makeup to use on them. Concentrate on them in your mirror.

Eyelashes. Mascara will lengthen and define lashes, on the top or the bottom lid.

The rim of the eyelids. Correct placement of eye liner will help change the appearance of the shape of the eyes. To make eyes appear more wide-set (farther apart), apply the eye liner to only the outer edge of the lids, top and bottom, if desired. If your eyes are too wide-set, apply eye liner to only the inner corners, both top and bottom. This will create the illusion of less distance between the eyes.

Eyelids. Eye shadow used wet or dry on the lids will give emphasis to the color of the eyes.

Eyebrow area. The area directly below the brows. This is where you ought to apply a highlight color to complement the color of your eye shadow. A highlight should always be used if you are using a shadow.

The crease or depth area. Between the lid and the eyebrow. This is where you would use a second shadow to achieve a more dramatic effect for nighttime use or where you would extend the first shadow for a deepening effect. Unless you have a large space between the eyelid and the brow, you really do not need to go into this area at all.

When you are ready to apply makeup, be sure your skin is clean and moisturized in the dry

areas. If top skin feels dry but your skin type is oily, use a nonoily skin balancer instead of a moisturizer. Gently dab eye cream around the eyes with your little finger; blot off the excess with a tissue.

Once you know the areas where eye makeup is most effective it is really then a simple matter of going from a subtle to a more dramatic look with the use of shadows and highlights around the eyes. The subtle, natural look is appropriate for daytime, and the more dramatic highlighted look for nighttime. Each 'look' given below includes the makeup from the one given just before it.

Begin with the application of a cream foundation or cover-up cream around the eyes. A cream foundation serves several purposes. First, it provides a base for eye shadows that helps keep them on the lid for a longer period of time. Secondly, it helps cover circles under the eyes. The under-eye area tends to be the darkest area on the face because of the blood vessels that are concentrated there. Some of us have darker under-eye areas than others. The cover-up cream should conceal this discoloration. Most people try to cover darkness under the eyes with a white or pale beige. This usually does not conceal the dark tone successfully because the darkness shows through the light color. We recommend using a color in skin tone or even slightly darker than one's skin tone, particularly if the circles under the eyes are very pronounced. Be sure you select a beige tone, not an orange one.

Gently apply the foundation to the eyelid under the eyebrow and to the area under your eyes. Be sure to use a cream foundation for this area, not a liquid foundation. The cream foundation is the basis for all eye makeup; it 'prepares the canvas.' It serves to neutralize the skin tones around the eyes, creating an even transition to the skin.

Without foundation around the eyes, one tends to look like a panda bear, particularly if one uses makeup on the face. Cream foundation around the eyes also serves to hold on the eye shadow. By creating a base like this, you will get the true color of whatever shadow you select and it will stay on much longer, too.

LOOK NO 1

The most subtle and natural look with eye makeup is achieved with no more than a cream foundation and mascara; it is all anyone needs, especially for daytime use.

First, apply the cream foundation around the eyes to cover the veins on the lids and the darker shadows under the eyes. Before you buy mascara, be sure to examine the brush. It should have long (not stubby), well-spaced bristles so that the mascara will go on smoothly. If you use mascara from a bottle, you will find it necessary to remove the excess from the wand, and you can do this by scraping it off the mouth of the bottle. Add a few drops of pure distilled water to water-based mascara if it is drying out. Most mascaras sold today are water-based.

Black mascara is really the most effective color for most eyes. It brings them out and lengthens the lashes at the same time. Choose navy blue if you wish a softer look or to complement a blue or navy shadow. Usually, colors around the eyes do best in shadow form, not in colorful mascara. Dark brown is fine to use if you have very long lashes.

Applying mascara first rather than last, as many makeup artists are inclined to do, helps open your eyes so that you can see their shape. This is a great help in getting the full impression before you start applying shadows and liners.

When applying mascara, you want to cover each hair all the way back to the root. The top lashes require a slightly different brush stroke than that used on the bottom lashes. On the top lashes, roll on, rather than brush on, the first coat; place the brush at the root of the lashes, and with a slow rotating wrist movement roll upward to the tips of the lashes. Let the first application dry and then reapply, this time brushing on the mascara with quick strokes.

To apply mascara to the bottom lashes, use the tip of the brush and slowly dot back and forth until you have applied as much mascara as necessary.

If any lashes look clumpy or stick together, carefully separate them with tweezers or a brow brush, being careful not to poke your eyes.

Eyelash curlers are only necessary for those who have lashes that grow downward. I do not recommend them as they tend to weaken the lashes at the point where they curl them and can cause breakage.

LOOK NO. 2

After foundation and mascara, the next look that you can achieve, with shadow, is slightly more emphatic. The effect can still be subtle, depending on the colors that you choose. Remember that in both shading and highlighting, the darker the shadow or the brighter the highlight, the more emphasis it will give your eyes. Keep in mind that the darker the shadow, the more skill will be required to blend it in. Your goal is to keep the emphasis on the eyes, not on the shadow. Also, if you are going to use shadows at all, you must use a highlight.

Those with light brown or dark brown skin may find that black, or dark grey eye shadow colors just don't show up on the skin. If that is the case, navy

blue is a good color choice for a subtle effect.

Although it is rare, some people have two different colored eyes. I tell such persons that they can still achieve a unified impression by using soft, muted shades that will in some way balance between the two colors. Smoky blues and greens as shadows work well if one's eyes are both blue and green. For those with stippled or speckled eyes (gray and brown together in one eye), choose muted colors for your eye shadows and highlights.

Blending is the key to applying eye shadow. The trick is to use one color on the lid and a complementary highlight shade just under the eyebrows. Each should be blended so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins. Shadows with some pearl in them blend more easily than those without, due to the softer consistency. Usually the pearl doesn't show once the shadow is applied.

Most eye shadows can be used wet or dry. Experiment to find out which is easier for you to work with. Usually a wet application is more subtle than a dry one and is easier to blend colors into each other. It will also stay on longer than a dry application. If you wear contact lenses, the dry application is not recommended - the powder tends to flake into the eyes and irritate them.

To work wet, use your eye shadow brush. Dip in first in water, then in the eye shadow. Test the consistency on the back of your hand to make certain that it is neither too watery nor too thick, before you apply it to the lids. You want the shadow to go on smoothly. Carefully "paint" the eye shadow onto your lids, using steady, smooth motions with your shadow brush. For blending, use a small piece of sponge or tip of a sponge tip brush. This will even the color nicely.

To work dry, use a sponge-

tip brush. Blend in carefully. Always be careful not to overload the applicator. Otherwise, the powder will end up on your face. Gentle tapping will remove the excess. If you should smudge use a cotton swab with a little water that will clean up the excess.

If you still want more of a "look" than the two shadows will give, you can use a smudged liner underneath your lower lashes to give more definition to the eyes and make them appear larger. An eye liner should not go in too close to the nose or give the eyes a close-set look. Smudging the line in, begin at the outer edge of the eye and work in just to the inner edge of the iris. Eye liners can give both a subtle and a dramatic effect depending on the shadow used - from light gray, light brown, blue, plum, forest green to the most dramatic black and dark brown. Usually a bit of soft color is enough to create emphasis.

For some people - those whose upper lids are set back into the face, liner on the lower lid is all that is needed. But for others, it is necessary to balance off the upper lid with the same eye liner used on the lower lid. This can be accomplished in one of two ways: 1. Smudge in a dab of eye liner at the outer corner of the eye, forming a triangle. Use this technique only if you have naturally long, thick lashes or if you have used mascara to lengthen the lashes. It is important to keep a balance, and long lashes are a must.

2. Line the whole top eyelid in one smudgey line - use a cotton swab to create this effect.

Makeup pencils are now readily available and come in a great variety of colors. These pencils are excellent for lining.

LOOK NO. 3

This look involves adding a third color and/or shading to the depth area. For special occasions you can achieve a most dramatic effect by using all of the eye areas, including the crease line for shading. This does not mean using heavier or more colorful applications. It simply means that you will be giving your eyes the most prominent look possible with shading. A popular but unattractive combination of shadow and highlights is to use a brown in the depth area, white as a highlight and a blue eye shadow. Brown in the middle crease area is really too much for any eyes, unless you are using a brown shadow. Try another color in the crease area; a violet eye shadow and a darker violet in the depth area and a light pink or toast highlight, or a pale blue shadow and navy blue in the depth area. Another kind of eye combination is a really pale, or nude, eye done with tones of peach, beige, or toast, with rust or plum in the crease.

The challenge of adding a third color is to coordinate shades. Do make sure that they compliment each other. Spend some time experimenting with colors to see how they work together, keeping your clothes and skin tones in mind as you focus on your eyes. Here are some suggestions:

1. For blue eyes and blonde hair, use peach, taupe, pink, or violet.
2. For blue eyes and dark hair, use pink, peach, beige, or gold.
3. For brown eyes and blonde hair, use beige, pink or peach.
4. For brown eyes and dark hair, use gold, rose, and peach.
5. For green eyes and blonde hair, use peach and beige.
6. For green eyes and brown hair, use gold, yellow, beige, and peach.
7. For light eyes and red hair, use peach and beige.

8. For dark eyes and red hair, use gold, beige and peach.

CHEEK ROUGE

If you need a bit of color, use a rouge. We recommend cream rouge - it stays on top of the skin and can be removed easily. Gel rouge is bad for the skin -- it stains. Powder and cake rouges applied with brushes creates problems, too. Powder gets into the pores. Additionally, bacteria and dirt accumulate on the brush and the makeup from repeated use and are transferred to the skin.

While there are no set rules about the best color of rouge for your own complexion, the tones you use should heighten your natural coloring. If you are very fair or pale, a soft pink rouge should give you all the color you need. Warm plum and pinks are best for yellowish skin tones. Pearly tones are absorbed into a yellowish complexion and are generally less flattering than the warmer rose-to-plum colors. To warm a dark skin tone, use ruby red or wine rouge.

To apply a cream rouge, use a makeup sponge. Gently apply the rouge to the top of the skin, along the lines of your cheekbones. If your face is very long, you would want to blend a bit lower across the cheekbones and to the mid-ear. Otherwise, blend along the cheekbone and up along the temple, all the way to the hairline. If you are very pale, you may also add a dab of rouge in the center of your forehead and the middle of your chin, but blend these in very well.

APPLYING LIPSTICK

After eye makeup and the rouge application, your lipstick is the final application. Lipstick and rouge should be in the same family of color. For example, if you were to use a peach rouge and a plum lipstick the overall

effect would not work well at all. You want to achieve a unified look; nothing can ruin an impression more quickly than a jarring lipstick color that clashes with your eye makeup, rouge and clothes. If you put all your colors out before you apply them, lipstick and rouge together, you should get a pretty accurate idea of which colors will compliment each other.

For example, look at: Peach rouge, Peach to Coral lipstick, Peach highlight, Brown shadow and green liner.

These colors will give a unified look because they are all within the same yellowish tone. Even the eye colors contain some of this. If you were to substitute a rose lipstick for peach, in this color combination, it would not be as effective as what's given.

Separate your rouge and lipstick into their color categories: Yellow tones on one side, bluish tones on the other. The first category would include orange, coral, brick, russet, peach for example. The second category would include plum, rose, red, burgundy, wine, maroon.

Most brown tones are neutral and can go either way.

There are three different choices for applying lipstick. You can use a lip liner, lipstick, or lip gloss, all together or in combination. A lip liner usually comes in pencil form or in a darker color than lipstick, and it is used to outline the lips. Lip gloss can alter the color of a lipstick if it is tinted and give shine and add moisture to the lip surface.

Here are three possibly combinations of the above:

1. Outline the lip with a lipliner and use gloss on the inside.
2. Outline the lip, and use lipstick on the inside.
3. Outline the lip and use lipstick and gloss. This will bring out the mouth the most.

The line can be applied

on the inner line of the lips or on the outer part, depending on the effect you want to achieve. Should you wish to broaden your lips, draw the lip line on the outside; to minimize them, draw the lip line inside the natural one.

A. The basic method of shaping lips: Draw a line along the bow at the center of the upper lip and blend it out towards the corners, along the natural line with your fingertip. Draw a straight line in the center of your lower lip, blending it out. Fill in lips with a lipstick applied with a brush, or with lip pencil.

B.. For lips that are too full: The line goes just inside the natural lip line.

C. For lips that are too thin: Use the basis technique, but apply lip pencil just outside the natural lip line. Use a darker tone of final lipstick. A light gloss applied in the center area of the lips will create an illusion of fullness.

When you have outlined your lips, soften the line by running a cotton swab along it gently. Use a fine lipstick brush to apply lipstick. Blend the lipstick and outline together.

If you are using lip gloss, choose a shade that is lighter than your lipstick color. Experiment with the combination of lipstick and lip gloss in complementary tones.

Some of us have special problems with lipstick application. One of these is when lips have a good deal of natural blue tone, causing lipstick colors to turn bluish as well. Pick a color that has brown in it, and it will usually hold true. If your natural tone is showing through, you can put foundation on the lips first, before you apply lipstick.

Another problem is the appearance of "bleeding" lips - vertical lines from the upper lip that encourage lipstick colors to travel out of the lip area. If you use a dry lipstick and

avoid anything that is very creamy, you should be able to prevent this from happening. Use a foundation on the lips first and if you use lip gloss, apply it along the middle line of the lips only, not out towards the edge. A good idea to prevent lipstick from bleeding is to outline with a dry pencil and then use a dry lipstick inside.

MAKEUP REMOVAL

We feel strongly that to remove makeup from skin, two procedures are required: - particularly if you insist on wearing a foundation: First, apply a special makeup remover in outward motions with the fingertips and wipe it off with cotton and water. Second, since a makeup remover is not a cleanser, just as there is no such thing as a "cleansing cream," i.e., no cream can clean dirt off your face - you must follow the makeup remover with the use of a cleansing lotion chosen for your skin type or a special eash-off product; rinse with lots of cold water.

To remove eye shadow and eye liner and mascara: use makeup remover pads for the eyes. Always blot excess off pads so they do not drip into the eyes. Blot them on tissue or washcloth after using them, "rinse" with cotton and warm water. This will help reduce the possibility of eye irritation. You never want to use a cleansing lotion around your eyes be-

"This, then is the transvestite. A person who . . . has two names, two wardrobes, and two personalities. On the one hand in everyday life others see him as masculine, successful and intelligent; heterosexually he seems reasonably well adjusted; but his transvestism brings a marked change in personality. Transvestism has little or no sexually erotic component although many transvestites have grown through

cause it will be too strong. Avoid any product containing alcohol, particularly for use in mascara removal. Remove eye makeup gently, without rubbing, and thoroughly, with every move made in towards your nose in smooth clockwise or counterclockwise strokes. Remove mascara by running the removal pad across the lashes and then upward on them. Remember to work in front of a mirror. Close the eye you are working on, while you focus with the other eye. Work slowly.

For another method of removing mascara, the Retina Association recommends using a cleansing bar, but be sure to keep the eye closed. Moisten a cotton swab or a very small piece of cotton in warm water and rub on cleansing bar. Stroke the upper lashes in light, downward movements. Rinse completely. The soap should touch only the makeup, not the skin around the eye area or the eyes.

The removal of the makeup must be a completely thorough operation. It is easy for a foundation to cling to the skin and it should be remembered that delicate eye tissues need special care. Go slowly and gentle around these areas.

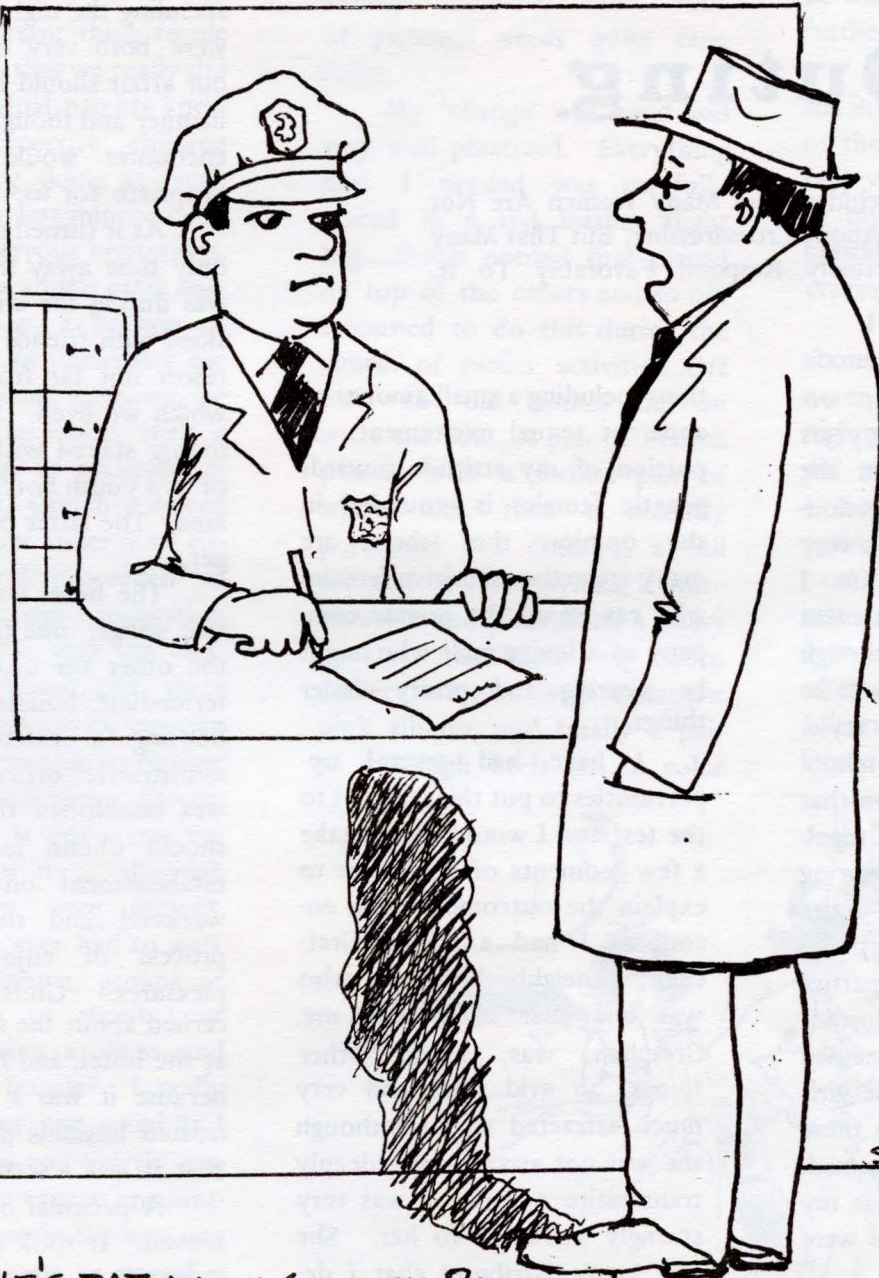
Avoid the use of facial tissues in makeup removal; they contain small wood particles that can irritate the skin.

Once you have removed your makeup, cleanse your face thoroughly and lubricate or moisturize the dry areas.

strong fetishistic feelings and are still somewhat fetishistic. The transvestite does not want to be a woman in reality, he wants a foot in both camps, as if he wants to preserve the facility to change role where he wishes to escape from the pressures of masculinity - and this is a facility he values highly."

Taken from TRANSVESTISM:
A Handbook With Case Studies.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS



"SHE'S FAT, WITH STRINGY BROWN HAIR AND AN IRRITABLE WHINE. THE ONLY REASON I BOTHER IS 'CAUSE SHE'S OUR CHAPTER PRESIDENT."

Anne Learns From Outing

Anne H. Concludes That Many Women Are Not Only Neutral About Crossdressing, But That Many Of Them Actually Respond Favorably To It.

An interesting event occurred to me several years ago. I was seventeen at the time and sufficiently impressionable that this event caused a very significant impact on my life. I would like to recount this event to you in some detail...although the telling of the story will be in a slightly roundabout style.

When I was in grade school it had been my observation that many girls were not at all repelled by the sight of boys wearing dresses or other feminine attire as costumes at various traditional social events. Halloween parties would be the most important events in this regard. It seemed to me that a few of these girls were actually attracted to these costumed boys, or so it seemed. As I recall, however, it was my conclusion that these girls were only curious.

Later observations tended to verify the same general conclusions... that the majority of the girls would only be neutral towards this type of behavior but that a minority of these would be more than neutral towards male transvestism and would display a mixture of positive emo-

tions including a small amount of apparent sexual excitement. A portion of my attitude towards genetic females is grounded in the opinion that there are many attractive, sensitive females who can enjoy the private company of a loving male who might be wearing and pretty under things.

I have had several opportunities to put this concept to the test and I would like to take a few moments of your time to explain the outcome of one encounter...I had a friend, Gretchen, a neighborhood girl who was one year older than me. Gretchen, was, among other things, an avid skier and very much attracted to me although she was not aware of my deeply transvestite nature. I was very strongly attracted to her. She had many attributes that I desired.

Now, Gretchen and I engaged in a good amount of gentle and rather innocent sexual activity - very seldom going beyond the petting stage. She, however, was very honest and, in a light moment, stated quite matter of factly that we should plan to

make love if the opportunity ever presented itself. This was something that I was very agreeable to, although I wasn't perfectly sure of my abilities. And so we began looking for a chance to do it 'correctly', which meant spending the night together. We were both very concerned that our affair should be done in this manner and thought a short-term encounter would not be appropriate for us.

As it turned out, Gretchen's only time away from her family was during the winter when she skied with friends at a mountain resort not far from the city in which we lived. She most commonly stayed with these friends or at a youth hotel located in the area. The latter became our target.

The hotel was divided into two wings; one for females and the other for males with an intermediate building in between housing a cafeteria and administrative offices. The plan was established that each of us should obtain lodgings at this establishment on some winter weekend and then begin the process of enjoying intimate pleasures. Gretchen was concerned about the security system at the hotel, and for good reason because it was a successful and trusted business due to the fact that it was a secure place to be.

A personal opportunity had arrived. It took me only a few moments to consider several satisfying alternatives. Seeing a hoped-for chance to escape mere fantasy, I asked her, 'Say, Gretchen, do you have any clothes that would fit me?' And, without much hesitation and with a certain gleam in her eyes, she stated that she just might. The next few minutes produced a

tidy pile of clothes that translated into a very comely outfit. The 'costume' was more than satisfactory and included a pair of black leather boots and other items which would get me through the snow and into the hotel.

The important thing to me about all this is that we really did it. Our individual parents knew that their respective children would be going skiing as usual. There were no last minute complications or nervous hesitations. It was just that a little extra baggage went along, a portion of which was put to immediate use in a service station restroom on the way to the resort with a modest amount of makeup applied in the car. Gretchen agreed that I would pass under most circumstances and proceeded to drive towards our destination with, apparently, very few anxieties. As it turned out, there was very little reason for concern because we were able to register at the hotel and move directly to our room. It was a very exciting time for me, although some anxieties were present.

Have you ever had to walk past young women, groups of young women of about your own age wearing a dress and trying to act female? I really didn't 'try', but just acted as I normally would and quietly passed through the various encounters. By these means the way was made clear for us to spend a Friday night together - alone.

We moved into the room, took off our coats, and took a few moments to fully consider our situation. Gretchen said that I looked very nice in my outfit but that I should change while she went to get something for us to eat. Our

overall intent was identical, but our understanding of what constituted a chance was quite different.... We realized that in the next few hours we would attempt to satisfy a large set of sexual needs. We had previously discussed most facts of personal needs quite carefully.

My 'change' was rapid and very well practiced. Everything that I needed was carefully stored in a red leather flight bag....things needed first placed on top of the others and so on. I learned to do this during the course of earlier activities...Off went the old clothes and on went the new....a pair of French panties with a second pair of white lace, then a recently purchased red corselet, a full slip pink in color, nylons, a white blouse, a red plain skirt, a bulky sweater, the same wig worn earlier but now with a narrow pink ribbon, and finally a pair of tall high heels tan in color

with a single narrow strap across the ankle. I felt very good and while in the final process of fixing the makeup, Gretchen returned and called through the bathroom door to see if I was ready. I responded that I would be out in a second and, without further delay, presented myself.

We didn't eat our dinner at the intended time. I turned most of the lights off and gave her a very warm kiss. She was amazed at my appearance but did not hesitate in the slightest in accepting my advances. Very nice.

I still have good thoughts about this adventure. Gretchen never criticized my wearing a lace nightgown over my corselet. I did not feel embarrassed and I would have happily done it again. One comment that I have taken great pleasure in was when she said, 'I don't even have clothes like these', after discovering my panties. I learned a great deal from this experience.



*"If you really want to feel like a woman,
how about doing the cooking, washing, and ironing?"*

News About

Tri-Ess

Chapters

A Report From MARLENE, CA-1046-L, our
Director Of Chapter Development.



Tri-Ess Chapter development has been expanding rapidly during the last few months. The following is a summary of the activities of our sisters as they push forward in the quest for new chapters:

ARIZONA: Peggy, AZ-10-08-E has met four sisters and is in contact with two others. She attended the February meeting of Alpha chapter in Los Angeles and hopes to get her group together soon - in the Phoenix area.

ALABAMA: Donah, AL-1577-H, reports that she and her wife, Gladys, have met two other members and are in correspondence with two more.

EDMONTON, in CANADA: Maureen, FCAB-1584-F, has sent out questionnaires to nearby sisters in an effort to form a chapter.

VANCOUVER, CANADA - Julia, FCBC-1514-M, has taken the time to sent out a questionnaire and received four replies from members wanting to form a chapter.

LOS ANGELES: We are glad to report that Alpha Chapter has a new President in Judy,

CA-1095-L. This chapter meets on third Saturdays at the Olympian Hotel at 8:00 P.M. Attendance has been running about 20 members. Judy publishes a great newsletter, Alpha-Bits.

SACRAMENTO, California- Julia, CA-1097-L, has met with three members and has corresponded with several others. Chrystal, CA-1064-R, is also working to form a chapter in the very north of California.

SAN FRANCISCO: We are very pleased that Jenifer CA-1543-J, is interested in forming a chapter and with over 20 members in that area, she should have success in reforming a now-defunct chapter.

HARTFORD, CT: Alice, CT-1545-Z, is interested in forming a chapter. She has met two members and exchanged letters with three others.

MIAMI, FLORIDA: Linda Arlene, FL-1553-E and Nancy, FL-1135-N, have written all the members in their areas and hope to get a chapter together soon.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA: We have Fritzie, FL-1594-C, who has written over a dozen sisters in her area in an effort to form a



chapter.

POCATELLO, IDAHO: We have Lisa, ID-1144-A, who is interested in forming a chapter. Her problem is that the closest sisters are each about 200 miles away. She'll keep trying.

CHICAGO: CHI chapter is large and very active with Mary Ann, IL-1160-B as the President of this lively chapter.

KANSAS CITY, MO: Julie, MO-1269-D, is in contact with seven sisters and hopes to see a chapter formed soon.

St. Louis, MO.: Cathy, MO-1268-Z, reports that their group hasn't met recently but that it is still active. Nancy,



Dolly CA-1045-C



Karen VA-1465-M



Karen TX-1439-G



Linda VA-1462-C

nifer, MN-1597-O, is interested in starting a chapter and Joni, MN-1262-T has offered to help.

NORTH CAROLINA: In the Newport area, we have Diane NC-1596-M and Denise, NC-1350-J who are both interested in forming a chapter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: In the central part of this state we find Ann Marie, NH-1285-B who would like to form a chapter.

NEW YORK: Mary Jane NY-1322-M, is the President of CHI DELTA MU. They publish a monthly newsletter called Our Special Joy which generally runs to a dozen pages. Monthly meetings are being held in Westchester. Membership is so large that they have considered splitting into three separate chapters.

CLEVELAND, OHIO: Jill, OH-1581-W, has been in communication with eight area sisters and intends to form a chapter. **CINCINNATI, OHIO:** We have Cathy, OH-1561-R, who has sent out letters to see who is interested in forming a chapter. Valerie, OH-1364-J, has expressed a desire to reactivate an old Tri-Ess chapter.

PORTLAND, OREGON: A sister who is going places is Patricia, OR-1387-P. She has sent out a four page questionnaire to all of the local members and has received five positive responses. She is ready to go.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.: We have information from Judy Ann PA-1397-L, who belong to an independent organization, that the organization might split soon and form a separate Tri-Ess chapter.

HOUSTON, TEXAS: Vivian TX-1425-M, writes that their chapter is not very active but

DALLAS, TEXAS: We have received a number of letters from sisters in that area who want to have a chapter. We need a leader.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: Jean, VA-1472-D, writes that six members were present at a recent meeting. Hope is the formation of a chapter.

MADISON, WIS.: Mary, WI-1490-Z, is interested in forming a chapter.

EUROPE: Susan, FBEL-1505-F and Josephine, FSPA-1540-A, are interested in forming chapters.

PITTSBURGH, PA.: Marcia PA-1394-F, writes that she has a big house where meetings can be held.

Well, that's 27 chapters or potential chapters in various stages of development. The most important feature, of course, is leadership. We could use a little help in: Albany, N.Y., Indianapolis, Ind, Dallas, Tx., Ok-

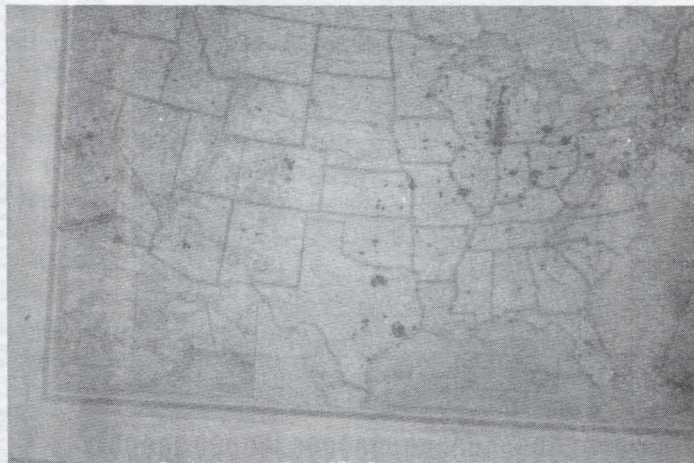
Detroit, Mi. How about it, girls? Every one of the above cities should have a chapter being developed. A chapter does not have to meet often - three or four times a year would be fine. It's the KNOWLEDGE that you have local sisters whom you can phone and talk to when you need to. Occasional meetings will be of real help, too.

Now, on to other matters. If you have a group in the midst of developing into a chapter, please send me a progress report and, hopefully, a group picture. Soon!

You can contact me by ing to Marlene, Box 4067, Visalia, CA 93278-4067.

The pictured map of our membership has about 600 pins in it now - each pin representing each member. Let's try to double our membership by this time next year.

The Pictured Map Of Our Membership In Tri-Ess Sorority, has about 600 pins in it, now -- each pin represents one member. Let's try to double our membership by this time next year. We now have lots of workers, willing to do their best to help us grow!!



Sitting Technique

Our bodies are our gardens. to which our
wills are gardeners.

Shakespeare

You associate poise with sitting. Sitting should mean a time for body composure. You may as well face it: when you are sitting opposite a friend, a professional associate, or a new acquaintance, you are being scrutinized. Your oldest beloved child or friend may not be aware that she is scrutinizing you, but subconsciously she is. The impression that you make as you sit is important because so many opportunities through socializing which exacts smooth, poised, sitting habits. You can't always be as relaxed or as rested as you wish. We all live in an age of pressures and tensions, many of which cannot be controlled. For this very reason you must depend upon sound body mechanics to offset somewhat the appearance of "Twentieth Century Nerves."

Suppose a crucial two-hour visit is ahead of you. You're frantic for time. You've been over-working. Haven't been sleeping too well. You aren't at your best inwardly. Suppose also you have never taken the time nor had the occasion to have your sitting habits checked by impartial standards. Thus outwardly as well as inwardly you're not the person you wish to be. My point here is that you can control your outer

mechanics. Think how many times they could come to your rescue to present you to the world as a reasonably poised, controlled, attractive woman.

Before you go into the actual technique of sitting, let's pause to consider here one of the most practical lessons in poise you can get. Since you spend some part of each day sitting, use this time as an effective approach to poise. Sit perfectly still in your chair. Sounds simple, but when you look around at your nervous, fidgety friends, you will realize how important it is to have perfect control of yourself. Just making yourself sit there quietly will have a soothing effect on your tired, jangled insides, to say nothing of its relaxing effect on the others in the room.

Most women lack sitting knowledge. With the necessity for such knowledge so acute, this lesson will concentrate in detail on what to do about sitting; about chairs; how to get into them; which ones to select for your proportions; what to do with your body, head, hands, and feet while in them; and how to get out of them.

TAKE IT EASY! One of the first rules in sitting is not to be in too great a hurry to sit

sooner the better. In her eagerness to be seated, haven't you seen a woman half-way seated several feet from her chair? (Figure 129). Actually, she's sitting while she's walking. This awkward happenstance reminds me of that humorous limerick which goes:

What a funny critter the frog are;
He sits when he stands almost,
And he stands when he sits almost!

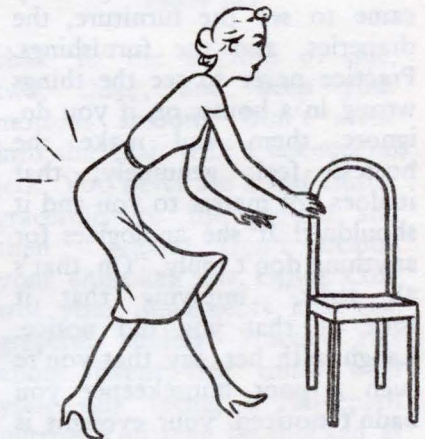


Figure 129

You will find here shortly that those body mechanics which get you gracefully into a chair are different than those used in approaching a chair. Enter with dignity. Fake an exterior of deliberateness you may not feel. Slacken your pace. The most awkward individual is least awkward when moving at a reasonably modified pace.

People resent a woman who dashes, especially through doorways. They expect a lady to pause in the doorway when the door is open; and, of course, to knock when it is closed.

This is the most reliable background I have been able to unearth for the social law that demands a lady pause for a second in the doorway; She is not making an entrance, she is not being dramatic; she is exercising good taste. It works to her advantage, too. That second gives her an opportunity

for the purpose of this lesson, where she will sit.

Learn to enter a room, seeing everything but apparently observing nothing. An actress calls this "a wide look." She will be aware of everything on the stage, but not actually looking hard at it. As you meet your hostess and her friends, nothing in that room is as important to you as their presence. All too many women enter a room and look as though they came to see the furniture, the draperies, and the furnishings. Practice never to see the things wrong in a house, or, if you do, ignore them and make the hostess feel, genuinely, that it does not matter to you and it shouldn't! If she apologizes for anything don't reply, "Oh, that's all right," implying that it isn't or that you did notice. Laugh with her, say that you're such a poor housekeeper you hadn't noticed, your eyesight is poor, or you're so absent-minded about domestic things, and then change the subject. Be so absorbed in her that she forgets, also. This takes practice, but it spells the magic of real charm! When you can go into a disorderly room, dump off some papers and magazines from a chair, and not hurt your hostess's feelings, you are developing that most coveted quality: warmth.

MENTALLY CHOOSE A CORRECT CHAIR. As you enter the room, select a chair for yourself, mentally. Don't wander in aimlessly and then abruptly squat on anything, regardless of how ridiculous it may make you appear. If you are small, and there are several chairs available, find a small one or an occasional chair which will not engulf you with its proportions and on which you will not feel called upon to curl up your legs, or to sit on one leg or both! (Figure 130). If you are



Figure 130

a large woman, don't select some dainty, spindle-legged chair which will make you look mountainous by comparison. Always select an occasional chair in preference to one of an overstuffed variety, since you can more easily get your hips to the back of the former, thereby insuring better sitting appearance - I heard a delightful small woman say as she sank into a friend's forty-inch-seat, down-filled sofa, "At this point I can feel my chest disappear into my hips." The furniture swallowed up her middle!

Of course, when you are joining a large group, there may be a scarcity of chairs; then you'll sit on what's left and like it. Be alert to the chair your host or hostess indicates for you. You won't be popular if you usurp his or her chair. Take your time. If permissible wander around a bit or at least until you're introduced.

I've always told my timid students to avoid sitting against the wall or in corners. It's all well and good to believe in humility but why go out of your way to give a first-rate picture of a wallflower? You may not be a wallflower at all, but are new to the group. Your hostess has many responsibilities without having to direct

to you.

I read a very delightful article not long ago, urging women to "stay as shy as you are." The author pointed out that very often the shy little violet gets a lot of attention and this helps overcome the feeling of timidity! It reads well, but from knowledge of many unhappy souls, I don't believe that it happens this way. The world is more apt to help those who help themselves.

If you go dressed into some important place, wait for an invitation to be seated. Then say simply, "Thank you," as you sit where sued. If friends come uninvited to your home, you need not ask them to be seated - in so many words. You include that by saying, "Come in and let's have a chat," leading the way into the room, and indicating by a gesture that they sit, as you do yourself. When entertaining invited guests you talk as you lead the way into the room and as you seat yourself - with them following your lead. Thus you as a guest don't wait to be invited to sit down in many instances.

HOW TO MASTER THE TECHNIQUE OF GETTING INTO AN OCCASIONAL CHAIR. So the time comes when you are ready to sit. Stand directly in front of the chair you have selected, and feel the chair with the back of both your knees. (Figure 131) Look around

Figure 131



second glance indicating you're afraid the chair may have taken wings! (Figure 132)

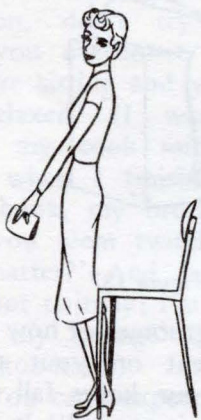


Figure 132

Assume a tucked in position, rounding your back.

Put one foot six to ten inches back of the other, and push the back foot under the chair - if it is a chair where you can do this.

The weight of your body is distributed between both legs. The space between them is your base of operations until you're seated.

Both knees relax as you bend down through the hips, buttocks still tucked under you. You don't want to be guilty of the well-known "fanny reach." Even great beauties can't get by with it. Go down as straight as you can manage, sliding toward back of chair later. (Figure 133) As you become expert

Figure 133

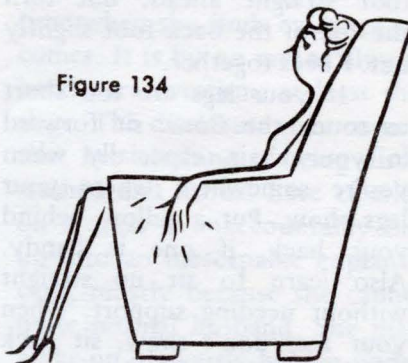


you can see that this may cause your pushing your buttocks back. so go down with a straight back for a long, long time.

Don't slick your skirts down over your buttocks as you sit down. This does not help keep your skirt free from wrinkles, as you hope, but it definitely does outline the one part of your figure you should keep to yourself. I never see a woman pressing her skirts over her buttocks and reaching out with her rear as she sits, without thinking, "Well, here it is -- where shall I put it?" Casual LIFTING of your skirt through the hips is permissible if you do it gracefully. Your hips should touch the back of an occasional chair as you sit, if you have accomplished the motion correctly. This is the rule but it's wiser at first to look nice as you go down and then ease back than to sacrifice how you control your back to hit the chair back in one swoop.

Your arms fall front and along your thighs as you sit, so that they slide easily into your lap as you are seated. If they dangle wild at your sides, spread-eagle fashion, they add several inches to your width (Figure 134) Don't keep

Figure 134



your hands clasped together as you get into a chair, because that's a gesture of resignation - and it's aging! (Figure 135)

Practice getting into a



DON'T

Figure 135

chair to the rhythm of one, two, three, and keep your motions smooth. Don't settle into the chair with a last-second jerk. You never see a leaf flutter gracefully to the ground and then - wham! Don't unspoil your unbroken line, either. Control your movements into one graceful landing. Practice this about twenty-five times with your side facing a full-length mirror. You may be shocked at first at what you see. Haven't you seen a man reinforce his glass against spilling when some heavy gal settles beside him on a sofa? After the first dozen tries you will find an astonishing improvement in your ability to control your landing.

Control your head so it will not flip downward. Your back is a continuous, rounded line or a straight one, depending upon your control. (Figure 136)

Figure 136



go through the motions. If you can sit nicely on air, think how lovely you'll be with any kind of chair help.

Most sitting action takes place in your thighs so that every time you get in and out of a chair can be a first-rate exercise for firming them. As you lower yourself into your imaginary chair to the count of one, two, three, place your hands on your thighs and feel the action of the thigh muscles. Make sure that the spine isn't doing the whole job. Don't be surprised if you do a little creaking. It isn't a sign of age but one of tension. After you've practiced WITHOUT a chair by the mirror, then go over to your chair by the mirror and see how far you have progressed.

Now that you're finally down, here are the principles which flatter you most, as you sit:

Stretch your feet out a little in front of you. This will give you a much softer line than putting them straight under you on a perpendicular line with your knees. Never push your feet under a chair. This is a negative position, and one which actresses employ when they play a subdued, timid, or eccentric character.

Keep some of the soles of your shoes on the floor. Coaches used to say ALL of the soles. Be your own judge on this. You may wish to rest your feet by having only your heels touching the floor, but this is never a flattering position. So watch that you aren't using it when you wish to make a good impression. On the whole, the things which you allow your feet to do when you are alone and off guard will be the habits which they will fall into when you are with others. Make all these things so routine that you need never give them a thought. Then your attention will be

around you.

However, there are many moments during the day when you are alone or working and when you must relax. Body mechanics authorities assure us that by sitting correctly day in and day out we will eventually fall into these desirable habits and will feel relaxed in them. But suppose you are tired to the point of exhaustion and you feel you must finish a job. One of the greatest posture authorities, Dr Charles LeRoy Lowman, recommends this sitting position for such rest periods:

Recommended change for relaxation and relief, as a variation of a set position to relieve the strain of holding one position too long: Cross feet (not knees) at the ankle joint. Rest the feet on the floor, holding the outer border in contact with the floor - toes straight ahead or in.

Remember that this position is for emergencies. It is NOT attractive! You are to use it only occasionally. It isn't feminine at all!

Then, let's consider a position that IS flattering. Place the feet so that the toe of one foot is about even with the arch of the other foot. Keep the front foot straight ahead, but turn the toe of the back foot slightly out. Knees together.

If your legs are too short to touch the floor. sit forward in your chair, especially when you're somewhere where your legs show. Put a pillow behind your back, if one is handy. Also learn to sit up straight without needing support. When your feet don't show, sit back and be comfortable. You are the one type who may cross her feet at the ankle if this helps at least one toe hits the floor. (Figure 137)

Keep your knees together! No matter how beautifully you

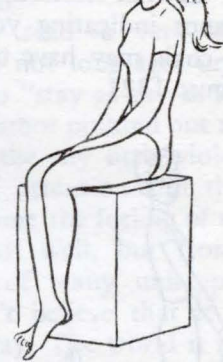


Figure 137

have been groomed or how much you've spent on your pretty dress, if your knees fall apart, the picture is spoiled!! It seems such an obvious point to make, yet it is painful to count the number of otherwise seemingly well-bred women who sit with their knees apart. It robs them of every inch of their femininity and allure. (Figure 138)

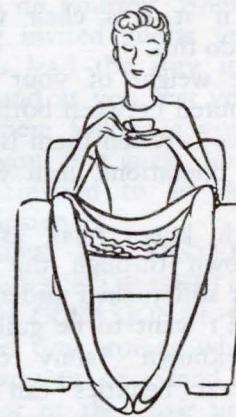


Figure 138

Be sure that you are sitting in a balanced position on your chair with your shoulders straight, your hips touching the back of your chair, and your head held straight. A head cocked to one side, or falling forward, plus the slump position, with the back and hips away from the back of the chair, adds about four inches to the waistline as well as making you look down on the world AND yourself. You can appreciate also

tics is politely saying "Nabby". Flabbiness and bulk are synonymous. You MUST control your own abdominal muscles.

In correcting your sitting position, don't try so hard that you overdo it. After all, you are sitting and you should be relaxed. (I was amused when my cook said, "Last night when I finished reading your book, my brother asked, 'Sis, you seem twitchy; what's the matter?' And I told him, 'I'm not twitchy; I'm just practicing my sitting!' " She was trying too hard.)

You can't expect to master a technique as complicated as this in a week. Your old and bad habits are not easily controlled. But these particular ones offer such immediate rewards that you can't begrudge the discipline required to get them rolling.

You have learned how to "stack" your body parts when standing. Apply this when you are sitting. The plumb line should fall in a straight line opposite the lobe of your ear, your shoulder bone and your hipbone. Feel that you are balancing your chest and shoulder area over your pelvis and your head over your shoulder girdle. You have three heavy areas to line up on your slender, broom-handle spine. Stack them thoroughly but with ease. When your weight is divided equally between two thighs and feet, you can't be lopsided as you sit. Your back is almost straight whether or not a chair back is supporting it.

SHOULD YOUR LEGS BE CROSSED? There was a time when it was not considered good form for a woman to cross her legs. Later there were certain times when she might and when she might not. Today it is not considered good form to cross your legs in church, before a church dignitary, or on a public vehicle such as a bus

to your problem depends upon how gracefully you cross your legs, and the length of the skirt.

You can be the sole judge of whether or not you should cross your legs. Here's how you do it. If you can cross your legs up above your knees so that the two legs fall side by side (see Figure 139), then go ahead and do it to your heart's content. If, however, your knees or thighs are fat, don't ever cross your legs where they will be seen by others - especially when you are trying to make a good impression. Look in a mirror for proof. Why present yourself



Figure 139

The transvestite's heterosexuality poses the second problem. More often than not the transvestite subject is married and also has children but it is not surprising that there are stresses and strains in the marriage. These strains are imposed both by the transvestite and his wife as a result of the sort of contract they have made or failed to make to cope with the transvestism.

The marriage may well be a perfectly satisfactory one in all respects. The wife has married an average sensible man who fulfills his heterosexual role as a husband quite adequately. She then begins to realise that unaccountable things are taking place. She finds lipstick on his clothing, she smells perfume not her own when she returns from visiting a friend. He is not quite convincing when he tells her what he has been doing on the day she went to visit her mother. Her natural fear is that another woman has caught his interest. If she accuses him he will not admit to her suspicions of course and he will be unable to explain away her evidence. She will be angered by his inability to put her mind at rest. If she does not accuse him but bides her time and nurses her wrath for the time when she finds evidence of his infidelity, the day of reckoning never comes. It is by no means always the case that the wife discovers her husband's transvestism, at least she may not do so for many years of marriage. The disclosure may come in a variety of ways. The wife may realize that her clothing is being disturbed. Garments she knows that she has washed and ironed have clearly been worn. A fastener on a bra or a zip on a dress is unaccountably broken. What at first was a mystery builds up into an inescapable explanation which she cannot understand or accept, mostly because she cannot link such behavior with her apparently quite normal husband. She may find garments not belonging to her or make-up obviously hidden under the seat of his car, in the attic at home and so on. Her husband may begin to put forward excuses for wearing female clothing. He may suggest a game of "I'll wear your nightie and you wear my pajamas, just for fun."

Taken from TRANSVESTISM: A Handbook With Case Studies.

ENID (NV-1281-S) TELLS US OF HER MANY EXPERIENCES IN
HER FEMME LIFE. HER PRAGMATIC VIEWS ARE REFRESHING
AND DOWN-TO-EARTH. VALUABLE WORDS OF ADVICE FOR
TRI-ESS SISTERS'

Every dedicated male cross-dresser should have a genuine girl-to-woman confidant and mentor.

Until quite recently, I had such a person: A neighbor, a friend, and a widow. Since her husband's death there had developed between us a considerable dependency. And, except for you and you. she was the only person who knew the full extent of my devotion to feminine attire. Others know that I wear women's clothes --I'm not very secretive about it--but she was the only one who appreciated that I actually wear very little else. And she is the only person who has ever seen me in the very feminine things I wear in private.

She not only tolerated it but seemed to even encourage it. More than that, she cooperated with it. We talked about clothes a good deal, and she criticized what I wore. And she was a hard taskmistress!

She had been a successful professional dancer for a good many years, had associated with many of the top names in show business, and knew and liked clothes to an extent that few women ever do. She was only 60 years old, looked no more than about 45, and had maintained a good part of her originally exceptional beauty and all of her style

and poise.

She could have been an expensive woman, and in a way was, because, though her tastes were generally simple and undemanding, what she wore was usually expensive. However, what she had was almost all genuine basic high style, which takes many years to become unwearably obsolete.

We could wear the same things, and traded clothes back and forth and gave each other presents of clothing.

Well, she died very suddenly recently. And, though I didn't always completely agree with her about many things (even the closest of friends often don't), I do miss her very much.

I have some remembrances. Her brother and his wife, in disposing of what she left, have passed on several things to me. For one thing, I bought one of her cars--the one she preferred to drive--and, for another, a good selection of her clothing has come to me. Her brother's wife kept several of her things, but what I have is all very wearable, and I think she would be pleased at me inheriting them.

I can't, of course, say when, but I'll try to take some pictures of them one of these days.

I can tell you, though, that

that is no way to acquire even the choicest selection of brasieres!

Also, an actual living remembrance is her little mostly blind, 15-year-old white poodle. I'm quite pleased that she has taken her place among my four cats without any serious problems.

I'm sure that no other person will ever take her unique place in my life -- but, anyhow, I had her for a precious while.

Stay loved...



Although I honestly doubt that there is any real connection, this could be taken as a sort of epilogue to my recent presentation on the consequences of revising my mode of public dressing. However, this concerns hair.

I have always had my fair share of the stuff (to the envy of some of my peers these years), but it has always been more of a problem than something to be cherished. It isn't particularly attractine, in my opinion, though it has developed over the years in a fairly even salt-and-pepper from its original black. It is also still fairly fine and therefore difficult to control.

The Army gave me the solution to most of the problem:

As I am, you know, a retired Master Sergeant in the Air Force, that was very practical, for I did wear a uniform a good part of the time over a good many years, and I have never been able to feel that flowing tresses and military accoutrement complement each other in any way.

The problem of when to get my hair cut pretty well solved itself. That was just when it became uncomfortable, and my standing instructions to the barber were that same, "Cut it Off!".

Not long ago, though, circumstances compelled me to go to a different barber, and he just didn't cut that much of it off. He is a very good barber, though, and --oddly-- I didn't become uncomfortable as my hair grew, and as it continued to grow I eventually reached the point where I just said, What the hell! --let's just see how long it can get before it becomes a problem.

At the present time I am something past two hair cuts late, and have reached the point where the hair needs to be combed differently than it ever has. It's an interesting development.

Now, an equally interesting -- and unexplainable -- further development is that a couple of times in the last few weeks I have had comments -- from women, of course -- such as (typically), "My, you have pretty hair!" And I swear it isn't!

It is in that stage where it is not-quite-short and not-quite-long, and I feel it tends to be shaggy, and I just hope it improves as it grows.

One thing I have sort of in the back of my mind (as you might imagine) is that it might possibly eventually reach the

incarnation. Actually, though I don't dislike a wig (sometimes even becoming attached to it's wearing), I don't wear one often, yet, eliminating it altogether would remove another artificiality.

I remember some years ago when Virginia told about her decision to let her hair grow and the pleasure it was thereafter to be able to walk into a beauty salon and order "the works" just like any other woman. I don't, of course, ever expect to to that, but I think it would be very nice to be able to effect a transformation with just a few flicks of a comb. (And of course I know it isn't that simple!)

But what is so amusing about the whole thing-- and what I want to share with you -- is that it looks very much like I may be able to pamper my whim and still maintain the approval of others!



I haven't routinely worn a brassiere even when dressed. In the first place, though I indubitably have breasts, they are only a size AA and quite adequately self-supporting, so I don't need one. Then, I have none of that "boobs" (I detest the term!) hangup that is so common in our culture.

Nevertheless, some bras do really require some underneath fullness to make them fit properly. So, in these cases I have of course needed a brassiere. Even then, though, I haven't gone to any extreme. Some years ago I was lucky enough to acquire an A cup that, with the addition of an extender, fit me perfectly. And, though I did later acquire

"what's up front".

Now, here's the reason for writing this: In spite of my near reluctance to don the bra in the first place, I found that when it was time to dress for the street and take it off I was even more reluctant to remove it. For an hour or more afterward I felt as if something important was missing.

Well, life is full of puzzles, and this was one that nagged me for years. Why did I feel that way?

Then finally it came to me: Quite a few years ago a woman by the name of Elizabeth Hawes wrote a book called Fashion Is Spinach. It was a best-seller of the time and deservedly so, for it was both informative and entertaining.

A segment in one chapter I never forgot. In it she said that anyone who sets out to design clothes for women must be prepared to design for two diametrically opposed types.

The first one is the free soul (probably braless these days) who needs to be as unencumbered as possible. She is likely to be the basic customer for flair panties, tents, floats, and the like.

The other one is the tailored, girdled, very precise person so familiar to the commuter crowd, whose basic requirement is to be enclosed, held, and protected.

I am that latter type. In spite of the fact that I have fairly lately come to appreciate more than I ever thought I would the real pleasure of being able to so freely move about under the superficial cover of floats and tents, all my life I have demanded clothing that fits. No shirt tails can be out, belts

substitutes for it, and I wish I could make it a regular part of my everyday dressing.

A recent development — a real breakthrough! — in the brassiere department is the discovery that I really don't have to have enhancement for them to fulfill their purpose.

Several years ago I tried to get AA cups that I could wear just as they were. The attempt was a total failure. Even with modification, those I could get just didn't fit anyplace and were uncomfortable as well.

A few weeks (or was it months?) I decided to try again. There they were out there, and it seemed that there almost had to be something that could be done about them.

There was.

With surprisingly little difficulty, I located a couple of size 38AAs. And with one single one size extender they fit perfectly. And I can wear almost anything comfortably and (though sometimes barely) with adequate front shaping.

It is quite a thing to reach up there either inadvertently or on purpose and actually feel you!

Now, of course there is no appliance that will make something out of nothing: Breasts must be there, even though of minimal size. What the brassiere does is isolate them from the rest of the body and shape them to their function. And a great many genetic women have no more to start with.

You know, I imagine a good many of the ladies who may read this could do the same as I have. However, I will warn you: It is harder than it ever was to doff and relegate those precious brassieres to their drawer!

There has been a development in my life with results that have so tickled me that I would like to share it with someone. As there is no one else handy, it will have to be with you and you — and with, of course, a copy to Carol.

Anyone who knows me well is quite aware that, for probably a matter of years most of the clothing I have worn has been originally designed for a woman. At home there are practically no exceptions, but when I have gone out I've felt that a variety of pockets were so necessary that I was forced to wear both a man's shirt and a man's pants.

Recently, though, I decided to change my mode of dressing. It basically stemmed from the fact that I decided, with summer coming on, to start wearing long-sleeved shirts to protect my arms from this blistering Nevada sun — which was very badly needed to be done for a long time.

Going through my so-called wardrobe, I found that I had a pretty adequate selection of those shirts — but all meant for women. Well, I thought about it, and decided that, one way or another, they were going to have to do their duty. And, while I was about it, I picked out a selection of passable (but woman's) pants, all with a minimum of pockets, to go with the shirts.

I tried out various combinations on a friend, a high-style woman very knowledgeable about clothes, and, with her, arrived at a grouping that is now hanging in a fixed order in my closet.

My next problem was: What do I do about all those things I carry that make me into practically a two-legged pack horse,

be some kind of acceptable substitute — and there was. I found a brief case, secretary, or what not, rather thin and totable — and actually made for a woman — that is turning into an ideal solution to the problem.

Now, what really prompts this missive is the reaction to my metamorphosis by the people I know and meet quite often. I was surprised and at times, almost embarrassed by both the number and enthusiasm of the compliments I received. I am either as a man or a woman, a physically very attractive person, and the deluge of admiration quite disconcerted me.

Analyzing it (you always have to do that, you know), I think it just comes back to what attracted me to cross-dressing in the first place: Women's clothes simply fit and feel better on me, and, that being so, it is logical that they should look better — or at least not so bad.

Isn't that kind of a fun thing?



Before going to his Tri-Ess meeting, Harry thought it necessary to take care of a matter of great importance!

Proof Of Sanity, by Lil

So you thought I was nuts to join
A stage-show chorus line?
To switch from pants to skirts to get
this job? I like it fine.

“Out of your mind!” you said when you
Heard I’d let my hair
Grow shoulder-length - that I’d “gone girl,”
in most ways. . . should I care!

“Wierd,” you hissed when you first learned
I was a leggy showgirl
Whose solo numbers ‘roused the crowd
To Cries of “Go-go-GO, girl!!”

So I enclose a casual shot
(I’m left, as you can see)
Of me and fellow chorines, Now. . .
WHO’s crazy - you or me?

Thoughtfulness By Sharon PA-1406-M

When before the Mirror we pose; Remember,
in spit of the thorns, there’s bound to be a rose.

Do not criticize your sisters, just because so
many look like Mistrs.

The Empty Mailbox By Sharon PA-1406-M

As we struggle through life’s mad whirl,
Sometimes trying to be a girl,
Alone, as so many of us are, yet we join and
write, which is often a losing bet.
In hope that we live and die, we only ask
That other sisters will reply.
Those of us who answer an ad,
Are mostly good and never all bad.
Rent a box for months or perhaps a year,
It’s sad and lonely when no letters appear
So, come, let’s all answer our mail so that
other’s trip to the post will not be a cold trail.
Though we love to dress, so many fail to “pass,”
So letters cheer up a would-be lass.

**POET’S
CORNER**



Search Party By Lil!

Housemothers can be bores, sometimes.
A sorority gave a ball.
My girl costumed me in brocade,
Which I don't mind at all.
Some other guys, too, had switched sex.
One couldn't tell apart
The girls in gowns from boys in gowns.
The housemother - she got smart.
To keep things moral, clean and pure
She had to know just which
Were really girls or really boys
- that nosey, proper witch!
And I'm incensed! . . . this biddies way
Of checking our credentials
By this intrusive search upon
Our differing essentials!!

From Older Sister

Tri-Ess Sister (CA-1049-K) Actually Has A Great Time Being Allowed To Dress By Older Sister. Added Benefits Make It All Intriguing. Would That More Of Us Could Share In Such An Experience.

To give some background on how this "story" came about, I can present this brief outline, which you might want to use as a preface:

Almost four years ago, I decided to seek some professional advice from a psychologist, I did not go in any attempt to "rid" myself of my second-self, but rather, to further help me understand, as well as accept that part of me which was, and is, very female.

I had never consulted about my cross-dressing before, and I felt the need to express my thoughts and desires, and perhaps, receive some direction and insight from this type of non-critical, second party.

In my initial visit for consultation, I told her (my psychologist) my compulsion was quite deep-seated; one that I enjoyed considerably and entertained no thoughts of learning to live without.

During this first visit, I had a difficult time expressing myself. I found that I could not verbally express some of the significant conditions under which I had lived; nor, could I find words to adequately explain the subtle changes in events in my young life which led up to the major encounters which were the building blocks of my compulsion.

When she learned that I once had been in the field of journalism, and had a bent for writing, she told me to sit down with Regina and write out all I could remember of my childhood experiences and motivations to crossdress.

It was worth it, I think. I feel better for it today, and at this point in time, my concern for extreme privacy in those days is no longer a factor.

The enclosed autobiographical notes were the result, and I can share them now.

This is difficult to begin—this story—such as it is. I'm not sure where to begin, if indeed, there is a beginning. I don't know whether I had undergone some subtle, pre-school biochemical change, or whether I was simply born in the womb with a "different" chemistry than other "normal" people.

You have indicated to me that somewhere, sometime, I was given the "message" which was the platform of my compulsion, probably from my mother. But in the truth, I have no recollection of any incident, or mode of upbringing by my mother which might have led to my unusual desire.

I only know what it is within my system, but I don't know WHY it is.

It is hard for me to write

compulsion is, as, with the exception of an unusual childhood encounter— which I will talk about later— I've admitted it to no one prior to my visitation at your office.

But an admission is the first step in dealing with, and understanding any problem or situation, and in that light, you have asked me to make that admission. To confess!

I have, and always have had, the desire to dress as a female. The compulsion is not simply just to put on a slip, or pair of stockings, or a little makeup. Indeed, it goes much farther.

For I wish to completely and wholly duplicate the appearance of a female to the extent that I would not be recognized otherwise.

But I have never wanted to be—physically— a female, and therein lies the paradox which I have not been able to rationalize until lately; until I came across the word "transvestite" and learned of its specific meaning. It was no little surprise to me to learn that I, who know myself so well; that I, with so much perspicacity, am a transvestite.

It just doesn't seem possible. And it almost sounds dirty! But it is the truth.

The earliest I can remember into my realm of childhood is at the age of 4 or 5. There was a girl, (isn't there always?), a playmate of mine named Lynn, and on occasion, unique as it was, which lasted only moments, but the memory of those events has lingered within me these many years.

In our backyard, behind the garage of the duplex in which we lived, our secret meeting was carried out. Simply, she wanted

her clothes off if I would drop every-

And so we did. I don't think we spoke to each other during the course of this event, nor just after. There was no touching. We just took our clothes off, and with the wide, innocent eyes of a child looked at each other for a few moments, and re-dressed, and went about our business.

I mention this incident only because I well recall, at that formative state of growth, the strong desire to ask her if I could put on her dress.

It was my first desire to cross-dress! It was a compulsion then, back at the time I entered kindergarten. What happened to me in those few years of my life leading up to that point, to create that desire?

I don't know. It just happened.

A strange kind of guilt followed me from those years forward, and I spent considerable amounts of my idle time thinking of why I felt as I did. There was no doubt in my quite immature mind then, that I was the singular boy on the face of the earth with that compulsion -- a sensual, sexual, and at times, over-riding motivation to-- simply dress as a girl.

After the "Lynn" incident, my desires for being female keyed into a specific feminine article. Perhaps the reason for this was that I simply could not gain access to dresses and shoes and lingerie, and this was all that was available to me. I really don't know exactly why. Perhaps it was the observance of watching my mother, or sister, use it.

Lipstick.

I recall always wanting to watch my sister apply makeup,

thing and find an excuse to be with her when she put her makeup on. I would be intent, enthralled by it, and I'm sure she "felt" my interest.

Her lipstick was quite red and beautiful and she would apply it slowly, carefully, meticulously. And when she was done, her mouth was gorgeous. And so was she.

Sometimes, she would gently reach over and kiss me after, leaving a slight trace of red on my mouth or cheek, and I could smell it's perfume.

It has left a "brand" on me to this day, for when I see a woman with a little too much makeup, and bright, or dark lipstick, I am compelled to look --sometimes stare-- at her. And I wish that I, too, could have the freedom to look like that.

You ask about my fantasies (certainly everyone has them!), and I guess, they take various forms in my mind, but they all encompass my compulsion to "be" a woman. When I make love, my apex of arousal always stems from that desire.

In fantasy, I am always the submissive one. Indeed, in my real life, I enjoy the sexual submissive role. The more submissive I become, or made to become, the greater my arousal. (However, I have no desire for bodily pain inflicted by some leather-adorned mistress; fortunately, my compulsion and fantasy remain within the context of what I consider acceptable health boundaries!)

The epitome of my fantasy, to be sure, is to be dressed as a female, dominated by a woman, and made love to. This scenario is easy for me to see, as I have had the experience of these

beautiful long hair and makeup, and only then does this feminine shadow of my dreams allow love-making.

Somehow, all this seems foolish; something that one would read in a journal for the mentally incomplete.

But I understand the irrationality of the transvestite compulsion now, and have come to know that there is a girl within me. One who is always there, and wishes to be able to be released in the few moments of life when release is feasible.

I can't help it; I can't run away from it. It's always there. It's a part of me that neither can escape, nor wants to escape.

When I am dressed as a woman, I become feminine from the inside out. My world changes into something absolutely beautiful and sensual. Colors become real, and I have an inner feeling of peace and life that I cannot experience at any other time.

Between my early formative years and the age of about 9 or 10, no situations arose of any consequence. My compulsion and fantasies always were there, lurking just around the corner, and my trips in front of my mother's makeup dresser were repeated whenever possible.

It was at about the age of 11 --my latter elementary school years-- that my sister came to live with us.

She is my half sister, the only offspring of my father, of his first marriage and she is about 10 years my senior. During this time frame of my life, she was almost twice my age.

She had been engaged to marry, but her husband-to-be was killed near the end of WWII. She had been living in an apart-

her during the next year or so that set in "concrete" my already well formed compulsion.

There was an initial incident of confrontation which occurred to lay the ground work for the future events which transpired. It seemed that, during this incident, messages rapidly passed between our minds, allowing my sister to almost instantly process information, and understand the events unfolding.

It had not been too long after (Gina, I will call her) moved into our home that I found myself in her room. I was a little boy, with my heart racing, full of anticipation and frustration, standing in lingerie. That little boy had occasionally taken out one of her bras, or a slip, or a pair of nylons, just holding them, wishing he could wear just one article for a moment.

And here, that little boy was again, compelled by some un-seen force, to do what he surely knew was "naughty."

Moments before I reached into the drawer, I wanted to use her lipstick, to feel it's moist and special feeling on my lips; to smell it's soft perfume,. But was afraid to, because I didn't know when she would be home.

My parents both worked, and I was them, it seems, only sporadically. But my sister, Gina, was in and out. I hadn't realized she was already in the house, and walking up the stairs to her room.

The door swung open, and she stood at the threshold, and confronted me, holding one of her full slips in front of me.

And time stopped; my heart stopped. The world around me no longer had motion. I couldn't speak, nor move. I couldn't put down that slip I was holding, knowing that I could not erase

seconds were like minutes, and I'm not sure how long we both stood there, speechless. But Gina, who could have verbally disintegrated my very being, simply said something like, "...I guess you've always wanted to know how it felt to wear that, huh?..."

And I nodded a "yes."

With no ridicule, with neither approval or disapproval, she told me to take the slip into the bathroom and put it on to satisfy my curiosity. And I did.

I took all my clothes off, even my shoes and socks, and put that slip on. The "feel" of it slipping over my head and onto my body was so explosive, my body shuddered, and I started to become aroused.

Gina knocked on the door and asked me to come out, so we could talk about it. And awkwardly dressed in her slip, I did.

That conversation was my first psychological consultation of my life. We must have talked an hour or so. Had I always wanted to do this? Did I like being a boy? Why did I want to be a girl? One question led to another, and the very lifeblood of my still young compulsion spilled out for the first time.

I don't think the word transvestite was alive in those days, but if it was, neither she nor I knew the meaning. I was a solitary boy with a unique desire, for some unknown

And Gina concluded, towards the end of our conversation to "... see what kind of a sister I would have had...." She promised to dress me up!

The thrill of that promise boiled in my body, and I awaited my day of transformation with more excitement than I did Christmas and summer vacation

when I was able to change from boy to girl. It was an incredibly beautiful day for me, because it fulfilled a frustrated desire of my lifetime. And my sister knew that.

I can't sufficiently put into words the impact of that first-ever occasion. It was a planned thing, between Gina and I, and somehow, it seemed appropriate. What I mean is, it didn't seem wrong. A foundation had been built from our successive conversations and discussions, and we had reached a point that threaded together all my motivations to become female.

And it was not only that I was looking forward to this day of femininity, but I knew my sister was quite curious to see what I would look like as her little sister.

I sat on a round stool, and profiled the dresser mirror. My sister sat attentively in a chair opposite me. My heart was racing as she dabbed at the first touches of makeup. The dress she brought me to wear was all the more frilly and thrilling.

She powdered my nose, and made up my eyes, and rouged my cheeks. Then she tugged a short wig down to my ears, using a brush and comb to adjust here and there.

Lastly, biding my wishes, she took the reddest lipstick she had, and with the care that she used herself, she applied it to my lips, at first softly, and then more firm, stroking back and forth, making sure the application was perfect.

And when she was done, she let me look in the mirror. It was the first time in my life that my female "within" was able to live and breathe.

The impact was so great, I

first, about how I felt, how I looked and what satisfaction I derived. And she told me I looked very pretty, and those words meant everything to me.

Hours later, I had to return to my "old" self again. It was like the air swiftly flowing out of a filled balloon; as a girl I was fulfilled and then I had to be a boy again and I felt empty. I wanted to stay as I was - my sister's sister- forever.

I pleaded to her that we could do this again. And she touched my nose with her index finger and said we could.

I recall I felt what was more than just curiosity on Gina's part, when we indulged in what she called "Little Sister Time." It was the soft way she spoke the she touched me- it was a closeness and warmth that emanated from her when I became female. As a boy, Gina seemed to keep her distance from me, but as a girl, she would touch me.

It was many years after these times, that I recollected the many secret "little sister time" meetings we had, and could understand the dynamics behind my sister's motivations.

I looked forward to "Little Sister Time" on a regular basis. The occasions were sporadic, perhaps twice to four times a month, but they were never frequent enough for me.

I was Alice, who just discovered the method of slipping through the Looking Glass, and I wanted to return as many times

Rightly or wrongly, that feminine aspect of my personality grew and multiplied, until I felt that I became two distinct people. Most of the time, I was the asthmatic, little, and misunderstood boy. But I constantly thought about the girl within me;

Gina showed me some small nuances of feminine behavior- to "correct" me in some things; how I sat in a chair, how I should walk, how I should not sit with my legs apart. Little things during idle chatter, and it made me feel good.

I was a big sister's sister, and I loved that role.

Incest is a harsh word; one hears about it only from women, and only when the incest was abusive, emotionally destructive, or negative in any other significant ways. I can't imagine how many cases of incest there has been in this world which has been mutually agreeable, but I am sure the number is many.

And I have wondered about situations such as mine, which involved (what I liked to call) "reverse incest." That is, the female being dominant of the young male.

And here I am again, at a point where I'm not sure where to begin. But of course, there was a beginning.

It was an evening in and I was again a little girl. I looked pretty and smelled beautiful from the few drops of perfume touched to my nose and neck. I was lying on my old bed, one with a broken leg, propped up by a few books from the volumes of my Junior Classics collection. My sister was beside me; a single dim light made shadows on the heavily slanted ceiling and walls. And we were talking about everything in general and nothing in particular.

Her fingers were gently brushing the hem of my dress back and forth, slowly, but deliberately. And as we talked, her fingers crept under the dress and ever so delicately, down to my thigh.

drew my lips together, to feel the pleasant consistency of the lipstick upon my lips.

Gina continued her touching, and it took little time before she had me quite aroused. I had been so, many times before, because of either my inherent qualities as a male, now approaching puberty, or because of the sensual experience in being made into a girl. Or both. I felt that I had been able to hide this arousal from my sister, but in retrospect, I'm sure she knew of my condition.

But this moment was different. She was the direct and absolute cause; she was doing this purposely! And I knew that Gina knew exactly what she was doing to me. And I felt wonderful and embarrassed at the same time. I tried to "think" my condition of arousal away. But my sister continued "to continue", her hand coming ever so close to that part of my body she had never touched before.

And I become overcome with a feeling of sexual exhilaration I had never experienced before.

Our conversation drifted. There were longer spaces between our words, and I could not focus on any topic. Our words became less and less; she pursed her beautiful lips at me, as if to throw me a kiss, only to amplify my condition even more so.

She sensed the point had been reached with me where she was sure of no resistance. Her finger gently touched my eyelids, closing them, and offered that she was going to make her little sister feel very good, and experience feelings which had never been experienced before.

Slowly, she lifted my dress,

open my eyes; I felt her movement over me, and in another moment, I entered the world of sexual communications, as a young girl with a woman!

I realized then that the ignition of my sister's desires were indeed, my condition as her little sister. When she dressed me, my reaction was that of sexual arousal, which in turn, was a direct stimulus of her desires, which had been un-met for many, many moths. We were flint and steel, awaiting the moment when the spark would ignite.

I have little problem in realizing my desire to be "female" in my sexual activity at this older age, now. My fantasies always encompass that, and the other similar encounters with Gina.

That first occasion was the foundation work-- the cornerstone-- of my love life. I became a very compatible partner. Gina delicately and tactly showed me how to make love to her. I learned exactly where to touch, how to touch, when to stop, and how to control my own arousal until the time was correct to give in to the tremendous urge which had built up.

They were lessons well taught, as my proficiency has been quite acceptable in my adult life encounters, and even more so, when I have had the few opportunities to be --my sister's sister.

My sister became more and more dominant as I became more and more submissive. We were absolute compliments to each other, she, wanting to "take," and I, wanting to "give."

Ultimately, she learned that she could arouse me simply by using verbal communications, whenever she chose.

would lean over and whisper in my ear anything that alluded to cross-dressing, just for the fun of seeing my reactions.

She would say things ...you're going to look so good in the new pink dress I picked up for you..", or, "... let's try that pink-lightning lipstick and a little more rouge the next time..." She chided me with these things as a prankster, but half serious, knowing that it would "prime" me, exactly as she intended, for the next encounter.

And all this transpired within a time framework of about 18 months or so. Those days became my heaven-on-earth. And one day she had her bags packed and my father was assisting her to the car.

She had obtained a job, as well as an apartment, and was once again going to strike out on her own. And I knew that one day, she would leave.

And I remember a feeling of outrage, tremendous sadness, loneliness and certainly, abandonment.

It was as if she created something, and in it's very formative state, just left it to die.

a sensual and pretty piece of art, being relentlessly torn apart by a madman.

The thing she left was her "little sister," left naked, un-colored, un-pretty, a tear streaking down a pale cheek.

I was such a sad little boy.

I was such a sad little girl.

It is hard to write all this; I can so well remember the frustration of learning that, never again, would I be able to live as the female I needed to be-- the female I had been made to be. And that thought haunted me day and night. I used to pray to God that, when I woke in the morning, I would find myself a pretty girl, in a pretty dress, being made love to by a pretty woman who would sit astride my body, and tell me I was hers, forever.

It was not that many tears later, when I studied Shakespeare in high school. And in the play MacBeth, the ending lines of a famous soliloquy were:

"Tis a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing..."

I was able to relate to those lines.

So it seems that in transvestism we have a fairly uncharted area of human behavior. It is a condition which appears to be by no means rare but because it is essentially secretive is usually practiced or perhaps suffered in privacy. There is nothing to indicate that transvestism in itself can be properly regarded as illness or neurosis if by these terms we mean some broad impairment of the individual's life pattern. On the contrary it looks as if the weight of present evidence is towards transvestism BEING ASSOCIATED WITH ACHIEVING AND ABLE INDIVIDUALS rather than the reverse.

Taken from TRANSVESTISM: A Handbook With Case Studies



FCNB-2T
S

"ANOTHER COFFEE - GEORG-ETTE?"



"IS THAT MY NEW DRESS CHARLES?"



Our

Mail

Dear Carol: Please allow me to introduce myself - I am Donna and live in North Syracuse, N.Y. I am 52 years of age, happily married for 22 years and the father of four beautiful children. I'm also a novice cross-dresser.

As far back as my memory allows, I've been fascinated with all things feminine. I am not sure at what age I acquired my first feminine clothing but it certainly was long before I got out of high school. I've openly worn feminine clothes around the house since I was married - at least nylons and high heel shoes. But for the last few years the desire to go be-

ago the compulsion finally grew so strong that I no longer could keep it to myself. One night I sat down with my wife and told her of what I need to now do. To my surprise, she really had suspected that I was a real crossdresser for some time. This reaction was most unexpected but totally in tune with my needs. Although at the time she did not want to see me dressed as a woman, she did encourage me to try things on and even gave me my first wig and some clothes to wear.

Shortly thereafter, I decided to see a Doctor to try to understand why I wanted to crossdress. Although the Doctor had never before treated a crossdresser, he was very understanding and encouraging. Good up-to-date material devoted to crossdressing is almost non-existent, but the good Doctor did find some medical books which were of some help. My wife and I have read these books and learned what we could.

After my telling my wife about my need to crossdress completely, I spent the next several months putting together a very large wardrobe of clothing, including lingerie, wigs and makeup. During this time, for some unknown reason, I entered a period of depression. I felt that I had created a prison for myself. I would go to a special part of the house and in about an hour "Donna" would emerge. All this time I would be alone but felt the need to be seen as Donna in public. This depression lasted several months.

One day I read in the newspaper an add that read "Female impersonation for fun and as a hobby." At this time I was

I responded to the ad and it was THE turning point of my life. The reply was from a member of the sorority who encouraged me to get moving and enjoy my newly found personality. She has guided me through some most difficult times. "Linda" and I have corresponded on a weekly basis.

My wife now sees me as Donna, regularly, and has accepted Donna into our home. Only one of the children is aware of my dressing. I have ventured outside a few times at night to take a walk as Donna and once I did go into a small store - dressed! At this time, Linda is still the only crossdresser that I know. I have a great desire to meet with others like myself and to be accepted in public as a woman. I have no interest in going to a "gay" bar and am totally heterosexual.

I would like to meet with others much more experienced for friendship and assistance with makeup, hair and things that will help me improve. I want to join a chapter where I can go as a woman. Linda sent me an old issue of the Femme Mirror just this week and I'm in heaven! I've read and reread the issue several times. The sorority is just what I have been wanting and so desperately need. D.H.

Dear Carol: I just wanted to say "Hi" and to let you know that it made me very happy that you have accepted me for Tri-Ess membership. It gave me a very warm feeling inside.

I believe that I am a very lucky sister in that I have an understanding fiance that will be with me for the rest of my life. We are planning on getting married early in 1985, after I am out of here. She has helped

about the details of why I crossdress but she loves me enough to want to be involved in my crossdressing; I did tell her that after I am out of here that we would attend some of the meetings and there, she could talk with other wives - this should help her alot. I also liked receiving a letter with my femme name at the top. I will be most happy to help others like myself in any way possible. Thank you for allowing me to get involved with the sorority. I had always wanted to join an organization such as yours but I was always afraid of being put-down by society. Now I have found a sorority of sisters who I can communicate with and feel accepted and who need me as I need them. I have always felt better as Joni Jo but couldn't express my feelings to anyone before. Now I have my sorority sisters as well as my fiancée whose name is Margaret. JONI JO (Editor's comment: Joni Jo who is in prison at this time, normally would not be allowed to join, but I have been so impressed with her, through our correspondence, that I do believe that she is worthy of membership. Carol Becroft)

Dear Carol: I want to make this letter as concise as possible as I'm sure you've heard it all before. Last June I was teetering on the verge of suicide as my femme side had taken over at a rate I couldn't cope with. After a long "bender," I came across a place and phone number which would allow me to get in contact with others like myself. It was Tri-Ess, of course, and the chapter was CHI DELTA MU in lower Westchester County, N.Y. Since

of companionship, counsel and confessor. She has seen me through some very difficult times for which I will be forever grateful to her. She had stressed how much better off I would be with the friendship of sisters in the chapter. She has urged me to write to you. I have needed some time and space because there were so many variables that precluded my writing before..

I guess that my story is pretty much the norm. I have been a hetero crossdresser all my life The usual repression/rejection stories are also mine. As stated earlier, my Femme side, for some reason, started to blossom where I couldn't deal with it. I so much wanted to go public as my femme self in the worst way but couldn't for reasons of being possibly discovered.

I have a macho-type job, like other sisters, where discovery would mean ruination - I've been in this community since 1955. I am well established in the civic/social/political/religious activities here and exposure would mean the final act. One of my problems up to this time has been getting the mail. I live in an apartment complex where people get each other's mail and never return it. As I'm "one of the boys," in town I have learned from friends at the post office who is a "faggot", etc. They have even told me the type of mail these people get. Thus, I have been afraid of what would happen if the people at the post office learned about my Femme self.

I'm so looking forward to being a part of the Sisterhood. The biggest step had come last

There have been a lot of growing pains since that time but nothing compared to the inner turmoil and agony of the previous years leading up to the discovery of the Society Of The Second Self. Diane , N.Y.

Dear Carol: I am a transvestite. I have been out of the closet for some time and am doing quite well with it. My friends seem to understand my needs and accept me for a person and not a weirdo. I am 51 years old, have my own business, am now single but looking for the right lady to share our lives together.

I started coming out of the closet four years ago and it has not been easy, believe me. I didn't have anyone to help me or to talk to about my decision. My wife thought that I had blown a fuse and walked out on me. It was harder on me in getting enough courage to make the first trip out into public than having my wife leave me. Things have been easier since that time although I still have some fear as I step out of the door. Is there a chapter of the Society in the Houston area? I would like to be friends with others like myself. I do know other transvestites but they are "drag-queens" and I have enough trouble trying to convince people that I am not a homosexual. O.S.

Dear Carol: You simply cannot imagine how many times I have started this letter, only to rip it to shreds. To be perfectly honest, my crossdressing was the single biggest factor in my recent divorce. I liked being a husband and a father but I also like being Sarah, too. My wife wanted me to be one or the other and I couldn't do it. So, now what? Am I crazy, per-

types and, in fact, they seemed just like me. Are they right? Can crossdressing be normal? Is it really possible to allow myself to be Sarah and a father as well? I'm really amazed that I could have reached the age of 31 and still know so little about myself. L.D. , Texas

Dear Carol: As you know, I did not make an effort to renew my membership. There were many reasons but the important ones were those of health and lack of local activities. I had mentioned this fact to another crossdresser who I write to. She said some things that I had not considered. Tri-Ess has played a major role in our development as women and I know that it has been a big part in my learning to accept myself. When I first joined Tri-Ess I was very self-conscious about my dressing and in being involved with other crossdressers. I was afraid that I would not be welcomed because of my race and I was scared to death of my identity being exposed. At that time the thought of going out in public struck terror in my heart. But you know, despite all those things, I still joined. I guess that after awhile I knew I had to break out of my closet. I started writing to other members and they all were understanding and supportive. As my confidence grew, I made up my mind to attend a meeting of a nearby chapter. When I arrived, I was so nervous that I almost didn't go in. To my surprise, everyone did their best to make me feel at home. I was pretty quiet that first night, but I attended the following meetings. Eventually I became relaxed and made many friends. Tom-

one for the closet, and one for under the tree." When I regained my wits, I suggested a token gift for under the tree - perhaps a tie, and let things go since I just couldn't believe that I could be so fortunate.

Later when we were out shopping and I was eyeing some pretty dresses, my wife mentioned that she wouldn't even know what size I was so I took a few moments to show her some items in my size. I did not want to make a big deal out of it because I wanted her to buy the gifts because SHE wanted to get them, rather than buy them because I had pressured her into it.

Well, on Christmas Morning, I received a gift "in the closet" and a tie under the tree. The "closet gift" was a pretty blouse with a stand-up collar and ruffles and lace down the front. It fit wonderfully. I hope that this gift for me will be the first of many. I think that my wife just knowing that there really are others like myself out there has helped her to accept me. She has read articles in the Femme Mirror and this no doubt helped. Because of Tri-ESs I now have hope that my wife will one day be perfectly at ease with both sides of my personality She now does advise me about dress styles, makeup and walking in a more feminine manner. Tri-Ess, thank you! Patricia OR-1387-P

Dear Carol: On a personal note, this last Christmas has turned out to be the most exciting since my wife found me wearing her sweater and skirt ten years ago. I believe that Tri-Ess has played a large part in making my life more happy.

Sometime before Christmas I asked my wife what she was getting me for Christmas. She asked what I wanted and I just couldn't think of anything for my male self but there were a lot of things that I wanted for Patricia. I didn't have the courage to tell her so I said that I'd think about it and make a list. I made the list, consisting of a white blouse and a couple of lingerie items. I hid the list and thought that I would give it to her later. When I was ready to get the list she said that she had found the list and threw it away. It had made her angry. I let the subject drop. Later she again asked what I wanted and I said that she had seen the list and if she could not get something on it, then she was on her own. In turn, she said that she just couldn't put one of the items I wanted under the tree because of the kids. I said that I just couldn't help her. Then she said something that took me completely by surprise.

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