

TV GUISE

Vol. I, Issue 1

April, 1991

TV Month In Review:

Empress Elected!

Sacramento: Lady Garnett was elected Empress XVIII of the California Great Northwest Imperial Empire (C.G.N.I.E.) by popular vote. Imperial ballots were cast on Saturday, April 13, at the Lambda Community Center, 1931 L Street. Leonard Harris was elected Emperor. The results were celebrated at a Victory Brunch, Sunday, April 21 at Faces. Lady Garnett announced that the official coronation will take place in May at the Turn Verein Hall.

Election day saw a festive 20th Street from K Street to Capital Avenue bedecked in ribbons and balloons, with dozens of Drag Queens parading about. Sacramento needs more of this style of colorful celebration.

In addition to having been Empress XVI, Lady Garnett is the driving force behind the "Do Cats," Sacramento's only regularly performing troupe of female impersonators. If you haven't had a chance to check out one of their shows at Josephs, they'll be back in May. Call Joseph's for information or look for their calendar of events.

Departing Empress XVII, Vannah Wolsey What, graced the Faces crowd with her non-stop presentations of awards and honors to the visiting and local royalty before toasting the new Monarchs.

In Town Awards

Sacramento: The In Town Awards Show was held at JTC on Thursday, April, 18. The show featured some new, and some rarely seen acts, in addition to several of the "Do Cats." A special note to Barbara, Racine and Helena for their hospitality and kind words— Thank You.

Big Prize Won!

Sacramento: SGA member Billie Jean Jones won the grand prize in a raffle sponsored by the campaign of Lady Garnett and Leonard Harris. The raffle was conducted during the "Do Cats" show at Joseph's, Friday, April 12. Miss Jones won an Entertainment 91 coupon book, valued at \$35, in addition to a silver-plated serving tray won on a separate ticket.

SGA members were well represented at this event, occupying a whole table. In addition to Billie Jean and partner, Sue and Dee, Roberta, Suzzy, and Morgan. Dee also won one of the prizes (I can't remember what).

Laughter and conversation lasted well into the early morning hours.

Golly gee, girls— we all had a fun time!

JTC's 3rd Anniversary

Sacramento: SGA member Roberta, and RGA guest Morgan both attended Joseph's Town & Country third anniversary celebration on April 3. Much good food was in evidence— however, it was reported that many more people could have been accommodated.

Upcoming Events

SGA General meeting: April 27, 7pm.

SGA Executive meeting: Friday, May 3, 7pm.

Other May events can be researched through *MGW (Mom Guess What) Newspaper* and *The Latest Issue*— both available at JTC, Faces, Tower Books, and other locations.

SGA General meeting: May 25, 7pm.

SGA Executive meeting: Friday, May 31, 7pm.

Billie Jean Blabs

24 March 1991

Greetings! Hello!

Well darlings, here I sit in blue heels, navy blue slinky slacks, green blouse—hardly any lingerie at all, just black lacy panties. It's a lazy Sunday, and I'm playing with my hair and trying out different make-up ideas between basketball games and snacks. This very pen I'm using—oh, that's a different paragraph.

Ah, here we are in the correct paragraph. As I was saying, I got this pen at last night's SGA meeting. And what a meeting it was, too. More than twice as many people showed up compared to last month. It was great! I talked with several new faces and traded phone numbers with Billy, Morgan and Kristen. Christina brought stockings, leggings and pantyhose in a variety of styles and sizes to sell, along with a few other accessories—she's decided to develop a part-time business incorporating her shopping skills and retail management experience. She brought along a lot of cute things, including a purple satin and black lace-trimmed garter belt that I bought (\$5!). Of course I had that little item on earlier, (first thing this morning) along with some fabulous blue nylons (real nylons, not those stretchy/scratchy things), these same high-cut black panties, a sweet, floral-printed, satin cup, black lace trimmed bra, purple heels (leather), and a sheer, black negligè which I wore open and flowing as I strolled around between three mirrors feeling the air caress the delicate layers of sensuously sliding fabrics—red, violet, purple, orchid, black and blue. It was great! I'd just finished my second Epilady session the day before (along with plucking the ingrown hair—if you ever try it, make sure you use a luffa sponge daily) and my legs looked as good as they felt. I had a little cleavage nicely showing, and was swinging my hips just right when all of a sudden, it hit me—hey, wouldn't it be nice to have the SGA organize lingerie shows, where we, the connoisseurs of fine lingerie, could show off and check out each other showing off? That would be cosmic, wouldn't it?

And then I was thinking... uh... let's see now... gee whiz, I started a new paragraph and everything, and... what the heck was I thinking about?... I got it! Check this out: The SGA Newsletter could profile a different TV each issue, report on all the preceding social events organized through SGA (of course we'd need a social director, and a lot of work to take over the necessary shopping malls, restaurants, dance halls and bowling alleys, for example); an extensive letters page or two; an editorial section with guest commentary; a page or two of news concerning the progress of TV's as we take our rightful place as honored members of society (do you think we need to demonstrate our honor?). Yes darlings, I can see it all now. I want my own column, of course. I'm going to call it *Billie Jean Blabs*, and that's just what I'll do—go on and on, like I've been doing here (with time-outs to add a little powder and blush; a couple different make-ups as a beard cover over my day-old, sandpaper face, which I'm positive that a microscopic examination would reveal a relentless onslaught of a hundred thousand bristling hairs, shiny and black, glistening

and red, translucent white and ever growing, growing, growing—even in my dreams. In fact, yesterday (Fri.) when I was in Calistoga for a mud bath, mineral bath, hot blanket wrap and massage—there I was, all wrapped up in blankets, sweating toxins, slowing my heartbeat, my breathing—floating in a warm, spacey, secure space—at peace with all, when all of a sudden I had a vision, and there they were: a hundred thousand hairs inexorably growing, growing, growing out of my fresh-plucked skin, which was soon to become radiant and luxuriously smooth from the spa treatment and the forthcoming massage. You know, it kind of took the edge off of things for a moment). But, as you should know by now, everything turned out fine and I was only a half-hour late to SGA (which is perfect for women's time), and this morning was a delight.

Oh! I should tell you that I have a real cute skirt to go with the lingerie I've described, and if I find a suitable blouse to set everything off, I'll wear the ensemble to the next SGA meeting. I hope you'll be able to make it. Maybe we will sit together for a while, and during one of those lulls in conversation, when food is being served, or when all the other gals are gabbing, I might lean toward you and softly say, "Bet you can't guess what color underwear I'm wearing."

But by then, you'll have read this.

Golly gee, I shouldn't give away my secrets.

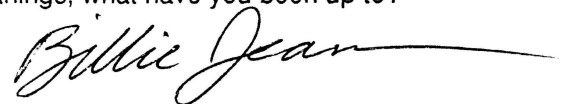
Oh! Maybe I can hostess a TV show on TV's! I can see it all now: *TVTVPresents: Billie Jean—That's My Girl*. Oh yes—I'll interview Oprah and Phil and Sally; do skits on shopping and awkward moments in the Mens' Room; turn it over to the Tall TV Dancers, and come back to close with *Spotlight On TV*, a profile on another liberated gender-bender!

Maybe I'll even win the Nobel Prize for literature and become a TV celebrity, win an Academy Award for BALLS, and then get elected to the U.S. Senate on a platform of human dignity and joy.

Oh yes indeedee.

So darlings, what have you been up to?

Luv,



PS. I didn't get a column in the SGA newsletter; in fact, the newsletter was done a week after the executive meeting. I saw an early version that turned out to be the same as the copy I received in the mail: A sequence of notes. Gee whiz, the newsletter just happens to be the only direct benefit of my \$20 annual dues.

I don't want to be satisfied with a skimpy little letter, and I'm seriously considering putting my money and my mouth right on the line (after all, I stated at the last meeting that I had equipment and skills—and I signed up to work on the newsletter). The main reason I wanted to be involved was to participate in producing a printed vehicle that would encourage diverse viewpoints within the gender bender community, and to collect representative opinions for publication into the general community. And, most importantly of all—To Have Fun!

My Monthly Rag

24 April 1991

Well darlings, here I sit in drab, trying to collect my energies enough to decide whether or not to commit effort to a TV newsletter. I feel somewhat in a vacuum because I hardly have any input to go on, and I am doing this alone. One of the things I believe is important is to not do this alone (which I consider to be the easy way) but to put out the effort to include as many viewpoints and voices as possible (the hard way).

I would like to add that I believe one of the very fundamental problems in this country and culture is the Lone Ranger Syndrome: Ya just cut out the bullshit crap of a buncha dickheads who don't know their ass from a hole in the ground, jump on the big horse and haul ass to the rescue.

This carries over into the business community where you have management dictating everything including a dress code—the problem essentially being that it is too difficult to open a dialogue, develop a debate, and then form opinions from a consensus that determines the directions of policies. Instead, one dictator assumes power (or is elected, hired, promoted, or manipulates their way to power) and becomes King (or Queen). The subjects then are expected to sing praises to the great leader, but just out of earshot they say:

"Our great leader is a dickhead and doesn't know their ass from a hole in the ground."

Such is the state of politics in the USA. On the surface: lip service. Below the surface: back stabbing.

Is it any wonder that our business, social, personal and private lives tend to be the same?

So, enough of me grinding that axe.

Here's a small attempt to change part of the world—the following Reader Survey is being provided to answer a few questions such as: 1) What are issues that TV's want in a newsletter? 2) Are there enough TV's who want to participate in a newsletter? 3) What types of control over access and content should be considered?

Plus, (and this is personal) I want to find out if there are enough people who want to be interactive—I have absolutely no desire to donate great amounts of energy to solo efforts where the majority of the beneficiaries are passive. For example: I love baseball, but I never transport myself to a stadium seat and watch; when I get the baseball urge I transport myself to a softball game and play.

In summation, I want to participate. What is complicated is when the activity (like a baseball game) requires a team—there must be a consensus among the individuals to perform their activity in harmony.

Nuff said?

TV GUIDE READER SURVEY, 1991

What types of features would you like to read?
(Check as many as you want)

- TV News
- Fashion
- Health & Beauty
- Make Up Techniques
- Clothes Shopping
- TV Psychology
- Letters
- Guest Editorials
- TV Politics
- Gossip
- Event Calendar
- Sex Talk

None

What other features can you suggest?

Of the features you have checked (including what you wrote in), please list your top three:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Are you willing to commit time to a newsletter?
Yes No

How much time?

What skills or equipment do you possess?

Additional Comments:
(Use back if necessary)

Please return to Billie Jean, or mail to 3430 Balmoral Dr. #10, Sac, CA 95821— Thanks.



HEALTH & BEAUTY

(The following is a recycled letter, modified as a Health & Beauty column, which could be a regular feature.)

Darling one, I hope I haven't hurt your feelings about make-up, etc. I was hoping that you would be able to join me a couple of afternoons so we could try out different ideas. That's why I haven't written you about it. Anyway, just off the top of my head, and without looking at your previous photos (I am looking at your most recent): as I've mentioned before, your posture and poses always look feminine; in this photo I think your hair is too high on top and makes your face look longer; your bangs hide your eyelids and brows, which I think might look better showing more— bigger eyes, yes; I think you should experiment with lip liners to make your upper lip fuller (I add up to 1/4" to my upper lip); I noticed at the SGA meeting that you may have a few pockmarks on your cheeks (I do too), I also have a few other "holes" in my face that I fill with Max Factor's "Erase" (the little jar with the spatula); also in this photo, your make-up appears a little on the shiny side and, (it may just be the lighting) it looks as though you could blend a light concealer below the eye circle to your upper cheeks on each side of your nose (see the darker areas?); another possibility would be to add darker powder (or use an earth-tone blush) to the point of your chin, and possibly the lower tip and bottom of your nose so those features recede a little (I do). Basically, I think you might be pleased with the results of making your face more round. You have great dimples, a cute smile and sparkling eyes— show them off!

Additionally, since there are so many "looks" and colors, it is easy to get lost in the details, so I've been focussing on two general "looks": *day* and *evening*.

I practice a lot.

When I first started making up my face, I went a little overboard—tending to the *evening look* without really knowing what I was doing. I noticed that I concentrated on a few details like dramatic eyes, dark, full lips and heavy blush. Then I realized all the individual details needed to work together, rather than competing for attention. I began observing women closely to find out how they put their "look" together. Then I realized I needed a *day look*— effective make-up that doesn't look like you're all made-up. So I've been concentrating on a day look (with different color shades to compliment my wardrobe). It is much harder to get a decent day look than it is to gob on the make-up, mascara, blush and lipstick— harder to look like a woman than a whore (don't get me wrong, I like the slutty look, too).

By the way, a courageous TV (even in male clothing) can get excellent beauty tips from places like Weinstock's (I did, plus \$70 worth of Lancôme make-up— they tried different foundation tints on me and I selected one, got matching powder, blush and an expensive (but excellent) make-up brush, plus: I tried out different tints of Durmablend, which is a very opaque cover creme that covers everything— beard, freckles, scars, etc.— \$18). And, the very courageous TV's (the ones with the most balls, like me) can go out dressed-up and made-up, shop wherever they want, and try different make up. (See related article on shopping: "Day Tripping".)

However, one should always keep in mind that department stores sell specific product lines— the various sales staff have been very helpful in helping me select colors and tints, but they are generally knowledgeable only with a few product lines and with their application on women.

One should also keep in mind that women spend more money and time on skin care than actual make up. There are very good reasons why: 1) Skin ages and loses its ability to replenish the skin naturally; 2) Skin is damaged by pollution and the sun, by wind, heat and dry air, and by putting on and taking off make up, it's damaged by rough handling, expression lines (smiles, frowns, squinting) and sleeping on your face; 3) Make up accentuates lines (especially powder); 4) Wrinkles and lines are considered ugly and old. Healthy, vibrant skin without foundation is considered more beautiful than any skin with make up. In fact, anyone can observe that the make up look today is sheer— in essence, a no make up look (other than lipstick, eyeliner and subtle eye shadow).

Of course, women don't have to deal with rapid, heavy beard growth that we do, and therefor, we have to use a complete cover, at least over the beard— so the sheer look is much harder to achieve. I've been using a sheer foundation on my forehead, around the eyes and cheeks, then blending into the Durmablend. By lightly blotting the Durmablend (with dry tissue) and lightly blotting the sheer foundation with a damp cosmetic sponge, I'm ready for powder. I use the setting powder with the Durmablend and that ends up looking like a pasty mask. The next step is adding different powder tints ("countouring"), then blush.

These are all make up techniques familiar to experts but not necessarily to cosmetic clerks— and the products are not readily available in drugstores.

I began exploring what I could do to minimize, wrinkles, lines and bags. After finding out that light make up and powder make lines more noticeable, I learned to go easy on the eye areas (where most of my wrinkles are) and to brush on a little powder over wrinkles (rather than pressing the powder in, which is what you should do everywhere else). Then I found out about toners (skin tighteners that you apply just before making up) and facial masks (which you use before any toner for deep skin cleaning, tightening skin and closing pores). Then (why do I always seem to do everything backwards), I found out about skin care: elastin, collagen, vitamin E & A; dietary supplements and exercise; and more. In fact, I've become more in touch with myself through this holistic approach to beauty through health.

Men in our culture don't receive a lot of encouragement (or information) on how to take care of themselves. Neither as men or as TV's. That may be the major reason why women outlive men by seven years or so (in 1901 it was one year). The combination of ignorance, high stress, fatty, high cholesterol diets, and the stereotypical macho attitude (I can tough it out) leads to early death and— perhaps more importantly, a crappy face to put make up on.

So consider maintaining and improving your health as the most important path to looking radiantly beautiful. That's what radiantly beautiful women do.

DAY TRIPPING

Oh! I'm so excited—I've been out in the day world! Let me start from the beginning:

At the last SGA meeting I met Morgan, a member of RGA (Rainbow Gender Association) temporarily living in Sac. We chatted and I said I wanted to go out shopping in the daytime. Morgan told me she had already been to Sunrise Mall and the experience went well (she is 6'1", 193 lbs.). We talked about going out one afternoon and shopping.

I kept thinking more about going out dressed and trying on clothes, showing off a little and finding out how well I could pass. By Tuesday I had decided that if Morgan could go out alone, I could too. Wednesday morning I got up early and spent the next six hours getting ready. Dressed in a magenta blouse, dark, wine-colored skirt, black jacket wrap and heels, I sashayed out of my apartment at 12:15, drove to Act II For Her, a quality consignment store for women only, strolled in (shoulders back, chest out, stomach in, butt out, swaying my hips— just an office worker out on lunch break) and began shopping. First, the blazers, blouses and bargains, and then on to the dress rack. A saleswoman approached me there and asked, "Having any luck, ma'am?"

"Not much," I replied in a kind of phony soft/high voice (I really would like some voice lessons/pointers). What now?

"Well," she began, "if you need any help just ask for me. My name is Alice."

"Thank you," I warbled.

After the dresses, I shopped the skirts, the shoes and handbags, and finally, I selected a cute wine/plum colored stretch belt (\$5). A different saleswoman wrote "Happy Easter" on my receipt.

I drove to Tickled Pink, another nice consignment store for women, shopped everything, tried on two slinky blouses and bought one (purple, \$18). Then I cruised to Arden Fair, shopped Shelley's Tall Fashions (too much \$\$), strolled into Weinstocks, catching a glimpse of myself in every mirror, arrived at the cosmetics counter and purchased the Durmablend Setting Powder (their powder fuses with the make-up and makes it waterproof and nearly smudge-proof). All of the sales clerks were very courteous. For my last errand, I drove downtown to a tailor and had two blouses and two blazers pinned for alterations. The man was very nice.

Then I drove home, kicked off my heels and sat down to reflect on what a wonderful day this had been. Oh yes.

That night Morgan called to go shopping the next day. "I can't shave every day," I said. "Besides, I thought you had Fri. and Sat. off?"

"No, Thurs. and Fri." So we went out Friday— beginning with a six block stroll on the K Street Mall: Woolworths; The Blouse House; The Limited; Joe Sun; Payless Shoes; Weinstocks. Then to Southgate: Ross; Sizes Unlimited; Hit Or Miss; Payless Shoes. Then to Kim's Wigs (they have party clothes, too). Then lunch at the Incredible Edible. Fun! (At one point in Ross I realized I was actually out in public dressed, that for a few moments I'd forgotten. Another thing: when I'm shopping for women's clothes while wearing men's

clothes (Morgan says: in "drab"), women look at me a little funny, and in some cases, kind of pretend I'm not there as they push past me and check out the clothes I'm trying to decide about— but on this day, I was given a lot more courtesy and consideration.)

We returned to my apartment and Morgan touched-up her make-up while I changed outfits (into a cute pinstriped suit with black and white heels). We had already decided to go to the SGA Executive Committee meeting. We had dinner and bounced around some ideas with the group before moving on to the bar. Morgan left early with Roberta and I stayed and gabbed with Sue and her wife Dee, Pam and her friends Kathleen and ? (I've forgot her name), Gerri (from Davis) and a few others. It was great!

On the following Thursday, Morgan and I went out again: several stores, lunch, I picked up my clothes at the tailor, we had a late beer at Joseph's and talked with a nice lady (Marlene) and her son (Kevin). She told us we both looked nice and that she had seen us before, and that if anyone ever gave us a problem to let her know (she works there).

Overall, everyone accepted us. We did get a few looks, and I'm sure we were "made" a few times, but the curious and unexpected thing was this: I got the definite message that: "You look close enough that it is okay." Call it woman's intuition, or if you want, say I'm just projecting. I am telling you this: no one said, or looked like they wanted to say, "Get out you sick pervert." And Morgan doesn't even try to disguise her voice.

Since then I've been out four times alone and three more time with Morgan. I've shopped for clothes, make up and accessories, had my hair done, and well, just plain had fun!

Perhaps the most fun, was a trip to Jackson with Roberta and Morgan: A Spring Day In The Sierra Foothills. A few dress stores that Roberta knew of, lunch in town and window shopping. One of the store owners introduced us to an older, cowboy type man (maybe 55 years old), who said "You're really guys?" Then he wanted us to "prove" it (we weren't quick enough to ask him to prove his sex). We all chuckled and resumed our adventure.

This afternoon I began thinking about helping organize day trips to include TV's who haven't been out and would like to. Then I started thinking about what I'd wear, and now I have to change clothes (I wasn't even going to dress this afternoon but here I am in electric-blue heels, bright blue and white floral-printed skirt, cool blue blouse, bone hose, blue 1/2 slip, purple panties, white lace bra, and I'm gonna be late picking up my wife, and my apartment is littered with lingerie, jewelry, skirts, shoes, tops and...)

Gratuitous Filler

A special word for those of you disposed to reading: I shall be selling copies of my new booklet, *Jim and Ned (A True Story by Michael Michelle)* at the April 27 SGA meeting (\$2.50). A girl has to support herself, you know.