

the
Femme Mirror



Tri-Ess Sorority

Fall 1988



Reflecting the Feminine

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Modem uploads to come in the near future.

**FROM THE
PRESIDENT'S
OFFICE**

Dear Readers:

This is the last *Femme' Mirror* that I will personally have anything to do with since I am turning the *Femme' Mirror* over to Jill (OH-1581-W). Although I will continue to write Editorials for the *Femme' Mirror*, the week to week activities concerning this magazine will be Jill's responsibility. She is a loyal Tri-Ess sister and will act conservatively concerning what goes into the *Femme' Mirror*. She has a lot of time and energy and I believe that my choice of Jill as the one to act as Editor is a good one. I have indicated to Jill that the National Office will have the final say as to what goes into the *Femme' Mirror*, but I rather doubt if there will be any problems in this manner. We will just look it over for content and then take it to the printer. Jill is getting some fancy computer printing equipment and will be able to do the typesetting and paste-up in one operation.

Regarding the reason for my giving up the Editorship of the *Femme' Mirror*, I believe that almost all of

you know about my accident last February 1st. For those who aren't informed, I was walking across the street when I was hit by a speeding car which knocked me for several loops and finally deposited me on the cement street. I still am taking physical therapy six months later, but at least I can get around. I have problems in walking like I used to and my arm only can be extended 90+ degrees - but I have hope for the future. I went back to work in May but am experiencing difficulties in performing my job as I feel it should be done. But, time will no doubt work things out for me. I particularly wish to express my appreciation for all the many, many get-well cards that were sent to me as well as the personal letters expressing kind words and prayers. It makes one feel good to know you are appreciated.

I expect to assume a more supervisory role in the sorority and will coordinate the many activities by working with a lot of dedicated people like Marlene (CA-1046-L) our Director of Chapter



CAROL BEECROFT

Development; Donna (CA-1148-S) our Director of National Membership; And Virginia (CA-1015-P) our Treasurer and an important advisor to me in many matters concerning the sorority. In addition, there are the members of the National Staff like Denise (CA-1771-R) who is an administrative assistant; Diane (IL-1155-B) our New Director of the Buyers Guide; and the many Chapter Leaders throughout the country. You will note from reading the details of the many developing chapters, that we are growing very nicely and are experiencing great interest from sorority sisters in starting local chapters. And of course, there are many sisters out there who communicate with me from time-to-time, in an effort to help the sorority prosper and grow. I especially want to mention: Naomi (IL-1164-O); Jane Ellen (TX-1757-M); Jayye (TX-1424-R); Diane (AZ-1567-B); Enid (NV-1281-S); Judy Ann (PA-1397-L); and Joy (CA-1045-G).

One area in which I can now turn my attention to is

the Couples Auxiliary. This important part of the sorority has languished for some time and needs direction. I have asked for help in gaining a National Director but have had no 'takers' as of now. So, like the "Little Red Hen", I will do it myself. I believe that a national support group for wives and husbands will strengthen the organization in a great way. So look for developments in this direction.

We are in need of a National Director of Publicity!

Julie has had to withdraw from all crossdressing activities outside her home due to a number of personal problems. I'll miss her. However, the job is now open.

(Is there anyone out there who is actively involved in publicity, or retired from that type of work? Would you be willing to donate your time and experience to the sorority in this very necessary position? Your experience would be of great service to the good of your sisters in Tri-Ess and those who have not yet heard of Tri-Ess, but might due to your efforts. Jill)

I especially want to welcome Diane (IL-1164-O) as a member of the National Staff. She as noted above is assuming the work with the Buyer's Guide. It is a Tough job and she is experiencing many frustrating problems. You can be of help to Diane (and the Buyer's Guide) by writing to her via the

forwarding service and informing her of the places that you buy clothes, get services, etc. It is really tough to get this information and I ask all of you to get behind Diane and the Buyer's Guide and send her the information she needs. Please!

(Please check with the owners of the business to see if they would like to be listed. Jill)

Donna (NM-2253-S) is an experienced television producer of commercials. But she also thinks of Tri-Ess and she and your President are working on a project to produce that we think that you will all find interesting and most especially your wives. More on that later. Thanks Donna, for your imaginative approach. Incidentally, Donna wrote informing me that she had recently gotten together with Kathy (NM-2287-V) for the first time. It was the first meeting of another crossdresser for both of them! She said it took them a little while to get acquainted and to relax, but things went very well thereafter. Kathy had driven over 200 Miles to see Donna so you can understand how much this trip meant to them both! They took pictures and Donna said that she felt as if she were a 16 year old girl getting ready for her first big date! Donna and Kathy met through the Directory Supplement. By the way, you should have gotten the latest Directory Supplement which, as of August, is at the printers.

Donna and Kathy are not the only active girls in the state of New Mexico. Agatha (NM-2074-C) says that she put some of our library cards in the college library in Grants, as well as in places like the Albuquerque Public Library earlier, although that library has since converted to microfilm.

I also received a letter from Tabetha (WV-2302-C) stating that she had placed a short letter to her college newspaper which has a readership of about 14,000 students. the Editors printed her letter and even gave out the address of Tri-Ess.

This office often receives information about conflicting opinions about crossdressing such as: Jack Dominian, M.D. states that transvestities are not homosexuals. (The Growth of Love and Sex) Whereas Dr. Peter Gott in the Napa Register (CA?) says that "Closet transvestism infrequently leads to overt homosexuality" and quotes the Kinsey Institute.

K y m b e r l e i g h (CA-2310-R) has put library cards at all three colleges in her area as well as the Oxnard Public Library. She has also donated a copy of "Understanding Crossdressing" to the main branch of the county library system so that it will show up in the microfilm catalogs in THREE Counties!

Even in far off *India*, we have Ratini (FINA-2255-K) who has put library cards at

the British Council Library in New Delhi and at the American Center Library also in New Delhi. She is very interested in starting a chapter in India.

Kathy (MI-2449-W) (not to be outdone) has placed an index card in the Plainfield Branch Library, but is also in the process of placing 17 additional cards in the Kent County Library System! Great Work, Kathy!

Donna, your hard working Director of National Membership says: "Hardly a week goes by that I don't receive a letter from a sister indicating that she is not getting mail, etc....'and by the way, my new address is.....'" Donna goes on to indicate that we regularly have mail sent to sisters returned marked **M o v e d , L e f t N o F o r w a r d i n g A d d r e s s**, etc. Donna says that in such cases, we have to wait until the sister contacts us. We can only mail to the address that You have furnished, so **PLEASE**, she says, notify your local Post Office *and* Donna of your change in address *and* its *effective date*, so that you will continue to receive your mail without interruption, as we wish your mail to get to you as quickly as possible.

Thank you!

My Best regards to all of you! You'll hear plenty of me in the future, but in a slightly different capacity. I do expect to continue my regular comments in the *Femme' Mirror*.

Carol

MEET THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE ADVISORY BOARD

Long before she adopted feminine clothing, Jane [redacted] became aware of her feminine personality traits. From an early age she developed an empathy and sensitivity that society discourages in males. Jane feels that these traits have been an asset in her life. She is content in both the masculine and feminine sides of her self.

About six years ago Jane began to express her femininity in clothing. In December of 1984 she became a Tri-Ess girl. Having read the available literature on femmophilia, she confided in her wife, Mary. Mary's reply was that she loved Jane regardless of what Jane was wearing, and promised to help make her the best lady possible. Since that day, Mary has never deviated from that original loving encouragement. Their two young sons know and accept Jane.

Since Joining Tri-Ess, Jane has been a very busy girl. She is President of Tau Chi Chapter in Houston (formerly Tri-Delta), where her favorite project is a Directory of sympathetic businesses, done in conjunction with the



JANE [redacted] - TX-1757-M

National Tri-Ess Buyer's Guide. Jane has attended the 1985 and 1986 Holidays EnFemme'. She and Diane of Arizona co-ordinated the 1987 Holiday EnFemme' in San Francisco. An enthusiastic supporter of cooperation among crossdressing groups, she attended the I.F.G.E. Convention in Chicago in March of 1987.

Jane [redacted] has delighted in the blooming of her feminine side. She feels free now to express tender

and delicate emotions that have always been a part of her. If, as the saying goes, "Life begins at 40," then Jane is just a few months old. Indeed, in many ways her life is just beginning. In the last year she has been color-draped, and rejoices that as a Winter Girl, she looks best in the icy true and blue colors and silver jewelry she adores. her favorite colors are blue-red, royal blue, and emerald. Among her "favorite things" are hair bows, shirtwaist dresses, petticoats, and patent accessories. Her jewel is the emerald, her flower, the wine rose.

A medical professional, Jane [redacted] has had to be circumspect about going out in Houston. Her other

interests include choral singing, minerology, and most spectator sports. She enjoys duplicate bridge, and is a Silver Life Master. She is an avid Sherlock Holmesian. Jane [redacted] loves to read, especially about medieval English History, art history, and the Arctic.

Jane is enthusiastic about working on the Advisory Board of Tri-Ess. One of her priorities will be providing meaningful programs for wives. Since femmophiles will gain increasing media exposure, Jane sees the need of defining terminology for society to use in referring to them. Other priorities include fostering a spirit of harmony with other crossdressing organizations,

developing chapters and hotlines, and firming up liasons among Tri-Ess and its individual members and chapters.

Although Jane 'passes' reasonably well for a statuesque lady of 6'2" she dislikes the idea of deceiving people into believing she is something she's not. She longs for the day when people will accept her for what she is - a genetic male with a large feminine gender component. She is aware that she will probably not live to see that day dawn. But she promises to put her heart and soul into bringing closer that day of sunshine.

Living in a Shadow World

JAYE

TX-1424-R

With but a few notable exceptions such as the historical French nobleman diplomat d'Eon, the early govener of what is now Manhattan and one or two more, crossdressers have historically lived in a shadowy world. For a history of crossdressers see Dr. Vern Bulloch's piece in the American Journal of Sociology, Vol. 79, Nr. 6, May 1974. Reading this article will make the trip to a library reference room and the dig through all the

musty "stacks" well worth your while. It will set the stage for the contention of this article. For those not inclined to dig up references such as the one listed above, a brief summary is in order. It is a waste of time, effort and ink to tell you how society rejects cross dressers. Only those notable exceptions who had overriding value to the society, as percieved by that society, are deemed acceptable, if more than a little "odd". Largely it is

the fear of rejection, fear of societal retribution, and an abiding profound self doubt along with the associated "guilt" we are somehow doing something wrong, which keeps us from simply being ourselves openly. We profoundly fear being rejected both by the society in general and in particular by those we love. For the most part we don't even have the courage to allow those we love the chance to prove us wrong in our belief they will reject

us. We act in such a way as to deny them the freedom of choice to accept and love us "in spite of our warts". We doubt their love. We sell them short, all too often. We fear the rejection and associated retribution of society. We fear we will be the butt of endless jokes, rude comments and suffer economic disaster if we are "found out". In some cases this is undoubtedly true. However, it is more myth, more a manufactured rationale for our inaction in our own behalf. As a rationalization it covers a multitude of personal failings which keep us in the darkness of the closet and the shadowy world of a sub-culture. Rare is the individual among us who has the courage, the self assuredness, and the determination to step forth, acknowledge themselves and strive for the happiness they deserve in spite of the odds, real and imagined. Perhaps, however, it is our self doubt, our confused thinking, and our residue guilt, attached to our crossdressing, which is our most powerful enemy, our most potent oppressor. If we live our lives based primarily on our "Feeling" without ever intellectually taking charge of our inner selves, accepting responsibility for how we feel and doing something about it, there is no real hope we will ever experience more than glimpses of the fresh air and sunshine of the real world out there. Attitudes are potent. Our life philosophy underlies our attitudes. We have the

inalienable right to choose for ourselves what we will believe, what values we will apply to ourselves, and what our fundamental philosophy of life will be. It takes quite a lot of mental energy, study, and decision making to come to the place in life in which you are command of your inner feelings, your inner values, and your most basic philosophy of life. Like it or not your philosophy or set of basic values and beliefs forms the fundamental foundation of your life. You have a right to evaluate those foundational structures, change them, or keep them according to how, who, and what you want to be. Setting forth to evaluate, assess, choose, keep, discard, and restructure your life in terms which will provide you the undergirding of attitude necessary to be happy is a challenge most of us would prefer not to face. Yet, if we want to come out of the shadowy world of a sub culture, to take our place as an acceptable and honorable part of the culture in general, we have to do it. We are fools if we think that by sitting back and being unobtrusive society will eventually change it's attitude toward us and allow us to express our femininity openly. We have to prove ourselves worthy of social acceptance and above all prove ourselves unwilling to remain Second Class Citizens. The formation of an umbrella genderial alliance in Chicago recently, in which Tri-Ess is a participant, is a totally

appropriate and proper step.

The days of organizational competition among cross dresser groups have worked not in our favor, but against us. We have to acknowledge that not everyone who crossdresses has the same desires and same goals in mind. We have to understand the profound truth: the needs of the many, in this case all cross dressers for whatever their motivation *with the possible exception of individuals who cross dress for illegal and immoral reasons*, override the needs of singular individuals. In spite of the bill of goods consumer advocates and safetycrats try to sell us, there is no such thing as a risk free environment. Psychologically, such an existence would be totally unacceptable in that vital essence of life stimulated by some level of risk would be simply be lacking. Becoming the person you want to be entails risk. It entails risking your assumptions, risking your cliché's, and it entails risking the conditional acceptance of individuals and society in general. The measure of risk we are willing to assume is a measure of the courage we are willing to summon from deep within. The measure of our courage is a measure of how much we really want to be who, what, and how we say we want to be. Therein is our challenge! Do we really want to be who, what, and how we say we want to be or is it all talk? Do we really know who, what, and how we want to be? The only way we can know this is to

challenge ourselves to probe, to question, to examine, and to actually begin the restructuring program we all need. Doing it however, is *UPTO YOU*.

The comments by Jaye are very appropriate to our times. We welcome letters from our readers who may wish to express their views.



" But honey, that's not what I meant when I said that mother and dad were coming over tonight to watch TV! "



BOOK REVIEW

by

Tamya [redacted]

I would like to bring a book to your attention which I feel may well serve as the final word on fashion for all crossdressers. This is *The Complete Bonnie August Dress Thin System (When Diet Isn't the Answer-642 Ways to Reshape Your Body With Clothes)* by Bonnie August and Ellen Count. It is published by Rawson, Wade & Company, New York, N.Y.

I cannot recommend this book more highly. It is the first book on women's fashion where height, weight, and measurements are of no importance to the author. Ms. August is concerned only with the body's proportions, and how clothing enhances them or detracts from them.

You start by making full-size patterns of your body (front and side views), then analyzing and coding them. The book recommends that a friend assist with the pattern-making. For many of us this is an impossibility. In such cases the author recommends

studying your form in a full-length mirror. I found it far better to put on a dark leotard and tights and take some Polaroids of myself against a white background. You then "squint" at the pattern, ignoring all but the basic shape, to determine your body type. Four basic shapes, "A", "X", "V", & "H", are listed. Probably most all of us will fall either into the "V" or "H" categories, or a combination of the two. Many sub-categories are also listed: short- or long-waisted, short or long legs, thin or large legs, tummy, butt, bustline, etc. Completing the evaluation of your shape, you end up with a four or five letter *body type monogram*. There are 288 (!) possible combinations. In my case, the monogram is "VHYr". "V"= Large shoulders-no obvious waist; "Y"= Short legs; "r"= Moderate-full bust.

Some surprises are in store. For example, I am 5'11" tall. The last thing I would have thought was that I have short legs. Yet,

if a female's legs are less than 3-1/2 inches longer than her crotch-to-shoulder length they are, proportionally, short! Considering normal male anatomy, it would not surprise me to find that most of us will fall into this classification with its own special problems-problems we probably never thought we had because of our overall height.

Having determined your body code, the author starts you from the skin out, literally. The first "what to wear" chapter is "Dress Thin in Almost Nothing...Swimwear". She then goes to "UnDress Thin and Sexy...Bras, Panties, etc.", "Dress Thin from the Ground Up...Footwear and Hosiery", "Dress Thin and Fast...Dresses", "Dress Thin Power Plays...Suits", "Dress Thin Connections...Separates", etc. Coats, active sportswear, gala clothes, and even accessories are also covered. Each chapter is profusely illustrated with what styles are right or wrong for the various body codes. All you have to do is pick out those styles which are right for your basic code and insure that they are not listed as also being wrong for any of your second codes. Of course, not only is cut discussed, but also color, pattern, and even what fabrics are proper to make you look slim and attractive.

Her two lists: "37 Instant Dress Thin How-To's and What-For's" and "57 Shop Thin Time and Money Savers", are worth the price of the book alone. Like many of us, I

wrote off those bad purchases I made over the years to inexperience in dressing like a woman. Ms. August has shown me the real reason those purchases looked better in the catalog or on the rack than on me. It had nothing to do with inexperience nor with the fact that, under it all, I'm male. The simple fact was that anyone with my body type monogram, male or female, 5'1" or 6'1", 100 pounds or 200 pounds, would find those clothes wrong!

Not only are height and weight of little concern, but even what is "in" has no importance to the precepts set down by Ms. August. She correctly states that, while fashions change, one will find that the same basic styles are always around. Modified slightly, perhaps, but still around. She even deals with the problem of hemlines. This book will not go out-of-date!

As stated earlier, I cannot recommend this book more highly. Your first evening with it you will know more about what fashions are right for you than your wife or girlfriend probably knows about which one's are right for her. And, you'll save its price with the first wrong blouse, skirt, or pair of shoes you DON'T buy. Most importantly, this book will enable you to dress so that your body flaws are hidden and you look your best. When you look your best you don't stand out as being "wrong". When you don't look "wrong" you don't get "made".

— REFLECTIONS —

I look in my mirror
And what do I see?
A beautiful image
Resembling me.

But the hair seems to be
Much longer than mine
With bangs on her forehead
And curls that entwine.

She has on a blue dress
That fits rather nice.
Her legs are so shapely
I have to look twice.

And then, I remember
She's my Secret Self,
Who's mostly in hiding,
A cute little elf.

The world won't accept her.
"He's up to no good!"
But we know she's harmless,
Just misunderstood.

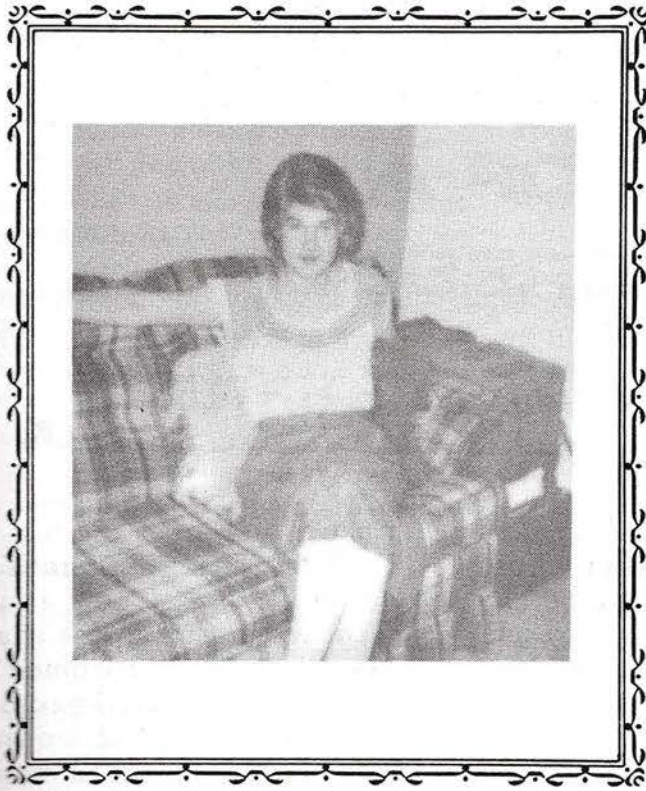
So let me not hurt you
Nor cause any harm.
I still can enjoy you
And bask in your charm.

We two can enjoy our -
Selves, now, while we may.
Let them go on missing
Our fun, anyway.

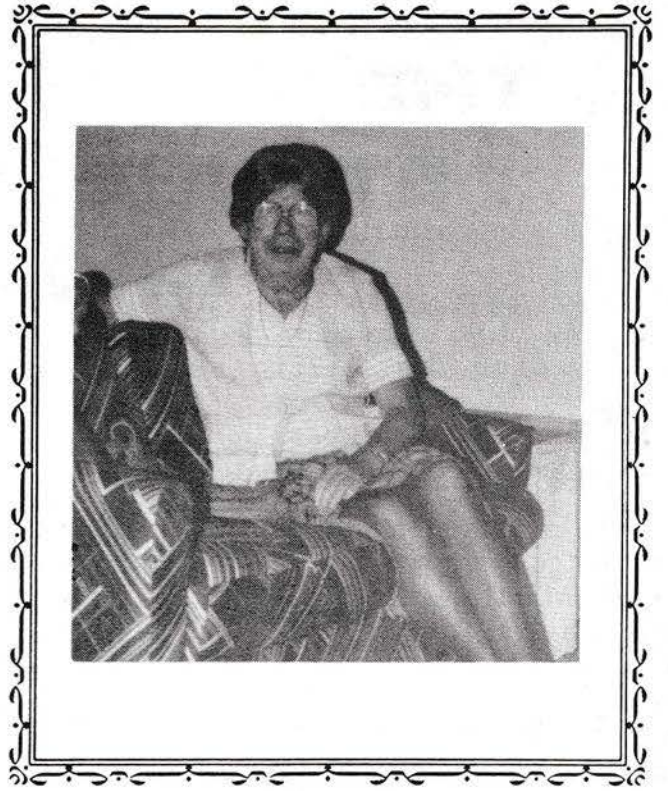
So bring on the nylons
And ribbons and lace,
And plenty of make-up
For "her" pretty face.

And I'll reserve pity
For those who don't know
What joy to be had with
The frills that we show.

Megan
(LA-2180-H)



VICKY — TX-1786-D



MARILYN — FL-2153-D



JENNY — FL-2118-N



LOIS — CA-2148-M

THE STRUGGLES OF A CROSSDRESSER

Deanna [REDACTED] - IL-1155-B

Recently I had the privilege to view a lecture by Fr. Martin, a Catholic priest noted for his work with alcoholics and the disease of alcoholism. The movie dealt with the recovery from alcoholism and how it related to the alcoholic and his family. However, during the film, I began to relate many of the words that Fr. Martin spoke, to crossdressers. Some of the symptoms that lead to the downfall of the alcoholic were so similar to those that several crossdressers put themselves and their family through as they struggle with the phenomena of transvestism. As with the alcoholic, the crossdresser often experiences these three characteristics; denial, alienation from others, and self hatred. I was so taken by this film, that I began to take notes during it's playing. The following are some of my thoughts on these characteristics. I welcome thought and debate from others on these points.

Denial: It is at an early age that most of us discover our "desire for the femme." We experiment with Mom's

clothes; or we have an older/younger sister whose clothes are readily available for us to 'try on!' Later we discover sexual satisfaction with 'hobby' and continue to experiment with our femininity. As we exit puberty and enter our teenage years, or perhaps, enter into adulthood, we note that our desires, drives, 'obsession' has not gone away; we have not outgrown this hobby. Some of us are confused; we begin to question our sexuality. "I know I like girls, so I can't be gay," is our argument. "But why do I like to wear my sisters clothes?" is a question so often asked of ourselves. It is, perhaps, at this time that many of us begin to deny our crossdressing. "It's just a passing fad," "I'll outgrow it," or "Heck, I can masturbate and get sexual satisfaction. When I find a steady girl, I'll stop." But as the years rapidly pass by; as we get older, we begin to struggle more and more with our transvestism. When we finally realize that we cannot control the urges, when we ignore the obvious about ourselves, fear sets in and we enter

into the second characteristic: *Alienation From Others*. Yes, it is frightening to admit that one likes to wear women's clothes. "What will people think of me; what would the guys say or do to me if they discovered this about me?" "How on earth would any girl date me if she knew this of me?" We begin to keep to ourselves; "Lets face it, I can go to my room and be comforted by my femme self!" Fear of discovery and not knowing or being able to control the drivesto cross dress leads us to isolate ourselves from others. We do not make many friends in our peer group; everyone else would think that we were crazy or sick. "But I am not sick; I just like to wear women's things." "The whole world must be against me." All of these statements are, of course, illogical. However, considering the state of mind we are putting ourselves through, how much more logical could a crossdresser reason. We know that we derive too much pleasure from crossdressing, therefore, we are not going to quit; and, again, we could not quit if

we desired. Is it not, then, so uncommon that many of us do begin to isolate ourselves from others? Do we become a bit paranoid in that we feel the world is against us?. Having isolated ourselves, the last of the three characteristics develops: *Self Hatred*. We do not know why we 'have' to dress in women's clothes; we only know that we like it. We feel something from these clothes that no other thing gives us. We have heard comments from others concerning those 'fags' some feel we cannot confide in anyone else about our desires. We have isolated ourselves from others or, perhaps only our femmeself, but we cannot be totally open with anyone about our true feelings. This does not make us happy; we want to share our femmeself with someone else, so we hate what we have become. Many of us go beyond 'normal' activities to prove our manliness. We join street gangs or get into fights; we enlist in the Armed Services, many of us get into the Marines to demonstrate how much of a man we are. And are not many of these physical activities engaged in solely to punish ourselves? Would we have had tattoos 'burned' into our skin had we not been a cossdresser? How manytimes have we purged our wardrobe?. Is this not a form of self punishment? We purge our wardrobe to 'throw' the girl within out of our lives. Unfortunately, this does not work; eventually, we purchase a new wardrobe

and hate ourselves for being so weak! Fr. Martin talked of these characteristics as being symptoms of the alcoholics disease; he then went on to talk about his recovery. The recovery dealt with three steps: admittance, acceptance and *Abstinence*. This is where I feel that the correlation between alcoholism and transvestism separate. I do not categorize transvestism as a disease. However; as I wrote in an earlier paper, I do feel that some crossdressers become obsessed with dressing. It is this obsession that I feel is the disease. But the three symptoms that we have discussed thus far are present in crossdressers at one time or another, and I believe that the first two steps to recovery can be used by the crossdresser to reach a better understanding of himself. Unless we admit that we are a crossdresser, whether to ourselves or others, we will continue to struggle with this dilemma. We need to admit that we want to wear women's clothes, no, that we need to wear women's clothes. That there is this inner drive that compels us to crossdress. We are crossdressers simply because we are. Just as someone is left handed, it is a condition that exists. Having admitted our need to crossdress, we can now accept the fact that we are crossdressers. We have questioned our sexuality and learned that we are heterosexual in nature. We have read about ourselves, have talked to other

crossdressers, and accept this as fact. Once accepting the truth, we will find inner peace with ourselves. As Fr. Martin says, we become healthy in body, mind emotions and soul. Admittance and acceptance of our crossdressing certainly will lead to a healthier family and social life, and, perhaps the satisfaction of mind will lead to a healthier spiritual life. But what of abstinence? Can a crossdresser be cured? Do crossdressers want to be cured? Can we simply abstain from crossdressing if we wanted? I look back at my life, as I approach my 40th birthday, and recall all the problems associated with my crossdressing, the 'lies' we live; the deceptions, the sneaking around, hiding the fact of my crossdressing. Many people did not want to be involved with a crossdresser. Most did not care enough to try and understand my urges. These people have come and gone in my life, some of them relatives, others friends. Knowing all this, but not being able to change it, I can say that if I never had the desire to crossdress, I would not want to be a crossdresser. But having been a crossdresser since the age of six, I like what and who I am. Yes, crossdressing is still pleasurable and satisfying, and always fun. But I believe that once you are a crossdresser, you will always be a crossdresser. I have received letters from a few therapists who claim to have cured men of their crossdressing desires. I

have heard of shock treatment being used to cure still others. However, I have yet to hear from someone who has been cured. I question to what degree these individuals crossdressed that these therapists have been able to cure them. We all know that there are fetishists who claim to be cross dressers. These people need an article of clothing to achieve a sexual climax. When they see a therapist, they are categorized as a transvestite because they desire to wear clothing of the opposite sex. When they are 'cured' by these therapists, the therapist claims to have cured a transvestite of his desire to wear women's clothes. It is because of this misconception by the helping professional that more outreach work is needed. We need to educate the therapists about transvestism, what it is and what it is not. Many of us have struggled for years with our transvestism; some of us have been fortunate to find others like ourselves for support. We go on to live happy lives. We are 'normal' in all aspects; successful, well adjusted family men. However, some of our sisters are still out there alone, unable to trust another soul to confide with; fearful of telling their loved ones of their need to express an inner femme self. I look forward to the day when society will accept all individuals for who and what they are.

STOP THE PRESS

We have 24 chapters as of the 31st of October, 1988 with an additional 22 forming groups. WOW !! The latest PHI Chapter (Fiesta Chapter) is located in New Mexico and PHI SIGMA (Flipside Chapter) in Calgary, CANADA.... See the rear of this issue of the Femme Mirror for details of all chapters and forming groups.

TV LIPS

in a lighter vein

HI AL! NOW THAT YA GOT THIS NEW JOB, HOW COME WE NEVER SEE YA AROUND THE POOL HALL?



IF AN OLD FRIEND SHOULD RECOGNIZE YOU - DON'T PANIC!

WHEN YOU PASS A CLOSE INSPECTION, ABOVE ALL...



YOU LOOK LOVELY TODAY, MISS JONES.

... BE CALM!



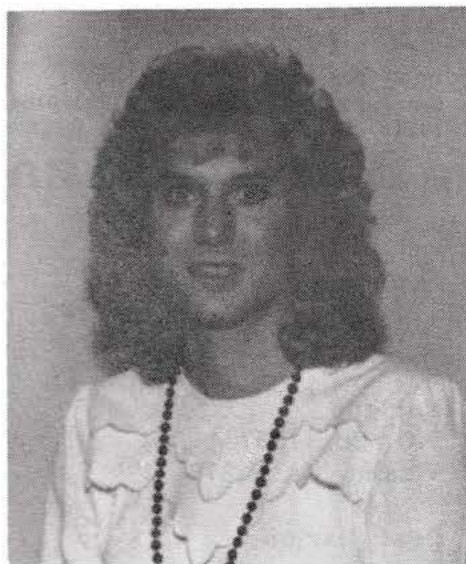
SMART TV's WILL NEVER ATTRACT UNDUE ATTENTION!! OF COURSE, SOME UNFORTUNATE "GALS" JUST CAN'T HELP IT!



REGA



SALLY ANN – MD-1233-K



JENNIFER – WI-1944-H



AMY – AL-2010-J



JOSEPHINE – NY-1540-C

P. O. Box 184
San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693-0184
(714) [REDACTED] 98

Sr. Mary Elizabeth, n/SSE

September 19, 1988

Marlene
P.O. Box 4067
Visalia, CA 93278

Dear Marlene:

The attached letter is somewhat self-explanatory.

Jan Elliot reported in the September 15, 1988 issue of the Alpha Zeta & A Rose News, the outcome of recent Congressional action on the Civil Rights Restoration and Fair Housing Acts, wherein Senator Jesse Helms submitted an amendment expressly declaring that "Congress does not intend for transvestites to receive the benefits and protections that is provided for handi-capped individuals."

While I do not look upon transvestism as a handicap, I do believe this congressional action to be dangerous to the civil rights of all minorities. Consequently, I believe it important that each of us write individual letters of disappointment to Senator Helms.

At the same time, Senator Alan Cranston spoke out eloquently against the Helms amendment, and a letter commending his efforts to extend protection under color of law to all members of society is warranted.

I urge that you ask each member of your representative groups to take time to write. Your civil rights are on the line.

In His lovingkindness,


Sr. Mary Elizabeth, n/SSE
Executive Director, J2CP
Information Services

Encl.

P. O. Box 184
San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693-0184
(714) 240-1998

←
Sr. Mary Elizabeth, n/SSE

September 20, 1988

Senator Jesse Helms
Senator Office Building
Washington, DC 20515

Dear Senator Helms:

As a Christian, I am disappointed in your amendment which denies protection under color of law for transvestites--134 Cong. Rec. S10454, S10470 (August 2, 1988).

I have worked with gender-conflicted individuals for the past 13 years, and I can assure you that their gender-conflict is not a matter of choice. It is, as one writer put it, an "uninvited dilemma." The prejudice, bigotry, and discrimination directed towards this minority group, particularly by Christians, is, at times, beyond comprehension. The guilt and depression felt by many has often resulted in the taking of their own lives.

Your action, and the action of your colleagues, demonstrates quite convincingly the continuing need for and the merits of section 504.

Jesus gave us two great commandants--i.e. "Love God . . . , and Love your neighbor as yourself." What a strange way we have of showing our love towards others.

I urge you to re-think through your action.

In His lovingkindness,

Sr. Mary Elizabeth, n/SSE

WHERE DID IT ALL BEGIN ?

Dawn [REDACTED]

I've asked myself that question hundreds of times, and I've even come up with a few answers. Yet, none of them seem to be the single 'right' answer. It seems they all may play a part in the final sum, that it all really began of over a period of years wherein everything just came together bit by bit. For example; I recall my introduction to female attire at the ripe old age of five, when a neighbor dressed me in one of her daughters dresses and adorned my head with a full brimmed bonnet. A curling iron was used to bring forth a wisp of hair, to swing across my forehead. My jeans were rolled up so they wouldn't show below the hem of the dress and I was photographed for posterity. I remember the compliments poured out by the various women in the neighborhood when they viewed the snapshot: "My what a cute little girl he makes. Isn't he darling dressed as a girl?" I also recall my father's distinct favoritism for my younger sister. To this day he carries several of her photos in his wallet but none of me. The conclusion reached by my mind seems to have been, "Girls are liked by their

fathers. Boys are not." Another ingredient to add to this idea: my mother was very domineering, while my father was very passive. She had the power in this world. If I were a woman, I could have more power. ("Over what?", he asks next.) At the age of twelve, a sixteen year old female cousin came to live with us while her parents went through a divorce. She seemed to delight in making me up with lipstick and blush and dressing me up in her "Peter Pan" bra. The image that greeted me in the mirror was a perky teenage girl with short hair, shapely bumps under her T-shirt and a slender waist and hips under her blue jeans. The first two of these sessions were conducted during times when my folks were away from home. On the third session, they were home and I went before them to show off my newly discovered beauty. They were shocked and horrified. My father was livid, screaming and shouting his distaste for his "Queer son" and the bitch who had transformed him. My cousin left us shortly after that. During my junior high school years, there were those treasured moments when I was home

alone, rummaging through my mother and sister's lingerie drawers, slipping into panties and slips and marveling at the slick, sexy feeling these fabrics instilled into my groin.

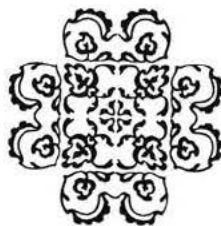
Women who wore make-up were referred to in my house as "painted women", so neither my sister nor my mother wore much of it. I didn't dare touch the few make-up items they possessed but I was further aroused by the scent that lingered around the bottles.

I secretly adored women who used make-up and nail polish and scanned fashion magazines at every opportunity. Girls, sex and cars occupied my mind in high school and crossdressing took a back seat. The one exception was the Christine Jorgenson event. I read every book and article I could find that discussed her and the operation. In my early twenties, I managed to slip some of my young wife's nylon's, a garter belt and a pair of high heeled shoes into my locker at work. I had eight hours to myself on the night shift and was able to enjoy things I couldn't even mention at home. The entire plant was mine to wander while dressed in any attire I chose. I didn't dare expand my wardrobe, however, for fear of it being more easily discovered in my locker. My second wife was one of the most aware women I have ever known, sharing my interest in crossdressing, helping me shop for garments and assisting with make-up and hair styling. I only dressed for a full transition about

once every other month or so, but they were joyous occasions. At other times, I would wear nylons and garter belts under my male attire, or sleep in nightgowns or silky pajamas. We often made love with both of us in nylons and heels and full make-up. She was master at restyling her own hair, often altering the look two or three times in the course of an evening. Curling my hair and reshaping it seemed to delight her as much and I certainly didn't offer any resistance. But then, the clouds began to form in my psyche. Her acceptance was greater than my own and I began to experience serious behavioral difficulties. I became hostile and moody, sometimes blaming her for my own shortcomings. We drifted apart and after seven years of marriage, divorced. I went immediately into therapy and learned to accept myself, my feelings and my right to experience pleasure in this life. Much too late, I realized how healthy much of our relationship had been. Today, I find great joy in wearing many different feminine garments and almost always have something of silk, nylon, or lace under my business suit.

I also keep myself completely hairless, relishing in the sensations of silky garments against my naked flesh. There is nothing to compare with the feeling of the sheerest nylons on freshly dipalated legs or a silk blouse sliding softly over my naked chest and nipples. Since I am a self-employed consultant

working from my home, I am able to spend a great deal of time alone, dressed in my favorite fashions. My present wife is understanding and accepts my casual at-home attire. She is, however, extremely nervous about public exposure, fearing that I might have an auto accident of some other equally devastating mishap which would lead to a broad announcement of my "difference". I respect her concerns, going out only to attend an occasional Tri-Ess meeting. If I were single again, I might consider taking the Virginia Bruce avenue, trying to live as a woman for a while. It would be difficult to work out the details, but it is a fun fantasy and I entertain it often. It seems like a challenge that could also be fun. In lieu of that, however, I've decided to refocus my writing efforts and try to enlighten the masses, hoping to bring about a day when crossdressers can go freely into the sunlight, dressed as we choose without fear of recrimination. After all, what's the big deal? Is clothing really all *that* important in my sexual identity? And why should anyone else care? Let's find answers to questions like these. We'll all be better off.



**Tri - Ess
President
Carol Beecroft
and
wife, Norma,
will appear
on GERALDO
Television
show soon**

**Carol and Norma
to go to
New York on
Nov.16th & 17th
for filming
of show**

**Watch your
Local channel**

TAKING A LOOK

When I'm all dressed and wearing heels
I glance in the mirror and reveal
A gal who's soft, a gall who's sweet,
A gal who our society should meet.
for when again I look and see
The real gal I love to be
I primp and fuss for all to see
The other side of the real me
.Donna (Ny-1634-H)

MY LOVE

My wife accepts me as I am,
both as a gal or as a man.
Our life together is very sweet,
her accepting me is a real treat.
She loves me when,
I am a man.
She loves me when,
I am who I am.
Together we shall always be
the one of her and the two of me.
Donna (NY-1634-H)

Boots are not for me

For workboots and shirts I do not care
For its blouses and skirts I love to wear
For I'm not crazy and I don't care
Just what society says that I should wear
I'm happy and free and really me
When its a girl that I can be
Donna (NY-1634-H)

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY

by Lucienne (TN-1418-D)

I recently returned from a holiday in England, where I had the opportunity to spend a day at "Regines"-A National Visitor and Information Center for Transvestites in Birmingham. It was a delightful experience, and I thought that some of our sisters might enjoy hearing about the place and it's program. It was with some misgivings that I rang the bell at a row house in an old neighborhood on the west side of Birmingham, England. The address matched the one I had been given, but there was nothing else to indicate that I had come to the right place. The only passerby a young Indian girl in a beautiful sari, hardly gave me a glance as I waited hesitantly on the stoop, a small suitcase in one hand a red and blue striped dress on a hanger in the other. All I knew was that I was a long way from Nashville, Tennessee. My rising doubts were dispelled however, when the door opened and I was greeted by a soft feminine voice with a lovely British accent, "Lucienne, it's so nice to see you. Welcome to

Regines." This was Victoria. I had seen her picture and had spoken to her on the phone, so I recognized her immediately. She was in her mid thirties, wearing white summer slacks, white high heeled pumps, a flowery short sleeved blouse, several strands of pearls, long dangly earrings, and a shoulder length brown wig. The fact that she was wearing hardly any makeup did not seem to detract from her femininity in the least. She moved and spoke with the casual grace and self assurance of a woman who knows who she is, to a degree that not many cross dressers I have known can match. Victoria is the director and hostess of Regines which advertises itself as a "National Visitor and Information Center for Transvestites." Some months earlier, when my wife and I had decided to take a summer holiday in England, I had begun to investigate the possibility of getting together with some of our English sisters. My inquiries produced an invitation from a member of the Beaumont Society to attend an afternoon garden

party [which, unfortunately, our schedule would not permit me to accept-what a missed opportunity!]. It also brought me a copy of the Beaumont Bulletin, in which I found an ad for Regines. Realizing that our itinerary would take us close to Birmingham, I wrote to Victoria for information about the center and told her that, if possible, I would like to visit. Her response was prompt and cordial. And-after lugging a dress, high heels, wig, makeup kit, etc. all over England for three weeks - here I was. Regines is a unique establishment. In the descriptive brochure that she sends to inquirers Victoria says, "As an information centre, a service is available nationwide and internationally by letter, phone or to personal callers to provide information on all aspects of transvestism and dressing for pleasure for men and women - what's on and where to go, shops, clubs, social groups, personal advice. Visitors are welcome to dress for a few hours or for the day or

to discuss personal matters in confidence. A very comprehensive shopping service providing for all the needs of TV's is available to callers or by mail order. Make up, hairstyling and femme tuition instructions [lessons in sitting, walking, etc.] is available for visitors" In addition the center also organizes social evenings twice a month for cross dressers and their wives or girl friends. Because Victoria believes that dressing for pleasure" encompasses more than that of the conventional cross dresser. Conventional! Imagine, considering ourselves conventional! Well, all things being relative...., she also provides opportunities for those with more exotic enterests (rubber, leather, corsetry, etc.) to "pursue their art form". She insists however, that everyone participating in such occasions be of the same mind. The fees for availing oneself of the center's services is minimal (I was charged all of ten pounds for a day long visit). The main source of funds for the program is the shopping service that she provides. Regines has its own brand of shoes which are made to order, ranging from conventional styles for TV's with size difficulties to exotic boots and super high heels of all sorts. One of her biggest sellers is the "Melody Breast Prosthesis". Made in Germany, the Melody breast is about the most realistic and well conceived prosthesis I have ever seen. It is fairly expensive (approximately \$235.00 a

pair), but for those who have a special thing for breasts and are willing to pay to go first class, it may be the best answer available. It can be worn with the sheerest see-through bra, and is so constructed that it moves with the body in a very convincing manner. She also sells wigs, lingerie and clothing to order. The day I visited Regines, I had expected it to be a quiet time with just Victoria and me. When I spoke to her by phone, she had said that she didn't expect anyone else in that day. It didn't turn out that way. After our initial exchange of greetings and my tour around the house (it is not all fancy or richly furnished, operating as it does on a shoestring), she showed me to an upstairs bedroom where I might dress. ("you can leave your male clothes in there out of sight so you won't have to be reminded of your other self while you're here.") When I was dressed, she offered me several shades of nail polish and together we made a valiant effort to bring some life into my poor suitcase-weary wig. We talked about the center and about TVism in general; she showed me her line of shoes, wigs and breast forms. And then the phone started ringing. She has recently started advertising in the English Edition of Forum magazine, and the response has been almost overwhelming; people calling from all over the country with specific inquiries or just wanting to talk. I overheard one such call, from a person judging

from Victoria's very sensitive and reassuring words, who was struggling with his need to dress and feeling very guilty and confused. The leisurely lunch that we had planned was interrupted several times by the phone and then the doorbell rang and others started arriving. There was "Susan", who had gotten confused about the time for her "tuition" and had arrived early. She had only recently come out and was enlisting the aid of the center for help in dressing and improving her feminine bearing. "Vickie" arrived in tank-top and jeans with high heeled sandals and blue toenail polish. She was post op TS who sometimes helps out with "tuitions" (I was flattered by the high compliment that Victoria paid me by inviting me to help with Susan's tuition. I told her that I was too recently "out" myself to be any kind of authority). I also met "Lucy", who had come for a private consultation with Victoria, and "Ellen", a wonderfully friendly person in her sixties, who, with the help of a psychiatrist had only recently come to terms with her need to dress and was especially enjoying playing the role of French Maid (she wasn't dressed on this occasion. I'm sorry I missed that! But among various services that Regines offers is the chance for TV maids to do housework!). She was there for a fitting of a maid's uniform that Victoria had ordered for her. The day passed all too quickly and it was soon time for me to

leave. I was sorry that I had not been near enough during our tour to attend one of the center's Saturday evening socials. Perhaps there will be another opportunity. The warmth of my welcome and the relaxed and open atmosphere that I encountered there during my brief visit certainly whetted my appetite for more. The center is providing wonderful service, the key to which, of course, is Victoria herself. With very little to gain materially - married with a nine year old daughter, she gave up a career in industrial marketing to devote her full energies to the center - she has committed herself to helping others realize the fulfillment of their deepest selves. For those who might be interested in learning more about the center, or who would like to receive information about the Melody Breast prosthesis you may write to:

Victoria [redacted]
P.O. Box 192
Wolverhampton,
WV4 5TS
West Midlands
England

Please enclose five dollars, US currency to cover her shipping costs. The center may be reached by phone from anywhere in Scotland or England by dialing 021-551-4361



Dear Ms. [redacted]

As a regular reader of your column, I have an appreciation of how you can and have helped people. I am writing you now with a request that can benefit many of your other readers. The subject matter is Cross-dressing or Transvestism. Within the past few years there has been several letters that you have responded to regarding this subject. As you may already know, there is a National Organization, called Tri-Ess (Society for the Second Self), that is dedicated to the heterosexual crossdressing population. There are more than twenty Local Chapters throughout the country and additional others in the process of forming.

The purpose of this Organization is to have regular social get-togethers, offering an opportunity to crossdress in a safe and accepting environment, in addition to providing programs and professional guests to suit the interests and needs of the members and their wives or girlfriends.

I have enclosed a copy of a Tri-Ess Brochure for your information and reference. My request is, in addition to your sound and compassionate advice on crossdressing, that you reference the Tri-Ess Organization and their address, for the benefit of all the heterosexual male crossdressers and/or their spouses that read your column. A support group of this type is really the only way a crossdresser and his wife or girlfriend can come to terms with this harmless compulsive behavior. Tri-Ess, like any other support groups success is based upon making others aware that they are not alone in this and offering opportunities to share experiences, feelings, suppressed fears and provide assistance to each other in order to develop an understanding and acceptance of ourselves and others. I truly believe that by providing this referral as part of your response to the appropriate inquiries, many of your other readers, with the same desire and need who are also unaware of Tri-Ess, will be more than grateful to you for this information and the benefits that this Organization can provide for them.

My wife and I first became aware of Tri-Ess through a Nationally broadcasted television talk show about two years ago and since that time we have become active members of two Local Chapters, which helped us come to a point of full acceptance that my crossdressing is a part of our lives and we have a better marriage now because of the unique understanding and communication we share.

Thank you for your kind consideration of my request.

Sincerely,

Gina
Trenton, NJ.
Tri-Ess NJ-2188



The Society for the Second Self --- 1987 Financial Report

Starting Bank Balances 1/1/87:
Great Western Savings297.57
Franklin Money Fund6,108.30
Total.....6,405.87

Interest earned:
Great Western Savings.....122.71
Franklin Money Fund.....87.05
Franklin Gov't Securities Fund.....50.90
Total.....260.66

Total Dues Paid
Dues deposited.....22,598.44
Loan Repayment.....200.00

Total Money Available during 1987.....29,598.44

Expenses:

Printing.....15,172.06
Postage.....2,366.14
Nat. Secretary's office.....2,012.44
Office Rent, (Nat. Office, \$100.00 /mo).....1,000.00
Travel (**)747.00
Stationary and supplies.....779.89
Chi Chapter Postal reimbursement(***).....666.98
Corresponding Sec. office (Marlene)409.00
IFGE convention reg (Carol)300.00
Advertising.....218.00
Typing.....300.87
Refunds from split Chevalier/Tri-Ess checks....73.21
Misc. Items42.29
Refund30.00
Beverly Hills Mail Service26.00
Total Expenses.....24,144.78

Ending Bank Balances 12/31/87

Great Western Savings.....2,923.21
Franklin Money Fund341.08
Franklin Gov't Securities Fund.....2,055.90
Total.....5,320.19

Notes:

(**) Travel was for carol's attendance at the 1987 IFGE convention in Chicago (\$238.00) plus \$509.00 Travel expenses involved in arranging the "Weekend en Femme in San Fransisco.

(***) This money was paid by the National organization to Chi Chapter as reimbursement for part of their expenses in answering over 1000 letters of inquiry as a result of the Donahue and other shows that their members have pres4nted. These inquiries resulted in a great many new members of Tri-Ess and the whole organization owes a vote of thanks to those who appeared and particularly to Deanna, Secretary of Chi Chapter for her sysetmatic and effective handling of that unusual mail load.



FELLOW WITH THE RIGHT IDEA



FIVE O'CLOCK~

*What a day on the job!
Too hot! Too much to do!
I've had it!*



FIVE FIFTEEN~

A nice scented bath...



FIVE THIRTY~

T-V Time!

NOW... into soft nylons and silks that you've been waiting for all day! Make-up and wig O.K.? Ah! This makes it all worthwhile! A fellow deserves the tenderness of soft clothes and delicate perfumes after a hard day on the job. TV soothes - relaxes. *All it takes is a wardrobe & a wish.*

**YOUR FAVORITE WOMENS SHOP
WILL BE HAPPY TO HELP YOU
GET STARTED TODAY!**

TRY TV AND SEE

*You don't think it will ever happen? Neither do I ... but...
We can dream, can't we? Tecla*

THE TRANSVESTITE

AND HIS WIFE

(a modern version)

Kathy Jo [REDACTED]



First, I wish to offer my appologies to Ms. Virginia Prince, the author of "*The Transvestite and his Wife*" for using her book's name. The book is good from the male's perception. However, being part woman myself, I found parts of this book very one sided, slanted, and biased. I feel that a real woman's problems, her feelings, and her fears need to be explored more fully. After all, the purpose of this organization, I feel, is to keep a relationship together. Neither can have it their own way all the time. Also I feel that only one in four relationships survive the "shock" of the male crossdressing. To start, I am not a doctor, nor do I claim that this papper is the only answer. For the answers are as varfed as the relationships that do survive. They do so for several reasons: They learn to care; to communicate; and to compromise. These are the three (3) "C"s we build on our foundation. The beginning is a rough ordeal. Whether you are

caught in the act of dressing, or whether you come out and tell your girlfriend, fiance', or wife, the 'shock', is for some, almost too much to bear. The first thing your spouse is inclined to do is to cry and get very angry. I know..... Now it is your resopnsibility to stay calm... Console her... Offer to help... But most of all... do not leave the house or let her leave while she is so upset. If needed, stay away from her until she is less hostile. Remember, she has the right to be upset. I told my fiance' that I was a heterosexual transvestite, and I was not 'Gay'. Then I offered to find a good doctor for us to go to. It was at that time that we both sat and cried together as I told her as I told her how very sorry I was. See, her idea, or perception of me had now changed. She is thinking to herself, "is he really 'gay'? what will the neighbors think? how can I live with another woman?" There are a million things that goes through a woman's head at this time.

My fiance' felt that I had deceived her, and that I had been lying to her all these many years. So, I had a lot to overcome. However, my fiance' and I have always been friends. As a matter of fact, she has been my best friend and my partner. Although I totally shattered her image of me, we did have a strong relationship together. A relationship, I felt, that could survive this trauma. I was not going to give up! Before she really known about me, I knew that it was only a matter of time before she would find out about Kathy Jo. What is next? Well a lot of understanding and explanation are called for. The way one approaches the situation is very important. For many of us who have joined Tri-Ess, the only book on the subject is: "*The Transvestite and His Wife*." A very good book as I said before. It is very well written; it is very well researched; and it is well organized. However, please keep in mind that this book

is written from only one person's perception. Please do not force all of these ideas at once at your spouse! Do not start grading your relationship "'A' 'B' 'C' 'D' 'F'". You will only hinder your development by giving it a grade. Therefore, a grade or a letter does nothing but slow development. For some people, they can never accept or to stand to see their husbands crossdressed. However, they may let them go out, or whatever, as long as they do not see them. The relationship is still intact and together. In time, with the right understanding and compassion, who knows what will happen? During this moment of your life, many things are happening with the girlfriend, fiancé' or wife. That is, if you are still together and she has not totally 'freaked out' by now. I am only saying this because some people underestimate their wife and what could happen. This is a real stressful time for your spouse. She is full of self-doubt, she feels helpless, loss of control in her relationship, out of place, a feeling that everything is collapsing around her, and a feeling of total frustration. She is also feeling very insecure and powerless to do anything. What to do? Try to understand your feelings and hers. When one comes out of the 'closet', **DO NOT PUSH** to get out! *Lightly* OPEN the door. If a doctor, psychologist, or psychoanalyst is needed, please choose her/him very carefully. Many doctors are

not aware of your special needs or requirements. At this time, I wish you to consider my true story of many years back. For now, I am still ashamed for not researching that doctor then:....."To make a long story short... The year was 1974, the city, Atlanta. Even then, Atlanta was a good sized city. Being out of the closet for some four years then. I was carrying a great deal of guilt everytime I crossdressed. After all, I was divorced, and had a little girl - Kimberly. (By the way the divorce was not caused by my crossdressing.) After several attempts to quit, I got very angry at myself. I used to almost beat myself up. At one time, I nearly broke my hand hitting a wall. I felt like the lowest, down and out, sickest man on this great earth. I knew that I needed to get help badly to finally cure me of this problem. Not having very much money, I went to a big community hospital in the Atlanta area, to get low cost mental care. I did not know what would happen next...The next day after my decision, I spent some six hours waiting to see a doctor. When one finally saw me, and after listening to my story, that "**Quack**" wanted me committed to the hospital's eighth floor for a week of observation. I was not sick...I was not a menace to society; I was not a danger to anyone. So I absolutely refused! After I rejected his ludicrous proposition, he made me feel so damn guilty that I could have died. Then he told me he would like to

prescribe something to take - 5mg. Testosterone - once a day. He was the doctor so I did for about six months. I met with this man every Wednesday during this time. Nothing was ever accomplished. I was so irritable that I could not even get along with my own family during this time. During every session that I had with this man, I nearly lost all of my self esteem. I had to get away from him! After all, I only enjoyed dressing as a woman. The reason that I brought this up is to show you to be careful when picking out a doctor. I also believed that this example is good enough reason to join an organization such as Tri-Ess. See, before I told my fiancé' I did do research. I asked members about doctors who would be sensitive to my needs. One of the girls in our group worked with the Montgomery Foundation, a support group for TV's and TS's, here in Atlanta. She gave me the name of a good doctor to call and has he ever been great! The sisters of my new chapter have been simply marvelous. They have really helped me a great deal. I only hope that, if you need it, you will find someone as good as I did, and have a really fantastic group to support you such as I did. By the way, my fiancé' has been impressed with our doctor too. He has been a "lifesaver". See, many spouses feel that their husbands are not listening to their needs during this critical time. For many of us, telling our wives or etc. is likened to

the lifting of a great weight from our shoulders. It is simply a great feeling. For me, I really, for the first time in my life feel totally "free". However, in our enthusiasm, we, as crossdressers, try hard to have spouses to become more involved with what we do. Here again, the key word is "Patience". As long as you and your partner are talking and communicating, one will have a better than average chance of working things out. Something that both of you will be able to live with. What about the future? If you're now talking and communicating, the hardest part is behind. Now comes time to use good common sense. Contrary to what Virginia states, not everyone is the sweet lovable person who comes out of the closet. If this person was an "Ass" before, odds are good that he will continue to be so afterwards. For this person has the most work to do. If he does not try, and again contrary to Virginia's book, he is heading for a huge disappointment. Also, everyone who comes out is not the nicest person in the world either. The wife is not dumb or stupid for leaving or divorcing such a person. This person not only has the past to make amends for, but the future as well. Now this is hard to do. However, it is not totally impossible, but it will take both partners to make this relationship work. Common sense works very well. Remember a few things during this time. One, your spouse will become more

irritable about small things than before she found out about you. Next, wives and husbands will have arguments over the dumbest things. This is to be expected. After all, she has many strange and new things to worry her. Because of your wife's frustration, she will be very 'short' and have little patience with you. My advice is to use caring and compassion to settle these small arguments. After all, 'A soft word turneth away wrath.' In time the female will grow more independent. This will make her a stronger person. However, please try and keep a positive attitude. The same thing goes for any other situation. If you reach a subject that either of you feels to uncomfortable to talk about agree to put it aside for discussion at a later date when you both are more comfortable talking about it. During this time of transition in your life, take nothing for granted. Here, make up a list of Do's and Don'ts. Make sure that everyone understands each and every item so that there will be no misunderstandings. This is Important! The list will change in time as you begin to compromise and to learn from each other. This is growing together as it should be. Also, another bit of common sense, in my opinion, is when meeting other people who crossdress for the first time with your wife, do so without being 'dressed' yourself. Here, we have all heard of the notion of "first impressions" and how they

can influence the future with these people. Do not take any chances...Play it safe. I know how hard it is for you "girls" to stay out of a dress, but be considerate of your partner. Also, if your girlfriend, fiancé' or wife does give in and goes to a Tri-Ess or other meeting with you, be sure to meet "someone" before without being dressed (if possible). For I am sure once your partner meets other wives, then she can see for herself that we are not a bunch of sick-o's, perverts, or degenerates. In conclusion, in my humble way, I have attempted to show at least some of the problems, feelings, and to dispell some of the fears that girlfriends, fiancé's and the wives of crossdressers may have felt when they found out about their partners. Also, to give at least a few ideas, or different perceptions on this problem. It is my firm opinion that anyone can work this problem out. That is as long as they will try and not give up. Being born and raised in the south, I have long admired and revered real women. Although having many feminine feelings myself, I can in no way make the claim that this papper is the only way to acheive a new relationship with your partner. Even with the case of the person who was an "Ass" before he told his wife...Maybe, Just Maybe he was trying to hide his feelings beneath a facade of being Mister Macho. Now he may be able to express his real self; possible for the first time in his entire life.

As far as I can figure it out, I believe that I must have been born a cross-dresser.

Whether or not there may be anything to pre-natal influence I don't know; I was preceded in our family by an older brother and sister, both completely normal in every respect as far as I know. My sister was, in her early teens at least, a bit of a tom-boy, but she grew up to be an attractive, feminine young lady. Both she and my brother were inclined to be hellions, though and I suspect that, by the time I came along, my mother dearly wished for a nice sweet little girl. If she did, she got half her wish, for outwardly I was most definitely male, but inside I was all femininity.

While she may have been disappointed with a male child, (she had already picked the name of Barbara for me had I turned out to be a girl) she didn't try to compensate by keeping me in infants' dresses for too long; when the time came, I was dressed in boys' clothes and encouraged toward manliness. In later years, while reminiscing, she did mention that as a toddler I used to love to go into her clothes closet and wrap myself in the silks and satins hanging in there, but she never did recognize the message that was apparently starting to emerge, even then.

I certainly was no roughneck, and I recall that many of the tougher kids in our neighborhood regarded me, quite accurately it seems, as a

sissy, so I stayed pretty much to my self, and read a lot of books. However, although I did read "Little Women", as I recall, most of my reading was male adventure stuff like Tarzan, Tom Swift, etc. And I tried to conceal my girlish tendencies as much as possible. For example, I had a loving aunt who decided to make for me a velvet Little Lord Fauntleroy suit which, although I was very fond of her, I adamantly refused to wear, knowing that in that neighborhood it would have been the kiss of death; I was suspect enough without something like that! Had she made me a cute little pinafore and petticoat, it could have been scarcely have been more incriminating.

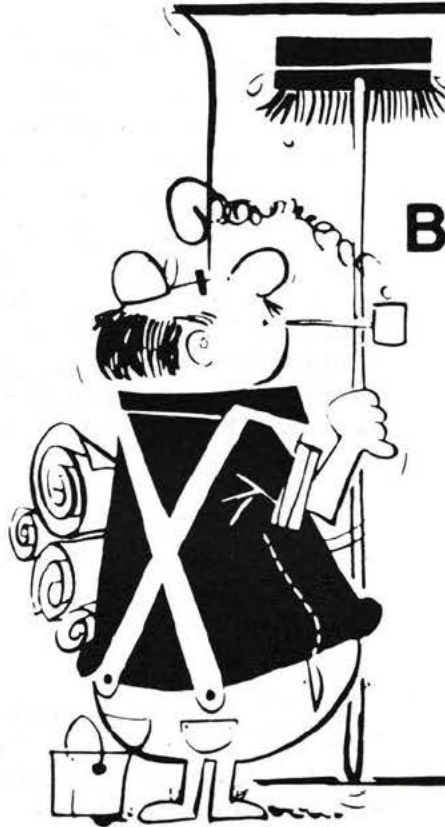
At sports I was hopeless, and shunned any opportunities to engage in

Born not Made

by

Betsy

(ME-2461-S)



basketball, football, etc. So, in effect, I was a girl, in everything but appearance. I recall my sister offhandedly remarking about me one time, "He should have been a girl, he has such beautiful long eyelashes." I carefully avoided responding to this comment, which was too close for comfort! And, as a child, I suppose that I might have made a fairly cute looking girl, given the appropriate attire, but as a grownup male, I assumed much too masculine features to ever be able to pass for a female, any more than say, Jack Klugman would.

Then, when I was perhaps 5 or 6, something happened which affected me profoundly. The daily paper had a comic strip which featured the day-to-day adventures of a family of four, including a

daughter and her younger brother. In this particular sequence, brother and sister were playing cowboys-and-indians in the house while mother was home. After a while something happened, and little brother came bawling to mother, who dried off his tears and sent him back into the fray. Shortly thereafter he was again back crying; this happened several more times until mother finally lost the patience, and the final frame showed big sister standing in the background and tittering while she watched her bewildered brother meekly standing on a dressmaker's stool while mother fitted him with a cute little dress. That cartoon simply fascinated me, and I kept returning to it time and time again to look at it. I identified myself immediately with that little boy, and I found myself longing to be in his shoes - or more precisely, dress. I was very envious of his dilemma, which to me would have been sheer ecstasy. In later years I regretted not having secretly saved that cartoon, but it came to mind often, and I frequently fantasized about having something like that befall me.

Nothing happened right away as a direct result of that. But then, some years later, when I was perhaps 10 or 11, it so happened that one evening my sister had come into the living room, attired in a fetching lace trimmed slip, and sat down to do her fingernails. I couldn't help but take notice of how pretty that slip looked on her, and then

suddenly it dawned on me that, at some point when I happened to be home all alone, there would be nothing to prevent me from simply exploring her entire wardrobe and trying on anything that suited my fancy. From that point on, I could scarcely contain my impatience for that moment to come, and when it did, it was with considerable excitement and nervous anticipation that I invaded her closet and lingerie drawer and, trembling with eagerness, I began to attire myself in her prettiest garments.

I primped and posed before the mirror, and lacked only a wig to make the masquerade complete. I longed too for an attractive, feminine bustline; I loved wearing a bra, and filled it out by unfolding handkerchiefs and stuffing them into the cups. With a dress or a pretty blouse over it, I managed to create a fair illusion of a shapely bust, which simply thrilled me; at that point I would have been supremely happy to simply stay dressed in girl's clothing forever.

Unfortunately, despite the care I took in folding and replacing the lingerie in the drawer, I wasn't good enough at this task, and when my sister noticed the results, I was the obvious culprit. Without realizing exactly what I had been up to, she berated me, thinking I was merely performing a bratty prank. After that, I was more careful, and I continued to try on her clothes for some time to come until my luck finally ran out.

One evening my mother and sister decided to go to the movies. I could have gone too, but since I would have the house to myself, I begged off, using the half-excuse that I wasn't feeling well, but actually of course I wanted to dress up in my sister's clothes. Long before they were due back, however, I was fully clothed in one of her outfits when I was alarmed to hear the doorbell ring, and then a key in the lock, followed by the closing of the front door. Frantically, I tried to disrobe and hide the incriminating evidence, but I got no further than stripping before both women were in the bedroom and regarding a spectacle of my sister's garments spread all around, with a highly embarrassed boy standing guiltily in the middle of it all, my face beet red.

Actually, I was almost panic stricken, but there was no way I could disguise what I had been up to: I stood branded a sissy by my own actions, and this was in those days something which was looked on as being absolutely disgraceful. Fortunately, my brother and father did not learn about this, or my life would have become completely intolerable. And even my mother, who apparently still didn't comprehend the full extent of my compulsion, didn't make much of an issue over my behavior. As I look back, I wonder if in a way she wasn't secretly a trifle pleased over having finally found, in a roundabout way, the little girl she'd always wanted. It further occurred

to me that, had I been brave enough to further confide in her at that time, she might just possibly have been understanding enough to permit me to indulge in my fancies to some extent. But at that moment I was too confused, upset and alarmed to think of anything but getting off the hook, and I wasn't about to get into any hotter water than I already was; the possible penalties seemed too severe....

I do remember that, at one time when we were watching a stage performance, she happened to bring up the subject of the famous female impersonator, Julian Eltinge, concluding "...could that man wear women's clothes!" in a tone which indicated considerable admiration for him. Perhaps this was a mild opening for me, but although I was most curious about this man and would dearly have loved to have heard more, I ducked that conversation completely. At that point, of course, I was completely unaware that my compulsion was not restricted exclusively to me, and I thought that I must be some sort of a one-of-a-kind strangeling. In later years I saw Eltinge in a cameo appearance in a movie, not, however, dressed as a woman, and I recalled what my mother had said of him. I wished that I had thought to try to establish contact with him, because he and I were kindred spirits, and I dearly wished to get to the bottom of this; if that also became the road to my becoming an active cross-dresser, well,

that was certainly appealing; to have been his protege was a tempting thought.

In any event, it was obvious that there was no way I could resume my inroads with my sister's wardrobe, so I had to content myself with window shopping in the various women's apparel shops around town, as well as in the newspapers and magazine pages featuring ads and photos of women's and girl's styles. From the onset, my tastes ran only toward the ultra-feminine. I craved only the most luxurious of fabrics, - silks, satins, taffeta, velvet, lace, organdy, organza, peau de soi, etc. Styles such as pinafores, dirndls, bouffants, petticoats, Empire, dropped waistline, etc. just thrilled me. Coarse fabrics, tailored styles, women's suits (even tho' they included skirts) left me cold. Lingerie I loved. Lace trimmed satin gowns, pregnoirs, slips, bras, etc. enthralled me. And most of all, I adored bridal wear. the more glamorous the better. Flower girl outfits, bridesmaids' gowns, bridal gowns with long trains enchanted me. My greatest delight would to have been a model for some bridal house, and vicariously this is the way I envisioned myself. While some styles were too ornate even for me, the various feminine touches such as ruffles, hair ribbons, bows and the like definately held tremendous appeal for me, and I simply could not get enough of it. At times I think my tastes are more feminine than

most real girls in the world, but there seemed no way to satisfy these overpowering desires. On top of that, during all this time the male in me was attracted to girls, and I developed crushes on this or that pretty young thing; in this respect I was fairly ambivalent - not only did I want to have a girl, I simultaneously wanted to be one.

Eventually I was grown, I had a job, and moved out of town on my own. For a while nothing happened, but then the local leading department store ran an ad featuring a sale on women's lingerie, and it suddenly occured to me that there was nothing to stop me from simply buying whatever I wanted. I vacillated over it for a while, but finally the urge got to be too overpowering, and I took my courage in my hands and went to the lingerie department. There I used what must be the usual ploy in such situations by telling the salesgirl that I was buying a birthday present for my sister, whose size I didn't know, but she was "so tall", etc., etc., finally choosing a lovely blue satin, lace trimmed gown which seemed irresistable. Returning to my room, I could scarcely wait to take off my male attire and get that lovely garment on me. And when I slipped that soft, silken garment over my head and shoulders and felt it on my bare skin, a tremendous thrill ran through me. I felt like I would never again want to take it off, and I wore it to bed that night, awakening

from time to time and sitting up to caress myself with that lovely fabric.

I continued to wear this gown at every opportunity, but my room did not have a lock on it, and one night my landlady barged into the room when I was wearing it.

She promptly slammed the door and retreated, but the damage had been done, and I had to get rid of the evidence, and thereafter present a low profile. Shortly thereafter, I moved, and then got another job in another town, where I resumed my proclivities, buying a slip, a jumper outfit and more.

From then on it was a succession of things. At one time I even got the nerve to buy a bridal gown, and now I wonder how I managed to do that; how much of my story the salesperson bought, I have no idea, but I suppose that a sale was a sale. And then I discovered the bridal magazines, and I really feasted on them, poring through them and selecting various gowns for myself and envisioning myself gowned in one or the other.

Eventually I met a girl who, completely unsuspecting even to this day, saw something in me which really didn't exist, and married me. This was, I knew, unfair of me, and I was really hesitant, but she was so persuasive that I even thought that marriage might turn me around. It did work for a while, to some extent, but eventually I was back to square one; at times I found that, when I was having problems becoming aroused during our lovemaking, fantasizing

about myself as a girl helped me over this hill, but that was a cop-out and I never dared to tell her about the real me, as that one person on the Donahue show did with his wife. (*Rhonda and Bonnie of Chi Chapter. Ed.*) I must say that woman must have been the most understanding person in the world; it certainly would have to be hard to take for a girl to have her husband reveal himself as internally as female as she, and in my wife's case I am sure it would have been shattering. I can't really understand it myself, so to ask her to understand it would be truly expecting too much. Our children, who are grown now, are quite normal, and to them this would all too traumatic a revelation, for which reason no one else knows about this.

There was someone else who did, however. Some years ago I happened to run across a magazine article about Jacques Fath, the famous French fashion designer. This article dealt mainly with his achievements in the fashion world, and touched on his childhood. It seemed that Jacques was, just as in my case, enamored over feminine wear at a very early age, and he regularly dressed in girls' clothing openly around the household, indulging in girls' pastimes with his sisters, and in general living the part of a girl without any restrictions. There were photos in the magazine article showing him just so attired, and looking very much the cute

little miss. Apparently his parents permitted this, and no one seemed to think it unusual.

When I saw that article, it excited me greatly: here for the first time in my life I had found evidence of someone else with precisely the same feelings that I had. I decided that I must write to him, and I did. He did not write back to me (my letter told him essentially the same things I've told you here, and expressed my regret that we were not youngsters, as indulging in the past times referred to in the article would have been absolutely wonderful, in my estimation), but some time later, I received a telephone call; the caller turned out to be Jacques' secretary, who advised me that they were in the country. There was a party going on in town, and Jacques would like to meet me. Making some excuse to get away that evening, I went there, and did meet him, but my French and Jacques' English were not up to the problem of any heart-to-heart discussion, so we didn't get very far. Feeling a bit out of place in that highly sophisticated international set, I didn't tarry long.

I mentioned my tastes in women's clothing. On holidays I would buy my wife various items of clothing, sometimes eyeing them more for myself than perhaps for her. One gorgeous petticoat was lavishly trimmed with lace and ribbons; I think I may have wound up wearing it more times than she did. But not all women's garments were necessarily

to my taste; one era which I absolutely loathed was the Victorian. The preposterous buldges and bustles which predominated then were, I've always thought, hideous. What I did like was the gorgeous ball gowns of the Southern Civil War era, and of the Napoleonic era. The costumes used in the BBC production of "War and Peace", for instance, were simply stunning; I'd have loved to be the wardrobe mistress for that production!

So there you have it. I agree with those who appeared on the Donahue program that there is no cure for this obsession; it is ingrained in me and I am quite certain that there is simply no way I can shake it.

**Tri-Ess Ad Appears
In THE NATION
magazine.**

**National Office
Receives many
letters of Inquiry**

**FORUM Magazine
publishes article
re: Virginia's Book
HOW TO BE A
WOMAN THOUGH
MALE**



I'll-guess, dear..

I'M THE PRINCESS

AND YOU'RE THE DRAGON RIGHT?



News About Tri-Ess Chapters

Alpha Zeta Goes on the Air Waves

by
Diane (Az-1567-B)

I can't say I was shocked when I opened up the Alpha Zeta P.O. Box and saw the letter from the local, Phoenix talk radio station, KFYZ. I was a little nervous though. I knew that the time was ripe for our local Tri-Ess chapter to talk to someone in the media again. KFYZ read our classified ad in the *New Times*, and decided we could be a topic for conversation. My first reaction was to call some of the other chapter members, those in what I call our "community outreach" group, those who have spoken to college classes or others in public about crossdressing. I had the willing girls. So I called the radio station and we set a date. The interview was to be with Tom Leykis, the more liberal, but also outrageous talk show host during the afternoon

from
Deanna Johns

prime-time slot, from 3 P.M. to 7 P.M. We were told there would be no pre-show interview, so we were going into the studio somewhat blind, not knowing Tom's stand on crossdressing. Terri had agreed to do the show. So on a Thursday afternoon, we drove to the radio station dressed as women, and ready for anything! We weren't to be on until 4 P.M., so we tuned in Tom's show to find out what kind of introduction he had for us. Tom was getting his radio audience warmed up, ready for the show and he didn't sound all that supportive. Terri and I walked in to the KFYZ studio, past two security guards. I explained we were to be guests on a show and they were very courteous. We were met by the man who had set up the interview, and we waited in the lobby. We could see

Tom Leykis through a window to the studio, where he worked a console littered with switches, buttons, wires, lights and a computer looking like a scaled down version of the bridge of the starship Enterprise. We listened to the show in the lobby for about 40 minutes. The studio was very cold, because of the lights on the disk jockey, Tom said. It was as if we were stepping into a sacred chamber, with its own unique environment. There was no pre-show interview, except a few reassuring comments from our host. He treated us like ladies, and that's all we could ask for. Tom interviewed us for the first 15 minute segment, asking us why we did this and probed us about our relationships with women. Terri took a little heat from him when she said she did not tell girlfriends about her crossdressing on the first date. I dreaded the possibility that Tom would engage us in arguments and I could see

the room exploding in a rampage of cutting remarks. But Terri handled herself well and Tom backed off a bit. A little while later, a male caller defended Terri and her discretion about "telling all" at the beginning of a relationship.

After that, Tom was much more supportive. However, not all the people who called in defended us. Our first caller was an elderly lady who couldn't understand us at all and thought that having us on the air was in bad taste. In her case, there was no way to explain anything. Her mind was firmly set by traditional do's and don'ts etched in granite, so the call was one sided. Terry and I subtly reinforced those who agreed with us and answered every question as straight and simply as possible. Two young girls who called were fascinated by us and they really learned something. Some callers tried to argue with us or make us look silly, but we were able to take a positive approach with each call and did not become defensive. Some women were extremely supportive. One asked about my relationship with my wife and said that we were probably closer than most couples, because I could understand a woman's perspective and be able to share much more. Near the end of the first hour, a caller asked for my opinion of which restroom to use. I can't publically promote using the ladies room to crossdressers, especially if

there is a legal component somewhere in the law that I don't know of. So, I told him that although I didn't know of a law concerning restrooms, the only safe answer to the question is to go home and use your own restroom. Anything else is taking a chance. Unless there are restrooms for Men, Women and others, then use the one marked "others." Tom didn't quite pick up my subtle humor saying "Well I've never seen one marked "others" at which time Terri added, "but you may!" which broke him up. At that point, they went to the news. I told Tom that how ironic the call was, because I really did have to use the restroom. I asked him which I should use and he said that the Ladies room would probably be safer, pointing out where it was. In a way that was a high point for me, I felt acceptable to KFYI. The next hour progressed smoothly, but the time went very fast. You actually spend less time on the air then, because of so many news and weather reports, traffic updates and commercials. We generated enough interest by the end of the next hour that Tom invited us to stay for a third hour. We covered a lot of ground but we had little substantial opposition. Most who did not approve of us were simply confused. One man never did figure out that we were not homosexuals. Maybe we didn't change many minds, but at least we had many interested listeners. After the interview, we snapped some photographs and bade

farewell to Tom Leykis and KFYI. It was dark outside and I was thankful for the security guards [some of them women]. On the way home, Terri turned on the radio and we heard Mark Williams. The talk show host following Tom Leykis.

Mark took the opportunity to rip our show to shreds. He used anything he could to generate negative feedback for us, an easy move for him, since we were out of the studio and couldn't comment. He did generate a few laughs from Terri and I, but he only had a few callers comment about us, mostly men interested in name calling. All in all, it was a good time and we did get some publicity by giving Alpha Zeta's address on the air. It was an interesting experience that turned out to be a lot of fun. The hardest part turned out to be the initial decision to do the interview. The rest just happened.

Sigma Nu Rho Radio appearance News release

On Wednesday August 24, 1988, members of Sigma Nu Rho Chapter (Trenton N.J. Metro area) traveled to Philadelphia Pa to appear on a talk radio show. Those brave sisters were Dorothy G. (Chapter President), Donna G. (Chapter Secretary), Paula A. (Member) and Dorothy's wife Bev.

They appeared on the Irv Homer show from 2 to 3 pm. on Radio station WWDB-FM which is

Philidelphia's premiere talk radio station and one of the nation's pioner talk radio stations. They talked about what crossdressing is and isn't and about Tri-Ess and the local chapter. At various times, during the program theyu had the opportunity to field questions asked by members of the listening audience. One of the most interesting moments of the program come when a cross-dresser called up and seaid that he was dressed en femme.

"Irv's questions can be quite penetrating." noted Paula who listens to his show quite regularly, but fortunately he was on his best behaviour that day. Donna said "It was quite an experience for me. It afforded us the opportunity to attempt to educate the public about crossdressing and try to reach out to those who are still in the closet to let them know that, yes there is an organization out there that you can join and get the support and understanding that you and/or your spouse needs."

The producer and her staff were very hospitable and made our visit a very pleasent one. We left there with a feeling that we showed the public that wew aren't strange but rather normal everyday people and that maybe we helped a few to come out of the closet.

Sigma Nu Rho's hard working and dedicated secretary, Donna G. made the arrangements for the chapter to appear on the show and is also in the process of arranging for the

chapter to appear on a rival AM station sometime during the month of September.

Chi Chapter Log

Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr.
As Compiled by Carole,
(IL-1672-A)

January started the yeat out with a bang with over 80 members, partners, and prospective members in attendance. The meeting was highlighted by the attendance of Carol, wife of Eve, who graciously presented a seminar on poise and decorum. Carole's background is that of a former model and model instructor. February's meeting saw nominations for new chapter officers. Elections will be held at the March meeting and the new officers will take over in April. The theme of the meeting was obviously Valentine's Day. February aslo saw that International Foundation for Gender Education convention at the O'hare Ramada Hotel. This was the second year that the convention was held there. Next year the convention will be held in another city, so we in Chi-Chapter were grateful for the opportunity to be as closely involved as you can be when your chapter is in the host city. March has been the most active month so far this year. on March 5, a bevy of us girls and partners were privilaged to be able to attend a local dinner-theatre, en femme with the rest of the public,

to see a performance of 'La Cage Au Folles'. Over 40 people attended and all had a wonderful time! After the show we were all invited backstage and had our pictures taken with the cast. The cast members had already changed to their male attire so you could tell who was in the cast and who was from Tri-Ess. March 19th was the regular chapter meeting with a St. Patrick's Day theme. Final nominations and elections of officers were held. Naomi was re-elected by by acclamation to another term as chapter President as was Deanna to another term as Secretary/Treasurer. Three new new Vice-Presidents were re elected. Congratulations to Gloria and Eve. Also elected to Vice-President was yours truly. Also at the March meeting was a makeup demonstration by Lois Shane along with a color analysis for the guinea pig of the night, Amanda. There was also a fashion jewelry show done by Shiela. Outreach continued at a brisk pace in April. The Eve and Naomi Show went traveling to the College of DuPage, Bradely College, the University of Wisconsin, Manchester College in Indiana, Columbia College and Iowa State. An appearance was also put in at North Central College in Naperville, Ill. April saw the new officers assume their respective posts. Planning has begun for the Holiday En Femme which will be held in Chicago this year in November.

A SKI TRIP



SUSAN



Since my coming out two years ago, I have enjoyed my life as a crossdresser. After years of dressing behind closed doors, usually at home alone, I began to feel... well...closed in. Indulging myself in my favorite pastime just wasn't as satisfying as it used to be, and like many other TV's, I felt so alone and empty inside.

So one day, out of desperation, I picked up my phone and began contacting various doctors and psychologists in an attempt to locate an organization made up of people like myself. After several rather embarrassing phone calls, I finally "connected" and was given the address of a TV organization only forty miles from my house: TRI-ESS. I could have done flips, I was so happy! I had finally found others like myself, and my spirits soared!!

Since then I have learned a lot about myself, and enjoyed going out in

public "en-femme" with a new enthusiasm for life and a healthy sense of self-esteem. Although, I have been told I pass well, I am finally finding an advantage to being only 5'5" tall. I still limited my excursions to the occasional evening out, such as going to a movie or a restaurant. Enjoying an evening out "en-femme" without any repercussions or hassles is a very rewarding experience as many of you sisters know. To go out in the real world and "pass" as a female is such an ego boosting experience, it is difficult to describe. It was scary at first, but I felt compelled to do it, even if it meant being "read" and possibly harassed. Sure, I may have been "read" but if I was, I wasn't aware of it and there were no "scenes".

Besides, we must remember that the general public is so wrapped up in their own situations that they are not as observant as we might lead ourselves to believe.

When winter rolls around and the snow starts to fall in the mountains of California, thousands of skiers flock to the ski resorts around Lake Tahoe, looking forward to an exciting day on the slopes. I am no exception. I love to ski, and I love to portray the woman within myself. So, why not combine my two favorite pastimes? I decided to go skiing "en-femme". I was going to Alpine Meadows, a resort overlooking beautiful Lake Tahoe. I wanted to be in the proper frame of mind, so I decided to drive up "en-femme" also. The trip took about 6 hours and I left around mid-night the night before in order to arrive about the time the ski-lifts began operating. I wore a pretty blue turtleneck sweater and a sky blue pair of bib overall powder pants. Beneath this I wore panties, pantyhose, and a bra with my 36c inserts. As I stood in line to purchase my lift ticket, I felt excited and extremely

relaxed at the same time. I sort of felt like what a teen-aged girl would feel like if she was on her first ski trip. The line was quite long and was moving very slowly, but it really didn't bother me...I was going places this girl has never gone before, and for some strange reason, I realized Susan had something that Dennis never had: Patience!

As the line moved along, I noticed how "unisexual" the ski fashions for men and women were, which, I think, really made me feel at ease from the start. When it was my turn at the window, I simply handed over the money for an All Day lift ticket and said "All-Day, Please!" No problem. I attached the ticket to the zipper clasp of my powder pants and went over to a bench to put on my red Nordica ski-boots.

Stepping into my ski's, I began to amble my way over to the ski lift I had seen from the Lodge. The area had just received several inches of fresh snow, and I marvelled at the beauty of this "winter wonderland". When I arrived at the lift there was a small line forming, two abreast, and it occurred to me that I needed to ride up the mountain with another skier who was by him/herself. This is because most chairlifts are made for two persons, and most resorts require this since there are so many skiers, and it makes lines move as fast as possible. I decided that I wasn't going to be particular about who I rode the lift with, since I was there to have fun, right? So, as soon as I

heard someone call out "Single!" I raised my hand, and got in line with a young man of about thirty five. As we got into position to catch the chair, my heart started pounding! I had been on a chair lift dozens of times, but I felt sort of apprehensive, almost to the point where it seemed like my first time! But as the chair picked us up and started up the mountain, I began to relax again. "Where are you from?" the man asked with a friendly smile as he rubbed his bare hands together briskly. "I'm from Fresno." I said, trying to sound convincing. "Yes, I've been there before on business...I'm from Seattle...my name is Bob...Bob Austin." I hesitated for a second before I spoke, and then decided to just "Go For It" "I'm Susan" I said smiling

back at him. As we continued our ride up the mountain, shoulder to shoulder, we exchanged our opinions on skiing in general, and the resort in particular. Upon reaching the end of the line, we bid each other a good "run", as Bob was going to take an advanced slope and I opted to take a less rigorous route to the bottom. I'm sure he didn't know my secret.

The rest of the day was filled with some of the most intense sensations and emotions I have ever felt in my *Life!* I seemed so much more aware of the stillness and the beauty around me. And never before have I really looked and listened to the things around me in the way I was now.

What a wonderful thing life is when we take the opportunity to express our entire personalities.



"Another typical TV weekend."

VICKIE'S VIEWS

VICKIE (NY-1844-F)

TV EUPHORIA

Some time ago, Miss Vickie wrote about the anxiety that inevitably accompanies our special joy. We entitled our discussion "The Knot in the Pit of the Stomach." The essence of that discussion, boiled down to its essentials, was: look on the bright side, there's a lot to be said about being a transvestite, most of it good, and the bad part is only what we allow to be bad. As far as I am concerned, the best thing about being a transvestite is the "high." All of you know where of I speak, yet I dare say that not one of you can define it in words. I think I know from "Highs," as do many of you. I am a child of the sixties, and thus an expert of sorts, and no doubt, many of you are too. Let's go back for a moment to the issue of anxiety. Remember, when we dress, especially when we go out, we often experience the "knot." So where does the "high" come in? "Ying and Yang" my frilly feminine friends,

"Ying and Yang."
Opposites attract; negative and positive; plus and minus; male and female! Your high results as the opposite pole to your anxiety. It comes about as a pleasant result of the complete (to the best extent possible) melding of your two personalities, male and female. We know before the venture out we worry: "Will I pass in public? Will my TV friends think I look good? Will they compliment me? Am I too flamboyant? Will I get someone's wife upset in this miniskirt? Will my car stall -- get a flat -- will I be embarrassed in public -- by a cop, by someone else? Will I run into a neighbor, or a relative, and if so, will they know me?" We get our respective acts together anyway, and we dress and go where it is we go -- even if its only the closet at home -- and still even those of us who are closet queens worry -- will the kids come home -- will the wife come home -- will the house catch on fire (if you

don't think this a valid worry, it happened to a very dear TV friend of mine who had to make the choice: ...do I burn to death like this or do I run out in front of the neighbors, the volunteer firemen, the cops -- Daddy why are your eyes black like that? Its soot can't you see! Will I have to run out into the street like this -- will my brother in law, who has a key just decide to pop over, (couldn't happen -- just ask Miss Vickie) ... what if I fall asleep like this and somebody comes home? Despite all the mental exercise and self flagellation...*NONE OF THIS BAD STUFF EVER HAPPENS.* (Well almost none, some of it does if you get real careless!) No matter what our mindset, we all, at some point will push caution to the wind, and frolic forth... "Ahhh! Relief! Hey this isn't bad." We look in the mirror. We like what we see. We get a feeling of confidence in our image. "Hey, I look good to me, I don't care what anyone else thinks!" We soften our mannerisms...we start to feel feminine, or at least what we think "feminine" feels like. The first self looks in the mirror and the second self looks back and cries out..."Why are you hiding me...why are you ashamed of me...don't you love me...oh it feels so good to be let free for a while...to breathe, to live, to be with people and to be accepted for who and what I am. Thank you for the pretty new dress, its really pretty, I really appreciate it. Nice to know you've been thinking of me! Hey

guy, don't be such a stranger, call me more often." And you know damn well that she is one of the most beautiful women you'll ever meet. A woman who knows your most innermost thoughts, and who never condemns you. A woman who shares every one of your waking fantasies, and probably most of your sleeping ones as well. A woman who loves you as no other woman possibly can. Hey its nice...and she can't give you herpes. She will always be your mistress and no-one can ever take her away from you. You will never find a mistress as giving or as loving. Maybe that is why so many of us stay with our wives. We

have our conventional marriage, and our mistress too! We don't need to search out the other woman, she's inside always, outside sometimes. She is so nice to spend time with and there's so little time for her. Anyway, the time spent turns out to be beautiful. None of your anxieties panned out. You drove all over; you went to a TV bar, or a straight bar, or a gay bar, whatever, and you found kindred spirits. A key here is that the anxiety is the phenomenon that arises out of our fear of the unknown. We don't know what will possibly happen when we cross dress. The results are less predictable, probably because we do it less than

we do other things. Statistically, driving a car is far more dangerous than cross dressing, but ordinarily we don't get anxious about driving a car. That's because it generally will yield predictable results. A person who has suffered a severe accident, might not feel as complacent. When a woman puts on a dress and makeup, there is no sensation of the unknown, unless perhaps the dress is a bit risqué or revealing. In such situations even females undergo the anxiety that appearance in a certain modality of dress can generate. Euphoria, is the other end of anxiety. Once we tread into the unknown and find we can conquer it, we experience a sense of relief, a sense of accomplishment..... "Euphoria." Some examples: obviously, the successful mountain climb; landing on the moon; winning a race; skiing a difficult terrain; passing as a female when we stop in the 7-Eleven to pick up some snacks on the way to a chapter meeting! I remember a night when ten of us went to a TV club in New York City only to find the place full of real girls. They were totally accepting of us, and we had a blast. In fact, there weren't many TV's out that night, so there we were, a couple of attractive TV's and a bevy of fun loving women. We taught the girls (most of whom were nurses and had to keep their fingernails short) how to put on press-on nails, and I gave them makeup tips (which they solicited from me) we



"Don't complain, it's a beginning."

danced, we talked and they accepted us as we were, without being judgemental in any way. The following week I went out alone and again met up with some very accepting young ladies in a gay bar. On Long Island, where I live, the gay bars, especially the ones more frequented by women, have been very accepting of TV's, even straight TV's. All of a sudden it's driven home, the world doesn't hate TV's, the world was very nice to me. Wow! I had a great time. (Sidethought - - we must be our own worst enemies. If the outside world here in the New York - Long Island area isn't as hostile to TV's as we may have envisioned, the hatred must stem from our own guilt. That's why we're a group, to work ultimately on eliminating the guilt. Its worked too, for most of us, hasn't it?) Let's put it in another perspective. Ordinarily we go about the mundane aspects of our daily lives and its no big deal, right? Right! Suppose, just suppose, you had committed some offense which resulted in a jail sentence, but one in which you were allowed to go home once a week? Don't you think you would savor every minute of that day, no matter what you were doing? It would feel so good to be free! Think about a pretty girl, eighteen years of age. Her mother locks her in a closet every weekend and doesn't allow her to go out with the other girls to places to which teenagers like to go. She'd be pretty depressed after a while, no? Now

what about that pretty girl inside your psyche for all these years. How long did you keep her bottled up? How long did were you mean to her. Of course she is self conscious. You made her that way. Of course it feels good for her to get out every now and then. Why do you think you get the "high" even if you only dress up at home alone, or with your sisters at Tri-Ess meetings. Because -- she has got to get out, Dummy, thats why. Its not that you'll occasionally invite her out; No! she demands it and if you don't let her out she is going to make you so damn miserable you'll be sorry you didn't and don't you even try to pretend that you don't know what I'm talking

about. Like I said she is a very loving mistress, but she can be demanding at times, like any other woman. I remember one day walking down the street in my business suit. I passed a Tall Gals shoe store. In the window were a pair of velvet and silver shoes with 3 1/2 inch heels. Vickie had to have them. "I want them." She said. "I can't go in there like this and buy those!" I protested..."wait till next time we go to Lee Brewster's..." "No way! He won't have those. When you want something nice for me...if you really love me...you'll do it." I did it. I walked in, asked "do you sell to TV's here?"... the man said "of course we do, what would you like?" Vickie got her shoes.



"You never were a typical monk, Brother Michael."

PHI CHAPTER STARTED IN NEW MEXICO

"Fiesta" chapter holds first meeting



Agatha

(NM - 2074 - S)

Marie

(NM - 2611 - G)

Donna

(NM - 2253 - S)

President

Kathy

(NM - 2287 - V)

Secretary

Janet

(NM - 1633 - D)

10/16/88



This is an account of my first excursion out in public in the daytime. I am writing this in the hopes of giving courage and support to all my sisters out there, who like myself only ventured out under cover of the night, if at all.

My wife and I planned the day weeks in advance. We chose the early fall as we knew that my mother-in-law, who lives with us, would be at work for the day and our older child would be at school from about 8:30am to 3:00pm. I woke up about 8 with both anxiety and anticipation. After finishing my makeup I put on a nice plaid, button down blouse and a denim skirt. After adding a pair of pantyhose, comfortable, flat shoes and a fully loaded casual purse I was ready to

go. When we got to the Mall and parked the car, our first objective was to find a locker to put our coats in. Unbeknownst to me, my wife decided our first stop was to be the ladies room at Sears. I had no choice but to follow her in. There was a couple of 50ish ladies in there washing their hands and I was sure they were really staring me down. I just marched straight into a vacant stall, took care of my business and got out of there. After finding a locker, and getting rid of our coats, we proceeded to browse through any and all kinds of shops; including Sears, Marshall Fields, and Penney's. The entire time we were there we were never stopped, questioned, or snickered at. We went into three young women's shops and browsed the

racks for some size 16s. Since our chapters first annual awards banquet was two days later, my main objective was finding a nice dress for the evening. In each store I picked out some of my favorites and we went into the dressing room and tried them on. I was never stopped or even questioned. In one store there was a lady sitting at the entrance to the dressing room to check and see how many garments you had and probably for security reasons. She looked straight at me and didn't say a thing. At another store while we were browsing the racks a salesgirl came up to us and asked "Can I help you with anything ladies?" That really gave my ego a tremendous boost. I finally found one that I liked and that my wife agreed looked really great on me. Throughout the whole day, no matter what we bought or looked at my wife did all the talking and paying. Finally, at one store we were in, while my wife was paying for a purse I picked out, I finally got up enough nerve and left her to go over by another counter. It was a jewelry counter where I saw a whole group of earrings that caught my eye. Nervous as I was, I picked out a pair I liked for \$4.00 and stepped over to the register. Now since I am my own harshest critic I was sure that when the saleslady approached me she would look at me strange or kind of smile to herself. To my pleasant surprise and relief she just asked "Will that be cash or charge, Miss?" Without

changing the pitch of my voice I just said as softly as possible "Cash" and reached into my purse and wallet, took out the money, and handed it to her. She just rang up the sale and counted out the change into my hand. That was the one of the single biggest confidence boosters of the day. That even helped make up for the time we were walking through the mall earlier and my wife in wanting me to look at something on the other side of the aisle where she was at and she called me by my male name. That wasn't so bad but I'm sure that some people noticed when I started to respond to it.

The rest of the time was spent just window shopping since we didn't want to spend much more money. By 2PM it was time to start heading home so I could change back before the older child got home from school. One more stop for my wife though; the ladies room again. This time with our coats and packages to weigh us down, I decided to wait outside. On the way home we went through a fast food drive through and once at home we two girls had lunch together. I have already planned my next outing. More of the same but ALL day consisting of shopping, lunch at a regular restaurant, and maybe even a movie. All in all I had a wonderful time once I got over my initial nervousness. My wife's only real fear was that we would run into someone we knew. They might not recognize me, but they would recognize her



There was a young Tv named Dave
Borrowed dresses which were "all the rave"
Said, "I'll have to admit
They seldom do fit,
But look at the money I save."

A Tv named Mary Louise
Who tried on his mother's chemise
And when she found out
What he was about,
She made him the hostess at teas.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To buy him a new slip
Jack fell down
and tore his gown,
And Jill asked "How's your trip?"

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a dress
But when she got there
She was made aware
That her son, Tom, had changed into "Bess".

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe
Had so many children
She didn't know what to do
She made each a dress
Though all were not girls,
And said to the boys,
"Let your hair grow in curls."

TRI-ESS CHAPTERS & FORMING GROUPS

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*Metro Areas cover approximately 75-100 mile radius from named city.

10-03-88

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CA, Sacramento *Metro Area:
FG – Sacramento

(FORMING GROUP)
Rose Ann – CA-1074-C

CA, San Jose *Metro Area:
FG – San Jose

(FORMING GROUP)
Cathi – DC-2075-M
Gloria Ann – MD-1474-W

DC, Washington *Metro Area:
FG – Washington

(FORMING GROUP)
Stephanie – SERV-2447-R
Stephanie – FL-2581-M

FL, Jacksonville *Metro Area:
FG – Jacksonville

(FORMING GROUP)
Joan – FL-2520-B

FL, Pensacola *Metro Area:
FG – Pensacola

(FORMING GROUP)
Samantha – FL-2404-D

FL, St. Petersburg *Metro Area:
FG – St. Petersburg

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Mirranda Sue – MI-1256-B

MI, Detroit *Metro Area:
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MN, Minneapolis *Metro Area:
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MO, St. Louis *Metro Area:
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Joyce – OH-1449-B

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Debra Kim – OR-1731-K

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Joy – SC-1961-B
Christina – SC-2526-P

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Thomasina – TN-2198-H

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Lisa – ID-1144-A
Tommie W WY-1605-F

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Christina – VA-2250-S

(FORMING GROUP)
Alona – WV-1730-M

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Yvette – FCPO-2168-D

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OH – Toledo *Metro Area:
FG – Toledo

OR, Eugene *Metro Area:
FG – Eugene

SC, Florence *Metro Area:
FG – South Carolina

TN, Memphis *Metro Area:
FG – Memphis

UT, Salt Lake City *Metro Area:
FG – Salt Lake City

VA, Richmond *Metro Area:
FG – Richmond

WV, Charleston *Metro Area:
FG – West Virginia

CANADA, Montreal/Quebec City *Metro Area:
FG – E. Canada

CANADA, So. British Columbia:
FG – W. Canada

Note: Certain Chapters, and Forming Groups, utilize the Tri-Ess/Tulare Address until they can establish a convenient direct mailing address. All communications are promptly forwarded to the appropriate Chapter Officer, or contact person for the Forming Group immediately upon receipt at our main office.

**Carol
Beecroft**

P. O. BOX 194 - TULARE, CA. 93275



Dear Tri-Ess member;

Now that things appear to be back on an even keel and since I have a lot of more time on my hands (see the latest *Femme Mirror*), I have been thinking about the COUPLES AUXILIARY that I have talked about so many times in the past.

Up to now, I have not had the time to really devote myself to this needed auxiliary within our sorority. But such an organization can be an important part of Tri-Ess and may be, as one leader observed, "one of the greatest assets Tri-Ess can offer because it would offer resources to help couples stay together." Or, as another sister said, "it might just be the best organization within the sorority that will help our families stay together and promote healing rather than open warfare between couples." I agree with those statements 100% !!

Although there are several chapters dealing with some sort of a support group for wives, most of the interested couples that I know of, do not belong to such chapters, mainly due to distances involved. But THESE people need the help just as much ! In addition, wives aren't the only ones who need the help - the whole unit - the COUPLE - needs help.

Thus, a National Couples Auxiliary under the auspices of Tri-Ess sorority would serve to bring together, under one umbrella, couples who have something very much in common - the need to deal with crossdressing. I believe that such an organization can bring much happiness to those who belong to it and many new friendships will develop through activity in the auxiliary. I also believe that some sort of a bi-monthly newsletter will help the couples unit with news, letters, etc. Perhaps an occasional regional gathering will top things off at some nice hotel, in a friendly city, where our couples could enjoy the companionship of others like themselves as well as hearing from experienced and helpful counselors.

More and more wives are learning to deal with crossdressing in a positive way. Other wives, who are having problems, might just gain the necessary assistance that will help them overcome the obstacle that prevents them from being accepting. I also think that most husbands need assistance in how THEY can improve their lives so that their wives will WANT to handle crossdressing more positively. It's really a two-way street - both husband and wife must learn that each has to make adjustments FOR THE GREATER GOOD OF THE MARRIAGE !!

I think that we should create a National Couples Board to help develop and give direction to the auxiliary. My activities will be one of simply monitoring the progress of the Couples Auxiliary and perhaps give occasional advise. It's YOUR organization - join it and work to help the auxiliary to be successful for all concerned!

I am interested in hearing from you SOON. There are three questions that I am asking: (1) Are you and your wife interested in belonging to the Tri-Ess Couples Auxiliary? (2) Are you and your wife interested in serving in any sort of leadership position? (3) Would you and your wife be interested in serving on a National Couples Board?

Please write as soon as possible so that we can determine the feasibility of starting a National Couples organization!

Carol Beecroft

I jumped the gun a little bit by expecting too much from our new Editor, Jill, in Ohio. In all fairness to her, I have had lots of experience in putting out magazines as well as participating in a Magazine Production class in LA. So although Jill did a nice job in the way of typesetting the materials for this issue (overlook some of the typos) it was necessary to actually strip down what she had done and redo the magazine at the Tri-Ess office. It took me four nights to do the job, but with the typesetting all done, it was easy to work things into a suitable format. I do believe that if Jill will just use this issue and other past issues as examples, she will get her baptism, concerning putting out a professional magazine, right on the job. I look forward to an issue every 3 months from Jill. I appreciate her willingness to help and commend her for trying so hard at the beginning. Jill has a disability and it is difficult at times for her to do the things that she would prefer to do. Let's wish her lots of success for the future !!

Carol Beecroft

Now, Read carefully the following from Jill, your new Editor:

I need help from you. In order for me to get out to you recent, pertinent material, I need to get that material from Guess Who? That is correct ! YOU!!!! If you are computerized, as in IBM compatible, Atari ST or Atari 8 bit single density disks, or Commodore 64, you can send me your articles directly on disk saving me many hours of typing. Please send me your files in ASCII in IBM or Commodore formats. You can send me Atari Disks done in just about any format. For those of you who do not have one of these computers, Alpha Omega will have a BBS online in mid November on Friday & Saturday nights from 11 pm till 8 am. Call the Alpha Omega Hotline at (216) 365-0515 for information.

For those of you who need to send hard copy for the Femme Mirror, please double space your typewritten pages or your hand written copy. It's quite difficult to follow single spaced copy when transcribing it to the wordprocessor. All articles will be given equal weight no matter how submitted to me. In other words those articles submitted in electronic media will not necessarily be given preference over those submitted in other media. (No Crayon Please)

I look forward to your comments, ideas, and complaints. I would like to introduce a wife's column to the Femme Mirror, and fuller Chapter participation in the chapter activities section. (Get your information to Deanne for inclusion in this section, C/O Chi Chapter, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL, 60191-0040. As Sec. of Alpha Omega, I'll get them into this thing somewhere! The rest of you chapter secretaries, get it together, or Chi and Alpha will be alone in this thing!)

Wives or others involved with a member, please let me know what you like to see in this magazine. You too, are encouraged to write articles about your feeling, needs and wants. I will publish them in the Femme Mirror if you wish as presented to me.

I will have a new issue of the Femme Mirror out on a quarterly basis. I don't expect that this one will be out in time for many of you to make the next deadline for submission. I expect to have the next Femme Mirror out in early February. Please get your articles to me by Dec. 15, 1988. Electronic media can be as late as Jan. 1, 1989. I hope to hear from you soon. Thank you for your Support.

Don't Forget !!

Jill

