

*** ALPHA ZETA & A ROSE NEWS ***

Vol V No. I

Alpha Zeta is a Tri-Ess Chapter
Po Box 4351 Scottsdale, Arizona 85261

December 15, 1988

UP CLOSE TO GERALDO RIVERA

By Diane [REDACTED]

When I was first invited to appear on the Geraldo Rivera Show, I didn't know what to think. I was simply kind of numb to the fact that I was to be on a nationally televised show. As days passed, the anticipation grew. I was called by the producer of the Geraldo Show, interviewed twice and arrangements were made for my trip to New York City. I switched my days off at work and I was ready to fly to New York one week before I was to fly to Chicago for the Tri-Ess Holiday En Femme. As time passed it all hit me, I was in a daze. This was going to be a real adventure. Then it happened. I looked at the picture of the brawl in the Geraldo Studio on the front page of the Tempe Tribune in disbelief. I read the story of how Geraldo was hit in the face with a chair and had his nose broken! Is this the kind of thing I could face in the studio with an unaccepting audience!? Or maybe I was fated not to appear on the show at all! We saw the brawl on the news and the inevitable phone call came, the taping was delayed. This time it was scheduled right in the middle of the Holiday En Femme, which meant my plans for Chicago had to be altered. That was okay, because at this point I just wanted to get it over with.

The trip to New York with all the cancellations, delays, storms rerouting and missing chauffeurs was an adventure in and of itself. For a trip like this, I wouldn't think of taking any men's clothes, so I enjoyed being Diane and meeting some very friendly people on the planes. I love the comradery there seems to be between women traveling. I was never bored!

New York is a different world compared to Tempe. I loved it. The hotel was fabulous and the first night I joined Carol and Norma for dinner and talk. Carol, the president of Tri-Ess, was also a guest on the show. The next day at lunch with Carol, I spotted Ari Kane and a couple, Kerri and Laura, who were scheduled to be on the show also. I remained with Kerri and Laura after lunch for another glass of wine. They are from the Detroit area and are a delightful couple. Kerri is the editor of the Crossroads newsletter. They seemed about as nervous as me, or was it anticipation? So we did what any woman would do under similar circumstances, we went shopping!

When I returned, I met Carol and Norma and we caught a cab. The Geraldo Show is taped at the Times Square Studio in the heart of New York City. I think that all of us who are either strange or unique in humanity pay homage to Times Square at least once in our lifetimes! It's a crazy place! Carol, Norma and I proceeded to the fourth floor of the building where we met with the other guests. They were all in a dressing room watching a monitor of the current taping, a show on transsexuals. I was excited to see Renee [REDACTED] an old friend, walk into the dressing room. I felt more at home after that. Then the producer



and his assistants came in and we set up the game plan. Carol and Norma, Kerri and Laura and I were to be up on stage. Renee was to be hidden in the audience and Ari Kane and a psychologist would join us for the second half of the show. Renee went into the studio and joined the audience while the rest of us went in one at a time for makeup. I had a touch-up, then dashed into the Ladies Room one last time before the show. Looking into the mirror I realized, this was it, there was no turning back!

We all filed down the hallway into the studio, parading in front of the audience to our seats. The audience looked like a cross between one of our ASU Sociology classes and a movie theater crowd. No popcorn though. They gave us a good looking over, but there was no snickering. Some of the women on the front row asked me a few questions and wondered if I was nervous. I was, but didn't show it, so they said. When they clipped on the microphones and we did the sound test, the ice cold reality of the situation hit me. My life flashed before my eyes, at least the feminine part, and panic hit. I fought back the urge to bolt for the door. And, that's when Geraldo walked in and

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Rain Stop

By: Shelly [REDACTED]

*I know not where I am in time and space
Family and friends say I'm a total disgrace
I live a life of lies and sorrow filled pain
Can't somebody reach out and stop the rain.*

*A dog bites me and I feel shocked
Beating it (in the end) I'm only to be mocked
Its ways won't change bound by a chain
Can't somebody reach out and stop the rain.*

*Sunshine only masks a world of sorrow and gloom
the moon's shadow still reaches the walls of my room
Torn between world, in a life what can I gain
Can't somebody reach out and stop the rain.*

*It's not a hopeless cause, someone has to win
Somehow the sword always triumphs over the pen
I can't sit back any longer and act or feign
I must reach out and stop the rain.*

Ignorance vs Education

by: Wendi Pierce

How Many times have you heard the expression, "Ignorance is Bliss"? Ignorance is the key here, it implies that there is no knowledge present on the given topic. Also, ignorance might imply lack of exposure to subject. In the case of the general populous vs the cross-gender community, this has been the norm. Things are changing, and the society in general is beginning to be aware that we exist. We as cross-gender individuals are faced with a general populous that for the most part is ignorant of our desires, drives, and needs. Generally, they are ignorant of us, and therefore are not concerned. This changes when they are exposed to members of our community. Due to a lack of background and insight into us and our drives, etc., they are quick to label us with derogatory names such as sick, weird, even demented. When people are faced with activity that is foreign, possibly even repulsive due to their programming by society, they can even be hostile and abusive. Anyone who has had contact with society while in a cross gender role, usually in initial attempts at going public, has run into this to some degree. The stronger people are programmed by society, and the stronger they accept society's arbitrary rules, the more difficult it is to enlighten them to our special desires and needs.

This is our lot. We can face it, or we can try to ignore it. As members of this community, we owe the spokespersons of the community in general a debt. We owe those in the community that have taken up the task of educating society in general our support. They are the ones that are fighting the ignorance in society at large, and are smoothing the way for people like ourselves. They are the ones that are taking the chances, going very public, i.e. national television, etc., in order to educate Joe and Mary back in Nebraska, that we are people, possibly a little different in our needs and desires, but none the less people, deserving the same respect and that they show their next door neighbors. For all they know we may be their next door neighbors. It is through the efforts of this small group of spokespersons at a national level, through the efforts of our local outreach and through our own contact with society in general that the education process continues.

You may feel that a specific national broadcast or the efforts of a specific local group are not in line with your personal gender identity. This might be true, but the gender spectrum is a continuum, and for each of us, there is a level that we feel comfortable somewhere along this continuum. Gender contentment may be satisfied with an occasional outing while cross-dressed, it may be living in the opposite gender role full time, or it may be SRS. We are all individuals and we all have different levels that we consider satisfactory along this line. None is more correct than another. No position on the gender line carries more weight than another any other. We need to keep this in mind. We need to respect the needs and desires of others in our community. It bothers me when one member of our community shuns or is negative toward another member because that person is content to be at another point on the gender line. The comments typically are "I'm not like that", or "They look ridiculous". The truth is, we are all very similar inside. Our position on the gender line may be different, but we still are members of this community.

When we ignore or are negative toward a portion of our community, we are no better than the segment of the population in society at large that is abusive to our community in general. We may for one reason or another, not wish to actively support or become visibly involved with some segment of the cross gender community, but, on the other hand, we should at least passively support that segment and the community in general.

Support can be in many ways. It can be the subscription to a newsletter or national publication, it can be the support of a local group, it can be the willingness to participate in educating the general public. We all need to be involved. We all need to recognize the fact that we do belong to this community and will benefit from the efforts of those that are trying to make our nature, our desires and our needs known to society in general.

In the last few years, there has been a tremendous growth in communication between the various segments of our community. Through this communication, groups around the country and the world have begun to share ideas, to realize that there are many others who are like ourselves. Due to the efforts of a few dedicated individuals in the Boston area, lead by Merissa Sherrill Lynn, an international foundation has blossomed. This foundation is, The International Foundation for Gender Education. It is struggling. It has had a rough and bumpy first few years, but it is alive and growing. IFGE is not a select, isolated, or narrow segment group. It is a collection of individuals from all segments on the cross gender community. These individuals and the groups they are associated with, are IFGE. You may ask, What can IFGE do for me? The answer is in its name. The words "Gender Education" tell it all. Yes, IFGE is in the business of education, "Gender" education to be specific. I started out this article by saying that ignorance is the major problem that faces our community, and education is the cure for that problem. This is what IFGE stands for and this is what IFGE is willing to provide.

IFGE needs our support. It needs many things to be successful but support from the cross gender community on a grass roots level is the main ingredient at this time. Individuals and groups have started to realize that IFGE can make a difference. This year, many things were accomplished: a national convention, IFGE's second, was held in Chicago; an office, small and already overflowing, was opened in Waltham Mass.; the official journal, Tapestry has had two issues, more could have been produced but funding was not available; a national "Hot Line" was established to direct callers to groups at the local level; several national and regional appearances were made on TV and radio to address gender issues; grants for research in gender related issues were identified and will be sought; all within the past 12 months.

Our support, in what ever ways we can, will be the key to the future success of this foundation. We as individuals need to get involved. We can be the local outreach arm of IFGE, supporting its programs and getting the word out that IFGE exists. The IFGE convention for 1989, called "SF '89" is coming up next April. If you have the time and the funds, do try to make attending this event a priority. Through events such as this, we get the chance to meet others from other segments in the community, and share common ideas. This fosters unity, a goal that will give us the strength and voice necessary to tackle the task of educating society in general of our nature. We need to educate society if we are ever to make progress toward a general acceptance of our nature.

With that I'll close for now with, girls...., GO FOR IT!

Who Am I

By: Kay Metsker

Who am I? I am not sure.

Once I was predictable. I was educated, trained, loved - not as I was, but as I seemed to be. My role was my safe way of hiding. There was no reason to change. I was approved. I pleased. Then, almost suddenly, I changed. Now I am less sure, more myself. My role has almost disappeared. My roots are not in my church, my job, my city, even my world. They are in me. Friends are not as easy to find, and I dream a lot.

Can you accept me? For who I was.

Who am I? I am not sure.

I am more alone than before. There is no security. security is sameness and fear, the postponing of life. Security is expectations and commitments and premature death. I live with uncertainty. There are mountains yet to climb, clouds to find. I am all alone. There is only me - and I dream a lot.

Can you accept me? For who I am.

Who am I? I'm not sure.

I do not search in emptiness and need, but in increasing fullness and desire. I am not as empty as I was. There are the wind and the ocean, books and music, strength and joys within, and new found friends. There is beauty in the smallest flower and in the tallest mountain: beauty within me and all around me. There is no role to play, no security to provide, no commitment to make. My reality has become a dream. My dreams have become reality.

Can you accept me? For what I will be.

Who am I? I want to know.

I am not an object of pity or ridicule. I am not someone willing to be admired for my courage and determination. I only do what I must do to be who I am. I harm no one. I ache when I am hurt; I am moved when I see beauty; I grieve when I lose something, a relationship, a way of life; I feel joy when something wondrous happens. I am simply a human being. One with desires, needs, feelings, and dreams like you. We are not so different, you and I.

Will you accept me?

Geraldo Continued.....

introduced himself to us. He read the Teleprompter "...Next time you're walking down the street and whistle at a pretty girl, don't be surprised if she turns out to be a man..." or something like that. We were on display. The lights were so bright, we couldn't hide a flaw. The studio was so cold, I shivered. The show started by showing photographs taken by Mariette Pathy Allen, then they showed a videotape of Kerri transforming into a woman. Kerri had allowed herself to be filmed as a man walking along the some streets in the city. Then, they showed her putting on her feminine clothes, and ended by filming her walking down the same streets as a woman without notice. This was followed with interviews of the two couples. I listened intently to the discussion and the fact that I was in a studio, under bright lights, ceased to be important. It actually felt like being in front of one of the college classes in Tempe. After all,

you really don't see those 10 million viewers, sitting at home watching you on their tv sets!

By the time Geraldo got to me, I was ready to tell my life story, but he cornered me on the subject of my kids. Then the dreaded question hit me. Was this my real voice? I turned bright red... "No... but..." They did pressure me into using a man's voice, but it was obviously a put-on voice and the subject was dropped. During the show I did speak up at one time to make the point that this type of activity was gender related and not tied to our sexuality, but the psychologist muddled the waters by

....We were on display. The lights were so bright, we couldn't hide a flaw. The studio was so cold, I shivered.

stating that many crossdressers did so for sexual purposes. She also made the point that there were psychological motivations for crossdressing. She told Geraldo that THE question had not yet been asked of us. Geraldo told her to ask me, who was sitting next to her, so she said something like, do you like your penis? I was hit cold by the question and started to laugh. Here I am, on national television, trying to look and act as much like a real woman as I can and someone asks me if I like my penis. I finally said that I have no problem with it, why part with something that brings you sexual enjoyment?

The audience turned out to be very kind. They had fun trying to pick out Renee in the audience and finally spotted her, and not without a little help from Geraldo.

I was almost sad when the taping ended. It had really turned out to be a lot of fun. Geraldo disappeared and we had to sit for a couple minutes of videotaping without talking. After that we left. The audience had been great, so I waved goodbye. I did want a picture with Geraldo, but he was gone. Next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of Times Square in the cold air with the others from the show. We had a little party at my motel room, then said our goodbyes. I ended up spending the evening with Renee and Mariette, which was beautiful and unforgettable. We strolled some of the neighborhoods on the east side of the city and ate dinner a great Japanese restaurant. Raw

....she said something like, do you like your penis? I was hit cold by the question.....

fish and warm Saki weren't the first things on my mind for dinner that night, but caught up in the ambiance and excitement of the night as I was, it was wonderful! Renee and I talked late into the evening. We talked about her recent wedding. She renewed her vows to her wife in a wedding ceremony in which they both reversed roles. Renee was the bride, in a beautiful white gown and her spouse dressed as a man, tux and all, and was the dashing groom! Read about that experience, fantasy-come-true in the latest issue of Tapestry!

I had a sad feeling, saying goodbye to New York. An experience which I had anticipated and worried about for weeks was finally over. I felt somehow more at ease with myself. I had journeyed farther out of the closet this time than ever before... and done it with no regrets. The next stop on the trip was Chicago and the Tri-Ess Holiday En Femme. And, as I turned my thoughts to that, I felt very warm and comfortable knowing that this part of the adventure had been successful.

An Open Letter

By: Dawn *

To all who have never attended Fantasia Fair,
What is Fantasia Fair to me?

A chance to be myself. Although I need much practice that my social upbringing would not allow me to do.

Fantasia Fair is filled with warmth, love and friendship. A chance, however small in time, to learn and to grow, to see and to be seen. To laugh and cry, to be happy with myself without the guilt.

To share a remarkable common bond with others from all walks of life, from all over the world. This is the only place that I have ever been where people of such diverse backgrounds and ages gather together, and all of society's barriers are completely dropped, and all are equal with a common bond. Happy.

A very special bond that is impossible to describe. An impossible bond that cannot be found in "real men, in real society". Men that can cry over the emotion of it all.

But, for a brief shining moment in her life, I amongst all the others, made friends, sang, danced, dined, shopped, went to school, and all the other activities as herself, however imperfect she may be.

I acquired a personality that was real, made friends who accepted me as she was and knew only of her. She was a real person, with feelings, hopes, and fears. She tried to break with her long standing male bonds to become a happy, nurturing, and inquisitive female, a role she has always longed for.

I guess the point that I am trying to make is that if you are still living in the closet and cannot for one reason or another, get out wherever you live, make the plans necessary now to attend next year's Fantasia Fair, or one of the other fine events held around the country each year. Some of what I feel are the most wonderful people in the world can be found there. Find them and you may just find yourself.

Dawn

PS: I also would like to add that most of the activities held at Fantasia Fair are held in some of the finest establishments to be found anywhere. So much credit also goes to all the fair's creators and organizers. They are all first class.

* Dawn was a house-mate of Wendi's at Roomers during the recent Fantasia Fair XIV.

The First Lady's Notebook

By: Terri F.

I recently returned from my third "Holiday En Femme", this one in Chicago, and I wish to congratulate Naomi, Deana and company for a well organized, well run convention. It was obvious that a great deal of time and energy was spent in preparation, from accommodations and meals at the Sheraton International, to the outside activities and excursions to the city. Such activities as the candlelight Dinner theater and the Baton Show Lounge were excellent. As a chapter leader, I could especially appreciate all the contacts that had to be made in arranging our four day stay.

I did my best to meet as many sisters as I could, sifting by new faces at each meal or on the bus, and I'll probably be remembered as "that dancing fool from Arizona". I learned a great deal about what the other chapters and their members have been up to, and I delighted in listening to some of the stories by the senior members, who blazed the trail for people like me to

follow with considerably less resistance. I met brand new members, attending their first "holiday", and, remembering how I'd felt in that position. I tried to share the benefits of my own experiences with them. I have never felt more close to a group of people and in such a short time together made so many good friends.

I was particularly impressed by the self-help sessions by Joice and Rachel, offering many valuable tips on make-up, coloring and coordination in dressing, wig care, and the self development session led by clinical social worker and psychotherapist Barbara [REDACTED]

Communication between partners and spouses of cross-dressers is of paramount importance in a relationship, and the discussion about "active listening", "sending and receiving messages", and "handling guilt" were also very helpful.

The "Holiday En Femmes" was not just something for everyone; it was everything for everyone. Organizational meetings and panel discussions were open to all, and audience participation was encouraged. New voices were heard from and many thoughts shared. I felt that much was accomplished.

I returned to Phoenix, very satisfied, and with a renewed sense of purpose. From what I now can see, there is much work to be done locally, just as there is on a national level. I hope that all future "Holiday En Femmes" will be as well represented and supported, and encourage all my sisters to make every effort to attend in the future. You'll share an experience you'll never forget.

Alpha Zeta Monthly Meeting

By: Terri [REDACTED]

This month's meeting will be the Christmas party in conjunction with A Rose. The date is December 17th and the location is the La Quinta Inn at University and Hohokam expressway in Tempe. See "A Rose events for more information.

MONICA'S LOST WEEKEND

By Monica Helms *

Mike, the mechanic, helped us get the parts we needed, as well as the gas. While he was helping us, he regaled us with his tales of woe, as well as his adventures. The rugged look was due to the rugged lifestyle he had led in his youth. He was now following in the path of God, so he said. I was glad that I had decided to change back to Bob earlier. I wouldn't have wanted to be Monica when we ran out of gas. I also don't think I would have liked to have worked on the van in my good skirt and blouse.

It was 4:30 before we were back on the road. I was praying that all the troubles were behind us. It wasn't to be so. The oil leak was not caused by the PVC valve. It was still leaking. After about thirty miles, oil had soaked the alternator enough that it decided not to charge the battery any more. For the next thirty miles, we drove, at night, on my Sears "Die Hard". We arrived around 7:00pm.

A couple of hours was taken up with Lenny talking with all his friends. Finally he decides that we would go to his friend's apartment to crash for the night. His friend was at the first game of the World Series and probably wouldn't be home right away, but Lenny had a key. It meant that maybe Monica finally could get out and enjoy herself.

(Continued on next page)

More on Weekend....

When we got to the apartment, I talked Lenny into letting me change into Monica. I was in L.A. and I wanted still to go out, while I had a chance. He consented, so I took up what I needed to change for the evening. Lenny told me to hurry because his friend would be back soon, and he wouldn't be too receptive towards me as Monica. I got into the bathroom and washed the oil off my hands and washed my face. Just then Lenny knocked on the door and told me to stop, his friend was home. Great! Our timing was perfect so far, why ruin it now? That meant that I wasn't going to see any of those bars I had heard so much about.

With our luck consistently in the bad direction, I figured that the van would get broken into overnight. I didn't want to take any chances because my tools were in there, so I slept in the van while Lenny stayed in his friend's apartment. That was the best decision I made the entire trip. It seems that during the night, the people across the way from the apartment decided to have a knock-down, drag-out, fight. There were police and all kinds of noise for almost two hours. Lenny didn't get much sleep, but I did.

The next day, Sunday, after steam cleaning the engine, we spent the morning getting parts so I could fix what I thought was the leak. I thought that it was coming from the intake manifold. Most of that afternoon was taken up with me coated with grease and oil, working on my engine. I don't like to work on my car anymore, but I hate even worse being stuck 400 miles from home.

After loading the trailer, unloading and reloading the van, we were finally back on the road home, at 10:00pm that evening. I wouldn't get a chance to change into Monica for the trip back.

Thirty miles out, there was a traffic jam. Ten thirty on a Sunday night, there was a traffic jam in the middle of L.A.! The engine started running hot and I could smell burning oil. We stopped, to find that my efforts for that day were for nothing. The engine was again coated with oil. Another thirty miles and the alternator started acting up.

In Indio we found a quarter car wash and cleaned the engine. The alternator came back to life. Fifty miles later it started discharging again. We pulled into Blythe for gas and another car wash. That time the alternator didn't come back to life. I decided to drive it till we ran into the ground. I wanted to get back home.

We pulled into a rest area, eight miles west of Tonapah, so Lenny could take a break. When we tried to start up the van, it wouldn't go. Even with someone trying to give me a jump, it wouldn't start. We were dead. I called AAA and they towed us to Tonapah. From there, I had them tow us into Phoenix, right to my mechanic's place. It cost me over \$200. We left Lenny at the U-Haul place near the freeway. He got someone else to take him home from there.

As you can see, the plans for the weekend were far nicer than the final outcome. Lenny still has a few things left in L.A. that he needs to get. I told him to rent a van next time and I'll help him drive it. He owes Monica a nice trip to California, and he agrees.

Girls, the next time you plan on having a nice evening, or a fabulous weekend in your beautiful attire, and things don't go just right, remember, someone else has already had a worse time than you. Maybe your problems won't seem so bad.

* Monica is a member of Alpha Zeta and has told us that this is an excerpt from a book she is writing about herself and her life's experiences. Additional sections will be printed as room permits.

Alpha Zeta Treasury Report

Balance as of 10/31/88	203.99
Paid Out	57.50
Income	217.00
Interest	.67
Ending Balance as of 11/30/88	364.16

A Rose Events

The last event of 1988 will be our Christmas party with Alpha Zeta. We were originally scheduled to have it at the Embassy Suites in Scottsdale, but when they found out that some of the people present might be crossdressed, their jaws hit the floor, they told us that we might shock and offend some of the "normal" guests and we were out on the street. That's the bad news. After a little digging, several other suitable locations were found, including the Holiday Inn next door. We finally choose the La Quinta at University and Hohokam in Tempe. Here we could bring in our own caterers and run our own bar. Anyway the evening will begin at 8:00pm on the 17th and all are welcome, however you choose to dress. There will be a gift exchange (\$5.00 or is the target price for gifts), a catered buffet, a live DJ, our new girl from Prescott Michelle, and dancing, awards, fun for all till the wee hours. As usual, an early RSVP at 860-9056 will be greatly appreciated. Also, the \$3 per person or \$5 per couple event charge will be collected.

Our January event will be at Wendi's on the 7th of January. It's going to be a pool tournament, 8 ball's the game, the winner's going to get a trophy, won't that look good on your desk at work, "Winner of A Rose Cross-Dressing Pool Tournament January 1989". It should be a fun evening..It's BYOB and munchies if you care and the evening starts at 8:00pm.

In addition, here's the current schedule for future gatherings:

Date	Location	Theme/Activity
12/17	La Quinta	Christmas With Alpha Zeta
1/7	Wendi's	Pool Tournament
2/4	Diane J.'s	Valentines Day Party
3/4	Charlotte's	Roman Toga party
4/1	open	Who's an April Fool Party
5/6	Jackie's	A Garden Party

If you would like to host an open date, please contact us.

A Rose Treasury Report

Balance as of 10/31/88	694.00
Paid Out	0.00
Income	65.00
Interest.*	0.00
Balance as of 11/30/88	759.00

* Due to a bank policy, interest is only posted quarterly.

A Rose Update

By: Wendi Pierce

Our December event was a "pot luck" at Wendi's home. We were treated to many fine culinary delights, including Dee's Curry chicken, Judge's wonderful Italian sauce, Wendi's meatballs, Shelly's bean casserole, Lynda and Jackie's salad, Jackie and Chris's desert, Diane's Taco dip, Terri's veggies and last but not least Cindy's late but not forgotten corn muffins. The evening was a success and all present enjoyed the variety and taste of this unique but well complemented fare. Pool, on Wendi's new table (actually an old bar room table), and good conversation were the main activities after dinner and the last to call it an evening, Shelly and Cindy, were seen leaving by the paperboy at about 2:30am.

NATIONAL EVENTS*First Annual Texas T Party*

The Boulton & Park Society wishes to announce this event, a three day weekend "En Femme" to be held February 24th to the 26th 1989 at the beautiful Sheraton Seven Oaks Resort & Conference center in San Antonio, Texas. The event will have a full program of fun, self improvement, outings and just visiting and being a girl. Also, Wendi Pierce is going to be the featured speaker at the banquet. Registration is \$75. The hotel should be contacted direct at 800-346-5866. For more information contact:

Boulton & Park Society

Atten: Janice [REDACTED]
Po Box 169652 (T)
San Antonio, Texas 78280

S F '89

The I.F.G.E wishes to announce its Third annual "Come Together" convention. This event will be held April 3rd to the 9th, 1989 in San Francisco. A brief outline of the activities is as follows:

Monday, April 3, "Getting in the Mood"

Wine country bus tour; San Francisco Shopping tour, Group Dinner, F.I. show

Tuesday, April 4, "Personal Development"

Voice, Modeling, Makeup, Wardrobe & Color, Scarf Tying, San Francisco Cable Car tour, Chinatown Dinner tour, Organization Representatives Reception

Wednesday, April 5, "Who Are We, Where Did We Come From, Where Are WE Going?"

Mariette Pathy Allen Slide Show, Living En Femme Full Time, SOS San Francisco Cultural tour, Keynote Speakers luncheon, "Clearing the Air" Panel discussion, Buffet Reception

Thursday, April 6, "Positive Action"

TS Special Program all day plus, "Going Public", SOS Cultural Walking tour, Keynote speakers luncheon, Public Speaking, Counseling Techniques, Developing the Woman Within, Healing, ETVC Showtime open rehearsal, Organization Representatives caucus

Friday, April 7, "Psychology"

Special Professional Programs plus, Personal Development, SOS Cultural Tour of Victorian Mansion, San Francisco Bay Cruise, ETVC Social and Prime Rib Dinner

Saturday, April 8, "Liberation and Reflection"

SOS Panel Discussion, Women's Lib/Men's Lib, Crossdressing, a feminist issue, Outreach Institute Programs, SOS Shopping tour, Keynote Speakers luncheon, Panel on TS, Panel on Dominance and Submission, Convention Highlights Review, Professional Programs Debriefing, Awards Banquet

Sunday, April 9, "Dedication"

Interdenominational Religious Service, Open Forum, Brunch and Wind Down Party, ETVC Show Time

Accommodations are limited, and time is running out, so contact A Rose or Alpha Zeta for a registration form now. Also, for more information contact:

IFGE

Convention Chairman	SF '89 c/o ETVC
Po Box 367	or Po Box 6486
Wayland, Mass 01778	San Francisco, Ca. 94101

(617) 894-8340

Fantastic Adventure

In May this event will be sponsored by GCTC and Tau Chi in Houston, Texas. For more information contact:

Tau Chi Chapter, Tri-Ess
Po Box 533
Richmond, Tx. 77469

Tiffany Club Spring Outing

The 1989 Tiffany Club Spring Outing will be held May 30th to June 9th, 1989 in Provincetown. For more information contact:

Tiffany Club of New England
Po Box 2283
Woburn Mass 01888
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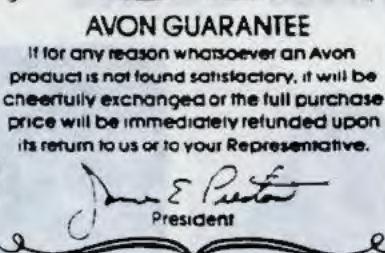
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