

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Ottawa, Canada

Winter 89/90

Vol. 2 No. 1

Adventures in Owen Sound

Hi, my name is Glenn and I would like to tell you about my coming out as Joanne. First though, a little history.

Notes from the Underground
P.O. Box 7421
Vanier, Ontario
K1L 8L4

Printed by New Ottawa Women, a non-sexual support group for cross-dressers. Interested persons are invited to write us at the above address.

An accredited chapter of the Society for the Second Self under the name Nu Omicron Phi.

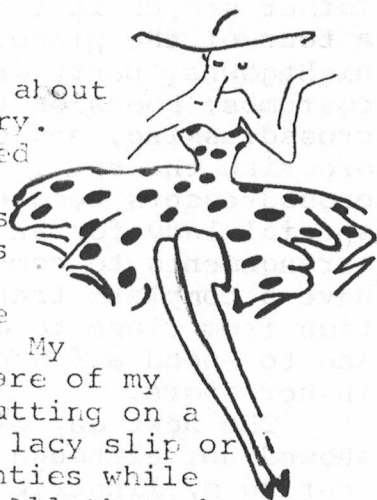


"Our world contains evils which can be remedied if men wish to remedy them. Those who are aware of these evils and fight against them are likely, it is true, to have less everyday happiness than those who acquiesce in the status quo. But in place of everyday happiness they will have something which I, for my part, value more highly, both for myself and my children. They will have the sense of doing what lies in their power to make the world less painful. They will have a more just standard of values than is possible for the easy-going conformist. They will have the knowledge that they are among those who prevent the human race from sinking into stagnation or despair."

Bertrand Russell
Education and the
Social Order

It all started when I was about four or five years old. I would dress up in my sister's clothes and parade around the house. My family was not aware of my little games of putting on a pretty dress or a lacy slip or just some soft panties while no one was home. All through high school I would dress up as much as possible, putting on a pretty skirt and blouse with a slip and nylons. Or I would fall asleep in a lovely, soft night gown and dream of beautiful feminine clothes. Some days I would go window shopping and look at the crinolines and slips and the lacy bra and panty sets. Up until my 42nd birthday, I played all my dress up games indoors.

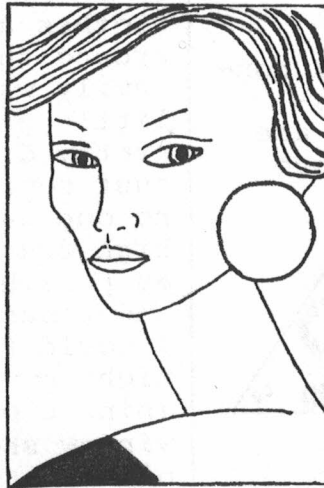
This year my other self had to get out and see the world. I became aware of Tri Ess through Judy K., and then, in the fall, I went on a trip that would change my life forever. My destination was Owen Sound, Ontario and a store called Fantasyland, which helps crossdressers achieve a more feminine look. My mother, who understands my crossdressing, came with me on the trip to see this store and lend an ear as we drove. I was wearing a pretty skirt and white blouse, my best soft lace slip, panties, bra, nylons, high heels, wig, jewelry and make up, which I thought was OK. We arrived in Owen Sound in the evening after seven hours of driving and drove to the store to check out the opening times posted in the window. While looking in the window, the door to the store opened and the owner appeared and invited me inside. Normally only your male self is



allowed in the store, but since it was after hours she let me in. I was nervous, but she put me at ease and welcomed me into Fantasyland. My mother stayed in the car while I had a tour of the place; there were silk nightgowns, party dresses, wigs and costumes; books on transvestites and crossdressing, and catalogues for ordering the special equipment that crossdressers need to become that special lady for an evening. I made arrangements to come the next day and have a complete transformation from Glenn to Joanne and to spend a few dollars in her store.

The next day Glenn showed up, although I was wearing my lingerie underneath my male clothes. Debby, the owner, showed me to the back where I looked at all the books again, and bought a set of catalogues for our chapter and some books for myself.

Debby had been serving other customers while I was in the back room. She came back and led me to another room where she told me to put on my feminine clothes and to sit in a chair near a make up table. She then started to apply camouflage to my face to hide my beard. Then came the foundation, eyeshadow, blush, eyeliner and lipstick. Each time Debby applied my cosmetics, she showed me the proper way to apply them, and how to blend each one into the other so it would look natural. She must have spent an hour trying to enhance the female features of my face. While she applied my make up, we talked about people like myself who have the desire to wear feminine clothes and about being able to act out our fantasy of being a woman, even if only for an hour or an evening or a few days. When Debby finished, she put my wig on me and combed it out. I



had not seen myself yet because she wanted to get the right effect before letting me see myself in the mirror. I stood up, but Debby told me my skirt and blouse did not look right. She left the room and returned with a beautiful blouse and skirt that she had got from the costume room. I put them on. The blouse had ruffles in the front and the skirt was pleated. After a few adjustments, they fit perfectly. Finally she led me over to a full length mirror.

Standing there with a beautiful smile on her face was Joanne. My heart skipped a beat when I looked at her because I never would have believed she could look so good. I couldn't resist twirling around and posing in different ways. I was in seventh heaven and smiling from ear to ear. After about ten minutes, I came back to earth and Debby sprayed some perfume on me which smelled really feminine. In the meantime, she had gathered my other clothes and put them in a plastic bag. I picked up the bag and headed for the front door. Debby gave me a hug and wished me luck as I stepped out into the real world as Joanne.

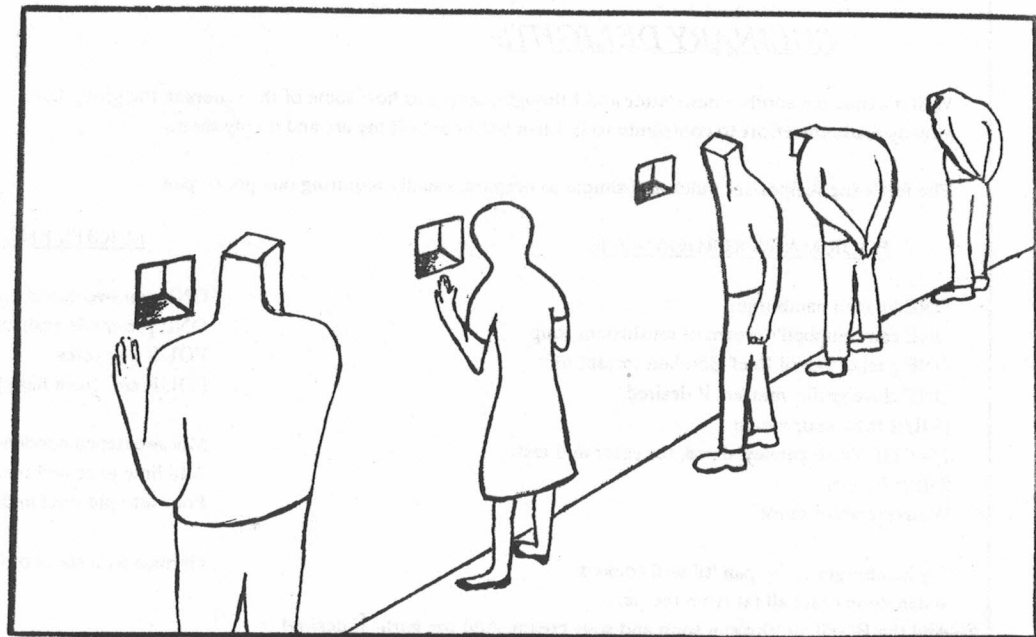
After leaving, I picked up my mother and we headed to Toronto to have supper at Honest Ed's Warehouse, about a two hour drive from Owen Sound. At the restaurant, the waiters treated us well and smiled when they served the food, not knowing the game I was playing. Of course, the tip was worth the pleasure I was having.

This story is a bit long, but part two will be in the next newsletter, about my trip as Joanne and her mother travelling to the east coast of Canada, and the pleasure of being a woman for almost three weeks. See you soon.

Joanne

On the Outside: A TS Perspective

Every morning when we wake up with ourselves, we go through a brief period of self-recognition. The problems of the previous day re-appear in our memories, along with those things we stored away in our minds as tasks we must remember to do in the day ahead. For me, my moment of self recognition is always one of realizing that once again I must face my overwhelming female self. Sometimes upon awakening, I'll ask myself, "Am I really going to end up spending the entire day feeling like I should be a woman all day?" Within seconds it all returns to me, often before my feet touch the floor. In my life three things are inevitable: death, taxes and feeling like I am a woman.



Every woman I see during each day only serves to remind me of my feelings, for each woman I see brings feelings of intense envy, sadness and longing to be a physical woman. At work I constantly feel uncomfortable being a male, and for some time now, I despise doing anything as a male. The worst thing now is being in a state of indecision. I no longer need to ask myself why, but now I need to ask myself how and when. Becoming a woman is the dominating issue on my mind and I am striving towards making some very big decisions in my life. I keep wondering when I'll have the answer, but often many days after a great deal of thought, I'll realize that I won't know the answer today and because of this I shouldn't try to pressure myself into making a decision until it comes naturally. It's important to learn to be patient with yourself sometimes.

I've known about this problem for twenty-four of my twenty-seven years, thought I'd grow out of it for twelve years, waited it out for another ten years and I've been seriously trying to resolve it for about two years. I just hope that I can reach a decision before too many more years are lost. For most of the last two years I cried every day out of fear, despair and loneliness. Meeting others similar to myself has given me a lot of courage and has really helped a lot. I'd reached the stage two years ago where I could no longer face my old male friends and feel comfortable, and so ended up alone. I must offer my sincerest thanks to Judy, Leigh, Rachel, Jenny, Larbara, Lary, Ted and anyone else I forgot to mention for having been so nice and helpful. It has really made a big difference in my life. I can still feel pretty down and scared at times, but at least I know that there are others who care. I might cry once in a week now for a few minutes, which is an improvement I didn't think I'd ever reach.

(Cont'd on page 4)

CULINARY DELIGHTS

Well it's time for another newsletter and I thought, seeing as how some of the others in the group have already made the effort to contribute to it, I had better get off my ass and do my share.

The following recipes are quick and simple to prepare, usually requiring one pot or pan.

POOR MAN'S STROGANOFF

ONE lb. lean hamburger
ONE can campbell's cream of mushroom soup
ONE packet Bovril Beef Bouillon instant mix
ONE clove garlic, minced, if desired
FOUR tbsp. sour cream
1/4 CUP Fresh parsley, diced, for color and taste
Salt & Pepper
Worcestershire sauce

Fry hamburger in fry pan 'til well cooked.
When done drain all fat from the pan.
Add the Bovril, mushroom soup and sour cream. Add the garlic if desired.
Stir 'till well mixed.
Add salt & pepper, plus a dash or two of Worcestershire to suite your taste.
Let simmer for ten to fifteen minutes stirring occasionally.
Just before serving, stir in the fresh parsley, then garnish with a few sprigs.

Serve hot over toast, rice, or noodles.

Any leftovers may be used as a filling for sandwiches the next day.

LEIGH'S KEY LIME PIE

ONE can sweetened condensed milk (8 oz. EAGLE BRAND)
ONE pre-made graham cracker pie shell (KEEBLER'S brand)
FOUR egg yolks
FOUR ozs. fresh lime juice or concentrated juice

Mix sweetened condensed milk with the egg yolks 'til blended.
Add lime juice and blend thoroughly.
Pour into pie shell and refrigerate four to six hours.

Garnish with slices of fresh lime and top with your favorite whipped topping.

Bon appetit !!

Leigh

OUTSIDE continued from page 3

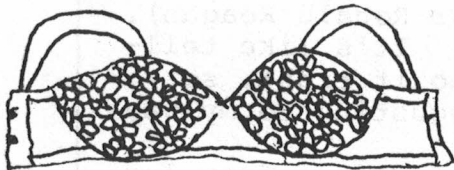
I just wish that some of the TS community would stick around a little longer before vanishing into the wood-work. I would like so much to know more of these people, to talk with them about how they got through their fears and indecisions, and to know how they felt throughout the whole experience. I have met several TS people briefly in the past and I have heard

of several in Ottawa, but so few are willing to be available in our city. I can understand their reasons for wanting to get on with their lives, but it would be nice if there could be a little more solidarity among the TS community in our city.

Sharon

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER

This is the story of The Forbidden Garment. You know, the one that took you to absolute submission; in short, the point of no return. This is what it looked like:



Yes, my friends, it's a bra. Back when I was about 18 years old, I got a hold of one, along with a pair of panties and pantyhose, but it was the bra that got me. Sure, my main love is satin blouses, but when I put on a bra that first time it allowed me to experience the full shape of womanhood; and you know me, when I say full, I mean full. I take a size 42-D. Excessive? You bet! I knew it was going to be like that way back when I was 13! I always felt it was the quintessentially feminine garment, so I resisted it through most of my teen years, but...to no avail!

Jim

Editor's Note: Well, as Oscar Wilde said, "The only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it."

SUBTERRANEAN NEWS

A recent survey has revealed that nearly half of all women residing in North America are in fact men living as women. The shocking discovery was made following a recent reader survey by True Woman magazine.

Thirty one year old Renee Schwartzenegger has become the first male to female transsexual to win a major women's bodybuilding title. Renee, a resident of Santa Monica California was crowned Ms. Olympia after outflexing the world's finest women bodybuilders in a dramatic posedown before a sold out crowd at Caesar's Palace.

Canadian Olympic athlete Beth Johnson has denied allegations that she took banned estrogenic hormones prior to setting her world record in the women's one hundred metres following the Seoul Olympics. Suspicions were aroused following Ms. Johnson's recent arrest for pointing a starter's pistol at a passing motorist in Toronto.

Sources close to the RCMP revealed today that a suspected transvestite was seen entering a taxi in downtown Ottawa recently. It is reported that the man was not dressed as a woman at the time, but "he had that look about him" said Ottawa bureau chief Sgt. Robert O'Malley

Sharon



The darker side of Rachel and Alison revealed for the first time.

THE BACK PAGE

An Open Letter to the Membership

I don't know about you, but I really do believe we should change our name. I find it hard not to be embarrassed by it when I tell anyone, and most women I know resent and are offended by the name. Why? First of all, NOW is known far and wide as the National Organization of Women. This is a group that works hard for women and women's rights. We are supposed to respect women, which is one reason we try to emulate them (otherwise we'd dress like Rambo or Ronald Reagan).

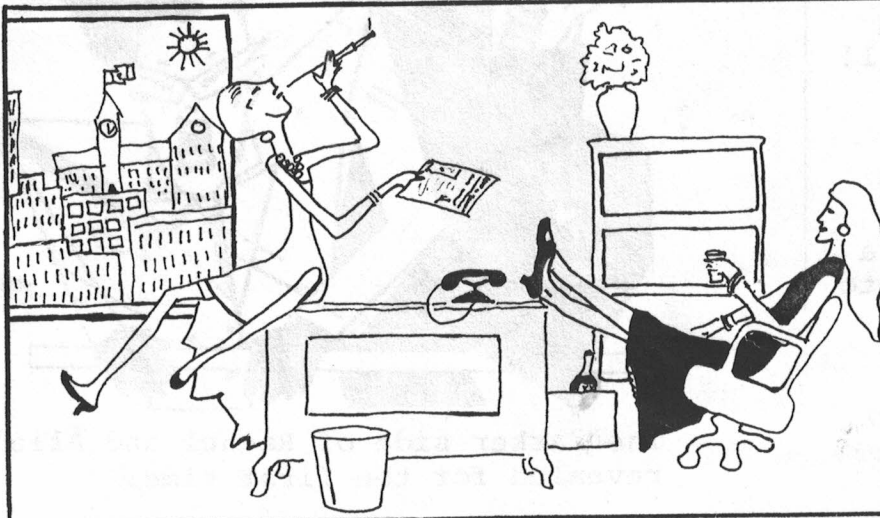
Secondly, I find it insulting to women. It's like telling them that they can't even be women and do it right, so we'll show them. A bit chauvinistic and disgusting to my way of thinking.

Lastly, it provokes some very real ill feelings from lesbians to feminists to everyday hard working women. It's hard to get anyone to listen to us if right off the bat they feel either insulted or can't stop laughing at us long enough to listen.

I'd rather we respect and be respected by everyone than pick a fight, and calling ourselves the New Ottawa Women is picking a fight. There are so many other names to choose and let's not be afraid to poke a little fun at ourselves. I mean, if one group can call itself the Powder Puffs of Orange County (in California), I'm sure we can come up with a better name than NOW. Even Ottawa Powder Puffs or OPP would be better; at least it would be both a little bold and sarcastic.

I'm sure that with our combined intelligence and gift for the bizarre we can find a more suitable name, one that does not erect barriers right from the start; for as we all know, we are first and foremost men, albeit men who like to dress as women. But men nonetheless. So how about we leave the self imposed ghetto and come up with a better name that shows either dignity or fun or the bizarre, but one that will benefit ourselves and allow others to reach out in acceptance.

Niki Avon



Happy New Year
from all the
ladies who
bring you
Notes from the
Underground.