

Our Sorority

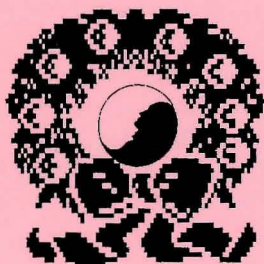
ISSUE TWENTY ONE

January, 1990

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**Seasons
Greetings
&
Happy New Year**



WHILE PUTTING IT TO BED

This is the first subscriber's issue of OUR SORORITY. I am looking forward to hear your suggestions on how we might improve our little magazine for those of you who are paying to receive it. Please write...

It was our plan to have Issue Twenty One focus upon *Survival After Discovery*. But, to be frank, our main article on the subject was so heavy that we have decided to take a bit longer to edit it. Issue Twenty Two is scheduled for March and it shall be our *Annual National Events and Groups Issue*, which will be sent out to both subscribers and non-subscribers in keeping with our founding tradition of being a service to novice crossdressers, who may want to become involved in joining a group or attending a national event. Issue Twenty Three on *Transsexualism* is being put together by our Cheryl Thompson for a June mailing.

Our Fiction and Non-Fiction Contest with its \$100 prize for each category will be extended until March 1990. We have selected two entries from the non-fiction category for this issue. The authors will receive a free subscription to OUR SORORITY and will still be eligible for the Grand Prize. If you wish to enter, your fiction or non-fiction entry must be TYPED, with no editing markings or drawings (such marks have a way of causing our scanner to dump you manuscript as GI/GO), and not exceed 3,000 words.

This issue includes two contest entries; cartoons; Whatever Happened To Joe?, by Elizabeth Anne Nelson; an Open Letter on The Future of The Outreach Institute; an article on Sex and Guilt In CD Fiction; the next installment in our Betty Ann's autobiography, Many Little Kindnesses.

AND MUCH MUCH MORE!

Our Sorority

An Outreach Publication

The HUMAN OUTREACH AND ACHIEVEMENT INSTITUTE is a non-profit organization (501-C3) based at Kenmore Station, POB 368, Boston, MA., 02215. Our Sorority is a semi-annual publication, not an organization, based at POB 11254, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA., 22312.

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Tell your friends about our publication. And by all means SEND A CONTRIBUTION for your SUBSCRIPTION of \$10.00, please. Make checks payable to the OUR SORORITY. Thank you, YOUR EDITOR.

Our Sorority is dedicated to serving the TV/TS/DRAG community with a policy of fair and equal opportunities to all, and without discriminatory policy towards, race, creed, national origin, sexual being, or sexual preference. It is supported by the Outreach Institute and donations by its readership and friends who truly believe that the best therapy for cross-dressers is to meet others who share the "hobby of kings". Our Sorority is copyrighted, 1990, with the understanding that the republication of names, address, phone numbers, and articles used herein is prohibited by law without the written permission of its publisher and editor, Betty Ann Lind. All inquiries should be sent to The Outreach Institute, Attention: Our Sorority, POB 11254, Lincolnia Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.



OUR SORORITY
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December 21, 1989

THE FUTURE OF THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE

On The Order of Being A Progress Report

I. HISTORY AND PURPOSES:

In 1975 a group from the Boston based Cherrystone Club met to create Fantasia Fair. Historically, the earnings (after debt payments) from local or national group events went to the sponsors (for personal use) or to the group (to support the group's social schedule and the like). By-in-large, this is still the case with most crossdressing (CD) events.

But, when Fantasia Fair was created, its founders felt that it should be self supporting and its earnings over debts should somehow serve the crossdressing community as a whole; rather than revert to founders as an investment, or serve to underwrite the social activities of a crossdressing club.

In their review of how monies should be spent the founders also resolved not to duplicate those activities which would be the natural outgrowth of a local or regional crossdressing organization's desires to spend its resources directly on the consumer oriented needs of its membership.

At that time, and today, the two greatest problems faced by CD individuals is:

- ONE. the general lack of understanding about the various aspects of crossdressing and related gender issues on the part of doctors, educators, therapists, counselors, and lawyers empowered to *pass judgement*. In essence, the founders wanted to spend its scarce resources to help non-crossdressers to better understand our community; and,

- TWO, How can the individual crossdresser, not necessarily affiliated with any CD organization, become aware of the community's resources.

As a result of their foresight we now have the Human Outreach and Achievement Institute, which is the ONLY nationally oriented non-profit (IRS 501c3) organized SOLELY for these purposes.

BUT, BECAUSE THE INSTITUTE'S FOCUS IS OUTWARD FROM OUR COMMUNITY TOWARDS HELPING PROFESSIONALS AND CROSSDRESSERS MOST OFTEN OUTSIDE EXISTING MEMBERSHIP GROUPS, VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT ITS WORK.

II. ORGANIZATION

The Outreach Institute is guided by a Board of Directors, with members representing the CD community, helping professionals, and sponsors. It has two operating divisions: A Professional Services Division and a CD Community Services Division.

The Professional Services Division, based in Boston, is managed by Ariadne Kane, Executive Director of the Institute. The division:

- Conducts university and national professional organization based programs for helping professionals (Ariadne has just returned from an international congress on Human Sexuality held in Venezuela);
- Manages OPERN, an referral resource of helping professionals available to assist crossdressers needing assistance;
- Publishes the Outreach Beacon, a professional journal ewhich will become The Journal of Gender Studies (circulation about 1,000); and,
- Has a reprint and publishing service (it has recently republished the Benjamin book on the Transsexual Phenomenon and is preparing Venus Castina).

The CD Community Services Division, based in Alexandria, is managed by Betty Ann Lind. The division;

- Operates Fantasia Fair;
- Publishes Our Sorority (circulation about 3,500 per issue, including about 15,000 flyers mailed for various organizations to announce events for FREE); and,
- Manages a limited hot line and correspondence service for the CD community.

III. PROGRAM REVIEW

During the past few years the Board of Directors has been involved in a major re-evaluation of the Institute in terms of:

- Financial management;
- External changes in terms of its relationships with helping professionals and the CD community, including growth and major changes; and,
- Their impact upon the Institute's future.

Financial Management

In 1985, the Institute had no less than five separate bank accounts, developed to compartmentalize such activities as Fantasia Fair from others. These were combined into two divisional accounts. The Institute has an annual operating income of about \$100,000, with an estimated: 1). 85% from the Fair; 2). 8% from publishing and Outreach activities; and 3). 7% from its annual appeal and related fund raising efforts needed to fill the "gap".

Over the years current members of the Board of Directors have made long term "loans" to cover direct operating losses related to the Institute and "experimental" programs which failed to support themselves at the Fair (e.g. A CD Movie Festival). This Founder's Debt is about \$12,000. These interest free loans have been made because the members believe in the work of the Institute.

Currently, the trend is towards creating a more accurate accounting system consisting of three or more income/expense centers within each division; with, an eye towards an allocation of "burden", and each center (e.g. Our Sorority) becoming more or less self supporting.

This center approach is being instituted first in our CD Community Services Division in Virginia; because this division generates about 90% of the Institute's \$100,000. operating income, principally through Fantasia Fair.

Between 1985 to 1989 Fantasia Fair:

- a. has almost tripled in size;
- b. has moved from being the most expensive national CD participant event in our community to fourth place. (See Issue Twenty of Our Sorority for analysis.) This has been accomplished despite:
 - 1). an average inflation rate impact on Fair operations in the State of Massachusetts of greater than 8.5% per year,

2). its discount policies towards returnees (which "cost" the Fair about \$11,000 in 1988 alone), and

3). its substantial growth curve (which has a high "risk" factor because most negotiations and contracts for housing, meals, and services are made on a statistical basis before over 60% of registrations are received!)

The main reason for this accomplishment has been savings derived from "economies to scale" (I believe that is the right term.);

- c. contributes about \$16,000 annually to directly support Institute service operations in Boston and Virginia; and, d. operates on a cash flow basis annually in terms of income and expense accounting. But its 'accrued and deferred items' (from year to year) represent significant rollover activity. (This has caused some concern on the part of Board Members.) In non-accounting terms for 1989-90 it owes an estimated \$14,000 (approximately 52% less than 1988-89) and it is owed about \$17,500 (slightly less than 1988-89 because of tighter discount policies).

All in all, despite rumors to the contrary, the Institute is surviving financially.

BUT, AS OUR APPEAL LETTER INDICATES WE ARE ABOUT TO GO THROUGH A MAJOR TRANSITION AND WE DO NEED YOUR HELP!

2. External Changes

Helping Professionals

During the past few years there have been some major changes in our society impacting the education of helping professionals.

The psychiatric normalization of being gay (a battle won because of the strong group identity vs egocentric interest within the gay community, which does not yet exist within the highly motivated egocentric behavior of the crossdressing community) with the curiously hostile sanctioning of the drag minority, by gays, causing gay crossdressers to return to their closets in a pattern similar to that seen within the straight community.

The AIDS epidemic has been particularly destructive of the drag community and its bridging into the straight community via bisexuality, most often marked by crossdressing behavior.

Meanwhile, unlike drag (in the gay community), transvestism (exclusive heterosexual crossdressing) is emerging in our society as a rather harmless way to get one's "jollies" (as an advice columnist

put it to the dismay of some transvestite leaders) mainly due to Virginia Prince's (augmented by the Outreach Institute and other groups) pioneering efforts to change a social stereotype (for the first time in recorded history) and the coup-de-grace to that original stereotype (except in most fundamentalist religious circles) being the movie Tootsie. So (to the dismay of some guilty ridden crossdressers) the reaction of helping professionals is becoming rather blasé to "confessions" of crossdressing, and "passing" is being generally tolerated with mild amusement by the public (who have been exposed to even seeing Donahue in skirts on TV) in most major urban areas.

However, the transsexuals, who were once fascinating to helping professionals, as well as the straight and gay community, have found themselves with much sympathy and perhaps even understanding for their *plight*. But, unfortunately, with less and less public and private resource support. No doubt, a great deal of this loss in public and private resource support has to do with the inability of the crossdressing community (in particular transsexual groups) to engage in advocacy politics against the insurance industry, and the Federal government at a later stage, in various court cases involving the elective vs experimental nature of the surgery (*vis-a-vis* malpractice insurance costs and liability) and the growing denial of "equal rights" status of the TS as a "minority".

From this new tolerance is a growing volume of *literature* in the helping professional community about CD behavior, with particular interest in gender rather than sexual issues, which is generally well-intentioned but basically unscientific, as research.

The problem is no longer really one of a lack of understanding (as it was when the Institute was founded) but a lack of scientific knowledge. Without such knowledge crossdressing will be at the mercy of social bias (which is generally favorable but slowly shifting towards negative attitudes because of fear of AIDS and the growth of religious fundamentalism).

CD Community

Because of the opening of society to crossdressing, in general, we are seeing the emerging of local crossdressing social clubs between 1975 to date. In 1975 there were less than 20 such clubs active in the United States. Today we have over 100 such local groups (with or without national affiliation) but with growing inter-communications because of efforts by IFGE and perhaps OUR

SORORITY. About one third of our urban SMSA's (Standard Metropolitan Statistical Areas) have such groups within driving distance, mainly in the principal megalopolis centers.

As these clubs mature we are seeing some negative trends. BUT, the principle POSITIVE TREND IS AN OUTREACH INTO THE ACADEMIC AND SOCIAL SERVICES HELPING PROFESSIONAL COMMUNITY. At this point much of this outreach is 'show and tell' and many helping professional resource lists are mainly in a file drawer.

3. The Future Impact

Yet, the trend is there for local groups to conduct educational programs for helping professionals at the local level.

The Outreach Institute's Board of Directors feels that this, combined with the trend of local groups towards national group formation is developing. The national groups, with a strong need to justify internal hierarchical political legitimacy, are adapting the role of being an educational foundation (*vis-a-vis* 501c3, or related IRS Code, as patterned by the Outreach Institute).

As a result the Board feels the time has come to explore a change in its' focus rather than duplicate in the future the spending of scarce resources. These explorations, combined with Board's desire to tighten up on financial management, is showing up in a rather dramatic shift of the Board from CD community leaders towards a more balanced Board of CD community leaders, Helping Professional Leaders, and sponsors.

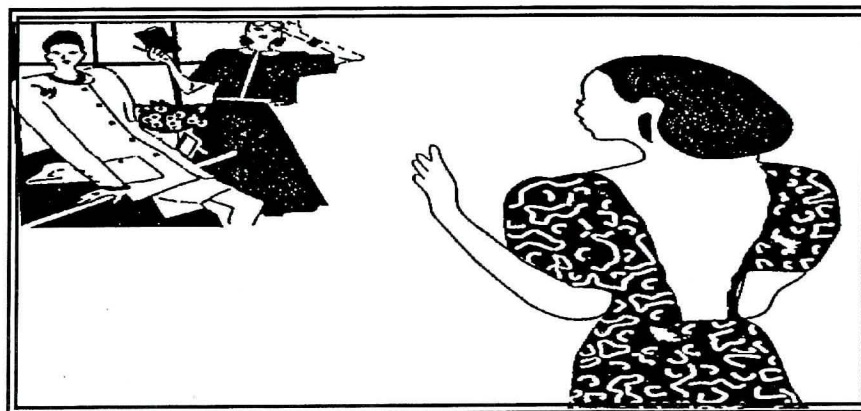
Current thinking on the Board appears to be focused towards the Institute using its resources for the creation of a gender research foundation, which is based within the academic community as a sort of research think tank or sponsoring entity. It would not be remiss to say that a part of this shift reflects a desire to leverage the Institute's resources by engaging in research grant efforts. Sometime in January 1990 the Board plans to begin, at Temple University in Philadelphia, more solid explorations of this option for the future.

THIS DOES NOT MEAN WE ARE ABANDONING OUR CURRENT EFFORTS, BUT IT DOES MEAN THAT WE WILL NEED YOUR INCREASED SUPPORT DURING OUR PLEDGE DRIVE TO HELP UNDERWRITE THE FUTURE.

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ANNOUNCING

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"But Darling, I have to show the Income Tax man why I spend so much on clothes."



"He told me we couldn't afford a maid so..."



"The pros are getting kind of cute these days. She claims she is officer Al Murphy, from the Park Police..."

DEBUTANTE

by Linda Kay Kohler

My fear had yet to be overcome!!! As I pulled my small car into the dark parking lot I had only a false sense of bravery. I thought to myself, 'this is what you have always wanted, so no quitting now.'

I brushed a last wisp of blonde hair into place and checked my make-up one last time with my mirror. I located the car keys, and placed them strategically so I could use them to quickly get back inside of my automobile (and to safety).

I opened the car door and stepped out into another world. With my legs in sheer hose, and my silver sandal heels placed down firmly onto the parking lot surface I stood up.

I expected someone to yell, "Get back inside YOU!!?"

Not a sound came; nothing unusual at least, just city traffic. As I picked up my purse and placed the strap onto my shoulder I gave one long last *sheer terror* glance around.

No immediate threat was around.

A straightening of my black skirt and a smoothing of my crimson red blouse, and yes my belt was straight, my jewelry too.

'Go for it,' I thought to myself.

I walked evenly across the parking lot. I wondered, with so many parked cars around, who was still in them? How many people were watching? Were they staring, wondering who I am? What I am? Where I am going? Click, click, click.

'Easy now,' I told myself, 'you have worn heels long enough at home, so do not miss a step.'

Good! I made it to the sidewalk.

Oh! Oh! Here comes someone else from their car.

"Don't panic," I thought, 'He is only going into the Windjammer Club across the street also. Now I'll just follow him.'

A glance each way, no more cars are coming along Main Street.

'Now go on across slowly; try to time it so you make it just behind those other two guys.' (Is there safety in numbers even when with strangers?)

I wished now I was with someone on my very first visit to a club.

TOOT! YELL! Someone in a red pickup spots me.

My heart skips a beat as I ignore them. I continue on.

'Stay brave,' I'm thinking, 'Just be a beautiful lady.'

Oh, what women do have to put up with. I'm still flattered of course!

Now to open the door (why is it so heavy?) and into safety.

Ahhh, inside at last, a peaceful interlude and pause.

There is a long hallway before having to confront the person checking identification cards.

He is looking at me now.

I wonder if he is satisfied with my appearance?

Is he going to ask me to leave?

I would just about die if he said something bad.

He asks for my I.D.

'Now What?' He should know that I am at least 21 years old! 'What is he up to?'

I know that he does not recognize me. How could he? I have never been here before so it must be just routine.

I search for my drivers license.

Panic seems to be setting in! I know exactly where it is, but it seems to be somewhere else in my purse!

At last I produce it!

My thoughts race hurriedly. 'Hurry up!'

I wonder what he really thinks of that birthrate?'

"Hurry up!"

"God, I'm the center of attention!"

"Everyone is looking at me!"

All of this time I am praying that no one is looking at all. At last he says, "Go ahead."

Did that really only take ten seconds? I spot a dark opening on the far side of the room and head for it" I don't know any one here so why do they all turn and stare?

Of course I know that no one knows I am here, because I live an hour away in another town; but that does little to calm down the fears of being recognized. It feels safe over here in the darkness along this wall.

I know that none of my friends would dare to come in here. Would they? They would never understand what I am up to.

I muster up enough courage to finally go the few steps to the bar and order a drink.

The blaring noise from the rock music drowns out my feminine muttering of, "Vodka Sour"; so I am forced to say it again.

My drink appears and a, "Thanks babe," comes with the small tip. With that salutation I begin to feel accepted. It makes the whole experience seem worth undertaking.

Now back to my spot along the dark wall; quickly, before someone else gets there. The place is filling up faster now.

The floor show of female impersonators is about to begin.

The emcee comes on. She is short and curvy. She introduces someone named *Renee* ___? Who? I don't catch the name.

The music is fast and loud. I feel that the pantomime is great!

The clothes are fabulous! Don't I wish I had a red dress with sequins on it too! What beautiful legs! And what wild hair also! Fantastic!

Would I ever dare to think of going on stage someday too?

Sandy, the emcee, comes back on after the last dancer, as the show is about over. As she teases and jokes with the customers my

thoughts are pleading, 'I hope she does not spot me hiding back here in my dark place.'

The stage lights dim and as dance music starts up I take a last sip of my second drink and I am ready to leave. The hour has gone quickly. I feel I don't belong now. I see no one else *feminine* in sight. Only men I don't know.

What do I do if any of them try's to make conversation?

It is time for this Cinderella to go home!

I squeeze back out through the crowd.

"Oh!" Someone pinches me!

'Don't look back,' I tell myself. Down the hallway I go with a, "good night," from the man checking I.D's; and I escape.

Now bravely (when no cars are coming) I head back across the street, remembering: I am feminine.

Click, click. Head up! Clickity click.

Proudly! Now walk straight! Over to the car and I slide inside, behind first, feet swing in last.

I say to myself. 'I did it! I did it!'

'From now on dressed like this will be my way!!!'



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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JOE?

by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

Joe Randal crept along the dark green mass of hedge trying to locate his objective by the flickering shadows of the night that had somehow disoriented his entire perspective of the Rose Oak campus.

The street lights were little or no help in the thick river fog that completely covered any landmarks he might have picked when his pledge master drove him through the women's campus the day before to indicate Delmont Hall during their 'recon mission' in preparation for his one man 'panty raid'.

Frankly Joe was completely discouraged already. Since he had left the car outside of the high fence that surrounded the school, he had torn his pants on the fence while climbing over it, got muddy from falling into a fish pond, and had torn his shirt half off his back by crawling along the thorn hedges that lined the school sidewalks.

Suddenly blinding headlights flooded the street and he dived into the hedge feeling the thorns tear into his clothes as the car drove on by. Badly shaken, he crawled out into the night and wondered if belonging to a frat was going to be worth this.

His initiation stunt consisted of using the back fire escape to Delmont Hall, to go to the fourth floor to room 419, and contact a Joan Dwyer. Joan was the sister of the pledge master. She was to tell her brother if he made it undetected while Joe was to sneak back out to return to Dexter College for Men with a pair of panties as 'proof'.

Then he saw the row of dormitories, great looming black blocks etched by the street lights and shrouded by wisps of fog. Counting the buildings he headed for the third one, remembering that this was Delmont; but, unaware that he was coming from the back of the row of buildings.

The ground level ladder was up so he had to locate something to snag the swing ladder and bring it down. After some delay he found a dead branch to hook the ladder rung and pull it down. He half died from fright as the steel creaked in the night air and

then slid into place for his weight to hold it! Climbing up he came to the first landing and swiftly moved to the fourth floor.

The fire door was locked!

But, Joe saw that the window next to it was half open and the security screen was off. Crawling into the darkened hallway he checked the door number, 455. At last he was on the floor he needed it was almost half over.

Walking down the carpeted hallway he passed the floor lounge when suddenly he was confronted by a girl dressed in baby dolls whose reaction was sheer disbelieving terror!

"A man, a man!"

"Shhh."

The hall filled with girls as Joe realized that he must be in the wrong dorm!

He bolted in fear towards the fire door only to be dragged to the floor by the shouting girls, who calculated the odds and attacked the lone man in wild fury!

"Help!" he cried out in terror as long nails flayed his skin and his wet clothes ripping away the cloth in the attack while he struggled helplessly among the half naked bodies of the frantic girls whose little fists struck him without mercy. "Help!"

"Come on kids, let's see what we caught," a feminine voice demanded, as five girls waded into the mass of swirling kicking bodies to pull the half conscious Joe from the pile and push his now completely naked form into the floor lounge.

Here they shoved him into a straight back chair where he cowered in fear covering his much mistreated and bruised body, crying from the throbbing pain that caused him to pull up his legs in a near fetal position.

"Why it's really just a little boy," one of the girls laughed releasing her robe front to reveal her sheer pajamas while her free hands pushed back her hair, "see how the poor baby sits."

The assembled girls laughed.

"What are you doing here, child?"

"Please," he cried in pain, "get a doctor, I'm dying."

A tall girl pushed into the center of the ring of girls and took his hands away from his torn and bleeding body.

"Get the first aid kit. It's only nail scratches, and a few bruises. He'll live," she noted, with a professional air, somewhat disgusted by his whines. "You hardly have enough to cry about."

Cringing from her insult to his masculinity he sat in silence controlling his emotions trying to ignore the thirty or so girls that crowded about to view their trembling captive.

"Here, Sandra," a girl announced placing the first aid kit on the table.

"Into the showers we go, baby, you're too dirty for first aid," Sandra ordered.

"Okay girls," the cry went up as he tried to break away from the giggling laughing mass of girls that carried his struggling form into a room and then into a bathroom as Sandra and another girl, to his utter amazement stripped naked before him!

"No!" he cried as the hot water was turned on and he was taken into the shower by the two girls armed with brushes and soap. "Please, no!"

"Stop being a baby, we promise to be careful," one of the girls laughed grabbing a foot as Sandra began to vigorously scrub his screaming struggling form. "Now, hush, baby, and stand still."

Submissively he nodded trying to balance himself as they continued scrubbing him skin until he thought it would peel off.

"Get me a pumice," Sandra called sticking her hand out of the curtain after turning off the water. A pumice stone came magically into her fingers and she attacked his elbows with a vengeance as the other girl left the shower to return with a white tube of pink cream that she wiped all over his naked form causing Sandra to smile once she smelled the familiar odor of the cream.

After the cream dried the shower burst into life again and they scrubbed his body to a glistening pink causing the frightened youth to see that the cream had removed all the fine hairs on his body!

"Body lotion," a girl offered sticking a large pink plastic bottle into the shower while the girls finished shampooing his brown longish hair. Soon the shower went off and the girls wiped him from his

face to toes in the pink fragrant lotion applying it in liberal quantities allowing their humiliating hands complete freedom.

"Out, everybody out," Sandra shouted pulling the curtains clear as three other girls pushed the others from the bathroom to close the door and remain inside to guard against his escape.

"I think his hair is too dull," one of the guards shouted grabbing a bottle of hair dye!

"Blondes have more fun!"

"Please," he pleaded, causing Sandra to nod and drag him to the vanity sink, while her partner blotted his body with thick towels and began to apply dusting powder to his pink skin.

Sandra placed a plastic cape about his shoulders and began to section his hair, to apply the coloring solution to each strand. Satisfied, she took a razor from the vanity to brush the soaking wet hair from the back of his neck and after applying soap and water she quickly shaved away the short hairs along with his side burns noting that he had no facial hairs to worry about. Finished with this she wrapped his hair with a turban like band.

"I think we should go all the way," one of the girls said, "he wanted to see what little girls are like, I think he should find out all about it."

Sandra looked at the girls about her. "Ask the others?"

"No, please let me go," he cried as the girl left only to return in a few moments. Her pleased smile caused his heart to sink in fear!

"All the way," she reported, "I didn't find one no vote."

"Well, manicure and pedicure," Sandra announced, causing the girls to laugh at their new game, and soon all five girls were attending to his nails or holding his struggling form until the last cuticle was trimmed, the nails were shaped, and each one was painted a bright pink. Standing back from her handiwork she warned him not to mar his nails.

Removing the turban when a timer buzzed Sandra rinsed his hair, which was now a rich golden blonde.

"Tape measure," she asked finishing with the dye sending one of the girls running from the room before Sandra began to section his

hair and prepare it with a wave setting lotion to roll it unto pink plastic rollers covering the results with a hairnet and portable dryer cap.

"There, darling. You will adore being a sexy dumb blonde, like Madonna. That is what all you sexists can think about."

A girl returned with a tape while he shuddered at the thought that he was in the hands of some sort of militant feminist determined to punish him for invading the privacy of a female domain.

"Here, Sandra, it's Paula's."

The tall girl accepted the plastic tape to measure him, "Chest, 36; waist, 24; and hips, 33. You really should watch those hips dear," she laughed. "And I would suggest a B cup, girls, okay."

The girls giggled at her suggestion as he struggled to break free while Sandra whispered to one of the girls, who left to fetch what Sandra wanted.

"Please, let me go," he pleaded being forced to sit on the edge of the toilet.

Sandra picked up the first aid kit and selected a few items before she knelt to examine what caused him so much embarrassment while he tried to break free only to be held tight by the fascinated girls. Sandra applied iodine to a few cuts causing him to scream in anguish. With out comment she tore several strips of short clear tape to carefully apply them.

"There, now, our little sex maniac is as harmless as a kitten, and she will have to sit properly when she has to pee-pee," she teased in pleasure over her handi-work, and standing to see him cover his face in humiliation.

"There, there, child, you shouldn't have tried to come into a girls' dorm. Far worse things could have happened." She picked up a pair of scissors and closed them suggestively. "If you know what I mean, dearest."

She reached up to take his hands down from his face to look at the tears in his eyes.

"You have a beautiful face, but I think we should pretty it up. Judy will help you become pretty," she stated turning to a chubby girl, "just her eyes and lips and no heavy makeup, she is preparing for bed."

Judy quickly shaped his brows with a tweezer and then went to work on his lashes using an eyelash lengthener wand of sable brown color and a curler discovering that his lashes were really quite beautiful and long once they had been tamed and curled. Taking a white lipstick tone she applied it causing his lips to become almost as pink as his finger nails.

The door opened and a girl handed Sandra a pile of night clothes.

"Now, darling, it's time to prepare for nighty night," Sandra proclaimed with a broad smile holding up a pink nylon sleep bra causing poor Joe to try to break away only to be held by the girls as Sandra slipped the bra on securing the front snap and adjusting the shoulder straps looking a bit disappointed.

"She isn't very mature is she?"

The girls laughed in amused delight as she inserted a pair of flesh toned falsies into the sleep bra to jiggle the cups with giggling satisfaction over his trembling recognition of how realistically they moved!

"And something for modesty," Sandra urged handing the now docile youth a pair of pink satin bikini styled panties that just covered enough and no more.

Smiling she picked up a transparent pink baby doll nighty with a Bertha styled ruffled neckline giving a portrait off the shoulder look as the A line wisp of nylon barely reached his hips with its ruffled hems once he had put it on. She handed him a pair of two inch high heeled clear plastic bed room slippers.

"Your glass slippers, Cinderella."

While Judy helped him with these Sandra removed the dryer cap.

"We can style your pretty hair in the morning."

"Morning," he repeated in growing distress over the fact that they fully intended to keep him there dressed in these shameful baby dolls over night! He swallowing hard he wondered where?

Sandra didn't answer his unasked question as she and the other girl dressed.

"Now let's show the girls our new dorm mate."

Awkwardly he tripped in tow between the girls out of the bathroom past giggling girls who waited in the bedroom and hallway until they too followed in sheer joy over the transformation making teasing comments on how pretty the new girl, was making the poor youth miserable.

In a minute, Sandra made him stand on a lounge table so all the thirty or so girls in the dormitory house clapped and cheered enjoying their handiwork; only to fall silent as a middle aged woman entered the girl's lounge to look at the wild scene in dismayed disbelief.

"Why we could hear you girls all over the building!"

"What in the world is this about," she asked in the tone of authority that only a dorm head counselor could use.

"Get down off the table this minute, young lady! What were you doing there?"

She grabbed the youth's hand as the girls tried unsuccessfully to suppress their giggles over his look of sheer terror at the thought that this woman might discover the awful truth!

"Quiet girls," she demanded sternly as she turned on the youth, "I asked you a question, girl, what were you doing up there?"

Poor Joe didn't know what to say so he whispered, "Nothing, ma'am."

"Nothing," she repeated sensing that more was here than met the eye. She could not remember seeing this blonde girl, and she thought she knew most of the girls in her building.

"What is your name child?"

He bowed his head, "Joe."

"Josephine," she noted to the sound of delighted giggling, "Josephine, what?"

The room burst into laughter over her assumptions causing her to look about wondering what possessed the girls!

"Randal, ma'am," he managed with a blush hoping that she would not press the point.

"Well, I want to see you more suitably dressed, as a young lady, after breakfast before class. Do you understand, young lady?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied wondering if it wouldn't be best to confess, but there was still a chance that he might convince the girls to let him escape.

"Now, girls, it is time to go to bed," she ordered turning towards the giggling and laughing girls, who quickly fled before her clapping hands as Sandra took Joe in tow to a room down the hall.

"Good night *Josephine*," she laughed closing the door after him seeing Mrs Peters standing by the elevator.

"Okay, girls, fun is over, it's time to go to bed," Sandra announced playing the roll of corridor chairman as the beaming Mrs Peters stepped onto the elevator, knowing that Sandra would handle things.

When the elevator vanished the girls peeked out into the hall.

"What are we going to do?"

"Why, nothing," Sandra said with a shrug.

"Nothing?" they asked looking at each others in disbelief.

"Why, certainly. Our little *Josephine* is going to dress like a young lady and face the music in the morning," she promised causing the girls to break into laughter.

Going to the room that she had pushed Joe into she entered.

"Are you going to let me go now?" he begged.

"In those dainty things? Why you would freeze," she laughed.

He shuddered at the thought. "No, in my clothes."

"We threw them down the trash chute. They were a complete loss."

"But, but, where will I find clothes to wear when I leave here?"

"First you are so eager to get here to join our happy home, to find out what little girls are made of. And now, that you are all made up in sugar and spice and every thing nice, you want to run away after we, cared for you," Sandra mocked in disappointed tones as if speaking to a small errant child while passing her hand about the room. "This is your room, dearest, your new feminine home away from home."

"Now, be sure to knock before you use the bathroom. I'm in the room next door. And don't try to run away or I shall personally spank you," she promised with a wry smile that let her captive know that she would actually enjoy doing such an awful thing to his dignity. "But, you may find it kind of hard to run away now that all you have to wear is what you have on."

"Please, let me go?"

"Why, you have a very interesting appointment with Mrs Peters, our head counselor, in the morning. As our dorm mother, she is very interested in all of her girls, and she prides herself on knowing all about us so that she can help us. Particularly a new girl that she hasn't met before. I'm certain that she will have all sorts of thoughtful questions for you, and you wouldn't want to be naughty and miss such a helpful interview," she answered before closing the door to go across the hall for a pencil, which she wedged into the door frame locking him in.

"Time to rise and shine, *Josephine*," Sandra announced finding the youth fast asleep as the morning sun streamed into the window...

"You have a very important appointment to make, young lady."

He sat up in bed with a start trying to think that it had all been a very bad dream, but his night clothes destroyed that illusion. "Let me go, I promise I'll not say a word about this."

"A word about this," she repeated in muttered tones of disapproval over the very idea that he was threatening to expose her wrong doing, even though it was his! Reaching over she angrily pulled him from the bed!

"Now you march right into that bathroom and brush your teeth and clean up, and don't you dare touch your bandages."

Meekly he retreated into the bathroom to sit on the toilet as she watched him as if he were a small child. When he was finished she led him back to her room where she had placed the clothes she had borrowed.

"No! Please don't make me wear them, please."

"Shhh," she warned in firm resolve to keep her captive under her authority, "I don't want to hear a peep out of you. You will dress like a nice little lady or I shall spank you in front of all the girls."

Knowing that she would do what she threatened, he put on the white nylon bra and panty girdle set to stand while she adjusted the falsies allowing for a plump curve of feminine allusion above the bra by tightening its straps.

She had him sit on her study chair while she rolled the white mesh and lace nylons up the youth's slim and quite pretty legs to attach the stockings to the garters. The slip was of soft baby bright pink satiny nylon that clung to every curve.

She quickly applied foundation, rouge, eye make-up, lipstick, and powder using a very light pink tone that highlighted his natural color.

The basic black dress was a form clinging knit with long sleeves and white ruffles of lace at the neckline and cuffs. A self fabric belt soon adorned the waist while black leather high heeled pumps completed the dress. Satisfied with the pretty girl that stood before her she removed the hair net and arranged the golden hair into a lovely short hair style that did wonders to the picture of beauty.

"Wow, you are stunning," she exclaimed looking at her creation in rapture delight. "You were pretty last night, but now you are a knock out."



She turned her captive to face her door mirror watching with amused interest the surprise of the young lady over her transformation.

"Come," she urged taking time to demonstrate for the youth how a woman walks in high heels. "We have an hour and a half before breakfast and you are going to practice how to walk, sit, stand, and turn in those heels."

With this in mind she drilled her pupil until she could see that at least there was some grace in the soft swaying walk and feminine poise while sitting and standing.

"Okay," she sighed knowing that her captive had so much to learn; but, seeing her clock she knew that the girls were beginning to knock on her door

wanting to see too. Taking an all too reluctant one in tow she opened the door leading the way past the girls, who were already to tease their captive.

But they only stood speechlessly as Sandra passed by!

Suddenly a surprised murmur spread through the crowd of girls as they followed in disbelief over how really attractive the young lady in black was, talking among themselves not without envy.

Soon they were in the building dining hall moving through the line after Sandra and her creation of loveliness. Retreating from the main dining room they all went to one of the private dining room to eat breakfast and find out who their captive was.

The youth had to admit to the fraternity stunt, but would not reveal where he was to have gone the night before causing Sandra to think of a plan.

After breakfast the girls ushered their captive to the office of the head counselor and waited outside as Sandra led her charge into the office to stand before Mrs Peters, who looked up from her papers to stare at the young lady she planned to scold for creating such an uproar.

"Why dearest, I had no idea that you were so beautiful," Mrs Peters murmured seeing that in the light of day the girl was in fact much better looking than she had suspected the night before. She also knew that there was no such girl as Josephine Randal living in her dorm or registered in school. She had checked.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?"

The girl looked down greatly embarrassed.

"I shan't hurt you, dear," she promised. "Perhaps you can explain who our strange visitor is, Sandra."

Sandra quickly told the stunned dorm mother of the past night's events and the facts she knew about the initiation stunt, stressing the fact that they did not know the whole story until that morning; and, they still had not yet learned where the youth was to have gone.

"As to dressing him as a girl. We wanted to show him what girls were like, since he wanted so badly to find out," she paused with a smile, "I think the change is amazing, don't you?"

"Indeed yes."

"Of course nobody should know about how he slept in a girl's dorm," Sandra added, "I am afraid what my parents might say to think our dorms are so unprotected."

Mrs Peters had to admit she was probably very right, "I do wish those boys at Dexter wouldn't pull such stunts."

Sandra nodded her agreement, "I suppose that we will have to let him go, and I'm certain that he will be suspended like the others were, but.."

"But, what, Sandra?"

"Well, it doesn't seem to discourage them, does it," Sandra remarked thoughtfully choosing her words while looking at the all too feminine youth in skirts.

"I mean, they will do it again. Unless, the punishment would be something really dreadful enough to frighten a man away. As a sort of example to the others, if you know what I mean?"

Mrs Peters looked at Sandra trying to understand what the girl was hinting at.

"I fail to understand. They would hardly expel anybody for a mere fraternity stunt. As you know they usually suspend the culprits for a semester rather than desiring to deny them an education."

Sandra mentally crossed her fingers.

"I don't think we should deny a student the chance for an education," Sandra suggested with a nod of agreement that it would be wrong to expel him just because of a fraternity stunt. But, then she angrily added, "I don't think that they should dare to do such an invasion of our privacy again. And based upon the fact that his fraternity sent him here, knowing that he would be suspended, I just wonder if Dexter College for Men can really punish him effectively enough to put and end to this. At least, I wonder if they could do as well as we might be able to."

Mrs Peters glanced at the pretty one with bowed head and began to see what Sandra was suggesting. It was fantastic, but certainly appropriate)ly severe enough to drive any future such incidents off the campus for a long time!

"You may wait outside, girls," she noted sternly, to watch Sandra and *Josephine* leave, thinking how very clever Sandra was and how pretty the youth looked as he revealed a glimpse of lacy slip by turning too quickly on his heels in a rush to escape in all too feminine grace!

After some wait she opened the door to usher them back in.

"Josephine, I have talked to Dean Porter at Dexter, and to your parents," she began seeing the growing fears in his lovely eyes. Taking her seat behind her desk, she continued:

"I was told that you are a freshman in history at Dexter, and that you are an excellent student. Both the Dean and your parents were shocked by your behavior, particularly your mother. And they were all quite surprised and relieved when I requested that you not be punished in any way by Dexter College or suspended," she paused to see that the youth before her was smiling happily in the knowledge that he would be able to survive being caught unpunished, and soon he would be back at Dexter to recount his adventures to his fraternity brothers, leaving out the part about being forced into petticoats, of course!

"I might say that Dean Roberts was quite willing to leave your punishment in my hands."

Suddenly Joe's moment of triumph faded into uncertainty...

Sandra reached over to take his left hand into her's wondering if he had guessed the truth.

Mrs Peters took from her desk top a pink printed form.

"This is your punishment," she announced handing him the form.

A bit surprised he accepted the form into his dainty fingers to read it only to gasp in stunned surprise as Sandra held his hand tightly.

It was an application for registration to Rose Oak made out in the name of Josephine C. Randall

"No!" he cried in dismay dropping the paper from his trembling hand in terror as if it were on fire! "Please, I can't..."

"But, you will," Mrs Peters noted as Sandra released his hand to pick up the pink page that had fluttered to the floor. Accepting the paper from a very pleased Sandra Mrs Peters placing it on her

desk and looked up towards him offering him her desk pen with a smile of amused anticipation.

"You will sign the application," Mrs Peters insisted, "Or Dexter College will expel you, and your fraternity will be sanctioned. Dean Porter and I are quite convinced that this is the only way to put and end to such nonsense."

"But, this is a girls school!"

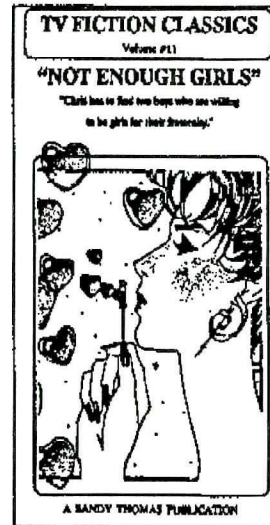
"A college for young ladies," she sternly corrected. "And you shall be a very proper young lady; since, I am going to have you live in my own dormitory apartment with my sister, who teaches home economics here."

She studied his trembling beauty, as he meekly signed the forms, wondering at the lovely conversation she had just finished with his mother.

"Your mother plans to go shopping for your school wardrobe and feminine needs today, and having your father drive her here so that tonight they can be with their new daughter. She is absolutely delighted with the idea that you will be attending Rose Oak. Did you know that she attended Rose Oak, and met your father here at one of our dances?" Mrs Peters asked seeing Sandra's smile of triumph and his almost tearful panic over the idea of his parents seeing him so shamefully dressed! "In fact she has insisted that we should make certain that your every moment is directed towards being a lady. I am sure Sandra and the girls on her floor will help."

"Oh, yes, ma'am," Sandra promised, "We will love to help her."

"You will stay at Rose Oak for the balance of the academic year," Mrs Peters noted placing the form into an admissions folder. "And just so that your fraternity brothers will not wonder about what ever happened to Joe. It has been agreed, that you will have each of your bothers, in turn, escort you as their date to attend every social function that Dexter College and Rose Oak College sponsors to help our young couples to meet, like your mom and dad once did.. I may say that a girl as pretty as you are, will be the center of interest, to say the least... "



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BARBARA'S FIRST DATE

By Barbara Cragg

Non-Fiction Entry

During Fantasia Fair, there are some nights when it's "Dinner on your own".

On one such night, it had been arranged, (with absentee spouse's approval), that Ross and Tom, who own a vacation home in Provincetown, were to escort Barbara to dinner.

The weather was acting horrible to us, a chilly, driving rain, so Barbara wore the hood of her coat up.

On entering the Lobster Pot (fine seafood), Barbara daintily pulled off her hood AND HER HAIR!

(Only Tom saw this happen, so the embarrassment wasn't total.)

The ironic twist to this is that all that morning in "Charm School" we had practiced over and over again before the video camera how to put on and take off our coats in a graceful and feminine way.

Barbara had it perfect too, hood and all!

Tom and Ross are well known to the management of the Lobster Pot and to the service personnel who made much over Barbara's first date, taking pictures of us of course.

It just happened that Barbara accidentally had a camera with her.

The only patron who paid any attention to us at all was a nun, at a nearby table, who seemed intent on memorizing Barbara's appearance. Why this was so is puzzling; for Barbara's hair was back on and becomingly brushed by that time.

Afterwards we went to the Fan/Fair Follies, our own talent show, where it always is amazing that such a professional program can be produced in such a short time. It was thoroughly enjoyable and was made more so due to the additional thrill of being escorted by TWO gentlemen.

And that is the story of Barbara's very first date.

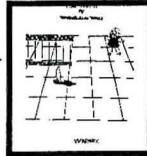


GO-GO DANCER

Joyce knew that the girls attending the Elite School for Secretaries would be in class when he broke into their dormitory. If he had known what the students planned to do to him when they found him trembling in their closet he would have screamed for the police!

CAPTIVE PLAYMATES

Pat was a little man with a great fortune and a two timing wife, who he believed planned to murder him. He sought to escape his fate until he was arrested by the police for drunken driving and manslaughter. Then he needed her help and was willing to do anything to escape only to discover that she had planned a future for him worse than any prison.



IT'S IN THE BAG



When little Jack Lee ran away from his aunt and uncle, he thought he would escape old fashioned pinafores and serving as their maid. Jack made his way by hitch-hiking to a mountain cabin where he met Sandra, who stole his bag of cameras and money leaving for him her things. In her bag he found a fate he dreaded more than pinafore punishment.

PLIGHT

Bob had no idea what Roger had in mind when he entered his bedroom, but he even had less of an idea what his aunt planned to do when she caught them in a very awkward situation!



LADY



Mrs Sarah Dexter was not pleased to learn that her son brought his male lover home as his wife. But she decided to teach THE FAIRY BRIDENow our hero was certain that she did not have A CERTAIN IMAGE to be a top executive. But, his competitor had a different image in mind for him...And the mystery was: Who wanted to make Joyce into the LADY OF THE HOUSE?

WILYI

Young Lieutenant Jean de Marc dreamed of glory and honours. Fate placed him the hands of a slave caravan where he hid among their women learning the strangest drills ever taught a soldier and he wondered why he was being trained to be a Wilyi, a love slave to belly dance for the pleasures of men.



AUNTY



Evelyn and Beverley had each graduated from high school and they did not want to go to college like their aunts had wanted. Aunt Helena offered Evelyn a new car. While he dreams of a new car Aunt Helena Picks A School for Evelyn. Beverley wanted his aunt to buy him a garage; but, she decided what he really needed was a proper Duenna.

TAMING A SEXIST

C.Robert Perry was a male chauvenist, and having a drink at that very same bar a Mrs Van Meer was lamenting the fact that society simply did not prepare husbands for professional women like it did wives for men. What she wanted was a home-maker such as the "good old fashioned girl, like the girl daddy had." "Why if conditions were right most men might accept the idea of being a homemaker," Mrs Knox observed. "Good, then I'll take him," Mrs Van Meer replied pointing at C. Robert Perry!

FAIRIES



Dale escaped home to become a Flower Child, but he hitch-hiked into fairy land. John was reluctant to enter a contest reserved only for talented musical children; however Mrs Worth suggested a perfect Composition for A Minor. Aunt Lena left her daughters in charge of Rachel with orders that he be treated as one of the family, and Aunt Lena's Daughters Are Obedient.

SEXISTS



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VACATION'S END

This year my prep school graduating class planned a vacation tour of Europe. And, I had been accepted by Old Ivy.

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And that is why I was sent to Edgemont College for Young Ladies until Vacation's End....

Maid for Sex



MAID FOR SEX

Hazel escaped the police by ducking into John Bently's car only to discover himself forced into the sexy uniforms once worn by Tina, Mrs Bently's former maid. Mrs Bently had hoped that Tina would tempt John away from his 'gay' ways; but, the wanton girl had just ran away with John's most recent lover, Mark, instead. This time Mrs Bently decided to change her son in stages by making Hazel a Maid for Sex.

Then Mark's cousin arrived to answer to Mrs Bently's prayers. The perfect woman to domesticate Hazel and become John's wife. How can Hazel escape?

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MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

by Betty Ann Lind



It was the joy of awakening to a perfect day, with your heart thumping in total excitement knowing that today you can really be a little girl! I just could not wait until mother went off to work, breakfast was just another delay, and the clock ticking in the kitchen just a reminder that time was going away as I had to wait...

And then she was gone!

I ran bare headed out into the freezing drizzle of a Chicago winter morning tugging on my coat and ignoring the cold slush that invaded my shoes while I ran across the tree lined street to the darkened great house on the corner where my magic world of transformation into a girl would happen. My cold breath blew smoke into the morning car exhaust coking coal air as I pushed the buzzer and waited ever so long while ice water began to streak my cheeks.

"Oh, mercy my, honey, you'll die out there," Irene exclaimed, in wonderment over my early arrival, as she swung open the great oak door to herd me inside as the winds caught her maid's uniform skirt in a swirl of starched white apron, grey skirt, white petticoat lace, and utility grey stockings anchored to her girdle snaps.

The sound of the door slamming out the cold broke my thoughts and the rich floral smells of the house mingled with morning coffee brought me back to my anticipated joys. "Heavens, child, don't you know it's only seven thirty."

"Oh, is it that early, Irene?" I greeted, too happy to care about time now. "I came to get dressed up again."

"Well, well, I swear some customers start early," she mused having noticed my innocent stare at her fluttering skirts with an amused smile as she removed my coat to hang it into the foyer

closet before she straightened her skirts as if to tempt me again, but I had other hopes.

Besides, I was really wondering what it might be like to be dressed as a maid...not what she was thinking, while I walked into the living room to see Mrs Costello working at a table in the dining area on her books with one of her men counting money into a bank bag as they checked the totals of the previous night's receipts.

"It's Betty Ann, ma'am."

Without looking up from her work Mrs Costello nodded saying, "Give her an apron and have her help Anna May upstairs until Violet is up and about. She can collect bottles and glasses and empty ash trays and stuff. I'm expecting police collections and the kid will only be trouble down here."

"Yes, ma'am." was the half curtsied reply as I was taken in tow up the grand staircase where I was turned over by one maid to Anna May, who was dressed in a pink cotton uniform with a bib white cotton ruffled apron and her coal black hair caught up in a white net snood. All about was the smell of furniture polish and laundry soap mingled with the heavy perfume and the cloying smell of a place filled once with women like a powder room.

"Mrs Costello says Betty Ann is to help you," Irene explained to repeat her instructions as I noted the amusement in their faces over this new game to break the daily routine of cleaning the great house. "By the way it's police day." she added before leaving me in Anna May's capable hands and retreating down stairs to her normal duties.

"Well, we'll see what we can do, Betty Ann," Anna May sighed opening a closet door to thumb her way through a stack of starched white aprons until she found one.

Without asking if I wanted to join in their game she quickly found two safety pins which she used from the inside at each shoulder seam of my white sailor suit to secure the ruffled bib top of an apron from shoulder to shoulder before she looked with amusement at the hems which touched the floor like an old fashioned dress.

Soon I found the apron in a double fold about my waist as a complete wrap around skirt secured by its wide sash that was tied

in the back into a great butterfly bow. My golden curls soon vanished under a white cleaning cloth in an Aunt Jemima style turbin.

"That'll do, girl. Now we've got work to do."

She fetched a cardboard box from the closet along with a brown grocery bag, and a cleaning bucket. She set the bag and bucket in the box and placed the box in turn on a metal frame janitor dolly designed to hold two cleaning buckets.

"Now, little one, in each room there is a waste basket. You tipsy toe in after a light knock, so as not to wake them, and put the basket in the hallway," she began bending over to my height with her hands upon her knees as she fussed with my skirt and the excess material beneath it until it was almost like a slip.

Smiling in satisfaction she continued.

"And then I want you to empty the ash trays into the bag and place them into the box along with any bottles and glasses you find. If the bottles or glasses have anything inside you just dump it into the bucket. Do you understand, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am."

She smiled her approval and then asked, "Do you know how to curtsy, little girl?"

"Yes, ma'am," I half giggled with a polite little curtsy like the little girls did in the movies I had seen and the women had taught me the day before.

"Good. Now when a maid is told what to do she curtsies to show that she understands. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," I agreed with a happy curtsy causing her to beam with pleasure as she turned and left me to our game.

I went to the door and carefully knocked before reaching up to the door knob and opening the way into the musky perfume smelling bedroom. Its occupant was buried under a pile of comforters in total surrender to sleep from her work that had ended about three in the morning.

In the semi dark of the morning light at the heavily draped window and the hall lighting I found my way about to locate the waste basket, ash trays, glasses and bottles. Because of the door

threshold I found it easier to leave the cart outside as I hauled everything to it. Besides, it made less noise.

In the room where Virginia was sleeping I was stunned to see a figure seated in a chair facing a corner like a small child being punished!

Only, from what I could see, it was dressed in a strange shiny black rubber suit complete with a hood like deep sea divers wore under their heavy lead weighted suits and steel ball like helmets. Only this hood had no openings for eyes or ears and only a round snout shaped device with a gas mask type filter opening at the end of the 'nose'. The rubber man's arms were wrapped together in front of the suit similar to the way the crazy people shown in movies were in a straight jacket!

Since the strange figure was none of my business I finished my picking up of things and closed the door to see Anna May polishing the hall mirror.

"There is a man in Virginia's room dressed in a rubber suit," I announced in hushed tones causing her to fairly fly from her step ladder to the room with a look of exasperation and anger on her face as she motioned me to another room and slammed the door loud enough to wake the dead!

"What in the world," Doreen muttered from her bed to snap on the bedside lamp to look at me in total disbelief!

"I found a man in a rubber suit in Virginia's room," I managed picking up her waste basket as a strange smile came to her face while her dark French eyes studied me. "She slammed the door."

"And good morning to you, too," she laughed sitting up in bed as she reached over for a white feather boa trimmed red satin dressing gown to match her spaghetti shoulder strapped almost sheer red satin night gown with Empire styled decollete that did little to hide her all too female form. "And who might our little maid be?"

"I'm Betty Ann," I laughed knowing that she was playing a game with me as she quickly put on the gown and slipped her feet into a pair of high heeled feather boa trimmed mules.

"I'm helping Anna May clean," I added rather proudly as I heard Anna May's voice in anger in the hallway and noticed that

she had closed the door to Doreen's room. "Why was the man in the rubber suit sitting in a chair like a bad little boy?"

"Now there is a question for eight in the morning," she sighed and sighed glancing at her bedside clock before an amused laugh that caused her to scoop me into her arms with a little playful hug and a kiss on the forehead before she released me to straighten my *uniform* and say, "I suppose, because he really was a very bad little boy, dearest. Don't you think?"

"I suppose so," I had to agree. "And the rubber suit?"

She looked quizzically at me like adults do when I ask questions that they don't know the answer to. Then she shrugged with a giggle, "Maybe he thinks he is a giant black sausage, what do you think?"

"He certainly looked like one, Doreen," Anna May agreed as she stood in the door with her hands on her hips gazing at me with a look of impatience. "Now, girl, you're not here to bother the ladies. You have work to do."

"Yes, ma'am," I sighed with a quick curtsy of retreat with the waste basket in hand as the two women watched with amused approval.

When I placed the waste basket in the hallway I saw Virginia lock the door of one of the *funny rooms* behind her before she turned to face me with a sleepy dazed look. She nodded a, "good morning," and wandered back to her room. I turned to back into Doreen's room to discover that Anna May had already collected the other things.

"Now, Betty Ann, you did the right thing to tell me about the man in Virginia's room, or anything else you see in the ladies' rooms that doesn't look right. As maids we have to look after the ladies. You know Mother's rules, no drugs, no smoking, no gum, no drinking unless served, and no men in your room after three in the morning," she stated causing me to see why she had been so angry about what I found in Virginia's room. "And in this house we learn to say nothing about what happens to anyone else. Do you understand. Not a word!"

"Yes, Anna May," I agreed knowing that she meant, 'including Mother', as Mrs Costello was called. "I don't want Virginia to get into trouble."

"You'll be in trouble if you don't remember to curtsy when I give you orders, little maid," she laughed with a shrug as I dutifully did as she required, "And don't worry about Miss Virginia, she can get into trouble all by herself. Which reminds me, we maids call the ladies Miss, as in Miss Virginia."

I wondered about her words as I curtsied again before I went about our game finishing my work by the time Agnes and Violet were awake to delight; in my *maid's uniform*, the fact that I was actually helping to clean, and learn proper manners as Anna May noted, to remind me to call Violet, Miss Violet.

Before I knew, they had me in tow to go downstairs to show me off to Mrs Costello and Cook, as well as the other ladies as they drifted down the grand staircase for breakfast, which for them was more like brunch.

"Oh, today, Diana arrives," Violet announced causing the ladies all to repeat her words in teasing giggles to let her know that she had already announced her little sister's arrival on an almost hourly basis. "Well she is...And I want Betty Ann to be her very best friend, because she needs a strong brave little friend, because she has been very ill."

"Ill?" I asked in wonderment. "Is that why she is coming to live with Mary Rose? Where are her mommy and daddy?"

"Yes, dearest," Agnes whispered taking me by the hand into the kitchen as I noticed that Violet was suddenly crying and clinging to Mrs Costello for comfort!

"What is going on," I protested as the kitchen doors closed behind us filling my lungs with the wonderful smells of foods cooking and the sight of Cook turned from her work.

"I will tell you," Agnes observed as she set up a place for me at the chopping block. "Cook can make you a big breakfast as a reward for your being our little maid. And while you eat I will tell you all about Violet's poor little sister."

"Has she arrived?" Cook asked and upon seeing Agnes' shake of the head she retreated to quickly return with a plate of eggs, bacon, and toast with a large cup of milk.

"Violet's mother and father are dead. They starved to death," she began taking a seat by me as I dug into my breakfast.

"But, why? Violet earns a lot of money here?" I asked in disbelief only to see Agnes' nod of agreement.

"Yes, Violet sent them money from her job when she worked at the department store. But, her father worked in the Yards up until about six months ago, so they really didn't need it. When she lost her job she couldn't find a new one until she came here."

Agnes shrugged with a knowing sigh of understanding.

"They refused to see her after she took her job here. To their mind she was a sinner. Shortly thereafter he lost his job and couldn't find work and they were too proud to beg. Last week the police found Diana alive with her parents dead from starvation. The hospital found Violet's address and she paid the bills. When Mrs Rose agreed to take the child into her home the welfare department was more than happy to let the child go. You see, they have so many poor children to care for."

As I wiped up the juice of the eggs with my toast I wondered at the idea that a mother and father would allow themselves to die rather than take money from a daughter who worked for Mrs Costello.

My mother had said that it was very bad for a woman to work for Mrs Costello. But, when I asked her why, she became very flustered and I saw that it was best to ask someone else. Mary Rose was less helpful. In gist, this was to be something I was to only know when I got older.

But, I could see that Mrs Costello was running a business that paid police officers, health officers, all kinds of businessmen, and her staff a good deal of money from men who seemed very happy to spend it. As Agnes had once told me the men were paying money to play doggie with the girls, which seemed to be pretty silly to me. And she agreed with a playful hug and kiss mingled with her giggling delight.

I had seen movies about crime and I understood that what Mrs Costello did was against some law. But, usually, it was implied that the women depicted in the movies were nice girls forced to accept men. I knew that it was unlikely that anyone was forced to work for Mrs Costello, although I could see that some of the ladies would rather have belonged to just one man, or be married. None of them were looking for other work. At least that is what they said.

I knew that to die because of what one believed was suppose to be good. I had seen that in movies. It was all so very brave... Yet, when I saw the little boy die in the movie I was a bit less convinced that this was all that right. To allow a child to also die, seemed somehow very wrong. How was he to understand why he had to be so brave and die? I had watched the whole movie and I really didn't understand the whole idea, except it was very brave. But, not for me...

So, I told Agnes about the movie to compare it with what Violet's parents had done while Cook also listened and poured out a cup of coffee for Agnes with an amused smile on her face.

"How old are you, child," Cook asked in wonder when I completed my story about the movie and my questions to an interested Agnes.

"Five going on six this June," I answered. "Susan has a birthday at Christmas, but mine is in June. I think that is better."

"Beats Christmas. Five going on forty," she agreed to herself with a little laugh as she returned to her cooking leaving Agnes to hold the fort alone saying, "Out of the mouth of babes..."

"Betty Ann, we have to accept things as they are. When people do things for a religious belief we can not blame them, but you are right about the child." Agnes shrugged and helped me from the stool. "Poor Violet feels very guilty about their deaths, because she believes that she is living in sin. Do you understand that?"

"No, Agnes," I responded honestly causing her to shake her head and look angrily at Cook, who was laughing. "But, I will try to be Diane's friend."

"Good enough," Agnes agreed with an adult sigh taking my hand and leading me back to the dining room where Violet had again announced that her sister was coming that morning, only to be treated again to the teasing of the women.

"Well, she is..."

And indeed, as if to answer her protests the front door bell rang and Mary Rose entered towing a walking bundle of grey wool with thin black legs and little brown shoes. While a grim faced Mary Rose watched Violet began to help her little sister from her 'wrappings'.

While Violet's hair was a thick rich black, the child's was a thin, almost spider web thin, grey in patches on a skull like face with great sunken brown eyes that reminded me of the lifeless lusterless glass button eyes of my teddy bear. She was dressed in a black wool dress that looked to be several sizes too large on her skeleton body except for the bloated swelling of her tummy.

A whisper of dismay spread among the women in the room.

"Have you had breakfast," Cook asked in disbelief of Mary Rose while Violet took her little sister into her arms with a tearful hug. Only to discover that her little sister was standing as cold and as stiff as an icicle.

"She can only eat baby food and cod liver oil, poor child. She can't even drink warm milk. It makes her sick. They say we should give her soup instead," Mary Rose noted as the child pulled away from her older sister and was about to say something to Violet, who was suddenly in tears, causing me to take Diane into tow.

"Let me show you Susan's dolls. And when I change I can take you over to meet the other girls in the apartment building where we live," I exclaimed taking her to the back elevator through the kitchen leaving all else behind.

"Do you work in this palace of sin?" she asked in a weak disbelieving voice as we reached the second floor landing.

"Mommy and daddy said that anyone who worked here would go straight to hell. My sister is a fallen woman. She let them die. And I almost died too."

"Look, I don't think I am all that bad," I managed wondering over her words and the hatred I heard in them. Why would anyone teach a child to hate her own sister? "Violet gave your mommy and daddy money and if they had used it they would still be alive.."

"The wages of sin is death."

"And no wages is death too," Anna May announced looking down at the little girl by my side, who looked a bit confused by the maid's words as I remembered our little game and curtsied causing Diane to curtsy also bringing a smile to the maid's lips. "You must be Violet's little sister, Diane. A proper little bigot too. She had better learn to be thankful for the fact that her sister earns enough to care for her."

"She doesn't understand what she is saying. It is like a parrot talking. She is just a little girl," I defended. "I'm going to show her Susan's dolls."

Before either could say anything else I took the now silent Diane into tow to lead her into Susan's pink and white *little girl's room* with pretty white furniture surrounded by pink satin drapes and lace curtains, a matching bed covering and canopy, and pink pile rug.

Throughout Susan's room there were dolls and stuffed animals given to her by her many admirers. Before my admission to my secret desires to dress as a girl, I used to sneak into Susan's room to play with her toys. I knew that she knew about my playing in her room. But, she never said a thing. At least I guess she never did...

Diane went almost ga-ga over the room and quickly ran to a giant teddy bear to catch it up into her frail arms exclaiming that it was just like her Annie, only ever so much bigger. With this she sat upon the rug to hug the stuffed bear while crying in an awful wail that brought Anna May on the rush to take the sobbing child into her arms along with the teddy bear.

"I think we had better get you dressed," Agnes noted in a whisper as she took me in charge despite my protest that I wanted to stay with Diane, only to see that she was now asleep in Susan's big bed clutching on to the teddy bear, "I do hope that Susan can forgive you for letting Diane to take her bear."

"She said that it was just like her own little bear," I noted as we entered Agnes' room. I sat upon her bed as she helped to undress me.

"She thinks that her sister is going to hell. She said that we all were."

Agnes wasn't at all certain as to whether I should be punished for swearing, or what. But, she continued to help me from my sailor suit.

"She is a very disturbed little girl. Maybe in time she will forget all the cruelty she has been taught and she will be more like other children. I think that you will be a good influence upon her. In fact I think that she will be kept away from the other children until she is healthier. For now you can join the others this afternoon."

"We are to go to the movie tomorrow, aren't we?" I asked putting on the white rayon vest before stepping into the all too insult-

ing cotton and wool knit blue panties trimmed with white rows of lacy rumba ruffles.

"Just you and your new playmates. Diane will stay home with Mary Rose," Agnes answered helping me into my white rayon slip before I slipped on blue knee socks and white baby doll shoes. Then came the toddler styled blue wool sailor suit.

"Can I play with her sometime?"

"Oh, yes, dearest. Mary Rose will dress you in the morning and you can play in her apartment," Agnes noted helping to arrange my golden curls before she completed the image she desired by using bobby pins to affix a large red satin hairbow in place. "In fact you can go there first thing tomorrow morning."

Satisfied that 'her' little girl was properly dressed Agnes picked up the bundle of my boys' clothes and took me downstairs for my coat. Within a few seconds I was across the stormy street to the dry steam warmth of the pine scented apartment hotel lobby where my playmates were gathering after lunch with their dollies, coloring and paper doll books, and other girlish delights.

"Now, girls I want you all to be certain that your mummies know that Betty Ann is taking you to the matinee tomorrow," Agnes announced to see their solemn nods of understanding followed by happy discussion of their plans for this trip as Agnes withdrew to leave me with my girl friends. But, before long the conversation drifted from what they were going to wear, to the fact that two girls could not come because their mummies didn't want them to associate with the 'naughty ladies' from across the street, to questions about the poor little girl that was going to live with Mary Rose.

I launched into a discription of poor Diane causing much concern about how awful it must be to almost starve to death and lose one's beauty. The latter seemed to be the most horrible to the girls, and they were quite happy to hear that in time Diane might be pretty like her sister, Violet, who they all knew. I left out Diane's view of life because I felt that it was up to her to make, or lose, friends. At least until I got to know her better myself. Having established myself as the center of attention I began to talk about my adventure as a maid, but the girls drifted to their dollies and I found myself seated on the floor by the coffee table with Joanie and Alice working on a coloring book while Joanie talked about going to see Santa Claus at The Boston Store. (To be Continued...)

MAJOR EVENTS

These events are national in scope and each event is set up to provide a varied program for both the novice and advanced cross-dresser. With the exception of the Tri-Ess Convention (for members of Tri-Ess only) these events are open to any & all crossdressers. If you hear of further national events, please contact *Our Sorority*.

**I.F.G.E. Fourth Annual
"Coming Together" Convention**
Natick, Ma.
March 27-April 1, 1990
Write: IFGE, POB 367
Wayland, Ma., 01778
(617) 894-8340

**The Original
Spring 1990 Pocono
Fantasy Festival**
Near Stroudsburg, PA.
May, 1990
Write: Fem Fashions
#R 7
9 West 31st.
New York, NY., 10001
(212) 582-6823

A Fantasy Adventure
Houston, Texas
May 4-6, 1990
Write: GC Chapter
% J. Thorne
POB 441754
Houston, TX., 77244

Tiffany's Spring Fling
Provincetown, MA.
Late May, 1990
Write: Tiffany Club
POB 2283
Woburn, MA., 01888-0483
(508) 358-2305

Be All You Want To Be Weekend
Pittsburg, Pa.
June 6-10, 1990
Write: Transpitt
Box 3214
Pittsburg, Pa. 15230

"90 IN 90 WEEKEND"
Port Angeles, WA.
April 26-29, 1990
Write: NWGA
POB 4928
Portland, OR 97208-4928

**16th Annual
Fantasia Fair**
Provincetown, MA.
Oct. 12 - 21, 1989
Write: Fantasia Fair
POB 11254
Lincolnia Sta.
Alexandria, Va., 22312

Tri-Ess National Convention
San Francisco, CA.
November (Weekend)
Write: Tri-Sigma
POB 194
Tulare, CA., 93275

Texas "T" Party
San Antonio, TX.
Feb. 23-25, 1990
Write: Boulton & Park Society
POB 169652
San Antonio, TX., 78280



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&
Achievement Institute

Recommended Reading List

Title Price

TRANSSEXUALITY

Gender Dysphoria, Devel., Research, & Mgmt.....	49.95
Transsexuality In The Male.....	31.95
Female To Male Transsexualism	29.95
Transvestites & Transsexualism	30.00
The Transsexual Phenomenon (Benjamin), Standard Edition	34.95
Deluxe Edition	39.95
Transvestites/Transsexuals, Mixed Views.....	17.95
Sex Change	14.95
Man & Woman, Boy & Girl.....	14.95

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Canary, The Story of a M-F Sex Change.....	17.95
Mirror Image, Autobiography of Nancy Hunt	15.95
Emergence, Story of a F-M Sex Change	17.95
Second Serve (Renee Richards).....	21.95
Natural Selections.....	19.95



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TITLE PRICE

April Ashley's Odyssey.....	23.95
Autobiography of A Transgenderist	11.95
The Transvestite Memoirs of the Abbe de Choisy	12.95

ANDROGYNY

Towards Recognition of Androgyny (Heilbrun)	9.95
The Androgyne, Reconciliation of Masc. & Fem	21.95
The Feminine, Spacious As The Sky.....	14.95
The Spirit & The Flesh	26.95

CROSSDRESSING

Venus Castina	27.50
Understanding Crossdressing	11.95
Dressing Up.....	13.95
The Language of Clothes.....	15.95
Men In Frocks	14.95
The TV & His Wife.....	11.95
Mother Camp, F.I.'s in America	10.95
A Year Among The Girls	14.95
Geraldine, The Love of a Transvestite	15.95

BOOKS

How To Be A Woman Though Male.....	12.95
My Husband Wears My Clothes.....	11.95

MISCELLANEOUS TITLES ON GENDER ISSUES

In Search of Eve: Transsexual Rites of Passage.....	15.95
Sexual Signatures.....	10.95
Sex & Gender	24.95
Gender, an Ethnomethodological Approach	17.95
Color Me Beautiful.....	16.95
Bisexuality, A Study.....	21.95
Ariadne.....	10.95
The Tapestry, A Journal for CD,TS,TG.....	10.00
Art & Illusion, A Guide To The Practice of CD	10.00
Speaking As A Woman	10.00

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ABOVE OR BELOW THE WAIST
by Betty Ann Lind

When Noah Webster published his *American Dictionary of the English Language* in 1828 he received a letter from a proper lady who complained about all the dirty words he cited. It is said that he responded by saying:

Dear Madam,

Your letter greatly disturbs me. Why should you wish to refer to such words?

Your Obedient Servant,

Noah Webster.

(In essence, if you do wish to locate most of the swear words in our language I can refer you to the *New Dictionary of American Slang* as edited by Robert L Chapman. Certainly not your standard dictionary.)

Since *Our Sorority* tends to be about as smutty as *Calling All Girls*, you may wish to know why we have decided to briefly discuss the subject of the sexual content of crossdressing literature?

There are several reasons:

ONE: CONCERN ABOUT CENSORSHIP

To begin, it is clear that the current Supreme Court is heading towards a *reinterpretation* of our First Admendment rights by using a 'worst case scenario approach'.

Since, it is a given that we all abhor 'kiddy porne', it is only correct that we stamp it out as a *drug* by first making the judgement that it is Not Literature nor does it Communicate anything related to the right of free speech, and hence it is not protected by the First Amendment. Therefore, the police have the right to enter your home and confiscate such privately owned thrash, even if you limit it to your own use. You see there is a great deal of concern about *your health, my dear*.

I'm not certain that the outcome of this case will be as described, but the indications are that such a decision could be extended *ad nauseam* through out all reading material and art work

starting with 'sexual content' and then to other 'objectionable' material.

If you take the direction of this legal process and combine it with the anti gay & anti crossdressing attitude of Senator Helms and other ultra-conservatives, who have already managed to pass rider legislation specifically aimed at *transvestites* denying them minority status by exclusion, most rather innocent crossdressing publications could suddenly become the 'kiddy porne' of 1994. For those of us, who have lived in the past, we can well remember when Virginia Prince had to battle the Post Office to receive 'permission' to mail *Transvestia* because someone thought that it was pornographic and objectionable in content!

TWO: CONCERN ABOUT FOCUS ON FORCED DRESSING

As a publishing editor I am constantly aware of changing shifts in taste. And from time to time I must remind myself that among my readers there are many like the little lady that wrote Mr. Webster. (Incidentally, my dear, if you had read Prize, you would have noted that he was not a minor, he was made one among other things because he signed a contract without reading it too. As to his/her legal recourse, it might be difficult to initiate from France as a schoolgirl. Of course we are not advocating such treatment, and so forth...Do we apologize, see Mr. Webster's letter.) Ah well...It is only FICTION, dear, which brings us to the point.

Crossdressing fiction abounds with forced crossdressing, maid's uniforms, and so on. I once did over three hundred cartoons involving variations on the theme of how poor Joe could wind up in petticoats.

In fact, about ten years ago Virginia Prince and I had an argument in which I (as Devil's Advocate to get Virginia going) took the position that crossdressing fiction would not sell if the reader could not 'sublimate his guilt' by being forced to dress in his fantasy world. Needless to say, I got Virginia going and the results were very interesting. (I call your attention to the fact that my autobiography *Many Little Kindnesses* is not an example of forced crossdressing, in fact it is quite the opposite.. But, it's not fiction either..)

In an Open Letter to her readership, Cathy Slavik, the Grand Dame of Crossdressing Fiction Publishers, who has through, Empathy Press (write: POB 12466, Seattle, WA. 98111, enclose \$1 for her

catalogue), published more CD fiction than anyone describes the process of guilt sublimation in these terms:

"The fantasy of Dressing through the reading of books and magazines is for the majority of TV's is as close as they get to dressing. Only on rare occasions are they able to wear the things they truly love.

"It is often asked why domination is the criteria for most TV stories - One word comes in mind - That word is: *guilt*.

"One can use guilt as a crutch and as a shield and through the inter-action of fantasy one can find justification for being what you are: A TV. The uninitiated will not understand that the domination of an individual in *TV Stories* is not something that is assigned to someone else in the Real World: *Reality*. But is a personal, possessive even myopic endeavour for the "*Me Only*" concept. There is no making excuses for dressing - enjoying dressing when forced to dress. The stories give us this.

"The Author.....understands this. The fantasy as well as the reality for the reader of this story is *NOT* the enjoyment of forcing someone else to dress - be a girl; *But* the illusion, the emotion and satisfaction of *You; Yes! Yourself* being that person (Ed. Note: Being a girl) for a few minutes while reading this story without any excuses of guilt."

(As a side point still germane to our discussion dear Virginia's early issues of *Transvestia* were laced with B&D, and so forth until she took her poll to 'confirm' what she thought transvestites were all about. Reluctant Press is in process of collecting a sampling of about two hundred crossdressers focusing only on fiction reader tastes. And like Virginia we hope to be able to publish a statistical study of their findings, if we may...)

However, there is an aspect of this topic that we both ignored (probably because it was so obvious): No self respecting cross-dresser (unless he was heavy into S&M) would tolerate for a second being forced to do what their fantasy objects do regularly. Nor would she approve of anyone who forced (and there are people in the real world who do just that) either an adult or child to dress against their will in real life. This is because they are able to separate reality from fiction.

The problem that we face is that some readers look for 'reality' (a relative term) in fiction, and they actually are naive enough to think that stories about forced crossdressing: a) imply approval of forced crossdressing, and/or b) indicate a desire to force an innocent person into petticoats. This is utter nonsense, and I wish that they would take Mr. Webster's advice and not look up the dirty words, for neither the Author or Webster intend the words that way, and clearly the filth is in the mind of the critic.

THREE: CONCERN ABOUT ABOVE OR BELOW THE WAIST FICTION.

At this point the focus of 'reality' is divided between *dressing up* and *sex change*. In example we have published two Elizabeth Anne Nelson stories *Whatever Happened To Joe* (dressing up) and *Prize* (sex change) in OUR SORORITY. A sort of above the waist or below the waist view of crossdressing? (Think about it for a moment, my dear, in terms of classical pre-1950 petting and you get some very interesting insights, perhaps?) I'm not at all certain that we can make that assumption. The evidence indicates that 'non-transsexual' readers are fairly split between the two with a tendency towards preferring sex change stories, while pre-op transsexuals generally avoid fiction because of a bias against "instant women" among other matters more directly related to gender dysphoria and human sexuality.

(As one world famous authority on trans-sexualism noted to me, "The only transsexual fiction I have ever seen is in their autobiographies." I can see the inner truth of his words within my own autobiography. But, since it is not germane to CD FICTION, I will side-step the topic for later.)

FOUR: CONCERN ABOUT GENRE

In recent years there has been a trend towards broadening the focus of crossdressing literature. Beyond the waistline, so to speak. I call your attention to the ad placed by Reluctant Press seeking new fiction that follows this article, which describes the trend fairly well.

It is difficult to determine at this point if the crossdresser will expand her reading horizon beyond the principal focus of daily life 'reality' (Is sexual content the only possible focus for crossdressing fiction?) and venture out into mystery, science fiction, and so forth where crossdressing is perhaps but a theme in the genre of fiction involved.

There are examples of more or less popular genre fiction with crossdressing themes: for example: Science Fiction (*Regiment of Women*), Historical Romance (*Gynecracy*), Horror (*Psyco*), and so forth.

The problem is not unlike the problem with George Orwell's novel *1984*. Most people who read it did not consider it to be science fiction (they probably wouldn't have read it if they had) because of its political theme, and most science fiction readers

considered it to be very naive in terms of both its political theme and as a work of science fiction.

Will the average crossdresser read genre fiction where crossdressing is not the main theme? Reluctant Press notes that *Wilyi*, an adventure novel based in the Middle East, is its slowest mover; even though crossdressers, who have read it, (both straight and gay that like *below the waist* crossdressing fiction), claim that it is an excellent story.

The problem faced by most community based press is that it is not likely that they will become profitable unless they can reach a broader readership. In recent years the gay press has made that transition through genre publishing, even by publishing books with major crossdressing themes such as *Splendor* and the collection of books, *Tales of the City*.

FIVE: CONCERN ABOUT EXPLICIT SEX.

In my recent Book of the Month catalog I noted several books, mostly Romantic Novels, with the notation "explicit sex". That note, like the note stating that you must be over twenty-one to read a book, is there to tell me that this is an "adult book" of some sort.

The problem our community faces is, that to a large segment of the public, ALL OUR PUBLICATIONS FALL INTO THAT "ADULT BOOK" CATEGORY, even when an excellent publication like *TAPESTRY* deliberately identifies itself as NON-SEXUAL. And this stigma "Adult Book" is applied too by not a few of our own readers.

A few months ago I cut out the photograph of a rather well endowed man wearing a wet swim suit in an ad in *Cosmopolitan*. I showed this ad to several people and asked them if they could tell me where I got the picture. Most guessed gay publications, such as the *Advocate*, and a woman suggested *Playgirl*. When I told them the source they insisted, in shock, that I show them the issue! In 1940 the issue would have been pulled from the stands if the picture were even published.

Recently I received a rather long, and very angry letter from a reader who claimed that she only read *Transvestia*, because all current CD books were filthy. (She claimed that she had a library of a few hundred clean CD publications. I presume she washes her library books regularly.) She then went on to explain that currently she only reads publications suitable for women; such as true confession type magazines and romance novels.

My goodness, not since 1960, my dear, unless you are talking about teenage girl romance stories. And, even they are pretty hot stuff. In fact, most women's publications on news racks, that wouldn't have *Playboy* or *Playgirl* but carry such *gentle* publications, are very adult indeed. The fact is that most women do not discuss this as much as they do the sexist subject matter of male publications. (I frankly think they enjoy the fact that they can read, and don't need pictures.....Except a winner, like the one I found quite by accident.)

(It is somewhat germane to note that in my survey of wives that they would leave various women's magazines around for the other woman to read. A sort of conscious raising tool, no doubt. But, 'she' wouldn't read that stuff any more than 'she' would help in the housework. Ah...well...I am not talking about you dear, I see your pretty apron, dust broom, and that copy of Modern Homemaker.)

Our Sorority, as I have noted, like most CD magazines sent through the mail (*Tapestry*, et al); steers fairly clear of explicit sex to the point where we have to edit it out of the original manuscript as best as we can while retaining the story line. (This is not a post office requirement since most explicit material is mailed, such as the *Transvestian*, which I read from time to time.) It is because there is a certain streak of "holier than thou" in our readership due to age and certain "standards" set about thirty years ago. From time to time I think we would have all been much better off if our spokes persons should have been more like Dr. Ruth.

My own autobiography has been restricted by this *Calling All Girls* for boys motif. If you have been reading it you must have noted how I have skated the edge to keep it *clean* despite the obvious reality of what I really observed as a child. In fact, I have been forced to leave out two very significant events in my life. (I have re-edited the autobiography for Reluctant Press so that I may expose more, so to speak.) You can also see that I have had to sanitize *Whatever Happened to Joe*. But, I just know that I will get letters from little proper ladies on what remains.


I certainly don't want *Our Sorority* to become an *erotic* publication, but I wonder if we haven't gone too pristine?

When I read day to day women's publications, watch talk shows hosted by women, and read their novels and so forth, I feel that I'm sometimes editing out reality. Then I remember those 54 wives I inter-viewed, who (almost every single one) described their

husbands when they were the *other woman* as, "She is a preteen playing dress-up." So perhaps *Calling All Girls* for boys is just about right? What do you think?

It should be clear that *explicit* or *erotic* publications are really a matter for their readership to evaluate it in the same light as Mr. Webster's letter to the proper lady. All I am doing is sharing a few thoughts or concerns while sitting here in my red satin nightgown.

I would like to read about your thoughts and concerns.....So do write....Who knows, you might win the non-fiction contest in the process...

<p>WE NEED YOUR FICTION POEMS NON-FICTION CARTOONS NEWS ITEMS</p>		<p>OUR SORORITY</p>
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