

Our Sorority

ISSUE NINETEEN

April, 1989

Table of Contents

| | |
|------------------------|---------|
| Golden Parachute | 3 |
| Satin Doll | 17 |
| Poems For | |
| Womanhood | 20 - 21 |
| Many Little Kindnesses | 25 |
| Major Events | 40 |
| Group List | 41 |
| Portable Beauty Center | 46 |
| Recommended | |
| Reading List | 49 |

Are You a Satin Doll?



ONE TWO THREE? THREE TWO ONE!

Based upon our budget and subscription donations the answer is that we will be putting out two issues in 1989. In 1990 we plan to mail one issue to our total mailing list and two or more issues to our donating subscribers. This will allow *Our Sorority* to still be free to newcomers (one issue per year) while making it possible to give our donating subscriber more quality issues.

Speaking of quality!

Are you looking to get Published and get Paid for your talents? *Our Sorority* is actively looking for positive, supportive, and original articles from the crossdressing community for inclusion in Issue #20 of *Our Sorority*. Entries will be accepted in the Categories of Fiction and Non-Fiction. Please limit your entry to 3000 words. Entries must be received by *Our Sorority* by 15 June, 1989 for judging. The entry judged best will be awarded \$25. and published.

IF YOU ARE NOT A DONATING SUBSCRIBER, THIS MAY BE THE ONLY ISSUE OF *OUR SORORITY* YOU MAY RECEIVE THIS YEAR! SO PLEASE SEND YOUR \$10 DONATION SUBSCRIPTION TO *OUR SORORITY*, Lincolnia Station, POB 11254, Alexandria, VA. 22312.

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, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA., 22312.

This newsletter is provided for your information from a mailing list compiled by BETTY ANN LIND and the Outreach INSTITUTE. THIS MAILING LIST IS KEPT UNDER STRICT CONTROL AND IS NOT AVAILABLE TO COMMERCIAL FIRMS OR OTHER ORGANIZATIONS FOR DIRECT MAILING.

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Editor and Publisher | Betty Ann Lind |
| Computer Composition | Sandy Machin |
| Assistant Editor | Cheryl Thompson |
| Distribution | Sandy Machin |

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 OUTREACH INSTITUTE. 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, 1989, 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, Lincolina Station, Alexandria, VA 22312.

GOLDEN PARACHUTE

Fiction by

Elizabeth Anne Nelson

"Now, dearest, Dr. Brown feels that you should try a fast," Ann announced from the bathroom, remembering Dr. Brown's deep concerns about John's weight and lack of exercise; which might cause a heart attack. She arranged her neatly tailored brown wool tweed suit skirt after tucking in the waist of her green satin blouse. "I have seen many plump matrons in my aerobics class, and with a proper gaff you will pass perfectly. Didn't that gynecologist in your group tell you that?"

"Yes, dear," Cindy sighed as he carefully removed the curlers in his hair before using comb and brush to style it into the Doris Day hairdo that his wife had taught him, explaining that it was a very simple little girl hair style. "I'm just a bit nervous, I guess."

Ann stepped from the bathroom to look at her husband as he sat in a white nylon lace trimmed slip over his ample foundation garments before the hotel's French Provincial vanity mirror reminding her of a similar scene in *Polyester*, with the late Divine sitting before "her" vanity.

Ann had married John Barclay some twenty seven years before and it was not until five years in the marriage that she had discovered the truth about "Cindy". Cindy was quite a bit smaller then. "Are you all packed?"

"Yes, Ann. I think I will wear the black suit with a pink blouse to hide my beard better," he replied causing her to smile for she knew that his years of electrolysis had all but removed his beard.

"That will be perfect," she agreed a bit uncertainly; for she was more concerned about his body hair. He would not shave it because it was nearing summer and he didn't want the hassle of being kidded by the guys from the plant about his being a hairless wonder. He was already getting kidded enough by the guys about his rather shaggy hair. Yet, she knew that many women their age were quite hairy. "They do expect us to check in at seven."

"Okay, I'm about ready," Cindy exclaimed in "her" most feminine voice acquired by attending a special speech seminar sponsored by the group. "Did you see my black belt?"

"Yes, I packed it. You know with your figure it only calls attention to your waistline," Ann said taking her seat in one of the armchairs by the window after making herself a cup of tea from the little kitchenette type vending machine near the bathroom.

Watching her husband slip on the full kick pleated black wool skirt she wondered at her change in attitude about his dressing over the past twenty plus years.

When she first met John, he was working in the assembly line of Gear Motors and she had just started out in the typing pool. Soon after marriage came Ann found herself caught up into the "feminine mystic" as a suburban housewife with two baby girls.

Her discovery of "Cindy" happened shortly after the birth of Sarah when she found "her" clothes in a trunk under the workbench in the garage while looking for some tools. It was quite a scene! But, she loved John too much. With two toddlers life was already complex enough. So she took the out-of-sight out-of-mind tack.

"Do you think my pearls would be okay?"

"Certainly, Cindy," she sighed thinking that Cindy was worse than a teenager at times.

Sipping her tea she remembered her first meeting with Cindy, when she returned home early after leaving the girls off at home with her mother.

"She" looked so terrified and awkward it was almost comical. Poor thing was so over dressed and made up that Cindy looked like a streetwalker! Ann couldn't help laughing at the fleeing image, even if she did cry later that night.

As the years went by she became determined to face into Cindy, as the other woman. But, it was not until the girls were away in their own marriage did she begin to accept the idea of having Cindy about the house, so long as "she" did not wander out the front door dressed.

"I think the pearls will be lovely."

"Will we be sharing the same room at the spa?"

"No, dear. I registered us separately because they don't have any doubles. It is a luxury spa, after all. Each woman has her own little bedroom, and bathroom for privacy."

Ann placed her tea cup aside as Cindy donned "her" pink nylon shirt blouse allowing it to drape the waistline of the skirt to disguise an all too ample waist. Ann remembered the day of the big fight when she complained to Cindy that all Cindy did was dress up to watch football games and such. From there the battle went on to Ann's feeling trapped in the house now that the children were gone. As an end result, Cindy promised to help about the house if Ann would go back to college.

"And don't forget to put on your bridal set," Ann urged from her thoughts. "After all, you are Mrs Norton."

It amused her to think that he was using his mother's maiden name for this little adventure into the very private world of a women only spa. "Cindy May Norton."

"Are we going to eat dinner first?" Cindy asked hopefully as he completed "her" make-up and selected a few dabs of perfume.

"No, dearest. You are about to find out what women mean when they say that you must suffer to be beautiful," Ann laughed. "I'll put some of the bags in the car. We shouldn't be late."

"Okay. Rush, rush, rush."

Ann picked up her travel bag and vanity kit along with the car keys to leave Cindy to finish up knowing that her efforts to pack the car would spur Cindy on. Pausing outside of their station wagon she was amazed that there was any room left for her two bags judging by the ton of things that Cindy had brought for a couple of weeks at a spa. She might have objected if it had not been so hard to get him to consent to go in the first place.

The plant was in a turmoil because of the recent take-over and reautomation for the new models. John had a "safe" job, because he already had been retrained as a servo-engineer in charge of main frame welding quality control systems. Perhaps it was the radical change in his own life that made it easy for him to encourage her to complete her law degree. Yet, she knew that this new cycle of change bothered him, because the union wanted him to retire so that a younger union member could take over his position. The union had just won a major retirement package with major early

retirement benefits. So just as Ann was forced out of the house because her children were gone; so was he being affected by the loss of his friends to early retirement, or worse.

Ann set her bags behind her seat and decided that she would fetch some of his bags from the motel room before checking out. When she was with Cindy she preferred the old fashioned motels with direct access so that they could enter and leave with the most privacy. Although she was aware that Cindy could rarely be read by passerbys, she still did not want to test her luck.

Closing the car door she walked to the sidewalk of the motel and used the key to open the side door to their room to reveal that Cindy was still fussing with make-up, enjoying the excitement of being free again.

"Cindy, dearest, you do look quite lovely. And we do have to be there on time," Ann coaxed while zipping up Cindy's overnight dress bag.

"Do you think so?" Cindy asked eagerly soaking up her compliment like a sponge that was never satisfied.

Ann secretly sighed realizing that she was now faced with dealing with the child that was Cindy. Ann knew that if she were to constantly fish for compliments, like Cindy did, with John; he would think she had gone totally vain. But, for Cindy it was perfectly natural. Like a small child showing off her dress at a party of adults.

"Of course, dearest," Ann agreed taking the overnight dress bag and shoe bag in hand to carry them to the car. She had given up the tactic of trying to teach Cindy how to pack as a woman. Cindy wanted to bring everything, so Ann helped Cindy to pack in two parts. One for the overnight stay at the motel, and the other for their stay at the spa. "I suppose you can manage your vanity box?"

"Oh, yes, Ann," Cindy promised returning to a full length door mirror to check the fit of the suit before he packed the vanity box knowing that Ann was treating him like a little girl. Cindy fussed with the make-up bag trying to decide if he should pack it into the vanity box or handbag. But, since they were going directly to the spa, he forced it into the vanity box and snapped shut the lid before placing it upon the bed by the car coat and purse.

Despite what Ann thought, Cindy did not at all think that "she" was vain. After all, it was very important that Cindy look just right in public. Ann should know that. Giving the motel room a final check, Cindy put on "her" coat and made way to the car noting that Ann was returning from checking out.

The evening air picked up the scent of Cindy's perfume as it gently played with the skirts about nylon clad legs causing Cindy to delight in "her" own femininity from the soft caress of her lingerie to the natural flow of her hair as she made her way into the passenger seat of their car. Her mind played with the wonderment of how sensually cool she felt while she delighted in the protective comfort of her femininity. At one time long ago dressing was a sexual high, but now it was a sensual delight as she grew more in touch with Cindy's own emotional needs.

"A penny?" Ann asked, taking her place behind the driver's wheel and buckling up.

"Oh, nothing, Ann. Just thinking how wonderful it feels to be Cindy again."

Ann nodded her understanding and soon they were on their way towards Women's Haven following a secluded state highway that wandered away from the motel at the junction of the Inter-State into the mountains following a white water river that cut its way through the darkening forested valley far below. About twenty miles into the mountain wilderness Ann drove the car unto a private road marked by a high limestone fence and an electronic gate that swung open to admit them once Ann announced their arrival to a hidden speaker box.

Following the white gravel road for another mile through the pine scented woods Ann turned the car to follow a circular driveway until she reached a parking lot in front of a great Georgian style mansion.

"We can leave our things in the car. The spa staff will pick up our bags and take them to our rooms. For now on we are to be waited on hand and foot," Ann suggested taking her handbag in hand to leave the car while Cindy grew more fearful at the thought that the time had come to be a woman under the scrutiny of specialists. "It will be perfectly wonderful. So just relax."

A black taffeta uniformed maid met them at the door to escort them to a receptionist table managed by a slim steel grey haired

matron dressed in a pale blue suit dress that made her appear younger than she probably was.

"Why Mrs Barclay, it is so very pleasant to have you visit us again, Ann," their receptionist greeted turning towards Cindy, "I am Mrs Nora Peters. I am certain that you will love your stay here at Women's Haven, Mrs Norton. May we call you Cindy?"

"Of course," Cindy managed following her modeling training as she sat before Mrs Peters in one straight back chair before the desk as Ann sat into the other.

"I have marked my bags with a red ribbon, and Cindy's with a pink ribbon so that your staff will know which is which," Ann noted handing Mrs Peters their car keys. "I do hope that we are on time for the orientation?"

"Oh, yes. The ladies in your group are taking herbal tea in the Solarium," Mrs Peters responded with a smile as she gave them both a form to sign. "This is merely a consent form to allow us to search your things as we unpack them. If we find any cigarettes, alcohol, drugs, hidden cookies and such we will pack them away until you are ready to leave. It also allows us to take possession of your car and store it until you are ready to go home. I am certain you understand?"

"Of course," Ann agreed causing Cindy to uncertainly nod her own agreement because she did not like the idea of being "grounded". "We know that this will be our new home for the next few weeks."

Mrs Peters accepted the consent forms back and handed them each a large golden electronic key card attached to a golden chain and Cindy noted that her name was written on the key along with the number 33. "This is your identity key to wear while you are here. It opens your private room door and is encoded so that you may have access to various facilities and services included in your health package."

"Dearest, I do know the way to the Solarium," Ann offered Mrs Peters. "Cindy and I can go together alone so that you may be able to help someone else."

"Oh, thank you."

Ann led the way across the Edwardian style hotel lobby to a set of double glass panned doors that led into a large green house

complete with tropical flowers and plants clustered about an artificial brook and a pond that no doubt was a swimming pool despite the great care taken to make it look like a garden fish pond.

To one side of the pond there was a limestone patio complete with a buffet table and eight circular sidewalk cafe style tables each set for four. Most of the chairs were already occupied by women sipping tea and trying out the low calorie veggie snacks prepared for them.

"I thought we were going to fast?"

"Oh, you will be starving soon enough, dear heart," Ann laughingly promised as she helped herself to the buffet, to add, "These veggees were selected to melt fat. For instance a pound of cucumbers contains only sixty five calories. You would have to eat an awful lot of these to survive."

"Yes, it's great pig out food if you have the time to make your own meals," a tall blonde observed shaking her head, "But, my practice leads to take-out junk food."

"Isn't that the truth," another woman complained as they approached a table. "Can we join you. My name is Anna, and my friend is Doctor Henderson. We've been here before."

"Yes," Ann acknowledged noticing that the Doctor June Roberts, Chief of Staff for Women's Haven, had entered the Solarium along with other members of the staff, who seated themselves at the main speakers table while Dr. Roberts went to the podium to test the microphone causing a hush to fall over the animated chatter in the room.

"Welcome to Women's Haven," she began, pausing until the last distracting voice hushed. "My name is Doctor June Roberts and I am Chief of Staff for Women's Haven. Our little clinical health and beauty spa is dedicated to the complete therapeutic care of women. As one of our of our ladies said we could turn Dom DeLuise into Twiggy." She paused for the laughter to fade. "Our program is divided into five areas:

Weight Control, Physical Fitness, Beauty Care, Therapeutic Surgery, and Continuing Education for Women.

"Weight Control focuses upon how to lose weight and how to maintain your best weight once you have lost those unwanted pounds," she stated continuing to explain the terms, diet, set-point,

and yo-yo effect. "We consider the total, or water fast, to be the safest way to quickly lose weight. In a complete fast you will need to be with us for a month since the average water fast requires about twenty four days in a complete cycle of purification. During that time of nearly total body rest and passive beauty care you will lose one fifth of your body mass. After a week of proper recovery diet we are ready to allow you to return home or we may set about to prepare you for another total fast where you will lose about one fifth of your remaining body weight under our careful medical care. Hence, a woman weighing 250 pounds will weigh 200 pounds after her first fast and 180 pounds after her next fast."

"Oh, Cindy, that would be perfect for you," Ann whispered as Dr. Roberts continued to explain the weight control program, and moved on to the physical fitness program which involved passive (to reduce unsightly muscles) to active programs involving; muscle and muscle tone building machines, group aerobics, and swimming and walking activities.

The Beauty Care program she described consisted of all the services that would be offered by a large exclusive salon; ranging from hair styling to massages and body wraps. It was soon clear to Cindy what Ann had meant when she said that they would be pampered because it appeared that there was to be a complete beauty care program everyday.

"Now, ladies, we shall take a little break while my staff sets the stage for our next demonstration," Dr. Roberts observed, "After all the head can only inure while the rear endures."

She left the podium to mingle with the audience as the ladies were served champagne or fruit punch along with large fresh strawberries. As she greeted each table and chatted with the ladies while a projection screen was placed at one end of the speaker's platform at right angle to a four foot rear end projection screen TV (facing the audience) while a television camera was set up by a computer at the podium.

"And it is your first time here?" Dr. Roberts observed accepting Cindy's hand with a light friendly squeeze. "And how long will you be with us, Cindy."

"Two weeks. Ann and I thought that it might be a nice little vacation," Cindy managed with a smile.

"Oh, you should stay with us longer than that. Shouldn't she, Mrs Barclay? We could do wonders for you, Cindy," Dr. Roberts noted without pause for reply as she moved on to the next table allowing a very nervous Cindy a chance to eat her strawberries.

"Ladies," Dr. Roberts announced from the podium to start the next part of her orientation program. "We shall demonstrate our Therapeutic Surgery program through the use of a new tool used by both Cosmetic and Plastic and Reconstructive surgeons to demonstrate to their patients what the results of a given procedure might be." She then went on about having board certification and the basic risks of any surgery.

"Now, during the break I saw a matron who would be just perfect for our demonstration," she continued glancing down at a note on the podium. "Would Mrs Barclay please volunteer for our demonstration?"

Before a very surprised Cindy could protest Ann warned him in whispered words not to create a scene and soon he found himself on stage facing the video camera.

"Could you please remove your lovely jacket," Dr. Rogers asked taking Cindy's jacket. "Now don't be afraid. The camera is only going to make a reconstructed image of you. It does not have x-ray eyes," she whispered before returning to the computer table to focus the camera.

To Cindy's amazement the camera appeared to strip her naked while removing her make-up leaving the image of a surprised naked fat woman trying to cover her naked sex and breasts on the television screen before the astonished women!

"Relax, dearest, we are all women here," Dr. Roberts teased as the ladies giggled and Cindy realized that it was a very realistic image of a naked woman her general size. "Now, if she were to stay here for a back to back fast..."

Cindy's image melted from a fat woman to a plump woman, and she thought about how wonderful it would be to be like that once more.

"We can give her hair more body by regrowth formulas and transplanting, while removing all unwanted body hair by a thorough electrolysis regime," Dr. Roberts continued and Cindy's hair line filled in and her hair seemed more luxurious on the screen

and shaded areas under the arms vanished along with some pubic hair to create a neat bikini line!

"We will remove the brow lines, lines about the eyes, and laugh lines." Cindy appeared years younger.

"Reshape her eyebrows. Let's apply a permanent eyeliner. Thicker and longer eye lashes above and below the eyes. Raise the cheeks slightly with insert pads. Make her nose a bit smaller and a bit up turned at the end. Thicken her lips. Remove the fat pad under her chin and remove the wrinkles about her neck."

Cindy was absolutely fascinated by the changes. The image of a young beautiful woman emerged from the middle aged matron on the screen!

"With such rapid weight loss we may need to remove some unsightly skin flaps or wrinkles on the body. But, since she is still young, I guess that her natural skin elasticity is able to shrink her skin as she loses weight." She focused her attention towards Cindy's torso.

"Let's lift the breasts to a more youthful position. We will suck out and remove the fat pad and tighten the muscles at the waist, tummy, and bikini line to give her a more maidenly flat tummy area and bring out her natural hip line. Then I think we should build up and lift her seat."

Dr. Roberts rotated the figure on the screen as the ladies approved her changes by enthusiastic applause and Cindy felt a delighted thrill at the image she saw on the screen.

"In three months we could make Cindy into a beautiful young woman. Wouldn't that be wonderful, dear?"

Cindy could see little choice but agree.

"Thank you, Mrs Barclay," Dr. Roberts noted working with the computer while Cindy returned to her table where Ann excitedly talked to Cindy about how lovely she looked on the TV monitor.

"Oh, I would do the whole thing," the other ladies at the table agreed while Dr. Roberts returned to the podium.

"Our Continuing Education Program uses hypnosis and active guidance, for both subliminal and direct, audio visual and classroom instruction. Through these state of the art techniques we can teach proper weight and stress control, exercise, and beauty habits as well as provide instruction in domestic and job skills you

may desire while you are resting during your fast and beauty treatments," Dr. Roberts continued. "Since so many of you are displaced homemakers our continuing education program is an excellent way to re-program you through quickly reviewing job skills needed to re-enter the career world as an executive secretary, clerk receptionist, accountant, beautician, interior decorator, and so forth. Or some of you may merely desire an upgrading of domestic skills in home economics or hobbies such as sewing, weaving, pottery making, or music."

"Our program booklets explain in detail what is available to you during your stay at Women's Haven," Dr. Roberts concluded. "Are there any questions? My staff and I shall try to answer them as briefly as possible."

The ladies in the audience asked dozens of questions about the therapeutic surgery and were told that they all would have a chance for a complete diagnostic session similar to the one that Cindy had.

Cindy paid little attention to the other questions about the programs and services available because she knew that she would only be there two weeks.

However, when some woman asked about a man trying to sneak into the program, disguised as a woman, a greatly frightened Cindy heard that it had been tried once, but the intruder was now in jail!

Ann reached beneath the table to pat Cindy on the leg to reassure him that all will be alright.

After the orientation Cindy and Ann spent some time talking to the other ladies before they withdrew to their rooms to prepare for bed.

Once Ann was undressed and in her nightgown and peignoir she picked up a little thermos flask that she had carried in her purse before she joined Cindy, to sit in an easy chair and watch him undress until he was totally naked revealing how his body fat created the illusion of breasts that had filled the C cup longline bra he had worn while his true sex was hidden and taped in place beneath a securely glued prosthesis that mimicked the outward appearance of the pudendum. Ann had almost fainted when she first seen him wear the device. But, in his current situation it almost amused her.

"I snuck in a little brandy for us," Ann suggested taking the flask from under her peignoir before walking to the bathroom where she found two glasses. "I know it has been rough on you."

"Where are my dresses and things?" John asked opening the closet to reveal that it only contained a few nightgowns and robes. Seeing her offering of brandy he accepted it in hopes that the spa had made some mistake about his things.

"They only left my leotards and tights here along with my night gowns. I did find some little bikini styled pink nylon panties with four very short skirted matching shirtwaist styled wraps. Everything else is gone!"

"You will have to keep your little chastity belt on from now on or they might throw you into jail," she teased clicking her glass to his causing him to follow her lead with some uncertainty before she continued, "I guess I forgot to mention something. But, I was afraid that you wouldn't have the courage to come here if I did. The reason that they didn't unpack your clothes and things is that most of the time we just wear the pink smock when we are not naked."

"Naked!" he protested taking a deep swallow from the glass for comfort in total disbelief of what she said.

"Now, now, you look perfectly natural for a nude fat lady. No one would ever guess. I will be with you."

"I want out!" he shouted in blushing distress over her description of Cindy and her suggestion that he might mingle stark naked with the other women! It was almost as frightening to believe that he would be accepted as just another naked matron at the spa, as it was to be caught!

"Don't be silly," she laughed, "Or I'll turn you in myself."

"How could you?" he accused, realizing what his wife had done to him and how helpless he was; because he could never face being caught.

"When Dr. Brown told me that you had to lose weight or die I realized that this was the only way I could make you diet when you kept to your old ways after his dire warnings," she stated with firm self satisfaction causing him to realize that she had made up her mind. "I'm certain that you will be a good little girl here, or else."

A bit subdued by her warnings he slipped on a pink silken nightgown in thoughtful silence. "How long will I be here?"

"Well, I will be here with you during the first two weeks as I promised to be certain that you are comfortable among the other matrons going through the program," she said slowly to be certain that he understood the true situation.

"Dr. Brown recommended that you retire and change your life completely with little or no stress. I know that you are most relaxed and comfortable as Cindy. So I think you will retire and become my companion when we move to Seattle for my new job there."

She arose and drew back the covers of Cindy's bed with a teasing smile.

"Of course, you will still be John when we want," Ann stated with a knowing nod as she patted the bed by her side. "But, otherwise I plan to keep you at home, barefoot and pregnant, so to speak, because I think turnabout is fair play. After all, I was your homemaker for twenty years. When you are finished here in three months you will be the perfect homemaker, won't you?"

Ann poured John another shot of brandy as he sat down on the bed to stare at the glass he held in wonder over what Ann had done and the image of the new Cindy that Dr. Roberts had presented before the matrons at Women's Haven.

"When I told Dr. Roberts that my friend was afraid she might lose her husband because she had grown so slovenly as a person and as a homemaker, Dr. Roberts told me that they have had women here before with similar fears and their therapy had been totally successful. Won't that be interesting?"

The brandy began to effect John as he stretched out in bed feeling strangely warm and comfortable as his mind began to remember how his retirement plan had been described as a golden parachute and Cindy was now drifting towards her new life...

**"A friend is someone
who knows all about you
and still loves you."**

Kelly Digby

ANNOUNCING

The Outreach Institute
presents

Gender Issues for the 90s

An All-Day Program
for
Health Professionals

April 8, 1989



San Francisco Hotel
San Francisco, California

Introduction

For the past two decades we have been unravelling the mystery surrounding the concept of gender as a social and cultural phenomenon rather than just a "psychosexual disorder." We have learned much about the social dynamics of gender shift, its determining factors, and effective coping strategies in dealing with gender-conflicted people.

This program will have two distinct parts:

A. Symposium (9 a.m. - Noon)
- A panel of presenters on relevant gender issues for the 90s with other approaches toward understanding the complexities of gender.

B. Workshop (1:30 - 4:00 p.m.)
- New and diverse strategies for counseling and doing therapy with gender-conflicted clients. Several tested and useful "tools" will be presented, which can be used in connection with various coping strategies available to sex educators. This segment is open to registered counselors only. A limit of 20-25 people has been set.

The All-Day Institute on Gender Issues for the 90s is sponsored by the Human Outreach & Achievement Institute (HOAI). It is presented in conjunction with International Foundation for Gender Education (IFGE) at its annual convention in San Francisco, Calif.

Program Registration Form

Last name _____

First name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____

Daytime Telephone _____

Professional Specialty

Check One:

- LIC SW
 Physician
 Nurse
 Therapist
 Counselor
 Sex Educator
 Graduate Student

Fee Structure

- \$75 All-Day Program
 \$35 Morning Program(only)
 \$45 Afternoon Session (only)

Please enclose a separate registration form for each enrollment. The registration form may be photocopied. Payment must be made in U.S. funds, please print or type all information requested. Make check payable or money order payable to The Outreach Institute and mail to:

The Outreach Institute
 Kenmore Station
 Box 368W
 Boston, MA 02215

Note: Those who send in the registration for the All-Day program on or before March 15, 1989 may deduct \$10 from the registration fee.

SATIN DOLL

When I was very young my Great Aunt Katherine would hold court in her Victorian fashion during late afternoon formal high tea to entertain her friends and guests. During these socials I was to present my best party manners by "being seen, but not heard" like a little satin dolly seated in a straight back chair politely doing her embroidery.

During one such tea my great aunt entertained a oriental philosophy professor from the university, who was seeking funds to continue his research efforts. When he left I found that my great aunt was crying. Since I heard nothing that would cause her to cry I asked her what was wrong.

"Oh, dearest child, he is a hollow man. One of the empty men doomed to walk this earth in search of a soul that they do not have, and not understanding why. That is why I cry for him."

I later learned that many people raised prior to the turn of the century, *Fin de Siecle*, believed that their civilization was coming to an end (as indeed it may have during the Great War). They also believed that a part of this destruction was due to over population, whereby the number of people outstripped the number of souls available through reincarnation. Hence there were soulless people wandering the planet without emotional or empathic abilities. These people were often very clever, if not brilliant as the professor was. But they had no soul, no depth, hence hollow or empty. Incomplete. Men who smile like dolls, and you do not know why. We have all met them.

In our community we have the counterpart of the soulless ones. And because it is the best descriptive, I call them *Satin Dolls*. They live in the reflections from their mirrors. Reflections much like Marilyn Monroe's image that she wore in public and referred to as her "rubber suit". Their identity stems from being able to "pass", and being clever they have the ability to put together an acceptable image much as the pretty satin dollies in a little girl's bedroom. Often as not they are enamored by that self image in an auto erotic fashion.

Yet, when they are in public they do not understand why people avoid them. The reason is simple, they have spent so much time adoring themselves that they lack the social skills a woman

needs to present herself as a woman. They present an egocentric personality constantly fishing for compliments, but unable to give them to others. They have the voice right and often their technical knowledge about women is awesome, but the words lack the emotional empathy we need to feel when we communicate with a real woman.

I know that if I do not dress as a woman for long periods, or if I must dress on command (such as for meetings and events); I have a tendency to don a rubber suit and become a satin doll, like that small child sitting so stiffly in that straight back chair to be seen and not heard.

Yet, I know that if I am to be accepted in public as a woman I must also acquire the best qualities of the inner woman.

A Fantastic Adventure
May 12-14, 1989
Houston, Texas

A 3 day and 2 night Chance to express, and enhance, your Feminine personality.

Schedule of Events

- Friday** -Registration
 - Get acquainted reception.
Saturday - Seminars
 1. Cosmetics & Make-up
 Techniques
 2. Fashions & Accessorizing
 3. Mannerisms & Deportment
 4. Psychological Aspects
Sunday - Farewell Brunch



Costs

\$99.00 per Person. Includes hotel room, lunch on Saturday, Breakfast on Saturday and Sunday. All Seminars, programs, & Reception. All taxes and service charges.

For more information, contact:

Gulf Coast Transvestite Chapter Attn: Jackie
 Thorne P.O. Box 441754 Houston, Tx. 77244

OR

Tau Chi Chapter Attn: Jane Ellen Fairfax
 P.O. Box 533 Richmond, Tx. 77469

Reluctant Press Announces three

New Books by Elizabeth Anne Nelson

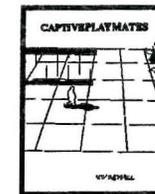


Plight

Bob had no idea what Max 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

CAPIVE 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 by drowning his sorrows in a bottle and his car on a stormy night 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.



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 in the Rock Candies band planned to do to him when they found him trembling in their closet he would have screamed for the police!



IT'S IN THE BAG

When little Jack Lee ran away from his aunt and uncle, he would escape old fashioned pinafores and serving as their maid. Even though he knew that his uncle would send him to reform school he stole what he thought was rightfully his. 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 or reform school.

ORDER FORM

I AM 21 YEARS OLD, OR OLDER:

Please send the following

| | | |
|--------------------------|------------------|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | PLIGHT | \$7.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | CAPIVE PLAYMATES | \$7.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | IT'S IN THE BAG | \$7.00 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | GO-GO DANCER | \$7.00 |

Shipping and handling \$1.00 per book

Make check payable to Friendly Applications
 Reluctant Press Dept., POB 11936 Lincolnia Station
 Alexandri, Va 22312

Mailing Name _____

Address: _____ City, _____

State, _____ Zip, _____

Poems For Womanhood

The first poem I have heard many many times in the past, but I never knew the source or exact wording until I received a huge package from Elizabeth Anne of Chicago, Illinois; who believes that Our Sorority should be a club women's magazine. The poem is referred to as Mary Stewart's Collect (A Collect for Club Women), dated April 1904, and published by the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Keep us, oh God, from pettiness;
Let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding
And leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense
And meet each other face to face,
Without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgement
And always generous.

Let us take time for all things;
Make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses,
Straightforward and unafraid.

Grant that we may realize it is
The little things that create differences,
That in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know
The great, common human heart of us all.

And, oh Lord God, let us forget not to be kind!

Poems For Womanhood

My second poem is quoted from a lovely book entitled Letters to a Daughter (A Little Sermon to School-Girls) by Mary Ekin Starrett, printed by A.C. McClurg & Company in 1887. I suspect that it is the source of my great aunt's favorite statement that a woman's soul is best measured by her many little kindnesses. The book is rather charming in its careful guidelines for proper social attitude to be followed by a young lady. But, I fear that a modern feminist would burn it along with her bra. The poem is by Lowell:

In herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets our heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble path of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow.
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth brightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

MURIEL OLIVE
 present
THE ORIGINAL
SPRING 1989 POCONO
FANTASY FESTIVAL

OUR TENTH YEAR OF SUCCESS
For Beginners and Advanced Crossdressers

Near Stroudsburg, PA.
 90 Minutes from New York City and Philadelphia

THURSDAY TO SUNDAY

MAY 11, 12, 13, & 14

\$200.00/person (3 DAYS) \$365.00 male/female couples
Includes Room -- Six Meals -- Taxes and All Tips

For Thursday arrivals, additional \$40.00 fee includes dinner, room for an additional night, and breakfast on Friday.

\$50.00 Required to Make a Reservation - Balance Due April 25TH
 Two ALL NIGHT Parties MISS POCONO Pageant
 Famous COSTUME PARTY "MISS LEGS" Contest

BROADWAY STYLE ENTERTAINMENT
RESERVE EARLY -- AS FAST SELLOUT IS EXPECTED

CALL: 212-582-6823

Make checks payable to: Muriel Olive
Send to: Fem Fashions
 157 W. 57th Street Penthouse B
 New York, N.Y. 10019

R. S. V. P.

Fem Fashions
 157 W. 57th Street Penthouse B, New York, N.Y. 10019

Dear Muriel:

I plan to attend

My Cash Check Money Order for \$ _____ is enclosed.

Make checks payable to: Muriel Olive
 or call: 212-582-6823

Mother said that starting today,
 That no more rough boys,
 Will play with me in the alley way.
 For from this very first day,
 I will be dressed as a girl to obey,
 Whatever my dear mother has to say.



To tell the truth to you I say,
 That I now adore to be called Kay,
 And feel my lacy dainty lingerie.
 Knowing as with dainty girls I play,
 That soon I will be like them in every way,
 And that's the way I plan to stay!

THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE

Presents

THE 15th ANNUAL FANTASIA FAIR

When: OCTOBER 13-22,
Where: PROVINCETOWN, MASS

ANNOUNCES

FANTASIA FAIR'S SPECIAL WEEKEND PROGRAMS

"RELEASING THE WOMAN WITHIN"

October 13 - 15

- | | | |
|-----------|---|---------------------------|
| Friday: | • Welcome Registration | • Welcome Cocktail Party |
| Saturday: | • Orientation | • "Going Public" Luncheon |
| | • The Beauty Fair | |
| | Wherein our staff using the "County Fair Approach" will help you develop an individual personal guide to your best make-up and hair styling as well as much more. | |
| | • Ladies Night Cocktail Party & Supper | • Evening House Party |
| Sunday: | • Church Program | • Farewell Breakfast |

"FUN EN FEMME WEEKEND"

OCTOBER 20-22

- | | | |
|-----------|--|-----------------------|
| Friday: | • Welcome Registration | • Fantasy Ball |
| Saturday: | • Health Seminar | • Kite Fly Picnic |
| | • Fashion Fair | |
| | Wherein our staff using the "County Fair Approach" will help you develop an individual personal guide to your best wardrobe selection and much more. | |
| | • Awards Cocktail Party & Banquet | • Evening House Party |
| Sunday: | • Church Program | • Farewell Breakfast |

WEEKEND RATES

SINGLE; \$250 DOUBLE: \$240

COUPLES \$425

APARTMENT \$495

COME TO THE FAIR AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER

Write: FANTASIA FAIR, LINCOLNIA STATION, POB 11254, ALEXANDRIA, VA 22312

MANY LITTLE KINDNESSES

by

Betty Ann Lind

It all began with a pale blue velvet sailor suit with short pants, red satin necktie scarf, and white satin trim. This sissy suit, complete with pale blue knee socks, white baby doll shoes, and a Breton roller styled sailor hat perched in my golden curls with a red satin ribbon streamers was my mother's latest "buy"!

I suspect that there was a store that had a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" shop that catered to doting mothers, who wanted to dress their little boys in adorable sissy clothes. My secret ambition was to toss a firebomb into the place!

Now, I know that there are hundreds of "humiliation" stories about boys and men raised as sissies by black satin corsetted ladies with whips; but, real life is far worse! The dominatrix is your own mother, and she is absolutely "into" the idea of putting your hair up into curlers and dressing you up in "adorable party clothes" to show you off to her friends as a perfect "little gentleman" or worse yet, "sweet little angel"!

I was a boy! Not a sissy! I resented the idea that my small stature made me "all too adorable for words", a "sweet little toddler boy". I half suspected that mother dressed me that way to make herself look younger.

But, this one was too much! So I promptly found a great sewer ditch with wonderful wet blue clay to match the suit and went for it..

Now Swedish American Princesses don't spank, they withdraw their love in a never ending silent treatment of disapproval. Which was dandy by me, because I had had enough sugar to last a life time.

And it was in this mood that I wandered over to the zoo on my tricycle to look at the animals and get some fresh air where I could think of the strange fact that if my mother had dressed me in equally frilly dresses, I would probably adored it: IF SHE TREATED ME AS A GIRL.

The cement ramp led down to a set of Dutch doors built into a great sliding door. The bottom half of the Dutch doors was a bit open, so I shifted my bag of peanuts into my coat pocket and pushed the door open to walk into a gigantic barn filled with pungent sweet warm moist air not at all unlike the smell of a cow barn, except with a strangely sharp scent.

As I walked into the dark barn on the straw covered cement floor I could feel that I was being watched intently by a menacing force much greater than that of a wild city dog! With this sense of danger, the city sounds outside faded into the waiting silence of the barn, as my eyes made the adjustment between winter daylight and dank shadows.

And then he moved!

It was if a house had stepped in front of the single barred window that allowed light into the room and it took a full second for my brain to realize that to my left there were steel bars that separated me from the lumbering giant that moved in a charge towards me, only to stop when a heavy steel manacle attached to his left rear leg stopped him and he shook his great head to warn me off.

Slowly he swayed from side to side with his great ears extended like dark wings while his intense eyes transfixed upon the little human boy before him as if he were trying to understand something, but couldn't grasp it.

"Hi." I took my Fairbank's stand with hand on hips as I studied the colossal elephant in awe thinking of the Tarzan movie I had seen with the elephants charging through an African village. This beast could have done the job alone!

"Like a peanut?"

Dipping into the bag of peanuts in my coat pocket I held out through the bars a handful of peanuts only to have his trunk wrap about my wrist. He suddenly pulled me forcefully to the bars causing the peanuts to fly out of my hand as I realized that I was about to be killed!

The trunk pushed my arm back and again he tried to pull me through the bars with expectant determination. Again the iron bars frustrated his efforts as I felt the dizzy pain from the blows of my

body against the steel bars. At the third try he looked a bit baffled by the fact that I was larger than the space between the bars!

As he paused in his intent to try again to yank me between the bars; I debated throwing a piece of wood, I found on the floor, at him.

Now, when I was three years old a cow kicked me in the stomach. And afterwards, my mother told me how my maternal grandfather had killed a mad bull by hitting it with his fist in the center of its forehead. At the moment it seemed to be a great idea, but grandfather was very unhappy because it was his prize bull. I, on the other hand, would have greatly enjoyed killing that poor cow. But, at three, I was not able to kill a cow. Nor, was I able to kill a bull elephant at five, so I dropped the wooden block and dipped into my pocket for another fistful of peanuts; which I thrust closer into his face as his great tusks began to rub the bars on either side of me!

He released me, no doubt, to study the problem of how to get at me. So he stood swaying in towering anger, ignoring my offering of peanuts, while staring down at me from his awesome height.

Too battered and frightened to run; I sat down before him and turned my attention away from him to crack the peanut shells while collecting the nuts in my open palm. Just as I filled the hand his trunk snaked through the bars to grab the shelled peanuts from me!

Angerly I arose to confront him, only to sense that he was amused by his little joke, for when I pretended to ignore him again as I shelled more nuts he tried to snatch them again only to miss when I ducked away. I could sense that he was not angry, just disappointed in the failure of his little prank. So I played "let's pretend" again and his trunk snatched the peanuts away.

So I cracked peanuts and talked to him about the sailor suit and my cruel mother while he snatched peanuts and snuffed in a sort of snorting sound combined with a low squealing voice as if to hold up his side of the conversation.

In the dim light I could see that they had painted the walls of his cage a forest green and he had been rubbing his body against the walls until he too was covered with green. From the smell I could guess that the paint had been sprayed with an insecticide along with other chemicals to keep the great barn of a cage

clean. I could also see that he had rubbed the wall to its cinder block surface leaving flakes of green paint to nibble on.

When I sensed that it was time to go home I left my great friend promising to return. But, he only shuffled away into a corner to stand silently in a corner to watch me silently with glowing sad eyes.

As I made my way back to the zoo water fountain, where I regularly left my tricycle by the vendor carts, I thought about how awfully lonely he must be. Far lonelier than I could ever be despite my self pity. I wondered why he was kept all alone, away from the other elephants. I wondered if they missed him? Thought him dead? Understood human adults better than I did?

When I reached the apartment hotel I crossed the lobby to see the girls playing in their usual corner, so I decided to tell them about my green elephant.

"Hi, Lindy," Sarah greeted with a cheerful laugh, using the nickname they had dubbed me with, *ala* Lucky Lindy, looking at my white sailor coat which was a complete disaster, "Been crawling in the sewer again?"

"No, I've been to the zoo and..."

"You're going to get a licking," Joanie observed setting her doll aside in smug knowing disapproval. "Boys are so dirty."

"And he stood as big as a house swaying..."

"Mary Rose is looking for you," Alice noted referring to my baby sitter.

"And when I tried to feed him peanuts he grabbed my arm and..."

"What color was he?" Janie asked with curious disbelief as she arranged the dishes from her tea set into a neat pile so that she could carefully pack them away while Joanie joined her in the endeavour.

"He is green," I announced enjoying the mystery of a "green elephant" only to see their obvious disbelief, "His cage is green and he..."

"I get my mouth washed out when I..." Joanie shook her head mimicking adult disapproval.

"He could be green," Angela offered in my defense only to look up, "Oh, oh."

"And there you are," Mary Rose exclaimed towering over me a bit like the swaying elephant. "What pig sty did you find this time?"

"He says that he found a green elephant at the zoo."

"Mine are usually pink," Mrs Rose laughed as she took me in tow back to my apartment. While she had me change clothes, so that mother would find me neat as a pin under Mary Rose's care, I told her about my adventure, which she took with a large dose of salt. Once she had me dressed in a dark blue wool sailor suit she took me back downstairs to the lobby where she could watch me from the lobby office while I waited for my mother.

Seeing that the girls were still playing together I went to join them by sitting on a nearby overstuffed chair stool.

"Do you want to hold my dolly?" Angela suggested arranging a fresh diaper for her Betsy Wetsy as she set about with a motherly sigh to change it causing me to join her. "Was your elephant as big as the lobby?"

"He can't play with us, he's a boy," Joanie protested from her coloring book efforts causing the other girls to see my invasion of their domain.

"Lindy mustn't play with girls," she half shouted with teasing tones, "Lindy is a sissy."

"Now, Joanie, I asked him to help me," Angela countered a bit angrily.

"He's a boy," Alice observed in serious tones, "If he had a dress he could play with us."

"You're not wearing a dress," Janie stated adjusting her skirts as if to make her point to her green coverall clad playmate. "And his sailor suit is..."

"Terry, wears sailor suits," Sarah noted referring to her baby brother, "And Terry..."

"We are baby sitting Terry," Joanie explained to her younger sister.

"We can pretend he is a baby. He isn't much bigger," Sarah suggested. "We can get some diapers..."

"Oh, no you don't!" I protested angrily causing the girls to laugh at my embarrassment while Angela handed me her doll.

"If he finds a dress and plays 'dress up', I say he can join us," Janie voted seriously causing the others to solemnly agree to her "terms".

"Could I borrow some clothes?"

But, it was generally agreed that I had to solve the problem myself, because they were not certain that they could get permission from their mothers to loan me things. Besides, my mother was "rich" and if she wanted me to play with them, she would find me a dress to wear.

I knew that my mother had destroyed the cowgirl outfit I had won and worn before. She didn't approve of the idea of my wearing dresses.

"Because, I would feel that I had failed your late father."

And she had disposed of my cap pistols for that outfit.

"Boys shouldn't play with guns. We have just finished an awful war, and I don't want my son to be a killer! The war profiteers plan to give him toys so that he can use the real thing when they are ready for the next war!"

The next day Mary Rose took me across the street to visit her drinking friend, Violet.

Violet was one of the half dozen girls who worked for a Mrs Costello in a great brownstone Edwardian mansion built on the corner of the boulevard.

The polished stone staircase bordered by iron rails went up a half flight to the great hand polished oak double doors of the entrance way. Another flight of stairs bordered by a ramp led downward to the basement, which was used for storage and had back apartment where two silent men lived to handle the rough work about the house while Mrs Costello complained that they should get better fitting suits because their guns frightened the customers.

You were greeted at the door by one of the four maids, who took your wraps to place them in a foyer closet, before ushering you from the foyer through double sliding doors into a short wide hall bordered on both sides by floor to ceiling mirrors that reflected the ceiling crystal chandelier. (During business hours one of the two musclemen sat on a stool behind the one way mirror to the left armed with a shotgun, while the "girls" joined him to look at the "Johns" as they came in. This cubicle was called; The Cicero Box.)

Again, you were led by a maid through another double door, after a buzzer sounded to release the locks, into a great parlour which had once served as a "speakeasy" during Prohibition.

To your immediate left there was a marble spiral grand staircase, right out of a movie set, overhung with a crystal chandelier in the center of the curve above the band stand. All about the upper story of the parlour there was a marble balcony that served a dozen bed rooms, each with its own private bath, and three mirrored "funny rooms" (as the girls called them), which I never saw.

While the staircase served as the focus of the north wall of the parlour with a bandstand complete with a baby grand fitted into the staircase curve. A small semi-circular stage occupied the south wall. (The girls said it was for special shows, but I never saw one.) The east wall was centered by swinging doors that led into the kitchen. And four small curtained sitting rooms fronted the house to use the west windows. The parlour itself had a plush blood red carpet to match the grand staircase runner and curtains, while the walls were white with ornamental gold framed picture frame borders in the French Provincial style. The parlour was more or less divided in half from north to south by great "hedges" of plants so that the eastern part formed the supper club while the western part served as a sort of waiting lounge where the Johns could watch the girls walk gracefully down the stairs for their "entrance".

Mrs Costello, in her youth had worked for the Everleigh Sisters, and she was proud of it to the extent of pointing out that her "home" (not house) was not as fancy, but just as "classical". Mrs Costello looked as big as Mae West on screen, and I half suspect she used the actress as her role model. She was Mother Costello, not a "madame", and she was always in charge, or "on".

Her "girls" were required to be ladies; completely dressed when outside of their bedrooms, no swearing or loud voices, always

clean from a douche and hot bath (they swore they would turn into prunes), no smoking or chewing gum, drink only what was poured by the maid, and the "silence of a priest". And expensive!

Violet greeted us in the kitchen where she was helping the cook, a giantess of old English stock, who allowed the girls into the kitchen on two conditions; 1) they were there to work, and 2) they washed their hands. (It appeared she feared the restaurant health inspectors worse than the vice squad, because they couldn't be bribed.)

"I saw a giant green elephant at the zoo," I announced as Mary Rose helped me on to a high stool at the end of the work counter where Cook, Violet, two of the maids, and three of the other girls (including Agnes, who was my best friend among the girls). Soon I was into my tale, as they listened with amused interest while working at making salad or preparing the bakery goods for the night under Cook's orders.

"You must show me this great beast," Agnes announced ignoring a few off the cuff comments about a "great beast with a long trunk" she knew from the giggling girls who were shushed by Violet, because of the "child". "We'll go see him this afternoon."

Soon the conversation shifted onto a recent movie Mary of Scotland with Hepburn in the title role and then to hat styles shown in a short before the film. Then Violet suggested that I might like to join her Saturday noon to see Our Little Girl with Shirley Temple, which was part of a double billing at a neighborhood theater along with cartoons and a serial.

"Oh, it's a girls' matinee," Sandra protested, "He would rather see a western."

"A girls' movie would be alright. I like girls," I sighed causing the women to laugh.

"I'll bet," Cook observed in a stage whisper.

"Well, my little sister will be with us," Violet announced, "She is seven."

"Could I go as a girl?" I ventured, "Of course I would have to find a dress and things."

"Oh, he's one of those," Sandra observed to their knowing laughter, stared down by Cook. "Where would you find a dress, and things?"

"I don't know," I confessed unaware of their curious interest. "The girls in the lobby won't play with me because I am a boy. But, they will if I dress up as a girl."

"I'll be..." Sandra began to swear.

"Watch it," Agnes warned, "Or mother will have fifty bucks out of your wages!"

"If you are to see the boy's elephant, Agnes, you had better grab lunch and go now. Mother, wants us back for early call today," Violet announced suddenly to break off the conversation as she helped me from the work stool to fuss with my sailor suit before she released me into Agnes' care. "Mary will take the child home when you bring him back."

Agnes fetched her handbag and coat from a foyer closet reserved for the girls, and helped me into my top coat. She then sat at a little vanity table and put on her white floral hat and black leather gloves before we walked out of the warm house into the brisk Chicago weather towards the boulevard. Rounding the corner she led the way down the street to gaze in the windows of shops before she took me into a bank where she made a deposit before leading the way to a nearby restaurant.

Agnes removed her black wool coat and placed it upon the chair by her side after waiting for me to take off my own coat so that she could put them upon the chair together along with her purse. Adjusting the grey flannel skirts of her suit dress she waited as I dutifully held the chair for her as she had taught me to do as her "gentleman" friend, before she sat down.

The waiter greeted us as regulars to his table and accepted my order for "the usual" with a knowing pleased nod as he took the menus from us and retreated from this ritual.

"I like that dress, Agnes. It is very nice. What is it called?" I asked as I managed to climb into my chair to sit forward at the edge of the table. "My mother has a suit like it, but it is pale blue with blue velvet trim at the collar. She wears it to work."

"Why, thank you, dearest. It's called a suit dress, coachman style," she answered removing her gloves while her eyes swept the

restaurant and her left hand tended to stray red strand of hair she noted critically in the mirrored wall nearby our table. "I don't wear it to work, as you know. Mother likes me in green or red satin with matching jewelry and shoes. Satin is terrible for the figure, you can't gain an ounce."

"You look beautiful in green satin with the emeralds and diamonds. Are they real?"

"No, dear heart, just paste costume jewelry," she laughed remembering the night that I sat in the Cicero box waiting for Mary Rose to take me home.

"Can't you wear such beautiful things outside?"

"Not on your life, little man. They're working clothes. I wouldn't be caught dead in them in public. When I'm with you I want to be a regular housewife type, that is why I buy my clothes at Sears. I want to blend into a crowd."

Whatever she may have thought, she could never have blended in with the crowd. Mother Nature had not made her that plain in beauty or taste. She was a tall Irish red haired beauty with the soft green eyes, full lips, arched upturned nose, thin red eyebrows, and pale skin to match. I had actually seen men bump into doors when she walked by, and every police officer automatically doffed his hat to her with a silly grin to match her open childlike smile as she waved her wedding finger hand towards him to show off her fake bridal set.

Agnes had never married, unlike some of the girls, she was saving her money to buy a pub in Dublin for her family once the war with England was over. It was to be her dowry. Her father and mother were aware of her work, but the Great Depression made realists. In fact, it was all she could do to keep her money out of her father's Sinn Fein hands to fund the war. But, the wedding band had its uses.

"Do the other girls do the same?"

"Mother's rules," she laughed accepting her chef's salad and black coffee while I moved closer to my egg salad sandwich and milk shake. "Now, tell me why you want to play dress-up with the girls?"

"It looks like fun," I replied taking a sip from my shake as I tried to think about my answer. "I feel that I should be a girl, sometimes. It is

like my being a boy is a kind of dream and I will wake up being a girl."

"Don't you like being a boy?"

"Oh, yes. Girls can't go out and find elephants and things."

"You know girls like to explore too," she countered with a little sigh, "I did, when I was your age. In fact, I sometimes wanted to be a boy, too. I guess everybody does."

"Why don't they do it?"

"Now, I guess I did. I was quite a tomboy with three older brothers to play rough house with. My mother tried her best to keep me petticoated, but I found ways."

"So why can't I be a tom-girl?"

She smiled to herself to say, "Tell me again about your elephant."

After lunch we walked over to the zoo grounds and I used my lunch money to buy some salted peanuts before I showed her to the elephant barn where bottom half of the Dutch doors remained open.

Agnes was not keen on soiling her shoes, and was daintily careful about her clothes as she entered the barn with me. She attributed her lack of fear to having three older brothers, but I could see that she enjoyed the thrill of our little adventure as we stood allowing ourselves to adjust to the smell of the barn while our eyes focused to the darkness and our ears heard the great beast move towards us.

"Oh, my goodness," Agnes exclaimed staring upwards towards the elephant as I held out a handful of peanuts which he quickly took without trying our game of the day before. "I know who he is. He is very dangerous."

"He tried to kill me," I noted feeling the moist tip of the trunk as it enfolded the peanuts before it carried them to its mouth. "Would you like to feed him?"

"He is Goliath. The largest bull elephant in captivity," she continued in awe. "Awhile ago he tried to kill a keeper when they separated him from the zoo herd to put him here."

"Why?"

"Because he wanted to control the herd for himself, or something like that. After all he is a big bull, and I guess they thought he was becoming a bully, or rogue, or something. Maybe the little old ladies fainted when he tried to play doggie, dearest. It must have been impressive." She took the bag a peanuts and braved his smelling about her hand before he accepted the nuts. "Since then he has been growing worse and worse. It maybe his isolation. In fact there is some word about having him killed but public opinion is against that so I guess this is the zoo's answer."

"Why don't they let him out? He has a bigger cage outside."

"It's wintertime. It is much too cold for him outside." She brushed her gloved hands. "I do think we should head back."

When I returned home I saw the girls playing in the lobby, but knowing better I went upstairs to wait for mother to return from work as I thought about seeing my green elephant again.

But, in the morning Mary Rose announced that she and Violet wanted to plan for the visit by Violet's little sister, since the girl would be living with Mary Rose. Redressed in my dark blue sailor suit, blue knee socks, and white baby doll shoes I was bundled up into my coat and taken across the street to the house on the corner of the street.

"Ah, here is our little angel, now," Violet announced opening the door to take my coat while Agnes opened the hall closet.

"Just in time for a hot bath."

"Bath?" I asked in disbelief as Agnes took one hand and Violet the other to lead me through the mirrored hallway and up the great spiral staircase.

"Oh, you will love it," Agnes laughed and before I could protest they set about to undress me as Sandra announced that the bath was ready.

Just as suddenly I found myself totally naked and pushed into the bathroom where a pink foaming rose floral smelling bath full of bubbles awaited for me to enter the hot water while Violet covered my golden curls with a pink turban and Cook took charge, hand brush at the ready!

Without any care for my modesty Cook set out to reduce my skin to a glowing pink before I was pulled from the tub to be wiped

dry only to be treated to a rose scented body lotion followed by bath powder.

"Now to dress our little dolly," Violet announced leading the way into Agnes' bedroom to look at the girls from the house all jamming their way into the room to see. "Clear out, go help Cook in the kitchen, now, and when she is ready she can "parade". We will let you know."

Much muttering, but the girls retreated with Cook, leaving me alone with Violet and Agnes to realize that I was to be dressed as a girl!

My heart raced in joy as Agnes helped me into a white rayon knit vest trimmed with just a hint of lace ruffles about the neckline and arm holes. This was followed by plump navy blue cotton and rayon wool-like knit panties trimmed with white lace ruffles at the leg openings and across the seat in tiers of rumba ruffles; causing my joy to fade a bit with the evident toddler styling of the panty, which was designed to be seen!

The white rayon and lace slip had a waistless starched underskirt with the petticoat trimmed with tiers of ruffles that blended in with the rumba ruffles of the panties.

While I sat in this profusion of ruffled lace, Violet used a curling iron to redo my golden blond curls into a mix of curls and dangling ringlets to be surmounted by a large fire red satin "goody-goody" hairbow.

Of all things, the dress matched the panty; as a navy blue sailor dress with white lace trim about the neckline and bib, fire red satin neck scarf, little brass whistle on a white rayon cord strung about the neck and stuck into a white lace trimmed patch pocket at the breast, and rose puffed sleeves.

The toddler styled waistless bodice was smooth to the all too short skirt which floated on the slip petticoats so that every move revealed the panties.

My blue wool knee socks and white baby dolls completed the picture of a little toddler girl while Agnes fussed with my eyebrows to thin out the line a bit before dampening a mascara brush to touch up the lashes while Violet suggested using some lipstick and rouge, but Agnes vetoed the idea that they would make me look to much like a doll, and not a real girl.

"Oh, but she is a dolly," Violet teased leading me to look in a cheval mirror while she straightened my hair bow before taking the liberty of adjusting my panties with amused delight at the image of the pre-school toddler girl in her pretty near romper styled sailer suit. "It is time for our little baby girl to do her "parade" for the ladies."

"Do you like your new clothes, dearest," Agnes asked seeing the thoughtful wonderment in my eyes.

"Oh, I do look like a girl, don't I?"

"You look like a girl when you are a boy," Violet laughed taking me by the hand towards the great spiral staircase. "Now, when you walk down the stairs, look straight ahead and walk slowly down the stairs like a lady. It's time for your entrance."

"Is that true, Agnes? Do I look like a girl?" I asked causing her to nod as she went down the stairs with Violet to join the others.

Deep in my thoughts; I walked down the stairs feeling strangely free and perfectly at home in skirts despite my concerns about Agnes' agreement and the disturbing shortness of my skirts that fairly floated as I made my way down the stairs.

"Come, down dearest," Mrs Costello asked from the base of the staircase and I "paraded" for the ladies trying to tend my skirts as I had been taught before by Sarah when I dressed up in my cowgirl outfit.

"Oh, she is absolutely adorable," Sandra exclaimed while the others added to my delight by agreeing with similar complements.

By the time I reached the bottom step I was surrounded by the women, who appeared delighted in fussing with my clothes, causing me to think about how strange it was that I didn't really mind their attentions, while in sissy clothes I would have been besides myself in anger. I even laughed at their teasing words and displayed my dainties without embarrassment except for a bit of unease at their comparisons of me to a toddler or baby doll, for I was older than that. But, I knew that they had bought these clothes to make me happy.

"Oh, we must take her over to play with her little play mates," Mrs Costello announced picking up a pink wrapped package from a nearby table. "We thought that this might help you to have something to share with the other little girls."

"I think it best that Agnes bring her over," Mary Rose suggested, "And then we could take turns watching so as not to spoil it for her."

I was helped into a white winter coat along with a little white purse to match before I tucked the little pink package under my arm and offered my white gloved hand to Agnes, who took me back to the apartment hotel as my fears grew over the possibility that the girls playing there might not accept me.

Just as we entered the lobby, Agnes helped me from my new coat and took my little purse before she bent over to kiss me on the forehead and turned me towards the busy little group of girls playing in the lobby. "Good luck, dearest."

Meekly, I walked forward to stand on the edge of their play area, watching them work with their paper dolls and coloring sets, while my heart raced in embarrassment over the reality of what I was about to do. Nervously I looked back towards Agnes, who was joining Mary Rose to go into the lobby switch board reception area.

"Hello," a voice called and I looked back in surprise at the sound to see Joanie standing nearby. "You are new here. Are you visiting somebody? Or did you just move in?"

She didn't recognize me! I half thought about making up a story, but I knew better and decided to face into things. "No, Joanie, I'm Lindy."

Her eyes opened wide in disbelief until she suddenly giggled to scream:

"Oh, lookee, lookee, girls it's Lindy all dressed up as a girl!"

SCOTTISH WOMAN NEEDS US ARMY BADGES & INSIGNIA



The editor of *The Tartan Skirt*, the *Our Sorority*, of Scotland is medically retired like Betty Ann Lind, and is an avid collector of US Army Badges & Insignia. So please dig into your macho junk box and send her a few mementos from your glory days. Send to: Audrey Stewart, 53/6 Bread Street, Edinburgh, Scotland EH3

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. Third Annual "Coming Together" Convention

San Francisco, CA.
April 4-9, 1989
Write: IFGE, POB 367
Wayland, Ma., 01778
(617) 894-8340

The Original Spring 1989 Pocono

Fantasy Festival
Near Stroudsburg, PA.
May 11-14, 1989
Write: Fem Fashions
Penthouse B
157 W. 57th St.
New York, NY., 10019
(212) 582-6823

A Fantastic Adventure

Houston, Texas
May 12-14, 1989
Write: GC Chapter
% J. Thorne
POB 441754
Houston, TX., 77244

Tiffany's Spring Fling

Provincetown, MA.
May 30 - June 5, 1989
Write: Tiffany Club
POB 266
Wayland, MA., 01778
(508) 358-2305

Be All You Want To Be Weekend

Chicago, Illinois
June 7-11
Write: Chi Chapter
POB 40
Wooddale, Il., 60191
(See enclosed brochure.)

Femme Fling

Lake Tahoe, Nev.
August (Weekend)
Write: Joan Sheldon
3398 Elgin Lane
San Jose, CA., 95118

15th Annual Fantasia Fair

Provincetown, MA.
Oct. 13 - 22, 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.
March (Weekend), 1990
Write: Boulton & Park Society
POB 169652
San Antonio, TX., 78280

GROUPS This list of groups is about as current as our data allows. It's not provided for republication except in non-profit Group Newsletters. If you write to these groups, please include a SASE. Because these Groups are staffed by volunteers your letter may not be answered for 2 weeks to two months. If you are not a Transsexual & you write to TS Group **DO NOT** expect an answer.

The XX (Twenty) Club
Box 80690
Forest Park Station
Springfield, MA 01138
(TS ONLY)

Tiffany Club
POB 2283
Woburn, MA 01888-0483

The Amer. Fed. of
Transsexuals
Box 9238
c/o Karen Aldrich
North Dartmouth, MA
02747-9238
(TS ONLY)

TSA
Box 5753
Weybosset Hill Station
Providence, RI 02903

TransSupport
Box 17622
Portland, ME 04101

MAGI
c/o Nikki Storm
PO Box 802
Bath, ME 04530

The Connecticut View
c/o Denise Mason
Box 2281
Devon, CT 06460

Harriet Lane
Box 4002
Yalesville Station
Wallingford, CT 06492

New Northern New
Jersey Chapter
c/o Ms. Kimberly S.
Grant
7 Mill Road
Irvington, NJ 07111
(TS ONLY)

Sigma Nu Rho
Box 467
c/o Dorothy G.
Oakhurst, NJ 07755

Northern New Jersey
Box 9192
c/o Ms. Lynda Frank
Morristown, NJ 07960

NYC Gender Alliance
Penthouse B
c/o Fem Fashions
157 West 57th Street
New York, NY 10019

The Gathering
Box 21052
Columbia Circle Station
New York, NY 10023
(TS ONLY)

In Sisterhood
Apt 1C c/o Terri White
27 Clairmont Avenue
Mt. Vernon, NY 10551

Lambda Iota
Box 8383
Long Island, NY 11101

As A Woman
c/o B. Fortune
Box 369
Brooklyn, NY 11235

LIFE
Box 121
Ozone Park, NY 11416

Chi Delta Mu
Box 327
Massapequa Park,
NY 11762

Long Island Social Club
50 Sunny Road
St. James, NY 11780

TGIC
POB 13604
Albany, NY 12212-3604

Androgyny Unlimited
Box 4887
Poughkeepsie, NY 12602
(TS ONLY)

EON
POB 6293
Camillus, NY 13031

The Butterfly Group
Box 7161
Endicott, NY 13760

TVA
Box 92055
Rochester, NY 14692

Transpitt
Box 3214
Pittsburg, PA 15230

TS Support Group
Box 15836
Philadelphia, PA 19103
(TS ONLY)

Renaissance
Box 1263
King of Prussia, PA 19406

Washington-Baltimore
Alliance c/o R. Lewis
Box 80724
Washington, DC
20004-0724

Janus/Andros/DC
c/o Sexology Associates
4835 Del Ray Ave.
Bethesda, MD 20814
(TS ONLY)

Butterfly Couples of
Nova
c/o Sexology Associates
4835 Del Ray Avenue
Bethesda, MD 20814

GROUPS

My Choice
c/o Shane Roberts
Apt 1A
7 So. Broadway
Baltimore, MD 21213

Academy Awards of DC
5104 South 11th Street
Arlington, VA 22204

Delta Chi Ed. Assoc
Box 11254
Uncolnia Station
Alexandria, VA 22312

Phoenix
c/o J. Britton
54 Fulton Street
Ashville, NC 28801

Gender Dysphoric
Association
Box 33311
Decatur, GA 30033
(TS ONLY)

Sigma Epsilon
Box 55144
Atlanta, GA 30308

The Elite TV Group
c/o G. Grant
Box 47686
Atlanta, GA 30362

Central Florida Sisters
c/o Dale Larson
107 Morella Lane
Kissimmee, FL 32743

Serenity
c/o Nikki Storm
Box 307
Hollywood, FL 33022

GIAD
Box 76234
St. Petersburg, FL 33734-
6234

Blossom C. Paster
2203 Trident Court
Wesley Chapel, FL 34249

Butternut Belles
Box 3585
Knoxville, TN 37917

Beta Chi
Box 31253
Jackson, MS 39206-1253

Alpha Omega
Attn: Jill
Box 0954
Elyria, OH 44036-0954

Paradise Club
Box 29564
Parma, OH 44129

Cross-Port
Attn: Heather
Box 150
2020-B Beechmont Ave
Cincinnati, OH 45230

IXE
POB 20710
Indianapolis, IN 46220

Crossroads
Box 1245
Royal Oak, MI
48068-1245

IME of Western Mich.
Box 1153
Grand Rapids, MI 49501

Iowa Artistry
Box 75
Cedar Rapids, IA 52406

The Network
Box 632
Waukesha, WI 53187

Crossdresser
Support Group
c/o The United
Box 310
Madison, WI 53701

M.F.G.E.
Box 17945
St. Paul, MN 55117

CLCC
Box 16265
Minneapolis, MN 55416

Chi Chapter
Box 40
Wooddale, IL 60191-0040

The Sunday Society
c/o Shiela L.
Samporgnaw
2511 North Saint Louis
Chicago, IL 60647
(TS ONLY)

CGS
Box 578005
Chicago, IL 60657

SLGF
Box 1262
St. Louis, MO 63188

Club Gemini
418 Linn Street
Leavenworth, KS 66048

C.A.F.
Box 4092
Overland Park, KS 66204

River City Ruffles
Box 24060
Omaha, NE 68124-0060

Tri Delta Chi
Box 870213
New Orleans, LA 70187-
1300

Delta Omega (Dallas)
Box 461401
Garland, TX 75046

Gulf Coast TV Chapter
Attn: Jackie Thorne
P.O.B. 441754
Houston, TX 77244

Tau Chi Chapter
Attn: Jane Ellen Fairfax
Box 533
Richmond, TX 77469

The Athena Society
Box 65026
San Antonio, TX 78265
(TS ONLY)

Boulton & Park
Box 169652
San Antonio, TX 78280

GROUPS

A.C.D.A
Box 402
Austin, TX 78767

Alpha Provesta
Box 26711
Salt Lake City, UT 84126

Alpha Zeta
Box 8425
Mesa, AZ 85214

A Rose
Box 4351
Scottsdale, AZ 85261

Transition Club
Box 14113
Las Vegas, NV
89114-4113

Double Image
POB 71795
Las Vegas, NV
89170-1795

CHIC
Box 562
Duarte, CA 91009

Alpha Chapter
Box 3501
c/o Charlene Day
Arcadia, CA 91006

Lydia
Suite 2
13837 Ventura Blvd.
Sherman Oaks, CA
91423

Neutral Corner
Box 12581
San Diego, CA 921121

PPOC
Box 1162
c/o Judy Scott
Brea, CA 92622

Shangri-La Club
c/o Nancy Watson
Box 18202
Irvine, CA 92713

Omega
Box 9091
Anaheim, CA 92802

Delta Chi Chapter
Box 6394
c/o Kimberleigh
Meghann Richards
Ventura, CA 93006-6394

Ventura Chapter
Box 6394
c/o Kimberleigh
Richards
Ventura, CA 93006-6394

Society For The
Second Self
Box 194
Tulare, CA 93275

ETVC
Box 6486
San Francisco, CA 94101

FTM
#164
1827 Haight Street
San Francisco, CA 94117
(TS ONLY F-M)

Thursday Irregulars
Box 7205
c/o Joan Sheldon
San Jose, CA 95150-7205

Rainbow Gender
Alliance
Box 700730
San Jose, CA 95170

Sacramento
c/o Bonnie Goodwin
Box 38918
Sacramento, CA 95401

NWGA
Box 4928
Portland, OR 97208-4928

Capitol City Chapter
Box 3312
Salem, OR 97302

Emerald City
Box 31318
Seattle, WA 98103

Australia
SCV
c/o GPO Box 2337 V
Melbourne,
Victoria, Australia

Seahorse Club of
Queensland
Box 628
Gympie, Queensland,
Australia

Seahorse Soc. of New
So. Wales-Glebe
Box 168
c/o Bernadette Cross
Westgate, NSW 2048,
Australia

Seahorse Club of New
So. Wales-Sydney
Box 146
c/o The Secretary
Ulladulla, NSW 2538

National Seahorse Club
of Australia
Box 89
Attn: Lynda Allon
Norwood, S.A
5067, Australia

EBP
Box 405
Alfonsa, Victoria 3018

Canada
Tam
Box 1164 Station H
Montreal, QUE, Canada
H3G2N1

Transition Support
c/o The Church St.
Community Centre
519 Church St.
Toronto, Ont Canada
M4Y 2C9

Cornbury Society
Box 3745
Vancouver, BC
Canada
V6B 3Z1

GROUPS

ATQ Inc.
c/o Viviane Belanger
84 Boul. des Allies
Quebec, Canada
G1Y 1Y2
(TS ONLY)
French Speaking

Expressions International
Box 11743
Edmonton, Alberta
Canada T5J 3K8

Miss Nicole Bolvin
POB 523
Gatineau, QUE,
Canada J8P-7A1

Frankie Andresen
POB 97
Lefroy, ONT, Canada
L0L 1W0

Canada-wide TV/TS
Contact Club
POB 4667 Station C
Calgary, ALB, Canada
T2T 5P1

Denmark
M.A.
Postboks 192 DK 2600
Glostrup, Denmark

FPE- NE
Postboks 45
DK 2620
Albertslund, Denmark

BBC
Box 237
Vesterbrogade 208
DK1 800
Frb. C., Denmark

England
Yvonne Sinclair - The
TV/TS Group
2/4 French Place
London, England E1 6JB

Merseyside
14 Colquitt Street
Liverpool, England
L1 4 DE

Beaumont Society
Box 3084
London, England
WC1N-3XX

The Northern Concord
c/o 122 Navigation Rd.
Northwick, Cheshire
England CW8 1BE

Shaff.
106 Barton Ave
Keyham, Plymouth
England PL2 1NZ
(TS ONLY)

France
Association Beaumont
Continentale
Gaby Linsig
2 Rue de Charpentiers
Wittenheim, France

ILIA Journal- CCP
3 bis, rue Clairaut
75017 Paris, France

Germany
Transidentitas
Menschen Mit
Abweichender
Geschlechts Identitat
Postfach 10 10 46
6050 Offenbach
Germany

Ireland
TGA c/o Dr. Elkins
Ulster Univ.
Magee College
Northland Road
Londonderry, Ireland
BT48 7JL

Japan
Elizabeth Club
251-9990
Tokyo, Japan

New Zealand
Hedesthia Central
Box 78-026
Grey Lynn
Auckland, New Zealand

Norway
FPE-NE
POST BOKS 1968
VIKA, N-0125
Oslo 1, Norway

Scotland
Audrey Stewart
53 Bread St.
Edinburgh, Scotland
EH3 9AH

SHRG
58 Broughton St.
Edinburgh, Scotland
EH135A

South Africa
The Phoenix Society
PO Box 375 Parow 7500
Cape Town
Rep of South Africa

Sweden
FPE-NE
BOX 728
101 30 Stockholm,
Sweden

Switzerland
Femme Travestie
Postfach 6788
8023 Zurich, Switzerland

UK of Great Britain
GTA
c/o Miss Phaedra Kelly
Box 2, 1 Bank Bldg.
Freshwater, Isle of Wight
PO40 9AJ UK of GB



COME TO
IFGE's 3rd Annual
"COMING TOGETHER"
CONVENTION

San Francisco
April 4-9, 1989

For information: IFGE, P.O. Box 367,
Wayland, MA 01778
(617) 894-8340

Host organization: ETVC, Box 6846,
San Francisco, CA 94101

Coming together... you, a great city, and an exciting fun convention

• A tour of the Bay • Rap groups • Photobus tour • New programs

• And much, much more...

PORTABLE BEAUTY CENTER

Once, a long time ago, in a far away city, I was asked to explain crossdressing to a regional gay conference. At the conference I was asked what it was that made me to come out of the closet and I laughingly responded that it was too crowded with my clothes for me to hide in there too.

The fact is that, like most crossdressers, my professional responsibilities in both the military and public sector kept me deep in the closet for many years despite the fact that I would escape from time to time to enjoy being Betty Ann.

This dual life style required a closet for Betty Ann and the rest of the apartment or house for her "brother". (Sound familiar?) Sometimes that closet would be as small as a suitcase and at other times it became a room of her own (marked storage) with a lock on the door.

Now my satin doll image once took about two hours to put together. (So, Brooks Shields says she spends three hours!) This requires a dressing table, mirrors, situational lights, and basic equipment. In short, a portable beauty center which can be quickly packed away and set up.

The critical path required to establish a beauty center is an analysis of the stages you use to put your satin doll together. In my case I work in five stages, (1) bath, (2) basic make-up, (3) dress-up, (4) hair styling, and (5) accessorizing. Each stage should have its own storage and support in order that the process can be kept clean, neat, and uncluttered.

The center of the beauty center is a dressing table, or portable vanity with maximum work space. For this I use a folding metal utility table which is easily stored in limited space or assembled for use. This three by five foot folding table with tubular metal legs provides an excellent working space surface. To make the working surface decorative I use six inch squares of mirrored tiles applied to double sticky back squares. (This means that you must be careful in storing the table, but it took me three years of packing and unpacking my first table before I broke a tile, which I quickly replaced by one of the spares I had.)

I then created a vanity skirt about the table by buying the required amount of machine washable cafe valances used to

decorate the lower half of a Priscillas or Dutch style kitchen curtain. The basic short cafe valance is about 30 inches in height in two 35 inch wide panels. By using two sets you can sew each set together so that you have two curtain panels (30 by 70).

At six inch intervals you set a tuck by folding in one inch the linear cloth to each side and under a two inch wide "pleat panel" which will create a lovely ruffled effect through very simple sewing.

I then sew a little cloth loop in the back of each pleat which will allow me to clamp the top vanity skirt to the metal lip edge of the table by inserting a clamp style clothes pen through each loop. Thus one panel of ruffled vanity skirt starts just at the back of the right side of the table as the other similarly starts at the left to meet in the center with a slight overlap that parts when you sit down at the table.

With two little doll lamps and a gold trimmed vanity tray styled comb, mirror, and brush set you have a very pretty dressing vanity that any woman would love to own.

When I fold the table I can store the vanity skirt inside, and if I need to wash the vanity skirt I merely remove the clothes pens and dump the skirt into my washing machine as "curtains".

There is a style of hanging mirror with three panels that folds like your dressing table. The central panel, that is hung to nails in the wall, is about double the width of the two side wing panels; which are hinged to close over the mirror. This is an ideal portable vanity mirror; because, the two wing mirrors can be adjusted to give you a profile view while you work. Since, these mirrors are basically one foot wide and sixteen inches high when folded, they are light weight (hence can be hung from picture nails which leave holes that are barely noticeable) and easily storable. The mirror must be centered to the vanity table and it should be hung at a level appropriate to your seated height.

When you buy a multi-lighted portable vanity mirror, which I do use for close in make-up work, it has usually three different light settings for the basic situations a woman finds herself in: daylight, office, or home. There may be a fourth light setting called "evening", or such. At its simplest: (1) daylight is a sunlight florescent, (2) office is a white florescent, (3) home is a standard white lamp bulb light, and (4) evening is a very flattering "bastard pink" light used in super clubs that comes from pink bulbs.

These situational light settings can be set up for your beauty center about your vanity mirror. Install the pink bulbs in you two doll lamps. At each side of the vanity mirror you hang a light weight decorative florescent unit (one daylight, one office) which has its own switch. Across the top you place a matching multi bulb (three or four) home light strip with its own switch. This is a very professional theatrical lighting set-up that can be used to see just how your satin doll will look in each lighting situation.

When you pack the vanity, mirror and lighting units away you can replace them with a large painting. (I once used a military battle scene to keep the room masculine.) I also would mount a full length mirror on the back of my bedroom door which I kept in place all the time so that both Betty Ann and her "brother" could pass inspection when they went out.

For each of the five stages to putting my satin doll image together I found that a large plastic sewing box (about 12"H x10"W x18"L) made excellent portable units to store the various items I needed for each stage. And at one time I used a large fishing tackle box as a portable vanity case when I traveled (however you should know a bit about fishing).

So have fun putting your beauty center together, and I do hope that you too will someday have the freedom needed to leave it up all the time.

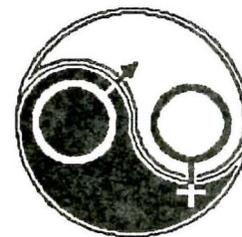


TV-TS TAPESTRY
 P.O. Box 367
 Wayland, MA 01778
 (617) 358-2305

**THE JOURNAL FOR PERSONS INTERESTED
 IN CROSSDRESSING & TRANSSEXUALISM**

**Tasteful comprehensive, non-profit, non-sexual
 150+ pages of
 articles, editorials, letters, personal listings,
 directory of organizations**

**\$10 of regular subscription will be rebated to
 Outreach Institute.
 Single Copy \$10.00 Subscription \$ 40.00**



**The Human Outreach
 &
 Achievement Institute**

Recommended Reading List

Title Price

TRANSSEXUALITY

- Gender Dysphoria, Devel.,Research, & Mgmt.....39.95
- Transsexuality In The Male.....28.95
- Female To Male Transsexualism29.95
- Transvestites & Transsexualism30.00
- The Transsexual Phenomenon
 (Benjamin),Standard Edition34.95
 Deluxe Edition39.95
- Transvestites/Transsexuals, Mixed Views..... 15.95
- Sex Change 14.95
- Man & Woman, Boy & Girl..... 14.95

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

- Canary, The Story of a M-F Sex Change.....9.95
- Mirror Image, Autobiography of Nancy Hunt 15.95
- Emergence, Story of a M-F Sex Change 15.95
- Second Serve (Renee Richards).....21.95
- Natural Selections..... 19.95



The Human Outreach & Achievement Institute

Recommended Reading List

| TITLE | PRICE |
|--|-------|
| April Ashley's Odyssey | 21.95 |
| Autobiography of A Transgenderist | 11.95 |
| The Transvestite Memoirs of the Abbe de Choisy | 9.95 |

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

| | |
|---|-------|
| 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 | 13.95 |

BOOKS

How To Be A Woman Though Male..... 12.95

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 |

Make all Money Orders and Bank Checks payable to Outreach Book Service Ltd.

- All orders are payable in U.S. dollars.
- You may use Master Card or Visa for all orders in excess of \$30.00.
- Allow 3-5 weeks for delivery, from the time the order is received by us
-

Include \$3.50 for postage & handling to:

**Outreach Book Service, LTD
126 Wester Ave. Suite 222
Augusta, ME 04330**



THE OUTREACH INSTITUTE

Presents

THE 15th ANNUAL FANTASIA FAIR

When: **OCTOBER 13-22,**

Where: **PROVINCETOWN, MASS**

FANTASIA FAIR IS FOR:

Learning Confidence Fun
Crossdressers (TVs, TSs, TGs) Spouses & Friends

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO LIVE, LEARN AND EXPLORE DIVERSE
ASPECTS OF ALTERNATIVE GENDER LIFE STYLES

Seminars

Going Public
Legal Aspects
Health Issues
Sociological Aspects
Lifestyles
Special Guest Seminar
Partners

Major Events

Ladies Night
Town & Gown Supper
Fashion Show
Outreach Banquet
Fan/Fair Follies
Fantasy Ball
The Awards Banquet

Activities

Whale Watch
Kite Fly Picnic
Open House Party
House Parties
Sunday Brunches
Church
Video Party

Workshops

Couples
Personal Development
Fashion & Beauty
Speech Improvement
Beauty Fair
Fashion Fair
Color Image

AND MANY MANY MORE

ENJOY NINE NIGHTS AND TEN DAYS IN BEAUTIFUL
PROVINCETOWN RELEASING THE WOMAN WITHIN

COME TO THE FAIR - AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER

For FAIR information contact:

FANTASIA FAIR
LINCOLNIA STATION, POB 11254
ALEXANDRIA, VA. 22312